

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

~ in the yellow and blue package

Wheatena—the great American breakfast dish—is delicious whole wheat at its best.

When a steaming dish of this nut-brown cereal is set before you, instantly your appetite is whetted by the delicate aroma of the whole wheat. Scarcely have you stirred in a bit of butter, and topped off the golden feast with sugar and cream, than your mouth is fairly watering for the taste of the distinctive whole wheat Wheatena flavor.

Delicious and satisfying! And how nourishing, too, because it contains the whole of the wheat kernel—the vital life-giving element, the wholesome bran, and everything needed for building and sustaining a strong, vigorous and healthy body.

This is why for over forty-four years Wheatena has been the favorite of children and grown-ups alike, and doctors and dietitians recommend it. Your family, too, will enjoy Wheatena.

Wheatena is served in leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars. Serve it also in many other delightful ways—in muffins, cookies and desserts—in soups, chowders and gravies. All good grocers have Wheatena or can get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Sample package free, and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

Golden Wheatena Muffins

½ cup cooked Wheatena
1 cup of sour milk
Stir well together and let stand half hour
½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water, add to Wheatena and milk
1 egg well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ saltspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
¾ cup sifted flour
Bake in muffin pans twenty minutes

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SINCE 1879



Even Sally Jollyco's natural beauty needs the protection of pure soap. For simple cleanliness is the basis of all beauty.

An announcement to all friends of Ivory Soap

The makers of Ivory Soap now offer you Guest Ivory.

To Ivory's purity, mildness and gentleness, Guest Ivory adds—

the daintiness of a new size, to fit the most delicate of slim feminine fingers.

the charm of a new design and a new blue-and-white dress.

the lowest price at which a truly fine soap for the face and hands has ever been sold (five cents).

Guest Ivory completes the Ivory Family

The Ivory Family now has four members, to serve every purpose which demands the protection of the skin and of delicate fabrics by the use of a fine, pure, mild soap:

Guest Ivory—*for the face and hands*
Medium size Ivory—*for the bath*
Ivory Flakes—*for the most delicate garments*
Laundry size Ivory—*for the heavier fine fabrics*

All are Ivory Soap, and that means each is as fine as soap can be, for if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap than Ivory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



In Sally Jollyco's own gleaming white bathroom lies one of the chief secrets of her charm.

Look carefully, and you will see a dainty white cake of Guest Ivory in the soap-holder. She uses it night and morning, to keep her skin clean, soft and glowing with life.

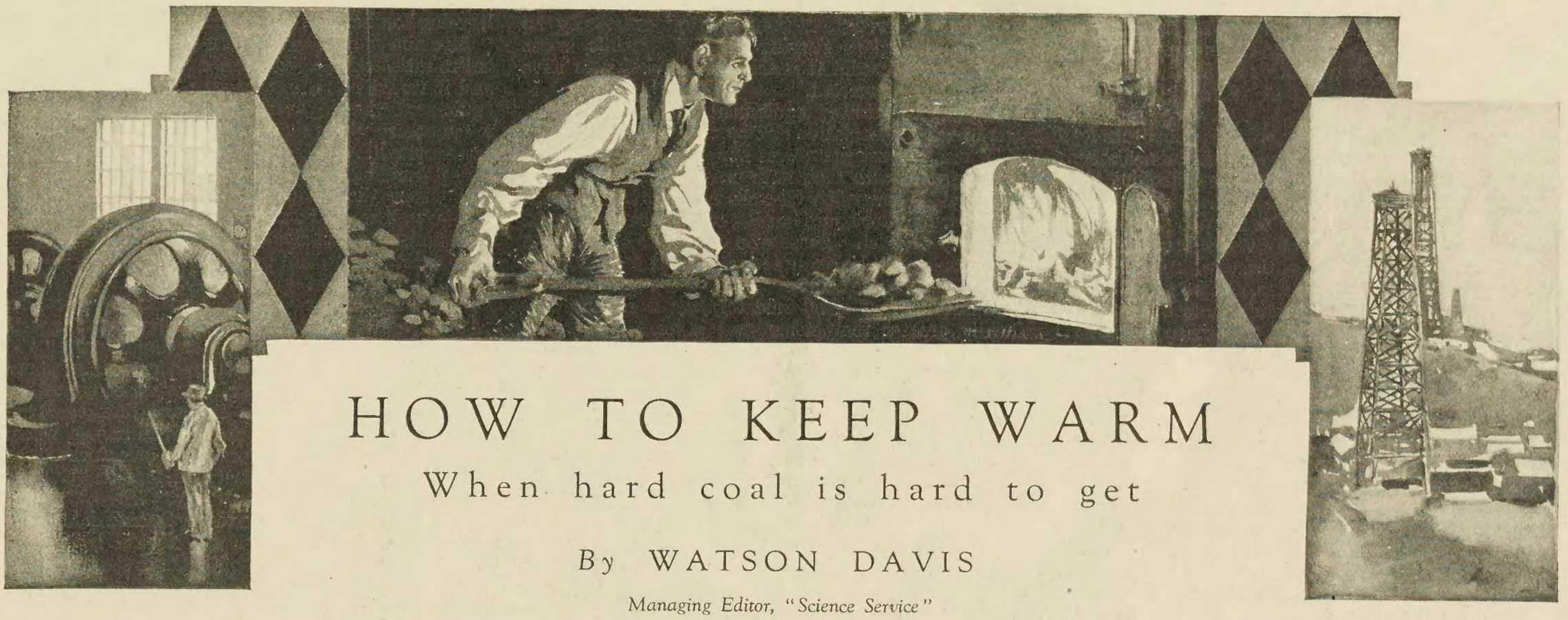
Sally entrusts her beauty to Ivory with perfect confidence in its pure, mild, gently cleansing lather.

Guest IVORY may be purchased in this carton of 12 cakes.





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HOW TO KEEP WARM

When hard coal is hard to get

By WATSON DAVIS

Managing Editor, "Science Service"

DURING times when anthracite is scarce and high, those who have always meant "hard coal" when they said "coal" begin to fear for their comfort and warmth. Even though anthracite can not be obtained, there is no excuse for freezing. There need be no real lack of fuel.

First, there is bituminous coal. You immediately think of a trip through smoky Pittsburgh with its dirt and soot, or a train journey behind a smoke-belching locomotive. The bituminous coal family has a blacker name than it deserves, because the fat, highly volatile coal that causes most of the industrial smoke is about as far removed from the sort of "soft coal" available as satisfactory anthracite substitutes as it is from anthracite.

"Smokeless" semibituminous coals are the most logical and most plentiful substitutes for anthracite in the eastern part of the United States, where people have acquired the habit of relying on hard-to-get coal. The smokeless Pocahontas, New River and Georges Creek coals of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland and the smokeless Clearfield coal of Pennsylvania are higher in heat value and usually contain less ash than anthracite. Because they contain more calories of heat and usually cost two-thirds as much as anthracite, the user actually gets almost twice the amount of available heat for his money. If he handles his furnace carefully, he can realize all this saving; and even though he is careless, he will gain considerably.

Anthracite contains from four to ten per cent. of the volatile matter that is responsible for smoke, while the smokeless semibituminous low-volatile coals run only from sixteen to twenty-five per cent. There is an endless variety of bituminous coals grading from these smokeless coals through the various medium and high volatile true bituminous coals to the high-moisture, high-volatile subbituminous coals of the West. Even these very "fat" coals are used for domestic heating by hundreds of thousands of families east as well as west of the Alleghanies.

MR. O. P. HOOD, chief mechanical engineer of the U. S. Bureau of Mines and its leading authority on the use of fuels, characterizes anthracite as a "fool-proof" coal. It is unnecessary to mix brains with it when the furnace is fired; it is only necessary to shovel it in and let it burn. Add a little common sense to an ordinary anthracite-burning furnace and it will operate efficiently on smokeless bituminous coals. No changes in grates or equipment are recommended. The fireman needs only to understand the peculiarities of the new kind of fuel he is using and use his head as well as his shovel.

While these coals are not as clean to handle as anthracite, they can be burned nearly smokelessly in ordinary domestic heating equipment; and although bituminous coal burns out more rapidly than anthracite, the added labor of more frequent firing is not unduly heavy. A furnace properly stoked with bituminous coal at bedtime will keep a satisfactory fire for eight or ten hours.

Mr. Hood gives the following hints:

"The smokeless bituminous coals are usually very friable and break up so fine that they will smother the old fire-bed if covered completely over it. One must fire less at a time and oftener. It is also necessary that the fresh charge of coal does not completely cover all the glowing coals. An igniter must be left to ignite the gases that are rapidly distilled from the fresh charge. If these gases are not ignited, smoke is produced.

"What this amounts to is that one soon learns to push the live coals to one side in a heap and place the new coal being fired in the hole that has been made, leaving the crest of the heap of coals to ignite the gases and to maintain the needed heat until the new coal gets going. The next time the hole is made on the opposite side and filled with the new coal. The new coal soon forms into a dense chunk of coke. This should be broken up and leveled and will give service like anthracite from then until the next firing.

"One soon catches the idea that while in burning anthracite there is but one process—shoveling and letting it burn—in using bituminous smokeless coal there are two processes: first, the special method of firing described and the burning of gas generated; and second, breaking up and burning the coke that he has manufactured in his own furnace."

After being told of the volatile matter in bituminous coal, the novice in soft-coal using may become apprehensive about the danger of a gas attack from his own furnace. In spite of large amounts of gas evolved in the firing of soft coal, there is probably less real danger to health from bituminous than from anthracite.

Those pretty blue dancing flames that you have seen above a bed of anthracite coal are carbon monoxid, the deadly colorless, odorless gas that is responsible for many deaths each year. Conditions that bring about the generation of this gas are not usually attained in burning bituminous coal until the coal has been turned into coke, which acts very much like anthracite. The large volume of gas that is generated when bituminous is first fired is exactly the same as that obtained from coke-ovens, and such coal-gas often makes up a large part of the ordinary city supply. It usually contains little carbon monoxid.

Coal-gas, or the acrid smell that arises from the burning of the sulfur in coal, is unpleasant, but the furnace and not the coal is usually to blame. If the furnace is leaky or the stack-damper or stovepipe blocked, these smelly gases may escape into the house, and when they do it is a sign that the furnace is defective and needs attention. In fact, these gases are a safety device, since they always accompany carbon monoxid, while it is only occasionally that carbon monoxid is mixed with them.

ALL sorts of diagrams have been drawn showing how to regulate the drafts in a furnace so as to get the best results. Even followed blindly, these often give good results, but the furnace fireman can use better engineering skill if he knows why as well as what to do.

Coal is really the smaller part of the furnace fuel. If air cost as much as coal, we would be more careful of its use, since twelve to twenty pounds of air are used to each pound of coal. Efficient burning requires supplying just enough air and not too much. The whole problem of regulating drafts amounts to regulating the flow of air through the fuel-bed, and there are five principal factors that control this air flow: (1) the ash-pit damper, which may be open or closed; (2) the bed of ash on the grate, which may be thick or thin and tight or loose; (3) the body of fuel, which may be porous and open as in the case of large-sized anthracite and coke, or tight and compact as in the case of fine coal or small-sized anthracite; (4) the damper in the stovepipe, which may be open or closed; (5) the check-damper or a big leak into the chimney, which may be open or closed.

Any or all of these five factors can be used to increase or decrease the amount of air that flows through the fuel-bed. The more air that flows through the fuel-bed the faster the fire will burn, while if the furnace were constructed so as to exclude air absolutely, when drafts are closed, it would be possible to stop combustion and hold a fire for forty-eight hours before the fire died out by radiating all its heat away.

But most furnaces are leaky around the firing-door, and this fact makes it better to reduce the flow of air through the fuel-bed by means of closing the stack-damper (4) and opening the check-damper (5), rather than by closing the ash-pit damper (1). The reason for this is that most furnaces suffer from excess air drawn through the fuel-bed or through leaks around the firing-door. When the stack-damper is open and the ash-pit damper is closed, the rush of air up the chimney is greater and reduced pressure within the furnace causes greater leakage of air into the furnace. This air steals heat from the surfaces and wastefully carries it up the chimney. When the stack-damper is closed and the check-damper is open, the chimney draft is satisfied by cold air that does not pass through the furnace at all. The damper or opening in the firing-door should not be used for continuous regulation of the draft. When the firing-door damper is open, it is equivalent to a leak into the furnace, and heat losses are likely to occur. This damper is useful for a limited time just after soft coal or other volatile fuel is fired, in order to admit the air necessary to burn

SOLVING YOUR FUEL PROBLEM

How to keep warm in cold weather is one of the primary interests of every home-maker. Recently it has become an ever-present question with great numbers of householders who find themselves year after year on the edge of Winter, or even well into the season, with coal-bins empty.

Because of the frequency with which this question comes up, the Editor of THE DELINEATOR felt that it would be a definite service to the readers of the magazine to have a careful summary of the situation made by some one with the knowledge requisite to answer it in its many phases.

In preparing his article Mr. Davis has drawn not only upon the information on record with *Science Service*, but on the resources of the U. S. Bureaus of Standards and of Mines and on specialized data accumulated by industrial agencies interested in the production of heating equipment of all kinds.

It is hoped that this article will answer for DELINEATOR readers the general questions on what to burn, where to get it and how to handle it. The Home-Makers' Department will be glad to answer letters from readers who have special heating problems. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply and address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

the gases, but after this stage in the burning it should be closed and the draft regulated by the other dampers. These simple principles for regulating drafts and the rate of combustion apply regardless of what fuel is being burned.

Coke is the cleanest and most smokeless substitute for anthracite and it also can be put to work immediately without any equipment change. Made by distilling the volatile matter out of bituminous coal, coke is available to a limited extent in practically every populated part of the country. In price it usually varies between that of smokeless bituminous and anthracite, approaching anthracite prices when fuel is scarce. Some prefer coke to anthracite, although it is so much more bulky that the bin will not hold as much and the furnace must be fired more frequently.

MR. HOOD explains that there is a knack in burning coke that must be acquired at the expense of a little patience and thought. Some coke does not kindle quite as readily as anthracite, but once going, the fire is apt to burn too fast unless the draft is checked. The coke-bed lies so lightly that air goes through easily, and the porous structure of the coke gives a very large surface for burning. This means a little more care and understanding in managing dampers. It is also necessary that there be no opportunity for air to leak into the ash-pit when the ash-pit dampers are closed, else the coke will burn out when the draft is apparently cut off. Coke has a tendency to burn out grates faster than anthracite, but if two or three inches of ashes are left on the grate, this extra trouble can be avoided. The ash-pit should be cleaned out regularly to prevent the hot ashes from banking up around the grate.

In some localities the small sizes of anthracite usually sold to big power-plants can be obtained as a substitute for the larger egg, stove, nut and pea sizes usually used. Number 1 buckwheat can be used if sufficient draft can be supplied to force air through the more compact fuel-bed, and several firms are selling electric fans, regulated automatically, to supply needed air under pressure. If you acquire sufficient skill to maintain two or three inches of ash on the grate to prevent the fine coal from dropping through into the ash-pit, no change in grates is necessary; if not, a new set of grates with openings not exceeding a quarter of an inch should be installed, or a wire screen of quarter-inch mesh properly fitted over the old grate is likely to give satisfactory service for a whole season, provided it is protected with a thin bed of ash.

If it is necessary to burn the true "soft coal" that contains a large amount of volatile matter, extra air will be needed to burn the gases that are generated just after firing, and for this reason experts advise that the firing-door or firing-damper be left open for a few minutes after putting on fresh fuel. When the oilier bituminous coals are used, soot will accumulate faster and the flues will need cleaning oftener. But even such fuel is burned with satisfaction in thousands of homes.

The small amount of bituminous coal that can be placed in the ordinary cellar is just as immune from spontaneous combustion as anthracite. Experts of the U. S. Bureau of Mines who have investigated the danger of fire in immense stock piles of this coal declare that the householder need not worry. It is a good idea, however, to have a bucket of water handy when using bituminous coal—not for use in case of fire, but to use in keeping down the dust. Soft coal should be well wet down before it is placed in the cellar and the front of the pile should be kept moistened with an occasional bucket of water.

When coal briquets are obtainable, they are as good as the fuel from which they are made and can be fired like so much coal of the same kind and same size.

GAS, oil and electricity form a luxury trio for house heating. Unlike all the other fuels that have been mentioned, they need special equipment.

While gas burned in small stoves is useful and economical in the Autumn or late Spring, when furnace fires are not justified and the air is chilly, it is too expensive to be used widely as a principal house-heating fuel. Moreover, if it should be used to any great extent in this way at the present time, most gas-plants, designed to supply only cooking and lighting loads, could not meet the demand. Due also to antiquated gas-quality standards, devised when the fishtail burner was used, present gas is not generally the cheapest that can be made so far as heat content is concerned. Manufactured gas, most convenient of fuels, may provide economical house heating in the future, but it is not an anthracite substitute generally available at short notice.

For safety's sake, practically all gas-heaters should be connected to flues or chimneys so that burnt gases can escape to the outside instead of into the room. Many gas-heaters will give off carbon monoxid when slightly out of adjustment. When heaters of the "radiant" type, in which the gas burns in a mantle of refractory material, are used to about three-quarter capacity, Bureau of Mines tests showed that they give off practically no monoxid; but when burning all gas possible, some monoxid is produced. It is therefore advisable to have even these flue-connected.

Installing oil-burning equipment for house heating is considered a speculative risk by those who know that half of our present petroleum supply comes from new producing wells with their flush production, which number only one in every fifty oil-wells in this country. Next year's oil supply for house heating can not be guaranteed in quantity or price. Those who change to oil during a coal shortage must be ready to switch back to coal when and if an oil shortage comes.

The burning-cost of oil-fired furnaces is usually considerably greater than when coal is used. There is, however, a real saving in labor, as there is no ash-disposal problem to be considered; and in cases where the householder has been accustomed to employ a furnace-man, the installation of oil-burning equipment would mean a saving of his hire.

Those desiring the convenience of oil and able to amortize the installation cost in a short period can in many localities secure satisfactory equipment for burning light fuel-oil or kerosene in ordinary furnaces.

Small oil-stoves for accessory heating and for use between seasons are of course used with great satisfaction by thousands of householders. Oil heaters used for auxiliary-heating service are often smelly, but usually the gases given off are not poisonous, like carbon monoxid, although they may be dangerous to health, and when a stove of this kind is used without provision for carrying off the exhaust there should always be some ventilation provided. The same is true of small gas-stoves and other fuel-burning heaters not attached to a stovepipe.

ELECTRICITY is usually expensive and impracticable for general use in house heating now. Special and expensive equipment is necessary where the power is available; and even in Ontario, where there is now sufficient current resulting from the hydroelectric development of Niagara Falls, heating installations are being discouraged because the power will be needed industrially within a few years. Under most favorable circumstances, electricity can now be used only to heat one or two rooms at considerable cost. As in the case of gas and oil, small electric heaters that can be attached to ordinary light-plugs are efficient adjuncts to the general heating equipment.

Wood cheerfully crackling in the open grate is ideal fuel, but when it is fed into a cellar furnace designed for coal-burning it loses some of its desirability. In the few localities adjacent to forests where it is available at a low enough cost or where it must be used, it can be burned if a "dead" plate or piece of sheet-iron is placed on the grate and if as large chunks as can conveniently pass through the furnace door are fired.

In emergencies or during the continual search for something better many other fuels have been used to a limited extent. Lignite and peat, properly dried and prepared, are burned much like wood in localities where they are produced. Corn-cobs, husks, straw and other such material have served in times of urgent necessity, while corn has been shoveled into furnaces and stoves in the West when corn prices were low and coal was lacking. Boise, Idaho, has piped hot springs to furnish free hot-water heat, but there are few cities that can have nature tend its furnaces.

But as a staple fuel, the best answer to anthracite scarcity is bituminous coal in one of its many variations. It is a fuel supply that is capable of meeting practically any demand that can be put on it in our day.

Desertions in the ranks of Pennsylvania anthracite users began years ago when hard-coal prices started to rise. Coal users in the Dakotas and parts of the Middle West found that they could keep warm with cheaper soft coal mined closer to home. Alberta, a progressive Canadian province, formerly the home of anthracite users, has opened its own bituminous mines and is now self-sufficient. In Arkansas several districts produce a coal intermediate between Pennsylvania anthracite and smokeless bituminous coal, and "Arkansas anthracite" is being used in the lake region. Production of a semi-anthracite from the small Virginia district has been stimulated recently and "Virginia anthracite" is available for the southern part of the eastern anthracite-using region. Many householders in eastern States have learned to use smokeless coal, coke or other substitutes in the last few years, but thousands of furnace-tenders, especially in the Mississippi Valley and the West, have never left the ranks of anthracite users because they have always fired bituminous.

Not all grades of bituminous are obtainable in all parts of the country, and it is not the part of wisdom to spend an undue amount of time looking for any one of the grades mentioned in this article. The economical method to pursue is to find out the best grade obtainable and secure a supply of that, studying its good points and learning how best to obtain a maximum of comfort from it.

Bituminous coal, as has been said, can be burned with entire satisfaction in equipment intended for anthracite, and it would be an unnecessary expense to install new equipment when an anthracite shortage makes necessary a temporary change from hard coal to soft. In cases where new heating equipment has to be installed, as in a new building, or where old equipment is worn out, and where the intention is to burn bituminous coal regularly, it would be advisable to investigate the smokeless boilers especially designed by heating-equipment companies to burn soft coal.

THE home-owner who does not care to sacrifice his individual house for the advantages of an apartment where the owner and the janitor are supposed to take care of the heat may often consider whether he and his neighbors could get together and run a community heating-plant with less trouble and cost than each tending his own furnace. For small detached homes, where the heads of the households are their own furnace-tenders and equipment is already installed, it is doubtful whether a central heating-plant would pay. Where the tendency is to spread the building vertically instead of horizontally, where residences are large and special help would be necessary in taking care of heating service, a central heating-plant might prove profitable, although in any case an engineering survey would be necessary.

One of the large companies specializing in central steam-heating plants considers that block heating for two or more near-by residences would be more economical than a boiler in each, and that if there are from five hundred to one thousand cubic feet of space to be heated for every foot of underground mains to be laid, community heating can be made profitable. They estimate that the cost of heating from a central plant is cheaper than individual furnaces, considering the amount of heat delivered, but that a greater amount of heat is consumed on account of convenience, making the cost of central heating approximately ten per cent. greater.

A very effective and inexpensive substitute for anthracite or any other kind of coal is heat conservation. Weather-strips on the windows and doors will keep the cold out and the heat in. Storm-sash on the windows and calking applied to the cracks will also help. Where rooms are used for purposes that make frequent ventilation necessary, it is a wise precaution to have weather-strips put on the door or doors connecting them with the rest of the house. Wherever pipes carrying the hot air, hot water or steam pass through a space that should not be heated, they should be heavily insulated with asbestos, air-cell paper or other such material. The insulating material should be amply thick, since it has been found that in some cases a single-sheet coating of asbestos paper will cause larger heat losses than the bare shiny pipe. This is because a rough dull surface will radiate more heat than a bright shiny one. For the same reason radiators and other surfaces from which greater radiation is desired should be painted black rather than with aluminum paint.

MAINTAINING a proper degree of humidity is another factor that helps in keeping the house comfortable. Dry air is harder to heat than moist. A rough, practical test suggested for determining whether the air in a room is too dry is to observe the inside of the windows on a cold day. If frost forms freely on the inside of the glass, there is no doubt that the air of the room has sufficient humidity. If there is no sign of frost, it is safe to suppose that the air is too dry. Humidifiers of various sorts are available, and moisture may be added to the air to some extent by placing uncovered dishes of water on the radiators or other heating equipment of the room.

Common sense about temperature and ventilation of the rooms will also save coal. Fresh air is desirable, but excessive ventilation becomes an expensive fad rather than a health measure. In the average house sufficient ventilation is usually obtained through the entrance of fresh air around windows and doors, especially if a hot-air system is being used. Where small gas or oil stoves are burned, there should always be some ventilation provided, as mentioned before.

Rooms need not be kept so hot. More sickness is caused by having a house too warm than too cold, and it has been estimated that keeping the house at sixty-five degrees instead of seventy-two degrees means a saving of from fifteen to twenty per cent. in the fuel bill. Automatic heat-regulators of various kinds may be obtained to govern the furnace, and where equipment of this kind is not available, an ordinary house thermometer will serve to remind the furnace-tender when to decrease the heat.

Magic powders to sprinkle on coal, and other mysterious devices, will aid house-heating no more than the incantations of the witches in Macbeth. Proper fuel and common sense will keep the house warm this Winter, using the furnace you have.

ROMANCE

Young Skippy Bedelle succumbs to the "grande passion"

By OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "The Varmint," "The Wasted Generation," Etc.



THEIR EYES MET, AND HIS GLANCE FELL GUILTILY WHILE HIS HEART BEGAN TO RACE

IT WAS midway into the second Summer of Skippy Bedelle's sentimental adventures that the catastrophe arrived and the blow fell, when, in his new predatory attitude toward the sex, he felt the most secure. He had walked to the casino for the Saturday-evening hop with Snorky Green, then his guest, and the conversation is here reproduced for the most ordinary purposes:

"Snorky, old top," said Skippy in his best grandiloquent manner, "the trouble is you won't learn anything."

"We're late," said Snorky, who was preoccupied. "It's after nine already."

"There you go! Just because Dolly Travers has made up her mind to tie you down and padlock you before Kitty Lafontaine samples you, you want to arrive with your tongue hanging out. Saunter in careless-like half an hour late and get appreciated! Why don't you *run* to the dance, you might get there in time to light up?"

"I like to dance."

"Come off!"

"Well, seems to me you were eating out of Dolly's hand yourself, once."

"My dear boy, I ate out of all of them—Mimi's and Jenny's and Vivi's and Kitty's. They walked up and down my back. They picked my pockets and they used me as a door-mat. Sure! But that was last Summer. I'm wiser this year. This year I'm not doing the loving. I'm sitting back and letting them love me."

"Yes, you are!" said Snorky, trying to increase the pace.

"Yes, I am," said Skippy, lighting a cigaret for a few whiffs—not because he enjoyed it, but so that his partners would notice his precocious habits. "I could cite names, but I won't. I never discuss a woman, and that's flat. Why, Snorky, meeting a new girl is just like meeting a new dog: he's either going to bite you or lick you, and it all depends on the way you come up the path."

"I've heard this stuff before."

"Girls are all right in their way," said Skippy, throwing away the cigaret after having carefully blown the smoke over his sleeve. "Especially when they're far away."

"Well, Dolly can go through my pockets," said Snorky, who hadn't listened.

"Hopeless—utterly hopeless. 'Course a fellow learns by getting stung. But when you go out to get stung, choose a nice, solitary wasp—don't go and wallow in a beehive!"

"Ever since you started on a diary," said Snorky wrathfully, "you talk like a book! You make me tired!"

"I'm only trying to give you the benefit of my experience, said Skippy in an injured tone. "If you'd follow my advice, they'd come around in the moonlight and howl under your window."

"Ha! Ha!" said Snorky. "I'll listen at yours to-night."

"You don't get my point," said Skippy. "Girls are to me only a pastime. I'd rather dance with them than waltz alone. They get up picnics and feed you sandwiches and cake and all that sort of thing. Well and good. I don't mind that and I don't mind them embroidering neckties for me. But right now, old sport, you'll get all that out of them by just one thing—indifference. That's it, indifference! It worries them sick. They don't understand it. They never will and they'll never let up on you just so long as you loll back and yawn politely."

"Gee, some girl has been treating you mighty rough," said Snorky, who was of a skeptical cast of mind.

"Hopeless, my boy—hopeless! You won't even give Dolly an exciting time. Here she is. Get down and let her walk over you—door-mat!"

Owen Johnson has written some of the most delightful and distinguished stories published in our generation—but he has done more than that: In Skippy Bedelle and his friends he has created a group of young folks so real, so filled with the eternal spirit of youth and romance and humor, that no one who has ever been a boy or a girl can fail to love them, and to laugh at them and with them. "Romance" is the first of a new series of Skippy Bedelle stories to be published in THE DELINEATOR. If you are young, you will revel in them. If you are old, they will renew your youth

HAVING thus delivered himself of his scorn, Skippy meandered languidly into the ballroom, distributing his handshakes and his smiles with indifferent impartiality in that supercilious process which is called "looking them over."

But despite the glacial correctness of his outer manner, Skippy was not at all satisfied either with himself or with Snorky, his chum of chums—or with Miss Dolly Travers. Strange as it may appear to those who have never gone the sentimental journey, while Skippy's equanimity was no longer disturbed by the vivacious and sprightly Dolly Travers, he could not rid himself of the feeling of some sentimental proprietorship. After all, for a certain number of weeks he had loved her and had been treated with—not exactly indifference. He had recovered. But still it pained him that she should have recovered, too. He did not quite state to himself that when she had been honored by the attentions of a Skippy Bedelle, it was inconceivable that she could find pleasure in the attentions of any one less richly endowed. He did not state this baldly, but he felt it. It is a state of mind which perhaps young ladies in the shuffling-off period of their mating instincts will appreciate.

At present Dolly was lavishing her smiles on a group of quite inferior striplings, and Skippy, incapable, of course, of analyzing the working of the feminine instinct and realizing that quantity eventually attracts quality, felt—well, just a bit saddened, a bit more cynical and thoroughly disillusionized. Feeling thus, he stood in the doorway, legs spread, yawning politely behind his gloved fingers to express his dilettante amusement at the human comedy.

"Hello, Jack," said Dolly, passing on the arm of Tacks Brooker.

"Oh, hello!"

"You haven't asked me to dance," said Dolly, who was a faithful shepherdess.

"I know that trick," said Skippy loftily.

"Aren't you horrid! What do you mean?"

"I ask you to dance, and you say, 'Sorry, I'm engaged for the next six dances,' and the laugh's on me!"

"Jack Bedelle, you're getting too intolerable for words!" said Dolly, while Tacks broke out into a loud guffaw. "I wouldn't dance with you if you were the only man in the room!"

"I'll cut in on the next one-step. Waltzing is a bore," said Skippy, quite pleased with himself.

"I don't know whether you will or not," said Miss Dolly, departing with a toss of her head.

Skippy, in his increasing knowledge of the sex, rightly interpreted this as acquiescence.

"She'd come if I whistled," he said to himself, somewhat consoled by the encounter. "But I won't. No siree! I know too much, thank you!"

IT WAS at this precise moment that something fragrant and rustling, something melodious and airy brushed by his sleeve and entered the ballroom. And right then and there, without rime or reason, without logical justification or antecedent cause, Skippy Bedelle fell in love as he had never before loved in his crowded year of taking notice—in love at first sight, hopelessly, desperately, tragically in love, and nothing that ever came after would obliterate the memory.

The party she was with were strangers to Gates Harbor. She was but a slip of a girl, but he noticed at once that she did not chatter or smirk or bob her head or smile in a dreamy way to the music, or indulge in any one of a score of parlor tricks which in his increasing knowledge he had come to understand. She was dark—she could not be an American. A foreigner, certainly—Italian or Spanish, perhaps—and when she smiled, a far-off, languid, pensive look came into her face. On the third time around the room their eyes met and his glance fell guiltily while his heart began to race.

He went out on the porch and drank in the cool night air in long gulps. Then he moved to a station near the window where he could follow her as she danced. Again their glances met and his own wavered and fell away. The music ended and she sat down where he could watch her from the protection of the shadows. She was quite unlike any other girl he had ever met, very subdued and unhurried in her movements—a character out of an old romance. He thought of Lorna Doone at once, Lorna who had first stirred his manly imagination. The man she had been dancing with went off a moment and left

her alone. He was decidedly foreign-looking, rather swarthy, olive-skinned, with an oily mustache in rat-tails. As soon as he left, she took up her fan, black lace and Spanish, too, and half-shading her eyes, looked curiously around the room. From time to time her glance returned to the window where he was standing, as though striving to fathom its dark anonymity. Then her companion arrived with several of the other men and she stood up and bowed with the same pensive little smile.

Skippy's curiosity was now at fever heat. Perhaps they were South Americans and she was married to the swarthy, ill-favored man—South Americans married at twelve, didn't they? The thought was too upsetting. He must find out at once. Another dance had begun. He remembered Dolly and hurriedly cut in.

"Oh, so you've really condescended to favor me," said Dolly, but in a gentler tone than the words would imply.

"Favor? What? Oh, yes," he said, seeking to guide her through the baffling crowd to where SHE was moving.

"Jack!"

"I beg pardon. Didn't get what you said," said Skippy, who bumped into Tacks Brooker and lost twenty feet in his pursuit.

"Really, you *are* gallant!"

"Yes, of course," said Skippy who, profiting by an opening in the crowd, whirled through and cut a corner.

NOW, Miss Dolly, being thoroughly wide awake and quite observant, immediately perceived that her partner's mind was on something besides herself. Furthermore, she did not need two guesses as to the feminine element involved in the problem. But being of a perverse mood, the more she felt herself steered in one direction, the more artfully she contrived to turn him in another.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Dolly?" said Skippy, when for the second time he had come plump against the bulk of Tacks Brooker and trod on his partner's toes. "You don't follow for a cent!"

"Where do you want me to go, Jack?" asked Dolly, with an appearance of innocence.

Skippy at once saw his peril.

"I want to see how Snorky's making out with Kitty."

"So you're interested in Kitty now? She's rather young, after Mimi, isn't she?" asked Dolly, referring to a previous entanglement with the older sister.

"Oh, Kitty's coming on," said Skippy craftily, and by this subterfuge he succeeded in approaching the real object of his quest, which was of course the brown hand that lay exposed on the arm of another man. One riddle was solved! At least, heaven be thanked, no gilded yoke of matrimony burdened that little hand! But the close proximity that this discovery entailed was so troubling that he lost his step and floundered to a humiliating halt. To cover his embarrassment, he started a quarrel.

"If you're going to pull me around, it's no use trying to dance!"

"Well—I like that!"

"You did steer me; you know you did!"

"I steer you?"

"Yes, and you did it on purpose!"

"Jack Bedelle, you can't fool me," said Miss Dolly. "Something's on your mind. What is it?"

"Come out and I'll tell you," said Skippy, changing his tactics.

Dolly, whose curiosity was not a whit less than that of the rest of her sex, immediately followed him to the piazza.

"It's Snorky," said Skippy, who had had time to evolve an explanation to protect his secret. "I mean Arthur. He's in a desperate mood. Bad news from home."

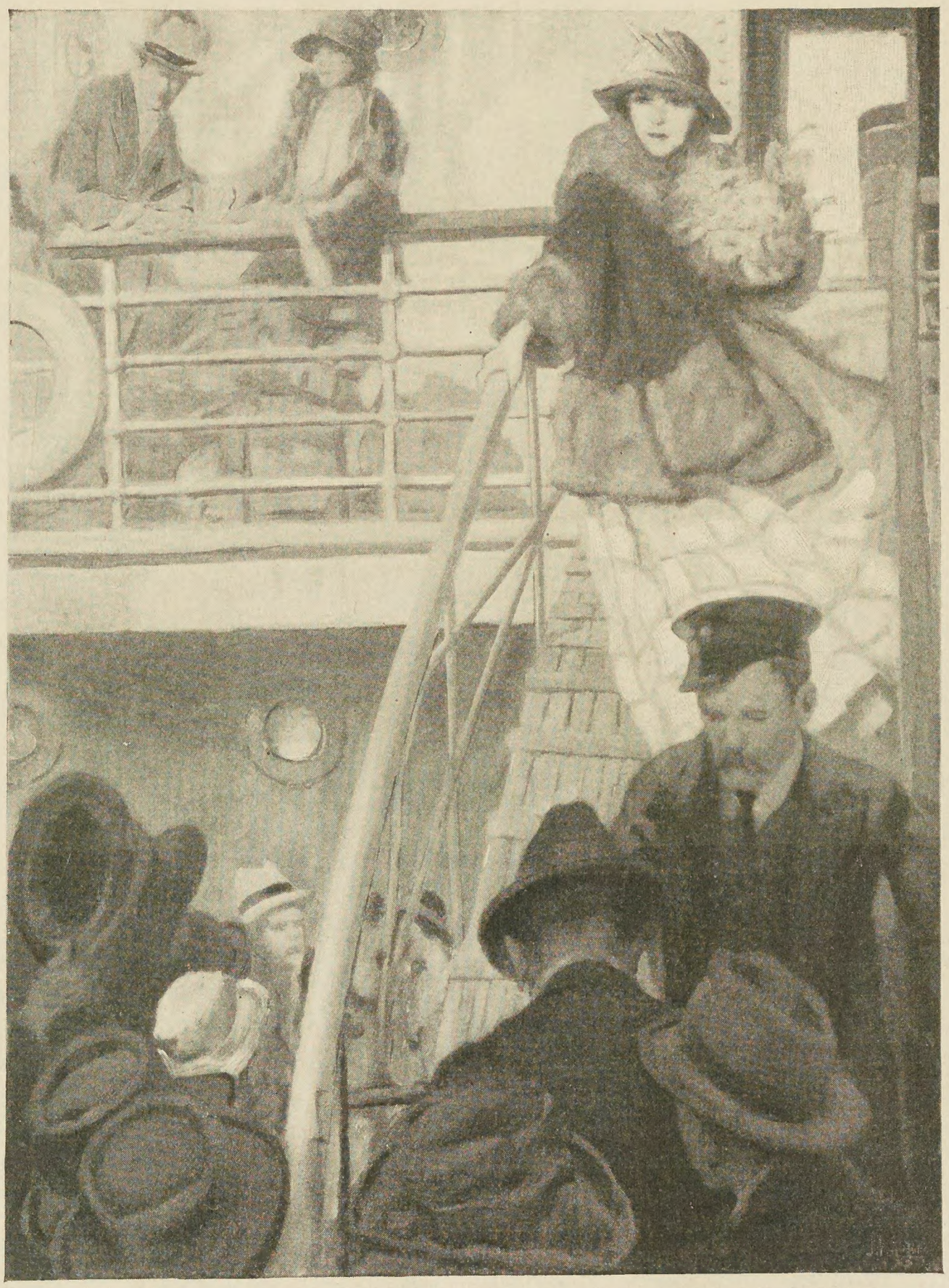
"Really?" said Dolly, who knew him too well to be immediately convinced.

"His mother's in a desperate condition—desperate! Poor old boy, he's all broken up. He adores his mother, you know," said Skippy, beginning to build up the story. "They're like brother and sister together——"

At this moment Snorky came prancing up.

"Gee, this is a lallapazooza of a dance!" he said gleefully. "Haven't had so much fun since the baby died!"

Dolly looked reproachfully at Skippy and carried Snorky off before communication could be established. Skippy shrugged his shoulders. After all, a man can't struggle against fate.



HE SAW CLEARLY THE SOLEMN, WISTFUL LITTLE FACE ABOVE HIS FLOWERS

"Well, now there'll be two sleuths on my trail instead of one," he said gloomily. "I should have taken Dolly into my confidence. Always makes a hit with a girl, telling her you're in love with another. Besides, Dolly is Dolly. No use trying to fool *her*."

WHEN he returned to the ballroom, *she* was no longer there. At the thought that she had already left, that he might never see her again, he forgot the need of caution and departed in a panic for a tour of investigation. She was not in the supper-room. He extracted a couple of sandwiches in passing and hesitated before a dish of his favorite lobster salad. But anxiety was stronger than appetite. He went into the library and surveyed the couples there. Then he glanced out onto the piazza. A second time he returned to the ballroom, went through the supper-room, passed the lobster salad without even a tremor and emerged onto the piazza. Utterly without hope, with a weak, sagging feeling in his knees, he began to make the rounds. And then suddenly he saw her, under a lamp, sitting on the balustrade alone. All his courage oozed out. He could not turn back. Yet he could not go on and pass within five feet of her. Of course she knew—she *must* know why he was there. Heavens, if she should be offended! Something must be done to save the situation, some excuse invented. Suddenly he turned aside and picked up a chair, drew a long breath and returned trembling.

"WHAT in the name of mischief's got into you," said Snorky's voice, reaching him out of a blur and a fog. "You look like a statue of Liberty."

He came to to find himself standing in the card-room clutching an utterly inexplicable porch-chair.

"Oh, it's you," he said with a quick breath.

"What's the game? Going to Jerusalem?"

"Very smart. Let's try the grub," said Skippy, still too upset to be coherent.

"Yes, but—and say, look here, what the deuce was that song and dance you handed to Dolly?"

"Of course you didn't get my signal," said Skippy indignantly. "Want some lobster salad? Just a plate left."

"Do you think I'm a mind-reader?"

"Explain later. Had a row with Dolly and——"

But at this moment the words died in his throat. She had come in with the swarthy foreigner. She was standing just at his side, looking at the empty dish with an expression of deepest disappointment.

"Ah, Clements, what a pity—no more of that beautiful lobster salad!"

It was her voice, soft and liquidly foreign, the first words to reach his ear, words of a damsel in distress. Opportunity was before him in the plate he held in his hand. All that he had to do was to retain his social *savoir-faire*, to be the superb and indifferent Skippy Bedelle of the afternoon, to offer her his plate, with some neat, gracious remark, and the acquaintance was made naturally and easily. But instead he hesitated and choked, the plate stuck to his fingers like a mass of putty. He tried to think of something to say, but the neat phrase would not come and a horrible vacuum spread in his brain. He set the plate down awkwardly on the table, pushed it a foot in her direction and escaped in a panic.

WHEN he came back to realization of things mundane, he was down at the pier's edge looking over into the darkling water. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Gee, this is awful!" he said. "It never hit me this way before. This *is* the real thing!"

"Unmitigated ass," said Skippy that had been. "Why in blazes didn't you offer her your plate, instead of running away with your tail between your legs?"

"I know, I know! What must she think of me now?"

"Think? She isn't thinking anything! She can't see you! She doesn't know you exist, you poor loon!"

"Oh, how lovely she is! What a voice! How graceful! What a look in her eyes!"

"Well, then, you chump, why don't you go back and meet her? Be a man! Brace up!"

"Why not?" said Skippy, amazed at this evident solution. "Right—I *will* meet her! I'll pull myself together. I don't know what's hit me——"

He went hurriedly back—rapidly at first and then with diminishing pace. Meet her? It was at once the most entrancingly bewildering and the most weakly terrifying thought in the world. He could and he couldn't. What, face her for the first time before thousands and thousands of curious eyes? No—never! Some time, some way, it would come, but not in a public sacrilege.

Continued on page 70

FRONT AXEL

When youth and love conspire, the world is theirs

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

EVEN in little towns on the Pacific slope where pioneer blood ought to be still flowing broadly enough to cover social distinctions, there is a pretty finicky idea of the kind of work a man ought to do if—well, if you are going to marry him, for example. Which is the reason why Charlotte Mullaly made her father promote Miss Grimes, his perfectly good secretary, and take on Axel Martin. To put it gently, Axel was doubtful secretarial timber. But Sharly was like a Greek drama: she moved with terrible inevitability. Timothy Mullaly put up a good fight, but in the end he was reduced to muffled, muttered objections.

"Look at his hands, Sharly!" he burst out with a final flare of spirit. "D'y'ever see a bank-president's secretary manicure his hands with light, heavy and medium oil the way Axel does? Marry him, if you want to, and live over a garage—but for the love of suffering sea-kelp, leave me a little comfort in my old age!"

"Miss Grimes will make a sweet teller——"

"Sweet tellers may go great on the big time, like Tacoma and Seattle, but what would happen if a gang of lumberjacks blew into the Woodsman's National with their pay-checks next Saturday and found a blonde instead of old Hopkins behind the bars?"

"They would be thrilled to death!"

"Look here, Sharly: I'm over fifty, and life still owes me a little. I can leave my desk any time with Miss Grimes and go out and play eighteen holes and come back to find everything wound up like a clock——"

"And she'd adore to be a teller. It's a broader life."

"Old Hopkins won't quit. Last time I offered him a pension, he cried."

"Keep Hopkins. Let young Rand go. He wants to start practising law, anyway."

"I tell you, Sharly, the money of widows and orphans is intrusted to me. I can't leave it with a blonde and a weeping old man!"

SHARLY stopped playing fair. She sat down on the floor in front of the fire and put her head on her father's knee. Timothy always went soft and got to musing about the queens of old Ireland when he stroked that beautiful dark head. He tried to be man enough to keep his hands off this time, but Sharly's rich soft voice finally hypnotized him.

"Axel would look out for the money," she said. "Ever notice how strong Axel is, for all his slimness? I suppose it's from running cars ever since we were kids together—terrible cars!" She laughed fondly. "Remember the chassis he salvaged from a wreck when we were in high school? And the things he made it do? I've ridden a million miles on that chassis—and I always felt perfectly safe! That's the marvelous thing about Axel: you're safe when he's around. And he's a genius, too. He's got a new motor-fuel worked out, and the carburetor to go with it is almost——"

"Let the genius stick to his carburetor and not try to break into a bank!"

"He's not trying to break in. I'm having as hard a time with him as I am with you. He says if I'll just wait until he gets his carburetor right, all we'll have to do is to step on the accelerator and the world will turn over especially for us. But I—I guess I'm practical. Even if he does get it, you know how long those things take. We're way out here in an off corner of the world with no way of letting people know what we've got. It'll be years and years—and somebody in Detroit will invent a carburetor just as good and get it in every car in the country before we can even let people know what we've got and what it will do. In the meantime all the other girls are marrying mill-owners and shipping companies—and I'll be the only one whose husband——"

AT THIS point she swallowed a sob, which explains why she was a radiant, smiling beauty on the following Monday when, just after the bank closed, she parked her roadster in the quiet alley back of the Woodsman's National and signaled at the back door for admission.

The alley was a queer jagged affair, cut into indentations by the backs of buildings fronting on Main Street. As she waited for old Hopkins, she noted two things: one was the sound of light hammering in the jog cut off from view by the back of the Beehive store next door; the other was a powerful machine drawn up back of the bank with its side-curtains on.

"Foreign car," she deduced scornfully, since no Puget Sounder would resort to side-curtains in the light rain that was falling. Then she brushed past old Hopkins and ran to her father's office.

He was gone—of course. But so was Axel! His coat hung on the brass costumer under his hat, completing an unnecessarily disreputable scarecrow. Recalling the sounds beyond the Beehive, Sharly slipped through the rear door, leaving it slightly ajar. If she could retrieve Axel without anybody's noting his defection, that would be something anyway.

"Axel Martin," she went at him, "shame on you!"

The tall boy rose from the heels on which he had been squatting and his face was white under the streaks of grease upon it.

"I've got it!" he said in an awed voice. "She runs like a dropped stitch in a silk sock. There's no speed she can't make."

The motor started in the big car with the side-curtains. Blind to the wrath confronting him, Axel gave appreciative ear.

"That bebby sings!" he said reverently. "But if I tuned up right now, you'd ask her to hush her noise so you could listen to the music. Let's try it, honey. Hop in. May be the last time we ever get to ride in a flivver. Better have just one more skid waltz down the wet pavement before we get rich and have to buy us a bus so grand we can't have any more fun!"

"Listen to me! I made my father give you a job——"

"I know. He doesn't like it any better than I do, poor old gent. Hop in."

"I'll ride in a kiddy-car before I'll get into that thing again. It's ruining you—it's ruining both of us. What if your old carburetor does work? How are you going to let people know it works? The world is full of inventions to make greased lightning out of cheap cars, and nobody but the inventors know anything about them."

"Something will happen, dear. You'll see. Something will happen."

"Maybe you don't mind getting gray-headed waiting for something to happen. I do. Things only happen when you have some way to make them happen. If I could, I would have told the world about your carburetor and forced it on every manufacturer in the country. But I couldn't. So I did the next best thing: I made father give you a chance to learn banking. He'd rather play golf any day than bank, and the time will come when he'll be tickled to death to hand the whole thing over to you—if you're ready. Then you can come home and tinker with engines in the evening till the cows come home, and I won't say a word. It's all right for a banker to have a hobby——"

"But, Sharly," he interrupted, mystified, "I'm a mechanic."

"Yes, you're a mechanic, and you don't seem to want to be anything better. I've gone to school with you and stuck up for you, and nobody has dared to say to *me* what they say to each other. But the rest of



HIS FACE WAS WHITE. "I'VE GOT IT!" HE SAID IN AN AWED VOICE

Concluded on page 64

ROSE OF THE WORLD

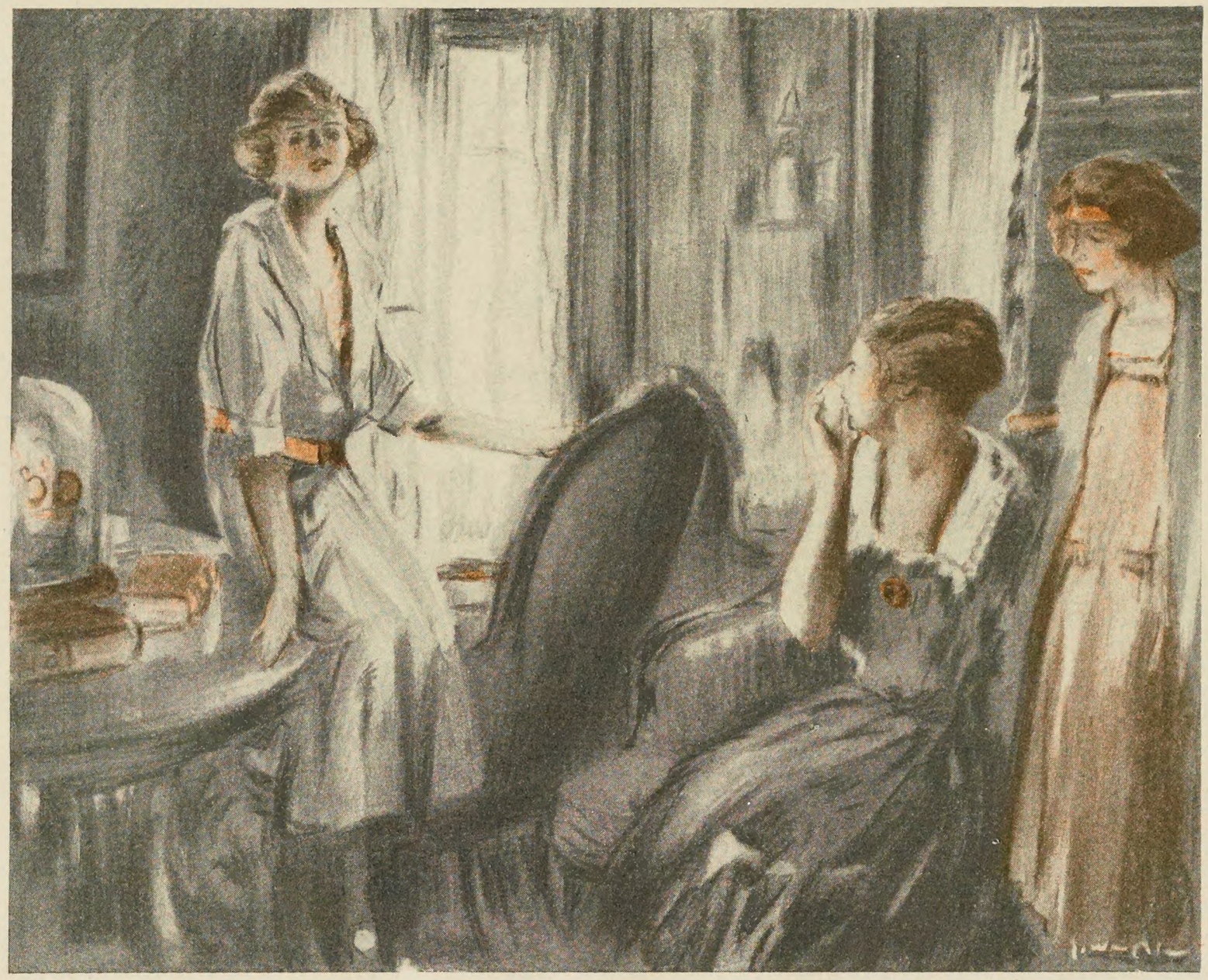
The second instalment of the best serial yet written by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS

Rosalind Kirby, with her delightfully irresponsible family of mother and grandfather and younger brother and sisters; Jack Talbot, with his background of wealth and culture, his autocratic, charming mother and his very successful father—these are the two young folks whose lives become so strangely entangled. Rosalind's people—the Tallifers and Kirbys—had once been the most important in Gates Mill; but her father was dead, and magnificent old Grandpa Tallifer had been like a child in mind ever since his young manhood, when he and Jack's father, partners then, had been thrown from Talbot's buggy. Now Rosalind was employed in "old Talbot's" office at the iron-works and had been engaged to young Jack. But Mrs. Talbot was very clever, and she used her own serious illness to make Jack break with his "Rose of the World," whom she considered not at all a fitting mate for a Talbot. Jack meant this break to be only temporary, but he was in the country with his mother, and Edith Rogers was on the ground, charming, sympathetic and adroit. What happened next is told with dramatic power in this second instalment of the story.



"BUSINESS BUILDINGS! MY DARLING, YOU WOULDN'T—YOU COULDN'T LET THEM TEAR DOWN THE HOUSE?"

PART TWO

"WELL," said Cecilia hopefully, "I don't suppose anything matters as much as we think it does in this life. You—you—we go on living!"

Rosalind Kirby, after a careful inspection of it, slipped a spoon back into the grayish, lukewarm dish-water in which Cecilia was finishing the Sunday-dinner dishes. It was about four o'clock upon a shining October afternoon; the heavy leafage of the maples and locusts in the yard was thinned now and the sunlight that crept through their shabby branches was thinner, too.

"Yes," Rosalind answered lifelessly, after a pause. "I go on living, because—because I don't die!"

Cecy looked a trifle frightened. "Oh, Rose, you don't feel as badly as ever?" she asked.

Rose shrugged and was silent. There was a certain sternness in the face that was bent attentively to the old mismatched cups and plates, and in the blue eyes there was a faint, habitual half-frown that somehow accentuated and made more appealing her extraordinary beauty. She recaptured the spoon, wiped it, picked up dishes and glasses and went to and from the china-closet steadily.

Cecilia unhappily mopped the old sink-boards, inverted the dish-pan, spread the dish-rag upon it and finally rubbed her brown little Gipsy hands with half a cut lemon and rinsed them in the cool water that was now all that came from the hot-water tap.

When she had finished, Rose was standing at the window, staring out with unseeing eyes. "Rose," Cecilia began timidly, coming to put an arm about her, "lots of people have—have quarrels—and after a while make them up—and I am sure you and Jack will, too."

For that Rose's trouble was but a lovers' quarrel was Cecilia's and the family's, and indeed all Gates Mill's interpretation of the sudden violent rupture between Jack and Rose Kirby. If Rose had something to bear in pity for the loss of brilliant prospects and in censure that any girl could play her cards so badly, at least she saved her pride to a certain extent. Nobody knew—nobody knew—nobody knew—would ever know.

AFTER the earthquake that had torn her life from its moorings and shattered her youthful faith and hope and gaiety at a single blow, somehow supper-time had come—bedtime had come—morning had come. Other persons had gone on doing the usual things and the punctual sun had set, and presently risen, and presently set again, unaffected by the ruin and ashes, the fallen temples and the darkness in the heart of Rosalind Kirby.

During the first of these hours the girl had lain motionless on her bed, her handkerchief a sodden ball in her hand, her eyes staring blankly into space. Sometimes she cried quietly, flooding tears that were mopped away and brimmed again, but for the most part she was tearless, breathing so lightly, moving so little that she was more like death than life.

What had aroused her had been her alarmed and anxious mother. Mrs. Kirby rarely did what she planned to do and was much given to imaginary courses of action, but when in the burning heat of the Sunday morning that followed Jack's visit and their parting Rosalind's mother had threatened tearfully to write to Jack Talbot and tell him he would have to come back for some sort of an explanation, Rosalind had roused herself desperately.

With an aching head, weakened by wakefulness and emotion, she had somehow dressed, somehow massed her hair together, somehow gotten herself down-stairs to the breakfast table.

After that her reactions had followed each other rapidly in the normal order. For days she had gone through the business of going to the office, of dressing, of coming to meals like an automaton. She had eaten little and spoken not at all. And in the wakeful nights Cecilia had heard her crying.

Then came the end of the first dragging, bewildered, stunned week, and Jack had come back, and she had caught a glimpse of him at the office.

He had been helping his father into the car, out in the parking-space between the two big wings of the iron-works. Rosalind's color had fled, her heart had begun to hammer painfully. Jack, perhaps twenty feet away from her, had flushed deeply and lifted his hat.

Then he had gotten into the car and father and son had driven away. And Rosalind had entered into the second phase of her unhappiness.

A sort of hardness had come over her. What she had hoped of that first opportunity, for a talk, or a word, or a look from him, she had never analyzed. But she had been living for that.

Now he was home again and he had not sought it. And bitterness and coldness had taken the place of the very luxury of grief in which she had been indulging.

Rosalind had resumed her old scrupulousness about her appearance, her old promptness at the office, her old efficiency at home. But it was a new Rosalind. Gone was the confident, joyous, care-free girl who had been so sure that life would meet her kindness with kindness, her generosity with gifts. She was no longer a girl: she was a woman—a woman who felt that her destiny had been unjustly decreed and that she owed the world a grudge.

All the unsensed bitterness of her childhood and young womanhood seemed awaiting the recognition of this hour; and as she reviewed it, the deep cold anger hardened in her soul. The Tallifers and the Kirbys had been the rich and prosperous people of Gates Mill only a few years ago. Where was their thrift, their industry, their intelligence that the daughter of the line should be so cruelly humiliated? Why should the Kirbys be less to-day than the Rogers and the Talbots? Why should Rosalind Kirby leave the public high school to take a position in the grimy office of the iron-works in the very years when Edith Rogers was sent to New York to finish her education—and Jack Talbot come driving home from Fallen Leaf Lake to tell Rosalind that his mother felt her not good enough to be welcome to one of the Upper River Street families?

SEEN in this new light, all the pitiful pretenses and gentilities of her mother's home maddened her. It was all so futile, so stupid—the mild, complacent boasting of Mrs. Kirby, the references to the days when grandpa had a big office on River Street, the treasuring of fans and clocks, newspaper clippings dated '78 and Nottingham-lace curtains.

What mattered these things, Rosalind mused, with hot contempt? What if grandpa *had* given the land for St. Mary's church, and the library, and the high school? What if that *was* the Tallifer set of encyclopedias in the public library, and if half the old men and women in town

could remember when daddy and grandpa were the most conspicuous among all the early settlers? Grandpa's mellow wisdom, his famous talks before Gates Mill's first little board of trade, his inventive genius and his mayoralty—this was all in the past. Daddy was but a memory, a grave where high grass and poppies disputed with the geraniums and the crimson rambler that mom had planted upon it—and grandpa was a doddering old man, muttering of Injuns and Spanish grants and the big flood in River Street.

Life had left the Kirbys and the Tallifers behind. The realities to-day were the Terrys' and the Bakers' and the Rogers' big, garden-enclosed houses in Harrison Street and Upper River Street; their cars, their trips, their happy arrogance as they fluttered in and out of shops and bank, played "Five Hundred" and ate orange sherbet on shaded porches on the warm Spring afternoons and gave each other "kitchen showers" and baby-spoons.

What was it to them that their names were not inscribed in the old archives of the city hall, that it was not *their* grandfather who had formed the first vigilant committees and laid out the first streets? They could sit and listen to the town band upon a hot evening with no resentment that it played in Tallifer Park; they did not grudge Rosalind's late father the distinction of having been the Kirby for whom Kirby's Dam, where they all picnicked in Summer, was named.

RESENTFUL, brooding, smarting under a sense of essential and undeserved injustice, Rosalind went upon her way, looking out upon life with eyes that tried to pierce its secret and master it. Something—*something* made certain persons rich and influential and made others just the reverse. The Terrys and the Talbots had all been poor and obscure only a generation back. They had risen somehow to their present preeminence.

As they had risen, she would rise, Cecy should rise, Ned should rise. If it were thrift, energy, infinite capacity for taking pains, then Rosalind would have these. What they had done for others they should do for her. Signposts were not lacking, and in the hungry desolation of her soul Rosalind's eyes were sharpened to find them. In the little vegetable store on Old Mill Lane was a calendar bearing the words: "The way to begin to be successful is to begin." In Rogers's Bank window was a neatly framed reminder: "Tell me whether or not a man saves money, whether it be merely a few cents a week, and I will tell you whether he is or is not a failure."

Then Rosalind stumbled upon newspaper articles: this one pointing out the enormous business that had been erected upon the tiny profits from five and ten cent purchases, and that one urging young women to study, to learn, to prepare themselves in advance for the opportunities for which they certainly would have no time to prepare themselves as they arrived.

A difficult time for the Kirby household followed. For Rosalind, stern, critical, determined, undertook the hopeless task of raising her family to some sort of ideal of efficiency. The slipshod marketing, the waste and delay were all mercilessly scored by her budget, her account books and her new estimate of life.

For a while she had been for selling the old place and moving into a small, new cottage in crowded King Street across the river. But the mere possibility had reduced her mother to tears.

Nobody, wailed Mrs. Kirby, nobody but the mill-hands, the Italians, the Irish and Japs and Chinese lived in King Street. The Tallifers simply couldn't—the whole town would know it——

"We could get one of those new seven-room places for seventeen hundred dollars," Rosalind had argued. "We could get seventeen hundred dollars, over and above the mortgage, for this place. If that new block of business buildings goes up in River Street next year, this would be a valuable site."

"Business buildings!" her mother had said, horror drying her eyes. "My darling, you wouldn't—you couldn't let them tear down the house?"

"But that's all it's good for, mom—unless we turned it into four apartments."

"But, Rose, dear, it's one of the landmarks—it's one of the few handsome old houses in town! Why, the glass for these windows came around the Horn! And I can remember that a Swiss built the stable and sent all the way to his brother in Berne for the clock! Why, everybody talked about it—even as far as Sacramento and Vallejo!"

Rose would sigh impatiently. Life was so tiresome. She had to concede this special point to her mother, for Cecy joined her in pleading for the old home. But Rose fought on, and presently the big unused parlor and library were rented to widowed Kate Conner and her crippled sister Ellie Kane, and Kate put up a brass sign just above the big laurestine bush under the front bay window: "Modes."

Cecilia might have objected to this, but Rosalind took it so coldly for granted that the younger sister was quite unconsciously influenced by her. Mrs. Kirby felt that she could never hold up her head again, but she was anxious to please poor Rose and hoped in her usual inconsequential manner that presently Rose would get over her quarrel with Jack and things would return to their old comfortable ways.

IN SEPTEMBER Rosalind had another opportunity. The Terry Flour-Mill offered her better work at better pay and she left the iron-works and went over to them.

In other ways her new-found, passionately concentrated energies found a pleasanter form. She borrowed histories from the library and read them soberly. She went to Miss Cartier for French on three evenings a week; she followed plays and books seriously in the Sunday newspaper.

Miss Cartier's stuffy little room, hanging like a birdcage over the river and scented with upholstery and old books and dust and dry trembling grasses and general decay, was no pleasanter to Rosalind's senses than was the shaky old lady herself, laying a papery, chilly old hand over the girl's hand and diffusing a stale faint odor of must and snuff and attar of roses.

But Rosalind was bitterly determined to better herself, and she spent her noon hours over verbs and worked during the whole evenings at home scribbling French in an old account-book headed "Tallifer and Kirby," making such extraordinarily rapid progress that presently the old teacher was hurt.

"But you—you have spoken French as a child?"

"No, mademoiselle. But I assure you. Never!"

IT HAD been only about two weeks after his return with his mother to Gates Mill that Jack Talbot's engagement to Edith Rogers had been announced. For all the agony of fear with which she had been anticipating it, Rosalind had found it hard to believe.

Kate Conner had told her—told her kindly. It was twilight, and the Conners were moving a first instalment of their effects into the Kirby house.

"I was working at Pottle's to-day, making the old lady a blue alpaca," said Kate. "Nothing'll do but that old lady has just what she wants, whoever else goes without! And I heard Sally say that Edith Rogers was giving a girls' lunch Tuesday week."

Rosalind had stood still, frozen. A girls' lunch in Gates Mill meant only one thing; she was prepared for it. They were engaged!

Well, she had expected this. But the world went black about her nonetheless and she tasted salt.

"They say three moves are as bad as a fire," Kate Conner, her back turned full to Rosalind, was saying philosophically. "I declare, I'm beginning to believe it!" She bustled out of the room, and Rosalind loved her from that hour.

Edith announced her engagement prettily at this luncheon. The news was going about the iron-works by four o'clock—at five it had reached Terry's Flour-Mill. But Rosalind had the poor satisfaction of realizing that she had predicted it to Mr. Bainbridge a week ago and to Agnes Parrott in the billing office.

Jack himself, had she but known it, had been experiencing several surprises in connection with the same matter. In the first place, he had left Rosalind upon that memorable August Saturday with a hot and angry determination to see her again immediately raging in his heart. Her kisses, the sudden revelation of the love she had always concealed from him, her youth and beauty, and above all, the power of her personality, the force and character that shone behind the blue eyes, had had their instant effect upon him.

His mother might be partially right—anyway, she was his mother—anyway, what was the difference, his confused and baffled thoughts had run—anyway, he loved his girl. He loved Rosalind—he had always loved her. She was angry with him now, but that wouldn't last——

Then had come the long drive alone back to Fallen Leaf Lake and his confident, convalescent mother. And quietly, as his blood cooled, he had begun to veer once more toward her point of view.

Not that he loved Rose less. Not at all! But his mother had nettled him by her sureness this morning that he would not have courage to break with Rose Kirby, and he had done it. That it was not a permanent break, his mother need not know—now. Time enough for that when they returned to Gates Mill and things had quieted down and he had seen Rose.

Now when his mother put her inevitable, tentative question it would be satisfying to answer her with an unequivocal yes. It had been the logical, the sane, the advisable



EDITH AND JACK WENT TO THE DANCE TOGETHER THAT NIGHT AND WERE COMPLIMENTED AND LAUGHED DEPRECATINGLY OVER AND OVER AGAIN

thing, had it? Very good, then—he had done it!

"But—but she hasn't released you, Jackie?" his mother would say, hardly crediting her own ears.

"Certainly!" he would nod briefly. And he would go out of the cabin alone and walk and walk and walk through the pine woods until he had thrown off the tugging heartache, the persistent feeling that somehow he had irreparably hurt Rose—little Rose, with her tangle of burnt-gold curls and her busy little work-worn hands spreading bread for Audrey.

THE first part of this program had gone exactly as he foresaw it. His mother had hovered about him on Sunday morning as he had his late coffee in his room and had finally touched the sore spot with just an inquiring monosyllable and Jack had said: "Certainly!"

"But—but she hasn't released you, ducky?" his mother had duly gasped, really pale with surprise and emotion.

"I tell you our engagement is broken! But that doesn't mean that I don't love Rose, and that it may not all be on again some day, if she'll have me!" Jack had said roughly and bitterly.

Tears had crept slowly into his mother's eyes—loving, anxious eyes. She had come over to lay her head against his shoulder as he stood up and took his cap.

"Jackie, if you care for her, of course it'll all be on again some day!" she had said gently. Jack had kissed the top of her hair, remorseful, irritated, impatient, and had strode out to walk. He had not seen Edith all that day.

But there was a tennis tournament afoot to wind up the sports of the Summer, and he and she were drawn as partners for the match. They played and won Tuesday morning, played and won Tuesday afternoon.

Wednesday came the semi-finals and quite an audience gathered to watch the play. Edith had been brief and businesslike, silent with Jack since the preceding Friday. She had gone to the Monday-night dance with a person Jack characterized as "the Marshall ass."

On Wednesday there was clapping from the rising tiers of seats when she and Jack walked onto the court, and she looked up, smiling and waving her racket.

"Jack, I'm so sorry!" Edith had time to breathe softly before the first real ball came over the net.

"Thanks!" he grunted without looking at her as they moved to their positions for the play.

Early in the game, however, by one of the miracles that make all sports, their opponents' shots began to go wild. Presently there was a score of six-two set in Edith's and Jack's favor. Edith's eyes shone and her cool cheeks flushed and she settled down to hard work.

The minutes flew; shadows flashed on the clean court; patters of applause broke from the bleachers. "We've got them on the run," Jack murmured when the play brought him near her.

"At least we've scored," she said between her teeth when the next chance to speak occurred.

The exquisite moment came—it was over. They had won. They went to the dance together that night and were complimented and laughed deprecatingly over and over again. They had great luck, they said. "And now I don't care how disgracefully we go down—down—down to-morrow!" Edith said into his shoulder as she yielded her beautifully frocked, beautifully marcelled little person into his arms for an encore dance.

But next day was another triumph. They found themselves delightfully famous; Edith said it was all Jack, and Jack said that she was the best woman player he had ever seen, bar none.

And that night it was settled that he and his mother should wait over three days more and go home with the Rogers. They could divide up comfortably with three cars.

SO THE pleasant life of tennis and swimming and tramping recommenced; only Jack and Edith had something real, something tragic and important upon which to base their confidences now. And on the very last night of all, Jack told the girl that years from then when—when some other things were settled—he had something to say to her.

Edith elevated her eyebrows. "Other things? What other things?"

Well, he wanted to work up in the business, for one thing. He wanted to be able to take his father's place when "anything happened" to J. Whittinger. And then—well, there was something else that worried him.

"You want that girl to be happy, Jack," Edith interpreted. "And she will be—you'll see! And then——?"

Jack had but a confused idea of his answer. He never knew exactly what it was. But unquestionably it was to this answer that his mother indirectly alluded when she whispered to him late that night: "Edith told me something that *might* be, Jackie—and I'm so happy!"

The next day the "comfortable arrangement" appeared to be that he should drive Edith home with Carrie, the Rogers' baby's colored octogenarian nurse, dozing in the back of the car—and for all the long eight hours Edith was sweet, sympathetic, interesting, companionable, gay. That night both families dined together in Gates Mill.

And twenty-four hours later Sally Pottle seized a chance to say in an aside to Jack: "I know Jack. And I think it's perfectly corking!"

And immediately a hundred tiny circumstances conspired to assure him that he and Edith were engaged: the attitude of her father, the motherly kiss her mother gave him, her own half-dutiful, all-adoring deference to him, his mother's deep satisfaction and delight, his father's serious talk when the senior Talbot told his son just what he might expect of the family firm.

Immediately Edith showed him a length of lace from Aunt Lizzie and a teacup from one of "the girls." "Weren't people perfectly wonderful?" she asked.

Jack found himself carried along on the tide of it, swept from one happy party to another, never quite definitely challenged, never given a chance to explain.

Then there was the announcement luncheon, and the *Republican* gave the news a whole column on Saturday, and everything was settled. All the different office employees at the works came up and congratulated Jack, and the Rogers and Terrys and Barkers gave dinner-parties, and all the girls gave guest-room, and kitchen, and garden showers in turn.

SINCE her quiet disappearance from his father's office, Jack had not chanced to see Rosalind. But about a week after his engagement was made public he saw her.

"Come on into the old man's office," Bozzy Terry said to him one hot early October afternoon. "Nobody there. Pop asked me to find out if an invoice had been mailed."

There were two girls in old Terry's otherwise deserted office: one was Agnes Parrott, a plain, sweet girl, whose one ambition was to enter the Notre Dame novitiate; the other girl was Rosalind. The instant he saw her, Jack's heart gave a plunge and he felt his throat thicken and his mouth grow dry. Instantly she was the most vital thing, the only important thing in the world, which had of late been so confusing and so unreal.

She looked a little flushed and weary after the long Indian-Summer day, and it seemed to him that she was thinner. But the office windows were wide open now, the cooling late afternoon air was beginning to stream through and Rosalind stood where the breeze fluttered her thin dress and lifted the soft little rings of burnt-gold on her temples. She was wearing a familiar gown of cross-barred muslin, snowy and soft from a hundred washings, and she had a broad-brimmed straw hat wreathed in big white daisies in her hand. Her blue eyes smoldered like sapphires between the thick, upcurling lashes. She looked young, touchingly small and sweet, as she stood talking to big-boned, black-haired Agnes.

"Say, I haven't had a chance to congratulate you, Jack," said Agnes, with a big-toothed smile, coming over to him. She had been through grammar school with him and was only three years younger than he. As she spoke, he got one straight, serious look from Rosalind's eyes, a look that might have been merely indifferent—that might have held a shadow of reproach and a shadow of mockery.

If they had had this moment alone! If he might have gone to her side, challenged her attention with the passionate and penitent words that were twisting like an agony in his heart! If he might have said: "Rose, it's all like a bad dream. You are all my world—I love you! Help me to set it straight."

The mere thought shook him like a sudden violent vertigo. One moment he had been thinking only the conventional, slightly bored, slightly worried thoughts that seemed to be a part of being engaged: he had been wondering if his vest had come back from the cleaner for that dinner to-night; he had been wishing that something would happen to take the attention of his entire circle, if for only five minutes, from Edith and himself. It made the whole thing so—so darned definite and imminent somehow, mused Jack, to have the whole world eternally harping on it!

This during one moment. And in the next every pulse in his body was thrilling, his heart was hammering, his hands were cold and all the world had been reduced to two elements: himself and Rosalind Kirby.

The precious instant was lost. She had given him that one strange, steady look, she had pressed the hat over her rich, shining hair, quietly opened the outer door and nodded a casual good night to Agnes and Bozzy, who, conferring about the invoice, stood between her and Jack.

For a moment the setting sun caught her in the doorway—proud young figure, flushed beautiful face, thin white gown pierced by the streaming rays of light, golden head crowned by starry daisies. Her whole body was captured by an aureole, silhouetted boldly and exquisitely against the flaming west.

Then she was gone, and a great shadow and blankness seemed to fall upon Jack and the office and the world. God, how beautiful she was—what a woman she was! He had seen her trim that daisied hat on a throbbing Spring morning not six months ago, he had seen her pressing with a hot iron the limp little cross-barred muslin. "I'll wear my cross-bar!" she would say. Or Cecy would say: "Are you going to wear your cross-bar?"

Cecy had always liked him—of course she hated him now. And into that gloomy old house of dimness and memories, of gas-lights and worn carpets, of bread puddings and poverty and privations he had brought fresh distress. She was proud enough, she was cool enough now, but perhaps she had cried.

His heart twisted within him. And from this moment there came a new unreality into the unrealness of his engagement to Edith: he was tortured with the dream of going to find Rose. She would forgive him—she would understand. If her mother and his, her whole family and his, all their friends and their world despised him, he would win her back and she would understand.

JACK, formally taking his place at Edith's side, was in spirit eternally driving the gray car to Old Mill Lane, entering the familiar side passage with his heart struggling like a bird in his breast, asking if Rose were at home——

She might be furious, it did not matter. Angry, contemptuous, cold, she would still be Rose, with her golden hair filming over her earnest blue eyes and the little humorous twist to her beautiful mouth, and the straight, honest look, diverted to him for a moment from Ned's algebra or Audrey's paper-dolls and to be returned to the little brother and sister who needed her—so kindly, so patiently——

A sort of obsession seized him and he began to feel that the whole world would be well lost if he might have her back. Edith—Edith was a smart, clever kid; he liked her. But Rose was his own—his Rose of the world, who had been in his arms, who had talked to him of the future, with her hand linked in his, who had given him the full glory of her beauty, her intellignce, her overflowing wit and sunshine and ambition, her hopes and plans.

He would go to Old Mill Lane and ask to see Rose. She might not see him the first time, nor the second time, but sooner or later——

His heart sang. It was all clear. He would take his girl and get away from it all, from Gates Mill. They would go together to some new place and make their fortunes as their fathers had!

All his thoughts were upon that first burning interview. He would say—and she would answer—and he would speak again. The instant he was alone his mind was busy upon it. Nothing else counted; it mattered little what his mother and Edith said and did, for everything depended upon that meeting, that memorable talk whose ending should find Rose in his arms again.

Jack's thoughts would stop short, suffocated with felicity. He would presently begin again, with the moment when he would turn into Old Mill Lane.

"I have a date for Monday night, Edith," he said.

"Monday? All right. Wrestling match?"

"Nope. Something I promised to do a long while ago."

"Tell me at once," Edith smiled, getting on the arm of his chair.

"I'll tell you afterward," Jack promised.

"Afterward? After we're married? I should think you would! Remember, we're not to have any secrets then."

"NO, YOU'LL hear this first," Jack said, with an odd smile. "You know, it doesn't matter how hard or how idiotic a thing is, Edith," he resumed, "once you're sure it's the thing you have to do! I'm nearly twenty-eight, and I think I've learned more in the last three months about myself and life than I did in all my life before. You can do things and do things with a sort of half-feeling that—well, it doesn't matter much. And then it comes over you, like a flash, '*That's* what I ought to do!' and it's like waking up from a dream."

"Tell me what you are going to do Monday night," Edith, who had not been listening, coaxed him babyishly.

Jack's thoughts rushed to it. He was turning into Old Mill Lane, he was asking Cecy—or perhaps it would be Rose herself who came to the side door——

He gave a short, excited laugh and Edith thought that he was laughing at her and became more babyish and more coaxing. "No, but really, I don't think that's very nice of you, Jack," she pouted. "I don't care what you do Monday. I'm not going to be one of those wives who want to pry into everything you do. But I *do* think—and especially after we're married——"

"When'll you be nineteen, Edith?" he interrupted.

"In April. Why? Has it anything to do with my birthday?" she asked, a little affronted.

"You know you told me at Fallen Leaf that you'd not marry until you were at least twenty-five," Jack teased.

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REBELLION

Unselfishness may be the most selfish thing in the world

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

AT THE foot of old Doctor Will's garden, guarded by two bridal-wreath bushes, was a little gate which led into Mary Callowhill's garden. She had had the gate built there when her children were young, and often through it Doctor Will had seen her hurrying with what he called the scared-mother expression in her eyes. But he had never seen Joe Callowhill with a scared-father expression in his!

For Joe Callowhill's rôle was the stirring and active life of "on the road," wherein he wore good clothes and attended State fairs. After begetting four children, he had shaken from his feet the dust of Marysport and of his father-in-law's feed and grain business, and from that time on for fifteen years he had appeared in our town only as an affable visitor from the great outer world.

Only old Doctor Will, who had brought her children into the world, ever knew what Mary Callowhill really thought of her situation, and even he had not guessed what was happening to her until the day she rebelled and came running through that little gate with one of Joe's old traveling-bags in her hand and the stains of the fruit she had been canning still under her finger-nails.

The morning of that August day was steaming hot even at daybreak. When Mary Callowhill awoke, she thought instantly of all she had to do that day: the fruit to be put up, catchup to finish, ironing, and—oh, dear!—this was the day young Martie was going to a picnic and she would be leaving her baby with grandma.

A grandmother! She thought of her age and her three grandchildren with a new wonder, as if in all these rushing years she had not had time to acknowledge them before. Next week she would be forty. She had been married at eighteen. Her two daughters had married almost as young. Too bad! But they had fallen in love and she could not stop them.

However, they took their responsibilities more lightly than she had taken hers. They had her to help them. She was practically bringing up their babies for them. Old Doctor Will had tried to warn her once not long ago that she was spoiling Lina and Martie, but she could not bear to see them toiling as she toiled, and she had encouraged Martie's husband to build their small house next door to hers so that Martie could always be near for help and advice. And when Lina married a young chap who had only a position as a night drug-clerk, she had built a wing on to her own house to save them rent.

As she lay there in bed she could hear a faint, fretting cry from one of Lina's twins and she half started up. But her head was throbbing, and she lay down again for five minutes' respite. How like heaven it would be to pull down the shades, to have breakfast brought to her on a little white tray such as she had carried to Lina and Martie so many, many times! But the house was quiet, waiting for her to start the day.

On the old-fashioned walnut bureau, among various objects that had been given her—a red velvet handkerchief-case, a perfume-bottle with the gilt wearing off, and so on—there stood a snapshot of Joe at the wheel of the automobile he was salesman for. During the past few years he had done very well at selling a medium-priced car, and he often sent them snapshots of himself making steep grades in a leather motor-coat and gauntlets. He had frequently promised to drive the four hundred miles from his headquarters to Marysport and take them all back with him. But the company never could spare him at the time Joe deemed right.

Lying there on her pillows in the old-fashioned room, which somehow was always the last in the house to be refurnished or done over, Mary could see this snapshot of her husband, and she smiled faintly. The smile was tender, but it was also the merest bit ironic.

WHEN she married Joe Callowhill, she had given him her heart—her entire and unswerving loyalty. She adored him and she had married him with a prayer to God to let her make him happy. She had a very simple recipe: Joe must always be comfortable and think well of himself. To this end she cooked elaborately, kept their home in shining order and constituted herself a buffer between Joe and her parents, who did not worship Joe's talents with quite the simplicity that she did. In fact, Mary's father, when he died, thought so poorly of his son-in-law's ability that he left the feed and grain business entirely in the hands of Joe's mother-in-law. Mary's mother was disconcertingly able. From this time on Mary had to mediate between her mother and Joe so frequently that she sometimes felt quite bruised between them. To make the business more interesting to Joe, she persuaded her mother to take the agency for a line of farm machinery and redoubled her efforts to make home comfortable for him.

She was in the habit, in those early days, of saying that Joe was unusually high-strung and sensitive. He did not trouble to conceal his aversion from the—so to speak—seamy side of parenthood. When it was nearly time for him to come home to supper, Mary would fly about the house frantically, removing traces of babies. For Joe would lose his temper if he stepped on a rubber doll; he would not eat if he looked out of the dining-room window and saw the more intimate garments of the babies drying on the line; his nose went up in disgust if little Lina smeared her mouth at table. And when they cried, he very simply left the house, if possible.

He was rather dandified about his appearance, and Mary did her best to keep up to his fastidious standards. It was not easy, with all the work to do alone and three children under ten years old. And sometimes, as she twisted up her fair hair, with an ear cocked to catch the baby's cry and her nose sniffing for the smell of something burning in the oven, her blue eyes gazed back at her with an anxious shadow in them.

It must have been the shadow of a premonition, for after six years of marriage and Marysport and the feed and grain business, Joe was becoming increasingly dissatisfied. And one day he came home with a letter from the farm-machinery manufacturer they had been dealing with, offering him an agency in Ohio.

Mary's first exclamation had been characteristic: "Oh, Joe, I knew they'd appreciate you sooner or later!" Then as she reread the letter her eyes widened: "But this says your headquarters would be in Akron. Would—would we have to live there?"

Joe looked away from her. "Oh, I don't think we'd better move until I find out how things go. Of course it won't be long. I'm going to go strong, once I get a chance. I can sell anything on wheels. Lord, but it will seem good to get into a big town where there's something going on!"

AND so, a week later, on the afternoon express, Joe Callowhill departed. Mary left the baby with her mother and she and the two little girls saw him off. He had never looked so handsome as when she waved good-by to him, standing on the platform of the car. He had bought himself a new suit of clothes, and his new necktie had been chosen after an hour spent over Cohen's counter. His new suitcase, carefully packed and repacked with the shirts and handkerchiefs Mary had exquisitely laundered, stood at his feet. He waved his hand cheerily, rather like a beneficent god going up on a cloud. Then he turned and went into the car; already he had the air of a man of affairs.

After she had put the house to rights and the children were in bed that night, Mary sat on the side porch where no one passing would see her. It seemed to her that her life had stopped, like a clock that suddenly ceases to tick. She told herself, just as she had been telling the neighbors and her mother for a week, that Joe would send for her and the children before Thanksgiving. She told herself how interesting it would be to live in a larger town, how nice for the girls as they grew up. But underneath this courageous talk a whispering kept on. She had been married six years to Joe Callowhill; she loved him still, but she knew him.

"Why, I'm only twenty-four," she thought, with wonder. It was her first moment of retrospection since she married. "Some of the girls I went to school with are only just getting married now. And I've had three children and another coming. I wouldn't change with anybody, only I wish—I wish——"

Suddenly she began to weep, the abandoned racking tears of the woman who has not in years had time or solitude to express any emotion of her own. She did not know quite why she wept, except that somehow life all at once seemed too pitiful to be borne. But soon the habit of self-control asserted itself and she wiped her eyes. Down at the foot of her garden she could see the comforting light in Doctor Will's office



window. And presently she saw him come out with his setter dog at his heels.

"Ho, Mary!" he called through the twilight, his arms on the fence. "If you want old Mack to sleep on your porch, you can have him. Though I warn you he snores and fights in his sleep."

She controlled her voice. "I'm not a bit afraid, doctor. Thank you just as much."

"Well, if you need anything, just sing out. I see your dahlias aren't doing very well. I'll give you some of those deep red ones you like."

"Oh, thank you! But I don't think I'll do any planting this Fall. Joe will be sending for us in a month or two, you know."

The doctor turned away hastily. "Oh, sure, sure; I forgot."

But as he closed the office door on the night fragrance of his garden, his face wore a grim smile. "I'll bet the windy cuss never sends for her," he thought.

LYING there in her wide and ugly black-walnut bed, Mary Callowhill had an unusual moment of retrospection. In this low-ceilinged room she had faced birth and death. Her third child had died here within a few months of the birth of Hugh, her last. Her mother had gone the way of all flesh. Her two daughters had married. And these events she had faced alone, for Joe had never sent for her and the children. He had stayed with her a few days after the death of baby Joe, but he was melancholy and restless, and she had sent him back to his work as soon as possible. He had made a flying trip when Hugh was born. At Christmas and Thanksgiving he managed to get in on the eleven-thirty, eat one of her delicious dinners and take the five-forty out again. Sometimes when he was coming down with one of his bilious headaches he came home to be nursed. These were her happiest times, although it was quite a strain to keep the house quiet, the children out of the way and at the same time cook for him the delicacies his convalescence demanded.

But after each of these occasions he went away as one rejuvenated, as if he had drunk at some inexhaustible spring of refreshment. He never, however, definitely got around to arrangements for establishing the spring any nearer his business headquarters. And after a while Mary went on with the long-delayed papering and painting of the house. She did not admit anything, but the neighbors knew that this meant she had given up expecting Joe to send for her.

They said it was a shame, although probably Mary's fault—she was too uncomplaining. It was old-fashioned to be so meek.

But what they did not know was that Mary Callowhill was slowly growing. The growth was deep within her, unobserved, as silently underground as the roots of a tree. As one responsibility after another was laid upon her to be met alone, she began to stand upright, to think for herself. But to our eyes she remained the same, almost stupidly patient. And when we saw the high tide of living sweep over her again with the birth of her daughters' babies, we felt exasperated, as human beings do before too much goodness.

What, also, we failed to appreciate was the deep consolation and comfort she had found in her boy, Hugh. He was like her to the very core of him. They understood each other and they had been comrades from the time he could talk. She had unconsciously trained him in those virtues his father conspicuously had not: patience, perseverance, a distaste for bragging, a sense of responsibility. At fourteen he was, he admitted, a real boy, a credit to his mother's common sense.

SHE could hear him now, stirring in the next room. He had his first job in the Fisher Hardware Store, and he would be up and off early. She sat up in bed with a start. But before she got out of bed, Hugh softly pushed open her door and looked in.

"Forgot to give you this last night, mom," he said. "It's from dad, I guess."

He laid a letter on the counterpane and then his gaze sharpened. "You look awful white," he said, his freckled face anxious. "Why don't you stay in bed a while?"

"I can't, son. Lina isn't feeling very well, and the twins are teething."

An expression of deep disgust came into his face. "Aw, why don't you make Lina and Martie tend to their own kids? They just soldier on you all the time. Make me tired!"

She smiled at him and gave him a gentle push. "Go on down and put the kettle on. I'll have your breakfast in a few minutes."

She opened Joe's letter and read it as she twisted up her hair. Hastily written, as usual. He had been fighting off a bilious spell; perhaps he'd run home for two days and let her fix him up.

Then suddenly her face stiffened. She caught the letter up— "I've been thinking," she read, "that maybe I'll keep Hugh with me next Winter. A boy needs a father's training——"

She finished her dressing blindly. There was a queer sensation in her head. She did not know that it was anger, for she had never known real anger in her life before— A father's training! After leaving the boy to her for fourteen years! She hurried down the stairs, fastening her clean blue percale house dress—a dumpy, unimpressive little woman with a curious blue fire in her eyes.

She lighted the fire, put the kettle to boil, set the breakfast table, sliced bacon, her small work-stiffened hands moving quickly as if they ran a race with the crowding day. Lina came in carrying the twin who was still wailing. She was a languid girl who resembled her father. She wore a kimono over her nightgown.

"I'm nearly wild with this kid, mama," she said fretfully. "If I don't get another hour's sleep, I'll be dead for the day. And he'll wake up Betty if I leave him in our rooms. Would you just——"

"Give him to me. There, little man—gran'ma's poor little lamb— You go back to bed, Lina. I'll keep the coffee hot for you."

Lina turned and trailed back to her own quarters, where she darkened the room and promptly fell into a peaceful sleep. Mary prepared the baby's bottle, holding him expertly in the crook of an arm as she did so. And she was thinking: how would it seem to go on doing these endless, familiar tasks without the compensation of having her boy with her?

As he and she ate their breakfast together, he elaborated a scheme of life he had been thinking of as he swept out the store that morning.

"I've been thinking maybe I'll take up the hardware business, mom," he said. "Mr. Fisher is gettin' old—must be forty at least—an' he'll probably be lookin' around for a partner pretty soon. And do you know what is the first thing I'll do when I've got things to goin' well?"

"No. What?"

"I'll take a vacation and you and me'll go on a trip. I'm thinking of Atlantic City and Denver."

"They're rather far apart," said Mary gravely.

"That don't make any difference. Dad isn't going to be the only one in this family to see the world."

Her heart swooped down as she remembered the letter. Should she tell Hugh? But he seemed to her so young to have decisions thrust upon him. No, this was a matter between her and Joe. But Joe had always had his own way. He would get Hugh if he really wanted him.

THE morning grew hotter as the valley mists rose, and Mary Callowhill's head ached until her vision blurred. Lina trailed into the kitchen and put the coffeepot on the stove. But the second twin began to cry and she went back to her bedroom. The coffee boiled over. Mary hurried in from the screened porch, where she had begun to look over the fruit for canning, and once more put breakfast on the table. Lina came back, but just as she sat down at the table the baby Mary had put to sleep in the parlor awoke and announced to the world that he resented his aching gums.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lina, "I've simply got to have my breakfast. I'm so *faint!*"

Mary rinsed fruit-juice from her hands and carried the baby off to Lina's room, where she bathed and dressed him, fed him and left him appeased in the crib.

When she got back to the kitchen, Lina had not cleared off the breakfast things, but she was showing signs of activity in the pantry. She had also lighted the gas under the oven and the temperature in the kitchen was already rising.

"I thought I'd make a cake, mama. Where are those marshmallows I bought yesterday?"

Mary gave a glance of dismay at her canning things.

"Couldn't you wait, dear, until I get the fruit out of the way? The oven makes the kitchen so hot."

"But how *can* I wait? I asked two of the girls to bring their sewing this afternoon, and I thought I'd have cake and iced tea. But, of course, if you don't want me in the kitchen——"

"Of course I want you, dear, but—it's so hot, and my head— I'll tell you what: I'll make the cake while I'm getting dinner if you'll pick a few ears of sweet corn—the last row near the fence——"

"Oh, heavens! In this sun!"

Mary said nothing. She turned off the sizzling oven and began weighing out sugar and berries. Lina slammed the screen door and went reluctantly into the garden. Martie, the second daughter, wheeled her perambulator into the yard. Mary remembered the picnic. Suddenly she felt a hysterical inclination to laugh. She thought of the new sign on Main Street, "No Parking Here." Suppose she hung a sign like that on the door of her room and went to bed, what would happen?

But her face was patient as usual as she took Martie's Buddy and made a corral for him out of four chairs in the dining-room. She could watch him as she went back and forth between the stove and the table.

She washed the breakfast dishes, dusted the parlor, swept the porches, answered the telephone twice for Lina, fed Buddy and beat together butter and sugar for Lina's cake. The kitchen was sickish with the smell of the steaming fruit, and sometimes as she filled the waiting mouths of fruit-jars her hand shook so that rivulets of crimson juice ran down the sides. It seemed to her that during hundreds of hot Augusts she had filled thousands of yawning fruit-cans until she had approached the limit of her endurance.

SHE took up a can and began to wipe it off with the wet dish-cloth, and mechanically she moved as she did so to the door of the screened porch, longing for a breath of cooler air. She looked down the length of her garden to Doctor Will's garden, where a few moments before she had seen him spraying his roses. She could look diagonally across his garden and two vacant lots to the railroad station. She heard the whistle of a train, which reminded her that it was after eleven and dinner must be started. As she stood there with the can of fruit in her hands, the train came in. She could see people pressing nearer the platform, persons to be envied, who were going away. Some of them would eat their dinners attended by the white-coated negroes who stood on the car platform. She thought wistfully how good it would seem to eat something she had not cooked herself. There would be electric fans in the car and new fields whirling past outside the windows.

Then she stiffened, pressed closer to the screen. A tall man was descending breezily from the parlor car. Tipping the porter, he took his bag. She could see him shaking hands with Sam Peters. Joe! Cool-looking in a new gray suit—even at this distance she could see assurance and ease flow from him.

Mary Callowhill stepped quietly back into her kitchen. There was a strange expression bordering on despair in her blue eyes. Part of her mind was swarming with the thoughts of what must be done before Joe got up to the house: he hated the smell of canning; the dining-room must be put in order; Buddy must be kept quiet; there must be a peach shortcake for dinner.

But the rest of her brain was occupied with an impression, sharp like something seen at the small end of a field-glass, the impression of Joe's well-fed good looks, his sleekness in contrast to her own old-fashioned dumpiness. With the swiftness of light, a thought flashed in and out of her mind: nature doesn't care what becomes of a woman after she has produced enough children. Nature—and Joe Callowhill—had made use of her and then floated her off into a backwater while they went on their way to fresh adventure. She was only forty, but life had ceased to offer her much but drudgery; like Joe, it was through with her.

Her hands jerked spasmodically, and—crash!—the can of fruit was on the floor, its ruddy contents splashing wide. Over the blue linoleum, over the white paint, over the shining nickel of the stove——

And suddenly something happened to Mary Callowhill. It was as if the crash of the can of fruit was a thunderclap that let loose stormy forces that had lain all her life deep within her—forces kept under control by her will and her ability to love and to make sacrifice. She stood staring for an instant, and then she made a wild sound. It started as the sort of nervous giggle a young girl might give and ended as a curious whimper.

Then, without another glance at the spilled fruit, she made straight for the stairs and her room. Joe would linger on his way from the station to talk to various friends in the stores along the way. She would have ten or fifteen minutes. She dragged out of the closet an old bag of Joe's, flung into it a few articles, caught up her hat, her Summer silk, three seasons old, Hugh's best suit. With these over her arm, unseen by any one, she slipped down through the garden and burst in upon old Doctor Will in his office.

"I'm going away," she gasped. "Will you take Hugh and me to the Junction?"

DOCTOR WILL got up briskly from the couch where he had been lying reading a seed catalog. "Sure. Glad to, Mary. Fine idea. Vacation do you good." His manner was entirely matter-of-fact. But within him he was immensely enlivened. He felt that it was worth living to be old, to be in at the rebellion of a meek woman. He had seen Joe Callowhill get off the train.

He brought around his rattling old car while Mary dressed. They picked up the astonished Hugh at Fisher's and Mary got some money from the bank.

"I think my mother would be willing I should use some of her money this way," she said, as if to herself.

And all the way to the Junction she sat stiffly silent. But inside she felt like a piece of clockwork that had



JOE CALLOWHILL, WHO FOR YEARS HAD NOT SPENT MORE THAN FIVE CONSECUTIVE DAYS IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY, NOW SLOWLY BECAME DOMESTICATED

broken down but is still wildly whirring. She kept seeing that broken fruit-can, with red rivulets running over the clean linoleum. She couldn't clean it up; she had broken under that last straw. She could not nurse Joe through another bilious attack, send him away with his bag of fresh clothes, listen to his stories of conquest in the world of business. She had run down; her goodness and patience had flown into a thousand pieces. She felt as if she never wanted to see him or Lina or Martie or their children again. She knew that she was either crazy or unbelievably wicked.

"She'll break down sooner or later," thought the doctor, and as the train came in he put a card into her hand with the name and address of an old friend of his own. "You go up to Maine, to this address, Mary, and get a good rest. Call on Doctor Kelsey if you should need him. And don't think about the folks at home."

She scarcely heard him. "I want to go in the parlor car, Hugh," she said, "the way your father does."

DOCTOR WILL rattled home from the Junction feeling a bit guilty but withal refreshed. He went in at the screened porch door of Mary's house and found Lina distractedly mopping the kitchen floor while the dinner scorched and the twins sang a duet of protest. Joe was walking the dining-room with one of them.

"Mary has gone on a vacation," the doctor said casually, leaning in at the door. "Just drove her over to the Junction. What? No, she didn't say where she was going or when she was coming back. I dare say she'll write. Good afternoon."

He went somewhat hastily down through the garden, for he could not conceal his grin. Their bewilderment, their utter incredulity, their dawning dismay had given him a good deal of satisfaction.

"I'll sure enjoy seeing how this thing turns out," he thought.

But things did not fall out quite as he had expected them to. He had said to himself that Mary would come back inside a week. Instead, she wrote him presently a long, cheerful letter. She had a job, she said; she had sat around on the sands of Kennebunk beach until she could not stand it another day. Then the landlady of the hotel where she was living had lost her housekeeper and Mary had asked for the place. The salary was more than she deserved. She liked the work. She had part of the afternoon and all evening off; she talked with different sorts of people; she had bought a bathing-suit; Hugh had joined a Boy Scout camp and was so brown and happy; she had read lots of magazines and novels. And wouldn't he write and tell her if they were really all well at home?

But the second development amazed him most: Joe Callowhill remained at home. At first he stayed three or four days, walking to and from the post-office in his good clothes, pretending to be very cheerful and at ease. Then, exhibiting a telegram from his firm, he apparently went back to work. But in ten days he reappeared. And this time he did not go away again.

Amazing and bewildering inconsistency? Joe Callowhill, who for fifteen years had not spent more than five consecutive days in the bosom of his family, now slowly became domesticated. Two weeks passed, three, a month.

At first he went about dressed in his good clothes, as if expecting to take the next train out of Marysport. It was a puzzle to all of Marysport. He had not lost his job, for Sam Peters had seen letters from Joe's firm. Then gradually, a garment at a time, he assumed an old suit Mary had cleaned and put away. One morning he was seen mowing the lawn. Great exercise, he declared jovially. He even went to the market on errands for Lina. Lina had openly said that she would not stand for what her mother had always stood for, and she did not believe in coddling a man anyway. Lina had not inherited her mother's culinary gifts.

And day by day Joe became a little less breezy, not quite so sleek. One evening Doctor Will met him coming out of the post-office aimlessly. There was an expression in his eyes that reminded the doctor of a dog that is not quite certain of the good-will of the world.

All at once Doctor Will cried out to himself: "By Henry, I'll bet I know now why the fellow stays at home!"

IT WAS in October, in the midst of Indian Summer, that Mary came back. Doctor Will saw her and Hugh coming up from the station, stepping along happily, Mary in a new suit that made her look young and almost slim. She called to him over the front-yard hedge, and he knew from her voice she was all right with the world. He had not heard that gay note in her voice in years.

"I'm coming over to see you to-night," she called.

That evening she joined him on the bench under the apple-tree. It was so early that he knew she had left the supper dishes to some one else. There was a care-free air about her as she strolled among the flowers that suggested

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MY REMINISCENCES

The life-story of America's foremost character actress

By ETHEL BARRYMORE

Some of the most significant incidents in Miss Barrymore's eventful career are related for the first time in this instalment. Here, too, is the story of her first vaudeville engagement, her tribute to Charles Frohman, and some intimate glimpses of her family life off stage



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IN "THE SHADOW," MISS BARRYMORE HAD TO SIT MOTIONLESS FOR THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES



THE RÔLE OF PETTICOAT SALESLADY IN "OUR MRS. McCHESNEY" WAS AN OUTSTANDING BARRYMORE SUCCESS



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TEN DAYS AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER SON, JACKIE, MISS BARRYMORE WAS STARRING IN "TANTE"



ELSIE FERGUSON WAS WITH MISS BARRYMORE WHEN THE "LUSITANIA" NEWS CAME



MISS BARRYMORE'S VAUDEVILLE DÉBUT WAS IN "THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK"



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF CHARLES FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL MANAGER, TAKEN ON THE DECK OF THE ILL-FATED "LUSITANIA"

PART FIVE

MY ENGAGEMENT in vaudeville, which shortly followed the birth of my daughter, was a wonderful experience. I enjoyed it more than I can say. I was lucky in having such a play as Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look" to do. It is such a magnificent piece that it must appeal to all audiences. My experience in vaudeville proved to me what I have always felt: that nothing is "too good" for an audience. The better an effort is the more they will rise to it and appreciate it.

Mr. Frohman had not wanted me to go into vaudeville in the East, but when he came back from Europe, he had no suitable play for me and I, as usual, had no suitable income, so he decided that he might as well let me go on. I played all through the East and as far West as California, and never failed to please the vaudeville audiences and to be tremendously pleased by them. While I was in the West, I played in the Orpheum Circuit; while in the East, I appeared in the Keith houses. Charles Dalton did the part of the husband and Susanne Sheldon, who had come back to America for a short time, stayed with me that year in the part of the wife. It was a very fine company and I received an excellent salary, which was most important to me at the time. I received three thousand dollars a week and, believe me, it was a very exciting envelope to open every Saturday. I wonder where it has all gone?

Vaudeville theaters all over the country are beautiful not only in the front of the house, but in the back as well. The performers seem to have been remembered by the architect; the dressing-rooms are nearly always superior to those in any other class of theaters. Things seem to be run as systematically and efficiently as in a large business concern. I simply loved everybody I met—all the people on the bill with me—and I was never tired of standing in the wings watching the different "turns"—they work so hard and faithfully! The vaudeville public is an exacting one and nothing must ever be slurred for them—perfect in the afternoon and perfect at night, over and over again for weeks and weeks and weeks—singers, dancers, monologists or acrobats, they never shirk. People who go to a vaudeville show just for an evening's entertainment don't realize the amount of work that is put in to achieve the perfection they are witnessing. They perhaps don't even realize that it is perfect, but in its line it usually is.

In September of 1923 I was to produce a play called "Tante," by Haddon Chambers, from the book of Anne Sedgwick. Mr. Chambers had written a delightful play on that very fine story. It was a most interesting part

for me—quite different from anything I had done—and I adored it. I had expected to begin rehearsals the first part of September, but I had to keep them waiting a little while until Jackie was born, which was not until the ninth of September. I was distressed at delaying rehearsals and it worried me so much that it was finally decided I should be allowed to go to the theater. So, ten days after Jackie came into the world, I was on the Empire stage. I remember calling Mr. Frohman on the telephone about two hours after Jackie was born and telling him that I would be ready for rehearsals very soon and that I had an awfully nice little boy. I shall never forget the sound that came from the other end of the telephone. He could hardly believe his ears.

He exclaimed: "It is impossible for you to be talking!"

"No," I said, "I am quite all right and will be ready soon."

That was all I was allowed to say to him, but I remember it gave me great amusement to do it.

"Tante" was a big success and played all that year in New York and on a short tour. When I got back to New York in the early Summer, I played in a revival of "A Scrap of Paper" with my Uncle John at the Empire Theater. I am afraid it was not a very good play. I know that I felt we should not have been dressed in modern clothes while speaking those very old-fashioned, creaking lines. I have always thought that plays over thirty years old should be given in the dress of their day. However, it was charming to be playing with my uncle again after so long. We had a delightful company and it was a very pleasant month.

THE next year came "The Shadow," a gorgeous drama from the French, which had been written originally for Réjane, but the war had stopped its production in Paris. I don't know that it has ever been done there. It was a tremendously interesting part for me. In the first act I was a paralytic and sat motionless in a chair for thirty-five minutes. I thought it would be very difficult to do, but, curiously enough, I never even had to practise not moving. As soon as I got into that chair and the cover was laid over my knees and hands, the curtain went up and the play began; I don't think I could have moved if I had wanted to. Bruce McRae came back to me for this play, which pleased me very much, as I always have entertained and always will entertain great affection for him.

"The Shadow" was very sad, but it had moments of great exaltation and beauty. Many people have liked me better in that than anything they have seen me in. I should love to do it again some time.

The next piece was a decided contrast to what I had done before—an American play from the stories of Edna Ferber, called "Our Mrs. McChesney," a comedy with a "mother note" in it. It was a great success everywhere except Chicago. They preferred me there in serious plays. Boston, which is generally thought to be the most highbrow of our cities, loved it and we could have gone on there indefinitely, I think, but it had come to June and I was very tired, so we stopped.

During rehearsals and the run of "Mrs. McChesney" I got to know Edna Ferber and liked and admired her tremendously. She gave a supper-party one night at which I sat next to William Allen White. I found Mr. White to be one of the most delightful persons I have ever met. He amused us all by telling of his experiences on a recent visit to England. I remember that he told us his sense of convention had been shocked at a week-end party in the country by the fact that he and his wife were put in separate rooms. He also received another shock in the morning when the maid unceremoniously entered his room with a hot-water can and opened his curtains. He talked of many interesting and absorbing things. I liked him very much and have always wanted to see him again.

At the end of this season Mr. Frohman had decided to go to Europe, much against everybody's wishes. I came to say good-by to him the day before he sailed on the *Lusitania*. He was one of the men who had received word from Bernstorff not to sail, but he had made his plans and it was characteristic of him not to be turned aside once he started anything, even by a warning from the German Government.

It was very curious, his good-by to me. He always kissed me, just as if I were his daughter. When I got to the door and was waving a final good-by, he called me back into the room and said good-by all over again and added, "Take care of yourself." He shook me very warmly by the hand and had a very strange look in his face; I shall never forget it. I have always felt that he must have known what was going to happen. I didn't take it seriously at the time, but I remember going back in the train to wherever I was stopping at the time, thinking what an unusual thing it was for Mr. Frohman to call me back and say good-by all over again.

It was during the run of "Mrs. McChesney" in Chicago that I got one of the greatest blows of my life. A friend of mine was giving a luncheon at her house for Elsie Ferguson, who was playing in town at the same time. During lunch I was called to the telephone by a friend, Mrs. Cecil Clark Davis, who said she had heard the most terrible news but it had not been confirmed, yet everybody was afraid it was true. I asked her what it was, and she said that the *Lusitania* had been sunk with all on board. When I went back to the table, they all wanted to know what it was that made me look so utterly downcast, and I told them. I remember Elsie Ferguson and myself just looking at each other and saying, "Mr. Frohman, Mr. Frohman!"

It was not long before we had to accept the terrible fact that Mr. Frohman had gone. For many years he had been my very best friend. He had taken the place of parents and everything. I had gone to him with not only my theater troubles, but all my troubles. He had always been understanding and wonderful. He had a golden heart.

DURING these days we spent all our Summers at Mamaroneck. It was at such periods that my children and I would have uninterrupted good times. I have often been asked if it is possible to be a successful actress and a successful mother, to which I have always replied, "I was born and so, I have always understood, was my mother!" If you have an average amount of common sense, you can organize your life as a regular human being. It is perfectly natural for me to be an actress, and it is also perfectly natural for me to be a mother. Up to the time my children went away to school, I think I saw them at least as much as most mothers see theirs. I hear stories about the children's hour, when they are brought in to see their mother. There is no time in the day that I am not accessible to my children.

I have always been very careful whom I had in the way of nurses and governesses, and the few times I have had to go far from home, like trips to California, I have left them in the most perfect hands and have heard from them every day and they have heard from me every day, no matter where I was.

They love the theater and take a perfectly natural interest in it. My little girl is enormously ambitious to be an actress. It is just a question of time before she completes her school work and begins on the stage. I can't tell about the boys. Last Easter vacation, when Jackie was home, a friend asked him one day, "Well, Jackie, are you going to be an actor?"

He said, "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I might be a comedy."

Sammy likes to play in school theatricals. He has not expressed any desire or thought of going on the stage. I don't say anything to them about it. I believe in doing the best you can for them in the way of an education and in guiding as far as the right way to go is concerned, but I never will influence them for or against anything in regard to the theater. They won't have to go on the stage to earn a living as I did as long as I have my health. But I think it would be wicked to stop them if it is their natural bent. I don't think there is any

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IN ALL HER REPERTORY, THE PART THAT MISS BARRYMORE LOVES MOST IS THAT OF *MARGUERITE* IN EDWARD SHELDON'S VERSION OF "CAMILLE" ("THE LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS")



LET'S GIVE A PLAY!

How to select, plan and stage an amateur production

By KATHARINE LORD

Author of "Plays for School and Camp"

SOME ONE has said, "Let's give a play!" and at once every one is enthusiastic. It may be you want to raise money for your favorite charity, or furnish a fitting wind-up for your bridge or bowling club, or if it is Summer in a rather quiet resort, you simply want "something to do," or perhaps your little circle is still not too far from childhood to enjoy dressing up for its own sake.

Your suggestion about the play meets with instant acceptance—every one likes the idea.

Then—difficulties begin to loom large. Some one says hesitatingly, "What would we give?" Notice the "would"—it is the first note of doubt. Another remarks that you have no proper stage, no scenery. But happily the constructive-minded are in the majority and shortly the matter is decided.

"We are going to give a play!"

First, you dispose of the bugbear "No real stage; no scenery."

Little theaters and serious amateur groups have taught us much in the last few years of what can be done without the conventional theater stage. Satisfactory as it is to have a stage fully equipped for scenery and lighting, it is astonishing how much can be done in an ordinary hall with its platform, in a club-room or even in a private house.

With a mere background and carefully thought out lighting, very charming effects can be obtained. The giving of a play outdoors is another way of escape from the tyranny of "setting."

After all, the play is still "the thing," as it was in Shakespeare's day, and shall we let it be implied that we are so deficient in imagination that we need more literal representation than did the people of that time?

REMEMBER this: A draped stage or a setting of large plain screens that can be arranged in different ways furnishes a setting more effective, more really productive of illusion than realistic box-sets on a stage so small that the people seem out of proportion to the literal representation of a room or an exterior. And some of the most artistic work of the professional stage, with every means at its command, has been done with settings that merely suggest and do not distract the eye by a too insistent realism.

To achieve the draped stage in an ordinary hall or school proceed as follows:

Usually you will find at least a platform, sometimes a curtain or motion-picture screen. The platform, to be sure, may be backed by a blackboard. We will suppose it to be about ten by eighteen feet in size. You will want all of the ten feet of depth, yet you must have some space behind or at the sides for actors to wait for their cues. You can achieve it like this (see diagram near end of article): A large drapery (A) is hung in soft folds straight across the back. A pair of curtains (B) are hung in two broken arcs. A narrower pair (C) take the place of the "tormentors" of the theater stage and mask in the approaches to the stage; preferably these will be hung in front of the drop or draw curtains (D), which disclose the stage. A ceiling cloth (G) is stretched from the back wall to just back of the curtain, sloping slightly backward; and a valance (V) across the front completes a simple, effective draped stage. The ceiling cloth is sometimes omitted, in which case the valance must be deep enough to conceal the drapery tops and frame the picture without a ceiling, or else the drapery tops must be treated frankly in some decorative fashion. In either case the draperies may be tacked or threaded on to light battens and hung from hooks in the wall-molding and ceiling.

THE draperies may be made of any material that is opaque and falls into nice folds. Velours is the most handsome, but even crinkled cheese-cloth dyed a good color and backed by stout cotton makes a lovely drapery. If it is a question of working with practically no expense funds, you can often borrow enough house draperies to accomplish your purpose. Almost every town has several of the old, roomy, high-ceiled houses with double doors between the drawing-room, library, dining-room and hall, and long French windows, all of which are dressed in Winter with matching draperies of velours or fine plain-colored chenille. These make excellent stage draperies.

It will be seen from the diagram that screens may be arranged in a similar manner, in which case no ceiling cloth or valance will be used. Screens may also be used in place of the drop-curtain and moved backward and forward by two costumed pages—not just the ordinary screens of commerce, which are not usually high enough (eight feet should be the minimum height), but plain strong frames covered with a neutral color. Wall-board can be easily and inexpensively fashioned into such screens.

Immediately we hear the beginner cry, "But we have no footlights, no borders!" None are needed. There will doubtless be an overhead light of some kind, which should be softened with a covering of yellow cheese-cloth, and even then used only when a strong light is called for. For the rest, two, three or four of the tall reading-lamps set in the entrance will furnish a natural and easily controlled method of lighting. If possible, secure the kind of lamp with a gooseneck, or at least a tilted bulb-holder, furnish it with a high-powered bulb, a cheap tin reflector and one or two screens in different colors and you can achieve a variety of lighting. The gelatin screens can be bought or the frames may be made (discarded slate frames or flat picture-frames do well) and filled with shellac-soaked cheese-cloth. With amber for daylight, blue for moonlight, purple or pale rose for twilight or dawn, many lovely effects can be obtained. A little experimenting will determine just the angle to secure the best effect. Of course all lights over the audience should be turned out during the performance.

So much for the draped or screened stage and its lighting. Now, how shall we make it convey to the audience that the scene is a palace, a hovel, a street at night or a rose-garden in the light of high noon? It is pretty generally conceded that the sixteenth-century stage used placards only when it was desired to indicate an exact geographical locale, as a street in Venice—perhaps not always even then. Generally the costumes, the lines and the characters give all the information necessary. I have seen the same stage draped in dark green serve for Baring's "Catherine Parr," Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon" and Quintero's "A Sunny Morning." A carved table and two high-backed chairs, with a couple of floor candlesticks and a carved cabinet at the back, made of it the breakfast-room in Henry the Eighth's palace. A couple of barrels and three posts cut in silhouette from heavy cardboard, with the requisite dim lighting, made a perfect illusion of the end of a pier and the darkness beyond in "The Rising of the Moon." The dim light coming from the wings at *f-f* was directed at the audience (the lamps, of course, not seen), leaving a depth of darkness beyond. Another light dimmed with blue cheese-cloth for moonlight shone from *e* directly upon the faces of the men about the barrels and lighted them sufficiently. For "A Sunny Morning," a park bench, a couple of cedar or bay trees in tubs, a silhouette lamp-post clearly indicated the scene, which, after all, was of no particular interest in itself. The dialogue of the two who met by chance after many years would have been as sparkling anywhere else.

NOW for the play—or plays. There is at present literally an embarrassment of riches in the way of plays well suited to the abilities of nonprofessional actors. Perhaps there are more one-act plays for the amateur group than long plays. In general, the one-act play furnishes more good parts, it distributes responsibilities, it gives a program pleasing to a greater variety of audience.

An amateur group will do well to work for a time with short plays before attempting the more sustained effort of the long play, which they can seldom maintain successfully until they have had some experience. We have prepared a list of collections of one-act plays that contains well over a hundred plays and gives one a choice of riotous comedy in "The Workhouse Ward" (Lady Gregory), grim tragedy in "Trifles" (Susan Glaspell), psychological subtlety in "Overtones" (Alice Gerstenberg), satire in "Wurzel-Flummery" (A. A. Milne), homely

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"Let's Give a Play," copyright, 1923, by Katharine Lord.

SITTING, STANDING AND WALKING

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

AT WEST POINT, visitors are invariably struck by the erect carriage and grace of the cadets. In every group of healthy young men will be found individuals who are well set up, straight and lithe; but at West Point this is true of every individual. In fact, so universal is correct posture at West Point that it might be assumed that the physical qualifications for admission to the academy are so rigid as to exclude all candidates not naturally free from faulty posture.

Such is not the case, however. The only physical qualifications the Army insists that every candidate should have for admission to West Point are perfect health in the organs, good eyesight, good teeth and freedom from flat feet. Thus the young man's body must be molded into the soldierly figure that is the academy standard, and the system of doing this is so perfect that there are practically no failures. Less than three months after a cadet is admitted to the military academy, he stands correctly, sits correctly and walks correctly. The writer, in fact, does not recall that any cadet ever was discharged for failing to reach the standard of correct posture.



Incorrect Standing Posture



Incorrect Sitting Posture



Correct Sitting Posture



Correct Standing Posture

Two things at West Point enter into the making of a straight, erect and graceful body: exercise and constant attention to the rules of posture. The Army's setting-up exercises serve to develop and control the muscles. These exercises are done entirely without apparatus in plebe camp, the first Summer the cadet is in the academy. They can be done by any one without special instruction and form an invaluable basis for acquiring the things that go into the making of a good figure.

The plebe can not devote all his time to formal exercise, however. Something more is necessary to get him into such condition that by the time the corps breaks camp and returns to barracks he will lose his stoop, straighten out his round shoulders and learn to stand, sit and walk properly. That "something" comes from the older cadets, who remind him, almost momentarily, to brace.

"Drag in that chin, mister," admonishes the upperclass man whenever he sees the plebe relaxing into his civilian slouchiness. "Thin out and let me see some wrinkles on the back of that blouse. Drag in that chin more; more yet."

So rings the warning from morning until night, until after a time the plebe has become so accustomed to bracing, as it is called, that he must almost do it in his sleep. The prescribed position for bracing is "little fingers on the seams of the trousers, palms to the front, head erect, eyes front." You will see that standing or walking with the little fingers on the seams of the trousers, palms to the front, throws the shoulders back and the head up. Keeping in that position for the greater part of every day for a few weeks is bound to result in a muscular development that will permanently cure a tendency to slouch.

Every now and then some visitor, after viewing the hundreds of correct backs, square shoulders and erect heads of the cadets, insists that they wear corsets. Of course that is absurd. They do not wear any harness of any kind, either when plebes or later, and their only "corsets" are well-developed muscles that hold the body as nature intended it to be held. The West Point figure will be permanent, too, unless one totally neglects exercise and allows himself to become fat after he receives his commission. And as the regulations now insist upon a certain amount of daily exercise for all officers, there should not be any reason for his putting on a "bay window" at any time in his life.

INCORRECT posture is one of the commonest faults standing between us and physical well-being. It is a more serious fault than might appear on the surface, for in addition to its unsightliness and its tendency to warp the body permanently, it affects general health to a very marked degree. It impairs the proper functioning of all the body organs by placing them in unnatural positions and cramping them. It breeds lassitude and slovenliness in the mind.

Statistics compiled by Dr. George A. May, Director of Waterman Gymnasium, University of Michigan, show that in the last twenty years only seven per cent. of the freshmen entering the university showed correct posture, thirteen per cent. showed only fairly good posture, sixty per cent. poor, and the remaining twenty per cent. very poor. The accompanying illustrations show the correct posture and the faults most common in those who failed to reach that grade according to Doctor May's standards.

In acquiring correct posture, the first essential is to find the causes of incorrect posture and remove these causes by proper exercise or such other means as may be necessary. Very frequently the fundamental trouble is in the feet, and I can not too strongly recommend correct footwear and the immediate correction by foot exercises of troubles that have arisen through the wearing of the utterly preposterous styles so generally in use nowadays. A famous man once said in writing to his son: "Select a good bed and good shoes; you are in one or the other twenty-four hours each day."

The average adult spends sixteen hours a day wearing shoes, and it is obvious that any footwear that is not correct inflicts discomfort or actual pain throughout that period. Bear in mind that improper shoes not only work injury to the feet, but to the entire body. They absolutely preclude proper posture and proper walking and impose strains on the body that are bound to be injurious. Headaches, irritability and nervousness can often be traced to one's slavish devotion to the shoes that are believed to be fashionable. Correct posture begins with correct shoes and is impossible without it.

THERE are four principal points to be remembered in choosing your footwear:

1. There should be a straight inside line so that the big toe is not bent toward the outside border of the feet. This prevents enlargement of the big-toe joint.

2. The curve on the inside borders of the toe of the shoe should be gradual, to prevent crowding of the smaller toes.

3. There should be a flexible shank (that part under the arch between the heel of the shoe and the ball of the foot). This allows the muscles of the foot to have freedom of movement, resulting in stronger muscles and therefore stronger arches.

4 Select a moderately low heel. The bottom of the heel should be as broad as the top, to give a broad basis for support, thereby preventing unsteadiness.

Miss Marion O. Wood, director of Barbour Gymnasium, University of Michigan, has kindly prepared a list of ten foot exercises, all of which are easily done without

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Exercise One



Exercise Three



Exercise Five



Exercise Seven



Exercise Nine



Exercise Two



Exercise Four



Exercise Six



Exercise Eight



Exercise Ten

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

The story of the 1923 campaign

THE second year of the Better Homes in America movement, launched by THE DELINEATOR in 1921, triumphed in every State last June.

President Coolidge wrote to one of the prize-winning Better Homes committees of 1923:

"There can be no nobler aim than the improvement of the American home. To have aided in any respect in this work is in itself a sufficient reward, and to have aided this work with conspicuous success is a high distinction."

More than ten thousand American women won this high distinction in 1923.

Better Homes Week was opened officially by the late President Warren G. Harding when he dedicated the "Home, Sweet Home" house in the park behind the White House at Washington—his last official function in the national capital.



MISS LIDA HAFFORD, DIRECTOR GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, HEADED THE COMMITTEE ON THE NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION HOUSE, DEDICATED BY THE LATE PRESIDENT. LEFT TO RIGHT: THE EDITOR OF THE DELINEATOR, MISS HAFFORD, PRESIDENT AND MRS. HARDING, SECRETARY WEEKS











When President Harding, in 1921, promised the Editor of THE DELINEATOR to support a nation-wide Better Homes movement if THE DELINEATOR would finance it, we asked the country's foremost specialists in housing, home-making and economics to set up a standard for better homes in America.

President Coolidge, four members of the Cabinet, thirty-four Governors of States, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, the United States Chamber of Commerce and many other important organizations worked actively to raise the standard of living in America through the Better Homes movement.

Better Homes Week was observed in five hundred and twenty-one cities in 1922 and in more than one thousand in 1923. The work was chiefly done by women's clubs, departments of education and chambers of commerce.

On the editorial page of this issue we announce the 1923 winners of the prizes offered by THE DELINEATOR for Better Homes demonstrations in America. It has taken months for the hundreds of reports to be examined and rated and for the final decision of the prize-award committee to be reached. It was a very difficult task to select the seven most significant from among the remarkable reports of work coming in from every State. There were two sessions of the committee, one in New York and one in Washington, at which the Advisory Council was represented by Honorable Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Dr. John Gries, Director Division of Building and Housing, Department of Commerce; Mr. John Ihlder, Manager Civic Development Department, United States Chamber of Commerce; Dr. Hugh S. Cumming,

HEARTHSTONE OF THE CABIN AT ST. HELENA ISLAND, S. C., WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE

THREE PRIZE-WINNING ROOMS, DOORWAY OF THE UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J., HOUSE, AND THE $4,500 BUNGALOW AT GREENVILLE, S. C.



YOUNG AMERICA TRIUMPHANT. THE SIX JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS OF PORT HURON, MICH., WINNER OF THE DELINEATOR'S FIRST PRIZE IN THE 1923 BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA CAMPAIGN. THEY FINANCED THE CAMPAIGN WITH A VOTING CONTEST ON THE BEST MOTHER IN PORT HURON. READ PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S LETTER TO THEIR CHAIRMAN

Surgeon-General, United States Public Health Service; Dr. Louise Stanley, head of the Department of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture; Dr. Lee K. Frankel, Chairman National Health Council; Mr. Donn Barber, Fellow American Institute of Architects; Miss Lida Hafford, Director General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Charles Schuttler, Chairman Women's Division, Federation of Farm and Home Bureaus; Miss Sally Lucas Jean, Director of Health Education, American Child Health Association; Miss Eleanor Coonrad, Executive Secretary, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

President Coolidge was so impressed by the work done that he wrote to several of the committees personally commending them. Following is the President's letter to Miss Elizabeth Carlisle, in charge of the Better Homes demonstration house in Port Huron, Michigan, which won the first prize:

I have been very deeply interested in the Better Homes campaign, which has found such general support throughout the United States, because it seemed to me an especially useful and practical activity. The home is the foundation of society and of our institutions and is the pledge of contentment and satisfaction. It is the conclusive reply to every threat against the fundamental principles upon which our Government is based. To raise the standard of the American home is, therefore, to raise the standard of the American people, and I send to the Port Huron committee my sincere congratulations upon their efforts, which resulted in the award of the first prize in the recent nation-wide competition.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE.





INTERIORS OF DEMONSTRATION HOMES. UPPER LEFT, LIVING-ROOM AT ATLANTA, GA.; UPPER RIGHT, DINING-ROOM AT PORT HURON, MICH.; CENTER LEFT, BREAKFAST-NOOK AT SACRAMENTO, CALIF.; CENTER RIGHT, KITCHEN AT GREENVILLE, S. C.; CENTER, APARTMENT AT UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.; BOTTOM, NURSERY AT ATLANTA, GA.

Port Huron was a triumph and a justification of the American public-school system. The entire campaign was conducted by boy and girl students of the Washington Junior High School, under the supervision of Miss Carlisle, director of civics. Thirty per cent. of the residents of the town visited the demonstration. Seventy-nine local organizations cooperated in the movement. They had a voting contest on the best mother in Port Huron and in this way raised enough money to conduct their campaign.

The high-school students voted on "The Things I Want in My Own Home," and upon this basis the home was first planned. It would have cost thirty thousand dollars. By the process of eliminating the non-essentials, an attractive small house was finally designed. It was furnished and equipped with labor-saving devices, opened for one week and run as a demonstration home. The money necessary for building the home was underwritten by Mrs. Katherine B. Heanvenrich. The house cost fifty-five hundred dollars. At the close of the campaign it was sold at cost, plus five hundred dollars, with which to carry on the work for better homes in Port Huron.

Every street was placarded with posters, many of which were made by the high-school students. Every newspaper gave generous space to the movement. Local merchants

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CHRISTMAS AND THE POST-OFFICE

Points to keep in mind when mailing packages

By EDWARD M. MORGAN

Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

OF ALL the agencies of our Federal Government, none is closer to the great mass of the people of this country than the postal system, and the postal system comes closer to the hearts and homes of all at Christmas than at any other time.

Tons upon tons of packages are mailed at Christmas by those who seldom, if ever, mail packages at other times, and who, because of their lack of experience, fail to pack and wrap their gifts as they should, with the result that the postal employees, at the very season when they are hardest pressed, have to devote much of their time to patching and repairing badly wrapped packages and to matching up articles found loose in the mail-sacks with the wrappers from which the articles have escaped.

It is a wise precaution to write on a piece of paper the name and address of the person the gift is for and your name and address as sender and to attach this to the article itself before wrapping it. Then if by any mischance it gets loose in the mails, the postal employees will be able to effect its delivery.

In the New York Post-Office there is what is known as a "Hospital Table," and there is similar equipment in every large office. Here parcels that have succumbed to the strains of transmission are repaired. One such table I have in mind is presided over by a grizzled old employee, a veritable Santa Claus in appearance. He matches together the torn fragments of the addresses with the utmost care, possibly supplying a missing part from some clue on the cards or inscriptions on the articles themselves, and finally pasting all the parts of the address on a new wrapper.

Many of the patients are too far gone for emergency treatment, vital parts of the addresses having been lost, and all these are sent to the dead-letter section, where they are retained pending possible inquiry by the owner. It should always be remembered that articles found loose in the mails are carefully preserved, and if it ever happens that some one you send a gift to fails to receive it, write to your postmaster about it and everything will be done that can be done to trace it.

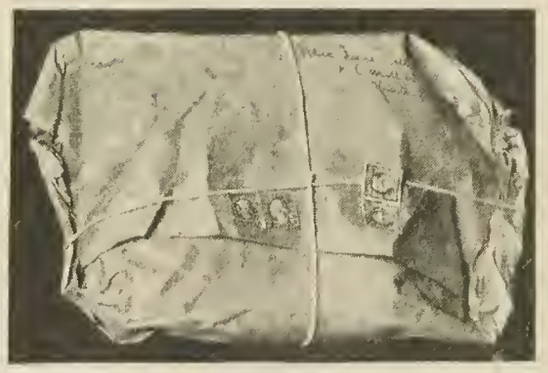
ONE common cause of loss is the use of flimsy wrapping-paper. Generally speaking, the wrapping-paper used by department stores and other retail establishments nowadays is made only strong enough to protect the packages in transit between the stores and the customers' homes; but in a very large percentage of cases Christmas gifts mailed from our homes are rewrapped in this paper, which has already served its usefulness. Instead, strong, tough paper should be utilized. A piece of paper that is too small should never be used. In wrapping your Christmas gift it is not sufficient merely to bring the edges together: it is necessary to have them overlap well, and it is far better to use paper large enough to wrap round the package two or three times.

What has been said about paper is true also of string. If second-hand string must be used, it should be wrapped round repeatedly to distribute the strain. One common cause of loss in the mails is the faulty placing of the string around packages, and this applies particularly to packages containing gifts of dainty lingerie, knitted articles and every variety of fancy goods. Aunt Susan, in sending some dainty to Emma, naturally doesn't want to muss it by too tight pressure, and instead of drawing the string tight leaves it loose. When the package gets in the mails, the pressure compresses it, and if the string is not properly placed the chances are it will slip off a corner. This will so loosen the whole length that the string will in time slip off altogether. Dainty articles such as those mentioned should be placed in boxes; but whether in boxes or not, the wrapping should be tight enough to make a firm package and the string should be so tied that it can not slip off a corner.

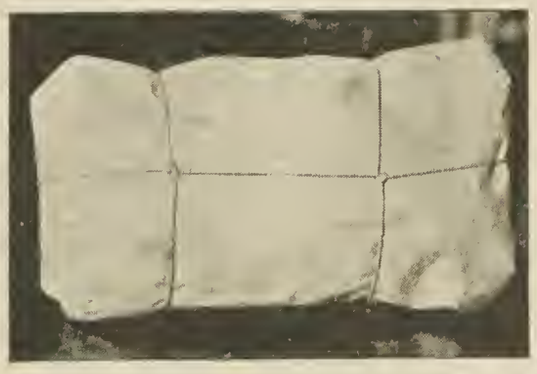
It is generally best to pass the string round the package lengthwise, then round sidewise, far enough from the corners to prevent it slipping off, and every time the string crosses another winding it should be passed over and under and over and under before proceeding farther, so that it is safely bound in such a way that it can not slip.



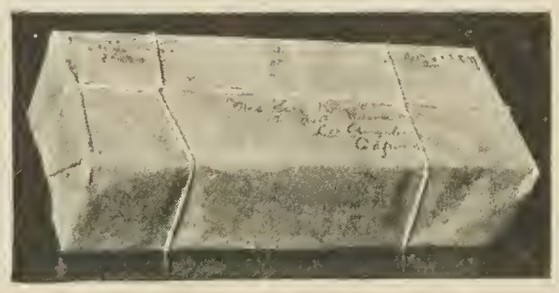
THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN DAINTY NEGLIGÉES ARE MAILED IN A FLIMSY BOX AND TIED WITH INADEQUATE STRING



A JACKET THAT IS LOOSELY WRAPPED AND BADLY TIED



THE SAME GARMENT PROPERLY WRAPPED AND SECURELY TIED



AN EXAMPLE OF AN IDEAL PACKAGE, FIRM AND STRONG

The precaution as to strong paper and string and the method of wrapping and tying apply, of course, not only to such enclosures as have been mentioned, but to articles of every description. There are certain additional precautions that should be taken for articles of a fragile nature and those that are likely to be injured by pressure—for instance, women's hats. For their protection strong paper boxes should be used. If the box is not particularly strong, it should be reenforced with corrugated paper or extra cardboard so that it will be certain to withstand such pressure at it is likely to experience.

Articles liable to injure postal employees or to damage other mail matter, such as sharp-pointed instruments, glass, liquids, powders, etc., should not be posted unless packed in conformity with the special regulations that govern their admission. Advice as to the method of wrapping such things should always be sought of the post-office when their transmittal is contemplated.

All parcel-post packages, of any description whatever, should be brought to the post-office or to a post-office station for mailing. Such packages should never be deposited in the large street boxes intended for papers and circulars, nor should they be left on the top of these boxes or other street boxes. There are thieves who make a practise of stealing packages left thus exposed and who are so clever in their method of operation that they can ply their nefarious trade almost under the eyes of the police.

When several packages of approximately like appearance are to be mailed, each one should be addressed as it is wrapped to prevent mistakes. The sender should write his or her own address in the upper left corner of the package, so that in the event of misdirection or nondelivery the post-office will know to whom to return the package. The name and address of the sender are required by the post-office upon all parcel-post packages and they should never be omitted.

The address should never be guessed. The memory of most persons as to initials and the names of streets and numbers is tricky, and many packages fail of delivery as a result.

Where the package is intended for a town or city, the street and number, or box number, should invariably be given. If the package is for an occupant of an office-building, the room number should be included. If the package is for a person on a rural-delivery route, the number of the route and of the box should be given.

The name of the State should be written in full. Remember that many of the abbreviations of State names look alike when hastily written—as, for instance: N. Y., N. J. and N. C.; N. C. and S. C.; Md. and Ind.; Pa. and Va.; Penn. and Tenn.; N. Y. and Ky.; Col. and Cal.

After the package is addressed, the stamps should be affixed, and always in the upper right corner. Care should be taken to supply sufficient moisture to soften the mucilage, but not enough to remove it, and it is wise to press the stamp for a moment or so when affixing it to make certain its holds firmly. The correct amount of postage should be ascertained at a post-office and no chances taken in the way of guessing the value required.

IN DECEMBER the volume of mail is heavier than at any other time of the year, and notwithstanding every possible effort on the part of the regular force and the assistance of auxiliary clerks, it would be impossible to effect the delivery of all the Christmas gifts received if their mailing were postponed to the few days just prior to Christmas. It is necessary, therefore, that Christmas gifts be mailed early. It is permissible to write upon the wrappers of Christmas packages "Not to be opened before Christmas," or other like inscription, and this is now being done very extensively.

The liability around Christmas of severe storms, including heavy falls of snow and sleet, such as are likely to disrupt railroad schedules, render rural routes impassable and seriously retard the movement of motor-trucks and letter-carriers, should be taken into consideration. The clerks and carriers, moreover, like the rest of the community, want to spend their Christmas day at home with their families, and if they are to do so the gifts must be mailed early enough to permit them to effect delivery in advance of that time.

Such a very large percentage of all the gifts mailed at Christmas are posted by women that their cooperation in promoting the better wrapping of parcels, correct addressing and early mailing is of the utmost consequence, and if the readers of THE DELINEATOR will give their aid along the lines set forth it will be most helpful to the Government and to the hard-working postal employees.

USEFUL *and* BEAUTIFUL BOXES

Closed or open, a pretty box not only delights the eye but makes a most appropriate holiday gift. Additional information and suggestions for the decorative use and making of unusual boxes may be obtained by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration.

© Milne





For the living-room, a carved silver cigaret-box would introduce a bright note against the dark wood of a table



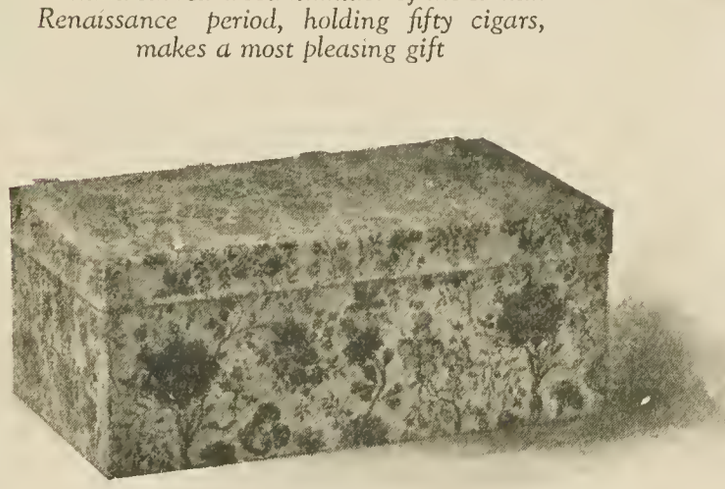
A hand-carved wood humidor of the Italian Renaissance period, holding fifty cigars, makes a most pleasing gift



For one's jewels, a box of Italian hand-tooled leather would suggest the treasure caskets of other days



Photographs would find this French leather box a more interesting place than an ordinary photograph album



Just cardboard, but with a decorative paper cover, this box might hold lingerie, gloves, veils or handkerchiefs

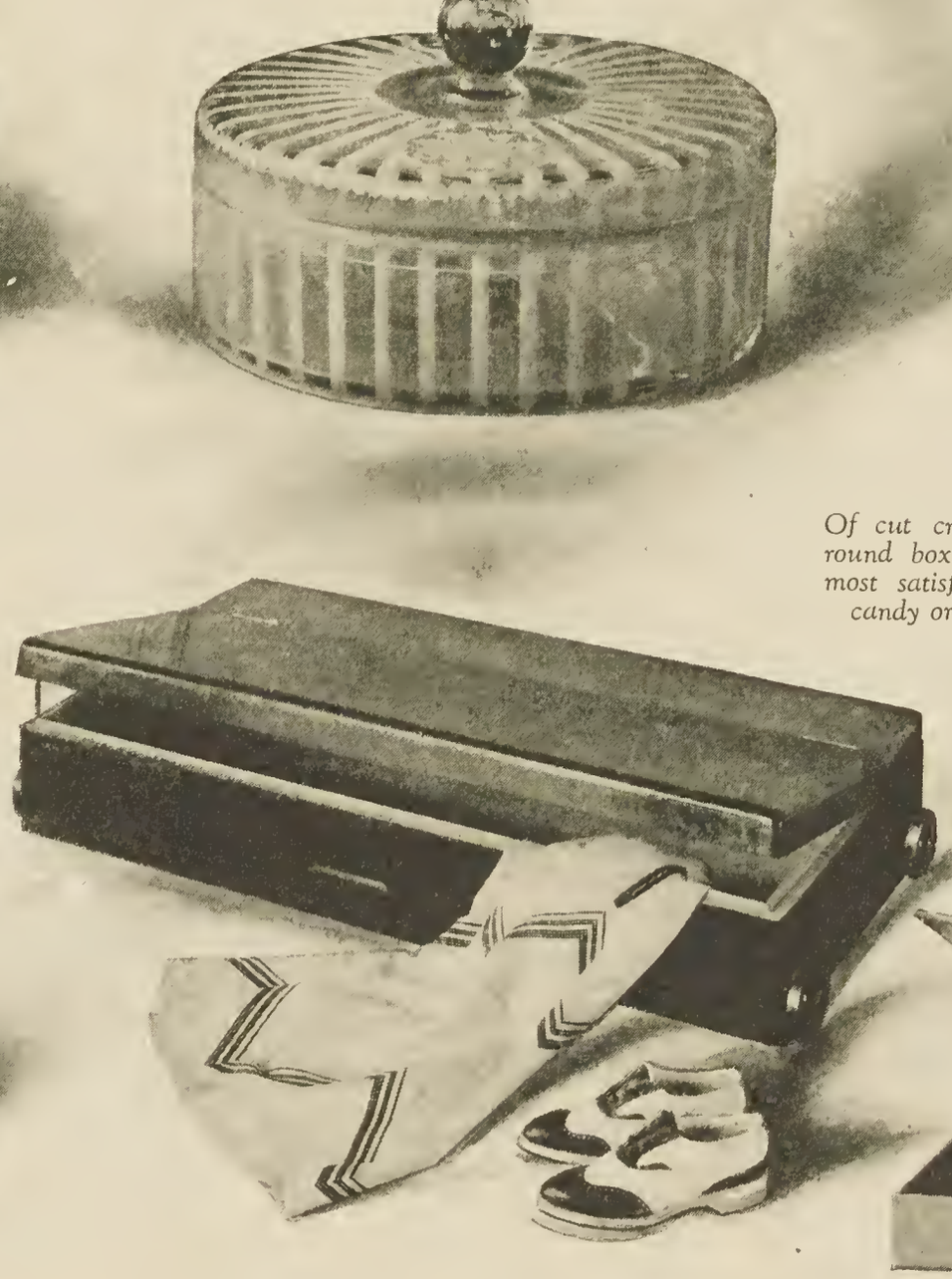


Most appropriate for matches, candy, etc., is this turquoise-blue Japanese enamel box

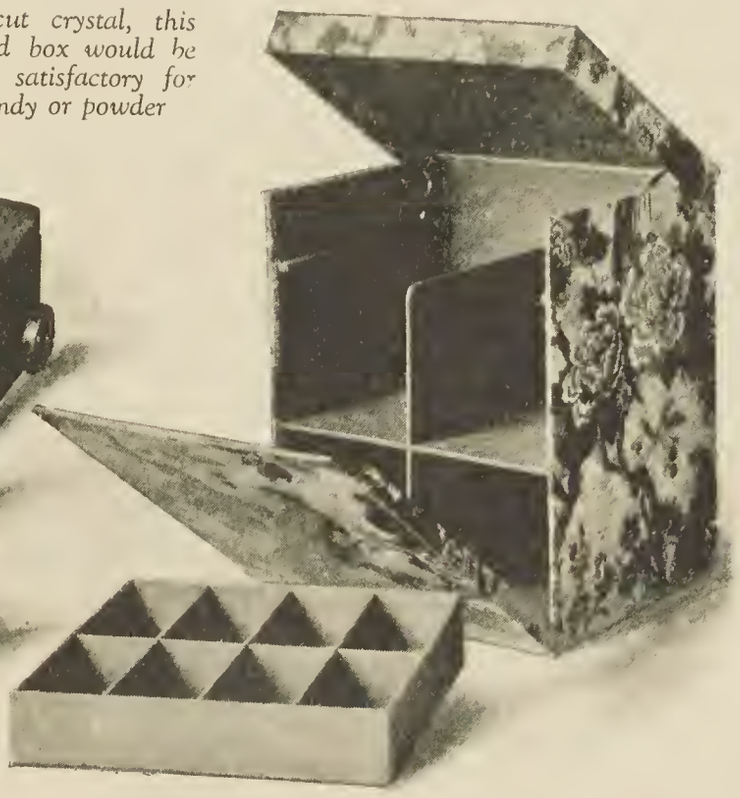
Of cut crystal, this round box would be most satisfactory for candy or powder



Covered with brilliant orange paper with motifs of birds and flowers, this spacious round hat-box would add convenience and color to any boudoir



Made of gumwood, this under-bed box, with an extra dust-proof board, makes a most satisfactory storage for Summer or Winter clothes



Lined with a peacock-blue paper, this compact and interesting box holds four pairs of shoes and, in the tray, eight pairs of stockings

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, the place of sweets in the child's diet, care of the teeth and the health education and mental hygiene of the child of school age. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in development and the completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is chief editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Articles available in pamphlets are: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; and "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, ex-Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene. Any one of this series of eight pamphlets will be mailed on receipt of ten cents to cover cost of printing and postage

THE HAPPY CHILD

New protective treatment robs diphtheria of its terrors

By DR. WILLIAM H. PARK

Expert in bacteriology, public health and hygiene; Director of the Bureau of Laboratories, Department of Health, City of New York

DIPHTHERIA is no longer the terrible scourge of infancy and childhood that it was before the discovery of antitoxin, but it still destroys more lives than any other of the contagious diseases. Last year fifteen thousand little children died from it in the United States and one hundred and forty thousand were sick. The tragedy is that this bodily suffering of the babies and little children and the agony of mind of the parents were entirely unnecessary, for we have a nearly certain cure and an absolute preventive.

Diphtheria is caused by a germ that lodges in the mucous membrane of the nose or throat or windpipe. Once located there, the germs increase in number rapidly and make a powerful poison, called toxin, which injures the lining of the throat and so produces the "gray membrane." Diphtheria is insidious in its onset. The child is not very ill at first. There is some sore throat and perhaps a little hoarseness. There is a slight fever and a few grayish spots are on the tonsils. If the disease continues unchecked and the case does badly, the gray membrane increases. If the membrane is in the windpipe, the child may strangle. At any time heart failure may occur. Now, suppose this were your child, what could you do to save it?

We will imagine that your child complains of a sore throat and little grayish spots are seen on the tonsils, or he becomes croupy. If there is any suspicion of diphtheria, no time should be lost in summoning a physician. If on examination the doctor suspects the case to be diphtheria, he will give the child a dose of an antidote called antitoxin. Antitoxin given early will check the disease and give the child a better chance to win the struggle.

I have seen a number of tragic cases where, because of delay in summoning a physician or a refusal to permit the prompt use of antitoxin, a child's death occurred.

No well-informed parent will blame a physician who gives a dose of antitoxin in a case which later proves not to have been diphtheria. No harm is done by an injection of antitoxin, but death may follow the withholding of it until the physician is certain of his diagnosis.

Antitoxin to be effective must be injected hypodermically—that is, into the tissues—by a hollow needle attached to a syringe. From the tissues, the antitoxin slowly penetrates into the blood, and from the blood it passes through the walls of the smallest blood-vessels to all parts of the body. In bad cases we inject antitoxin directly into the blood, thus avoiding the slowness of absorption. Once absorbed, antitoxin remains in the blood. The best practise now is to give a sufficient dose at the earliest possible moment and not to repeat it.

It has been found that of the infants and children who receive antitoxin on the first day of the disease, ninety-seven per cent. recover; of those to whom it is given on the second day of the disease, ninety per cent. recover, and of those who receive antitoxin on the third day only eighty-five per cent. recover.

Nearly thirty years ago, before antitoxin was accepted as a curative agent by physicians in general, I had the opportunity of watching two groups of children, one receiving antitoxin, the other not. It was heartrending to see some of the children who did not get the antitoxin grow worse day by day and die, while others who had been just as ill recovered after receiving the antitoxin.

PROTECTION IN CASE OF EXPOSURE

If children have been exposed to diphtheria, how can we protect them from developing it?

Wonderful as are the results of antitoxin when given early in a case of diphtheria, its value is even greater as a preventive. A small injection of antitoxin given before or after exposure will absolutely protect a child for a period of two weeks and probably three weeks.

Can a mother or nurse, in the absence of a physician, administer antitoxin?

Yes, it would be wise, if a physician can not be procured promptly, to have a nurse or the mother give the antitoxin. The nurse or mother should cleanse the skin over the back of the arm of the patient with soap and water and then, if possible, paint the spot with iodine; then inject the antitoxin under the skin. Antitoxin is now supplied in a syringe-container and is ready to inject. Directions accompany each package. *Parents who live far away from doctors and drug-stores should keep a supply of antitoxin.* It can be sent through the mail or by express and can be stored for two years. Many States supply free antitoxin to physicians.

The Schick Test—For many years it has been known that a certain proportion of children and adults in any community are immune to diphtheria because of the possession of natural antitoxin. Dr. Schick of Vienna discovered a *very simple* method of finding out which children are susceptible to diphtheria and which are not. This method is called the Schick test. He found that if a tiny amount of diphtheria toxin were inserted by means of a fine needle into the skin of a susceptible child, the toxin would meet no natural antitoxin and would act as an irritant, causing a red spot the size of a dime to appear. If no spot developed within three days, it was proof that the child was immune.

The Schick test is able to give us much interesting and valuable information about immunity at different ages and under different conditions. For instance, about fifty per cent. of adults living in the country are immune and about eighty-five per cent. of those living in the cities. If a mother is immune, her infant is immune at birth and for some six or twelve months after birth. The presence of this transferred antitoxin and the comparative isolation of babies are the reasons why so few of them develop diphtheria. Between the ages of one and three years nearly all babies are shown by the Schick test to have no antitoxin. That is the most dangerous period of their lives in regard to diphtheria. Year by year as they grow older a greater and greater percentage of them develop their own antitoxin and diphtheria becomes gradually less of a menace. Nevertheless, one-half at least of the children remain susceptible and need protection.

Lasting protection can now be given to children by toxin-antitoxin without subjecting them to danger or annoyance.

The wonderful thing about the addition of antitoxin to toxin is that, while it robs the toxin in the mixture of its poisonous and irritating qualities, it leaves the toxin the power to stimulate in human beings an antidote and so gives protection to those who receive an injection.

The first injections of the toxin-antitoxin in children were given by von Behring, in 1913. They were begun by us in New York a few months later. The Great War prevented von Behring's continuing the investigation, but in New York the work has progressed steadily.

We knew from our animal experiments that the injections would protect the children, but we were ignorant of how long the protection would last. If it lasted only a year or two, it would hardly be practical to use the injections as a public-health measure. We planned at the beginning to settle this important point.

Our first observations were made on several thousand little children who we expected would remain in institutions for a number of years. We gave those who were susceptible three injections of this protective mixture. In none of these children did any harmful results develop. In some, indeed, a slight temporary soreness at the point of injection lasted for two or three days. We found that about eighty-five per cent. of the children injected became absolutely immune to diphtheria. The remainder responded to additional treatment. Year by year we have retested these children and we find that with very few exceptions they have remained completely immune. These results were so satisfactory that the school and health authorities decided to offer this protection against diphtheria to children attending school.

The school work in New York was begun in a small way six years ago and has so developed that about half a million of the million school children here have received the Schick test and those not immune the protective treatment also. Many thousands of the younger children have been treated in their homes by their family doctors or in baby health stations by the health-department physicians. The results have been so favorable that the health authorities of Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia and many other cities are now urging the use of this new method. When we began this work in 1917, the deaths from diphtheria among children in New York City numbered nearly twelve hundred a year. During the past year, there have been only a little over five hundred.

Now that we have at hand this comparatively simple yet adequate means of prevention, parents must choose whether or not their children are to run the risk of contracting diphtheria. We urge that you take your children who are over one year of age to your family physician at once and have them protected by means of the toxin-antitoxin treatment. If the test and treatment are being given at school and your children bring home a circular asking you to permit the health department to protect your children, we hope that, unless your own doctor has already done this, you will give your consent. You will protect your own children and will prevent them from being a source of contagion to others.

A LETTER ABOUT TOMMY TIPTOE

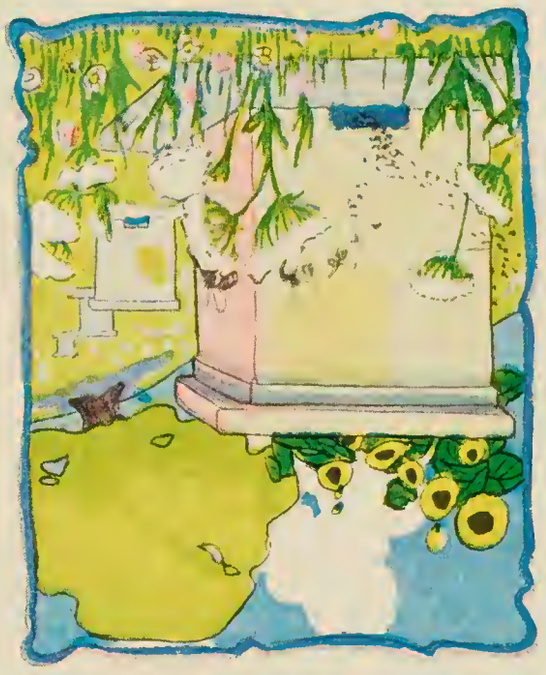
MY DEAR EDITOR: One day last Summer I stood with my sister in front of our house looking toward a vine, when we saw a leaf beginning to move. We moved nearer and watched. Then my sister picked the leaf and we saw something on it. We ran quickly to mother and asked her what it was. She said that she thought it was a katydid, and we were very interested in it. The only thing was that we didn't know where to find out anything more about it.

Then, not long after, THE DELINEATOR came, and as usual my brother, sister and I made a dash for THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. We took it to mother and she read us the story of "The Green Monster." You can imagine how interested we were when we found out that it was about a katydid and that we had found one. Now we know all we wanted to.

I am sure I will never forget this.

Your loving little friend,

CHRISTINE REED.



Next month — Tommy sees the bee babies.

After a while a drop of honey came out of her mouth. The drop swelled up bigger and bigger. It touched the little ceiling. Then another drop came, and another and another. The bee moved her head from side to side until honey spread over the ceiling.

Tommy understood now. The big wax ceiling was a honeycomb. It was hanging from inside a white box that bees lived in. The little six-sided rooms were honey cells. Mother bought comb honey like that and they ate it for Sunday-night supper! He was in a beehive!

The bee walked into a room with Tommy. She walked in head first, with her feet on one of the walls. She began to chew. She chewed and chewed and chewed, like a cow.

He saw that they were on a wax ceiling, turned sideways. It had hundreds of little wax rooms on it. The little ceiling of each room was part of the big ceiling. Every room had walls but no floor. As far as Tommy could see, up and down and right side and left side, there were little six-sided rooms, little six-sided rooms, little rooms, little six-sided rooms. It made him feel dizzy.

DELI-BEAR'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTIONS



I'll study hard in school this year and pay attention, too,
I'll not act smart and sassy as I'd sometimes like to do!



Real kindness ought to start at home, so I resolve to try
To help my mother DELI-bear and never fret nor cry.



I'll feed the birds, I'll give my pets good food, good care, nice pats.
I'll not be mean to animals, not even alley cats!



Each night I'll go to bed on time without a whine or tear.
Six resolutions! Whew! They'll keep me busy all the year!

I promise not to fuss at food. I promise I will eat
Good bread, good vegetables and milk and very little sweet.

I make this resolution first for nineteen-twenty-four:
To use my tooth-brush, hair-brush, too, more often than before.



DEAR YOUNGSTERS: What do you think? *You* are going to write and draw a LITTLE DELINEATOR! Yes, we're going to have a special children-made number, with prizes for stories, verses, ideas and drawings. This special number will be printed next July. That sounds very, VERY far ahead to you, but, you see, I need plenty of time to judge everything carefully and fairly. Here are the prizes:

1. Five dollars for the most attractive July cover, in color that will print best, for THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. Paint your drawing in water-colors, nice bright shades. If you use any ink, use black, and make the lines very distinct. *The outside edge of the cover drawing must be nine inches by nine inches.* Don't print the name "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" or anything else on it. We will do that.

2. Five dollars for the most interesting story teaching how to have a happy, patriotic Fourth of July without fire-crackers. Don't write it longer than seven hundred words. You may tell a true story or make it up. Mr. Graef will illustrate the prize story.

3. Two dollars for the funniest July poem, not longer than ten lines.

4. Two dollars for the prettiest July poem, not longer than ten lines.

5. Two dollars for the most interesting, practical, simple idea for something to make or do on a rainy day.

6. Two dollars for the funniest idea for a July DELI-bear page that teaches the best lesson for children. You may write the verses or just tell the idea. Only the idea will count. Mr. Graef will make DELI-bear drawings for the prize idea.

Give your name, age and address, and write on each paper: Contest 1, or Contest 2, or whatever number it may be. You may try for as many of the different contests as you like, but number each correctly and send only one of each kind. Address Children's Number Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City. Contest closes January 20th.

Now get to work and let's make *your* number the very best LITTLE DELINEATOR yet! I'm so excited! Your loving editor-who-hopes-to-be-very-proud-of-you,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S. If you want an answer from me, send a stamped, addressed envelope.

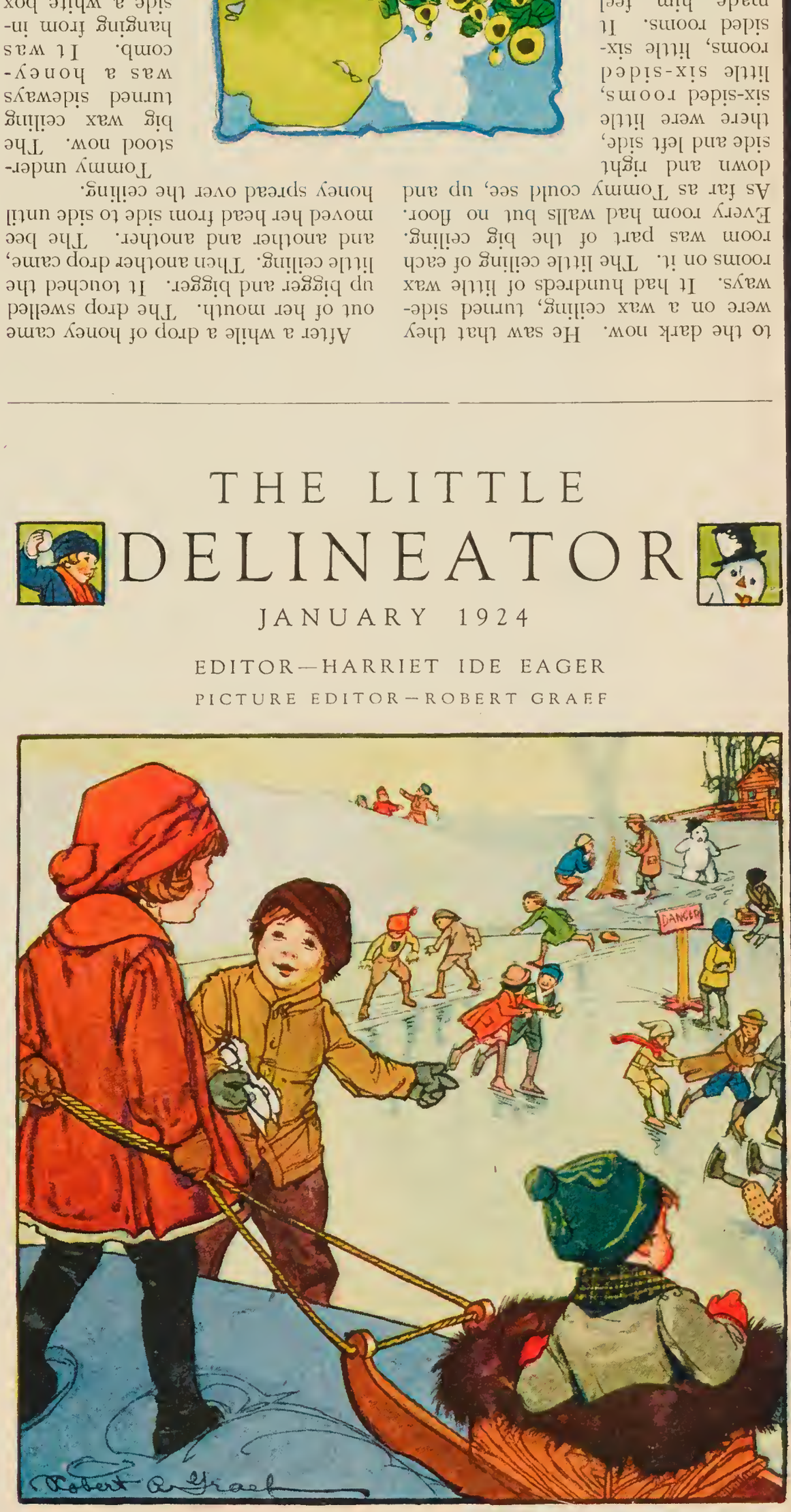
FOR NEW READERS: Cut out this sheet, fold across the middle, then fold again and cut across the first folded line.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

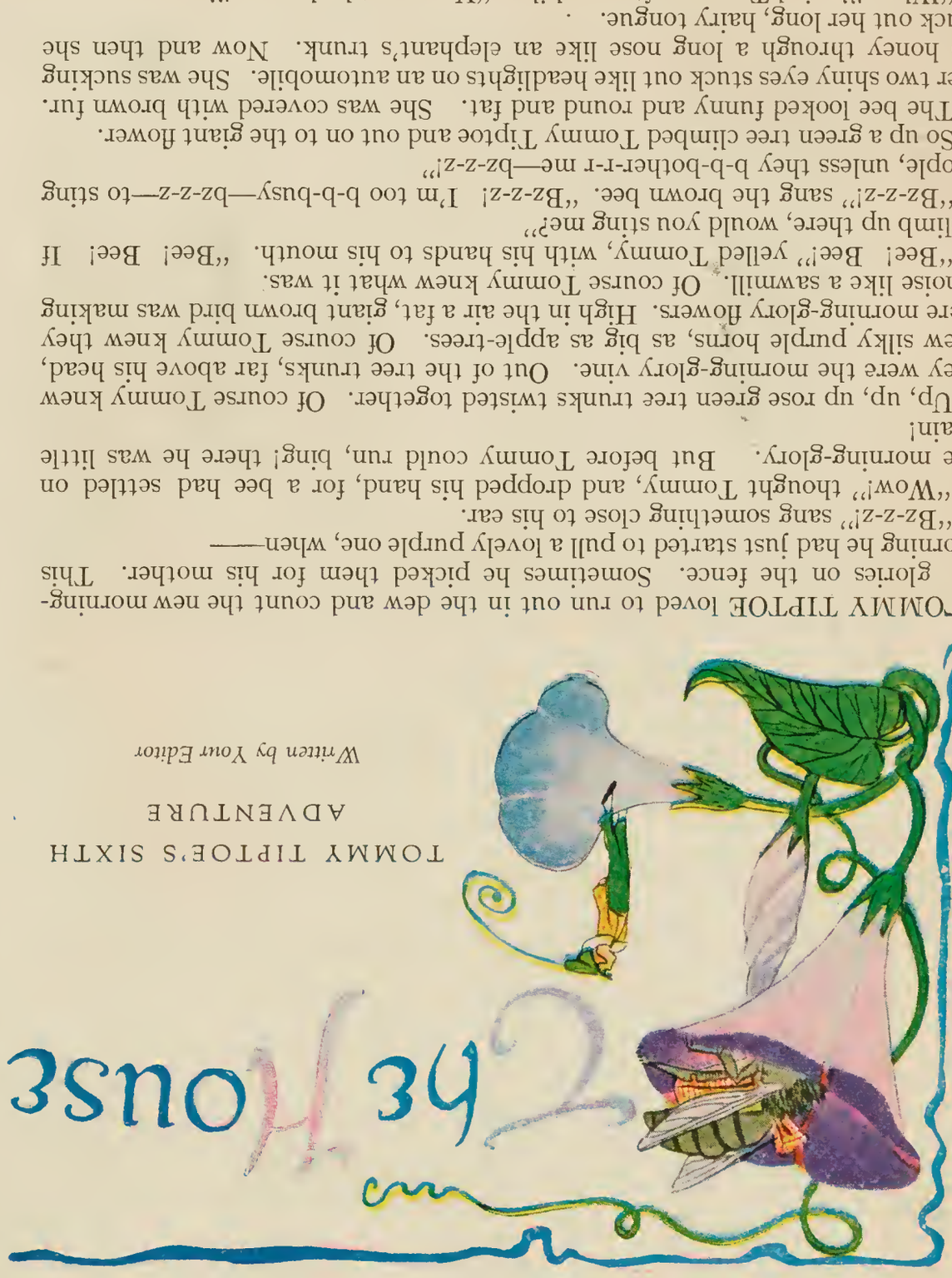
JANUARY 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THE WONDERFUL PRIZE CONTEST ON PAGE EIGHT



TOMMY TIPTOE'S SIXTH ADVENTURE

Written by Your Editor

TOMMY TIPTOE loved to run out in the dew and count the new morning-glories on the fence. Sometimes he picked them for his mother. This morning he had just started to pull a lovely purple one, when——

"Bz-z-z!" sang something close to his ear.

"Wow!" thought Tommy, and dropped his hand, for a bee had settled on the morning-glory. But before Tommy could run, bing! there he was little again!

Up, up, up rose green tree trunks twisted together. Of course Tommy knew they were the morning-glory vine. Out of the tree trunks, far above his head, grew silky purple horns, as big as apple-trees. Of course Tommy knew they were morning-glory flowers. High in the air a fat, giant brown bird was making a noise like a sawmill. Of course Tommy knew what it was.

"Bee! Bee!" yelled Tommy, with his hands to his mouth. "Bee! Bee! If I climb up there, would you sting me?"

"Bz-z-z!" sang the brown bee. "Bz-z-z! I'm too b-b-busy—bz-z-z—to sting people, unless they b-b-bother-r-r me—bz-z-z!"

So up a green tree climbed Tommy Tiptoe and out on to the giant flower.

The bee looked funny and round and fat. She was covered with brown fur. Her two shiny eyes stuck out like headlights on an automobile. She was sucking up honey through a long nose like an elephant's trunk. Now and then she stuck out her long, hairy tongue.

"Whew!" cried Tommy after a while. "You must be hungry!"

"I'm not eating," said the bee. "I'm marketing. I'm swallowing honey into a little bag inside of me, so I can carry it home."

"Oh, just the way camels carry water!" cried Tommy, standing on his tiptoes. He felt very excited. "Oh, bee, won't you take me home with you? Only I'd rather not be swallowed."

"Bz-z-z!" sang the bee. "Bz-z-z! Climb into my pollen-basket. I'm not carrying any pollen this trip."

The bee held out her hind leg. Tommy saw a hollowed-out place there, like the inside of a canoe. The bee helped Tommy in with her middle legs. Then bz-z-z! off she flew. Tommy felt safe because stiff hairs stuck out all around the pollen-basket and held him in like a railing.

Bz-z-z! Tommy understood the buzzing noise now. It was the noise of the bee's wings, moving fast, fast, faster than a windmill.

Whirr! Bz-z-z! Bz-z-z! Down they flew and stopped before a big white house. There were no windows in the house, but there was a wide front door. Bees were hurrying in and out of the door. Tommy's bee walked in.

The house without windows was so dark that at first Tommy could not see anything at all. The air smelled sweet and the darkness was full of sounds. Something tickled Tommy's face.

"That's just one of our watchmen touching you with his feelers," explained Tommy's bee. "He has to watch out for enemies, like yellow-jackets and moths."

The bee seemed to be walking straight up a wall. Tommy's eyes were used

PRESENTS BOYS AND GIRLS CAN MAKE

More Prize Christmas Ideas from "Little Delineator" Children





MOTHER'S PIN-TRAY

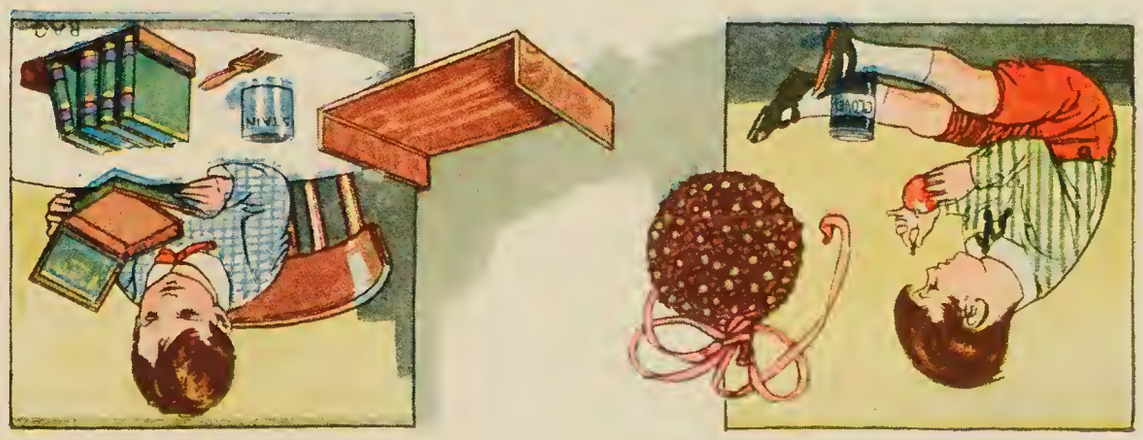
FOR this gift you need a small pair of round embroidery-hoops (ten cents), three glass push-pins (five cents), two yards of ribbon (ten cents) and a scrap of figured ribbon or silk a little larger than the hoops. Take half the ribbon and wind one end round one of the hoops several times and fasten it with needle and thread. Wind it around until the hoop is all covered and fasten it off neatly. Then take the other hoop and cover it the same way.

Stretch the piece of silk tightly over the small hoop and put the large hoops over it so that it holds it tight. Trim off the edges of the silk carefully and put the push-pins in the bottom so that they form little legs for the tray. This attractive and useful gift is very easy to make, and you can give it to your mother or aunt or teacher. —MILDRED MUIR. (*Third girls' prize, two dollars.*)

A COVER FOR THE TELEPHONE BOOK

I AM going to tell how I made a telephone-book cover.

I got a third of a yard of black oilcloth at fifty cents a yard and cut it to fit the telephone book, allowing two inches on each side to fold back on the wrong side to hold the book. Then I took a punch and punched holes one-half inch apart all the way around after turning back the ends. Then I got some wool and a big needle and laced it together in the holes. Then I took a stencil and painted on leaves and a flower.—HELEN STEELE. (*Extra dollar prize.*)



AN OLD-FASHIONED SACHET

MOTHER says everybody likes old-fashioned things now. Last Christmas I got a nice apple and stuck it full of cloves all over very thick, so it was all covered. Then I tied a pretty red ribbon to the stem. If you put this in a bureau drawer, it makes everything smell sweet for about a year. My grandmother used to make them.—ROBERT HARVEY. (*Extra dollar prize.*)

NOTE—*Robert, you forgot to give your full address. Your dollar is still waiting for you. Write to your editor.*

BOOKENDS FROM A CIGAR-BOX

MY MOTHER has a set of Washington Irving books and last year I made a bookend for her Xmas. She liked it very much and it only cost ten cents. Any boy or girl can make one. Our grocer gave me a cigar-box. First I took the lid off, then the sides; next I soaked the paper off and let it dry. I spent ten cents for dark-oak stain and stained it. Every one thought it very pretty and said: "I would like to have one."—HARRY E. BROWN, JR. (*Extra dollar prize.*)

PRIZE-WINNERS OF COVER CONTESTS

March Cover Contest—Martha T. Blackburn; *April Cover Contest*—Muriel Fitch; *May Cover Contest*—Helen Louise Wright; *June Cover Contest*—Charlotte Aiken; *July Cover Contest*—Evelyn Robinson.

Helen Louise Wright's prize-winning letter in the May contest follows:

I LIKE the story of Deli in "Just a Minute" because it teaches you what happens when "Just a minute" pops out of your mouth. Sometimes when my mother tells me to come and help her, I say "Just a minute," and then when I get there it is too late, for she has the work all done. I have had the same accident that Deli had in the last picture because I had been reading an interesting story of mornings and when my mother called I would say, "Just a minute," and then when I did go I would be late to school or my practising. I think your idea was fine, for I think it will warn children of the accidents that happen when "Just a minute" pops out of their mouths.—HELEN LOUISE WRIGHT.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EATING FOR HEALTH

WINTER VEGETABLES

ENTHUSIASM for vegetables, although well cultivated and highly developed during the Summer months, may wane with the coming of Winter and the passing of the garden and market supply of fresh lettuce, chard, tomatoes and other vegetable favorites. Lest this happen, one may well adopt the truck-growers' highly educational slogan, "Eat vegetables for vitamins," as a motto for the Winter's diet.

A safe rule to follow is to serve two vegetables other than potatoes daily. In laying the foundation menus for a month, canned tomatoes may be slipped in at least as often as twice a week without fear of wearying the family appetite.

Fortunately the supply of leafy vegetables does not stop with the passing of Summer. Such leafy vegetables as cabbage and celery and onions keep well in storage and afford valuable minerals as well as vitamins.

In order to preserve as much as possible of their valuable food elements, these vegetables should be cooked only enough to make them tender. Cabbage, for instance, requires only twelve to twenty minutes of cooking in uncovered salted water. Vegetables of any kind possess most value when eaten raw. Cabbage shredded or shaved is an excellent salad vegetable and may be eaten as cole-slaw or combined with other foods in salad mixtures. It adds bulk and crispness as well as minerals and vitamins to the diet, and a cabbage salad of some kind might well occupy a place on the menu as often as twice a week.

Carrots, beets, turnips and squash are other Winter vegetables, with carrots probably in the lead as far as food value goes. These vegetables may be used to fill in the odd days in the menu. Carrots are particularly healthful if eaten raw. They are easily digested if grated or finely ground and may be used in salad in combination with other vegetables or with pineapple or grated cheddar or American cheese or cottage-cheese.

One excellent way of serving Winter vegetables without great loss of value in cooking is to grind or chop finely the raw vegetables such as carrot, onion, cabbage or turnips and add them to a clear soup made of chicken or beef stock. When finely ground, the vegetables need only a few minutes' cooking, ten or fifteen being sufficient.

The knowledge of successful methods of food preservation has made a variety of commercial or home canned vegetables available for food throughout the year. It is especially important that the use of canned vegetables of the kind spoken of as "greens" be included in the diet. Although spinach, endive and lettuce are available in the market during the Winter months, their price forces many persons to rely largely on their canned supplies.

All vegetables contain many of the tonic and laxative properties included in that dosage that in former years was a harbinger of Spring. As a sign of the times and a better knowledge of nutrition and right eating for health, it is interesting to note that "You need a Spring tonic for that tired feeling" has changed to "Eat vegetables for vitamins."

FOOD CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

THIS is a good month to—

Use citrus fruits and cranberries plentifully.

Begin making or using whole-wheat bread.

Use canned vegetables to alternate with those from Winter storage.

Serve canned tomatoes twice a week.

Have stewed dried fruits often.

Use the fireless cooker for hot breakfast cereals.

Add a few chopped dates to the porridge just before serving

Think of all the hot desserts you know—rice pudding, bread pudding, apple betty, warm gingerbread, fresh pies—and get some fruit into them if possible.

Make puddings or muffins of left-over breakfast cereal, adding a few nuts, raisins or currants.

Keep up the salad habit. There are dozens of cabbage, carrot, celery, apple and other Winter salads.

Remember a hot dish for the children's school lunch.

Take time to measure ingredients accurately, follow directions carefully and improve the standard of the home-made products.



Edited by

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WHEN I left America for Belgium, the American Better-Homes Week had reached a successful conclusion. The thought of better homes and what they meant in the life of a nation was uppermost in my mind.

In Belgium I found two things that are contributing in a wonderful way to improving the homes of that country: first, the program of reconstruction and improvements going on busily; second, the leadership of a queen who is first of all a wonderful woman.

What can be back of all this tremendous activity in a nation that has just had another of those terrible shocks from which Belgium, the cockpit of the world, has suffered from time to time throughout history? The answer is in the national policy of encouraging the ownership of property, no matter how small the parcel.

These people had something of their own to return to, to strive to recover and to hold. This has led to an all-absorbing program of industry and perseverance. Their cheerfulness is equally marvelous. It is, however, the result of a fundamental trait: the satisfaction of the natural instinct of possession.

When the war was over and even the house and home gone, there was the bit of land to hold their affections—a nucleus of interest, a center of possession about which once more to establish a home.

It is a saving grace that next to the instinct of self-preservation comes the desire for a home and an effort to protect it. There is a pleasure which comes even after destruction and devastation if a home can be rebuilt on the spot about which the associations of a lifetime cluster.

The second force at work in this nation is the queen, who has at once the qualities necessary to make her a rare queen and is a woman who would stand out at any time and in any nation as a remarkable woman. She is an illustration of the result of practical, scientific training for women. Her father, a noted oculist, trained her in his own laboratory and clinic. She brought to her duties as queen the interest and knowledge of a scientist. This she has used in directing the lives of her three children. She has followed the development of nutrition as a health factor and has applied it to their diet.

When the war broke out, the queen was ready and able to take her place as a nurse in a hospital, to help in the surgical ward, to give practical direction to the scientific care of the sick and wounded.

Her people recognize her as a friend, a rare woman, a mother, a home-maker of a kind to be emulated. Not infrequently her subjects seek her help, not as a queen, but as a woman who has had the training and experience which they have missed and who can advise them how to care for and feed their children and how to direct their homes.

It is her ideal to give to these women more of that knowledge which will enable them to feed and care for and to train their children well. She would have them freed somewhat from the routine of their daily lives so that they might have a broader view of life as a whole.

In sum and substance, are not these two things that are affecting so profoundly the life and welfare of little Belgians the same things that all nations must seek if they are to prosper? First, the responsibility, the industry, the stability which comes with the ownership of a house, in which centers the nucleus of civilization, the home. Second, the education of women to make them able to handle successfully and well the most important problems that any nation has to face—the bearing, rearing and training of efficient human beings.

Belgium, though not giving it the name of "Better-Homes Campaign," is certainly not to be found lacking in stirring activities for better homes. Such knowledge and such building are the greatest incentives to universal peace.

Martha Van Rensselaer

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Answers to questions that are asked by home-makers

QUESTION. How do you caramelize sugar?

A. Put one-half cup of sugar in an iron pan or a granite saucepan and place it over the flame. Stir constantly until the sugar melts, taking care to keep the sugar scraped from the sides of the pan. Then add very carefully one-half cup of boiling water and simmer ten minutes. (Never add cold water, as the sugar is very hot—about 350 degrees Fahrenheit—and if cold water is put in it will cause this intensely hot sirup to spatter almost with the force of an explosion.) The caramelized sugar may be used without adding the water, but in that case it must be used at once, as it will harden almost instantly.

If caramel for flavoring and coloring meat gravies is desired, continue heating the sugar after it is melted until it is quite brown and smoke begins to appear. Then carefully add an equal amount of boiling water and simmer until it is thick and sirupy. This may be bottled and kept for future use.

Q. What are the temperatures used for deep-fat frying?

A. For frying articles made of foods already cooked, such as croquettes or breaded vegetables, the temperature should be about 365 degrees Fahrenheit. For uncooked foods, such as smelts or other small fish or doughnuts, the best temperature is 350 degrees Fahrenheit. For foods that are very cold and contain considerable water, such as potatoes or oysters, use a temperature of 380 degrees Fahrenheit. Always reheat the fat to the desired temperature before putting in the next batch of food.

Q. How do you care for fat that has been used for frying?

A. In the first place, never heat the fat until it is too hot. This lowers the smoking-temperature and the life of the fat so that it can not be reused as often. Some people test the temperature for frying by watching for the blue smoke to appear. This is a mistake. When this point is reached, fat has begun to decompose and hence lost some of its usefulness. In the second place, always clarify a fat when you are through using it. Add two or three slices of raw potato or apple to the hot fat and let it cook until it ceases to bubble. Then strain it through cheese-cloth placed over a wire strainer. Allow the fat to cool and keep it in a cool, dark place. If desired, a bit of soda may be added. This tends to lighten the color and remove any disagreeable odors.

Q. How shall I care for my lettuce in order to prevent waste?

A. In the first place, select clean, crisp, heavy heads. As soon as the lettuce arrives, discard the outside leaves that are not fit for use, pull off all outside leaves that need washing and drop them into a pan of cold water. Usually the heart of the lettuce is clean and requires no washing. Do not wet this, but put it into a tin can with a tight-fitting cover; a tightly covered porcelain dish is even better. Thoroughly wash the leaves that need washing, removing all bad parts, and put these in the container with the heart. There will be sufficient moisture to keep the lettuce crisp. Cover the can to prevent evaporation and put it in the refrigerator. Lettuce cared for in this way will last for a week. The dark green outside leaves need not be wasted; they may be used either for garnishing or cut in shreds just before they are to be served and mixed with French dressing and capers or chopped onion and cucumber or chopped green and red peppers. Cress, parsley and celery may all be cared for in the same manner as the lettuce.

Q. How is "Thousand Island" salad-dressing made?

A. The basis of this dressing is the more familiar mayonnaise. The following proportions make an appetizing dressing:

1 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chives
3 tablespoons catchup
3 tablespoons chopped red pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
4 tablespoons chilli sauce
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar

Mix all together. The proportions may be varied to suit individual tastes.

COOKING ON A PLANK

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

WHEN we wish to impress our guests with our originality or strive to attain the *ne plus ultra* of service, "the something different," we offer food cooked and served on planks—a planked dinner.

A planked dinner is a de luxe edition of the so-called one-dish meal—in which the vegetables and meat or fish are all served in one dish—either cooked or reheated and served on a plank. The whole should form a conventionalized picture. The metal holder or edge of the plank forms the frame, the potatoes the border or background and the meat the foreground of the picture.

Planks for this purpose are usually made of oak. There are two kinds—the plain, oblong plank and the oval. If the plain plank is used, it is of one, two or three inches in thickness, according to the preference of the cook. The oval plank is like the chop or steak platter: it has the three converging grooves and the well at the end for collecting the gravy. It is also supplied with a metal frame, which holds the plank, and is placed on the table for service.

The plank may be used both as a cooking-utensil and as a platter for serving the food, but often the food is cooked in the oven or under the broiler until it is almost done and is then placed on a plank and reheated in the oven. The food is served from the plank, which is placed on the table.

In using planks for cooking, the first step is to heat the plank thoroughly. This heating requires about fifteen minutes in a hot oven. The plank is then sprinkled with salt and brushed with butter, the food placed upon it and cooked or reheated.

Only foods that cook in less than an hour are, as a rule, cooked entirely on planks. For this reason fish and chickens are usually split before planking. Steaks and chops are especially favored for plank service.

Among the foods that are cooked on planks are eggs, fish, steaks, chops and chickens. Whole shad, either with or without the roe, haddock, whitefish, split and filleted, slices of halibut, smelts and lobster, with or without oysters, are the fish most favored for planking. Rump steak, sirloin, club, porterhouse may all be cooked in this manner. Steaks should be cut from one and one-half to two inches thick. English mutton chops are adapted to this method of cooking.

One of the advantages of the planked dinner is that all the vegetables that accompany the meat are served on the plank. But much of the success of the dinner depends upon the combinations that are used, the attractiveness of the arrangement and the ease with which it can be served.

The combinations of vegetables that may be used in planked dinners are almost endless. On the outer edge of the planks there is usually a border of mashed sweet or white or duchesse potatoes. A pastry-bag with a star tube is used to pipe these on the plank. The potatoes may be arranged in a border or in nests. If a pastry-bag and tube are not at hand, the potatoes may be formed in balls with a spoon and then into nests by pressing with the bottom of a custard-cup. The nests may be filled with peas—buttered or creamed—or with peas and carrots combined. Potato croquettes, rice or samp croquettes, bread croustades, French-fried potatoes, potato-balls or potatoes Julienne may be used for a border.

Inside the border, when it is continuous, or alternating with the nests or croquettes or croustades when these are used, stuffed peppers or tomatoes, glazed whole onions, sliced or diced carrots and slices or halves of broiled tomatoes may be placed. Sometimes the places are filled in with cooked, seasoned string or Lima beans, or asparagus. Sliced raw tomatoes and cucumbers are sometimes used, in spite of the old rule of serving hot things hot and cold things cold.

Parsley and slices of lemon are used to garnish fish dishes; mushrooms and sometimes oysters are added to the steaks and chicken.

BREAD CROUSTADES

For croustades the bread should be stale. Cut it into slices two inches thick and then into the desired shape—circles, squares or diamonds. With a sharp pointed knife remove the centers, being careful to leave a thick layer on the bottom and sides. Fry the cases in deep fat or brush with melted butter and brown in the oven.



What could be more appetizing-looking than a thick steak with a border of potato nests containing fresh peas and a garnish of stuffed tomatoes?

STUFFED TOMATOES

Wash firm, medium-size tomatoes, cut a slice off the stem end and scoop out the pulp. Sprinkle the inside with salt and turn upside down to drain. Mix the pulp with an equal quantity of buttered bread-crums. Add a little chopped onion and green and red peppers. Add a little very finely chopped celery if desired. Refill the tomatoes. Place them in a buttered pan and sprinkle with buttered crums. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Place one-half cup of butter in a bowl, cover with cold water and mash or press with a spoon until the salt is removed. Drain off the water. Divide the butter in three parts. Put one part in the top of a double boiler over hot water, add one tablespoon of lemon-juice and the yolks of two eggs and beat with a wire whisk until the butter is melted. Add a second piece of butter and continue beating until the mixture begins to thicken. Add the third piece, beat until it melts, remove from hot water at once and season with one-fourth teaspoon of salt and a few grains of Cayenne.

PLANKED RUMP STEAK

Select a rump steak cut two inches thick. Trim and wipe with a damp cloth. Broil for ten minutes, searing first on one side and then on the other. While the steak is broiling, heat the plank. Sprinkle the hot plank with salt and brush it with melted butter. Place the steak in the center. Pipe a border of mashed sweet or white or duchesse potatoes around the edge and brush this with egg-white to which one teaspoon of water has been added. Inside of this place eight glazed or buttered onions, alternating with spoonfuls of green peas or diced buttered carrots. Put in the oven long enough to brown the potatoes. Sprinkle the steak with a little dry mustard, squeeze on about a teaspoon of lemon-juice, spread with a tablespoon of butter and a little Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Turn and treat the other side in the same way. Garnish with sautéd mushroom caps or sprigs of parsley and lemon.

Variations

1. Use a club steak cut one and one-half inches thick. Cream one-half cup of butter from which the salt has been washed and add to it one-half tablespoon each of finely chopped red peppers, green peppers and parsley, also one onion and a little lemon-juice. Mix thoroughly. Put half this mixture on the hot plank. Add the broiled steak. Put the other half of the mixture on top of the steak. Add a border of duchesse potatoes brushed with egg-yolk diluted with milk or with egg-white diluted with water. Return to the oven to brown the potatoes. Remove from the oven, garnish with sautéd mushroom caps and serve.

2. Use one pound of lean beef chopped very fine and seasoned with salt, pepper and onion-juice. Make this into a cake. Broil it on both sides and lay it on the hot prepared plank. Add a border of mashed potatoes, brush with egg and put it in the oven to brown. Garnish with baked bananas and serve with a cup of cream sauce to which one-half cup of grated horseradish has been added.



A pastry-bag with a star tube is used to pipe on the border of the planked dinner. The border may be of mashed sweet, white or duchesse potatoes

PLANKED SHAD

Clean and split a three-pound shad. Place skin down on a hot salted and buttered plank. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and brush with melted butter and bake in the oven for twenty-five or thirty minutes. Cream three tablespoons of butter, add gradually the juice of one lemon and one tablespoon of finely chopped parsley. Spread this on the fish. Surround with a border of mashed potatoes brushed with egg-yolk diluted with milk. Brown in the oven. Remove, garnish with quarters of lemon and sprays of parsley and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

This fish may be cooked under the gas-flame instead of in the oven.

Variations

1. Use haddock or whitefish instead of shad and serve with potato-balls or French-fried potatoes and stuffed tomatoes.

2. Spread the baked shad with creamed roe and buttered crums and brown in the oven. Use any border desired.

PLANKED SMELTS

Clean smelts and arrange in the center of a hot buttered plank. Brush them with butter and bake twelve minutes. Garnish with a border of mashed-potato roses, brushed with egg-yolk and milk, and brown in the oven. Serve with sliced cucumber and tomato with French dressing.

PLANKED LOBSTER

Select a lobster weighing about one and one-half pounds. Cut in half. Arrange on a hot plank. Brush it with melted butter. Season with pepper and salt and bake twenty minutes. Arrange a border of mashed-potato cups or bread croustades filled with green peas or asparagus tips, or a border of French-fried potatoes. Serve with tomatoes and cucumbers sliced.

PLANKED CHICKEN

Select a young and tender chicken. Split it down the back so that it will lie flat. Put it in a pan, spread with butter, season with pepper and salt and bake about twenty-five minutes. Place it on a hot buttered plank and surround it with a border of potato or rice croquettes, alternating with asparagus tips on toast triangles. The latter may be omitted.

PLANKED EGGS

Mix three-fourths cup of cooked meat, chopped and well-seasoned, with three-fourths cup of soft bread-crums moistened with cream. Spread this mixture on the center of a hot plank, form the desired number of nests and finish with a border of duchesse potatoes brushed with egg and milk. Return to the oven to brown. Remove and put a poached egg in each nest and a row of broiled sliced tomatoes around the edge of the meat. Sprinkle a little paprika on top of the eggs.

DUCHESSE POTATOES

For duchesse potatoes, add one tablespoon of hot milk or cream, one tablespoon of melted butter and one egg-yolk to each cup of well-seasoned mashed potatoes and beat well. About one quart of potatoes is required to garnish an ordinary planked dinner.

THE FOUNDATION OF BETTER FURNITURE

The first of a series of articles on period furniture

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration



Jacobean chair with spiral legs showing the Spanish influence

to be the most complicated of all periods, but since its influence was so directly felt in the making of some of our early American furniture, I will endeavor to make its characteristics as simple as possible.

The name Jacobean is derived from the Latin for James and indicates furniture used during the seventeenth century. The period 1603 to 1649 is known as the early Jacobean; the period between 1649 and 1660 is generally known as the Cromwellian, while the period between 1660 and 1668 is called Carolean. These styles overlapped, and the best one can do is to give the approximate dates of their popularity. All, however, came under the general heading of Jacobean.

The early-Jacobean furniture, as well as all other furniture, reflects the people and customs of the times. This furniture was heavy and coarse, with square, crude feet and clumsiness of line. It was generally severe in line and matched the abrupt manners and coarseness of the people. The furniture of the Cromwellian era was much the same as the early Jacobean, except that Dutch influence was growing and the "bun" or ball foot became common. The Carolean influence developed sofas and seats, upholstered with gay fabrics. Footstools and chairs with carved tops and turned legs also became popular during this era.

The articles of furniture in common use during the Jacobean period were stools, chairs, settees, love-seats, tables, chests and cupboards. In the early-Jacobean periods, chairs were scarce, stools being in more general use. Stools were commonly used at the ends of long refectory tables, while at the sides were backless benches or long stools. Tables, stools and benches were made with turned and sometimes carved legs, with stout stretchers or rails at the bottom to rest the feet on. It was the custom to hang the heels on the stretchers to escape the drafts or dirt on the floor. The underframing was occasionally carved and the legs were given a slight outward spread.

As it became less the custom to hang the feet on stretchers, we find footstools and chairs becoming popular. Chair-seats were almost square, with high, straight backs and heavy stretchers between the legs of the chairs. The legs of the chair were usually knobbed and the uprights of the backs often ended in carved finials. Crosspieces between the uprights were usually carved and hooped, though some had vertical bars with slight carving between the uprights.



Photos by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

Early-Jacobean oak tables, with bulbous legs and long stretchers, were very long and rather narrow. To these were given the name of "refectory" tables



Jacobean chair showing carving on the bars between the uprights

NOTE—*The object of this and the following articles on period furniture is to give practical information to readers who want to know what constitutes good furniture and how to identify types with certainty and convenience. Requests for additional information regarding new or old period furniture should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope and be directed to the Editor of the Department of House Decoration.*

TO FURNISH a house successfully, one must have a knowledge of the history and characteristics of good period furniture. It not only enables one to choose wisely the certain pieces needed for convenience, but makes certain that their type is suitable and appropriate to the immediate surroundings.

Failing to recognize good lines, woods and workmanship in either antique or modern pieces, we are very apt to be influenced by what happens to be the fad at the time of purchase—only to find, if we indulge in such a fad, that in five or ten years our furniture has gone out of style and we are burdened with innumerable white elephants.

With very few exceptions, all our modern furniture has been designed from so-called period furniture, some of it being very accurately reproduced from authentic pieces and much of it being cheaply and badly done.

The Jacobean period is generally admitted

After 1665, spiral-turned legs came into favor. This was probably due to the fact that the wife of Charles II was a Portuguese and brought with her to England pieces of furniture which started the Spanish influence in the later-Jacobean period. Up to this time all furniture was made of oak, but now walnut was introduced.

Cupboards were favorite pieces of furniture during the Cromwellian era and invariably showed the Dutch influence by having "bun" or ball feet. Chests with combination of drawers or small cupboards set on side-tables were sometimes fitted with shelves, drawers and doors, but occasionally had spiral legs with stretchers close to the floor.

Tables came to be permanent pieces of furniture during the Jacobean period. Previous to this period, tables were movable boards set upon trestles. The early-Jacobean tables were of great length, but narrow in comparison to the length, and were given the name of "refectory" tables. Bulbous legs were characteristic of the early Jacobean, but during the Cromwellian and Carolean era small tables became popular for games and tea-drinking.

The popular modern Colonial house and the majority of apartments make inappropriate settings for much Jacobean furniture, though a few pieces of it can be successfully combined with a lighter and more delicate period of English furniture. I say English because it would be decidedly inappropriate to combine Jacobean with French or the popular light, painted furniture. But in libraries, dens or in spacious halls and in houses designed after the early English—a type which is generally of stucco, with casement windows and beamed ceilings—it is permissible to furnish throughout with Jacobean furniture, if so desired.



Oak Jacobean stools will often serve the purpose of small tables



A Jacobean cabinet, a favorite piece of furniture, showing the Dutch influence by its "bun" or ball feet



Stools were more generally used in the Jacobean period than chairs



TO THE YOUNG!

By Celia Caroline Cole

Youth has beauty problems of its own—chiefly in the direction of preserving natural gifts against the ravages of time. There are common-sense ways of doing it, too, and older women can profit by the same instruction. At all times Mrs. Cole is ready to supplement her articles with personal advice to any inquirer who encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply

WE KNOW, of course, that "to the young" includes the entire world in these days, when our grandmothers, dancing at three A.M., protest bitterly at being dragged home to bed "in just the shank of the evening," and daily Our Own Particular Baby gives us, ourself, points in poise and self-respect. But in this article, which ought to have everything young and gay in it because of the new little year waiting on the threshold, we want to talk to those young-old people who have lived—well, say, seventeen or twenty long, full years.

"You have the look my cousin had,
When she was young as you.
But the look my cousin has to-day,
Is that to be your's, too?

What would you say if I stopped you now
And said what I have to say,
And told you a simple way to keep
The look you have to-day?"

And there's a third verse, but it isn't time for that yet.

"The look you have to-day." When the poet wrote that line, he undoubtedly saw the rose-petal, dewy, believing, *young* look which seventeen is supposed to have. But that isn't the seventeen we who live in cities see: thickly powdered face to give the colorless skin that has been so chic for the last six months, vermilion-hued mouth, not making the slightest effort to resemble the natural red of young lips, hair slicked tightly over the head whether it's becoming or not, restless eyes with little hard glints in them and mouths that *know!* That's the seventeen we who live in cities see.

Now and then, in spite of themselves, some of these faces have charm—that iridescent, leaping, strong-lived thing that in physical youth is hard to destroy—but most of them have only a grotesque kind of manikin chic in them. And now and then back of these whitened, vermilion-lipped faces one finds a perfect dear of a girl—breeding and lack of self-consciousness and simplicity of soul. But mostly one finds an unlovely sophistication, a bar-maid's sense of humor, and a back-stairs idea of what life is.

SOMEWHERE, of course, seventeen is still just seventeen—in the country, perhaps; in little towns; even in cities we find her quite often, and back of her always a beautifully balanced, strong parent, either father or mother or both—just as dewy and fine-fibered and natural as seventeen ever was; and everybody who is discriminating speaks delightedly of her, and although the hard little boys of seventeen and twenty may pass by to those young ladies who like to "pet" and who can slip them a cocktail stolen out of father's gin, still she's the kind of girl they intend to marry, these gay sad gods of twenty, and she's the kind they want their sisters to be: plenty of "pep" but not so "wise."

It's bad enough now to find youth so old, but some of these young things of seventeen look twenty-five or thirty now! Thirty is the age a woman should be for years and years and years—but those years should come after thirty and not before!

The physical side of it is this: When a young thing of seventeen or twenty begins to powder thickly, she's building a bad skin for that enchanting age of thirty. True, powder is protective against weather and dirt, but skin is built to stand all it has to stand up to twenty-five or thirty. You were built to live, you know—not just to exhibit in the factory show-room. You're sea-worthy!

Up to twenty-five, all you need to do is to keep sparklingly clean and healthy. If your skin is very delicate or very dry, use a greaseless cleansing cold-cream and a good, mild skin-tonic made mostly of wich-hazel, talcum powder for under your arms (don't cover your back and chest with it; they don't need powder, they have *youth*), a little very light powder for your face—pure, very fine-grained powder, and fluff it mostly over your nose and forehead, on state occasions, or very windy or cold weather, or as protection against sunburn. No rouge, no lip-stick, no mascaro.

JUST wash your face at night with lukewarm water and soap-suds made from a good, pure unperfumed or very delicately perfumed soap, then rinse well in cold water—heaps of it—and all the rest of the time wash only with cold water. Heaps of cold water inside and out. Drink two glasses every morning before breakfast, with a little lemon-juice in it if you like, and then not less than two quarts more during the day and evening. The little bran or oatmeal bags instead of a wash-cloth and soap are exceedingly good; they make the skin like velvet and have a delightful fragrance. You can buy them, twelve for two dollars, or make your own out of two-thirds bran or oatmeal and one-third orris-root. Make small cheese-cloth bags and fill them. Use them like wash-cloths in as hot water as your hands can stand and rinse off the face afterward in cold water.

Never fail to have a perfectly cleansed skin before you go to bed. And take some kind of a bath every single day of your blessed young life—sponge, or tub, or hot, or cold. If hot, don't lie in it idly for more than two minutes; splash around and begin to scrub just as you do in an awfully cold one. The healthiest bath is to get into a tub a bit warmer than lukewarm and then, while you're scrubbing, let the hot water run in until it's quite hot, then pop up and take a shower, or if you haven't that, dash cold water on chest and back and arms, and, of course, on the face.

If you have a shiny nose or forehead or both and the rest of your skin is all right, it means usually that you are not properly eliminating waste. Drink more water and eat a big dish of prepared bran every morning for breakfast; you'll begin to like it after a while. And eat fruit. And less sweets.

Or it may be only that your skin is naturally oily and it shows more there. In that case use the bran bags in the morning, always rinsing well in cold water, and wash with pure soap and water at night.

You're building all the time—unconsciously, without your volition—up to thirty, and very often up to forty and fifty. After that you have to build *consciously*. About thirty you must begin to do protective things—toning up, preventing laxness and coarsening of skin and tissues and muscles. At forty you have to watch your figure, and lines around your eyes, and encourage your tired top-knots to be haloes instead of just hair. One little half-hour's defiance a day to these things and you will stay *young* long after the age your great-grandmothers retired to the chimney-corners in lace caps and knitting-needles and memories.

But for the seventeen-to-twenty-five who is living the thirty-year-old life now, in regard to beauty, there won't be any future worth talking about. There'll be an indelible look of age, of disillusionment—no *beautiful* mystery, no romance (just excitement, and that's very far from romance), no real charm. They've dried up the sources of those things in those years when nobody wanted anything of them but just their adorable youth; and now, when the time of youth is gone and one wants fulfilment from them, *depth* of beauty and charm, it isn't there.

And there'll be no lovely, adventurous, thin-skinned mouth. Never forget for a moment that your life shapes your mouth—all the things you think and do—and in a youth lip-stick subtracts from it its sensitiveness, thickens the skin so that it is neither so soft nor so red nor so pliant. All powder and rouge thicken the skin a bit, and unless they are pure and fine in quality, they clog and sometimes poison. After thirty or thirty-five, one expects the skin to thicken and coarsen a bit. It needn't much if it's cared for properly; but if one begins these things at seventeen, no skin can hold out in delicacy and luminousness against that long onslaught.

IF YOU want darker eyebrows and lashes, get a jar of yellow petroleum jelly and put it on faithfully—just a little, being careful not to get the jelly in the eyes. And if you want your lashes longer and thicker, bathe them with an eye-cup of salt water three or four times a week; also clip them a bit every six or eight months. And have an eyebrow-brush and brush both brows and lashes *every* day, strong, smooth strokes, always brushing the eyelashes up. Then when you rub your eyes to relax them, rub them from the inner corners out and up. Eyes a bit uptilted have so much more charm than eyes that droop!

Brush your hair every day; nothing makes it so lustrous as brushing. Don't curl it with an iron, unless you absolutely have to. Hot irons are very hard on hair—weaken it and discourage it. So many of you who curl your hair are not at all the type for waves and curls. Straight hair, beautifully kept, is entrancing; one thinks of wood-nymphs making music on willow reeds, or a virgin priestess with wide-set, mystic eyes, a blue flame in her hands, a white flame for a soul. Look at yourself before you curl your hair and be sure you are the type for curls. Nature, you know, is the greatest artist of us all; she usually knows what she's about and sends you in a whole, not part of you this type and part of you that.

But if you *are* the kind of girl who ought to have curly hair and haven't, or the kind of girl who thinks she must have a permanent wave because almost everybody has, please be as fussy about who gives you your permanent wave as you'll be—we hope—about who gives you your wedding-ring! It *can* be done without harming the hair—much—or perhaps at all. We have a friend who has had it done six times and has never lost so much as one lock or one inch of its length or its silky look. But she has very strong, healthy hair, and she goes to a man who is skillful both in twisting and in protecting the hair. The beauty of a "permanent" is all in the twisting—that loose, soft, wide-apart, natural wave. But most "permanents," it seems to us, look artificial and hideous.

If your hair isn't strong and alive-looking, massage it. Massage it to loosen the scalp and get the blood up to the surface to feed it. Use the fat base of the palm, keeping the fingers on the scalp, and move the scalp first with the base of the palm, then with fingers until your whole scalp is loose and glowing. A scalp should feel sort of fat and rich, like the soil for a garden.

IF YOU have superfluous hair on arms or legs, get a bottle of peroxide, add about one-fifth ammonia to it and bleach the hair. Do it once a day with a bit of absorbent cotton. Peroxide bleaches and ammonia discourages and weakens. Then if you want to use depilatories now and then, use a good one. We can send you a list of the best.

"To believe that hate is always the lie
And that love is always the truth,
"To *believe* to the end, yes, even alone—
But who can talk to youth!"

Well, we can! At any rate, we do, and quite frequently. And often they listen. And sometimes believe.

We're building, building, building all the time—our bodies, our lives, our personalities. Everything you think, everything you do is building around you that mysterious, unseen, but powerfully felt temple—your personality. You are building it, you are furnishing it with every thought and act. And it's going to be felt! You can't escape it. That thing you just thought was a brick in your temple, a beautiful one—or was it a cheap, gawdy or nicked one? Are you putting into your temple trinkety chairs and pictures, or graceful, inviting ones—dull, uninspired rooms, or ones that take your breath a little, they're so lovely?

You up and build magnificently, you youth with everything before you!









THE NEW IN NEW YORK

The Eighteen-Hour Day of the Woman of Fashion

By EVELYN DODGE

THE dream of fair women has always been breakfast in bed at nine or thereabouts against lace-trimmed pillows and in the most exquisite of boudoir caps and negligées. The caps take themselves lightly in point d'esprit or net, ruffled with narrow lace and trimmed with ribbon and flowers. There is nothing more engaging than the pale-blue ribbon and rosebud formula, or orchid mauve with rose color, or rose with Nattier blue. Lingerie is becoming less conventional in color and one sees nightgowns as well as the vest and drawers sets in peach, apricot, lavender and water-green, as well as in white, shell pink and rose. A French set seen recently in a Fifth Avenue shop was made of water-green voile embroidered with white, deep-orange and lemon-yellow flowers.

FOR the business hours of the day the simplest dresses are the smartest. The French houses make them in either the one- or two-piece variety, usually of wool crêpe, kasha or gabardine, with smartly bound pockets, narrow belts and neat collars. Serge and plaids are extremely popular with American women, for they are smart, warm and practical.

FOR her morning walk, shopping expedition or for traveling, the smart woman wears a well-cut tailored suit of plain or plaid wool material, a small hat of the cloche or beret order (the cloche with a sectional crown is new), and a low shoe with a strap, a pump or an oxford. A few smart women wear very thin gun-metal colored silk stockings with their tailored costumes, but most women prefer the lighter nude or Indian skin shades. A flesh-colored wool stocking or merino spat worn under the silk stocking enables one to wear transparent silk hosiery with safety in cold weather. The blouse, which keeps very much to itself, is usually collarless, hip length and worn over the skirt.

AT LUNCHEON at the Ritz or Pierre's one notices the greater elegance that is creeping into dress. One sees it in the metallic fabrics brilliantly beaded or embroidered that are used for the bodies of velvet dresses and for the new Russian blouses, in the fur bandings on straight Chinese blouses, in the cut of many of the smartest dresses, which, while retaining the slender silhouette, adds to it the flare of the minaret peplum, the plaited flounce at the bottom, the straight or circular tiers that break so many skirts. Velvet is used a great deal. Hats are very small, just the size of the head. Sleeves are usually long and frequently close-fitting though one also sees an excessively short sleeve.

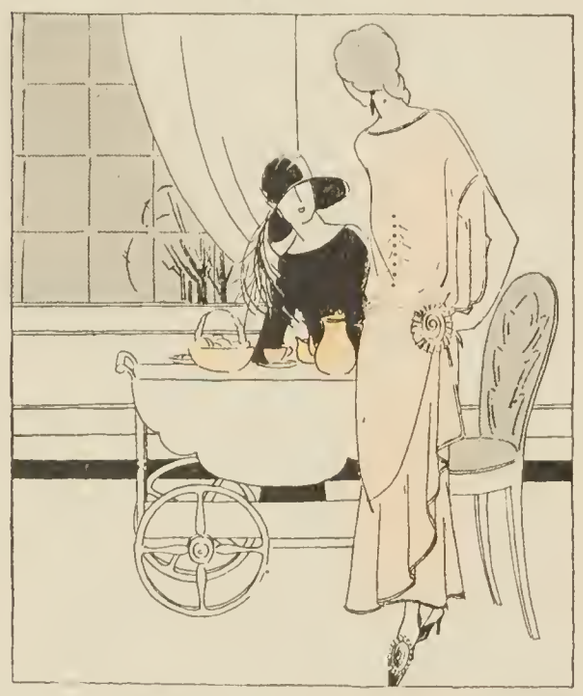
AFTER luncheon the fashionable woman shops or window-shops along the Avenue, crowded with motors, thronged with smart women, brilliant with the wares it has to offer. The afternoon costume is almost invariably the dress and coat, which either belong together or are so carefully considered in relation to each other that they give a costume effect. The three-quarter-length coat is new—either the type that wraps around the figure or falls in straight, rather full Chinese lines. Daytime colors remain extremely quiet. Black and dark brown are the first choice of the best-dressed women. One also sees a rather pale beige with sealskin or beaver, cocoa color with brown astrakhan, bronze with tawny red furs. Many coats are embroidered, the long tube coat is frequently entirely covered with embroidery done in ivory or string color on black or in brown, self-color and tinsel gold on beige and cocoa brown. Slippers of suède or patent leather are excessively dainty and are worn with nude-colored stockings that match the gloves.

IN AFTERNOON dresses one sees the very short sleeve as well as the wrist-length, close-fitting sleeve. Both are correct for the more formal type of dress. Dresses of this character are worn slightly longer than street costumes, but even indoors eight inches from the floor is long enough. Except for coat dresses and the simple morning frock, the collarless bateau neck is used almost to the exclusion of any other style. Velvet is much worn this Winter, but the crêpe silks and crêpe satins accentuate the much-sought-after slender silhouette.

EVENING dress is extremely brilliant with beads, metallic fabrics, metallic, cirè and dyed laces, silver and gold slips under black lace, lacquer shades of green and vermillion, and white and flesh-colored dresses illuminated with crystal and rhinestone trimming. Dresses of black crêpe silk, so useful for dinner and the theater, are enlivened by girdles and hip ornaments sewn with rhinestones. Evening gowns are entirely sleeveless and are worn almost to the ankle, with slippers or sandals of silver or gold brocade, bronze satin, silver cloth, etc. The slipper varies, but the stocking is always nude, peach or banana color and extremely thin.

THE evening wrap may be a coat or cape, but if a color is used for it the color should be brilliant—ruby red, emerald green, deep rose, American Beauty or raspberry red, Chinese, royal or sapphire blue. Black is extremely elegant in velvet embroidered in silver and with a silver lining.









SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S GODETS, PRINCESS LINES AND



The Ladies' Book of 1924 is to show godets in skirts and capes according to an interesting coat of green wool duvetyn with a civet collar from Louise Boulanger

Also from Louise Boulanger comes a dress of bright blue silk matelassé flared at the foot, banded low on the hip and embroidered in gold on copper at the v neck

Gold braid underscored with rose-colored embroidery binds the slashed edges of an overdress and tunic of black crêpe marocain. The foundation is narrow, the sleeve short and the length about eight inches from the floor. From Agnès

A coat that has quite the cut of a suit is made by Paton of black kid lined throughout with persisky—a form of civet—and trimmed with straps

Flat frills begin where the straight coat ends in a suit of green fulgarante with a knee-length bodice of green and gold brocade with collar and cuffs of gray fox. From Jean Patou

PARIS ESTABLISHMENT DRAW ATTENTION TO FRILLS FLAT OR OTHERWISE



The new princess line, flat, beltless and narrow, shows itself to great advantage in a Doucet gown of black crêpe velours embroidered with blue and gold Chinese motifs

Doucet's characteristic elegance speaks for itself in an evening gown of steel lace over a blue-silk slip. A girdle of blue chenille fringe is clasped with a motif of diamonds and blue stras

Suit coats are of all lengths and many cuts, but the string-tied jacket and narrow skirt remain as popular as ever. Agnès uses them for a suit of beige zibella velours de laine with bearskin collar and cuffs

For the new note of gorgeousness that the French dressmakers are introducing, Poiret uses embroidery of silver and gold on a dress of blue poplacote moire

Poiret uses suède-colored sapho velvet trimmed with civet cat for a wrap that hides the fact that it is a coat under cape-like sides lined with black satin

Dress 4964

Dress 4978

Dress 4968

Dress 4960
Embroidery
design 10985

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 72

Dress 4934

Dress 4956

Dress 4970

Dress 4921

Cape 4919

Dress 4952
Embroidery
design 10996

Dress 4925

Dress 4942

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 72

Dress 4895
Embroidery design 10971

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Dress 4888

Suit 4947

Dress 4945

Dress 4937

Dress 4924

Wrap-around coat 4916
Tam-o'-shanter 4898

Dress 4949
Embroidery design 10146

Dress and bloomers 4913
Embroidery design 10998

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 73

Dress and bloomers 4939
Embroidery design 10142

Tunic blouse and slip 4927
Tam-o'-shanter 3157

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Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.



Dress 4930



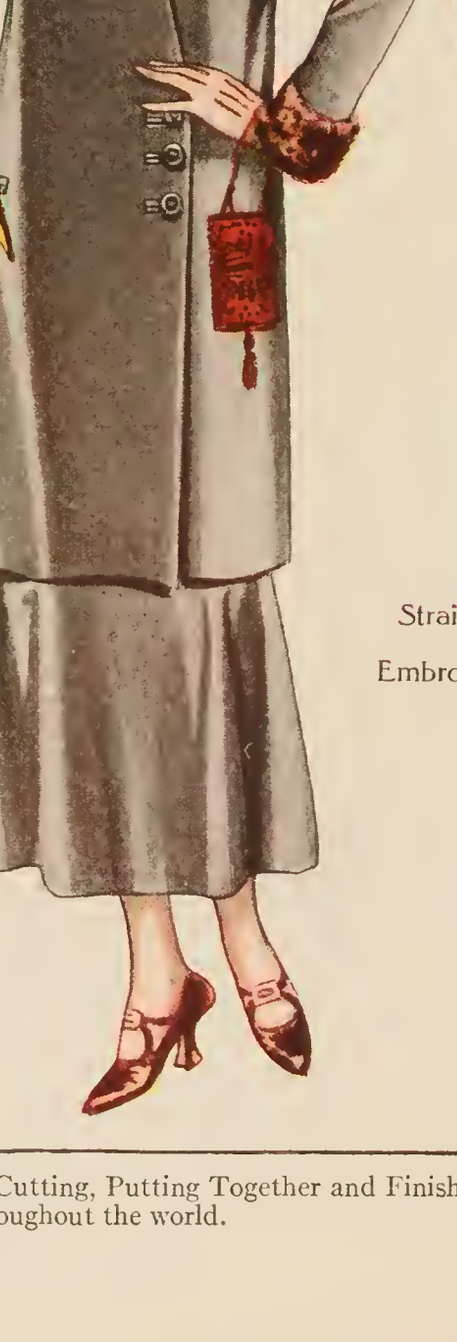
Dress 4936



Dress 4938—Hat 4886
Embroidery design
10138



Blouse 4900—Skirt 4753
Turban 4748
Embroidery design 10970



Straight-line coat 4923
Dress 4633
Embroidered bag 10102

Dress 4954
Embroidery
design 10204

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 75

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Blouse 4933



Blouse 4941
Embroidery design 10204



Blouse 4935
Embroidery design 10214

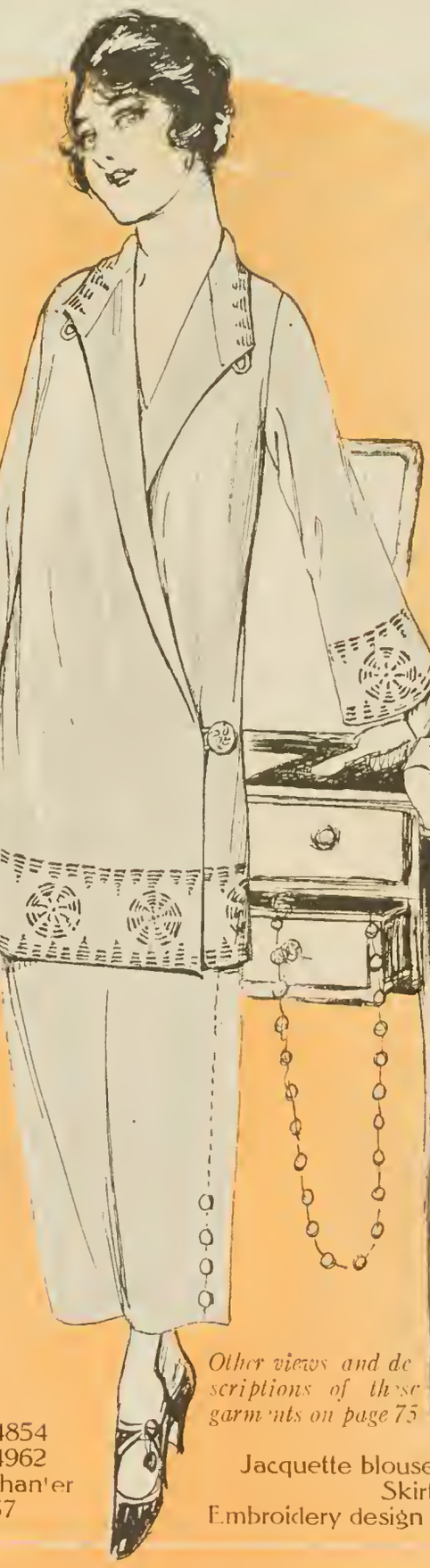
THE LONG BLOUSE AND GODET SKIRT ARE NEW ENTRIES IN MID-YEAR'S STYLES



Blouse 4967
Skirt 4753



Coat 4854
Skirt 4962
Tam-o'-shanter
3157



Other views and descriptions of these garments on page 75

Jacquette blouse 4931
Skirt 4743
Embroidery design 10207



Dress 4946



Cape
4963
Turban
4748

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

SMART WOMEN ACCEPT THE CAPETTE, TUCKS OR DRAPERY, A NEW SUIT BLOUSE AND GORED HAT



Dress 4984
Embroidery design
10199



Coat dress 4985



4984



4986



Dress 4986



Dress 4988



Dress 4987

4985

4988

4987

4984—10199—The long close-fitting sleeve and the new neckline make this a very smart one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and has an elastic and a casing across the sides of a low waistline. It may have a body lining. The embroidery gives a border effect. Work it in one-stitch. Use soft twills, gabardine, serge, wool rep or wool crêpe. Lower edge 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep.

This dress is becoming to ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4985—The capette is the newest adjunct to a coat dress of the one-piece type with the new front opening. The dress may omit the capette and a body lining. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge, velveteen or heavy silk crêpe for the dress either with or without a capette.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The coat dress is smart for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4986—This smart two-piece dress consists of a draped blouse and a straight lower part which is joined to a long underbody with a camisole top. The hand-made ornament adds a French touch. Make the dress of satin crêpe, silk crêpes, moire or chiffon velvet.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4988—Tucks come to the fore on this slip-over dress. At the lower edge of the skirt they make an effective trimming and on the blouse they give a becoming fulness. The dress has a straight skirt joined to the blouse and a casing and elastic at the low waistline. Use Georgette, silk voile or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4987—The French dressmakers employ this type of drapery for a wrap-around one-piece dress. The shirring gives a becoming effect around the waistline and the diagonal line of the front is smart. It may have a body lining. Make the dress of soft twills, wool rep, soft serge, heavy silk crêpe or velveteen.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is becoming to ladies 34 to 46 bust.



Blouse 4965
Hat 4973

4965

4965—4973—For wear with the two-piece suit this blouse with a one-button effect is very smart. It may be worn inside or outside the skirt. Make it of silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, wash silks or dimity. Her velvet hat has a gored crown.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for hat.

The blouse is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

4973—One of the newest-shaped hats has a gored crown and hand-made ornaments at the side. One usually sees them in velvet, satin, duvetyn or wool jersey. For later wear down South, use chintz or gingham for view C.

The hat for ladies or 22 inches head measure requires ½ yard 35-inch material for view A or B and ¾ yard 27 or 32 inch check gingham for view C.

The hat is attractive for ladies and misses.



Hat 4973

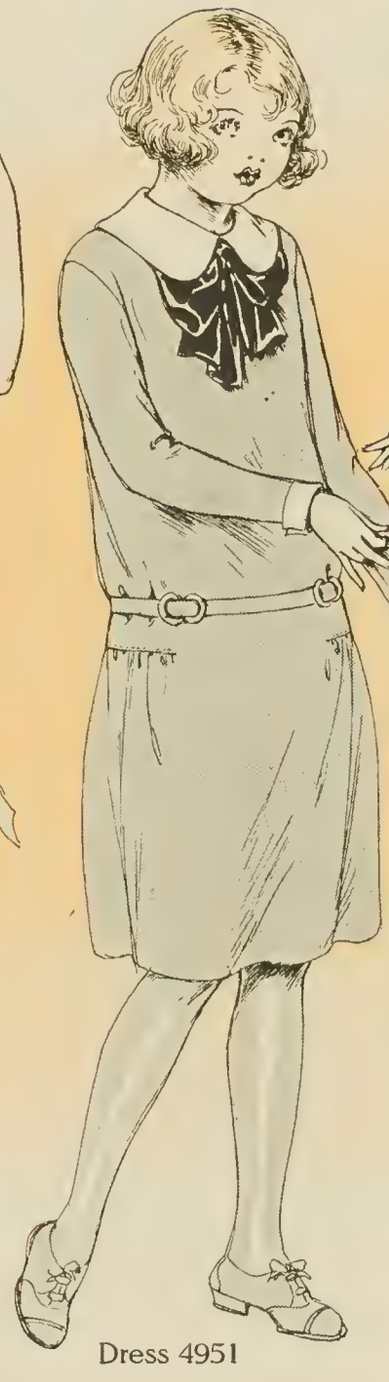
View C View B View A



4940 Dress 4940



4961 4951 Dress 4961 Hat 4926



Dress 4951



Dress 4959 4959



Dress 4958
Embroidery design 10208
4958

YOUNG GIRLS SET THE EXAMPLE OF GRACEFUL STYLES FOR YOUNGER SISTERS

4940—The young girl can start the New Year right with a graceful draped frock of moire, crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe, drapey metallic fabrics or chiffon velvet. The sleeves are new and the bow at the side is very smart. This one-piece dress has the sleeves sewed into a body lining which has a camisole top.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge of the dress 45 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4961—4926—A side or accordion plaited straight flounce which lengthens the straight upper part and a plaited bertha are trimming enough for this slip-over dress. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, Georgette or chiffon. A printed material for the upper part and a plain flounce, etc., to match, is attractive. Her hat is described at length at the right below.

13 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for dress.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4951—A Peter Pan Collar and quaint tie are attractive points to this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, tweeds, pongee; or for a wash frock use linen, linen-finished cotton, cotton ratine or gingham. It slips on over the head very easily.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4959—The trimming is very new on this one-piece dress for the younger girl. Make it of wool crêpe, wool jersey, soft twills or serge. For a frock which can be laundered use pongee, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, gingham or chambray. It slips on over the head.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch or a wider serge for this dress.

The dress is adorable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



Dress 4943
Embroidery design 10978



4955



4926

Dress and Bloomers 4955 Smocking design 10592

Hat 4926

4943

4926

4958—10208—Side drapery and a flower embroidery are appropriate trimming for this slip-over dress of chiffon velvet, satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin; or one may use printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or printed silks. A belt is placed between the draped straight skirt and the long body. There may be a long body lining. The embroidery is new. Work in outline, etc.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch velvet. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4955—10592—The very tiny girl may resolve to keep her new dress and separate bloomers clean all day! The dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, pongee, crêpe de Chine, dimity, pin-check gingham, chambray or cotton crêpe. Smocking trims the dress. Work it in self or a contrasting color for an attractive effect.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray for this new little dress.

The dress is a quaint and very good style for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4943—10978—The fulness from an inverted plait and a straight lower edge make this little dress a becoming one. One may use a gored underarm seam. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, dotted swiss, mull, handkerchief linen or flouncing. The flower embroidery and scalloping is dainty. Work it in eyelets, satin-stitch, etc.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch batiste.

The dress is for infants or a child of ½, 1, 2, 3 years.

4926—Even the youngest girl likes a hat which follows the lines of the cloche of her elders, but she adds more of a brim. This new hat has a gored crown. One may make it of velvet, velours, duvetyn, broadcloth or wool jersey. For the South, one may use piqué, chintz or gingham.

The hat for 8 years or 20¾ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 27-inch velvet.

The hat is smart for girls 2 to 12 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

FASHION ASSIGNS A TWO-PIECE DRESS, THE FROCK TO SIXTEEN AND BLOUSE AND SKIRT AND A BOUFFANT COSTUMES FOR JUVENILES



Dress 4981

Dress 4966
Embroidery design 10981

Dress 4979

Dress 4972

Blouse 4740
Skirt 4983

Suit 4980

Suit 4953

Suit 4969
Embroidery
design 10125

4981

4972

4979 4966 4983 4980 4969 4953 4740

4981—The young girl can make her own buckle on this slip-over dress which has a straight skirt with clusters of plaits. It is joined to the blouse above the lower edge in a two-piece dress effect. Use wool jersey, wool voile, soft wool crêpe, soft twills, silk jersey or heavy silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge plaits out, 61 inches.

17 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4966—10981—The junior will like a new slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline of soft wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe, velveteen, pongee, etc. The embroidery is a gay trimming. Work it in colors. One may use gingham or chambray for a dress which can be laundered.

12 years requires 2 yards 39-inch soft wool crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4979—The handmade girdle and lace bertha are lovely on a slip-over dress of taffeta, radium, moire, silk crêpe, satin or velvet. The full skirt can have a straight or a scalloped lower edge, and is joined to a long body lining with a camisole top.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4980—A waist of dimity or piqué worn with straight trousers of chambray, poplin, linen, etc., make a quaint suit. Or use pongee with pongee in contrasting color, crêpe de Chine or pongee with velvet or serge, or all chambray, linen, linen-finished cotton, etc.

4 years requires 1 yard 35-inch linen (for waist) and 1 yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

4972—An adorable one-piece, slip-over dress for girls is entirely accordion or side plaited, has a straight lower edge and may omit the straight bertha. Use crêpe de Chine, lightweight silk crêpes, Georgette, point d'esprit, net or chiffon. One may use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or batiste for the dress.

8 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

4740—4983—A slip-over blouse with a cluster of plaits at each side of front and back, of silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., can be worn with this two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt, of twills, tricotine, serge, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅞ yard 54-inch soft twill for skirt on a camisole body. Lower edge 50 inches.

The blouse is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, the skirt for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4969—10125—For a suit with waist and straight trousers use linen, linen-finished cottons, Japanese crêpe, chambray, piqué, madras, gingham, pongee or silk-and-cotton jersey. The embroidery is an effective trimming. Work it in one-stitch, etc.

4 years requires 1⅝ yards 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

4953—For a suit that is a bit out of the ordinary, use chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, poplin, madras, galatea, pongee, silk-and-cotton jersey, wool jersey or soft serge. It has a middy blouse and straight trousers.

5 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch poplin.

The suit is for little boys 3 to 7 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS IN BATHROBES, PAJAMAS, APRONS OR LINGERIE

Caps 4378

Bathrobe and slippers 4031

Pajamas 4561

Apron 4579 Embroidery design 10131

Envelope chemise 4197

Pajamas 4639 Embroidery design 10998

Knickers 3197

Bathrobe 4030

Breakfast coat 4387

Dressing-gown and slippers 3450

Sleeping-bag 4077

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A CHARMING NEGLIGÉE AND NEW LINES IN USEFUL GARMENTS



Dress 4976

4976

4982



Negligée 4982



4977

4957



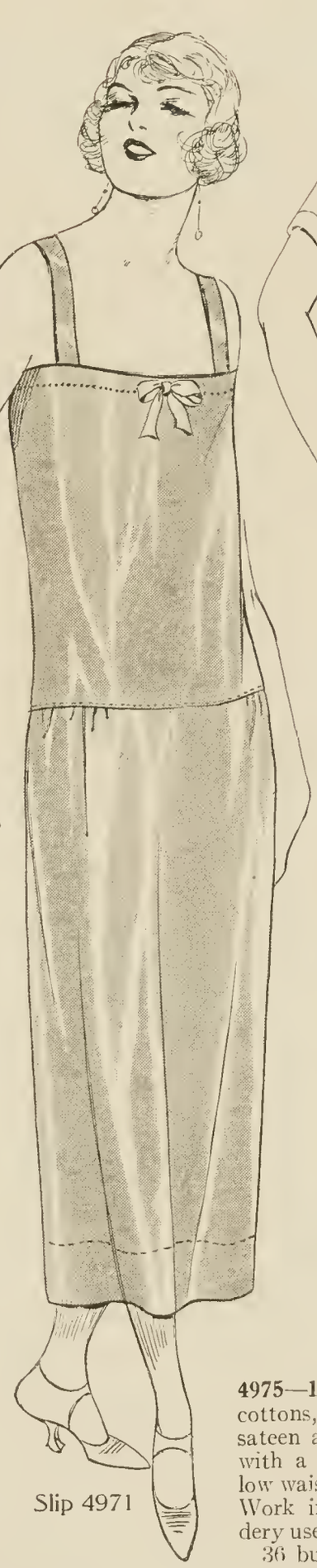
View A
Camisole
4957



4957
View B
Camisole
4957
Embroidery
design
10149



4971



Slip 4971



4977



Apron 4975
Embroidery design
10131

4975

4976—In gingham, chambray, percale, madras, colored cottons or seersucker this one-piece dress can be worn as a house dress; in nurses' linen, sheeting, Indian Head, oxford cloth, cambric, chambray or seersucker it is suitable for a nurse's dress.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4982—Hand-made flowers trim this negligée of crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, silk mull, silk-and-cotton crêpe; without flowers use French flannel or wool albatross.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The negligée is very lovely for ladies 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust.

4975—10131—Chambray, linen-finished cottons, unbleached muslin or black sateen are suitable for the slip-over apron with a straight lower part joined at a low waistline. The embroidery is bright. Work in outline, etc. Without embroidery use calico, percale, gingham, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 36-inch unbleached muslin for this apron.

It is for ladies 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust.

4971—This slip has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline and it may have a deep shadow-proof hem or a three-inch hem. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, radium, habutai silk, tub silks, nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge 55 inches.

The slip is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



View B

Drawers 4974
Embroidery design
10978

4957 — 10149 — Those who wear over-the-skirt blouses will welcome a camisole which conceals the line of the skirt waistline. It may be made in a shorter length. Use crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, nainsook, long-cloth, cambric. The embroidery on view B is decorative. Work it in cross-stitch.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 36-inch nainsook for view A and ⅞ yard 36-inch nainsook (cut crosswise) for view B.

The camisoles are for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4974—10978—Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, nainsook, etc., make step-in drawers with a straight lower edge. There are clusters of tucks if desired. The embroidery on view B is decorative. It goes easily.

38 hip requires 1½ yard 36-inch nainsook for view A and 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for view B.

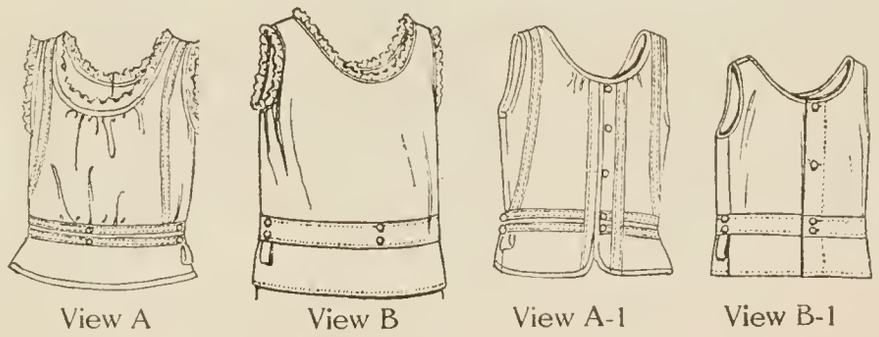
The drawers are for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

Outfit 4977
Embroidery design 10978

4977—10978—This outfit opens in back and is 25 inches long. Use nainsook, lawn, handkerchief linen or batiste for dress; cashmere, flannel, lightweight wool for kimono or sack; nainsook, lawn or batiste for gertrude petticoat; a flannel pinning-blanket or barriecoat with a cambric or muslin body; flannel for the band. The embroidery is dainty. Work in satin-stitch, etc.

The dress requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch batiste.

The outfit is dainty for infants.



View A
View B
View A-1
View B-1

Underwaists 4929

4929—The set of underwaists is very practical for the growing girl. Make them of nainsook, cambric; or of muslin or twill if these garments are to be used for hard and very long wear.

4 years requires ¾ yard 36-inch nainsook for any view of the drawers.

The underwaists are very comfortable for girls 2 to 6 years of age.



View A
Drawers 4974

SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

These Campbell's blends, your daily friends
Will give you new ambition,
Good health, good cheer throughout the year,
The pink of fine condition!



Happy New Year Dishes!

Let 1924 be a year of health and sparkle and vigor. Keep in the pink of condition. Eat good soups—Campbell's Soups! They give keenness to your appetite. They refresh and nourish and invigorate you. Each day will find you more eager to enjoy your meals—the first secret of health.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is a prime favorite with everybody who knows that good soup is one of the most delightful and valuable of all foods. Thirty-two different ingredients in one tempting dish. Fifteen fine vegetables. Cereals for strength. Appetizing broth of selected beef. People often make it their whole meal—it is so hearty!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

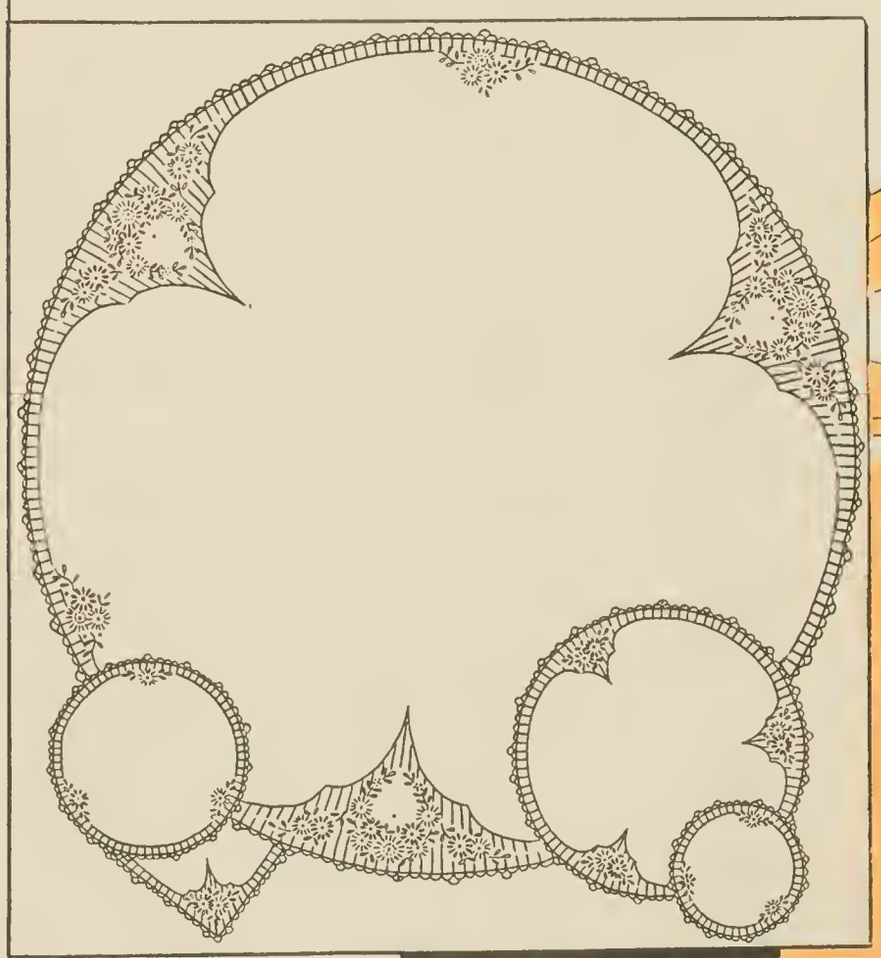


Luncheon Dinner
Supper

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY RESTOCKS THE LINEN-CHEST AND PERSONAL BELONGINGS



Embroidery design 10209

10209—This set of centerpiece, doilies and the corners for napkins should be worked in outline, one-stitch and lazy-daisy embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 26 inches in diameter, six plate doilies 9 inches in diameter, six bread-and-butter plate doilies 6 inches in diameter and six glass doilies 4 inches in diameter and six corners for napkins.

10210—Bright birds and fluttering butterflies are an attractive adornment to one's personal linens. These may also be used for household linens, dresser-scarfs, towels, etc. They should be done in outline, satin-stitch or French stemming and eyelets. The design can be adapted to 104 motifs of butterflies and birds in 27 assorted sizes and styles.



Embroidery design 10211



Embroidery design 10210

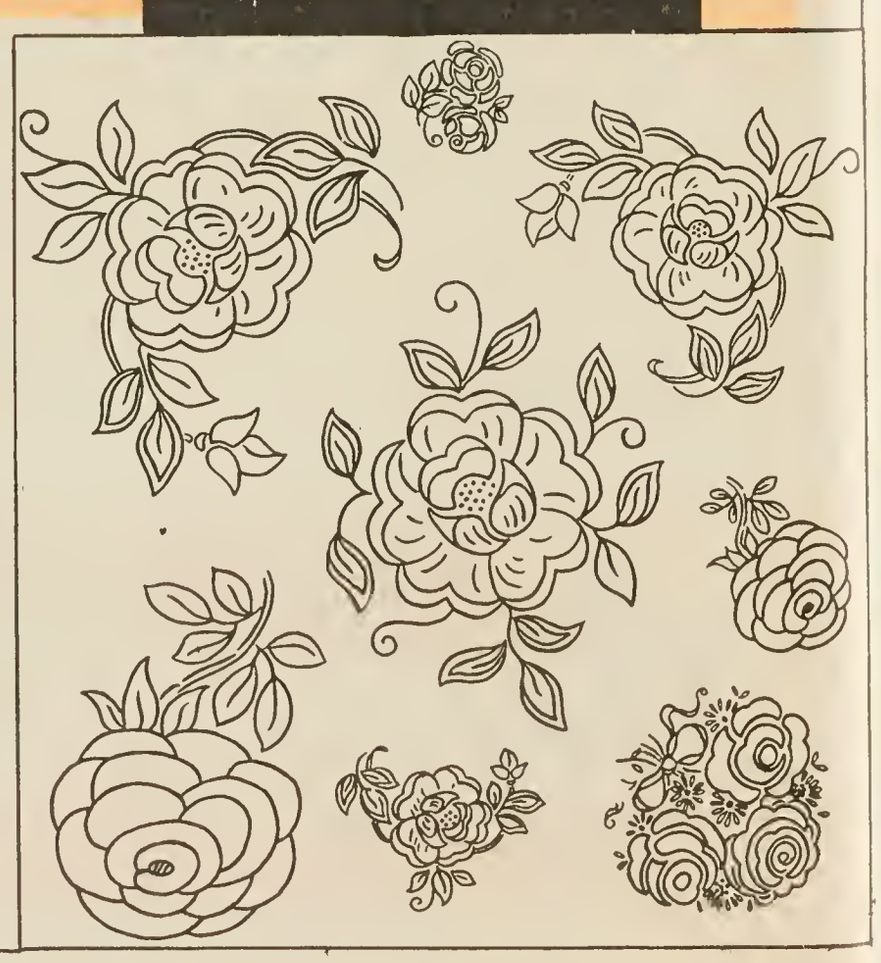




10211—Cross-stitch is a bright way of spelling decoration. Bandings and motifs of this design may be worked in lovely colors—blues, mauve, pink and yellow. Tea-cloths and napkins are gay if teapots and teacups are added, and towels, bureau covers, children's clothes, etc., may be trimmed with the motifs or bandings of this design. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 1 inch wide in two assorted styles, 3½ yards of banding ¼ inch wide, 1⅝ yard of banding 2¾ inches wide, two sets of numbers and 98 assorted motifs in 18 assorted styles.

10208—The renaissance of flowers for trimming has occurred right in the very dead of Winter! The flowers of this new embroidery design are suitable to use on dresses, blouses or hats. They may also be used on scarfs and household linens. Work them in outline stitch, Kensington stitch or blanket-stitch. The design can be adapted to 60 motifs in assorted styles.

Embroidery design 10208





Among those women who are recognized in their communities as arbiters in matters of taste, the Ford Four-door Sedan enjoys unusually high favor.

They have long recognized its practical efficiency. In the crowded engagements of their busy days, they have found it always ready, always an indispensable adjunct to work and pleasure.

Today their taste seconds their judgment in approving it. Their instinctive appreciation of style commends its body lines, its harmonious fittings, and its upholstery in soft shades of brown, as emphatically as their judgment has always approved its economy, convenience and reliability.

Ford
CLOSED CARS

The always dependable brand



BUY THE SIZE OF CAN TO FIT YOUR NEED!

Most DEL MONTE Fruits are packed in 3 sizes of cans to meet the needs of various sizes of families. No. 2½ (the large can) contains selected large fruit; No. 2 (the medium can) contains selected medium-sized fruit; and No. 1 (the small can) contains selected small fruit. But whatever the size, DEL MONTE flavor and quality are invariably the same. Ask your grocer for the size you need.

Have fruit the convenient economical way—
Just open a can and serve

Now? In the midst of cold weather?

Indeed, you may! Have it ripe—full-flavored—delicious.

Choicest fruit from the world's finest orchards—the very pick of the crop—summer's bounty gathered at the moment of perfection and preserved for your year-round enjoyment.

It's so easy—so simple! Just say DEL MONTE to your grocer and you may have peaches (either halved or sliced), pears, apricots, plums, cherries, berries, pineapple and many others. On each, the DEL MONTE label guarantees a quality made possible by over sixty years' experience in the packing of fine fruits. On each, this label insures that dependability so necessary to your complete satisfaction.

Why not serve them more often? Today? Well, why not!—there's no time better than right now.

Your grocer's ready. Just ask him for DEL MONTE. Order by the dozen cans—keep your pantry stocked. But be sure to *say* DEL MONTE.

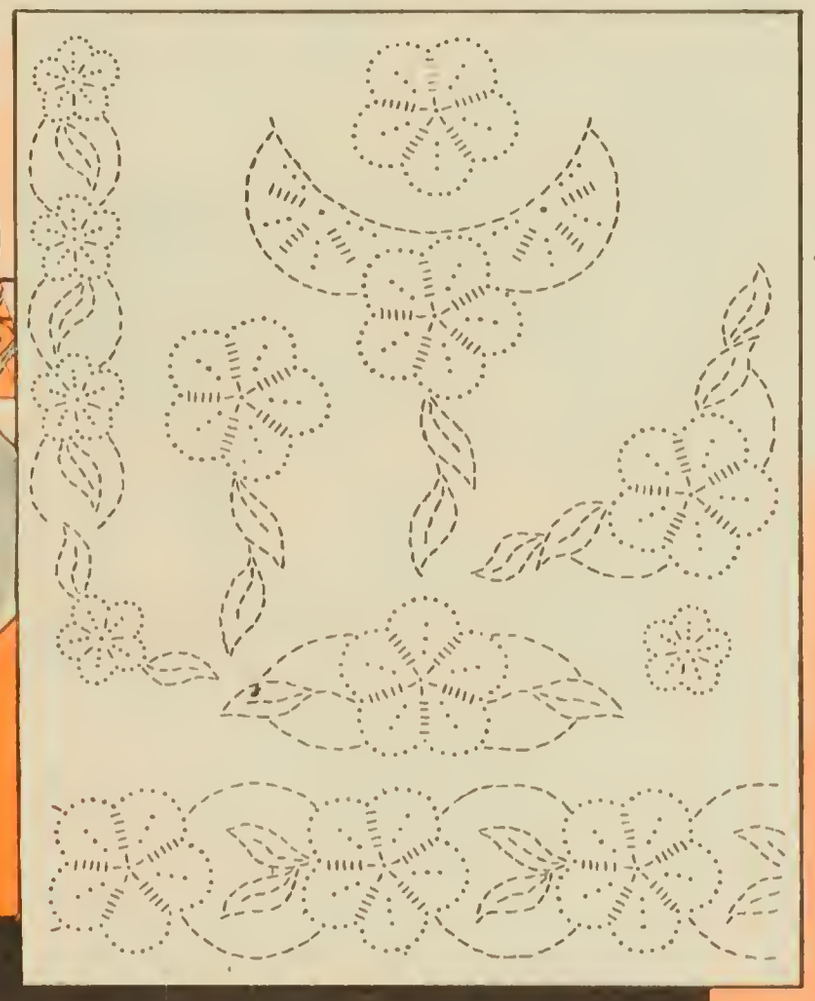
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—and be SURE you say DEL MONTE

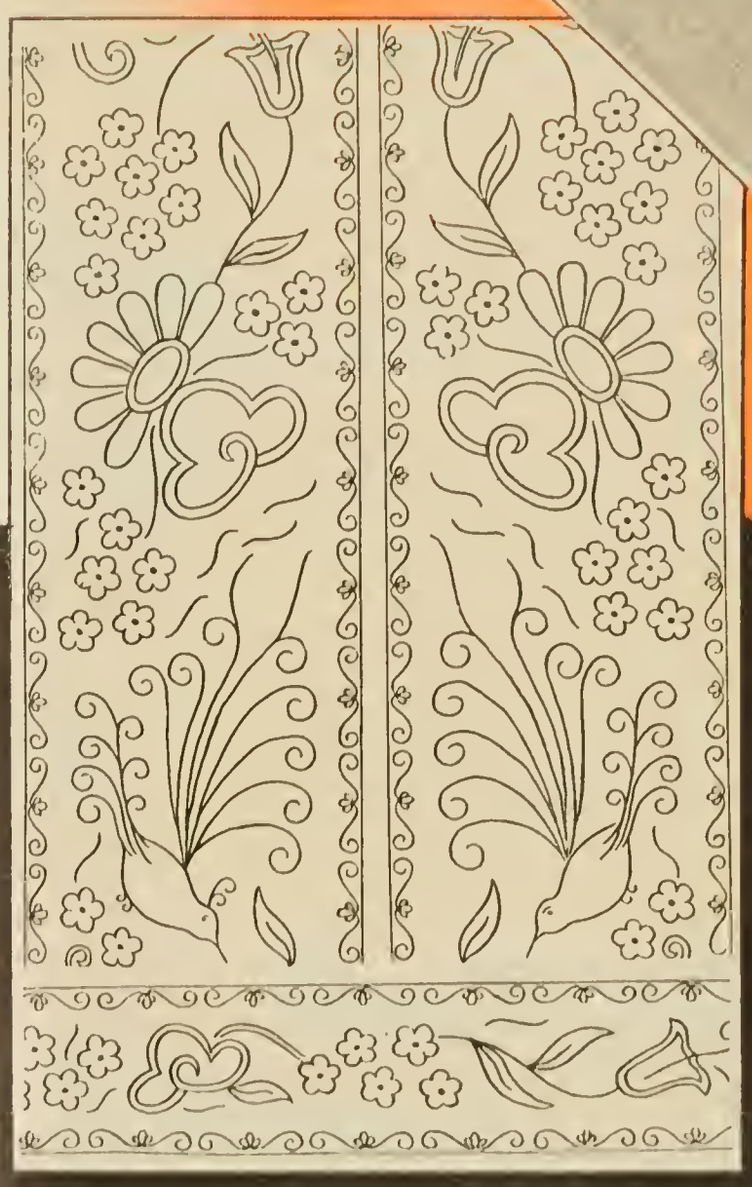
A CHINESE AND OTHER DESIGNS WHICH FOLLOW FASHION'S DEVELOPMENT AND A NEW LINEN SET

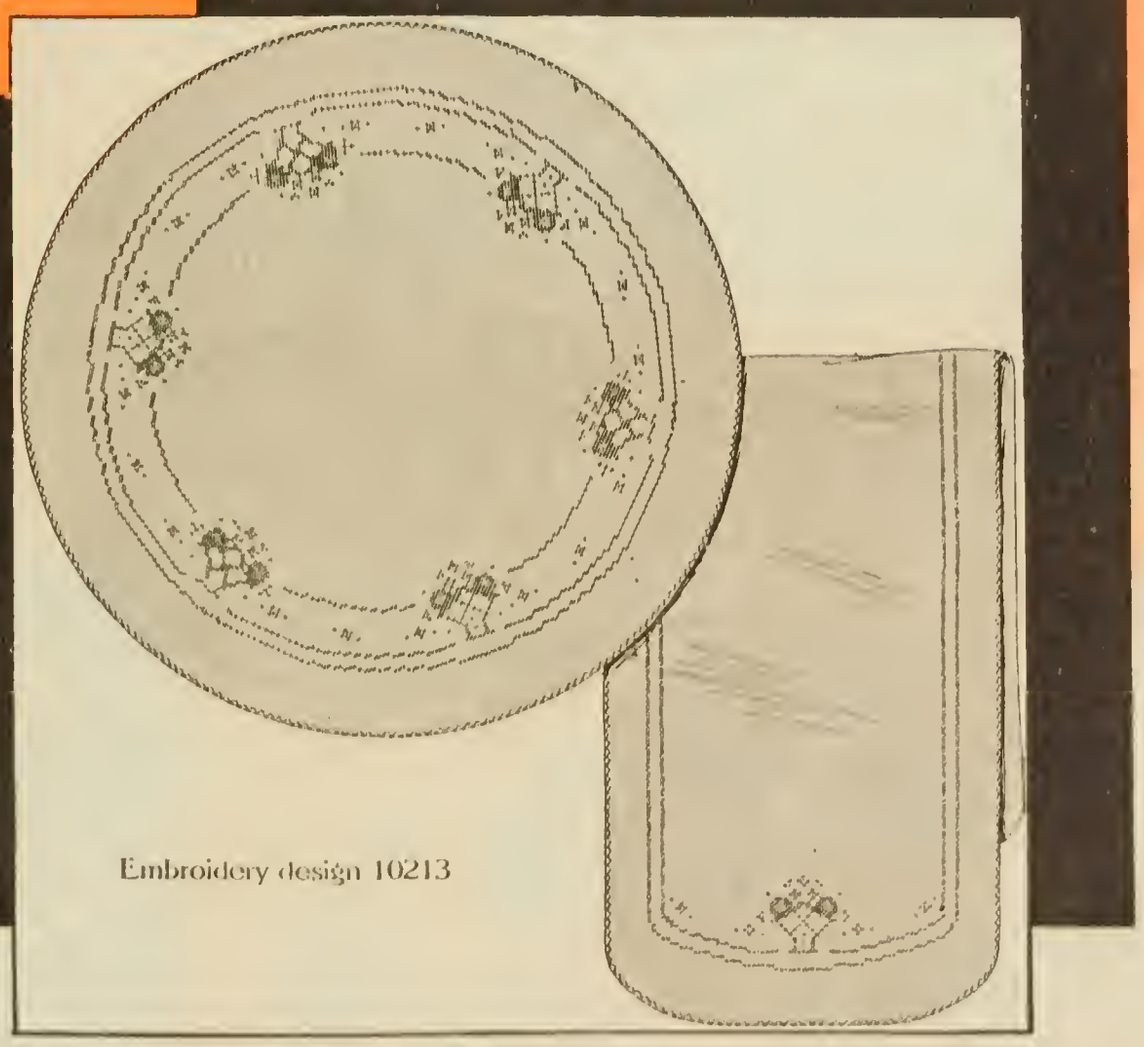


Embroidery design 10214



Embroidery design 10212





Embroidery design 10213



Embroidery design 10215

10214—Wide bandings form a new, smart and decorative trimming on coats, coat dresses and blouses, also on hats. There is also a narrow banding for those who want a more limited display of needlework. This new embroidery design is a Chinese embroidery which is so smart this season. By omitting the narrow border of the wide bandings, they may be combined to form an all-over embroidery. It goes very quickly because it is worked in outline, chain-stitch and satin-stitch. The design can be very easily adapted to $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide and $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding 7 inches wide.

10215 Many of the new small hats or the *beret* hats will benefit from the addition of an embroidered motif. This design contains motifs suitable for such trimming, as well as bandings and motifs for use on dresses, coats, blouses, and even children's clothes. Work them in a combination of satin-stitch or outline embroidery and one-stitch. This embroidery design can be adapted to $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding 4 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches wide, four corners $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 9 inches, four motifs $2\frac{1}{8}$ by 9 inches, twelve motifs $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches and six motifs $3\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter.

10212—Beading is used a great deal this season, especially crystal beads or rhinestones. This new design can be worked either in a combination of beads or French knots and bugle beads or one-stitch embroidery. Both the bandings and motifs will serve as a smart trimming for dresses, blouses, skirts, hats, etc. It can be adapted to $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of banding $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide, 3 yards of banding $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, four motifs $3\frac{3}{4}$ by $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches, two motifs $3\frac{3}{4}$ by $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, two motifs $3\frac{3}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, four motifs $2\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, four motifs $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches and four motifs $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter.

10213—There are a lot of places where this set will be useful. To those who want some new suggestions for gifts for the new bride or for holiday gifts for sisters, cousins or aunts, this centerpiece and scarf will be most welcome as a solution to their problems. And those who want new linen for their own homes will find it useful too. The conventional flower-basket design should be worked in cross-stitch in floral colors of yellow, green, blue, pink and lavender. This design can be adapted to one centerpiece 30 inches in diameter and one scarf $16\frac{3}{4}$ by 61 inches.

FROM SEPTEMBER TO APRIL WITH THE OYSTER

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ANY month whose spelling contained an r, so the old saying went, was a month in which oysters were at their best.

Whether those who made the calendar had the oyster in mind or not, it is certainly true that the oyster season extends over the eight months of the year from September to April. The oyster itself extends over all meals of the day and is a favorite at those of the night. Like its fishy brethren, its chief value is flesh and flavor. Its lack of fat and starch is made up by rich sauce and the complement of toast, crackers or patty shells with which oysters are usually served.

Oysters are too often overcooked. A high temperature or too long application of heat toughens them. Oysters should be cooked only until the edges curl or until they rise to the top of the liquid in which they are being cooked. Heat should be applied slowly enough to allow the oyster to plump.

Before cooking, oysters should be carefully examined for bits of shell. This can best be done by running them through the fingers.

Lemon-juice, mushrooms or tomato catch-up, horseradish, Worcestershire or tabasco sauce go well with oysters.

Parsley, minced or in sprays, lemons cut in sections or quarters and rolled in paprika, and toast triangles are used to garnish oyster dishes.

OYSTER SOUP SUPRÊME

1 quart veal or chicken stock
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
⅔ cup minced chicken
1 pint oysters
1 teaspoon onion-juice
Salt, paprika
1 cup thin cream
Minced parsley

Make a sauce of the stock, flour and butter. Add the cream and seasoning. When the mixture is hot, add the oysters and the chicken and cook for five minutes. Serve with minced parsley sprinkled over the top.

The chicken may be omitted and milk may be substituted for the cream if a less rich soup is preferred.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

Select oysters of fine quality. Remove any shell and drain. If large, cut in pieces. Allow about six small oysters to a cocktail-glass, chill, and just before serving add the following dressing:

2 tablespoons tomato catchup
1 tablespoon mushroom catchup
1 tablespoon horseradish
3 drops tabasco sauce
2 tablespoons strained lemon-juice
1 tablespoon finely minced green pepper

This amount makes four servings. It should be served with brown-bread folds and crisp celery.

OYSTER DEVILS

Drain large oysters; make a sauce of the following ingredients mixed well together:

⅓ cup vinegar
1 tablespoon grated horseradish
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
4 drops tabasco sauce
⅔ cup salad-oil
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika

Place the oysters in this sauce and let them stand for one hour. Drain, roll in crums, in beaten egg and again in crums. Fry in deep fat. Drain on paper. Serve at once.

OYSTER CLUB SANDWICHES

Slice bread one-third inch in thickness. Toast a golden brown. Spread lightly with butter. Have ready oysters that have been marinated in French dressing, rolled in bread-crums, then in beaten egg and again in crums, fried in deep fat and drained on soft paper. Place a lettuce leaf on one slice of toast, cover with fried oysters and a layer of thinly sliced tomatoes, spread with mayonnaise dressing and cover with a lettuce leaf and another slice of toast. Press lightly together. Garnish top with crisp bacon. Serve hot.

OYSTER FRITTERS

Drain oysters on a clean soft towel. Dip in batter and fry in deep fat. Drain on absorbent paper, garnish with parsley and serve with King sauce.



Ordinary pie-crust, cut into squares, makes the case for the oyster tart, which is simple to make and excellent to eat

BATTER

1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika
¾ cup milk
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder

Beat the egg until light; add salt, paprika and milk. Sift the flour and baking-powder together and combine the two mixtures.

KING SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
⅔ cup oyster liquor
2 tablespoons finely minced green pepper
1 teaspoon salt

Brown the butter, add the flour and stir until well browned. Add the milk, oyster liquor and seasonings. Cook until hot and thoroughly blended.

OYSTER TARTS

Roll plain pastry in a thin sheet. With a pastry-wheel or a sharp knife, cut in five-inch squares. On each square, place five fine uncooked oysters. Add salt, paprika, a little horseradish and a lump of butter. Bring the opposite corners of the squares together and fasten with toothpicks. Brush over with melted butter and place on a baking-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until pastry is thoroughly cooked. Remove picks and serve at once with parsley garnish.

OYSTERS ITALIENNE

2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon finely minced onion
1 cup strained cooked tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup drained oysters
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 or 2 drops tabasco sauce
3 tablespoons grated cheese
Toast

Melt the butter and cook the onion in it until brown. Add the tomatoes and cook for five minutes. Add all the other ingredients except the cheese and cook until edges of oysters curl. Add the cheese and serve on slices of hot toast. Garnish with cress or parsley.

FRIED-OYSTER SANDWICH

Drain large oysters until dry. Season with salt and pepper. Beat an egg slightly and add two tablespoons of milk. Dip oysters in flour, then in egg mixture and in cracker-crums. Fry in deep fat.

Butter one-fourth-inch slices of bread. Lay fried oysters on buttered slices, add a few drops of lemon-juice and bits of minced parsley. Cover with a second slice. Garnish with thin slices of dill pickles.

OYSTER SCRAMBLE

3 eggs
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup oysters

Melt the butter in the top of the double boiler. Beat the eggs until light. Add the eggs, milk, salt and paprika and turn the mixture into the melted butter. Cook until mixture begins to thicken. Parboil the oysters, cut them in fine pieces and have them ready to add to the egg mixture when it begins to thicken. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until mixture is thick. Serve at once on strips of hot toast or hot wafers.

OYSTER À LA KING

4 tablespoons butter
½ cup mushrooms
1 small green pepper, chopped
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
2 cups oysters
1 pimiento
Salt
2 egg-yolks
1 teaspoon lemon-juice
½ teaspoon onion-juice
Paprika

Melt two tablespoons of the butter and cook in it for four minutes the mushrooms, cut in small pieces, and the chopped green pepper. Add the flour and cook until frothy but not brown. Add the milk and stir until the sauce boils. Place over hot water. Add the oysters, chopped pimiento and salt. Heat thoroughly. Beat the egg-yolks, cream the remaining butter, combine, and add lemon-juice, onion-juice and paprika. Stir these into the hot mixture. Continue stirring until the egg is cooked. Serve on toast, in patty shells or in timbale cases.



The oyster and the chafing-dish are old-time companions and are safe stand-bys for the Sunday-night supper or any other spread

OYSTER CROQUETTES WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE

1 cup veal or chicken stock
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
Salt
Paprika
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon lemon-juice
1 teaspoon onion-juice
1 pint cooked oysters
2 hard-cooked eggs

Heat the stock. Blend the flour and butter together and add the hot stock, stirring constantly. Add seasonings and eggs put through a sieve or chopped fine. Scald the oysters in their own liquor for five minutes, drain, cut in pieces and add to the mixture. Mix well, chill, then shape. Dip in egg and crums and fry in deep fat. Serve with cucumber or tartare sauce.

CUCUMBER SAUCE

½ cup heavy cream
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon minced onion or chives
1 tablespoon minced green pepper
1 cup fresh cucumber, chopped and drained

Whip the cream until thick. Mix the seasonings with the vinegar and add it gradually to the cream. Add the cucumber thoroughly drained, the parsley, pepper and onion and fold into the cream mixture. Serve at once after mixing.

OYSTER NOVELTY

1 egg
1 cup milk
1 cup cooked rice
Salt, paprika
1 cup oysters cut in pieces
1 teaspoon onion-juice

Beat the egg, add the other ingredients and mix well together. Turn into buttered ramikins. Place them in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until the mixture is firm. Turn from the molds on to a hot platter and serve with cheese sauce.

OYSTER MOLDS

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 pint oysters, cooked, chilled and cut in pieces
⅔ cup boiled salad-dressing
⅓ cup minced celery
1 small green pepper minced

Soak the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve over heat. Combine all the ingredients, mix well and turn into individual molds. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf with cream-mayonnaise dressing.

OYSTER BOXES

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
Salt, paprika
1 pint oysters drained
1 egg-yolk
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Melt the butter, add the flour, stir until smooth, then gradually add the milk. Cook until the mixture thickens. Add salt, paprika and oysters. Heat until the oysters curl, and then add the beaten egg-yolk and minced parsley. Serve in bread boxes.

BREAD BOXES

Cut a long loaf of bread in slices two and one-half inches thick. Trim off the crust and cut the slices in square, oblong or diamond shapes. With a sharp knife make an incision around the shapes one-quarter inch from the edge and down to one-quarter inch from the bottom. With a fork remove the crum from the center, leaving sides and bottom like a box. Brush each box over with melted butter, fill with oysters, garnish with parsley and serve at once.

NOTE—*Readers who would like directions for making Tartare Sauce, Cheese Sauce, Cream Mayonnaise Dressing, Patty Shells and Timbale Cases may secure them by writing and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Home-Makers' Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*



A Change Has Come

Mark how teeth now glisten—Millions are fighting film

Watch any crowd of dainty people. Note how teeth show when they smile. Mark how those teeth glisten.

Not long ago teeth were not so pretty. They were more or less clouded by film. The difference today is conspicuous.

It is so the world over. Millions of people of some 50 nations now brush their teeth in a new way. This is to urge those who have not changed, to learn what this new way means. And to offer a ten-day test.

How dingy coats occur

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it, so old-way brushing left much film intact.

Food stains, etc., discolor the film, then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Tooth troubles, under old methods, became almost universal.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Remedies now found

Dental science started search for ways to fight that film, and eventually two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists everywhere have long urged its adoption, and its use is now world-wide.



A new dental era has come now for your children and for you

Other essential helps

Research also proved that other helps were necessary, and Pepsodent was made to supply them.

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CHRISTMAS DESSERTS AND CONFECTIONS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THE responsibility for the decorative and festive features of the Christmas menu must be largely borne by the desserts and confections prepared for the occasion. There are many possibilities for introducing in these dishes the holly, poinsettia or evergreens which have become the conventional floral symbols of Christmas. Tiny candles, cut cherries, fruit pastes angelica or citron, together with ornamental icing and a pastry-tube, assist in the performance.

Changes in the form in which time-honored dishes are served may add the touch that is desired. Even the rich, expensive plum pudding may be replaced by a carrot pudding of more humble beginnings. If this is served in carrot form, its novelty as well as its really good flavor will assure it a gracious welcome. Pumpkin pie baked in individual pie or muffin tins lends itself to a gay garnish of whipped cream and plum jelly better than the triangular cut of a large pie would. Baked apples plus dates, nuts, oranges and cream give an example of a rich fruity dessert that is not a pudding. Each apple may bear its individual decoration of cherry, citron or angelica in the form of tiny flowers or holly leaves and berries.

The individual cup-cakes that fill the Christmas basket may each carry tucked safely in its middle a different marmalade, conserve or jelly as distinctive in flavor as the decoration on the icing of each cake.

Even ice-cream, now almost the national American dessert, may take on the Christmas colors of red and green if green vegetable coloring and chopped candied cherries are added. Pistachio or almond flavors are best to select with this type of color scheme.

Cranberries are in abundance and offer many decorative possibilities, as well as the indispensable cranberry sauce. A lovely red-and-green bonbon may be made from individual candied cranberries dipped half-way in melted fondant tinted green. Another fruit sweet wholesome for children and easy to make is Turkish paste. This may be made from grape, cherry, plum or orange juice, or from green-tinted apple-juice. It has the advantage of being the simplest confection made.

PUMPKINETTES

- 1½ cups pumpkin (stewed and sifted)
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon allspice
- ¼ teaspoon ginger
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1 cup milk

Mix well and turn the mixture into individual pie or muffin tins that have been covered with plain pastry. Set the pans on a baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven until filling is firm. When cold, garnish with whipped cream and place a teaspoon of tart plum butter or jam on top.

CARROT PUDDING

- 1½ cups brown sugar
- 3 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking-powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon each allspice and nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup ground or grated chopped suet
- 1 cup ground or grated carrot
- 1 cup chopped figs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- Grated rind and juice ½ lemon

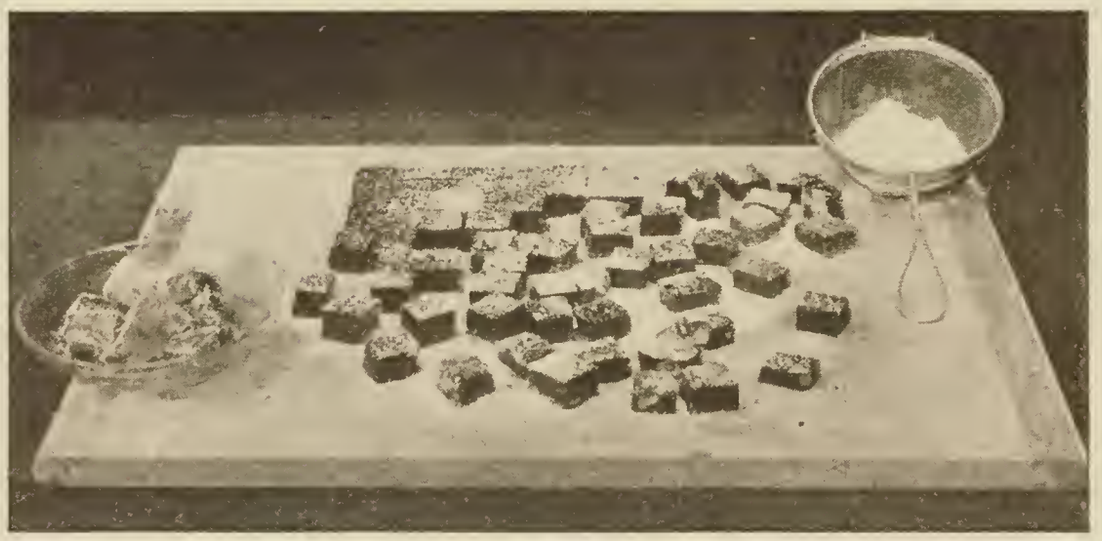
Sift and mix the dry ingredients, add the suet and fruit and mix until fruit is well floured. Add milk, beaten eggs and carrot. Mix thoroughly and steam in greased pans or molds for three hours. Serve with apricot sauce.

APRICOT SAUCE

- ¼ cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- ½ cup apricot-pulp
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup whipped cream

Cream the butter and sugar together. Drain canned apricots and force them through a wire sieve. Add the pulp to the sugar mixture. Mix well, add vanilla and fold in the stiffly whipped cream.

Carrot pudding may be cooked in carrot-shaped molds made from heavy wax-paper.



Turkish Paste, in which fruit-juice, a little sugar and a few nuts are the chief ingredients, is a healthful Christmas sweet for children

Covered with apricot sauce and tipped with cut angelica, they have a very carrotlike appearance.

CHRISTMAS PATTIES

- 1 cup canned crushed pineapple
- 1 cup diced tart apple
- ½ cup seeded raisins
- 1 tablespoon lemon-juice
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ¾ cup sugar

Combine all the ingredients and cook the mixture until thick and clear. Pour into pastry shells that have been baked a light straw color. Pile meringue lightly over the top and brown in a slow oven (250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty minutes.

MERINGUE

- 1 egg-white
- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- Salt

Beat the egg-white until stiff, add sugar, vanilla and salt and continue beating until the mixture has a shiny appearance.

CUP-CAKES FOR CHRISTMAS BASKETS

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 5 egg-whites
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking-powder

Boil the sugar and water until it threads. Pour the sirup slowly over the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat until cool. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and fold them lightly into the first mixture. Bake in small muffin-tins. When cold, split with a sharp knife. Place a layer of quince or any desired marmalade between halves and press lightly together. Cover with boiled icing. Sprinkle with chopped, slightly browned almonds and finely shredded citron.

TUTTI-FRUTTI APPLES

Select apples of uniform size. Scrub and remove the centers with a corer. Place in a baking-dish and add water to one-fourth the depth of the apples. Add one teaspoon of brown sugar to each center. Bake slowly until the apples are soft but not overcooked, or they will lose their shape. Remove from the oven and fill the centers with equal quantities of chopped English walnuts, dates, oranges and seeded white grapes. When the apples are cold, place a spoon of whipped cream on the top of each and a tiny red candy or bit of candied cherry and thin strips of citron or angelica.

HOLLY ICE-CREAM

- 1 pint milk
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 pint heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon almond extract
- Green coloring
- ¼ cup candied cherries

Heat the milk, mix the flour, sugar and salt together and add it gradually to the milk. Beat the egg, pour the hot custard over it and mix well. Cook over hot water for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly at first to insure a smooth mixture. When cold, add the whipped cream, the color and the flavoring and then freeze. Pack in brick-shape molds, sprinkling the finely cut cherries through the frozen cream while packing.

BAKED ALASKA ICE-CREAM

- Vanilla ice-cream
- Sponge-cake
- 4 egg-whites
- 4 tablespoons powdered sugar

Fill a round mold with vanilla ice-cream; pack and freeze. At serving-time, beat the whites of the eggs until light, add the powdered sugar and whip until light and dry. Turn the ice-cream on to a sheet of sponge-cake placed on a board and cover it thoroughly with the meringue, dust well with powdered sugar and set the whole in a hot oven for a moment to brown. Place on a serving-platter and serve at once.



The Christmas cake, glorified with candied cherries and citron and surrounded with holly, is decorative enough to be the center of attraction

CHRISTMAS FRUIT-CAKE

- ½ pound butter
- 1 pound brown sugar
- ⅔ cup molasses
- 1 pound currants
- 1 pound raisins
- 1 cup currant, plum or any tart jelly
- 2 pounds flour
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- ½ pound citron
- 1 pound dates, washed stoned and cut in small pieces
- ½ cup cold strong coffee
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 5 eggs

Cream the butter, add the sugar and blend well together. Add the molasses, coffee and jelly. Divide the flour in two portions; in one-half sift and mix the spices, soda and baking-powder. Add this to the first mixture and mix well, then add the beaten eggs. Dredge the fruit thoroughly in the remaining flour. Combine the mixtures, beat thoroughly and turn into well-greased tins. Cover with wax-paper, steam for two hours and bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Just before using, the cake may be covered with plain white icing and color added by using red candles in green holders; or a holly decoration may be used, making the holly berries of the tiny cinnamon drop candies and shaping the leaves from angelica or with green-colored fondant, outlining them on the white icing. Other forms of decorations may be made from candied citron or fruit pastes.

TURKISH DELIGHT

- 3 tablespoons gelatin
- 2 cups sugar
- Grated rind and juice of 1 orange
- Red or green coloring
- Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup hot water

Soak the gelatin in cold water. Put the sugar and hot water in a saucepan. When it reaches the boiling-point, add the gelatin and simmer twenty minutes. Add color and the flavorings; strain into a bread-pan which has been rinsed with cold water. The mixture should be from one-half to one inch in depth. When it is cold, turn it on to a board. Cut into cubes or other shapes and roll in confectioner's sugar.

GRAPE-ALMOND PASTE

- ½ cup grape-pulp
- 1 cup grape-juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water
- ½ cup chopped blanched almonds

Soak the gelatin in cold water. Cook the grape pulp, juice and sugar, stirring to prevent burning, until mixture is thick and sheets like jelly from the spoon. Add the soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add the nuts and pour the mixture in a layer from one-quarter to one-half inch thick into a pan that has been greased with unsalted fat. When stiff, turn from pan. Cut in fancy shapes or in cubes or strips. Roll in coarse sugar or dust with powdered sugar.

CRANBERRY BONBONS

- 1 pint cranberries
- Sugar
- 1 cup water
- Fondant

Place the berries and water in a kettle, cover and cook rapidly until the berries are soft. Force them through a sieve, measure the pulp and add two-thirds as much sugar as pulp. Cook rapidly until the mixture sheets from the spoon. Pour into a shallow granite pan. When perfectly firm, cut in small circles, cubes or strips. Melt plain white fondant. Dip the berry shapes in the melted fondant and place on wax-paper to dry. If desired, the fondant may be tinted a delicate green.

ALMOND DAINTIES

Shell large Jordan almonds and blanch them by covering with boiling water and letting them stand for two minutes. Drain, cover with cold water, drain and slip the brown skins off with the fingers. Dry the almonds on a towel and when thoroughly dry cover the bottom of a frying-pan with the nuts and brown lightly, carefully stirring to insure a uniform color.

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Penoche

1 cup brown sugar; 1 cup white sugar; Pinch salt; 1 cup milk; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup DIAMOND Walnut meats.

Mix sugar and milk, add butter, cook without stirring until mixture forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire, add vanilla and salt and set aside until cold. When cold beat mixture until it begins to keep its shape. Add DIAMOND Walnut meats, then knead or work in the hands until smooth. Mold or cut as desired.



Salted Walnuts

1 cup Diamond Walnut meats; ½ cup cooking oil; salt.

Heat oil in very small frying pan: when hot put in enough Diamond walnuts to cover bottom of pan, and stir until they begin to change color. Remove with spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible. Drain on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all are finished.



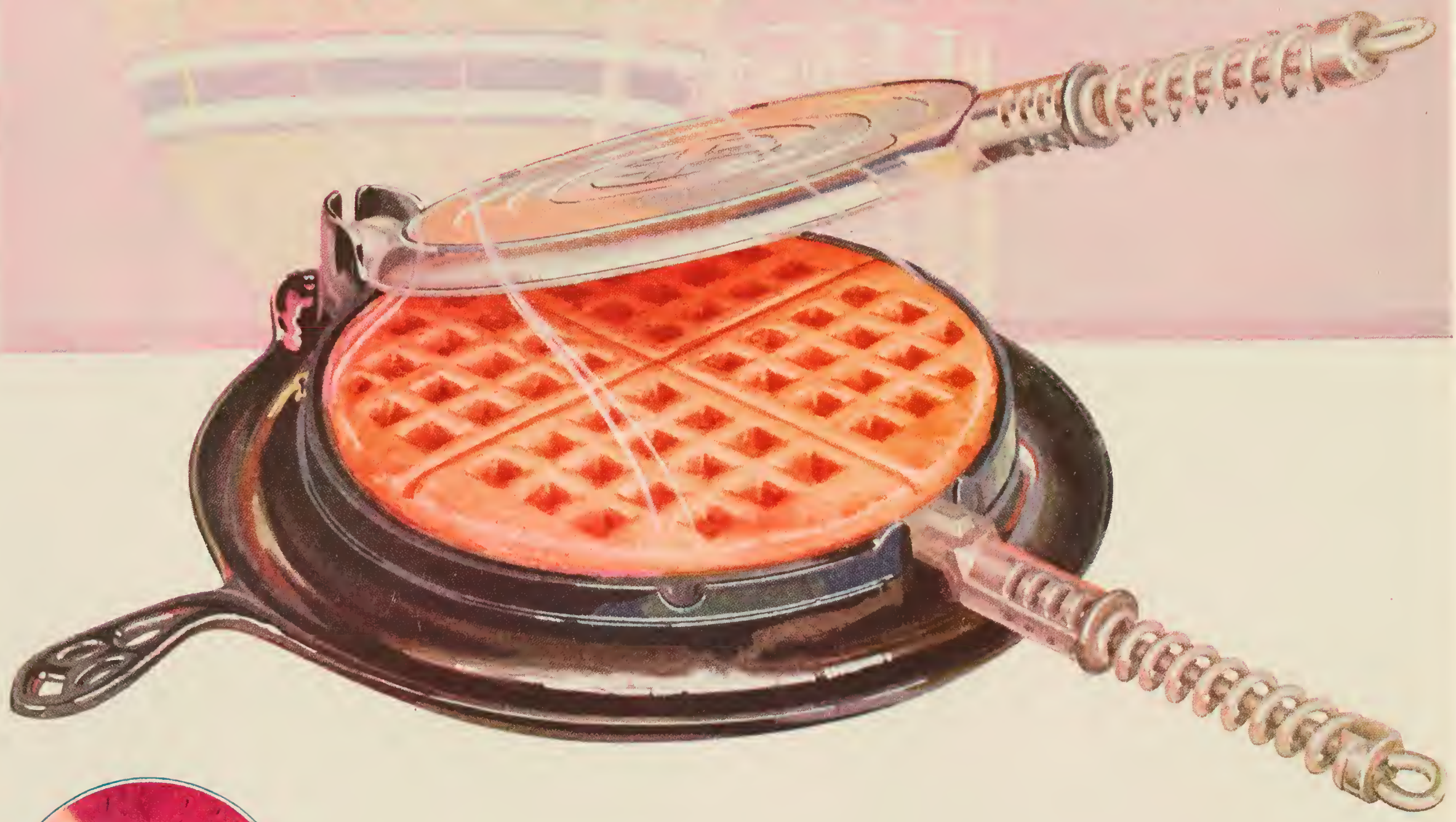
MOST DIAMOND Walnuts--about 50,000,000 pounds a year--are sold in shells. But you can also buy these same delicious Walnuts shelled--just the kernels alone. Selected halves for table use and fancy dishes in glass jars; halves for topping mixed with pieces for filler and salads in tins. Both "Vacuum Packed" so they come to you with the incomparable DIAMOND flavor and freshness intact.



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GOLDEN waffles . . . crisp, melting, delicious . . . so simply prepared you can have them any morning! Make a creamy batter by adding water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Add an egg and a tablespoon of melted butter and your batter's done. Pour it into your hot waffle iron. The heat crisps the waffles to a delicate brown and they're ready to serve. ¶ Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains flours of highest quality . . . every ingredient is selected with scrupulous care. Mixed and sifted to powder-fineness, a few minutes' heat cooks it thoroughly . . . digestibly. ¶ Have these tempting, delicately-crisped Pillsbury waffles for breakfast tomorrow.

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS FOR THE HOME-MAKER

The shops are constantly offering articles to make housework easier and more effective. Home-makers who like to keep their equipment up to date sometimes hesitate to buy untried articles because it is hard to tell how they will work out in the daily routine. The utensils illustrated below have been put to use and found effective by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics at Cornell University.



A set of garnish-cutters

taste delicious, the two helps shown at the top of the page would serve as time-savers. The set of tiny cutters has many advantages. In the first place it takes up little room in the drawer or closet. It consists of twelve cutters, each different in design from the others, with sharp cutting-edges and the upper edge flattened so that it does not hurt the fingers of the user. Where garnishes are used frequently in soups, salads, entrées and desserts, this set of cutters would be welcome. A few slices of beet or carrot cut up with one of these little implements will add color and an appetizing appearance to the plainest stew.



Egg and vegetable slicer

SELECTION of household equipment is an ever-fascinating part of the home-maker's work, and a trip through a store that carries a variety of home devices might well be classified as recreation rather than labor. There is so interesting and varied an assortment that the difficulty is to keep within one's budget, particularly in the case of the small things.

When a large equipment purchase is contemplated, time is taken for consideration. Before buying a washing-machine or a vacuum cleaner, a woman investigates the field. She sees the different makes of the article she wants to buy; she talks to neighbors who already own the device and learns from them the good and bad points of the various types before placing her order; she considers not only the virtues of the article itself, but its adaptability to her house and to the other articles of equipment with which it is to be used.

In the matter of the small equipment, such care is not employed. As a result, a home-maker may form one of two habits in this connection: on the one hand, she may buy indiscriminately anything that looks interesting, without duly considering whether or not the article is really helpful, durable and



To drain off hot liquids

The egg and vegetable slicer is suited to a similar household. It is especially good for slicing eggs, either crosswise or lengthwise, but it can be used for vegetables that have been cooked tender. The cutting is done by fine wires attached to a frame. When the frame is pushed down, the wires go entirely through the object to be sliced, cutting it with one motion into slices of uniform thickness. In a home where the slicing of eggs and vegetables is only occasionally indulged in, the purchase of this slicer might not be justified, but when work of this kind is an almost daily occurrence it is a real saver of time.

How to drain boiling water from vegetables and handle hot pots and baking-dishes without burning the hands are two things that interest every housewife, and two of the articles shown here help to accomplish these results. A half-disk of metal with small holes is provided with two flanges that fit over the edge of the pot and hold the drainer from slipping up while the liquid is being poured off. This does away with all danger of the cloud of steam that often causes a burned hand when the cover of the pot is used to keep the contents of the pot from falling out during the draining.

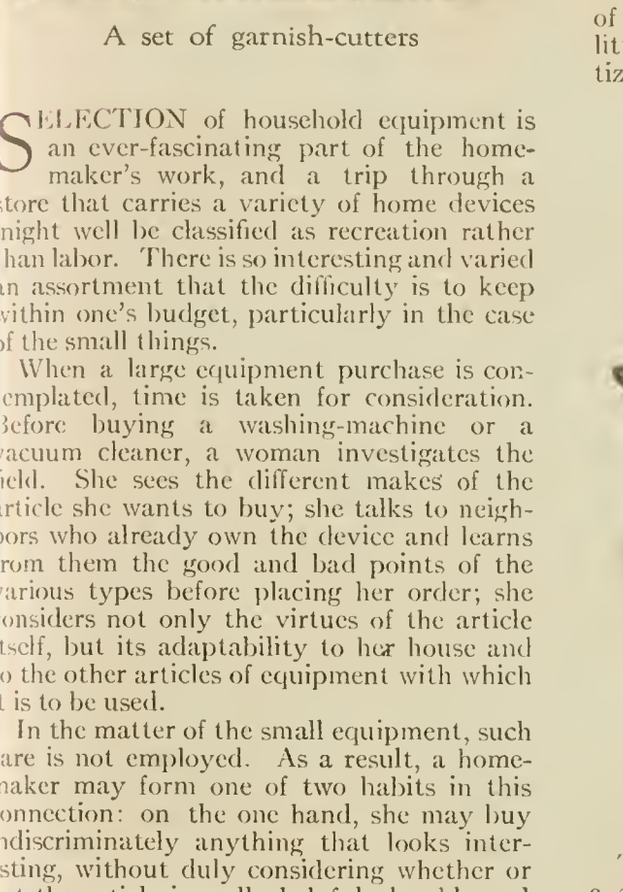
The pot-holder is simple but effective. It is made of strong wire, with no parts to fall off, and where the structure of the utensil is such that the lifter can get a grip on the edge, the grip is firm and sure. Even where the structure of the utensil does not make it safe to lift it entirely with the lifter, the little implement would be a help if used to steady one side. It is also useful in pulling hot dishes from the back of the oven or moving them around on top of the stove.

A small tool, but an effective one, is the little bottle and jar opener illustrated. Made in one-piece, it is so constructed that it can get under the tightest-fitting cover and pull it off with a minimum of effort. It is particularly useful to open the hermetically sealed jars in which many food products are sold.

The housewife who likes to keep a waste receptacle in her sink will find that the one shown here has various advantageous points. The first of these is that it has a cover that



A sure-grip pot-holder



Opener for jars and bottles

can be lifted easily when anything is to be scraped in and lowered with a touch of the finger when the receptacle is to be closed. The entire drainer is made of a good quality of tin and is pierced with holes on the bottom only.

Keeping clothes picked up is one of the things that cause unending work, especially in a large family. Convenient equipment for holding various garments when not in use saves the home-maker the necessity of constant "picking up." The clothes one wears in the daytime are always a problem when removed at night. If hung in a closet, they are not properly aired. Draped over the furniture, they give the room an untidy look and are likely to become creased and out of shape. The rack shown on this page is



To hold your clothes at night

designed to provide a place for each article of daytime clothing—even the shoes—where they will be properly ventilated and kept in shape. Although intended for use at night, the rack is equally good to air clothing during the day. Being compact and easy to move, it

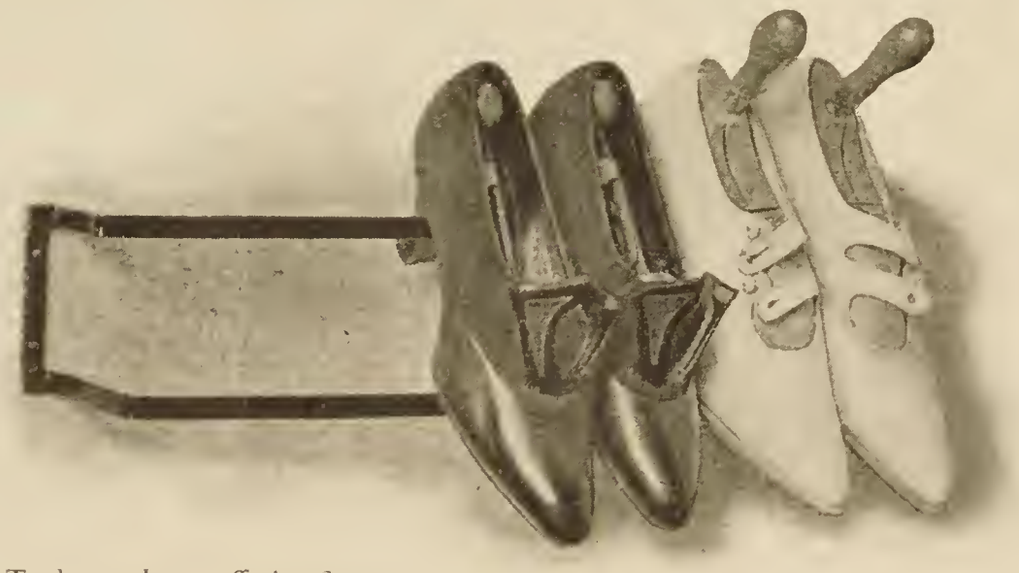


A covered strainer for the sink

suited to the requirements of the particular household for which it is bought; on the contrary, she may get into the way of passing by all the little things that are offered, on the ground that many of them are useless or hard to keep clean, and so cut herself off from the real help that comes from having a well-selected assortment of serviceable small equipment.

In showing these household helps, THE DELINEATOR stands in the position of the neighbor who has tried them and, knowing their weak points as well as their strong ones, can yet recommend them as being well made and useful for the designated purposes. Whether they are suited to the needs of the reader is of course a question that only she can answer.

In the home where much attention is given to making dishes look attractive as well as



To keep shoes off the floor

may be put in a corner or shut up in a closet when it is desirable to get it out of the way.

The shoe-rack is one of those simple but effective devices that make us wonder why we did not think of it ourselves. It is designed to be attached to the inside of a closet door. Several can be put on one door, providing a place for even a large collection of shoes without decreasing the floor-space of the closet. The process of putting a shoe on the rack is simple: merely hooking the heel over the upper rod and resting the sole on the lower rod. The only requirement is, of course, that the shoe must have a heel.

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received has been withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.

A PRE-CHRISTMAS GIFT

No gift was ever more appreciated than one I received early last December, when I was living in the country and separated from stores by four miles of nearly impassable roads. The package bore on its outer surface the legend "Open at Once," and when the wrappings were removed I found a number of gay boxes of various sizes and shapes cunningly nested one within another; a quantity of tough wrapping-paper, with strong cord and plain shipping-tags; red, green and white tissue-paper; gold, silver, red and green cords; gummed tape in holly, mistletoe and "Merry Christmas" designs; Christmas tags and seals; silver paper for wrapping my plum puddings that were to go out as gifts; frilled paper cups for my home-made candies; several photo-mailing cases; a dozen hand-tinted Christmas post-cards and as many cards with envelopes; "Fragile," "Parcel Post" and "Do Not Fold" pasters; and a sufficient number of jolly place-cards and Christmassy nut-cases for my Christmas-dinner table. The box was such a joy! I warmly blessed the thoughtful giver so often during the month that I have since duplicated the gift many times for friends and find that such a pre-Christmas gift often means more than one that is marked "Not to be opened till December 25!"—J. G. HUTTON, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAVE ON EXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS DECORATION

White Christmas trees were the most attractive decorations used in our home last Christmas. I bought very small artificial trees and dipped them in thick starch to which a small box of powdered borax had been added. While the trees were still damp, I sprinkled them generously with artificial snow. Small snowballs were next made from balls of cotton which were dipped in the starch and sprinkled with the artificial snow. The snowballs were tied to branches of the trees. Little red candles were attached to other branches. The Christmas trees and candles were the decorations used on the dining-room table on Christmas day. The effect was exquisite and the cost practically nothing.—MRS. E. CAMPBELL FOX, Pine Bluff, Ark.

SAVE BUYING CHRISTMAS WREATHS

When I was a youngster, we never had enough wreaths at Christmas-time to satisfy us. Last year we had all we wanted by making them ourselves. We cut a supply of branches from the white pine, spruce and other evergreens. Next we made hoops of baling-wire and wrapped the greens around the wire, fastening them securely. With several people at work, one morning is sufficient time to make wreaths for all the windows and a few extra ones for the fireplace and doorways.—LOUISE MOSS SHOAFF, Weldon, Ill.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS

If instead of hanging Christmas wreaths inside the window you hang them outside, they will last twice as long and keep much fresher and prettier.—C. P. KELLY, Erie, Pa.

SAVE TIME IN HUNTING PATTERNS

A pattern-bag is a rather unusual and acceptable Christmas gift. It may be made of linen, with a double row of four pockets. These are labeled in turn: skirts, dresses, waists, underwear, men's clothes, children's clothes, embroidery, miscellaneous. The pockets of the bag are made a little longer and wider than the dimensions of the usual paper-pattern envelope and are bound with bias tape. The bag is hung on the inside of the closet door in the sewing-room. It is perhaps not necessary to add that it is desirable to allow a fold in each pocket, so that it will hold a number of patterns.—MRS. H. K. DICKSON, Bakersfield, Calif.

SAVE ON FRUIT CUPBOARDS

A very useful and economical series of cupboards for the storage of canned fruit and vegetables may be made from orange-crates. The crates may be fastened together and added to from time to time like sectional bookcases. The division in the crates makes it a very simple matter to organize and find easily the various kinds of fruits, jellies, jams and pickles.—MRS. F. A. WHITE, Newark, N. J.

A CHRISTMAS PIE

A Christmas pie may be a very acceptable gift to one's dearest friends. The most attractive one I have seen consisted of a large pan which would be suitable for a meat pie, holding a number of articles which one always needs, such as postage-stamps and pins. Each little parcel was wrapped in black paper such as a photographer gets from the plates and films which he buys. The top was manilla paper, with blackbirds cut from the same black paper thrusting their heads through the crust, their beaks wide open. Very expressive eyes had been drawn with white ink.—EFFIE M. HOWLETT, Oshkosh, Wis.

SAVE CHRISTMAS PLANTS

Now that it has become such a popular custom to give beautiful flowering and foliage as expressions of Christmas cheer and good will, no doubt there are many living in furnaced-heated homes and city apartments who find that after a few days such gifts wilt and droop, losing all their beauty and freshness. This is due not so much to the warm air as to the excessive dryness of the atmosphere, and it can be easily remedied in the following way: Place as nearly in the center of the plant as possible a small sponge saturated with water. Keep the sponge always wet and the plant will retain its thrifty condition and the newer leaves will be green and fresh-looking at all times.—MRS. JAMES N. REDUS, Shannon, Miss.

IF NOT A TREE, WHY NOT A CHRISTMAS BOAT?

Since conservation of trees has become a topic of interest, many people have been conspiring with old Santa to see if other ways can be devised for distributing his gifts. New ways are particularly desirable in churches and institutions where very large trees are necessary. One church in a Middle Western city used an old boat, which was placed in the center of one end of the room. Red canvas sails were stretched from a mast and the name "Merrie Christmas" was painted along the side. Colored electric lights and Christmas trimming were used and strings of pop-corn made the halyards. The gifts were piled high on an improvised deck. Old Santa wore a red sailor suit and cap, but otherwise he was the same old gentleman. The children walked up a wide board arranged gang-plank fashion over the side of the Christmas ship and they loved the new experience.—JANE GATES, Glenside, Pa.

TO CLEAN A STAINED TUB

The people who had occupied our present apartment had used the bathtub ill. It was roughened, hopelessly stained, always apparently dirty. I must confess that the water was, and is, hard beyond belief. I bought literally everything I heard spoken of or saw advertised, but nothing removed that stain, and for months I combined all sorts of bleaches, cleansers, soaps and acids. And at length I found it! I dipped a wet flannel into peroxid of hydrogen, then into the cream of tartar, scrubbed—and the spot disappeared. One-quarter pound of cream of tartar, one twenty-five-cent bottle of peroxid, and my tub looked as well as anybody's.—MARY LEEK, Williamsport, Pa.

SAVE THE SICK FRIEND WORRY

Sick friends may often be saved worry and trouble if delicacies are sent them in paper containers with paper napkins. If food is sent on expensive china with the owner's best silver and linen, the sick friend, particularly if it is a mother of the household, is bound to worry over the care and return of the china and linen. It is kinder to use paper.—MRS. S. W. STANFIELD, San Marcus, Tex.

SAVE HEATING THE OVEN

An omelet-pan, which is shaped somewhat like a frying-pan with one half forming the cover, is very satisfactory to use in heating cereal or crackers. They may be crisped in the omelet-pan over one burner or on the top of a coal-stove, making it unnecessary to heat the oven.—BEULAH E. BLACKMORE, Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE BUYING FROGS FOR FLOWER-CONTAINERS

Home-made paraffin holders may be substituted for the rather expensive frogs that are made for vases and bowls to be used for flowers. The melted paraffin is poured into a container of the right size and, as soon as the wax has begun to harden over the top, glass rods, pencils, large nails or any other cylindrical object about three-eighths of an inch in diameter are inserted and left until the paraffin is cool. The articles are then removed and very satisfactory flower-holders are ready for use.—MRS. HELEN M. MARTIN, Lansing, Mich.

TO KEEP LEMONS

I have bought lemons a half-dozen at a time and used only one or two. Before I found use for the remainder they have become hard and dried. I have found a way to keep them that is very satisfactory:

Place the lemons in a preserving-jar. Pour boiling water over the lemons, filling the jar to the brim. Then seal the jar. I have kept lemons treated in this way for two months.—MRS. CHARLES H. ADDIS, Camden, N. J.

SAVE THE APPLE-PARINGS

When making fresh apple sauce, a glass or more of jelly may be made very easily from the parings. The jelly is made in the usual way by cooking the parings, straining the juice and adding sugar. Other flavors may be secured by adding the parings of peaches or other fruit.—MRS. GEORGE OSTERMEIER, Springfield, Ill.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared MARIE M. MELONEY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, FRANK QUINN, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, James F. Birmingham, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) *Owner:* THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* KATHERINE G. BRAKER, 2 East 56th Street, New York City; Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of the Garfield National Bank, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York City; THOMPSON BROS., Milroy, Pa.; FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., stockholder of FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.; THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, stockholders of BUTTERICK COMPANY; GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill.; W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City; S. R. LATSHAW, Butterick Building, New York City; J. H. OLIPHANT & CO., 61 Broadway, New York City; LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 514 West 114th Street, New York City; MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 575 Riverside Drive, New York City; ABBY L. WILDER, 43 Fifth Avenue, New York City; B. F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; C. D. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) WILDER, EWEN & PATTERSON, New York City; THE DIME SAVINGS BANK, Brooklyn, N. Y.; CORPORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH, New York City. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) (SIGNED) MARIE M. MELONEY, Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1923. WM. DEWAR, JR., Notary Public, Kings Co. Certificate filed New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1924).

CHRISTMAS-TABLE DECORATIONS

If you would like to have directions for making the Christmas-table decorations illustrated below, write for leaflet and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address, The Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City



Fruit, chosen for its beauty as well as its flavor and surrounded by evergreens, makes a suitable centerpiece for the Christmas table



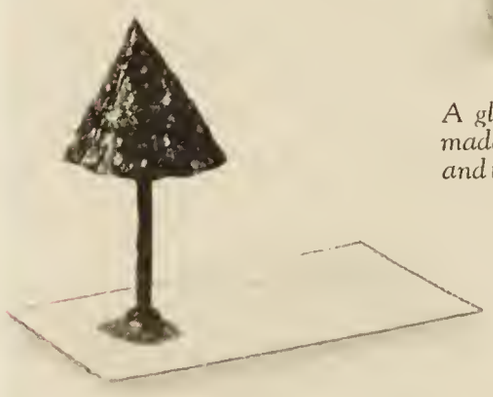
Peanuts are the basis of the knight and horse who top this box of bonbons



Here the Christmas colors lend the decorative note in a spray of holly



A gleaming little basket made of colored beads and tied with gauzy bows



The Christmas-tree on this place-card is made of red and green wax



This funny little figure, made of a peanut, is standing on a decorated lollypop



The sealing-wax tree may be made to lie flat on the card, if preferred



A number of small items, with a lollypop as a base, go to make this favor



This "beautiful" bird has a peanut body and head



Know them by their goodness

EACH person's taste may vary. Yet we all have one thing in common. We all like good things best.

This is one of the reasons why a constant supply of "Uneeda Bakers" products should be kept ready to serve.

Try NABISCO with its zephyr-like wafers enclosing delicious creamy fillings, and HARLEQUIN with its triple layers of golden wafers enclosing a creamy filling of rare delicacy. Then, too, there is FESTINO, the sugar wafer, which looks and tastes like an almond.

At your grocer's you will find a wide variety of sugar wafers all made by the bakers of Uneeda Biscuit, the most famous soda cracker ever known.

NBC TRADE MARK Uneeda

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"



The SECRET of her complexion is in the pantry

More and more women are learning this simple truth: Nature does not sell complexions at the cosmetic counter. For the skin merely mirrors the body within!

A well-nourished skin reflects not only a well-nourished body but a *well-regulated* body. It is here that prunes can be of great help to every woman—and especially the woman who leads an indoor life.

Prunes can do more toward an attractive complexion than all the mystic bottles that adorn your dressing table. Trust Nature to do that! Through their gentle laxative action, prunes help to rid the body of impurities that clog pores, bring blemishes and mar an otherwise lovely skin.

For a clear, faultless complexion—look to Sunsweet Prunes in your pantry! Give the "beauty recipe" below a fair test and let your mirror be the judge! Sunsweet Prunes—California's finest—are to be had at your grocer's either in bulk or in the 2-lb. Sunsweet sanitary carton. And send for the Sunsweet Recipe Packet—use the coupon.

Try this "beauty recipe" in your own kitchen:

Sunsweet Prunes properly prepared, will not only *do* you more good but will *taste* so much better! Why not try this tested method: Soak prunes over night, if possible; but, if not, several hours at least. Cook slowly until tender in water in which they were soaked. Use plenty of water so fruit will be "loose." Do not cook too long lest fruit becomes too soft. Flavor with inch stick of cinnamon or some lemon or orange juice. No sugar is needed.



SUNSWEET

CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED

PRUNES

Mail this coupon for Recipe Packet—free!

California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, 251 Market Street, San Jose, California
A non-profit cooperative organization of 11,000 growers

Please send me, without cost, the Sunsweet Recipe Packet.

Name _____ Address _____

CHRISTMAS WREATHING

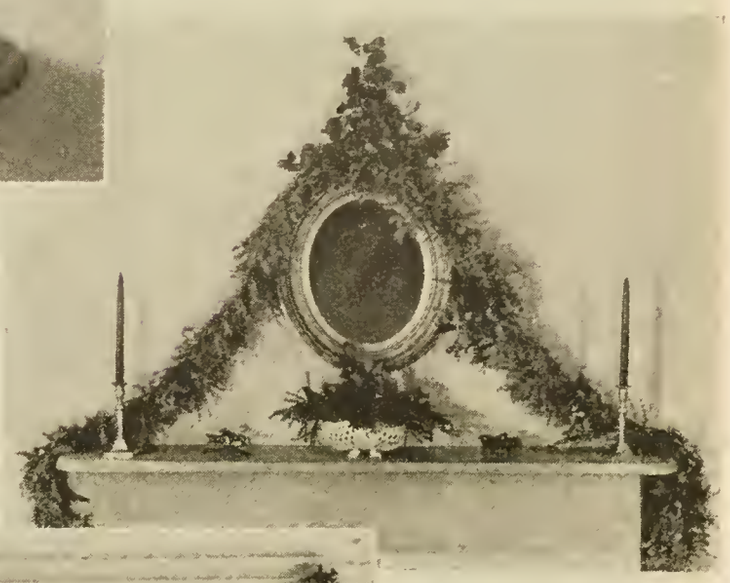
"Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly
Each room with ivy leaves be dressed
And every post with holly."



An artistic arrangement of long needle-pine boughs makes a most effective Winter bouquet



Window-boxes with branches of hemlock and barberry reflect the joy of Yule-tide



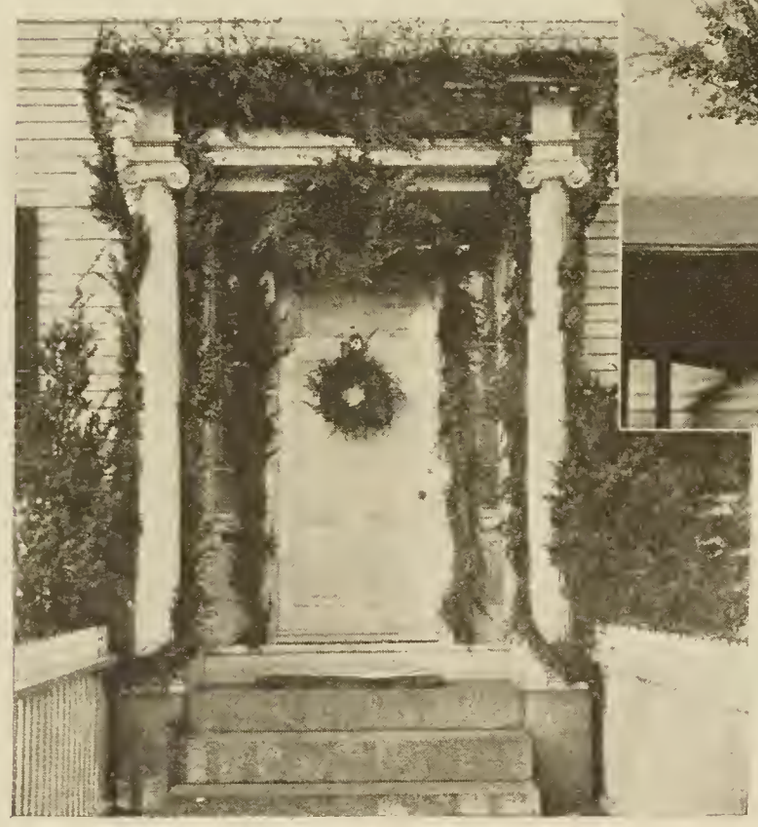
A rope of hemlock, topped with holly, draped over a mantel mirror or around a portrait lends a festive air to any room



For Christmas entertainments, garlands of laurel hung in festoons are most appropriate



Above—Vases filled with cotoneaster, juniper and barberry take the place of flowers and ferns



At the Left—What would be more delightfully appropriate than to welcome guests through a doorway of fragrant evergreens?

How these *1000* food experiments helped *2,000,000* wives



ALL of the foods shown below were cooked with this pure vegetable shortening from recipes taken from the private cook book of Miss L. A., whose picture you see above. Miss A. is an Eastern woman who has made a life-long hobby of cooking. Her recipe for "Love Knots" is given just below.

Miss A.'s "Love Knots"

1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
1 tablespoonful cream
2 eggs
⅓ cupful sugar
1 teaspoonful baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful mace

Enough flour to make a batter stiff enough to roll. Cut in strips about the size of a lead pencil. Tie in a loose knot. Cook in deep Crisco until a light brown. Dust with powdered sugar.

Low Melting Point!
Easy Digestibility!

For easy digestion, say doctors, a fat should have a melting point near body temperature of 98⅖ degrees. This pure vegetable shortening melts at 97 degrees—even below body temperature. Yes, it is very digestible.



WE little dreamed, years ago, that the strange little scientist who dropped into our office with his odd foreign clothes and accent would help us to add new relish to the meals in at least 2,000,000 homes.

He had crossed the Atlantic to tell us of a new scientific idea. It was a rather vague and wholly untried idea but we saw possibilities of developing it and employed him to experiment under our direction. And, at last, after completing over 1000 experiments, we announced a totally new food ingredient.

It was a revolutionary contribution to American cooking—a rich, creamy shortening made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants—a shortening which alone filled every shortening need; every cake making, baking and frying purpose.

Thousands quickly discovered its new convenience

Crisco was quickly adopted by chefs, by domestic science experts and by hundreds of thousands of home cooks, and soon comments and compliments began to pour in.

These alert cooks welcomed the convenience of a shortening which came in a clean, sanitary can and which kept sweet and fresh indefinitely without ice-box help.

They found, too, that by merely straining Crisco after each frying operation they could use it again and again—that they could fry fish, then onions, then potatoes in Crisco and the potatoes would have a delicate, delicious flavor without hint of fish or onion.

Thousands of homes in every state soon learned that Crisco was remarkably pleasant to "handle." In frying it never spattered, it made no smoke or unpleasant odor and it gave foods a quick, enticing brown crust. It creamed smoothly in cake making and in making pie crust it cut into the flour beautifully.

A few "bouquets" from its millions of friends

Friendly letters and comments come to us constantly; now from a woman who sends her favorite pie crust recipe and gives Crisco full credit for the flaky tenderness of the crust; now from the head of a private sanitarium who so appreciates Crisco's wholesome digestibility that no other shortening is allowed in his kitchen.

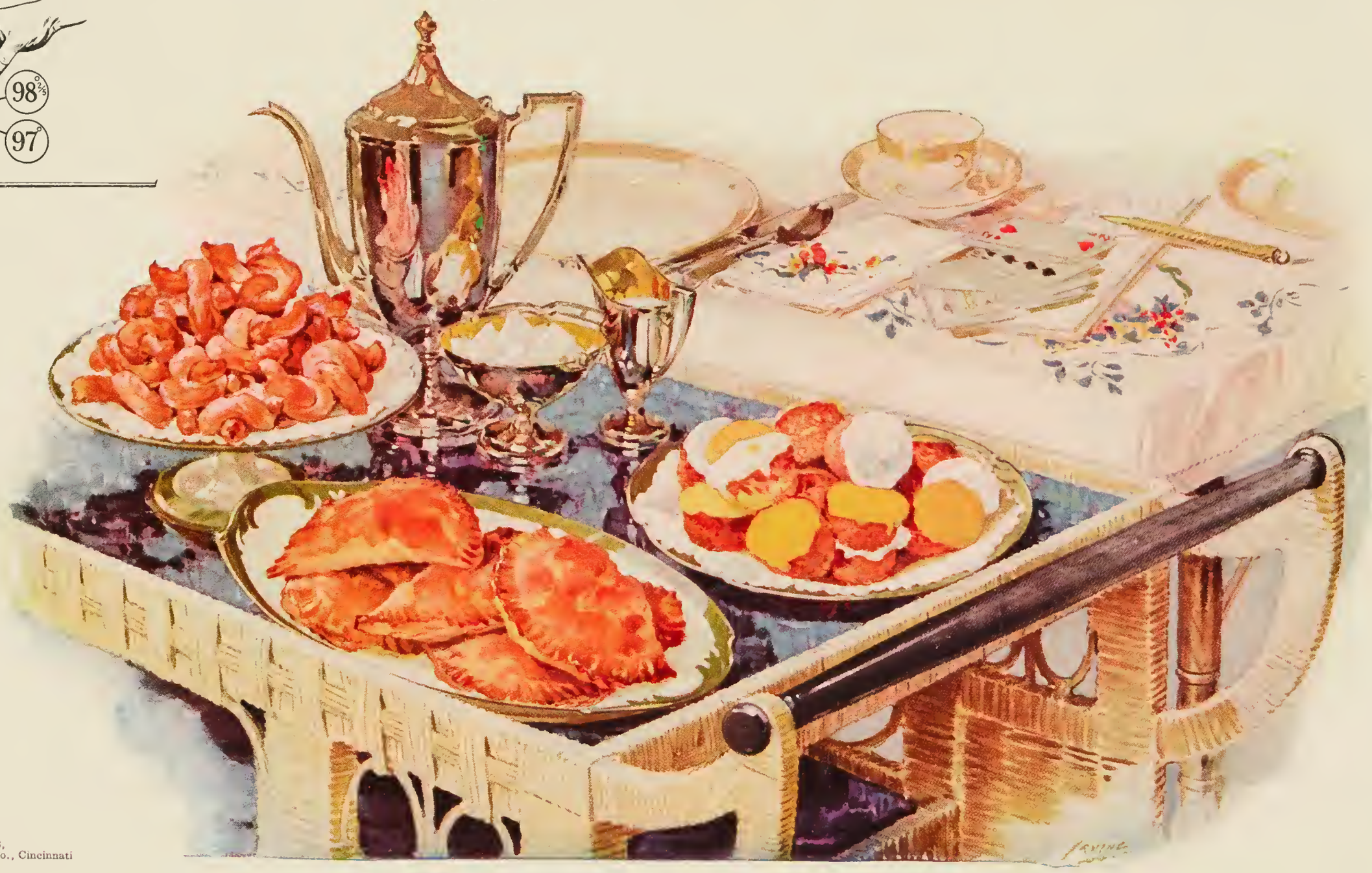
Often, too, we send out women to talk over home cooking matters. Whenever they enter a Crisco home they find a gratifying enthusiasm for Crisco's delicious results, for its purity and healthfulness.

Thoughtful housekeepers everywhere seem instinctively to prefer this pure, vegetable shortening to animal fats. And women who entertain delightfully tell us that Crisco's freedom from smoke and odors solves the troublesome problem of keeping kitchen news out of the living room.

With Crisco's help you can give your husband and your children the same delicious treats that have made Crisco the largest selling brand of shortening in America. So we suggest that you ask your grocer for a can today (they come in a number of convenient sizes) and try Crisco in any of your own favorite recipes, without any bothersome change of method, or use it in the recipe printed on this page.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin) we will send you a special sample can of Crisco (containing full half pound) together with Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book containing scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes. Address Section F-1, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



What some women travel 3300 miles to see—you find just around the corner

THE LURE OF PARIS, where fashions are born!

Season after season that city of great dressmakers is thronged with women who have arrived to see what new fashions are being launched. Then on from Paris to some watering place where society wears the fashions it has favored!

That new costume coat, just introduced in Paris, the frocks that made a fairy-land of Monte Carlo's great casino, the fashions that have won success—immediately there is a Butterick Pattern for every one of them!

Open your Butterick Pattern — there in the Deltor are the secrets of that style's perfection.

With lightning speed the foreign staffs of Butterick send news of just how each vagary of the new mode is accomplished. The new fashions are simplicity itself for you with the Deltor.

The Deltor's individual cutting layout is for your size pattern laid on the very width material you are using! It saves you material as no general cutting chart can.

The new close hip effect you achieve with the utmost success because you have the Deltor. The Deltor shows you how a professional would make the new style.

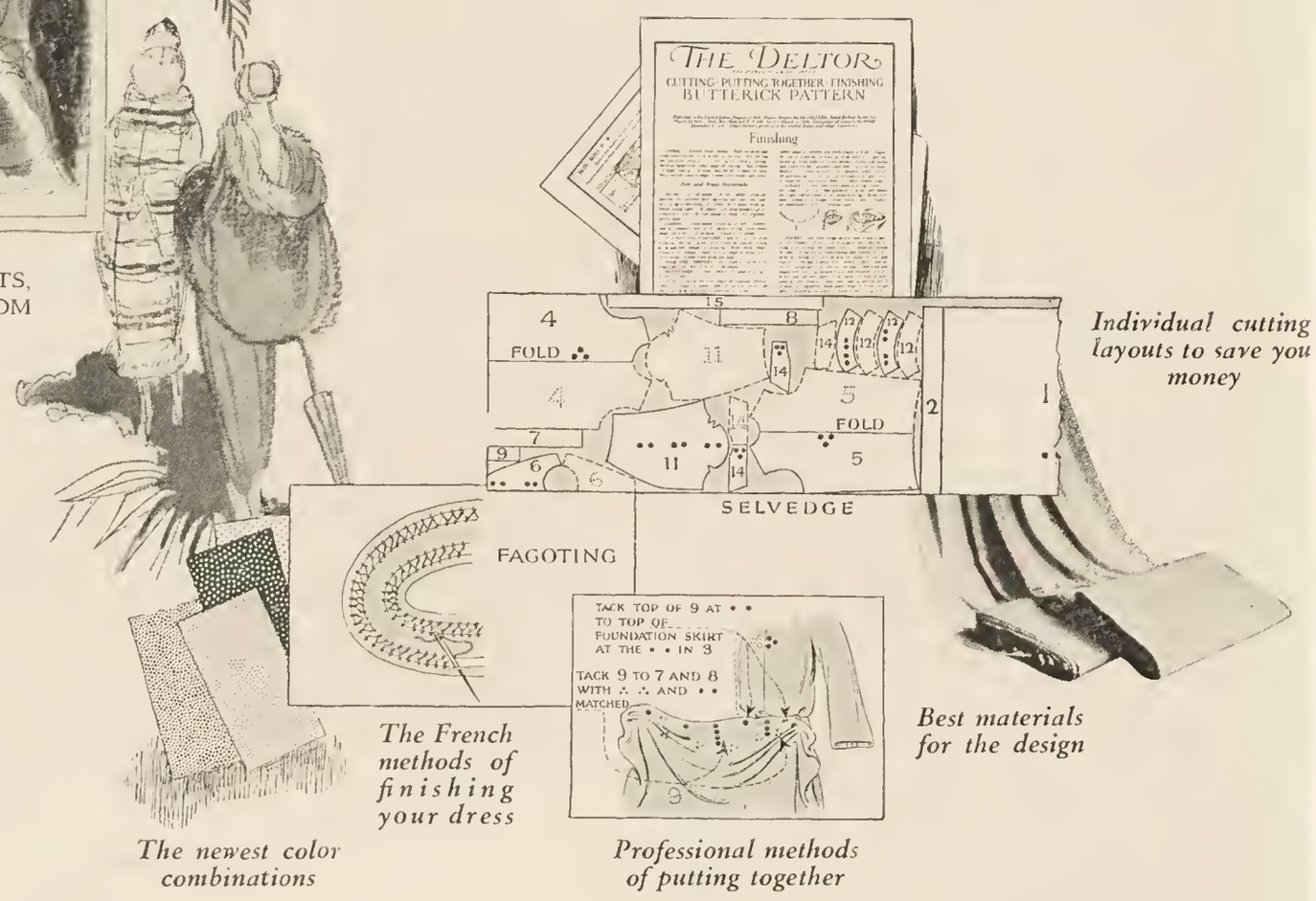
You use fur, velvet, metal lace, the new large plaids to finish your dress just as the French do — the Deltor shows you.

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LET'S GIVE A PLAY!

Continued from page 18

philosophy in "The Neighbors" (Zona Gale), or poetic fantasy in "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" (Stuart Walker). Reference to a more complete list will be found in a footnote to this article.

The choice of a play will naturally depend largely on the personnel of the group. The studious reading of a variety of plays to determine the one best suited for your group will be an education in itself. Most libraries have all of the books of plays named in our list. For a group that looked to becoming permanent, the purchase of a library of plays would be an excellent investment. Most of the books named cost two dollars or less, and five or six of them would make a good beginning, to be added to from time to time.

While the play-reading is going forward, the organization should be effected. The finest play ever written, the best-equipped stage, the most extraordinary array of talent can not compass an adequate performance without organization.

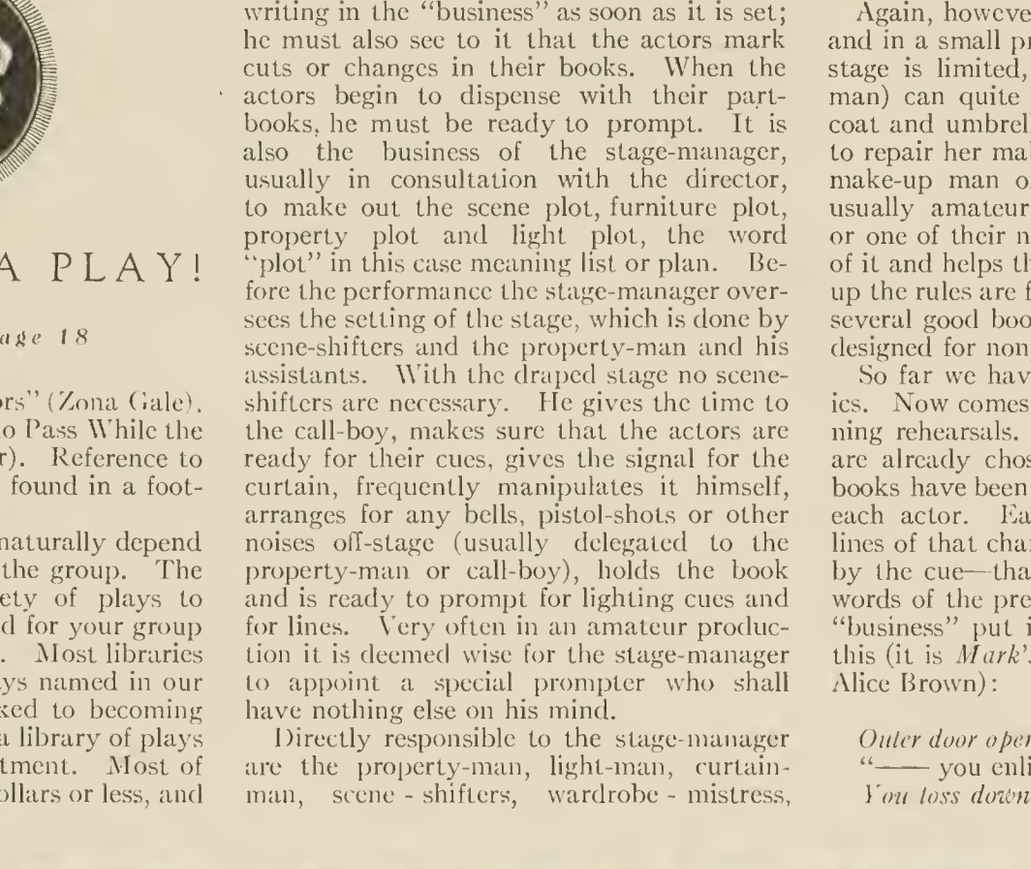
The first task of the far-sighted director will be to sit down with paper and pencil, sketch out in his mind the entire course of events and assign every detail to some one: who gets the tickets printed; who sees to it that a telegraph blank and envelope are ready to be brought on to the stage; who has puff and powder and liners ready in the wings when some one has to make a quick change to a blood-stained wig and make up a face-wound after the off-stage accident. These and a dozen other questions occur to him at once.

Fortunately custom in the theater has developed a well-tried system of organization, and an amateur group can not do better than follow it—making, perhaps, some combinations when the problems are simple enough to permit. In the amateur organization there is this difference: All parts of the work are shared by the members—the rôle of call-boy is as honorable as that of star performer, and, indeed, he who plays the lead in one production may well be call-boy, scene-shifter or property-man in the next. It is of distinct value to the actor to know the mechanics of the stage and essential to the playwriter or producer, and amateur organizations, especially those composed of youths, have more than once been the training-ground of those who later contributed much to the professional stage.

THE typical amateur organization will have a director, and he must be the supreme head and court of final appeal. His first duties are to choose the cast and to rehearse the play or plays, though quite conceivably, in the case of several one-act plays, he may delegate the coaching of some or each of them to other people, keeping, however, a general oversight of all. In consultation with the scene-designer, he will decide upon the stage-setting and costumes for each play. He will consult with the stage-manager, property-man, light-man, business manager, etc., about the duties that belong to each.

The stage-manager's duties begin with rehearsals. It is he who notifies the actors of the hours and checks up on their attendance and promptness. At rehearsals he keeps close to the director and holds the book, marking any outs or changes of lines and writing in the "business" as soon as it is set; he must also see to it that the actors mark cuts or changes in their books. When the actors begin to dispense with their part-books, he must be ready to prompt. It is also the business of the stage-manager, usually in consultation with the director, to make out the scene plot, furniture plot, property plot and light plot, the word "plot" in this case meaning list or plan. Before the performance the stage-manager oversees the setting of the stage, which is done by scene-shifters and the property-man and his assistants. With the draped stage no scene-shifters are necessary. He gives the time to the call-boy, makes sure that the actors are ready for their cues, gives the signal for the curtain, frequently manipulates it himself, arranges for any bells, pistol-shots or other noises off-stage (usually delegated to the property-man or call-boy), holds the book and is ready to prompt for lighting cues and for lines. Very often in an amateur production it is deemed wise for the stage-manager to appoint a special prompter who shall have nothing else on his mind.

Directly responsible to the stage-manager are the property-man, light-man, curtain-man, scene-shifters, wardrobe-mistress, prompter and call-boy. In a small amateur production not all of these are necessary. Common sense will dictate what functions can be easily combined, but the duties should be clearly defined and responsibility assumed for each.



A—Drapery for back drop. B—Curtains hung in broken arcs to give actors off stage, space.
C—Narrow curtains in front of stage to mask approaches.
D—Draw curtains. E and F—Lights from wings.
G—Sloping draped roof. V—Valance hung just back of draw curtains to complete draped effect.

TO THE property-man belongs the task of buying (or borrowing) all objects used upon the stage, sometimes including the furniture, about which he naturally confers with the scene-designer. All the smaller objects, such as letters, telegrams, books, telephone, dishes, flowers, etc., are called properties and are kept by the property-man, who is also responsible for seeing that they are in place at the right time. Many stories are told of the quick-witted substitution made by professional actors when properties have been mislaid, but such situations usually spell disaster for the inexperienced.

The wardrobe-mistress may have much or little to do, according to whether the play is or is not a costume play—that is, in clothes of a bygone time or of the present day. In the latter case each actor usually attends to his own clothing, costuming himself from his own wardrobe or those of his friends. But in a costume play, where costumes must be made or rented, the wardrobe-mistress will have her hands full making sure that the director's and designer's ideas are properly carried out, that accessories are complete and that clothing fits and is freshly pressed. If there are quick changes in the wings, wraps to be added or discarded, make-up to be altered, it is the duty of the wardrobe-mistress to be on hand with the change of clothing and with puff, powder, rouge, etc.

Again, however, common sense must rule, and in a small production where room backstage is limited, the property-man (or woman) can quite well hand a man his overcoat and umbrella or a lady the wherewithal to repair her make-up. Sometimes a special make-up man or woman is employed, but usually amateurs learn simple making up, or one of their number makes a fuller study of it and helps the rest. For ordinary make-up the rules are few and simple and there are several good books on the subject especially designed for nonprofessionals.

So far we have talked mainly of mechanics. Now comes the great moment of beginning rehearsals. We assume that the plays are already chosen and cast and the part-books have been typed or else copied out by each actor. Each part-book has only the lines of that character, each speech preceded by the cue—that is, the last three or four words of the preceding speech, and with the "business" put into the second person, like this (it is *Mark's* part from "The Hero," by Alice Brown):

MARK

Outer door opens and you come in.
"—— you enlisted?"
You toss down your cap and gaze at her an instant before answering:
"Yes."
"—— my oak leaves?"
"Yes. What did you want of them?"

And so on. Usually the director or some one else reads the play straight through, explaining any points he may desire. Sometimes this first reading is omitted and the actors read the parts around with no attempt at action. This gives the idea of the play and gives time for the actors to get into their parts a bit before being embarrassed by questions of action. It is very valuable to get the feel of a play as a whole before thinking of details. Stories you may have heard of actors who learned, rehearsed and even acted whole plays without an idea of the story are mostly buncombe. In any case, it is not the method of to-day, nor one productive of intelligent acting. Even two or three seated readings without action are advantageous with an inexperienced cast. Then comes "setting the business." The first reading with action must perforce be slow, for the director must tell each person where to enter or leave, whether to sit or stand, and all the broader outlines of the "business." He does not attempt to cover all the finer points this first time. If the play is a full-length one, an entire evening may be occupied with setting one act. In that case the cast will usually read through the first act at the next meeting before proceeding to the setting of the other acts.

It should be said here that the director must previously have spent many hours studying the book, deciding upon the action and noting it upon his script; and also that he must be flexible-minded and ready to make changes that seem desirable. It goes without saying that the players will accept the director's setting of the "business" and make suggestions only *outside* of rehearsal, if at all. Any one who has ever attended a rehearsal interrupted by constant suggestions—usually ill-considered—from various members of a cast will see the value of the more courteous method.

Notice that we are still *reading*—that is, no one has as yet tried to learn his part. Memorizing too early in rehearsal gives the actor much to unlearn, wrong emphasis, tempo, tone—all of the things that must depend upon the gradual building up of all the parts into a whole. And the actor who is "a quick study"—that is, who memorizes with ease—will save himself much labor thereby, for he will find out that he already knows most of his lines when he has rehearsed a

Concluded on page 62

Make it a real HOME



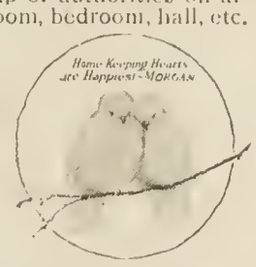
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LET'S GIVE A PLAY!

Concluded from page 61

half-dozen times from the book. Then comes the time when the director says, "Next time know your lines." *Next time* is often a rather ragged rehearsal and he who "holds the book" is kept busy. But that critical point is soon passed and then the director can begin the final polishing process. With lines coming without struggle, each actor can work upon diction, gesture, nuances of facial expression and the realization of thought and feeling that must underlie every true impersonation; the director can give attention to accelerating the tempo, building up to climaxes, holding down the less important parts and in general pointing up and working for spontaneity and ease.

Finally comes the performance. Another fallacy one sometimes hears is that poor rehearsals make good performances, and the reverse. *It is not so!* True, undue confidence might lead to carelessness in certain individuals, but there can be no mysterious influence that hoodoos good work. Any such belief is a hold-over from the ancient "jealousy of the gods" idea. If each one has done his work conscientiously and well, there can not but be a good performance. If any one depends on luck or the inspiration of the moment to counteract the lack of careful preparation, there will probably be a poor result.

THERE are certain rules that must be observed to insure smoothness; all are based upon consideration for others: No one except the actors in each scene as it comes on should be allowed back-stage; relatives and friends should be absolutely barred. Giggles and whispering have more than once spoiled a scene where this rule was not observed. Similarly, an eruption of costumed and made-up persons into the audience as soon as their parts are played does much to spoil the effect upon the stage. These two things should never be tolerated in an amateur production. It hardly seems necessary to mention promptness, yet who does not remember some wild scramble, irritation, confusion because a thoughtless one was late?

Every human activity has two sides, two results: the attainment of its announced goal and a by-product sometimes quite as valuable. The giving of a play is no exception. The flowering upon the stage may entertain an audience, it may instruct, it may really create a work of art. Its preparation by an amateur group is bound to have a reactive influence on the players. It leaves its imprint in lessons of cooperation, fair play, consideration for others. An effort of this kind that has not built up friendship, stimulated imagination, spurred to greater effort has missed half its mark.

NOTE—*A list of books of one-act plays, a list of longer plays and a list of plays for which no royalties need be paid—all suitable for amateur production—will be sent to any reader on request. Address, Entertainment Editor, care of* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage.*



STANDING, SITTING AND WALKING

Concluded from page 19

apparatus of any sort. By practising these faithfully with the help of the illustrations, and selecting sensible shoes, any person can accomplish wonders in the way of correcting foot deformities and strengthening the muscles and arches. The ten exercises follow:

1. Standing, raise heels.
2. Standing, raise heels and bend knees.
3. Standing, raise heels upward and forward without forcible turning, keeping ball of foot on floor without twisting.
4. Walk on straight line, "pigeon-toed," one foot in front of the other.
5. Walk on outer borders of feet, one foot in front of the other. Start with toes curled under and slowly straighten them as weight is brought down.
6. Standing or sitting, lift arches by curling toes under.
7. Stand on chair or on a step, with toes over edge. Curl toes downward and under.
8. Pick up pencil or marble with toes.
9. Sitting, circle foot downward, inward and upward (not outward). Try to see sole of foot as it is turned inward.
10. Sitting, same exercise as 9, assisting movement with hand, turning foot inward forcibly.

NOTE—These exercises are only for those who have NOT a severe case of weakened arches. Those who have a severe case should consult an orthopedic physician. Use judgment. Do not strain and tire feet. Do the exercises only a few minutes at first. Gradually work up to not more than fifteen minutes at any one time. These exercises should be done at least once a day. To gain results, foot exercises must always be accompanied by the wearing of correct shoes.

TO STAND correctly, place the feet about six inches apart, with their middle lines parallel, toes pointing straight ahead. A good way to get the proper vertical line is to stand with your back and heels against the side of the wall and then lean forward about three or four inches. The chest should be well out, as if pushing some object in front of it, the head erect, abdomen flat, neck well up and perpendicular, and arms hanging loosely on the middle line of the hips. You will now have the whole body in the proper position with relation to the natural center of gravity, placing the weight of the body on the balls of the feet and not the heels.

Keep your head up! "Heads up!" is a symbol for alertness in sports, for the person who carries his head in this manner usually is mentally and physically in better condition than the one who allows it to droop. It actually increases your self-respect and confidence to throw back your shoulders and straighten your neck so your chin will be in. Show me a person whose head is constantly allowed to sag and I will show you a person who isn't well. It is a sure sign that there is something the matter with the muscles or nerves.

In sitting, push the lower spine well back in the chair and lean back so that the body will be in the position given for correct posture in standing. Keep the chest out and the abdomen in. Do not permit the chest to sink and the abdomen to come up and meet it; they should be as far apart as possible. (See illustration on page 19.)

The feet should point straight ahead in walking—that is to say, their inner side should be parallel to and touch an imaginary line marking the direction of progress. It is better to be slightly pigeon-toed than to toe out. There was once a big-league baseball manager who always used to ask of a "scout" who had discovered a promising young player: "Does he toe in?" If the answer was in the affirmative, the manager would make further inquiries, but if the negative, he immediately lost interest. He probably got this idea from watching Napoleon Lajoie, who was then the star of the American league, walk. Lajoie was one of the most graceful men I have ever seen. His movements were so smooth and easy that he just seemed to flow from one place to another, instead of walking or running. And he distinctly toed in.

Primitive men who habitually go barefoot always have springy, easy gaits and are able to travel great distances without fatigue. Put a pair of stylish shoes on one of them, however, and he would soon be reduced to the untrained white man's low level of endurance in walking.

HABITS of good posture should be formed as early as eight years of age, for it is about this time that the most common causes of bad posture begin to manifest themselves. There are four causes to which most of the posture troubles can be traced:

1. General malnutrition, which prevents the proper growth of the organs and muscles.
2. General fatigue, which causes the muscles to be so tired habitually that they can not perform their proper functions in holding up the body.
3. Lack of proper muscular development. (This is due to inadequate exercise or other causes. It usually can be corrected by exercise and care in the diet.)
4. The habitual assumption of an improper position, which may be due to (*a*) carelessness on the part of parents or teachers in permitting incorrect posture in the home or school; (*b*) cramped attitudes assumed in occupation. There are many industries in which stooping or bending over a desk or bench becomes a habit unless very closely guarded against. In such cases it is extremely important that one take corrective exercises and limit the stooping and bending to the absolute minimum.

Incorrect posture usually starts in the lower back, for it is there that the body is most flexible. Unless the abdominal muscles are developed, they are pulled forward and lose their power to hold the body in its natural position. The weight of the internal organs, responding to the pull of gravity, will cause a sagging, unless the muscles exert a contrary force and the body is so balanced that the pull is in a straight line from the top of the head to the middle of the feet.

The way to strengthen the muscles so that they will be able to do their work of offsetting the influence of gravity is to develop them through constant exercise. The character of the exercise depends on the nature of the cause of poor posture. The following list of daily exercises will insure the continuance of good posture in those who already have it and will serve to correct troubles that have not gone too far in those who have faulty posture. These exercises are to be taken standing, unless otherwise mentioned:

1. Extend arms sidewise, shoulders high, and circle arms backward. (Fifteen to twenty times.)
2. Hands on hips, bend head backward slowly and raise head slowly with chin in. (Five to ten times.) (*Do not lift shoulders.*)
3. Bend arms sidewise, hands on shoulders, arms upward. Hold five seconds. (Three to five times.)
4. Bend trunk forward, with back straight and hands back of head with fingers interlaced. (Ten times.)
5. Bend trunk sidewise, hands on hips. (Ten times.)
6. Sitting with feet under some support, bend trunk backward to floor and return to sitting position. (Five to ten times.)
7. Standing with hands on hips, raise body on toes and half bend knees and extend. (Five to ten times.)
8. Raise arms from sides, palms down, in front of body and forward over head. Inhale while raising; exhale while lowering. (Three to five times.)

(EDITOR'S NOTE—*Special exercises for correcting round shoulders, hollow back, flat and narrow chests, lateral curvature and relaxed abdomen will be mailed to any reader who will send a two-cent stamp for return postage.*)

In all cases where postural trouble is of long standing and has become serious, I recommend that a physician be consulted, so that he may make a careful examination as to the condition of the organs and prescribe exercises accordingly. The simple exercises given here are meant for the average and not the extreme case of bad posture. It is obvious, of course, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure in matters of this sort. Good posture is one of the easiest things in the world to acquire, because nature intended us to have it; only because we have, in our complex civilization, broken some of her fundamental rules do we have postural difficulties.

Every person, whatever the state of his health or whatever his occupation, can

indulge in spine-straightening and abdominal contractions at frequent intervals. Throw back your shoulders, straighten up, pull your abdomen back into its proper place and fill your lungs with a deep breath every few minutes. It will not interfere with anything you may be doing.

Parents and teachers should be very careful that children are not permitted to stoop over when reading or studying. Near-sightedness and astigmatism are frequent causes of round shoulders and lateral curvature. When the child is constantly stooping, an examination of the eyes should be made to determine whether glasses are needed. Standing constantly with the weight almost entirely on one foot is another bad habit. Teach the youngsters to stand firmly on both feet and their posture will greatly improve from this one thing alone. Furthermore, they will not run the risk of incurring curvatures and displaced organs.

In concluding this article, let me advise every one to stand "tall," sit "tall" and walk "tall." Imagine that your weight is being suspended from the top of your head and keep in as nearly a straight line as possible under the point of suspension.



BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

Concluded from page 21

dvertised it. Churches, clubs, theaters, libraries and schools held meetings in the interest of the Better Homes movement. "A new life, a new soul has entered into Port Huron, Michigan," wrote one of the merchants of that city to Secretary Hoover.

The second prize was won by St. Helena's Island, South Carolina, which was also a prize-winner in the 1922 campaign. Here the work was carried on in the interests of the negroes of the State. In addition to the small house, costing $643.90 and attractively furnished for $469.94, a living-budget for a family with an income of one thousand dollars a year was worked out by the State College and furnished to all the negroes who visited the demonstration. Eighty per cent. of the population of St. Helena's Island went through that house. A special list of books which ought to be in the home of every negro who can read and write was prepared and the books shown on the shelves in the living-room.

This house has become a permanent Better Homes demonstration center. It has been taken over by the Penn Normal Industrial and Agricultural School and will be exhibited throughout the year to the parents of all students and to all visitors who can be interested in the work.

THE DELINEATOR awarded a special prize of two hundred dollars to the committee of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, for the successful handling of an unusual situation where extremes of income meet. The demonstration house was adjudged the most beautiful of any competing. The model flat in the foreign district proved so truly educational in its combination of beauty and economy that it, like the St. Helena's Island cottage, was taken over by the department of education and is now used as a training-school exhibit by the board of education. This little apartment was developed from three miserable rooms in a congested part of town. It was made into a most attractive little home which was completely furnished for four hundred and fifteen dollars. The story of the Upper Montclair Better Homes demonstration will be told in the March issue of THE DELINEATOR.

Mrs. Newton C. Wing, of Atlanta, Georgia, one of the best-known home-economics specialists in the South, won the third prize for the work she did in Atlanta, Georgia. She began the organization of her committee on the twelfth of May, and on the fourth of June opened to the public of Atlanta a charming seventy-five-hundred-dollar house, furnished and equipped with the greatest amount of taste and efficiency and the least amount of money. The living-room and the nursery in this house were deciding features in the final award of third prize to Atlanta.

Fourth prizes were awarded to Clarksburg, West Virginia; Greenville, South Carolina; New Haven, Connecticut and Sacramento, California.

In Greenville the women's bureau of the chamber of commerce assumed the leadership of the campaign and bought a forty-five-hundred-dollar bungalow, which was sold at auction after the campaign. The location of this house was kept a secret until the day before the demonstration, which proved to be a good publicity feature.

In addition to the attractive eight-room, nine-thousand-dollar house in New Haven, which won first prize in 1922, an inexpensive four-room tenement in a row of houses proved a valuable feature of the demonstration; also, an exceptionally fine program of lectures, demonstrations and musical selections was offered each afternoon and evening at the demonstration home.

Sacramento, which obtained honorable mention in 1922, equipped and furnished three demonstration houses, and also conducted an exhibition of building materials, home furnishings and equipment in the down-town district.

Clarksburg, West Virginia, had a demonstration which was a feature of the City and County Home-Coming and Historical Pageant and proved to be the most attractive feature.

EVERY community that enlisted in the Better Homes in America movement commanded the enthusiastic cooperation of the various civic, social, patriotic and commercial organizations. It proved to be a cause in which the different elements of the community found a common interest and a common basis of cooperation.

The effect of these demonstrations upon the communities and the spirit with which they were conducted are revealed by comments such as these:

Mayor of Montclair, New Jersey: "I know of no movement that has been of more general service to the people of this town." One of the largest business men of Clarksburg, West Virginia: "It was one of the best things that has been done in the history of this town." A chairman in making her report: "We all enjoyed doing it and feel proud of what we have accomplished." The spirit mobilized during the Better Homes campaign in many cities was repeatedly commented upon as the finest demonstration of community spirit since the work of the war.

The establishment of courses for better-homes leadership in several colleges and universities indicates the educational value of this work and the permanency of the results that may be expected from it as a national movement in the future.

Plans are now being made to bring about this year an even greater demonstration of America's interest in the home, and communities and citizens everywhere who want to do something really constructive for the good of the home community may write to the National Headquarters, Better Homes in America, 223 Spring Street, New York City, care of THE DELINEATOR.

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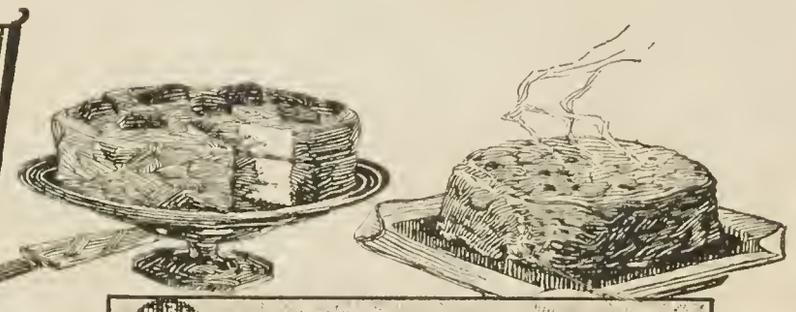
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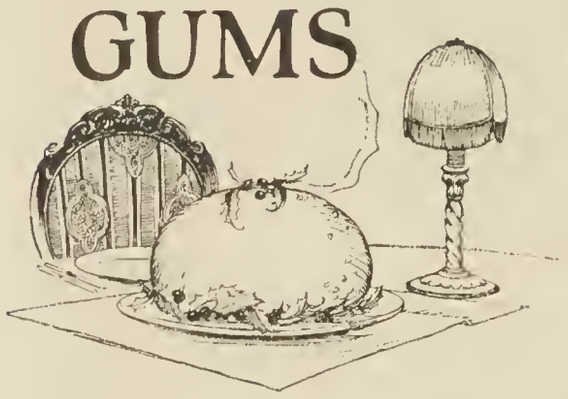


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FRONT AXEL

Concluded from page 9

the boys we know have all gone into business and pushed ahead——"

Leaning against the little car, Axel laughed until it tinkled.

"That's what's going to make it good!" he chortled. "Rich! They think they're leading the world by a ring in its nose, and they all call me 'Rear Axel——'"

The way he relished the jest at his expense—no, at her expense—released her wrath a hundredfold.

"Here!" She jerked at the ring with the tiny diamond for which she had discarded the gifts of her father. "This doesn't belong to me!"

"You bet your life it belongs to you." Still mystified, Axel wiped the grease from his hands on his secretarial trousers and continued laughing as he came toward her. "I gave it to you——"

"It belongs to the thing you love best!" And flinging it into the flivver, she flew to her roadster and drove it out of the narrow alley.

LAUGHTER left Axel and pain drew a line across his eyes. Finding the ring, he slipped it onto his little finger and turned it around and around. Then, like one bewildered who hunts and hunts for a lost thing in the place it last was seen, he started after the disappearing roadster.

But suddenly he stopped and retreated behind the jog again. The back door of the Woodsman's National opened and three men came out. Two carried grips in their left hands and walked crabwise, peering back. Their right hands bulged over objects in their pockets. The man ahead opened the doors of the car and loosed the curtains. Then he slipped under the wheel and started, even as the other two leaped to the back seat. The car slid out of the alley.

Axel's mind and body had always worked together. He vaulted into his car. Alarms took time, posses were cumbersome—and the Canadian border was only twenty miles away. Somebody had better be on the job.

The little car got out of the alley and across Main Street. The big one had climbed the cross street and was turning into Mountain Road above. Axel could have overtaken it. Remembering his carburetor, he knew that. But he hadn't so much as a sling-shot along, and the pockets of the two men with the grips had bulged grimly. There was another way. It was to be hoped that Miss Grimes hadn't got the town marshal on the phone yet. Poor business, trying to talk to marshals. Too slow. They went in heavy for explanations. What the world needed at that crisis was something a little livelier than explanations.

Detouring into Town Hall Court, Axel shot up before the marshal's office and under full speed ahead slammed on his brake. His rear wheels stood dead, his front wheels slewed a half circle on the wet pavement.

"First step of 'The Skid Waltz,' or 'Constable's Horror,'" said Axel, as, headed the way he had come, he shoved on the accelerator.

Listening behind him, he heard the pop-pop of a motor-bike. The marshal had risen to the bait, then, and was after him! Bully old marshal! That made two in pursuit of the car with the blinkers on and the *soixante quinzes* peeking out of the cracks. In view of the *soixante quinzes*, it might be well to keep the pursuit a secret for a while. Passing Mountain Road, Axel climbed to the parallel street above. From there he ought to be able to keep tab on the other car by means of side streets. But it didn't show up. Side street after side street whizzed by. Its motor must be a humdinger. But what was a humdinger engine in a race with a new-fangled carburetor? Nothing! Still, there was no sign of the car. The pop of the motor-bike was drowned in distance. Side streets gave way to lanes. Lanes to a swamp. Ahead was the junction of the town streets and the beginning of the highway across mountains to British Columbia. The big car ought to show up pretty quick now——

It did. It came roaring out of Mountain Road, heading for the highway. Axel veered toward the point where their lines converged. It was not a choice spot for battle. Granite flung a sheer wall up at one side and a swamp dropped away at the other. But Axel wasn't contemplating battle. He had no weapons for it. He had only speed.

The noise of his engine mounted to a thin, shrill shriek. He gained a yard, a rod—twenty. He was out of the street onto the highway. His echo detonated against the granite, drifted across the swamp. He was ahead—far enough ahead. Reaching for the brakes, he jammed them on. His front wheels reared and slowed on the pivot of the back wheels. The flivver became a barricade across the road.

The big car was oncoming thunder, pierced by the yell of brakes, climaxed by a crash——

SUNLIGHT sifted through the bandages coming down from his forehead over his eyes and Axel stirred. Some one rose from the foot of the bed and knelt with a tear-dampened cheek against his hand.

"I see it's still raining," said Axel.

Sharly tried to pack all her information into a single breath.

"Dear," she began, "the flivver's wrecked, but you're only cut up a little, and father says you're a world-beater and as soon as you get around he's going to send you to Detroit with your carburetor!"

Axel turned his palm to the smooth soft cheek.

"And what do you think? The marshal says he was after the bandits all the time, though Miss Grimes didn't get to the phone for a full minute after he'd started chasing you. She got a posse out though, and they came up in time to get the men and the money out of the car, which toppled over into the swamp. The marshal struts all over the place. But *The Morning Eagle* got things straight. All across the front page it has just one big headline. Guess what it says. It says: "FRONT AXEL!"



REBELLION

Concluded from page 15

she was often going to leave the dishes to some one else.

"It doesn't need half an eye to see your vacation has done you good," he said, as she sat down beside him. "But I don't think much of that job idea. I thought you went away to rest."

"The job was a rest," she smiled. "I couldn't stand it, just sitting around. Mrs. Kent, the landlady, treated me like a friend, and it was better for me to be busy. I never knew before that I was worth so much real money!"

She went on to tell him about her job and her recreations outside of working-hours. He could see that an entirely new world had opened up to her. The one fact that she was worth a salary which seemed to her prodigal had given her a new angle from which to look at herself. And in those long evenings, watching the sea or going for walks with Hugh, she seemed to have come for the first time to a realization of herself as an individual. She got a long way off from her kitchen, even from her children and from Joe, and she looked at them clear-eyed.

"I came to see my mistake," she said.

"Very few of us ever get that far, Mary. What was yours?"

"Unselfishness," she returned simply. "I had wanted my children to be happy and care-free, and I had made them selfish and dependent. I wanted Joe always to be comfortable, to bolster him up. And it wasn't good for him—it freed him from responsibility, it kept him from developing, just as it did Lina and Martie. I suppose a mother must sacrifice a good deal to her children, but it seems to me that if she gives too much, she robs them of giving."

"Ah! The old question of whether to live for the individual or the race."

"But can't a person do both? It seems to me that it isn't too late, even now, for me to learn how to give to my children and at the same time teach them to give to me."

The early Autumnal twilight draped its blue veils over the two gardens. Across Mary's garden lamps were being lighted in her homely little house. In the new wing of the house one of Lina's babies could be heard fretting.

"I can't save them from life," said Mary, "but I can be wiser for them than I have been."

She gave a little laugh. "Lina and Martie say I have spoilt their father. *They* didn't spoil him, poor Joe! He was so glad to see me back that it almost made me cry. There's one thing I don't understand, though. Maybe you can help me——"

In the twilight old Doctor Will smiled. "Ah, this is what she really wanted to talk about!" he thought.

"Why has Joe stayed home all this time?" she asked.

"Because he was afraid to go away!"

"Afraid?"

"Mary, has it ever occured to you that the men who like to wander are almost always men with good homes? It's the good home that makes wandering delightful to them. It's the knowing they had a harbor to come back to that takes all the fear out of wandering and gives it its zest. Goes back to cave days, I suppose. Joe isn't as civilized as you are, Mary. He's a good deal of a boy. He bluffs, but inside him he's not so darned sure of himself—you mustn't mind what I say about Joe, Mary——"

"No," she returned quietly. "I know him pretty well."

"And when he came back and found you gone, it was as if a tidal-wave had swept his harbor. He clung to shore, as if he were afraid that if he ventured out again he'd find even the familiar landmarks gone when he came back. He thought he was taking a rest. Really he was suffering from a scare such as he never had in his life before."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I suspected it was that way. He's all right now, though." She smiled out of the corners of her eyes. "He's going on the road again Monday."

There was a moment's silence between them. Then the doctor said: "You're wise not to try to keep him here, Mary."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that. Joe needs noise and things happening outside himself. But this time it will be different. I understand him better. He's my boy, like Hugh, and I don't mind being a—a harbor, as you say, because I've found myself. I can be an individual, too, the same as Joe or Lina or Martie. And I intend to be," she added.

"Good! You've discovered resources you didn't know you had?"

"Yes. I can make a good living, for instance. The landlady I worked for in Maine wants me to go to Florida this Winter, where she has another hotel, and there are other things I know now that I could do. But it isn't so much that. It's that I've got up above them and taken a bird's-eye view of my family. And I've seen my own weaknesses, too. And my strength. After all, I'm only forty. I feel as if I've only just begun to live!"

The screen door on Mary's porch slammed and a tall figure came down the steps and stood surveying the garden.

"Joe's looking for me," said Mary, rising. She called: "I'm coming!" and moved a step along the path. But she turned back and added in a lowered voice, which did not conceal a hint of triumph: "Joe is going to take me with him to Chicago on Monday."

"No! Really?"

"Yes. And if I like it, we'll take a little apartment and put Hugh in school there. 'If I like it'—and doesn't that sound funny for me to be saying? But that's the way Joe put it himself."

"Humph! Bet you told him about Florida?"

But Mary only laughed and closed the little gate in the fence.



MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 17

question about the girl. She played "Ivanhoe" at school, and she was delightful—quite different from the other children. She was natural and at home and seemed aloof from the audience, as if she were a real actress. I didn't help her or know anything about it.

In the meantime they are just like other children. They fight like the dickens, make up again and are very happy and love each other very much.

THAT year I had an offer from the Metro Corporation to go into moving-pictures. They offered me very enticing terms to do eight pictures. Of course it meant giving up the regular theater for a time, as it is almost impossible to combine the two ways of acting. But I thought it was wise for me to do it as things were at the time.

I spent all that season in pictures. I didn't like them very much, and I was very glad when the year was over. The work was hard, and then there were the discomforts of walking in the snow for hours at a time and waiting and waiting around the studio. I never did a picture that I could bear to look at, except "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." It was really a lovely picture and I could actually look at myself without horror and dismay. I have been asked if I was worried by the lack of words, but it seemed such an entirely different thing I didn't think of it.

During my last picture, the Stage Women's War Relief was instrumental in getting Mr. Al Hayman to let them have the Empire Theater so as to produce three Barrie plays, "The New Word," "Old Friends" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." "Old Friends" was not successful but, of course, "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" were enormously so.

In spite of the beauty of these performances, the houses were not very good, and one night at Mamaroneck, after the moving-pictures were finished, it occurred to me that they might like to put "The Twelve-Pound Look" on the bill instead of the unsuccessful one-act piece. I was sure that it would draw the people in, and then they could enjoy the other plays after they got there. So I went straight to the telephone and called up Mr. Hayman at his house and suggested the plan to him. He didn't seem to understand at first that I wanted to play for nothing, but when he did he was delighted. We got four or five good weeks out of that and made some money for charity. That was the beginning of my war work. I was never able to do very much, but I did all that I could, as we all did.

The next year Mr. Hayman had promised that I could have a repertory season at the Empire, a thing that I had always longed to have. The first play was to be "Camille," which we called "The Lady of the Camellias," and we did a version by Edward Sheldon which I have always thought most beautiful. I can't imagine playing any other. We did it in the costumes of the period in which it was written, as I have always felt it should be done. One of the most amusing things about this play was the crying of the audience. After *Marguerite* had died and the stage became black in preparation for the last scene (it was supposed to go back into the prolog), the theater was dark and quiet for a minute. Everybody in the audience took that moment to blow their noses, which, in spite of themselves, made them sort of hysterical, and there was always a nervous giggle through the house. I don't think I have ever played a part that I really loved so much. We did it about three months and then produced a light modern comedy by R. C. Carton, called "The Off Chance." It was a great contrast and a most amusing play. This ran about two months, and we finished the season with a play by A. A. Milne called "Belinda." It was a fantastic, frothy, exquisite farce.

During this repertory season, there were many benefits and pageants given for various war charities. The first one was the big pageant of all the Allies at Madison Square Garden, in which I was Belgium, with sufficient effect to make me go on being Belgium more or less indefinitely until the end of the war.

I was called on constantly. It was very difficult for me to know what to do, as I had always had a horror of recitations and was firmly convinced no power under heaven could ever make me recite. For any charitable event, I always had appeared in one-act plays or in single scenes from long plays. Now that I was faced with my war work, I had to learn to recite. It is impossible to convey the abject terror I was in the first time I stepped upon the stage alone, as myself, to utter. It was on the occasion of a benefit for the Red Cross at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was almost entirely a musical program, orchestral and choruses, and above all, Caruso. I was the only other soloist, which naturally intensified my panic. The poem was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." I had always known it vaguely—in fact, that was the only way I did know it—very vaguely! I had studied it, but I had little confidence in my memory under the terrifying circumstances, so I asked my brother Lionel to go into the prompter's box, which is immediately in front of where I was to stand during this ordeal. My feelings when coming through the famous golden curtains of the Metropolitan and facing a mammoth audience are indescribable. I began with quite a dash, a little like going over the top, but keeping firmly in my mind at the time that if I should forget, there at my very feet was my brother Lionel with the poem in his hand ready for the worst. Just before the last verse, the worst happened: my mind suddenly became a hideous blank. There was a pause; I suppose it was really only an instant, but it seemed to me a million years. Suddenly a sound came to me from the prompter's box; it was Lionel trying to give me the lines. I heard nothing but what sounded like the muffled roar of a lion. He repeated it several times, but it never meant anything to me except the strange cry of some jungle beast. Suddenly it came to me and I finished the poem amidst thunderous applause.

After the performance, John McCormack came back to congratulate me. He spoke about how wonderful my voice had sounded and how particularly marvelous was the great change I made just before the last verse. He had thought that only a singer could produce such an amazing effect. Thus is bravery rewarded!

THE next thing I did in this line was at the stadium of the New York City College, a place holding forty thousand people. I was to recite Zoe Akin's "Ode to the Allies." A glorious thing, but it was very long, and this time I prudently had it largely and blackly inscribed on a scroll of parchment, which I held firmly grasped in my two hands. I was, of course, as nervous as ever, but got a certain amount of confidence holding tightly to the parchment before going on to the platform. It was at night, but the platform was well lighted, so I knew I could see to read. But what I didn't know or expect was that I was flooded with enormous spotlights that I had to look at while bowing. As they kindly applauded my entrance, it was a little like looking at the noonday sun. I was completely blinded, so, when I looked at the parchment to begin my ode, I saw nothing whatever for what seemed a space of eternity. I have always hoped that the largeness of the place and the vast numbers of people made that time seem shorter. At any rate it was all right, and I had again done a little of my "bit."

Concluded in the February DELINEATOR

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 12

She was on the arm of his chair, almost in his arms. Now she turned slightly surprised and somewhat curious brown eyes to his. "Yes, but that was before— I don't see what that has to do with it," she protested disapprovingly.

"Why, I was just thinking that we have seven years to wait before we have to tell each other all our secrets!"

"I think that is a silly way to talk!" Edith said coldly, getting up and walking proudly away. Jack laughed good-naturedly as he went after her. The burning hunger he was beginning to experience for that first talk with Rosalind was rapidly blotting everything else from his life.

Formally as it had been recognized, cordially as it had been received, he had not for his engagement to Edith anything of the feeling that had made the break with Rosalind so difficult. That had been tearing into the fibers of something that for all its impracticability had been sacred. This was—well, this was just what girls and men meant when they said casually: "He and Edith Rogers were engaged once, you know!"

He had been a fool. Confused and vague as was his plan at present, he saw that now. Everything sane and logical pointed to his marriage with Edith; nothing could be more frankly idiotic than, having broken with Rosalind, to break now with Edith and return to the first allegiance.

But then logic did not matter—expediency did not matter. What mattered was that he felt nettled and confused and hurried in all these new relationships that his mother and Edith were so charmingly cementing; that the mere thought of Rose made his heart sing and his blood run normally, cleared his brain and, paradox though it might seem, cleared the future again. He could be anywhere, do any work, face any difficulties—with Rose. He could not do anything fettered and cuddled in the cotton wool of the decorous and the expected things.

Well, whatever happened Monday night, there must come a change. Edith should break this engagement herself—make any explanation she pleased to the world—and go East again this Winter to visit those precious Davenports of whom she talked so much. And this queer little interlude of their engagement——

"Lord, it certainly puts me in a manly, resolute sort of light!" Jack mused. "But what do I care?"

He could not wait until Monday. He would go to find Rosalind on Sunday afternoon. Edith was going with her family to her Uncle George's house in Marysville on Sunday. She had prettily offered Jack his freedom for that afternoon.

"It's very stupid and you've been once. And your mother does like to have you drive her about on Sundays," Edith had said. But she had reverted to the subject of Monday. "Is that Monday engagement very important, Jack? Because I'm afraid I've very stupidly promised Sally that we'd come over and play bridge. I *could* break it, I suppose. But—is it business, Monday?"

Jack's heart had been dancing. He would see Rosalind late on Sunday—day after to-morrow.

"Nope. I can break the date on Monday," he had said good-naturedly.

Edith had been radiant. The secret, whatever it was, was made harmless, and Jack would be driving his mother about Gates Mill on Sunday afternoon and join the Rogers, of course, for the usual cold supper at seven.

THUS it happened that on the very October Sunday when Rose, the luncheon dishes washed after the midday dinner, was staring apathetically out into the side yard wondering whether to put two hours in on her French or to make the almost unthinkable effort of walking with mom and Audrey to the graveyard, Jack, half a mile away, was whistling as he dressed to come and see her.

"I think Sunday afternoon is the most horrible time of the whole week," Rose told Cecy somberly.

"Oh, I don't!" Cecy said quickly. She and another youthful pair and Dory Barker were going driving up on the Poorhouse road to Kirby's Dam presently in Dory's disreputable car. All Gates Mill would be driving in that direction in the mellow Autumn afternoon. And all Gates Mill would see little Cecy Kirby on the front seat of Dory Barker's car. They would have caramels to chew, and they would sing as the car rocked comfortably around the turns and past the flashing windows of the Poorhouse.

"Ned," Rosalind began, as her brother lounged into the clean kitchen, "want to walk with mom and me to the cemetery?"

"Aw, what's the use?" Ned asked amiably and idly.

"I was thinking we might hire old Clown and the surrey and drive," Mrs. Kirby—who was actually embarrassed by a sense of financial ease in these days—suggested mildly. She had come into the kitchen and was looking a little anxiously at her beautiful oldest child. "Ingles only charges a dollar an hour, and we could ask Miss Ellie—your grandfather wouldn't go, I know, but he went out after lunch, and I don't know where he is!"

Rose, who in her general metamorphosis had recently entered upon a patient, almost saintly phase, infinitely more comforting to her family than the recent mood of criticism and capability, agreed lifelessly. "That would be lovely," she said.

Audrey immediately departed for Ingle's Stables around the corner and presently came bouncing back in the surrey with Jim Ingles smoking a large black cigar on the front seat beside her and Clown, large and frisky, between the shafts.

"Come with us, Ned?" his sister asked.

No, thanks, he'd rather not, he said, hurting her vaguely and clouding his mother's eyes. What was the difference, Rosalind asked herself—let him go the way of all the town boys, if he would.

AS THEY drove, observant and admiring, through the beautiful district of Upper River Street twenty minutes later, with Miss Ellie estimating that it was 'most two years since she had been driving up this way and Mrs. Kirby pointing out every separate inch that the Kirby and Tallifer families had once owned, they passed Jack Talbot in his gray car.

Rosalind, whose eyes and thoughts were far away, did not see him, nor did Audrey, and if the others did they gave no sign.

But Jack saw them, and his heart turned to water. The world seemed cold and unfriendly as he slowed the gray car, irresolutely followed the course of River Street and turned back.

"Home again?" his mother's voice called pleasantly through the quiet of the Sunday afternoon.

"Yep. Where are you?"

"Out on the porch. Come out here with me. Your father thought something had disagreed with him and went up-stairs to lie down. He had that late, very heavy breakfast, and I think luncheon was pretty hearty. Missing Edith?"

Jack did not answer. He caught a section of the scattered Sunday newspaper from the floor and sank into a basket chair. It was just four o'clock.

They probably had hired the surrey from half-past three to half-past five. And he must be at the Rogers' at seven. He would go to the Kirby's at a little before six and have just the beginning of his talk with Rosalind—just an honest fifteen minutes that should start to loosen the flood gates——

He dozed off on that happy dream of himself in Old Mill Lane—Rosalind coming to the door——

His mother half-roused him gathering up papers. As she carried the rustling sheets away he heard her say to Gusta: "Is Mr. Talbot awake, do you know?"

Then silence and the drowsy sweetness of the October afternoon again. A hummingbird came and poised itself over a passion flower, jerked to another and poised throbbing yet motionless again. Jack's eyes followed it idly——

Suddenly and hideously the hour of peace was shattered by a scream. For a moment his senses could not place it or its direction. Then came the always frightening sound of running footsteps upon an upper floor and words in his mother's voice—although not a voice he had ever heard from her before.

"Oh, my God—Augusta! Oh, Wittinger—Wittinger! Oh, my God—quick—quick—Jack—Jack—*Jack!*"

He was flying, rushing—his breath gone, his heart hammering in his throat——

He was on the stairs—he had caught his half-fainting mother in his arms—he was in his father's bedroom.

"It was—it was a man, Jack!" his father was saying thickly. Jack lifted the big form from where it was half-sitting, half-lying on the floor. His father's eyes were bloodshot, his face had a dark, unwholesome color, he looked dazed.

"Get him into bed—call Newman!" Jack muttered between his teeth, his hands working madly over the prostrate form. "Call Newman, 'Gusta—don't stand there crying! He's all right, mother; he's just had a fall——"

"Man at the window!" old Talbot said distinctly and loudly over the murmuring and whimpering in the room.

"Help me get him into bed," Jack directed. "He must have had a fall——"

"My head—" his father said.

"Oh, Jack—he'll die before Newman gets here!" sobbed Mrs. Talbot. "Oh, my God, what can we do? Oh, Wittinger, Wittinger—Jack, do you want a hot-water bottle? 'Gusta fly—*fly* and get a hot-water bottle!"

"Ice-pack more like it," Jack said, not moving his eyes from his father's congested face.

Newman, coming hurriedly in, said that the ice-pack was right; everything had been quite right. It was just a touch of vertigo—nothing serious.

"But I think we will keep this young man where he is for a day or two," decided the doctor comfortably. "Little rest won't hurt you, Mr. Talbot."

"Damn nonsense!" growled J. Wittinger amiably.

"Oh, look here now," said the doctor. "I haven't gotten a real good fee out of you folks for years!"

But down-stairs he was not so cheerful. He said frankly that he did not like the look of J. Wittinger's eyes; there were aspects of a paralysis——

And that was the end of Jack Talbot's long boyhood. The week that followed was like a hideous dream of responsibility and care. His father had a long talk with Bainbridge on Monday, the beginning of the week.

Jack protested to the doctor against the advisability of this talk.

"I'd let him talk to Bainbridge, Jack, and see Purcell if he wants to," Newman said quietly.

"My Lord, can't the works run five minutes without Dad?" Jack demanded impatiently. But the second name arrested him suddenly. Purcell was his father's lawyer.

"What do you mean, Doc?" he asked in a lower tone, paling.

Newman shrugged. But old J. Wittinger had his long talk with Bainbridge and the next morning his wife and Jack were summoned in for a business conference. The invalid looked quiet and at peace, although there was a mottled heavy color in his face and his hands seemed curiously lifeless. Bainbridge did most of the talking.

MR. TALBOT wanted to take advantage of this scare to clear things up. He expected to be around again in a few days, but meanwhile this seemed a good time to decide upon the incorporation of the works, as he had always planned. He meant to take a good long holiday now and put Jack in his place.

"A heavy load for a boy, my son, but you'll grow to it," he said. He and his wife would travel—the boy must take the whole responsibility. "Be good to your mother, Jack," the old man said in a troubled, puzzled sort of tone.

Mrs. Talbot began to cry. Newman gave the invalid something to drink and said that he didn't propose to listen to any of that sort of talk.

Fifty-one per cent. of the stock to the boy, twenty-five to his mother. Old Leahy was to have two shares, and Paul Long, the oldest employee in the place, another two in recognition of faithful service. The remaining twenty shares went as a gift to Clyde Bainbridge, who was to remain as third stockholder, second vice-president and manager of the iron-works. Both wife and son looked amazed at this mention of the manager's name. Had Bainbridge made himself so valuable?

"Satisfactory to you, Lida?" asked the sick man.

"Wittinger, of *course* it is! I'm—I suppose I don't quite understand your *giving* Mr. Bainbridge so much stock! I—of course you know best. But—but why are we talking like this?"

"All right as far as you're concerned, my boy?"

"My God, dad," said Jack, his freckles showing up strongly upon his paling face, "you're—you're the one to run it and all of us!"

"Well, you draw that all up, Purcell, and bring it to me," said J. Wittinger wearily. He clasped his wife's hands and closed his eyes.

THE next day and the next he was brighter. But Newman made no promises, and a week to the hour after his first attack, the soul of his patient quietly left the big airy bedroom in Upper River Street and the tree-shaded neighborhood upon which a quiet Autumn rain was falling and the town where he had struggled and conquered for fifty of his sixty-eight years.

The news went about Gates Mill like a sobering wind. Old Talbot was dead. Funny to think of the town without Old Talbot.

Jack's mother had collapsed; there was an appalling amount of work to do, questions to settle on all sides. Even before his father's funeral, the boy had bitterly reproached himself for all the wasted years when he might have grasped the details of the business and had not done so.

And when the funeral was over and he had to spend day after day struggling with business matters made absolutely incomprehensible by his lack of experience and knowledge and had to return at night to the desolate and demoralized household, he felt as if not only his father's responsibilities, but his father's years, had descended upon his head.

Old Rogers, of the bank, was one of the trustees. Jack had to see him almost every day; sometimes he dined at the Rogers', and instead of laughing and murmuring over the piano with Edith, spent long hours in her father's library, talking, computing, making tentative decisions.

No more time for dreams. His dream of Old Mill Lane, of a romantic love and renunciation, came to him no more. He was always worried, always tired. Rosalind had gone out of his life with everything else that was young and irresponsible and joyous. His mother clung to him; Edith, her father, the entire personnel of the works—all, all looked to him now to be their unpaid, harassed slave. He was no longer free to go his own way, to live his own life.

"Does Mr. Bainbridge really try to make it easier for you?" Edith asked.

"Oh, he's awfully decent. He hasn't much magnetism, you know. But he's a marvel when it comes to business. It'll be Talbot and Bainbridge some day if I don't hustle."

"Never!" said Edith, her face flaming.

"God forbid!" said his mother, leaning back with shut eyes in her chair, her face pallid above the heavy black of her gown.

He must be his mother's comfort. He must take his father's position in the community. He was engaged to a lovely girl. He must marry and settle down and reestablish the Talbot family. They all—lawyer, judge, clergyman, doctor, banker—reminded him of it over and over.

"No more time for nonsense, Jack," said Judge Raymond. "You've had your days of dancing with the girls and running around town with this one and that one. Now you've got to make good!"

ONLY Jack knew how difficult of fulfilment this last clause promised to be. At the works he had to depend utterly upon Bainbridge and upon the general trust and friendliness that the various heads of the departments showed to Bainbridge. There was hardly a letter that Jack felt free to answer without consulting the manager, and his face would burn when Bainbridge quietly set right his errors and canceled his mistaken orders.

It was the more exhausting because Edith and his mother were totally unable to comprehend it, even in the slightest degree. His mother said that he was already a better business man than his father, and Edith praised him "for just walking in there and showing them all that you know more than the whole bunch of them!"

"Why don't you just fire Bainbridge, Jack?" both of them demanded calmly upon an occasion when an apologetic telephone from Bainbridge had revealed to them that he had usurped Jack's authority completely.

"Maybe he'll fire me first!" Jack answered wearily.

"Fire you?" his mother said quickly. "With fifty-one per cent. of the stock! You could laugh in his face——"

"Yes, dear, and he could sell his stock and walk out and laugh in mine!"

"But Jackie, dear, you're a Talbot—you're president of the works!" his mother persisted, anxious and puzzled.

"All right, mother. And it's all going to work out," Jack said, almost falling asleep with weariness as he lay upon the sitting-room couch.

Three weeks after his father's death, Edith delayed him a minute as he was following her own father into the library at the Rogers' house.

"Jack, dear, I've been talking to mama. Of course it'll all have to be very quiet now, because of the family being in mourning—but would December eleventh be right for you? That's three weeks from Thursday. Of course I've given up all my plans—I'll not have any bridesmaids or anything. We'll just have a very simple ceremony at noon and a breakfast here and ask only the members of the immediate family——"

"You mean our getting married?" he asked slowly, after a pause.

"You see, that gives us Friday, Saturday and Sunday for a little trip, and you're back in the works on Monday," Edith explained practically. "Your mother'll be much happier. It worries me to think of her alone in that big house; and every one says—Uncle George and papa, and the judge, and everybody—that we ought not to put it off!"

"You know, I've been thinking about every other darned little thing," Jack began apologetically.

"Of course you have, you poor overburdened boy!"

"The eleventh, did you say?"

"Yes. That's three weeks from Thursday."

"Sure, that suits me."

"That's fine, then," said Edith simply.

IT WAS not that Edith was at all insensitive, was in the least unwomanly or bold. Not Edith, Jack thought, as he brought his buzzing head to something like concentration upon assets and liabilities again. No, she was extremely young, extraordinarily practical, and, having once become engaged to her, he had accomplished all she asked of him in the matter of their marriage. The details were hers to arrange.

Evidently her entire family and circle were advising an early and quiet wedding—and why not? She was very attractive, always trim and beautifully dressed, always adequate. Their friends and ideals and standards were the same; the Rogers and the Talbots had had adjoining pews in St. Luke's since St. Luke's was built. A man was much wiser to select a woman who could never surprise him with her ignorance of his world, who would take her place at once in church, in club, in the town's social life and succeed, as Mrs. John Rossiter Talbot, to the place now filled by Mrs. J. Wittinger Talbot.

Jack, thinking of these things, felt old and quiet and sensible. It was all a web—he could not escape it. The bewildering hours at the iron-works, when he must see Clyde Bainbridge enjoying his birthright of authority and control; his mother's innocent arrogance, her confidence that there always had been plenty of money and always would be; Edith pleasantly, happily planning their marriage; the two big rooms at the back of the house being papered for their occupancy——"

"I've got the funniest feeling, Doc," Jack confided to the family physician a few days before the ceremony, when he delayed Newman's car in River Street outside of the bank for a few minutes. "I can't see myself with a wife. My God, I've got enough on my shoulders now! The steel castings we've been using since the middle of September are full of blow-holes, we're way behind on deliveries, and collections are rotten. And when I think of the whole thing going to smash, maybe, and myself with my mother and a wife—and Edith's a darned sweet little girl— I wouldn't want——"

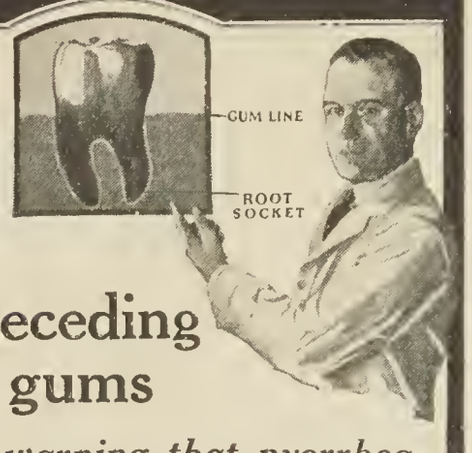
"Everybody feels like that when they get married," the doctor, who had himself a young wife and a new baby, said with a fraternal grin. "I guess a hundred fellows have talked like that to me just before they were married! Get married, Jack, and

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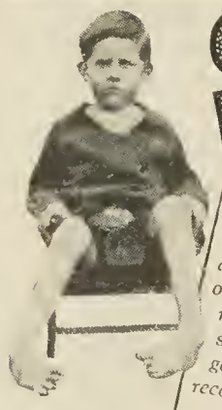


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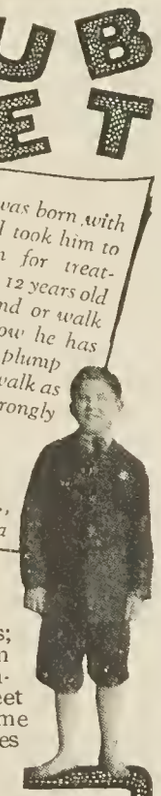
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G 532



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

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settle down and have a kid and you'll feel differently about everything!"

"You know, a couple of the fellows at college were sent for," Jack said youthfully. "Their fathers died, and there was business to settle up, and I used to think it would be a sort of exciting time—Prince of Wales stuff, you know: everybody looking at you and so on! But my God," he added, tears suddenly coming into his eyes, "if I could bring the old man back! Nowadays nothing seems normal. I don't know how to express it! I feel as if the twenty-a-week clerks in Bond's had a better show than I have!"

"That'll all wear off!" predicted the doctor comfortably. "Ever see Rose Kirby these days?"

Jack's face flushed. "I haven't seen her for months—except for a minute in old Terry's office."

"She was at the concert last night," Newman said. "She *is* beautiful! Lovely face—looks as if she had a lovely nature, too!"

"She has," Jack said briefly. But the mention of her name did not stir him as it had done in those dreaming, romantic days before his father's death. He felt now only a sort of reminiscent heartache, a shame that was mixed with quiet regret.

"Well, well, we all do it!" the doctor said cheerfully. "Buck up, Jack—you've got to grow up like the rest of us, you know."

"I was thinking maybe I'd go down and see Rose and just have a talk with her——"

"We-ll," Newman drawled doubtfully, "point is, when could you do it? The big hawk lights day after to-morrow, you know!"

Jack frowned, reflecting. It seemed incredible, now that he suddenly wanted to see Rose, that he was too tightly caught to plan even for an hour of freedom.

"I could go just before dinner to-night," he suggested after thought.

Newman gave him a speculative glance. "Here's the thing, Jack," he said. "Everybody in town knows you and your car. You park it outside Rose Kirby's house to-night and you'll have the whole town buzzing—and what *for?* It'll make Edith mad, and I won't blame her. You know, there's an awful lot of happiness in marriage, my boy, but there's responsibility, too. You've got Edith to think of now, and her feelings, and her mother and all her folks—that's part of it!"

"Oh, Lord, that's just what I'm telling you!" Jack said soberly, almost with a groan.

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. John Rossiter Talbot returned from their brief honeymoon on the Tuesday afternoon following their wedding and took possession at once of the pretty suite of rooms that had been prepared for them in the old Talbot mansion. The groom's mother met them with smiles that quivered immediately into tears, and there was a large family dinner that night at the Rogers' house.

Jack and Edith had reached Del Monte on Saturday morning, but all that day and the next had been quiet, foggy, silent, and the bride had pleaded for just one bright sunshiny day. The bright sunshiny day had been Monday, and it was only by traveling hard all day that they managed to reach home on Tuesday. Jack, nervous and apologetic over the unexpected forty-eight hours' delay in his return, had planned to call up his manager that evening. But Mrs. Rogers had thoughtfully forestalled this by asking Mr. Bainbridge to dinner, and Bainbridge was reassuring and pleasant. "We didn't expect you back all this week," he told Jack good-naturedly.

This was on Tuesday, and it was on the following Sunday that Jack and Edith, sauntering toward the Talbot gates to cross the street and turn the corner and so find themselves at the Terry house, saw Clyde Bainbridge driving his car slowly along Upper River Street.

Winter was upon Gates Mill now and most of the trees were bare. The cool, windless, sunless day was silent, dreaming, brooding. Smoke rose from chimneys straight and lifeless into the lifeless air. All the life of the world was indoors to-day.

"That's Mr. Bainbridge's car, isn't it?" Edith asked. "Don't let him see us! He may be calling, and we'd have to go back!"

But the motor-car gave no sign of stopping, and as it approached it was to be seen that the occupants were deep in talk and paying small attention to their progress or their surroundings. Clyde Bainbridge was at the wheel; his companion was Rose Kirby.

She had a big soft brown coat on—given Ellie Connor years ago by old Mrs. Terry and borrowed to-day, but that mattered not. It had a brown fur collar which framed the glowing color of her exquisite face; her hat was small and brown and there was a single rose upon it that matched her cheeks. The blue eyes were fixed amusedly upon her companion; her burnt-gold hair spread itself in little tendrils against the upturned brim of the hat and its rich waves completely hid her ears. She was interested; she measured something small and square with her two gloved hands and Edith and Jack were actually near enough to hear her say eagerly: "Oh, Mr. Bainbridge, but how do they *know* that?"

"Isn't that—?" Edith asked, stopping short.

"Yes, that's Rose Kirby," Jack said briefly.

"Jack, isn't she *extremely* pretty!"

"She looked pretty, all right, to-day!"

"But how oddly you say that, dear!" Edith smiled.

"Come on, honey," Jack said, following the path into the Terry's side yard.

"No, but I think I have the right to ask for an explanation of that tone, Jack." Edith said lightly.

"What tone, dear?"

"Why the tone in which you said that she looked pretty *to-day.* Doesn't she always, or is it that you don't admire her type any more?"

"It's neither," Jack said good-naturedly. "I didn't know you were so interested, that's all. Bainbridge looked quite the Adonis, didn't he, in that new coat?"

"Interested?" Edith echoed patiently. "Why *shouldn't* I be interested? After all, Mr. Bainbridge is the junior partner in the works, since your father chose to make him so. My father says he never will understand why that stock should simply have been handed Bainbridge for nothing! But you don't like me to-day—I can see that!"

"If you can see that, you're a born reporter!" Jack assured her, laughing. A sudden interruption was welcome to him—some one calling his name.

"It's old Mr. Tallifer," said Edith, turning back to the street, where Rose's magnificent grandfather, scrupulously brushed and with his milky beard streaming over his big chest, was smiling and signaling to them. The old man often wandered harmlessly about the Upper River Street district on Sunday afternoons, getting a kindly greeting from everyone who met him and sometimes regaling children with long tales of the past grandeurs of the town.

"You're Talbot's boy, aren't you?" he asked Jack now, with a smile from bright frosty-blue eyes.

"Yes, sir," Jack answered respectfully.

"Heard your father was ill?" old Tallifer asked concernedly.

"Very ill," Edith answered, sweetly and gravely.

"Sorry to hear it—sorry to hear it! He hasn't got that extra volume of my encyclopedia Britannica, the fourth volume, has he, Si? No, you aren't Si—you're Si's boy," the old man muttered, distressed at his own mental confusion.

"I'm Jack. No, sir, he hasn't got it," Jack, who knew all about this lost volume, said. "You know it was burned in the big fire, years ago."

"Burned, everything burned!" said Nathaniel Tallifer, cheerfully nodding. "Well, you tell your father to sell that stallion. Once a fellow like that gets to bolting, he's good for nothing but crow's meat," he added, going upon his gentle way.

"I will," Jack assured him.

"YOU were sweet with that poor old fellow, Edith!"

"Well, I always feel so sorry for any one who is unfortunate like that," Edith admitted, moving along beside him, looking especially well in her pretty brown oxfords, her smart woolen stockings, her brief plaid skirt and the gay sweater that allowed a snowy frill of shirt-waist to escape. But she reverted, to his secret dismay, to the previous topic. "Jack, I do think one reason why we are so happy and our marriage is such a success is that when we have even the faintest cause for an explanation, we face it sensibly and clear it up *then.* And let's always do that, shall we? It's the only way. And when you turn on me, as you did, and say that you don't see why I should be interested in Rose Kirby—why, you make me feel that you *totally* misunderstand me! Really you do! In the first place, you admired her very much once, and that's enough to make me interested in her; and in the second place, if Clyde Bainbridge is paying attention to her— Well, I think it's perfectly ridiculous!"

He was trying to be merely neutral, to be amused. But when Edith got into this analytical mood, she did have the most extraordinary fashion of boring him almost to exasperation. Why should he get angry? What was it to him if she expressed herself positively and fully about the business and Bainbridge, and a lot of other things that she did not in the least understand? She was sweet and capable and a good sport, clean and straight, and she loved him and had been his wife for ten days.

"I don't see why *ridiculous,*" he could not help saying mildly, and he added a honeymoon name that she had said she liked from him: "Pussy."

"Please don't spoil that name by using it when you are out of sympathy with me, Jack!"

"Are we out of sympathy?" he asked in a tone of mild surprise. What else was there to say? Was it *always* better just to keep still?

"Clyde Bainbridge would no more marry that girl than fly," Edith said irritably.

"*She* wouldn't marry *him!*" This at least came spontaneously from Jack.

"She? She'd jump at him!" Edith said, with a brief laugh, walking on.

Jack did not speak.

"And he'd find himself saddled with that entire family, and he's too ambitious for that!" Edith concluded the subject with satisfaction. Then she crossed the Terrys' porch and they were no longer alone.

EDITH before the others was her charming self again. She was full of little endearments for Jack, really amusing and delightful in her attitude as the bride.

"I'll have to ask my husband, Bozzy. We young married women can't be too careful, you know. Jack, may I be Bozzy's partner?"

"Not if I'm to pay your losses," said Jack.

"Oh, listen to him! How mercenary! Do you mean that you could possibly let me be any other man's partner even for bridge?"

"Not without cutting his throat, of course."

"Well, I should hope so! He's still loyal to me, Sally," said Edith, with a wise, droll little air of youthful pride. "I'm going to write an article: 'How to Keep Your Husband.'"

That was not mere acting, Jack realized. The truth was that Edith was really a child, spoiled, egotistical, self-centered, superficial. She liked her riding-habit better than actual riding, her picture at the piano better than music, her new name and estate better than her husband. He had discovered on their honeymoon that he could always restore her equilibrium, after the storm about the torn cuff or the lost hat was over, by recalling her attention to herself.

She questioned him like a curious child all during the trip. How much had he tipped the waiter? Why had he gone to the St. Francis? But if he liked the Fairmont just as well, why hadn't they gone to the Fairmont? What had kept him so long downstairs? Well, but if all those men were waiting to be shaved, why hadn't he come up to her again?

But these were trifles—only a revelation to him of how extremely young a girl could be at eighteen. What struck him seriously and forcefully in this very beginning of their life together was that Edith was absolutely devoid of affection.

Even in their hours alone she could show none of it because, Jack saw, she had none to show. She liked breakfast in their room because of her pretty robes, her blue slippers, her boudoir caps. She clung prettily to his arm as they crossed the big porches, but at the same time she would say delightedly: "Everybody is identifying us! Isn't this too funny?"

Happy, healthy, smothered in gifts and

with her trunks filled with pretty things, it was not astonishing that Edith was in constant high spirits and interested and sweet-tempered about everything. She gave Jack the full measure of her devotion, inasmuch as she could feel devotion at all. She would come and sit in his lap in her bridal fineries, a slim, boyish, undeveloped little person, with her dark hair hanging in a braid that ended with a somewhat reluctant curl and her face either framed by the beribboned caps or with a great bow of pink or yellow satin tied through her hair and flaring above one temple.

Her hands and voice and eyes were cool and youthful; sometimes golf or hard riding or walking brought an uncertain color to her also cool and youthful cheeks, but she was usually pale. Hands and neck, however, browned nicely; she showed none of the golden freckles that powdered the straight bridge of Rose's warm little nose, nor did her wide-open, bright brown eyes ever give off sapphire sparkles.

She liked Jack thoroughly and she had certain boyish little ways of showing it. She would say, "You adorable old ass!" when he ate hot-cakes for breakfast, or she would ask coaxingly for Indian slippers or chocolates in the curio shop. "Please, husband!" And occasionally she would say, "Tell Edith, John!" in a throaty little authoritative fashion that made him laugh.

But this was hardly marriage, even if this had not been Edith at her nicest. The slightest opposition would metamorphose her into quite a different being; criticism surprised her almost as much as it antagonized her. Jack could hardly believe she was not joking when she would sulkily reiterate childish phrases like: "Well, if you don't like the way I've done my hair, why *should* I go driving with you?" or "If you hate the book I happen to like, I certainly am not going to make a fuss over the candy you bring me!"

However, it was very agreeable to get into his gray car and tuck his little wife up snugly for the long run home, and they were both in high spirits and in a happily sentimental mood, well satisfied with each other, when he did so. Edith talked charmingly about future plans, and Jack was quite young enough to share with her the pride of being the young Talbots, returning from their honeymoon to the town that was almost like a possession of theirs. She did not get tired nor fussy, she ate ham and eggs in a little Sacramento restaurant as if they were all her heart or appetite desired, and she did not criticize her husband when the speedometer went up into the fifties as the Winter day drew to a close.

She was a good little sport, he thought, and she would learn. Edith was pretty young, and the beginnings of married life were notoriously difficult. It would all work out fine——

BUT he noticed things in the family conversation that night that struck him oddly; had he heard all this before? Perhaps he had, without fully noticing the significance of it.

For example, Carrie, little Lily Rogers's colored nurse, in talking about the wedding spoke of "one of Miss Ede's tantrums." Edith's mother, laughing comfortably, rejoiced openly that "Edie had been turned over to some one who could manage her. Nobody in the family could!" Old Rogers, kissing the bride affectionately, said to Jack in a fatherly aside: "Don't go too fast with her, my boy. She'll lead, but the devil himself couldn't drive her."

Then he was disturbed to hear Edith say to Clyde Bainbridge that they were "with Jack's mother—*for the present.*"

"I don't know," she had said, "whether she'll turn the house over to us or we will build eventually. But no house is big enough for two families—my mother says!"

Finally came his own mother's kindly comment: "She has the making of a fine woman, Jack; but at the same time, Edith's headstrong, and she could be easily ruined. It'll depend on you, dear, whether she develops into the splendid wife she might be or whether that childish stubbornness grows on her."

"Has the making of a fine woman?" But his mother had always taken the tone that Edith was already a remarkable, a well-nigh perfect woman. Jack lay wakeful for a long time that first night at home.

But the next day was sweet and sunshiny and Edith was happy as a lark. They talked plans for next Summer at the Lake, and Jack got home early for some splendid tennis with her and decided that after all she was going to be a wife far above the average and that when they settled down and everything was a little bit straightened out he would begin to feel the solid earth under him again.

"'Gusta says she saw Mr. Bainbridge driving to-day in his car with your old friend Rose Kirby," Jack's mother said on that Sunday night.

"Yes, we saw them, too," Edith answered, shaking out her big fresh napkin.

"Well, don't you think that's very strange, Jackie?" asked his mother, surprised that it should be taken for granted.

"No," Edith said quickly and lightly deprecating. "It doesn't mean anything with him."

"My gracious, that would be a funny turn of affairs!" Mrs. Talbot pursued anxiously. "I'd be sorry——"

"Yes, so would I!" Edith quickly agreed. "Rose Kirby doesn't look as if she'd ever been sick!"

Jack looked from one to the other.

"Has she been sick?" he asked. He was amazed to see that they both flushed and that his mother tossed her head.

"I told you that, Jack," she said, with an air of casualness. "Or if I didn't, it was because there was so much confusion just before the wedding and after your poor father's going—it seemed to me we got a hundred messages a day!"

"Did she telephone?" Jack questioned quietly.

"No, oh—no. Her mother did, and said—well, Rose wasn't *sick*, but she wasn't very well! That was it. She was home a day or two, or something. I spoke to Edith about it, and why we didn't tell you or how it happened I can't remember! But I knew it wasn't important, for Rose could have telephoned you at the office at any time—she knew that. And then just before your wedding she would surely understand that you were terribly busy, with your poor father's affairs in such a confusion and all. You may clear, Lizzie," said Mrs. Talbot, who had during this speech pressed the service bell beneath her foot, "unless Miss Edith will have—oh, dear, there I go again, Edith! What *shall* I do to remember that I'm the dowager now! Have you finished, Jackie?"

"Quite!" Jack assured her briefly and pleasantly. When they spoke again, it was seriously and tenderly of J. Wittinger's monument, and Edith, with a charming little affectionate impulse not usual with her, stretched out her brown, thin hand and laid it upon Jack's.

"MOTHER, when Mrs. Kirby telephoned that day," Jack asked the next morning, "did she leave any message from Rose?"

His mother looked thoughtful, helpful, sympathetic.

"No, dear," she answered conscientiously. "And my *impression* was that Rose didn't know her mother was telephoning. But, Jackie, why don't you run up to the mills one of these days at noon and see her? Tell her you didn't get that message until last night, because in the general change and hurry and confusion your bad mother entirely forgot it!"

Very generous, now, he could not help thinking. Willing to be more than just to little Rose now.

"Perhaps I will. It's of no consequence!" he told his mother, kissing her punctiliously before he left for the office.

Unreal. Unreal. Unreal. Here was recently married Jack Talbot, rich, independent and popular, young, healthy and good-looking, going down in his handsome car to his office that had "President" on the door. But it was all so bafflingly unreal——

"Lord, to *wake up*, somehow!" he said out loud in the quiet of the frost-bound Winter day. "I don't know that I can keep this up indefinitely. I feel as if my brain were half-alive or something!" And suddenly on the quiet air he seemed to hear a girl's voice saying restlessly, feverishly, passionately:

"You'll pay for this, Jack! I don't know how or when—but some day when there is something *you* are hungering for——"

He laughed again aloud, turning his car in at the big blackened gate of the iron-works. "I must be tired," he thought. "I'm doing a good deal—it won't last. Why, I have everything in the world! And besides—" his thoughts ran uneasily—"she didn't mean it. Not Rose!"

Continued in the February DELINEATOR



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ROMANCE

Concluded from page 8

"Her name is Graziella di Orino, or Orinco," said Dolly, bearing down on him triumphantly. "She's Italian, of course; father's dead and her mother, the lady with the gray hair, is a countess. They're staying at Riddell's Harbor."

"How did you find out?" said Skippy, overwhelmed at this aristocratic revelation.

"Oh, what a blush!"

"I say, Dolly, don't rub it in and I'll tell you all, honestly I will."

"Humph, I've my opinion of what you'll tell me!"

"Don't, Dolly! Can't you see it's serious?"

La grande passion always inspires respect in a woman and does not in the least detract from her estimate of the man.

"You, of all fellows, Jack Bedelle!" she said, but in the kindliest of tones. "To be bowled over like this!"

"Much *you* know. It's been going on for a year. I—I've seen her twice before. Once on the train the whole way down to New York, and last month at the Yale-Princeton football——"

"Football?"

"Baseball, of course," said Skippy hastily.

"Why, Jack, it's a real romance!"

"Gee, I'm hard hit!"

"But why don't you meet her?" asked Dolly, opening her eyes.

"How can I?"

"Easiest thing in the world. She's talking to Susie Brooker now. I'll meet her and introduce you later."

"Hold on! Wait a minute— I say, Dolly!"

"Stupid, you *are* in love," said Dolly, running off.

Skippy held out for a moment, but the thought was too appalling. What could he say to her? What excuse could he make? He hesitated. He wavered. He fled, forgetting his hat in the coat-room—fled bareheaded, shamelessly home.

LONG after midnight Snorky returned. Skippy was in bed, rolled up into a tight bundle, head sunk in the pillows, asleep. Snorky hesitated, came to the side of the bed and listened suspiciously; then, convinced, retired for the night.

But Skippy was not asleep. He had a story ready for Snorky, but to descend to trivialities this night of nights was unthinkable. He waited, then, twenty minutes, until Snorky joined the choruses of the night, and then slowly straightened out, turned on his back and put his hands under his head, preparing to seek her in his dreams according to the then popular formula of Peter Ibbetson.

But even the Peter Ibbetson method failed to quiet his senses. He could not sleep. He counted forty-two sheep jumping over a wall and then said:

"Graziella! What a peach of a name—and a countess, too!"

Suddenly she was before him, with her wide-eyed, questioning look.

"I thought you never would come," she was saying.

"I—I didn't dare before all those people," he said resolutely.

"Am I so terrible, then?"

He turned on his side, shifting the pillows, reconstructing the meeting as it should have been. He lived the moment, the unimaginable moment when he had asked her to dance, when she came close, fragrantly close to him, so close that his eyes closed and his breath seemed to stop. He put out his arm and at the thought of actually holding her he heaved a gigantic sigh and embraced the pillow in substituted rapture.

"My aunt's cat's pants," he said solemnly. "I guess I know now what love means!"

THE next morning, to explain his sudden flight, he stayed in bed on the pretext of a violent attack of indigestion, which he ascribed to the traditional antipathy of lobsters and ice-cream. By this subterfuge he not only satisfied Snorky's curiosity, but obtained a morning's freedom. While the family were still departing for the beach, he stole down the back stairs, jumped on his safety bicycle and streaked up the road that led to Riddell's Harbor, five miles away. Unless he could see her again, or at least learn where she lived, he felt he could not exist through the day.

There were three hotels in Riddell's Harbor, and a casino, to be explored, besides the possibility of the Summer cottages. He spent a fruitless hour circling before the verandas, searching the winding, leafy streets. He inquired of a grocer's boy, whose knowledge evidently did not venture beyond strict Anglo-Saxon. He tried the livery-stable, where a lank stableman called back: "Say, Al, ever hear tell of a countess hereabouts?"

"A what?" said a voice out of the fragrant interior.

"Countess—an Eye-talian countess."

"Naw."

"What she wanted for?" said the stableman, suddenly curious.

Skippy hastily cleared her name and departed.

At length an idea came to him. There was the post-office of course. Nothing simpler. He whirled up, left his safety and timidly approached the window. The postmistress was old and scrawny and decidedly forbidding. He could not at once pronounce the beloved name.

"I say, is there any one by the name of Snorky Greene staying here this Summer?" he asked incoherently.

"What Greene?"

"Snor—I mean Arthur Greene."

"There's an Alfred Greene and a Harold C. Greene," said the postmistress, looking at him suspiciously.

"No, that's not the one," he said hastily. "And please, is there a Countess di Orino, or Orinco? It's an Italian name."

"The Countess di Ornio is staying with the Wellivers."

"I say, would you mind telling me what house that is?"

"Beach Avenue and Topham Street, corner house."

He stammered out his thanks and turned. Horrors, there at the door was the countess in the flesh! In another second all would be discovered. He made a break for his safety, almost upsetting a large, plump lady, and fled down the avenue in a panic. Would the postmistress tell her? He felt chilly all over at the thought. Thank heavens, at least his name was unknown! It had been a hair-breadth escape. After this he would take no chances. The rest of the day was spent in lame excuses to Snorky and Dolly, but at least he knew one thing: the house under whose roof she slept.

THE week went like a fever. Three times he passed by her so close that he could have put out his hand and touched her. A dozen times at the beach, at the tennis-courts and again at the hotel hop he had opportunities to meet her. But each time he turned away in a panic. She knew now that he was afraid to meet her. He was sure of that, for each time their eyes met he felt something in hers, half-encouragement, half-astonishment. It was a mad, tragic passion, hopeless from the start—for counts marry rich Americans, but Americans never marry countesses. That much of worldly wisdom he knew. Real love, real romance was always tragic. It was cruel, but it was frightfully thrilling—this pretense to the world and the reality of the last waking hour at night! Why spoil all by making sport for an unregenerate public? Why parade sentiment before the mocking eyes of Snorky Greene and Dolly, before leering, jeering families, when with the dropping out of the lights, romance, *real* romance, began. The meeting would come some way, by some fortunate chance—not in the ordinary course, in stiff and formal introductions, as other persons met.

And then the awakening! Friday night he returned to find a note pinned on his cushion.

JACK: She left on the afternoon train. They sail to-morrow on the French line. Staying at the Waldorf. Tried to get you all afternoon. Sorry.
DOLLY.

Ten minutes later Snorky Greene beheld his chum enter the room in whirlwind style, seize a tooth-brush, a collar, three handkerchiefs and six neckties.

"For Mike's sake, what now?"

"Going to New York to-night," said Skippy incoherently, "if I have to ride on a freight-car. Mouth shut. Secret as the grave. If the governor rears up and snorts, tell him the truth. No one else. Back to-morrow. How much money you got?"

At the station, a little to his disappointment, he found he could get a late local that would get him to New York at daybreak. It would have been more romantic to have ridden underneath a freight-car with the tramps. But when he reflected that his appearance would profit by the more commonplace route, he felt reconciled.

He dozed through the bumpy, flickering night, consoling himself with the thought that as every cloud has a silver lining, he at least would escape the burden of a hotel bill. He breakfasted in the station and immediately set out in search of a florist—not an ordinary flower-monger, but a florist of importance, whose name would be stenciled on a pink box. At eight o'clock, having been waiting for an hour, he entered a shop on Fifth Avenue and after a long period of indecision allowed himself to be persuaded by a monster spray of orchids that had fascinated him from the first. It was frightfully expensive, but what of that? He had his return-trip ticket and he could lunch on "hot dogs" and peanuts, which give extraordinary nourishment for the price.

"Want to send a card?"

"Sure!" he said, to cover the shock of the suggestion.

He sat down at a desk and wrote her name and the address of the hotel on the envelope. That was easy. But the card? He dug his hands into his hair, he chewed at the penholder. This was a new experience. Of course he could not sign his own name—that could be precluded from the list of possibilities. What if he signed: "With love from Miss Bedelle."

That would deceive the stern Italian mother, while she, Graziella, would divine the subterfuge. But after long cogitation, he discarded this. It was undignified. He would sign no name, but he would send just one word—one word, at the wrench of parting, to carry into the long years. Only it must be the right word—one that she alone would understand. He considered several: "Eternally," "Faithfully," "Affectionately." But the bald, unromantic English revolted him. If he only had an Italian dictionary! It seemed to him that he had heard something like *sempriturna*, but he didn't dare trust his memory. Then suddenly he remembered that there was French to fall back on.

"The bouquet will come to twenty-five dollars," said the clerk, returning from a consultation.

"All right," he said gruffly and hurriedly. On the card he wrote: "*Toujours!*"

Then he underlined it, slipped it into the envelope and handed it to the florist.

"Got to be delivered right off!"

"Steamer?"

"No, hotel. Here's your money," he said, not daring to meet the eyes that surely must have read his secret.

"We're sending a number of boxes down to the steamer. Might miss the lady at the hotel."

"You're sure they'll get there?"

"We always send a special messenger."

"All right, then. Let's see the card."

He scrutinized it carefully. To avoid all errors, he had printed the address. He changed the envelope and inscribed the name of the steamer. Then in one corner he wrote: "Important. Deliver immediately."

"You're sure it'll get there?" he asked, with a lingering doubt.

The clerk smiled, and the smile drove him into flight.

FORTY minutes before the hour of sailing, Skippy, ensconced behind a pillar where for an hour he had waited miserably, suddenly felt every pulse quicken within him. She was there at last, walking toward him, a little in front of her mother and the same swarthy man with the mustaches in rat-tail—that dreadful ill-favored man for whom she was perhaps destined to be the unwilling bride. Now was the time for decision and daring! He stepped out and crossed into a little knot of bystanders, not daring to face her glance, and stood, desperately striving to appear at ease, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for him to be there. He waited a moment, took out his watch, frowned as though preoccupied and looked up. Oh, fortunate chance! She was standing by the hand-baggage, alone, while her mother, the maid and the ill-favored man were discussing volubly with a steward the labeling of the trunks. Her eyes were on him, gravely and without surprise. She knew—she understood. He went slowly

toward her, stopped and looked hurriedly away. Something dangerous was trembling in his eyes and a lump was in his throat. When he turned again, he saw at her feet a handkerchief. The great moment had come! He started forward to pick it up—and the great moment passed. Some one else had seen it; some one had stooped and offered it to her. When he caught her look again, he saw, distinctly saw, tears in her eyes. She had done it on purpose, then, just to give him the long-waited-for opportunity!

Then the rest returned and he stood careless of who might see, staring at her as she went up the gangway—forever.

Still he stood, without moving, waiting, his heart bursting within him, fighting against the unmanly thing that had him by the throat and attacked his eyes. He heard the brutal, raucous shrieking of the whistles. Some one bumped into him and shouted to him to move out of the way. Wharf-hands swarmed about and crowded him from his position. The hawsers slipped, the gangway drew in and before him the world began to move away.

He went out onto the pier's end, still waiting, still secure in his faith. Then, as the great ship drew clear, there on the top deck alone, by a life-boat, he saw her—and in her arms his flowers. Would she see him there, lost in the crowd? He took off his hat and waved it slowly, rhythmically in wide arcs until with a start she saw him. Their eyes met across the separation and the irrevocable fates. For a moment he saw clearly the solemn, wistful little face above his flowers and the eyes fixed steadfastly on him. He lifted his hat and she nodded. Then he could see her expression no more, only the little splash of white of the handkerchief she held up to him.

The crowd fell away from him and moved from the pier. He remained, alone, forgetting that he was bareheaded, watching the gray silhouette of the ship slipping down the bay. The bottom dropped out of the world and life was a blank. So he stood miserably, little knowing that the ship that bore her from his straining eyes bore her triumphantly into the Elysian regions of memory, where neither age nor disillusion could ever come to corrupt the memory.

PARENTS, who understand so little, are sometimes gifted with a strange tact. When Skippy returned, tired and solemn, the next night, they accepted his explanations without a question. Even Tootsie, his sister, forebore to comment. As for Dolly Travers, when she had drawn the whole story from him, she had sat on the beach with him for a long hour holding his hand, and to his surprise she treated him from thenceforth with expressions of the greatest favor. There was something about Dolly different from other girls, something enduring, permanent—real stuff!

Snorky, however, was different.

"Course you went down to see her off?" he asked, when they had disrobed for the night.

"Sure!"

"I don't get it."

"What worries you?"

"I'm not rubbing anything in," said Snorky, magnanimously discarding the *tu quoque* retort, "but I don't get this languishing over a girl you never even met."

"Who says we never met," said Skippy, looking him steadily in the eyes.

"You mean——"

"Chump!"

"Secret stuff, eh?" said Snorky, with a sudden enlightenment.

"Foreigners—strict as blazes," said Skippy, winking.

"You sly old devil!"

"We understand each other perfectly. She'll never consent to marry that old sausage," said Skippy, with conviction in his voice. "But not a word. That's between us, old pal!"

"Well, I'll be jiggswiggered!" said Snorky, who sat down, clasping his tooth-brush, while the figure of Skippy, momentarily in danger of eclipse, rose in new and heroic proportions in his imagination.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

When writing THE DELINEATOR *for information or aid, enclose stamps with your complete address and direct your inquiry to the proper department, Butterick Building, New York City. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered, nor will replies be made on a postcard. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.*

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR'S campaign for healthier children. Any one of ten pamphlets may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, and "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith. "The Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, in cloth binding, is one dollar, including postage.

BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a demonstration week and outfit a demonstration house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, some leaflets that the homemaker will find helpful in the management of her household. New subjects are added from time to time. If you are interested, send a self-addressed envelope for a list of subjects.

A booklet describing modern methods and devices for economically heating the house is now in preparation. The price will be twenty-five cents, including postage.

HOUSE DECORATION

Make Your Problems Clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Four printed bulletins entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings" and "Furnishing the Home," price twenty-five cents each, fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should ask not more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in forming good reading habits. Ask, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

You Can Improve Your Complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

ETIQUETTE

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department has a new Christmas party that will make old Santa feel young again. THE DELINEATORS containing the pageant "The Making of America" are available at twenty cents each in stamps. Directions for music and costumes are included. Teachers like this pageant for seventh and eighth grades. Tell us about the party or dinner or dance or shower or church entertainment you are planning and let us help you out.

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Buy patterns at the nearest Butterick agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, from the Main Office of The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, or the branch offices listed below, at the following prices:

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4729	25	4780	50	4831	35	4882	35	4933	35	4984	40
4730	30	4781	45	4832	45	4883	50	4934	45	4985	45
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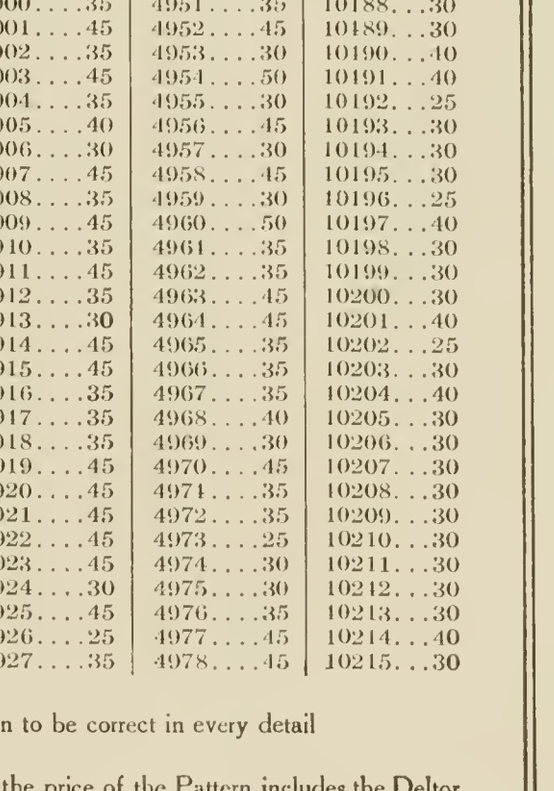
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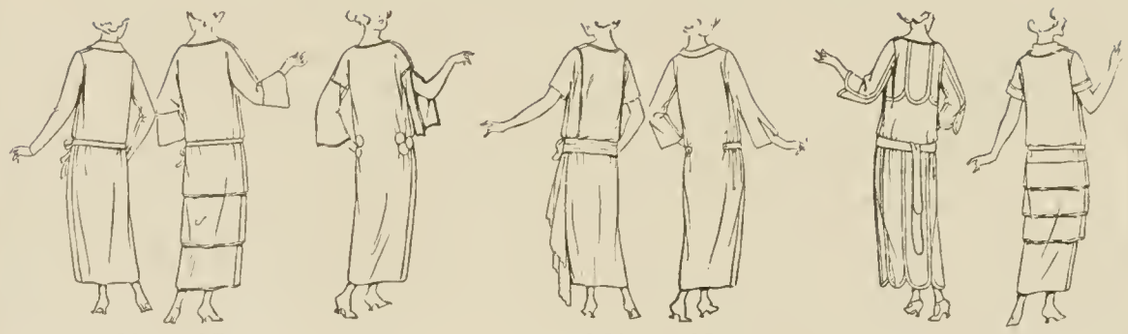
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Ask your Barber or Druggist for a bottle

WILDROOT
TAROLEUM
The wonderful new crude oil hair-wash

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 34



4968 4970 4964 4960 4934 4956 4978

4968—The collar of this one-piece slip-over dress may be worn turned down. The dress has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining. Use plaids or jersey tubing, soft twills, wool crêpe, serge, gabardine, tricotine, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid (about a 2½-inch plaid).

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

4964—The appliqué motifs on this one-piece dress with a Russian closing are easy to make. It has a straight lower edge and an elastic and a casing across the sides at the low waistline. Use satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, printed silk crêpe, printed silks or chiffon velvet, etc. For a brown dress, use rose, green, orange for each appliqué cluster.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4934—For this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge use soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or wool jersey tubing, etc. It slips on over the head, has an elastic at the low waistline and may have a body lining. It may have a wide or a short sleeve. This is a simple dress to make and the neck outline is new.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4960—10985—The kimono waist of this slip-over dress has a loose panel front and back. The dress has a straight skirt with a tiered front joined at a low waistline, and may have a long body lining. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or satin crêpe, etc., with lace. Motifs trim the sleeves. Work in colors.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is very smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4956—The braid trimming is applied to give weight to this one-piece dress of silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine just as embroidery or beading would do. It has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at a low waistline, slips over the head and may have a body lining. Without braid use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, chiffon velvet, printed silks, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4978—The tier arrangement is very French on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It has a casing and elastic at a low waistline and may have a body lining. Use wool crêpe, wool voile or heavy silk crêpe, etc., for this dress.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch wool crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

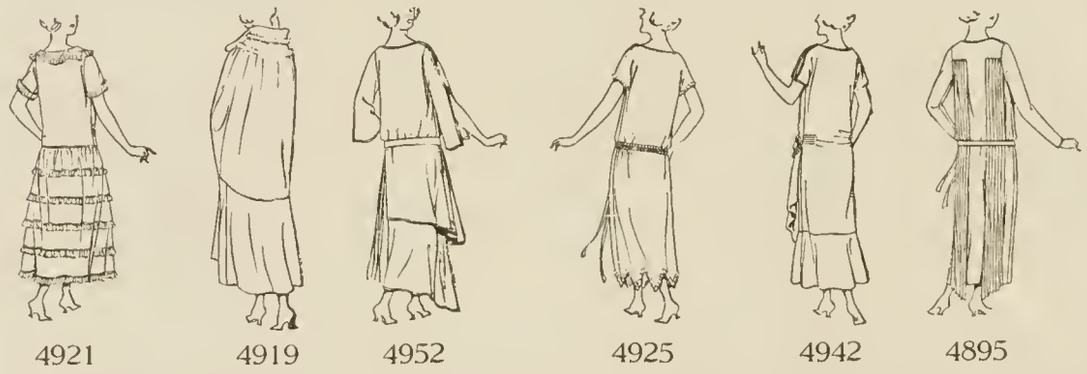
The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4970—The tiered two-piece lower part is joined at a low waistline on this dress of the slip over type. It may have a body lining. Use heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe, soft twills, soft wool crêpe or soft serge.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 35



4921 4919 4952 4925 4942 4895

4921—A simple lace collar is effective on a slip-over dress which closes under the left arm and has a straight skirt joined to a basque at a low waistline. Make it of satin, silk crêpe, moire, taffeta, velvet, soft twills, soft serge or soft wool crêpe.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is new style for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4952—10996—Crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe are suitable for this slip-over dress which closes under the right arm and has a two-tiered draped skirt joined at a low waistline. It may have a body lining with a camisole top. The beading on the girdle is smart. Use crystal beads or rhinestones.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge foundation skirt 48 ins.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4942—The circular flounce of this slip-over dress lengthens the draped one-piece upper part and the dress may have a body lining. The hand-made ornament is smart. Use crêpe satin, silk crêpe, chiffon velvet or soft twills. A printed with a plain material, a beige with a brown or a light green with a dark green are attractive combinations.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

4919—The straight upper part is plaited to a small yoke on a new cape lengthened by a circular flounce. It may have a plain short interlining. Use velvet, fabric fur, broadcloth, duvetyn, and shades of American Beauty, etc. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch velvet (without front facing).

The cape is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

4925—The interlaced girdle and rosette are easy to make on this one-piece dress with a straight lower edge and a choice of body lining. It slips on over the head and one may have a pointed lower edge if desired. Use plain or printed Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 63 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4895—10971—A dress that is becoming to practically every type of figure is a one-piece slip-over dress with loose side-plaited panels, in satin crêpe, plain or broché silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, etc. It has a casing and elastic at a low waistline or a body lining. The beading is smart. Work it in harmonious colors.

40 bust requires 6⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 36 to 52 bust.



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 36

4888—Hand-made flowers are dainty on this slip-over one-piece dress of plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, printed silks or velveteen.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4945—The draped basque and full straight skirt of this slip-over dress are joined to an underbody at a slightly low waistline. Use taffeta or moire with lace edging for frills, a hand-made ribbon bow and flowers.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4937—Circular flounces are smart on a one-piece slip-over dress. Use velvet, heavy silk crêpe, taffeta, soft twills, wool crêpe or serge.

11 years requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4924—For a party dress of the slip-over type with scalloped or straight lower edge use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, organdy, dotted voile with plain organdy, etc.

7 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

4947—Wool jersey, soft serge, silk-and-cotton jersey, pongee, chambray, linen-finished cotton, madras, poplin, etc., make a suit with slip-over blouse and straight trousers.

3 years requires 1 yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

4949—10146—Wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge make this two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a side or accordion plaited or gathered straight skirt joined to an underbody. The embroidery is gay. Work it in colors.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4913—10998—Crêpe de Chine for the slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers and velvet for the bands is an attractive combination. The bird is an original trimming. Work in outline.

5 years requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 35-inch velvet.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4916—4898—With a wrap-around coat of velvet or duvetyn with a deep square armhole, she wears a tam-o'-shanter to match. Or use soft-pile fabrics, broadcloth, soft twills or wool rep for the coat.

11 years and 21 inches head measure require 3½ yards 36-inch velvet (including tam).

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses, ladies.

4939—10142—This slip-over frock in raglan effect and with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers is quaint in wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, pongee, pin-check gingham, chambray, etc. The embroidery is easy to do. Work it in a contrasting color.

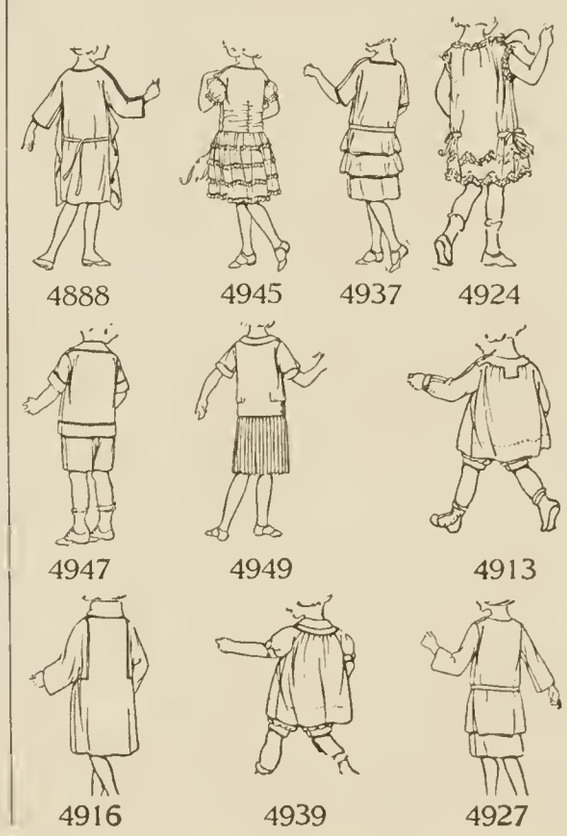
4 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool jersey and ¼ yard 54-inch contrasting wool jersey.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4927—3157—Check wool for the separate one-piece slip and as trimming for the slip-over long tunic blouse in Russian effect of plain wool is a smart alliance. Use wool crêpe, wool poplin, soft twills, serge, velvet, etc. The tam-o'-shanter is smart.

11 years and 21 inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 36-inch velvet (including tam) and ⅝ yard 48-inch check wool.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam for children, girls, misses, ladies.



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 37

4907—10138—For this slip-over dress, which closes under the left arm and has a two-piece skirt joined at a low waistline, use soft twills, wool crêpe, satin, heavy silk crêpe or taffeta. The embroidery is smart. Work in color.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch twill. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4928—3157—For this two-piece slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined to an underbody use novelty wool jersey with plain, or wool poplin, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, heavy silk crêpe or silk jersey. The tam-o'-shanter is becoming. Lower edge 47 inches.

16 years and 21¾ inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty and ½ yard 54-inch plain wool jersey for dress and ½ yard 32-inch or wider material for tam.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the tam-o'-shanter for misses, ladies or children and girls.

4932—4886—10197—With her two-piece dress of wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, etc., she wears a tam-o'-shanter hat. The accordion- or side-plaited or gathered straight skirt joins an underbody. The embroidery is new. Work in one-stitch, etc. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¼ yards.

16 years and 21½ inches head measure require 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey and ⅝ yard 35-inch or 39-inch duvetyn for hat.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for misses and ladies.

4948—10961—The kimono waist of this slip-over dress has a loose panel front and back and the straight skirt has a tiered front joined at a low waistline. Use satin crêpe, crêpe satin, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in color. Lower edge 47 inches.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4950—10112—Drapery on a two-tier skirt which is joined at a low waistline is lovely on the slip-over dress which closes under the right arm. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, etc. The beading on the hand-made girdle is decorative. Crystal beads are new.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge foundation skirt 46 ins.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years.

4944—An interlaced girdle and rosette trim a one-piece slip-over dress with a pointed or a straight lower edge and which may have a body lining. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette or silk voile. etc.

17 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 57½ inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4899—For the draped basque with an armhole of two depths and the hand-made bow use taffeta or satin with the full straight skirt which joins a slightly long underbody with a camisole top, of chiffon, Georgette, point d'esprit or net. The dress closes under the left arm and there may be a straight drop skirt. Lower edge of skirt 3 yards.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta and 3 yards 39-inch chiffon.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4887—10108—One wears this one-piece slip-over dress with a scalloped lower edge over a separate one-piece slip. It has an elastic and a casing at a low waistline and may have a straight lower edge. The beading is smart. Crystal beads or rhinestones are used.

34 bust or 17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge dress 50 inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.



4907 4928 4948 4932



4950 4944 4899 4887



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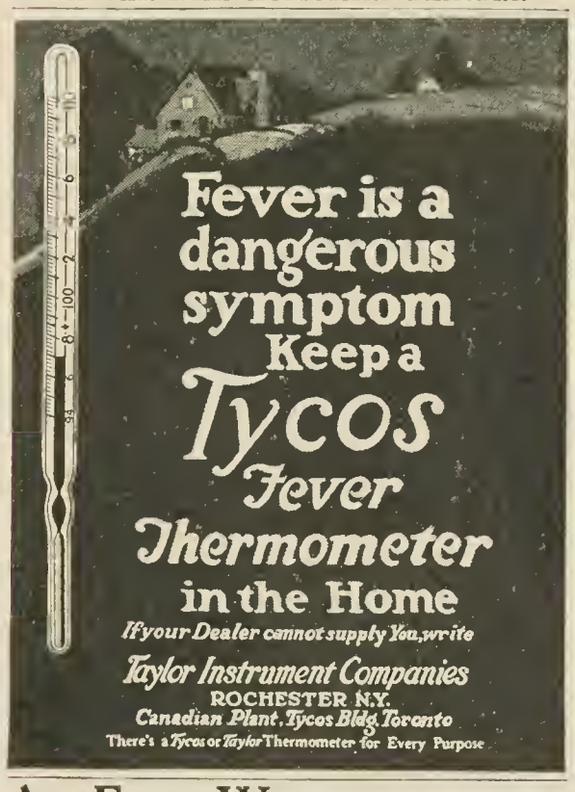
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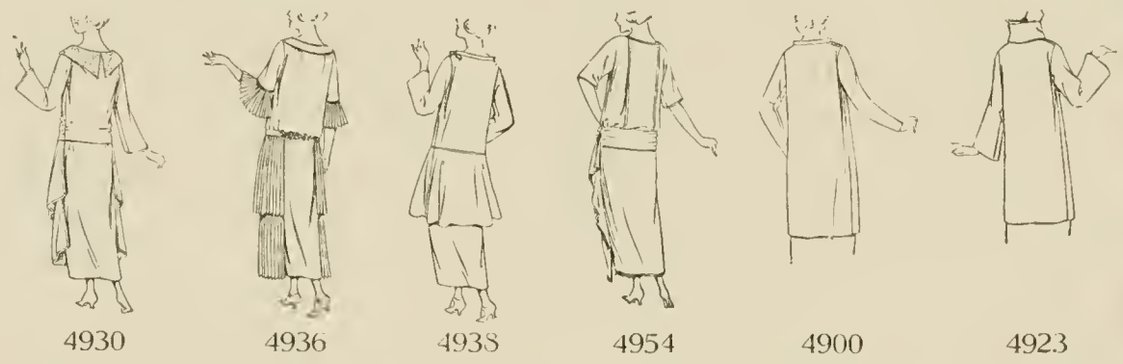
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 38



4930 4936 4938 4954 4900 4923

4930—The tiered front of this dress makes it an especially graceful style for crêpe satin, heavy silk crêpes or heavy crêpe de Chine. It slips on over the head, closes under the left arm and the straight skirt with tiered front is joined to a long underbody.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4938—4886—10138—For the straight skirt and circular peplum of this slip-over dress which join a long body of satin or heavy silk crêpe in self or contrasting color, use velvet, soft twills, wool rep or wool crêpe. The embroidery forms decorative bandings. Work it in harmonious colors. Her tam-o'-shanter hat is new. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 1⅜ yard 40-inch silk crêpe and 2¼ yards 40-inch velvet (including hat).

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

4900—4753—4748—10970—A slip-over blouse in the new three-quarter length of chiffon velvet, crêpe satin, silk crêpes, etc., can be worn over a two-piece skirt of wool velours, etc., joined to a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt. The turban is smart. Motifs decorate the blouse. Work in color.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards 39-inch velvet, 1 yard 54-inch wool velours for skirt joined to a camisole body. The turban requires 1 yard 36-inch metallic cloth.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 52 inches hip and the turban for ladies and misses.

4936—For a new one-piece slip-over dress with loose accordion or side-plaited side panels, use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, novelty crêpe de Chine, etc. It has a straight lower edge, a casing and elastic at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 5⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4954—10204—Chiffon velvet is smart for the draped straight skirt which joins at a low waistline, a body of crêpe Roma, heavier silk crêpe, satin crêpe or lace in a contrasting color, metallic fabrics or metallic laces. It is a slip-over dress and closes under the left arm. The beading is effective. Work it in an attractive color scheme. One may use plain or printed silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch silk crêpe and 2½ yards 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4923—4633—10102—With a three-quarter length coat of the straight-line variety, one may wear this one-piece slip-over dress. The dress has an elastic and a casing at the low waistline, and it may omit the circular flounce or a body lining. The embroidered bag she carries is attractive. It may be done in beads or French knots.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch wool, and 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe for upper part of the dress. Lower edge of dress 1¾ yard.

The coat and dress are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 39



4933 4967 4753 4854 4962 4931 4743 4946



4941



4935

4933—For a new slip-over blouse with a hip band use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin, Georgette, beaded or embroidered or use printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty crêpes, silk jersey, chiffon velvet or wool jersey.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 36-inch velvet.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4935—10214—For this slip-over blouse use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin or Georgette beaded or embroidered, printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty crêpes, silk jersey, chiffon velvet or wool jersey. The embroidery on this blouse is effective. Work it in outline, chain stitch or satin stitch.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4854—4962—3157—For Winter wear a coat of fabric fur, etc., is smart for sports over a four-piece skirt with a godet flare at each side of the front and back, set-in pockets and a 1¼-inch inside belt. Her tam-o'-shanter is becoming.

36 bust, 38 hip and 22 inches head measure requires 2½ yards 50-inch fur fabric, 2⅛ yards 42-inch gabardine, and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for tam. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip, and the tam-o'shanter for ladies, misses, girls, children.

4946—This one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge is attractive in jersey tubing, soft twills, wool crêpe, serge, gabardine, tricotine, plaids, heavy silk crêpe or silk jersey. It may have a body lining.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4941—10204—Plain crêpe de Chine or Georgette with beading or embroidery makes this slip-over blouse. The beading is effective. Work it in self or contrasting color. Or use crêpe satin with metallic embroidery, printed silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4963

4967—4753—A slip-over blouse of beaded or embroidered crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin, printed silk crêpe, etc., and with a choice of inside pocket is worn with a two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or an inside belt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch wool velours for skirt joined to camisole body. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 52 inches hip.

4931—4743—10207—A jacquette blouse in the new length may be worn either as a jacquette or a blouse over a two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt. The embroidery is attractive. Work in one-stitch. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine with embroidery, etc., and cut the blouse shorter if you like.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 56-inch wool rep. Lower edge 51 inches.

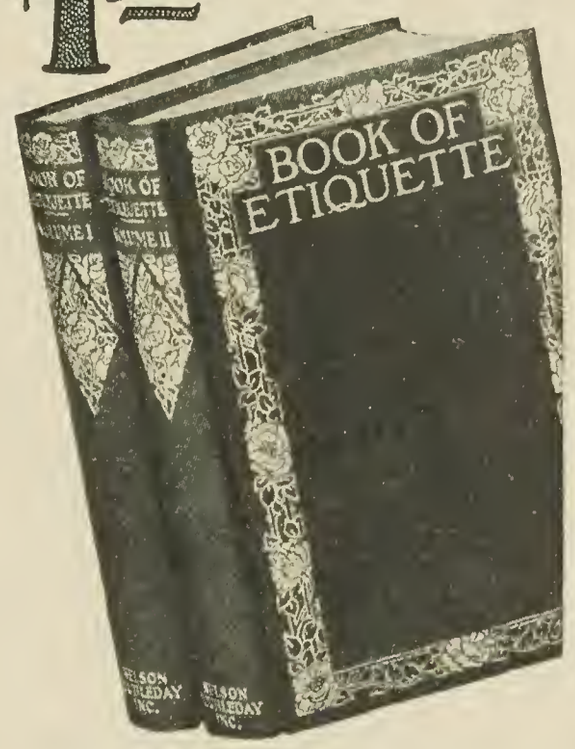
The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

4963—4748—A straight cape with a yoke is graceful in wool pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, wool rep, soft twills, or for evening in velvet, etc. The wrap-around turban is new.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch soft twill (cut crosswise) and the turban requires 1 yard 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses, the turban for ladies and misses.

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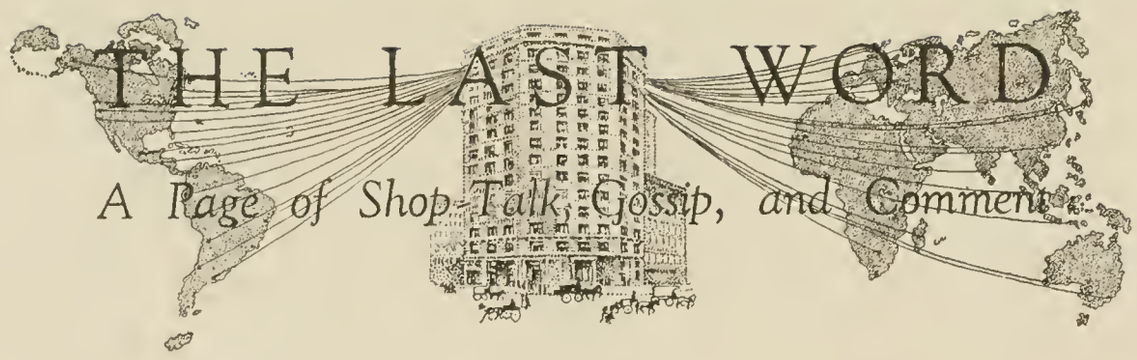
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Globe-Wernicke SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



We Become Linked Up with History On September twenty-fifth a bronze tablet was placed on the Butterick Building at Spring and Macdougal Streets in New York City by the Greenwich Village Historical Society to mark the site of the old Richmond Hill mansion, famous in Revolutionary days, when Greenwich Village was a separate community from New York City. The dedicatory inscription was drafted by President Coolidge and appears over his facsimile signature. It reads: "This tablet is raised in reverence for great deeds of the past that it may be an altar to the faith of the future." From the mansion that formerly stood on the present site of the Butterick Building, Washington directed his Long Island campaign in 1776. Subsequently it was the residence of John Adams and afterward of Aaron Burr. Many prominent Americans and visiting celebrities from Europe were guests at one time or another. Much of the early history of New York had its beginnings at Richmond Hill mansion. A companion tablet bearing the names of two hundred and twenty-one employees of the Butterick Company who served in the World War was dedicated at the same time. The two tablets are the work of Gutzon Borglum, American sculptor, who will design a bronze relief frieze of both Revolutionary and modern soldiers to be installed above the companion tablets.

Inspiration from City Streets The other day at a writers' club some one asked Grace Sartwell Mason, author of "Rebellion," in this issue, whether she picked her stories bodily from the air or whether they were written about some character she knew in the flesh. Her reply was that the sources of stories were amusingly varied and often fascinating to trace. And when asked whether she writes the year around, she replied that Summer in Manhattan is ideal for writing. She works in her office high up in a great building in the very heart of New York, although she has a home on the Pacific Coast, and she says that the ceaseless daylight roar of New York when heard from the seventeenth story of an office building is not unlike the surge and beat of the Pacific. The island of Manhattan she knows in its length and breadth, and Summer-time New York has no terrors for her. For no one has really seen Fifth Avenue who has not seen it on a Saturday afternoon in Summer, its beautiful gray length empty, the eyes of all the shops closed tight. Then it is that stories walk abroad, human beings lean in doorways, wilt across counters and bare their secrets.

Opportunity for Dressmakers Two facts of interest to women, whether they make their own clothing, buy it ready to wear, or have it made for them, have been brought to light as the result of a recent investigation into Butterick Pattern sales. One is that the demand for professional dressmakers is greater than the supply; the other is that dressmaking, as distinguished from the use of factory-made clothing, is on the increase. Our investigation covered the sales of Butterick Patterns in ninety representative cities in thirty widely scattered States. Our reports from merchants in these cities show that their sales of patterns in 1923 represent an increase over their sales in 1922, and also that there was an increase every month. In the month of June, 1923, the lowest increase reported in these ninety cities was 21.1 per cent. and the highest 146.7 per cent. The average increase was 40.9 per cent. In other words, in these ninety cities there were seven patterns sold in this period to every five in the same period the year before. Figures from our own pattern salesrooms in Paris, France, where there are more patterns and fashion publications sold than in any other store in the world, also show constant increases. There can be only one reason for this general tendency: more clothing is being made for the individual wearer, either by herself or by a seamstress. The ease with which even inexperienced needleworkers can make garments when guided by the Deltor has tempted many women away from ready-mades to become habitual buyers of paper patterns. As for the dearth of professional dressmakers, we have no positive knowledge based on statistics, but the known increase in dressmaking has disclosed an unmistakable shortage in their number, a fact that should be significant and encouraging to the woman who contemplates dressmaking as a business.

To Help Reduce Coal Bills Attention is called to the service to readers offered in connection with Mr. Watson Davis's article, "How to Keep Warm," in this issue. Because climate and the nature and abundance of the fuel supply vary greatly in this country, the problem of the householder who depends on anthracite coal for warmth is much different from that of a resident, let us say, in one of the States where there is plenty of cheap natural gas or fuel-oil. Of necessity, Mr. Davis had to write his article for the benefit of as many kinds of readers as he could possibly reach, omitting a really imposing amount of new technical information about fuels and heating devices. All of it that is of any use to the home-owner has been assembled by our home-economics investigators and is at the disposal of any reader who wants help in purchasing new heating equipment, in improving or extending her present plant or in experimenting with unfamiliar fuels.

Another Tribute to Women's Work No one can read the reports from the cities where THE DELINEATOR'S Better Homes campaigns have been conducted without being impressed by the amount of permanent good accomplished as the result of raising the living standards of the communities in which they were held. When club women, merchants, architects, builders, public-service corporations, public officials and school children work together under intelligent direction, their efforts are bound to be effective. There is a personal satisfaction in taking part in a campaign that is so immediately and permanently beneficial to the town supporting it and so free from any suspicion of commercial advantage or profit on the part of its directors. One of the marked results of two successful years of the Better Homes movement is the number of energetic and capable people—women more often than not—who found an outlet for unsuspected ability in organizing their local communities, supplying ideas, enthusiasm and whole-hearted effort that insured the success of their Demonstration Week and brought it to the attention of the national directors. It is not too early to start thinking about next Spring's campaign now. If you live in a town where there has been no Better Homes Week, or if you see the opportunity for community service and satisfying use of your leisure time or know some woman to whom such things appeal, write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

For the Entertainment Season Another article in this month's issue is backed up with an abundance of supplementary information that is at the disposal of interested readers. "Let's Give a Play!" will give you some valuable pointers about organizing and conducting an amateur theatrical performance. Miss Lord's suggestions and advice are the results of years of experience in staging such productions for amateur groups with varying degrees of talent, financial resources and equipment. Within its scope, her article is about as thorough and helpful as it could be made, but when it comes to a question of the selection of a play for a given occasion or one adapted to the limitations imposed by some local conditions, or the planning of some less pretentious form of entertainment suitable for home, church, school or club production, THE DELINEATOR'S Entertainment Editor is always ready to help with programs and recommendations.

Last-Minute Christmas Gifts Your Butterick Pattern dealer's counter catalog is full of Christmas suggestions that will help the home gift-maker with holiday needlework problems. With one pattern, for instance, directions for making four dolls and their clothes are shown step by step in fifty-four accompanying Deltor illustrations. Another, a rag doll, has embroidered features and hair, and an envelope of toy animal designs contains an elephant, a puppy, a duck, two kinds of bunnies and a kitten. There is a great variety of transfer designs for animals and Mother Goose subjects, a profusion of initials, banding designs for every conceivable purpose and some especially appropriate subjects for infants' shawls, hoods, bibs, carriage and crib covers.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

THE subject of equal rights, which is always close to the hearts of the fair pew-holders who read our favorite woman's magazine, is treated much to our taste by an anonymous contributor to *The Nation* ◈◈◈ He (or she) writes: "If they want really to go to the root of the problem of inequality, the women's organizations of the country should forget matters of mere political importance and draw up a program something like this: 1. No man shall be allowed to give up his seat for a woman unless in like circumstances of age or infirmity he would give it up for a man. 2. With the same proviso, no man shall be allowed to assist women from public conveyances, shove them in at table, rise when they enter rooms, tip his hat, comment on women's personal appearance or show off. 3. With the same proviso, no man shall be allowed physically to defend, protect or sustain any woman or resent insults for her or prevent her from fighting her own battles. 4. Absolute equality shall prevail in the matter of paying for (a) car-fares and taxi-fares, (b) meals, (c) tickets for amusements, including movies, merry-go-rounds, trips to Europe, etc. 5. No man shall be allowed to support any woman unless she is ill or encumbered with a small infant, and then only until some adequate system of sick and maternity insurance be established" ◈◈◈ A news-dispatch from *England* reports that *Princess Mary* is a devotee of the budget system and is conducting her household affairs so that the living expenses are about $5.75 a person a week ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the anniversary of the invention of a device that has had as much to do with shaping world history as the scepter or the sword ◈◈◈ We refer to the curling-iron, credited to the skill and ingenuity of one *Darius, the Smith*. The details of the master's life are lost in antiquity, but the essential facts have fortunately been preserved for us ◈◈◈ It seems that *Darius* had a daughter who was the belle of the community and the apple of the old man's eye ◈◈◈ The girl went into a decline that mystified her fond parent and plunged him in grief, until she confessed that a secret sorrow was gnawing at her heart: she was wretched because she had straight hair, whereas her hated rival, the miller's daughter, had wavy locks that gave her a big advantage in the race for popularity ◈◈◈ *Darius* thereupon hammered out the first crude curling-iron on his anvil. The daughter became expert with the instrument, picked up rapidly in health and spirits, eventually snared the village money-changer, and lived happily ever after ◈◈◈ A committee of artists appointed by the Charcoal Club of *Baltimore, Maryland*, reports that ninety-nine out of every one hundred girls with red hair are bow-legged and that ninety-nine out of every one hundred girls of the brunette type are knock-kneed, all of which reminds us that *Muriel Spring*, noted European dancer, recently insured her legs for a million dollars ◈◈◈ *Dr. Elizabeth Young* of *Chicago* has been telling housewives how to make their husbands tractable through a knowledge of food chemistry ◈◈◈ She says: "If you want him home nights, feed him calcium; if you want him to gad about, give him phosphorus and potassium; if you want to curb his temper, keep sodium from him and give him calcium. If lazy, feed him pep-producing chemicals, and keep them from him if wild or inclined to overwork" ◈◈◈ *Meyer Krupp*, who has returned from a trapping expedition among isolated parts of *Manchuria*, says that photographs of pretty American girls, preferably attired in furs, are popular with the natives, who willingly exchange valuable pelts for them ◈◈◈ Blondes are favored more than other types, and one picture of a movie star cut from an illustrated magazine was traded for seven marten skins, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars ◈◈◈ A *Haines City, Florida*, mother who wants to help other parents writes that she cured her four-year-old child of finger-sucking by "winding tire-tape around the troublesome fingers" ◈◈◈ A more effectual preventive, in our inexpert estimation, would be to wind the tire-tape directly across the troublesome mouth ◈◈◈ In *West Africa* a wife can be purchased for twenty-one cents ◈◈◈ It may be only a coincidence, but it is astonishing how few West African women mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers ◈◈◈ The angelic host of those who do grows apace and we wish them all a very, very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Brings

Cleanliness

and

Good Cheer

Makes cleaning easier all the year

A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year

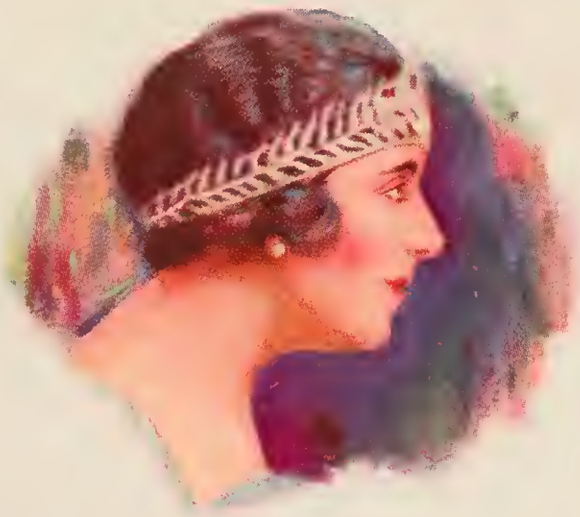
Yours "Old Dutch"



MARTINELLI—Victor Artist

The forty-three records by Martinelli listed in the Victor Record catalog are the authentic interpretations of this great tenor. They are Martinelli himself—every record carries with it his own personal approval. His selections include:

	Double-faced	
Eugene Onègin—Air di Lenski L'Ultima Canzone	6195	$2.00
Ernani—Come rugiada al cespite Iris—Apri la tua finestra	737	1.50
William Tell—O muto asil del pianto Traviata—Dei miei bollenti spiriti	6212	2.00



BORI — Victor Artist

There's a charm to Bori's every interpretation that is most delightful and it is depicted with absolute fidelity on Victor Records. This life-like quality is readily apparent to the artist herself—to every one upon hearing any of her twenty-five records. Among them are:

	Double-faced	
Traviata—Addio del passato Don Giovanni—Vedrai, carino	543	$1.50
Malagueña Clavelitos	544	1.50



DE LUCA—Victor Artist

Whatever De Luca sings, his performance is perfection itself, and he finds every selfsame quality reflected in his Victor Records. Thirty-one numbers have been recorded to date. Here are some of them:

	Double-faced	
Barbiere di Siviglia—Largo al Factotum Ernani—O de' verd' anni miei	6077	$2.00
William Tell—Resta immobile Marriage of Figaro—Se vuol ballare?	596	1.50
Don Carlos—Per me giunto è il di supremo Masked Ball—Eri tu	6078	2.00



Victrola No. 230
Spring motor, $375
Electric, $415
Mahogany
Other styles, $25 to $1500

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high class music by great artists. Victor supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.



Victrola

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

THE DELINEATOR



KATHLEEN NORRIS EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY ETHEL BARRYMORE

THE FIRST FASHIONS FOR SPRING

FEBRUARY 1924

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY
$2.00 A YEAR—$2.50 IN CANADA

☆



The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 398. In the 6 x 9 ft. size it costs only $9.00

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
COPYRIGHT 1917 AND 1920 CONGOLEUM COMPANY INC.

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug.

"This Congoleum Rug cheers up the whole room!"

Wouldn't you be proud of this attic room? Simple, yes, but so dainty and immaculate. And how charmingly the colors of the *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug blend with the quaint, old-fashioned wall-paper!

In the most artistic patterns imaginable there's a Congoleum Rug to suit every room in the house, from living room to kitchen. And these rugs are so easy to clean—the smooth, sanitary surface needs but a few whisks with a damp mop to make it spotless.

Durable, sanitary and colorful, *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are a real blessing to busy housewives. Note the surprisingly low prices.

6 x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	The rug illustrated is made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with it.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 ft.	$ .60
$7\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 ft.	11.25		3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9 x 9 ft.	13.50		3 x $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft.	1.95
9 x $10\frac{1}{2}$ ft.	15.75		3 x 6 ft.	2.50
9 x 12 ft.	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Atlanta
San Francisco Kansas City Minneapolis Pittsburgh Dallas
Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs



THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME CIV FEBRUARY, 1924 NUMBER TWO



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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

THE first effort to raise the standard of the American home was begun about the time of the Arms parley in 1921, when the problem of housing was most acute. America was short a million homes. It was well worth the effort of the best minds in the country to help insure the building of a million *better* homes. At that time THE DELINEATOR brought together experts in all phases of home-making and organized the "Better Homes in America" campaign.

Seventeen thoughtful men and women worked out the first program of this nation-wide movement and developed its interests to meet all the problems of the home-maker. That original group of workers has grown in three years to ten thousand members and made of the movement a national cause for the betterment of American life.

We are not solely concerned with the housing problem. Time, labor and the demand take care of that. We are interested chiefly in the enormous army of eighteen million women in America who do their own housework. This is the largest single industry in the world. It is the most important.

Do you know that a State capitol may be built for seventy cents a cubic foot, and that little homes cost as much as one dollar and thirty-five cents a cubic foot? This is because only a small number of real architects have concerned themselves with the problems of the poor man. But the Better Homes in America movement has enlisted the *great* architects—men such as Donn Barber, Ernest Flagg, Dwight James Baum and many others—in the home-builder's needs. The same genius which produces beautiful State capitols and libraries has come to a sense of responsibility for a better America—and that must begin with better American homes.

And now Herbert Hoover has brought together zoning and housing and health experts. Libraries, clubs, music and many other organizations are applying their knowledge to the needs of the better home. Health experts are concentrating on the essentials for health in the home. We have set home-economics specialists to work on the saving of labor, time and money; house-decoration specialists upon the planning of color effects, lighting, space and all the details of house-furnishing. Miss Van Rensselaer and Mr. Barber are carrying out an experiment to develop a perfect kitchen and storage-room. It costs no more to be right than wrong—not as much if you have experts on the job.

Hundreds of cities are at work on model demonstration houses for Better Homes Week in 1924.

But the most significant fact in all this movement is the building in a number of cities of model homes which belong to the high schools and where the science of home-making will be taught to girls in the morning, married women in the afternoon and the foreign-born at night.

Every high school has a laboratory for the teaching of chemistry. Only a limited number of boys use this knowledge.

Every girls' high school *should* have a laboratory for the teaching of home-making. Every girl is a potential home-maker and our standard of living will take a quick rise when we shall have taught each one of them the fundamentals of home-making.

As President Coolidge wrote to the high-school pupils of Port Huron, Michigan, the town which won the first prize in the 1923 national Better Homes campaign:

"To raise the standard of the American home is to raise the standard of the American people. The home is the foundation of society and of our institutions and is the badge of contentment and satisfaction. It is the conclusive reply to every threat against the fundamental principles upon which our Government is based."

WHAT MAKES AMERICA GREAT?

Nations are good or bad according to their traditions and their aspirations.

What is it that makes America great?

King Albert believed that the strength of America lay in her promise to the children of the poor. This is only one of our sources of strength.

America is a great nation because we believe in individualism, because the law is for all of us, and so are our opportunities, because each generation may be supported and developed by the sons of poor men.

Our controlling passion is to be a free and proud people. And next in importance is our desire to be square.

We do not harbor hatred. The poisons of suspicion, fear, envy, relentless hate of other nations do not flow through our veins. We do have a hatred of principles we believe to be wrong—autocracy, oppression, broken faith.

We survive and prosper according to individual initiative. It is a common occurrence for a boy to come out of poverty and leave a great fortune at the end of his life. It is an every-day happening for men of great wealth to give away millions of dollars to science, education or relief.

We are the most generous of the people of the world, the least materialistic. We like to make money because it represents reward for effort, and a certain power, and we like to live well.

But we desire also to give the other fellow a chance. We want to share what we have. We want a *better world*, and especially a better America. That is one of our traditions and aspirations, one of the things that make us a great nation. We want to live and *let* live. Dear God, keep this a part of us. Let us never lose our reason in the blind fog of hatred.

America has never been so rich as she is to-day, never so healthy, never so strong. While these qualities are priceless possessions, they carry with them the menace of high places. They carry with them the obligation of the right example. Following the war, we had a tendency to scatter our forces, to dissipate our energies in unconstructive things. We had "been good" a long time. We had worked to win the war; we had saved and deprived ourselves of comforts and luxuries for a cause. In the reaction we went rather far away from the hearthstone. With the tremendous wealth that has swept over this country in high wages, big profits, sound investments, in a secure treasury and a high value of our currency, we have needed steadying to make sure that we did not turn this opportunity into a dissipating play-hour.

The Better Homes in America movement does not aim to preach or to chastise. It is an educational campaign in the interest of the American people, and therefore to the gain of the rest of the world.

FOR SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS!

THE TEN-POINT SUCCESS CREED

1. Work and Earn.
2. Make a Budget.
3. Record Expenditures.
4. Have a Bank Account.
5. Carry Life Insurance.
6. Own Your Home.
7. Make a Will.
8. Invest in Safe Securities.
9. Pay Bills Promptly.
10. Share with Others.

A MOTHER TO HER SON

WE HAVE been asking a few men and women who have made good in life to tell us the biggest influence that contributed to the shaping of their characters.

We believe that in such bits of obscure history there lies the consoling proof that every honest effort bears fruit in life, every sincere thought becomes an influence. Prayer is answered.

There is a young man in New York who is making good. He has a keen mind and a strong character. He is becoming an influence for good in his community.

Recently his mother was cleaning out his pockets to help him change his clothes quickly.

"That letter will interest you, mother," he said, referring to a letter about his work. But it was another paper she opened—a yellow, rumpled sheet—a note she had written him when he was eight years old, the first time he had been separated from her. It breathed the same thoughts and prayers that lie in the hearts of all mothers. She had forgotten she had ever written it.

The young man was embarrassed for a moment when he saw what she held. Then he said: "That is the most priceless possession I have. I am going to carry it in my pocket as long as I live. I have been tempted to do some rotten things in my life, and just the consciousness that I had that message in my pocket, and that it came out of your heart, has steered me straight most of the time."

Here is that mother's message which a boy carried in his pocket until he became a man:

Get up when called in the morning.

Wash *before* dressing.

Wash your teeth. A clean mouth belongs to a clean heart.

Be obedient. Remember the world would be crushed into pieces if it did not obey the law of God. And you must suffer if you do not obey.

Be truthful. Only cowards lie. You are not a coward.

Be kind. It is the greatest gift in the world.

Don't forget that you have promised to do some kind act every day.

Wash your face and hands before going to the table.

Remember that your father is a *gentleman*. In his absence it is up to you to *prove it*. A gentleman is *kind* and *truthful* and *clean* and *quiet*.

Be interested in everything. Have a good time.

Remember that I love you with all my heart.

Say your prayers. Ask God to keep your heart clean and brave and true and your body well for YOUR MOTHER.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 96

FURNISHING "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE

How it was done for three thousand dollars

By LIDA HAFFORD

Director, General Federation of Women's Clubs



THIS FAMOUS HOUSE WAS DESIGNED FOR *THE DELINEATOR* IN 1922 AND BUILT FOR THE GENERAL FEDERATION IN THE 1923 CAMPAIGN

THE late President Harding in a speech in Akron, Ohio, two years ago stressed the need for better homes and better living conditions in America. Quickly the "Better Homes in America" movement came into existence. President Coolidge, Secretaries Hoover, Wallace, Davis, Roosevelt, other Government officials, presidents and chairmen of cooperating national organizations, with Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Editor of THE DELINEATOR, as secretary, formed the advisory council. An annual observance of a Better Homes Week was inaugurated. Nine hundred and sixty-one cities cooperated in the first national demonstration week in October, 1922.

In the second year of the campaign a national demonstration, sponsored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, took place in Washington during Better Homes Week, June fourth to eleventh, 1923. This house was not entered in competition for a prize because it did not represent the efforts of any one community.

"Home, Sweet Home" is a term which appeals to the best in every one, so the General Federation of Women's Clubs solved at once one of the most important and difficult features of their demonstration by choosing for the plan of the national demonstration house a modernized replica of John Howard Payne's home at Easthampton, Long Island, memories of which inspired him to write the immortal lyric just a century ago.

Simple, dignified, convenient, showing great economy of space, adapted with slight modifications to any climate and locality, the little house has charmed the thousands who have passed its inviting portal. In the September, 1923, issue of THE DELINEATOR the architect, Mr. Donn Barber, discussed its architectural features, its exterior construction, its arrangement.

Within the house one finds satisfaction in the simplicity and appropriateness of the furnishings. An effort has been made to keep the appointments in harmony with the architectural features of the house (Colonial in design), with the potential income of a family who might own such a home and with the educational phases of the Better Homes movement.

It is a home in which any one might be content to dwell. Each article of furniture has been selected most carefully, that year after year it might meet the need of the family, even though later financial success should make a more pretentious home possible.

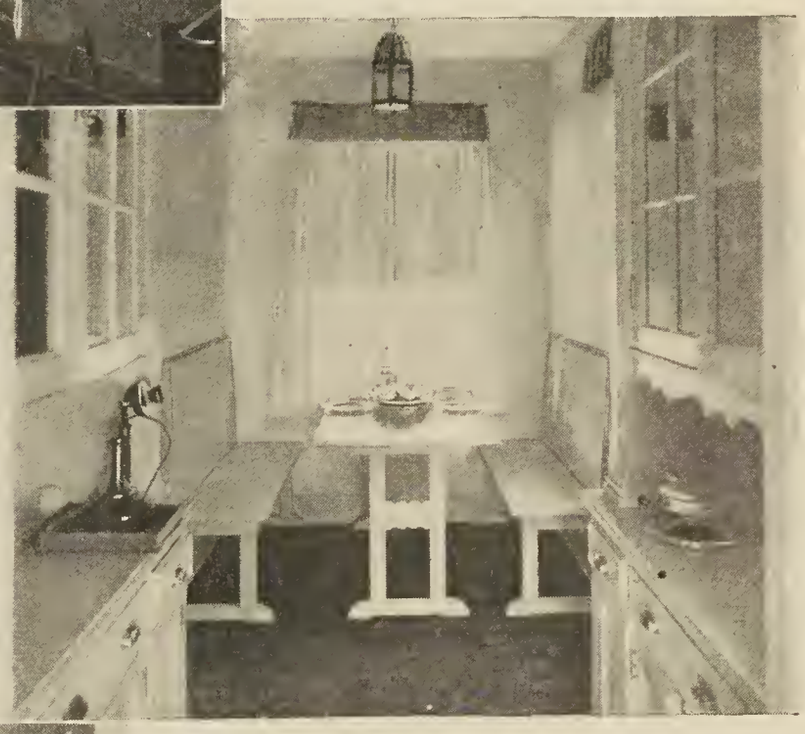
Reception-Hall—Entering the front door, the simple Colonial stairway in white and mahogany, the old-time flowered wall-paper adding a touch from out of the past, a small Oriental rug, the mahogany drop-leaf table and dainty banjo clock greet the guest with a charming appeal of welcome. The guest-book on the table bears the autograph of the late President and Mrs. Harding, President and Mrs. Coolidge and many other distinguished visitors.



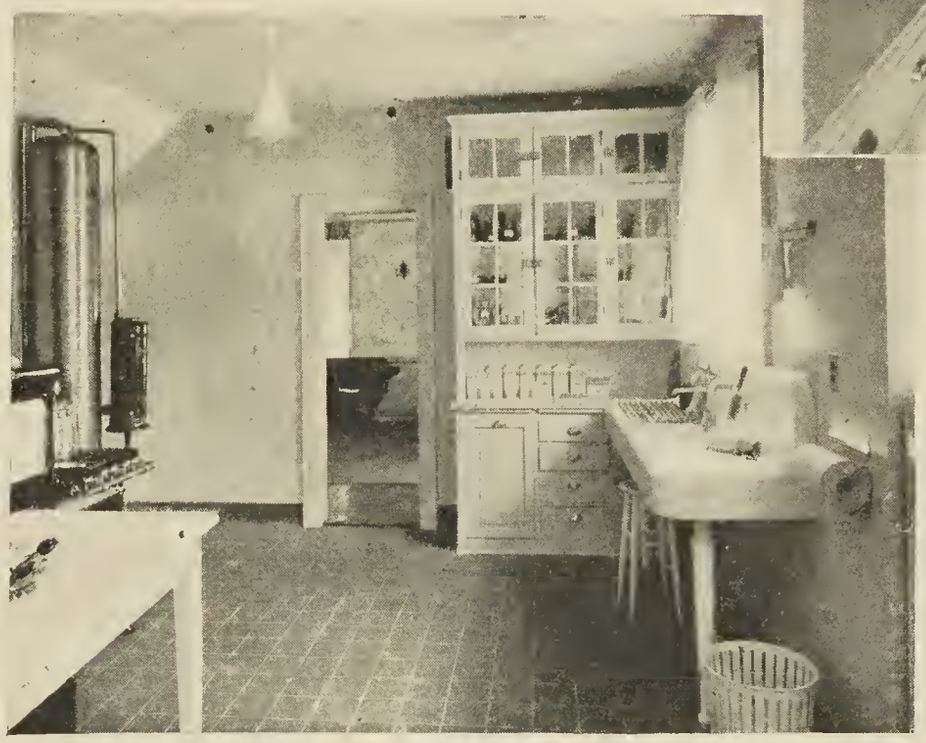
THE NURSERY WAS FURNISHED AND DIRECTED BY THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU IN WASHINGTON



"A ROOM TO LIVE IN," THE LATE PRESIDENT HARDING SAID OF THIS CHARMING, WELL-FURNISHED LIVING-ROOM



IN THE OVAL—MISS LIDA HAFFORD, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION HOUSE. *ABOVE*—SEVENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE ADMIRED THIS ATTRACTIVE BREAKFAST-NOOK



DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE SPECIALISTS AND OTHER HOME-ECONOMICS AUTHORITIES DEVELOPED THIS KITCHEN. ITS STORY IS TOLD ON PAGE 14

Living-Room—To the left of the reception-hall, through a Colonial small-paned glass door, is the spacious living-room, twenty-six by fifteen feet. One immediately feels a glow of cheer from the light and airiness of the room with its seven windows—two on each end, north and south, and three facing east.

The woodwork is a satin-finish gray with walls of a large-figured Colonial two-tone gray paper which gives depth and beauty to the room. The drop ceiling, chair-rail and plain gray dado below give it a quaintness which does honor to the original Payne homestead. Several copies of masterpieces adorn the walls.

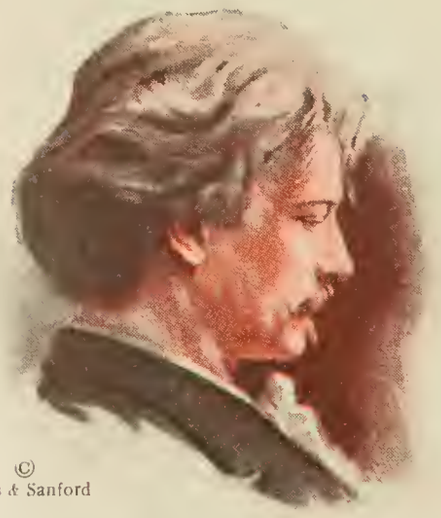
Covering the hardwood floor, laid in simple parquet design, is a lovely soft taupe plain rug, which makes an excellent setting for the furnishings.

Harmonizing with this setting, the window-draperies are of a dainty yet durable figured net with rose valance, giving a warm note of color.

A living-room should present an air of comfort and cheer, of comradeship and friendliness, and this room without a single article of furniture would make a strong home appeal.

The majestic piece of furniture is the davenport, a reproduction of a

Continued on page 74



© Davis & Sanford

PADEREWSKI —Victor Artist

Nothing short of perfection satisfies the artistic sense of this great artist. The fourteen selections by Paderewski already listed in the Victor catalog have all had his personal approval. Among these numbers are:

	Double-faced	
Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part I Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2—Part II	6235	$2.00
Valse in A Flat Cracovienne Fantastique	6230	2.00



© Mishkin

MELBA —Victor Artist

The first records Melba ever made were to send to her father in Australia. So perfectly did they reproduce her voice that she continued to make Victor Records. Her repertoire of twenty-six numbers includes:

	Double-faced	
Lo, Here the Gentle Lark Pensieroso—Sweet Bird	6214	$2.00
Rigoletto—Caro nome Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui	6213	2.00
Don César de Basan—Sevillana Louise—Depuis le jour	6216	2.00



© Dupont

KREISLER —Victor Artist

Kreisler's mastery of the violin is as evident on the Victrola as on the concert stage. Kreisler knows this and his seventy Victor Records confirm his judgment. A few of these records are:

	Double-faced	
Chanson Indoue Chanson Arabe	706	$1.50
Caprice Viennois Humoresque	6181	2.00
Souvenir Chanson sans paroles	716	1.50



Victrola No. 105
$180
Mahogany or walnut



Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut



Victrola No. 220
$200
Electric, $240
Mahogany, oak or walnut

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from $25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



Lake Placid, one of the most famous summer and winter resorts on the American continent, is a charming village in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains in Northern New York State. In winter, it is the scene of many championship skating and ski-jumping contests, and in summer, of tennis and golf tournaments.

Lake Placid and Cheyenne have one choice in common

TWO thousand miles separate Lake Placid, in the beautiful Adirondacks, from Cheyenne, in the shadow of the Laramie Range of the Rockies.

But ask the women of these two different and distantly separated towns what soap they use for their laundry and household work, and more will say, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap," than any other.

For P and G is the largest selling laundry and household soap in Lake Placid and Cheyenne, just as it is in the United States as a whole.

The distinction of this remarkable soap is well deserved.

P and G is unique

P and G is a *white* soap, and fastidious women prefer a white soap because whiteness is a symbol of cleanliness.

P and G makes a quick, rich lather in water of any temperature.

P and G is endowed with certain properties which remove soil quickly, with little or no rubbing or boiling, yet do not harm colors or fabrics—P and G acts on *dirt*—not on the clothes themselves!

P and G rinses out quickly and thoroughly, too, leaving no unsightly soap particles, no tell-tale soapy tinge, no soapy odor.

P and G makes white clothes snowy white and preserves colored clothes in all their original freshness.

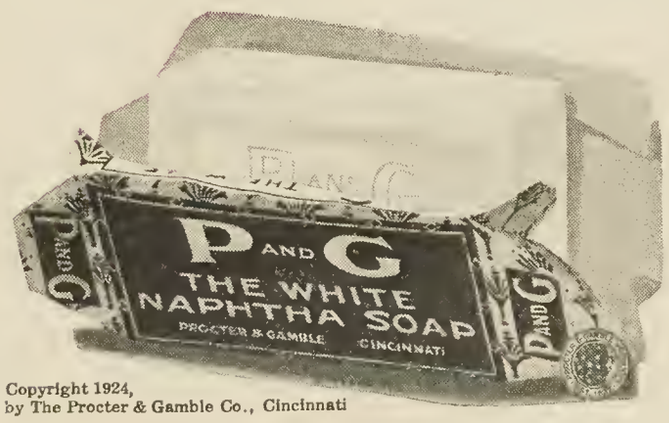
When women can get *all* these qualities in *one* soap, is it any wonder that this soap should out-sell every other soap?

Whether you have your washing done, or do it yourself, you will serve the best interests of yourself, your clothes and your laundress, by selecting P and G The White Naphtha Soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Wyoming State Capitol
Cheyenne



Copyright 1924,
by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati



"Frontier Days" at Cheyenne!

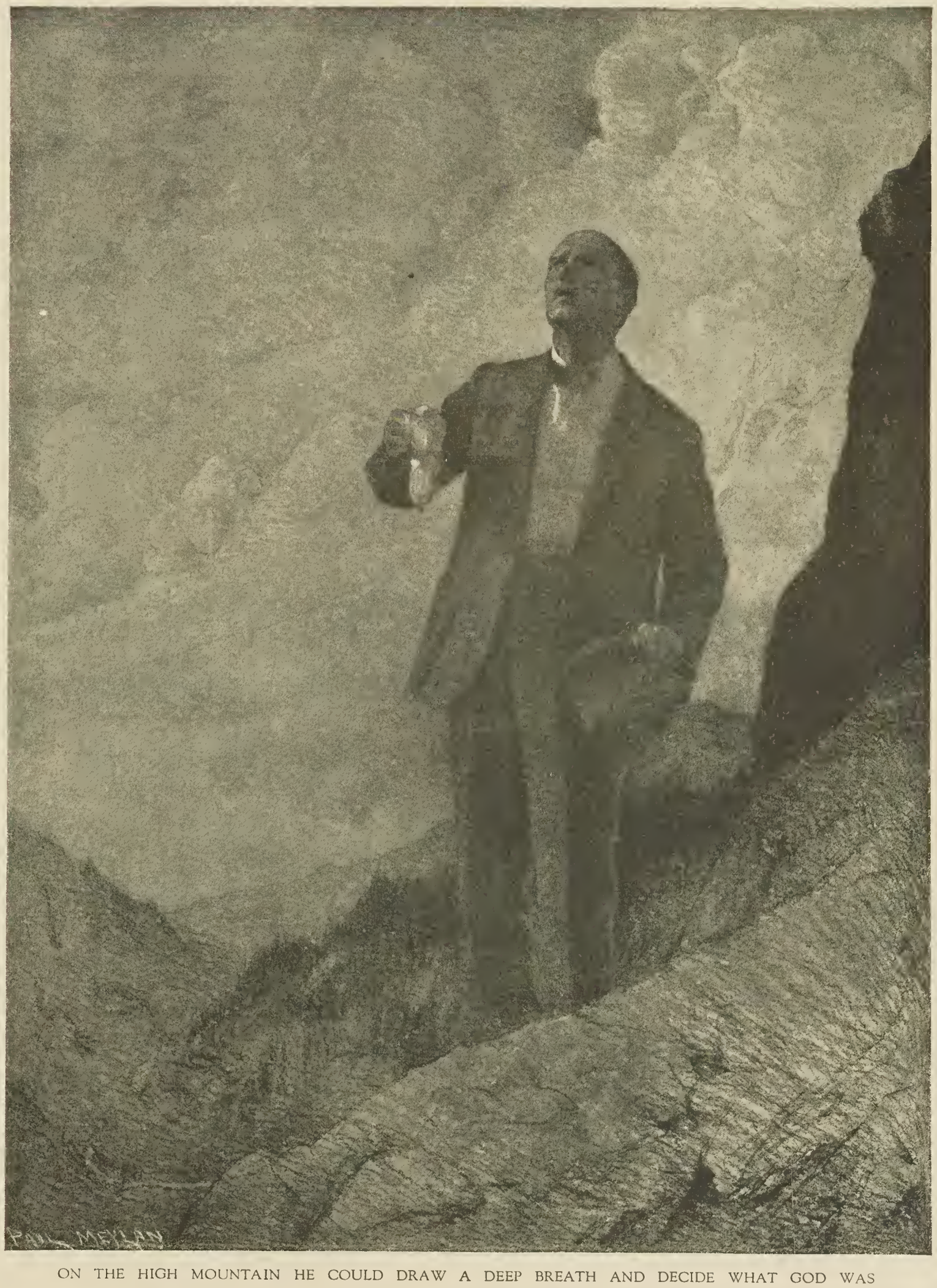
Once a year the greatest steer-ropers, bronco-busters, bull-doggers, the handsomest cowpunchers, the fairest cow-girls, the wildest horses, all gather in this town at an altitude of 6000 feet, to compete for silver-mounted saddles and such. The rest of the time, Cheyenne is a settled, prosperous city of 12,000 inhabitants, where the Governor and Legislature carry on the business of the State of Wyoming.

FINDING MR. WING

Another serious story by our greatest humorist

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs"



ON THE HIGH MOUNTAIN HE COULD DRAW A DEEP BREATH AND DECIDE WHAT GOD WAS

WHEN the nurse returned, Mr. Wing was not in bed. The bedclothes were thrown carelessly back, the closet door stood open and Mr Wing's gray suit, which had been hanging in the closet, was no longer there. His tan shoes were also gone, and there was but one thing for the nurse to believe: Mr. Wing, during her absence from the room, had dressed himself and escaped.

The nurse's first thought was that she would be blamed for carelessness, but her second thought was that no one, not even Doctor Collinge, had told her to remain constantly in the room. No one had told her that Mr. Wing needed any watching whatever. Feeling much better, she went to notify Mrs. Wing and see what was to be done.

"He must be found, of course," said Mrs. Wing instantly. She put down her sewing and walked straight to the telephone and got Doctor Collinge on the wire.

The thing to do, the doctor was sure, was to notify the police. The police, it seemed, had a bureau for this very purpose—a bureau of missing persons—and Doctor Collinge would attend to everything. Of course if Mrs. Wing cared to meet him at the police-station, he would be glad.

The lieutenant in charge heard the story of Mr. Wing's flight and studied the photograph Mrs. Wing had thought to bring with her. Gray suit, tan shoes, height about five feet six inches, weight two hundred and six, complexion white but apt to be very red when he walked or exercised—and so on. Hair? Quite bald. It would be all right; they ought to pick him up in an hour or two, now that every station had a radio. Unless——

Mr. Wing's melancholy was a bad sign, the lieutenant admitted. He hoped Mr. Wing had not headed for the pier. Or the subway—a lot of these cases jumped in front of subway trains nowadays. But he might be home and in bed already; these sick-nerve fellows took queer notions. He might go home of his own accord. Lots of them did, after testing their ability to escape from the nurse. They did not know where to go or what to do.

"Had I better engage a detective?" Mrs. Wing asked anxiously.

"That's up to you, lady," the lieutenant answered. "We'll do all we can, you can count on that."

THE detective, when he came to the house, said his name was Bunce and seemed proud of it. He had very large hands and feet and a frown that deepened when he thought, as if thinking were the hardest part of his work, and his closely clipped hair made Mrs. Wing think of her butcher. Mr. Bunce was evidently a very ordinary man; he seemed to be a very ordinary detective. He jotted all the details in a small end-fold memorandum-book, frowning and using a short stub of pencil. He stared at the page of the memorandum-book as if it were hypnotizing him or putting him to sleep or giving him intense pain.

"Jus' one thing more, lady," he said. "Did the gent have anything special on his mind? Was he worrying about anything special?"

"Yes, he was," said Mrs. Wing. "He began worrying about it the day after he had this nervous breakdown. I never heard him mention it before that. And it was an odd thing for him to worry about, because he has never been what you would call a religious man. And he did not tell me about it: he told Doctor Collinge."

"I told Mr. Wing, you understand," said Doctor Collinge, "that unless I knew what was worrying him, it would be difficult for me to put him in shape again. So he told me. Basically, his trouble was due to overwork—this New York habit of overdriving the human machine. He overloaded his nervous system—asked it to carry him too far. That led to irritability, of course, and the irritability brought about the quarrel with his wife."

"Had a fuss, did they?" asked Mr. Bunce.

"Now, not at all what you think," said Doctor Collinge. "It was not a vulgar 'family row.' Nothing Mrs. Wing had done led up to it. The man's nerves were jangled. He had become morose. Everything irritated him. He simply blew up. When I reached the house, he was to all appearances a raving maniac. He had thrown chairs at the walls, broken all the pictures, driven his wife out of the rooms and was running up and down yelling and shouting incoherently. It all burst forth in an instant."

"All I said to him," said Mrs. Wing, "was, 'The Brownlees have asked us to dinner next Thursday,' and he——"

"A brainstorm," said Doctor Collinge, for Mrs. Wing was unable to continue. "Anything might have set him off, and Mrs. Wing has nothing with which to blame herself. She has been the best of wives—the very best of wives. And Mr. Wing has been the very best of husbands."

"Oh, the very best!" said Mrs. Wing. "We were always so happy!"

"I got him quieted," said Doctor Collinge, "and I got him to bed. I talked to him and tried to get at the bottom of his trouble. He said it was not his business: his business was all right. He said it was not his family: his family was all right. Everything was all right, he insisted, but he lay in bed there and wept—wept like a child! And would not be comforted. He said his whole life had been wasted and he would die and everything would be worse than worthless because——"

"Well, what?" asked Mr. Bunce, wetting his stub of pencil.

"I'm trying to think how he put it," said Doctor Collinge. "He is worried because he does not know what he can talk to God about."

"Because what?" asked Mr. Bunce, taking his pencil from his mouth and staring at Doctor Collinge.

"Because he doesn't know what he can talk to God about," the doctor repeated. "He says that he is sure to die some day——"

"That's fair," said Mr. Bunce approvingly. "That's fair enough. He'll do that all right!"

"And he will have to meet God face to face, then," continued Doctor Collinge, "and he is worried because he won't know what to say or how to say it."

"What did you tell him?" asked Mr. Bunce.

"Naturally," Doctor Collinge said, "I advised him to put the thought out of his mind and try to rest quietly——"

"Well, you are a mutt, ain't you?" said Mr. Bunce, as if that had been his opinion of Doctor Collinge from the first. And he turned to Mrs. Wing. "Don't you worry about your husband, mam," he said. "He ain't gone nuts, and he ain't jumping in no river, neither. Now, with me business is business, and if you say you want me to find the gent, it's my job to find him; but if you've got the nerve to wait, you don't need nobody to find him. 'Leave him alone and he'll come home, fetchin' his tail behind him,' like the poem says. I'll go find him if you say so, but it's like I tell you. I don't guess it—I know it!"

"I strongly advise that Mr. Wing be found before he does himself harm," said Doctor Collinge. "He is in no condition to be wandering at large."

"It's up to you, mam," said Mr. Bunce, making an outward gesture with his big, muscled hands as if casting away the responsibility of a decision. "I'm a pretty good finder; I guess I can find him if anybody can."

"Find him, please!" said Mrs. Wing

MR. WING on leaving his home had stood for a moment in his door, looking up and down the street to make sure no interfering friend was in sight. He then stepped to the edge of the walk and hailed a passing taxicab.

"There's a ferry," he said to the chauffeur. "I want to go to it. My head is not very clear, you see, but I know it is a ferry. It crosses a river—a big river. Do you know the names of the rivers?"

"Hudson? East River?" suggested the chauffeur.

"I can't remember," said Mr. Wing. "There's a railway across the river—a railway that goes to the mountains. That's where I want to go. I want to go to the mountains—to the top of the mountains. I want to go high up on the mountains—God's mountains. This—" and he waved his hand at the buildings across the street—"is man's town. I want to go to the top of God's mountains."

"I guess you want the Weehawken ferry, boss," said the chauffeur. "Hop in, anyhow. You'll know it when you see it, I guess."

The cab went south and then west. It stopped at the ferry and Mr. Wing got out and felt in his pocket for the fare. He had quite a fistful of money and he looked at the taxi meter and handed the man a dollar bill.

"I wonder if *you* could tell me?" he said wistfully. "One of these day you'll be dead, you know, and you'll meet God face to face—just as you are face to face with me now. Now, what are *you* going to say to God when you meet him face to face?"

"I'll bite," said the taxicab man, grinning. "What will I say?"

"Don't you know what you will say?" asked Mr. Wing with real disappointment.

"You can search me!" said the chauffeur. "Never gave it a thought, boss. And sorry, but the cops won't let me park here. Hey, porter! Show this guy where he's goin'. He wants mountains."

Mr. Wing stood looking after the cab, but the colored porter touched him on the arm.

"Catskill train, sah?" he asked. "You ain't got none too much time if you got to buy a ticket. Right this way. Ain't got no grips? What place are you going at?"

"What places are there?" asked Mr. Wing.

"Well, sah, you might say the mountains starts at Phœnicia——"

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Wing. "Phœnicia. That will do. Just as you think best."

"You want a round trip? Comin' back or goin' to stay?"

"It's immaterial," said Mr. Wing. "I'm sure I don't know. You see, I want to know what to say to God. I want to go to the mountains and know what to say to God."

"Uh-huh. I guess you better git a one-way ticket," said the porter. "You can buy one back if you wants to come back, and if you don't want to come back, you won't have no return ticket on your mind."

"That's it!" exclaimed Mr. Wing gratefully. "I don't want it on my mind. I've had too much on my mind. I think that's the trouble, don't you? If I hadn't had so much on my mind——"

"One way to Phœnicia," the porter said to the ticket-seller, and he had Mr. Wing past the turnstile and on the departing ferry. "Thank you, sah! Hope you finds out what you wants to find out."

"Oh, one minute!" cried Mr. Wing. "Perhaps you know what a man ought to say to God——"

"Sorry, boss! Ain't got a minute 'fore the boat goes——"

Mr. Wing sighed. He looked into the faces about him, but he saw no face that promised to solve his difficulty. One of the bootblacks did look as if he would know what to say to any one—God included—but he looked as if it would be something impertinent and not at all appropriate, and the other faces offered no hope. Two men were talking real estate with intense interest, trying to plan how to get money for it, and Mr. Wing was quite sure God would not be interested in that. Nearly all the faces seemed to be masks that were trying to plan how to *get* something, and it was of nothing of that sort that Mr. Wing felt he would be able to speak to God. Mr. Wing walked through the ferry as it crossed the river. He stopped before a worried woman with three children and before a bearded man with an automobile tire and before a young man and young woman who seemed to be in love and asked his question, but none seemed to consider it seriously. They seemed to think he was some variety of wandering evangelist, such as paints "Prepare to Meet Thy God" on wayside rocks. He might be sincere, but he and his question were not important.

And to Mr. Wing his question was vitally important; it was the only matter of any importance whatever in the whole wide world; it was the only thing that mattered at all. Evidently, Mr. Wing decided, he was to have no help from people. This was a thing he must think out for himself, and to think it out he must get out where there were no men and no houses—nothing between himself and God but a thin veil of sky, and the thinner the better. On the high mountains he could think this thing through; on the high mountains he could draw a deep breath and decide what God was, and when he had decided that he could decide what to say to Him when he met Him face to face.

WHEN Mr. Wing reached the Weehawken side of the river, he hurried into a car of his train and seated himself and closed his eyes and tried to think of nothing. He knew it was utterly useless to try to decide this important affair until after he was in the high mountains, and he tried to close his mind, but he found that to be impossible. Whether his eyes were closed or open his mind continued to think, so he set himself rather grimly to do the best he could while sitting in a stuffy car on a stuffy red-plush car-seat. I trust it is not sacrilegious to say that when Mr. Wing tried to think of God he thought of his wife and of the few times he had stayed out rather late and come home just a little tottery. On those occasions Mr. Wing had worried considerably over what to say to his wife. His wife had let him go to the banquets—if they were banquets—and had expected him to be a good boy and enjoy the affairs in a wise and rational manner and come home sane and sweet and sober and tell her about it as man to wife. Instead he had been a bad boy, and had forgotten his wife entirely, and had done those things he should not have done, and it had been extremely difficult to know what to say to an entirely sober and calm-eyed wife in case she had waited up to converse with him. It had been a great relief when he found her in bed and so deeply steeped in sleep that she could ask nothing. But God would not be asleep. God was always wide awake, and God would look at Mr. Wing with eyes that would look quite into his depths.

At Kingston Mr. Wing had to change cars and he had time for a bite. The moment he stepped from the car he felt like a new man, although the station was ferociously hot—hotter than the city he had left. But Mr. Wing did not notice the heat; he felt free. He felt so free that he was surprised.

"Why," he thought with amazement, "it's because I am never going back! It is odd I did not think of that, but it is true. I'll never go back—I'm free—I'm out from under something. I do believe I'll be able to think what to say to God—up in the mountains."

He ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee and, when he had bought two large red apples and had slipped them into his pockets, he almost rubbed his hands in glee. He saw now that his wife and his family and his business and people had in general been like a beautifully cemented pile of granite rocks under which he had been suffocated so that he could not get a full breath to think with. He felt as if he could leap from the hot platform and soar into the air. Now he could think, now he had nothing to do but think, and the rest would be easy. There was no hurry now; he could take his time and consider the matter calmly. He clambered on to his train and the train hurried Mr. Wing on and up into the beautiful mountains. But Mr. Wing did not feel hurried.

"No," Mr. Wing said to himself, "I am never going back. It is not necessary and it would be extremely foolish. There is plenty of money for my wife and plenty for my children. I'll climb the high mountains and know what to say to God."

AT PHŒNICIA Mr. Wing left his train. There were carryalls and buses and passenger-cars and noise and laughter. The drivers called out "Taxi, Mister? Hotel? Boarding-house?" but Mr. Wing shook his head and walked away from them and up the road. There were two main roads, he discovered, but it mattered not at all which he took. He strolled slowly, stopping to look in the shop-windows, his hands clasped behind his back, and where the admirable State road divided he took the branch that led to the left and strolled on and out of the village.

The automobiles were surprisingly numerous and Mr. Wing walked at the side of the road. He met young men and women and older men and women, and men carrying rods and creels. He stopped and turned his head to let his eyes follow a young woman in knickers who seemed, for some reason he could not catch, the most unskirted woman he had ever seen, although there were dozens of knickered females here and there. He passed oily men investigating the mysteries hidden under the hoods of automobiles at the side of the road, and he stood for half an hour enjoying the sight of a sow with six piglets in a steeply slanted pig-yard. He met flowers and mountain vistas and, always, the chatter and the laughter of the stream that was near by. He walked a distance briskly with his chin in the air and drew deep breaths.

"Nothing the matter with me!" he told himself happily. "I'm well! I'm sound as a nut!"

He beat himself on the chest and ran a hundred yards and swung his arms and leaped in the air.

"Sound as a dollar!" he declared. "A sound mind in a sound body! That's one thing I won't have to say: I won't have to say, 'Forgive me, I have treated the body You gave me most scandalously.' No, sir! But—but what *will* I say?"

Mr. Wing's feeling of happiness fled instantly. He was suddenly conscious that his feet hurt. His toes felt cramped in his shoes just as his soul had felt cramped in his world. He seated himself by the side of the road and removed his shoes and socks. He remembered his apples and took one from his pocket.

"Now, let's look at this thing simply and sanely," he said, pointing the blade of his knife at the cheek of the apple. "On a certain day my time will come; I'll go away from here and be where God is. Call it heaven, let's say. Possibly St. Peter will open the gate, but that's immaterial—somebody will open it. And I'll be inside. Forever. That's plain enough. Wall—gate—St. Peter—Henry Wing—heaven."

Mr. Wing cut a slice from his apple and ate it slowly and with great relish. He saw heaven with all its multitudes of souls and its many streets and glorious structures and verdant fields and sweet flowers. A delightful place and every one immensely happy, some resting and some hurrying joyfully here and there in pure white robes—not at all like cheap cheese-cloth—with golden borders. But in the midst of all this happiness Mr. Wing was nervous; he knew that the first duty, and an unavoidable one, was to appear before God, face to face, and be left alone with God. Mr. Wing saw a fine large angel conducting him through the streets—all so perfect and clean and unfussy—and he felt awkward and ashamed. His good deeds seemed to be his suit of clothes, and they fitted him as a nine-year-old boy's suit would fit him: his arms and legs stuck out and not a button buttoned. His life-work seemed to be the moth-eaten carpet-bag he was carrying, and it held nothing but corn-cobs. He felt like an ass—no less.

"Come this way," the angel said.

MR. WING saw himself enter a vast, limitless place all ablaze with white glory, and the angel left him. Mr. Wing was alone with God. Instantly only the worthwhile things were worth while. The world and money and whether people had enough to eat or not and the sun and the universe itself became silly trash. They were as unimportant as one fleck of dust in the Sahara Desert—God had made them with equal ease and they were of no more value to Him. One thing only was of value to God, as far as Mr. Wing was concerned, and that was what Mr. Wing would say. For that would be the great test. If Mr. Wing had anything worth saying, he would be permitted to continue to exist; if not, God would look away and Mr. Wing would become nothing—utter and absolute nothing.

For the thought that had come to Mr. Wing was that men amounted to nothing as mere men. Men were made

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THE WIFE OF MIDAS

When riches came in the door—

By JOHN AUSTIN



TO-NIGHT HUGH HAD BEEN VERY PREOCCUPIED WITH HER. SHE KNEW QUITE WELL THAT HE LOVED HER

"MY DEAR, I never envy you more than when I am in this perfectly adorable car," confessed Mrs. Overton, with engaging frankness.

She breathed a little sigh, compounded of her envy and present comfort, and snuggled deep into the luxurious cushions, unwilling to deprive herself of one square inch of their ingratiating embrace. The car began to glide forward with the obsequiousness of a super-servile slave.

Helen Ashcroft, seated beside Mrs. Overton, a blue silk wrap slipping unheeded from her bare shoulders, made no reply. Instead she half-involuntarily tapped a finger on the electric-light switch at her elbow and suddenly plunged the interior of the car into darkness.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Overton, almost in disappointment.

To Helen it was an incredible relief to be freed from the sight of all the splendid silver fittings and handsome upholstery that so ravished her friend.

"Envy! Fancy any woman envying me for this!" she thought bitterly.

"Helen, it must be awfully jolly to be rich. Really rich, I mean. Like you," Mrs. Overton said, after a pause.

"Is anybody ever really rich?"

"Oh, of course, if it's your ambition to be a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt——"

"I didn't mean that!" Helen interposed fiercely. "Money does not necessarily make a person really rich; not in the fullest sense of the word. It may even help to impoverish. Gold isn't the only currency of human riches."

"Pure, unadulterated sentimentality, my dear Helen," Mrs. Overton commented cynically. "Don't give way to it. It's a common complaint with rich people to decry the blessings of money, but it no longer deceives us poor folk. We know better. And so do you, Helen, in your innermost heart. Now, your wise, clever husband—he's never under any misapprehension on that score!"

A chill enveloped Helen at this final remark. She had reached the pitch where she hated the sight of money—even of the beauty and luxury that money commands. A woman battling for love against a powerful and insidious rival, and almost in the last ditch, wastes no time in good thoughts about her enemy.

Helen leaned her head wearily against the back cushion, closed her eyes, forgot all about Mrs. Overton and remembered only those happy days when she and her husband had been poor. She had servants now, and a magnificent house, a car of her own, diamonds and enough clothes to stock a Fifth Avenue store. And never in her life had she felt so poor and lonely and miserable.

She had married George Ashcroft fifteen years previously. She was now thirty-eight, and for twelve years she had watched the growth of the barrier between her and George's love. It began shortly after the death of her child, when a comparatively small speculation brought George over five thousand dollars profit and revealed to him the fact that he had been wasting his time as a humble clerk. He discovered that he had financial acumen far beyond the average, and he commenced to put the knowledge to good use. From that point almost everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. Midas himself could hardly have improved on George Ashcroft.

At first Helen had been gratified by her husband's success and reveled in the unusual luxury of spending as much as she pleased. They said good-by to their cheap down-town lodging and migrated to Riverside Drive, which, in turn, was deserted for a more palatial abode in Park Avenue.

But this did not happen until long after Helen's eyes had been opened. She could look back now and mark the stealthy triumph of her rival. Her place in George's heart had been filched by another. No woman, to be sure. Helen almost wished this had been the case. Then she would have known what weapons to use. But in this battle against the seductions of Money, or "Business," to use George's own designation of his idol, she felt utterly baffled.

There were times when George seemed hardly to remember that she existed. He was always busy, always involved in the maze of Wall Street transactions. When he spoke to her—and the occasions were few—it was invariably about "stags," "bulls," "bears" and other inhabitants of the financial menagerie she had come to loathe. Though kind in a way, he appeared totally uninterested in what she thought or did, so completely was he absorbed in his own affairs.

To-night, for instance, she had gone alone to Mrs. Van Somaren's dinner-party. George, after promising to accompany her, had telephoned at the last moment to say that he would be detained until late at the office on important business. It was always the same—always would be.

She looked toward the future. Here she was, thirty-eight years old. Not many years remained to her of beauty. The rich store of love in her heart was wasting away like a stream disappearing in the sands of a desert.

She anticipated a day when George would recover from his madness, when he would once more realize the need for love in his life. She would be old then, perhaps unattractive, and almost a stranger to him after his long years of indifference. He would seek love elsewhere. She trembled at the prospect.

Helen Ashcroft was a woman for whom existence without love was difficult; and it was her husband's love she desired beyond all other. To-night something had occurred at Mrs. Van Somaren's that made this desire more imperative than ever. Only George could save her from the danger into which she was slipping. One warm kiss, a loving caress, a few tender words such as she had been used to receiving from him in the old days would suffice. Otherwise——

THE car gently slowed to a standstill to dispose of Mrs. Overton. Helen stirred herself to a semblance of interest in the departure of her friend.

"Thanks awfully for the lift, Helen," Mrs. Overton said as she gathered her cloak around her and stepped onto the sidewalk. "Good night, dear."

Then, as if moved by a sudden afterthought, she

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WATKINS'S AX

"That's the trouble with men — they think they do it all!"

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

HAVING arrived at the age of nineteen and the height of six feet, Watkins Junior finally decided he had outgrown the little old family ax. It was really a woman's ax, not a man's—hadn't Violet Dawes said so herself? No longer would he appear effeminate in Violet's eyes. Accordingly he set the implement against a knotty chunk of firewood at the Watkins woodpile and seated himself on the chunk itself.

"I'm through with this ax," he observed. "I'm through, good and plenty!"

"S'matter with it, James?" croaked Watkins Senior, who had been sitting on another chunk watching his husky offspring work. Watching other people work was a specialty of the shabby Watkins Senior, who rarely worked at anything himself.

"I want a man's ax—that's what the matter is," declared James. "Oh, I know you'll never buy one. I'll get another ax myself, and I'll not buy it either."

"Steal it?" commented Watkins Senior, not much perturbed.

"No; I've brains enough to get it another way. It's time somebody in this family used brains."

"Where'd you get your brains—inherit 'em?"

Watkins Senior was satirical. He himself had been marked for failure since birth, he always said. What was the use of trying? Besides, James was willing to work and would take care of the family all right, once he got through the high school and could give all his time to Pettibone's grocery. James's struggles to get through high school had been a sore spot with Watkins Senior. What was the use?

"Where'd you get your brains," he repeated, "and how'll you get a he-ax without buying it?"

"The ax won't be all I'll get," retorted Watkins Junior, and walked away, carrying the ax.

Violet Dawes had talked much about the Widow Warren, who lived over on the hillside in a poor little house.

"She uses such a funny big ax," Violet had said. "Why, Jim, it's twice as big as yours. The poor old dear can hardly lift it. You really ought to trade."

So over to the Widow Warren's marched James. Not to acquire her antiquated and clumsy old ax; no more old axes for him. He meant to have a new ax—a real one.

"I'll trade you my little ax for that old chair," he suggested, indicating a bent-wood piece of ancient vintage. "It'll sell for enough to buy me a new one, and I'll grind up the little ax for you, Granny. And I'll come up here and split a few cords of wood for you and give you value received for your chair."

At Trimmer's furniture store James sold the chair for four dollars, and so bought a new ax—a big, bold ax with a red painted picture on it. And meanwhile he turned over in his thoughts further adventures in the fine art of trading. Here was a new game indeed! Besides, Violet had told him how very smart he was. Why didn't he keep his eyes open and maybe he could swap his new ax? At first this suggestion seemed absurd. He wanted to keep the new ax, of course. But soon he began to think——

One afternoon he wheelbarrowed a bag of potatoes from Pettibone's general store, where he worked after school, to the funny old house of Philo Rigger, late major in the Civil War.

"Just set them thar potatoes in the barn," nasaled Philo.

The youth's sharp eyes scanned the dusky interior of the stable. "I'll trade my new ax, even swap, for that old harness," he called out snappily.

Old Philo's nag had died years before, but he still had a woodpile—and a bad ax. The offer hit home.

"Two dollars tc boot," he dickered. "What's that—hey? . . . A dollar 'n' a half, then . . . Fifty cents . . . Gol darn y'u—bring up the ax and take the old harness, even swap!"

Watkins Senior half collapsed in a fit when he saw the moldy harness his son brought home. "Brains!" he rasped.

"Yes, brains," said James. "And I'm going to add some labor to the brains and I'll have a harness worth maybe ten dollars."

"You can't sell it," persisted Watkins Senior.

"I'll swap it," said James. "You can swap anything."

The job of fixing up the harness occupied every evening for a week, so he didn't go to see Violet until Saturday night. And then she had gone out with Loren Swart. Swart had been shining up to her for some time, James reflected angrily.

On Monday he exchanged the harness—which had undergone a metamorphosis in the Watkins woodshed—with Elias Bushwacker, of Bushwacker's Clearings, for three dollars cash and two cords of wood on the stump.

"Remember, y've got to cut and haul it away y'rself," contracted Elias.

James Watkins, ambitious for an education, walked two miles night and morning to the high school at New Mountain. Midway between Crabapple and New Mountain lay Bushwacker's place. Every morning James started an hour earlier, carrying another brand-new ax, and spent the extra time chopping wood.

"How much'll you take for that stove?" he asked one day, catching a glimpse of an old coal-heater stowed behind a lot of rubbish in Bushwacker's barn.

"Five dollars cash, I reckon," said Bushwacker thoughtfully. "That stove——"

"I'll give you seven if you'll let me work it out," proposed James. This formula for trading had worked well indeed.

They agreed on eight, and James earned his stove by helping Bushwacker build a new hog-house. "Smoky Jake," the local drayman, hauled the stove to the Watkins woodshed in consideration of two dollars. This debt James canceled by turning over to Smoky Jake an old wagon-seat bought of the estate of Marcus Connelly—and paid for with work on the Connelly woodpile.

Loren Swart had gone over to Meadow Center to work, and James had a temporary right of way with Violet. Sometimes she acted queerly, he thought. Probably grieving over Swart's absence! James ground his teeth. Swart came of a well-to-do farmer's family, and the Watkinses—well, he couldn't think of marrying, anyhow, until he had swapped himself fairly rich, and meanwhile, no doubt, Swart would get Violet.

He met her on the street one day and she gave him a dazzling smile. "You're the smartest young man in this town, Jimmy Watkins," she informed him.

Of course she excepted Swart, he reflected gloomily. Swart was not in town.

"I don't seem to be smart enough to sell or trade



VIOLET DAWES AND HER CHUM QUEENIE BUCKLE DROPPED IN AFTER SUPPER TO SEE THE MUCH-HERALDED LUCILE. VIOLET'S EYES HELD AN UNWONTED SPARKLE—JIMMY WAS GETTING ALONG!

off Bushwacker's old stove," he answered moodily.

A light came into Violet's eyes and her lips parted—but she changed the subject. Perhaps, however——

Next day Sam Soonwed came to the Watkins woodshed to look at the stove, now shining like a June morning's sun and smug with new isinglass.

"Give y'u nine dollars," offered Sam

"Fourteen," insisted James.

"Ten, and haul it away myself."

"Thirteen, and deliver it."

They agreed on twelve, James to make delivery.

Watkins Senior deserted his hammock long enough to help his son get the heat machine aboard a wheelbarrow.

In his own crude way, James Watkins was now in the throes of speculative philosophy. Vaguely he began to differentiate himself from the settings which had held the Watkins family prisoners. He did not remember the time when Watkins Senior had not been poverty-stricken, seedy, shiftless, lacking even a vestige of ambition. The old house had been quite as tumble-down as far back as James's memory ran. His mother had been the same sad and decrepit little woman, with all hope of better things quite extinguished. Often had James heard echoes of the opinions voiced freely in Crabapple that the Watkins family would always be nobodies. James had rebelled inwardly. Since the first episode of his ax-trading, however, his rebellion had been active.

SOMEHOW his twelve dollars now took on an aspect quite different from that of any other money he had earned. He balked at putting this precious cash into flour for the Watkins household or shoes for his younger brothers and sisters. It must bring him new romance and magic. He would do the thing—do it alone; he would show all these Crabapple critics; he would show Miss Violet Dawes, even if she should marry Loren Swart.

He did not say much about these things to Violet now. Swart had returned and come between them again. James was sensitive. If Violet wanted Swart for his money—well, he had no right to object.

"Some day I'll have money, in spite of Swart and the rest of them," he muttered, and among "the rest of them" he almost included Violet.

He wondered if Violet was a trifle sarcastic when he met her on Main Street one day and she said to him: "How did you ever think of such a complicated way to trade an old ax for twelve dollars and such a lot of things besides? Now you must find something really big to swap, Jimmy!"

So he must, he told himself. He went along, thinking deeply.

Violet too was thinking. If ever Jimmy should ask her to marry him, she'd say yes mighty quick; but the chance of Jim's asking her looked dubious unless he got money enough to take care of her and all the Watkins family as well.

A curious thing happened the following week: Jim Watkins received an anonymous letter, scrawled in a hand he failed to recognize:

JAMES WATKINS,
DEAR SIR:

I heard that you made twelve dollars out of your old ax, besides some wood and other things. Anybody who is smart enough to do that can make more money. I will tell you how to make some. I heard a secret.

Listen. You know Jasper Tuttle's old barn. It is going to be condemned by the aldermen because it is tumbling already and might get dangerous. He will have to tear it down and it will cost him money.

Listen. A man is going to offer to tear it down free for the old lumber. You must beat him to it. You must offer to tear it down and pay Jasper Tuttle your twelve dollars besides, for the old lumber.

Listen. I heard a secret. The old lumber is worth twenty-five dollars, and maybe more. As soon as the old barn is condemned, go quick to Jasper Tuttle.

A FRIEND OF THE WATKINS FAMILY.

Fast on the heels of this mysterious note came the condemnation—a sensation for Crabapple. Jasper Tuttle sputtered and rebelled; but Jimmy Watkins got the job.

Of course the good people of Crabapple laughed in their sleeves as he tore down the building and carted away the débris on his wheelbarrow. And there was a gasp of surprise, followed by guffaws of laughter, when James blossomed forth as the possessor of a plebeian but willing bay mare named Lucile. Violet was quite as much surprised as the others.

"I traded the old lumber for her," he explained dubiously to his father, as he tied the beast to a clothes-pole in the Watkins back yard. "Don't blow me up, pop. Lucile's worth fifty dollars anyway. I got her with brains plus labor——"

"She ain't even good for sausage!" exploded Watkins Senior. "Look at her scantlings stickin' out!"

"We've got lots of grass," pleaded James. "Besides——"

"You get rid of her!" roared his parent. "I won't have her whinnyin' 'round, pawin' up all the grass and keepin' me awake when I ain't feelin' well."

"That's what I got her for—to get rid of," cut in James, who felt no urge of filial respect.

Violet Dawes and her chum Queenie Buckle happened to stroll past the Watkins cottage after supper and naturally dropped into the yard to see the much-heralded Lucile. Violet's eyes held an unwonted sparkle—Jimmy was getting along!

And then Queenie remarked, ingenuously, not reckoning the consequences: "Lucile would drive pretty good with Smoky Jake's horse Charlie."

"The idea!" gasped Violet. "As if Charlie was within a mile of Lucile's class!"

Nevertheless, Queenie's suggestion got into young Watkins's new sporting blood. The spirit of financial adventure now gripped him. He was just beginning to live.

Hunting up Smoky Jake, the local drayman, he rashly proposed an ill-conceived partnership project.

"I'll put in some brains along with Lucile," he said. "You've got another old wagon. And sometimes we can use the team to do heavy hauling—we'll make the draying business hum. You know, I finish high school in June."

Smoky Jake was not intellectually astute and detected no disrespect to himself in the allusion to brains. Besides, deep down in his rudimentary cerebrum he saw a chance to turn a trick. James was what he knew as a sucker.

THIS latest move established James in Crabapple as a definite identity. Watkins Senior sank into obscurity and James became "Watkins" in the public mind.

Within a week after the formation of the firm of Jake and Watkins the latter began to get his eyes open. "What have you done with the eight dollars you got from the Crabapple Lumber Company?" Watkins demanded, one day after graduation. "And the four dollars from Smith & Sunberry's mill? You're holding out on me. You can either buy my interest in the business or sell!"

In this grandiloquent proposal Watkins illogically assumed that Smoky Jake would take over the business and compensate him in some measure for Lucile. To his dismay, Jake observed, taking a chew of tobacco:

"All right. I sell to you—tree hunnert doll's."

Jake grinned diabolically. Watkins could not buy. In the end he must sell his interest in the draying business—comprising the mare Lucile—at Smoky Jake's own price.

Watkins, however, was no longer a boy, no longer a mere Watkins.

"I'll give you two hundred," he said. "Of course I haven't the cash, but you can have my note, payable in thirty days. In the meantime the business is mine. If I don't pay the note when it's due, you take Lucile."

Jake's eyes were avaricious. Watkins could never raise two hundred dollars! Lucile would be Jake's! And so Watkins came into temporary possession of the Smoky Jake draying business and faced this impossible problem in financing. Who would loan a Watkins two hundred dollars?

Violet wept in secret and sorrowfully rebuked Queenie Buckle for putting the idea into Watkins's head. For three days she saw nothing of him, and then one Sunday evening he walked home with her from church. Loren Swart was away again.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so sorry," began Violet. "I do hope you can keep Lucile."

"Don't worry," he told her, with a proud note in his voice. "Don't worry, Violet. I've got an idea lashing around in my head. It's not such a hard thing to raise two hundred dollars!"

But Violet knew what a desperate situation Watkins was in.

TWO days later Queenie Buckle came running across lots to Violet's home. "What do you suppose Jimmy Watkins is trying to do now?" she gasped, out of breath.

"What?"

"Trying to get a contract for hauling supplies once a week to the Gulch Mining Company at Ore City!"

"How do you know?" demanded Violet.

"You can guess well enough how I know, Violet. And say, he hasn't a chance in the world, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Violet, do you really love Jimmy?"

Violet turned violet and red by turns.

"All right—you needn't say any more," said Queenie. "I can do it—but mum's the word!"

On the thirtieth day of his fateful span Watkins handed Smoky Jake a certified check on the Crabapple Bank for two hundred dollars.

"It was easy," Watkins explained to Violet, puffing out his chest. "I just went up to Ore City and got a contract to do some hauling, and then I turned around and sold the contract at a profit of five hundred dollars."

"I don't see how you ever did it!" cried Violet, regarding him with an odd look. "Jimmy, you're so smart!"

Watkins admitted the charge by smiling condescendingly. Perhaps Violet would come to see that he was a better man than Lon Swart.

Even Watkins Senior was dazed at this brilliant feat of financing by his son. From his hammock he now eyed the boy with secret pride and withheld his scoffing on the subject of brains.

"By heck," he gurgled, "you put one over on Smoky Jake sure! I reckon you done it with intellect this time, not labor."

WATKINS was out rowing on Crabapple Lake with Violet Dawes—the first time, indeed, that Watkins had ever taken Violet or any other girl rowing. Watkins now felt really rich, having paid for his draying business in full and banked three hundred dollars clear cash—all the proceeds of his little old magic ax. Violet's heart was going fast, for it was a moonlight evening and naturally the romance of the ax and of Crabapple Lake might be fraught with serious import. Yet Violet trembled at the mere contemplation of what Watkins might think if he knew how artfully she had brought about this very boat-ride. Poor Jim! He imagined that he himself had suggested it.

"The lake is so lovely and dreamlike to-night!" murmured Violet. "Don't you just love the moon, Jimmy?"

Surely he must say something romantic! And then

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LOVE DEFENDED

Love, the noblest of things made,
Let all stars attend you;
Love, so trampled and betrayed,
Let my song defend you!

Love that makes the dust aspire,
All the gods acclaim you;
Yet men foul your feet with mire
And their lips defame you.

In my hand a sword of song,
Terrible as lightning,
Quivers to avenge your wrong
When your face is whitening.

You were made for starry air,
Dauntless songs and soarings—
Made for rapture and despair,
Made for man's adorings.

EDWIN MARKHAM

ROSE OF THE WORLD

Rose faces a new problem—and makes her decision

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS

ROSALIND KIRBY, with her delightfully irresponsible family of mother and grandfather and brother and sisters; Jack Talbot, with his background of wealth and culture, his autocratic, charming mother and his very successful father—these are the two young folks whose lives are so strangely entangled in this story. It was Mrs. Talbot who brought about the breaking of Jack's engagement to Rosalind and his sudden marriage to Edith Rogers—with the assistance of Edith herself. The death of Jack's father, which put upon him an unaccustomed burden of business responsibility, and the pain of wounded pride in Rosalind's heart separated their paths entirely. And then—but that is what happens in this instalment of "Rose of the World."

PART THREE

GATES MILL, like all California towns, had a distinct individuality and celebrated yearly a feast that was peculiarly its own. Up and down the big State from February to October went the circling festivals, the rodeos, the flower weeks, the pioneer carnivals, Indian medicine dances, blossom jubilees, the pageants and fiestas.

When in the course of events it seemed good to the public-spirited citizens of Gates Mill to select a town birthday and decide upon a suitable fashion in which to keep it, the four warmest months were discovered to be filled to the brim with the already established celebrations of the neighboring towns. With the Fourth of July, always sacred from invasion, and the Chautauqua and the rodeos at Haywards and Salinas, and La Paloma's flower fête, and circuses here and there, it was thought advisable to select some other month than June, July, August or September.

The city fathers of Gates Mill had, therefore, taken their weather-bureau statistics and their calendar in hand and had ascertained that never in the sixty years during which observations had been made had rain fallen upon their town on May the seventeenth. The week of May the nineteenth had been consequently chosen as a suitable time upon which Gates Mill might rejoice.

One of the features of this hilarious week of blossoms, fragrance, gaiety, dancing and song was a barbecue at Kirby's Dam followed by a dance on Saturday night. For the dance an enormous platform was built in Tallifer Park, which was dotted with lanterns and gay with bunting for the occasion.

To ask a young woman to be his guest at the barbecue was a significant step for any young man to take. To ask her to the dance a few hours later was also a thought-provoking act. But to ask any girl to attend both in his company was tantamount to a proposal of marriage, and all the girls of Gates Mill knew it.

CONSEQUENTLY Rosalind Kirby looked extremely thoughtful, in the Spring following Jack Talbot's marriage, when her office mail brought her a note from the most eligible of the town bachelors, begging for the honor of her company at the barbecue on the nineteenth of May and further asking if he might escort her to the dance that night. It was signed "Clyde Bainbridge."

She read the typewritten lines again: they were nicely expressed, but there was nothing formal, nothing alarming about it. It was simply the impromptu note of a busy man, rapped out on the office typewriter after hours perhaps, or perhaps he had a typewriter in that rather formidable-looking house of his above the old quarry.

"We are already deluged with Golden West Week propaganda," the note ran, "and it promises to be on a bigger scale than ever this year. I am to be reception committee or something; of course I told them I was putty in their hands. Will you be my guest at the barbecue on Saturday up at the dam and later let me take you to the dance? Of course I don't mean to separate the Kirbys; perhaps I am just declaring myself in on the family party."

Nothing definite there. Yet the mere fact of his sending it rather than saying it when they saw each other so frequently was somewhat suggestive of his impulse to give her an opportunity to consider her reply.

Rosalind was early at the office and alone there. She stood at the opened window, looking out upon the ordered activity of the big mill yard, and pondered.

And as she pondered a little frown came between her blue eyes and she bit her lower lip and began slowly to shake her head. Cecy thought so—Mom thought so—the Connors thought so—Agnes Parrott, here in the office, thought so. But somehow Rosalind was unable, and perhaps also unwilling, to believe that Clyde Bainbridge was in love with her.

It was a delicious Spring morning. Dew was still on the fresh thick green grass wherever there was shade, and in the meadows all about the mill larks were whirling up, mad with song. Beyond the meadows again rose the great low slopes of the hillside farms, and beyond these again were the mighty purple flanks of the great mountain range, shining in sunlight and with cloud-shadows moving across their majestic heights.

Two sides of the big yard were enclosed by the wings of the mill; everything was sanitary, open, painted white, swept, shining. Men in white linen suits were loading trucks with barrels. the great warehouse doorway was open and the white mastodons alined outside it, motionless, awaiting their load. There was a railroad spur curving in at the open white gates and on it a string of empties, marked with the names of far-away cities: Baltimore, Buffalo, St. Paul, Chicago, Chicago, Chicago.

Rosalind's thoughts went wandering over that long-obliterated prairie trail and she sighed. She would like to go away. She would like to travel—somewhere—anywhere——

"But would I?" she thought sensibly, glancing at the note again and crushing it in her palm. Gates Mill was her world, after all. To be happy here, to have people love her, to belong to the Improvement Club and to have a pretty house up in the Harrison Street neighborhood, and some day to have a nice group of little girls and boys, was her highest ambition.

Perhaps it was hardly that—she had never formulated it. During the happy months of her engagement to Jack, all this had been slowly taking shape in her mind and she had thought of it as her life, and a life only too full of satisfaction and peace and delight. Love had been the reality and all the details hazy and sweet and unimportant.

NOW that was over. That was over forever. Not easily had Rosalind renounced it and come to this Springtime hour of peace and quiet musing. She was an older Rosalind, a sterner, quieter woman than the girl who had been Jack Talbot's promised wife only a year ago. She had lived, as she had told her sister, because she did not die.

But something had died, something trustful, youthful, confident and irresponsible, on the burning August day upon which Jack Talbot had awkwardly, embarrassedly managed somehow to tell her that he wanted to be rid of his bargain.

Rosalind was young and she had presently rallied from the blow. Her radiant hair was still glorious in rippling burnt-gold, her deep blue eyes were still the most beautiful in Gates Mill. Mom and the younger children, Cecy and Ned and Audrey and her old weak-witted, endearing grandfather had still had claims upon her—her time, her interest and energy, her salary. The world must be faced and life must go on, over shame and hurt and discouragement, over tears and fatigue and young despair.

Rosalind had stumbled on as best she might, fighting for courage, praying for help. When, a few weeks after old Mr. Talbot's death, had come the announcement of his son's immediate marriage to Edith Rogers, the break



"I LOVE IT—CELEBRATING!" ROSE SAID, GIVING HIM A FULL, SERIOUS LOOK

had come. Rosalind had quite simply fainted a few days before the wedding and, offering no apology or explanation to the family, had lain upon her bed all through a silent, foggy Saturday, a long Sunday and part of Monday, flat, silent, uncomplaining and almost without speaking.

It had been warm-hearted Agnes Parrot who had telephoned to Jack's house, for Mrs. Kirby, on Sunday night when a conference had been held outside of Rosalind's door. Mrs. Talbot and Edith had long afterward confessed to Jack that the former had received this message and "in the confusion and hurry" following the funeral and preceding the wedding "had somehow forgotten to deliver it." But what he never would know was that he had been quite accessible at the moment, that his mother might have summoned him without raising her voice, instead of suavely answering Agnes that Mr. Jack was not at home just at present, was there any message?

"He's right there," Agnes had reported to Mrs. Kirby, baffled and hanging up the telephone. "He won't come. I know he's there, because Augusta Haynes answered the telephone and she said, 'Yes, he's right here.'"

And the following day, running in at noon to see the silent, hollow-eyed Rosalind, who was still lying apathetic and stricken in the darkened bedroom, Agnes had followed a sudden instinct to report this episode.

The effect had been all she hoped. A glint had come into Rosalind's dull eyes and she had risen up—weak, white, weary it is true, but unmistakably nerved for the fight. She had accompanied Agnes back to the office that afternoon.

DARK hours followed, but none so hard as these had been, and slowly Rosalind's color, her spirit and courage had returned. With a sort of desperate resolution she had set herself to learn, to study, to improve, to make herself the sort of woman a Kirby—a Tallifer of Gates Mill—should be and take with her upon the upward road the straggling, irresponsible, affectionately inefficient group of the Kirbys. She was a little thinner, but only more exquisitely pretty than ever, as the beautiful molding of chin and cheek-bone became a trifle more accentuated and the deep setting of the blue eyes a little more marked.

And if there was sometimes a new sternness in her mouth and a flash of something determined and coolly appraising in her eyes, and if sometimes the old gay outlook upon life was tinged with new bitterness and disillusionment, those who loved her said that this was natural and would pass with time, and all the outer world knew only that Jack Talbot, who had "gone" for months with the oldest Kirby girl, had suddenly turned round and married Edith Rogers, and that Rose Kirby was working over at Terry's now and getting on awfully well, every one said.

And before Christmas everybody was in a position to add that she could have Clyde Bainbridge if she wanted him.

Why shouldn't she or any other girl in her senses want him, Rose mused, with his letter in her hand. He was—well, everything.

To begin with, he was respected, good, intelligent, ambitious. He had lived in Gates Mill for fourteen years, when he had come to keep his old uncle company in the house above the old quarry. Clyde's father and mother, both long dead, had lived in the town; the Bainbridge family had always been highly esteemed. When Clyde's uncle, old Robert Bainbridge, died, he had left him a small inheritance and the house, and Clyde, after two years of pursuing a mechanical-engineering course in college, had returned to Gates Mill to begin work humbly in Terry's Mill. Five years ago he had gone over to the Talbot Iron Works at a salary flatteringly rumored to be four thousand a year, and now he was general manager, vice-president and, after the immediate family of the late founder, chief stockholder in the business.

In person he was well knit, slender, straight and of a good height, if not tall. His complexion was olive, his eyes gray and his hair raven black. Long ago Rosalind had identified him as the best-dressed and best-groomed man in Gates Mill, and it was no secret that more than one woman of about his own age, which was perhaps thirty-two or three, had betrayed a willingness to become his bride. Edith Rogers's unmarried aunt, Pauline Rogers, from Mile End, had giggled and whispered and intimated all sorts of romantic secrets regarding her friendship for Clyde Bainbridge, and the school-teacher sister of Mrs. George Terry, Lucilla Thorne, had been another warm friend of Clyde. He would be a great catch in every sense for a little girl living in Old Mill Lane and working in Terry's office.

Rosalind liked him, too, although she had not yet come to feel very much at ease or quite her silly, gay self with him. Their friendship had begun over their French books, Clyde coming, dignified and very much in earnest, to Miss Cartier for lessons. He already spoke commercial Spanish, but he wanted to get enough French to deal with a sudden post-war demand for the "Centipedes" in France. For the fame of the little Talbot farm tractor was growing every day.

He and Rosalind talked about the town, books, the Terrys and the Talbots, the personalities of their friends. Rose liked his brief dismissing of Jack with "Jack's all right, but he lets himself be run by anybody and everybody—he's always with the last speaker. I tell him so!" Clyde had finished, with his usual half-smile.

Then had come more definite signs of a ripening friendship: drives, theaters, an occasional lecture or concert. At Christmas-time Clyde had sent Rosalind roses, which filled her with pleasure, and a handsome set of Conrad's books, which made her thoughtful. Through the early part of the year he had called upon her regularly.

NOW April—and this invitation for Golden West Week. He was unquestionably serious, she had to admit. Did she want to step into just what she had so recently, and so bitterly, had to forego—position, comforts, dignity, the best of everything that Gates Mill could offer?

Clyde was really in no way less of a match than Jack Talbot, and in some ways he had the advantage—at least from a girl's point of view. Clyde had not a relative in the world—no father or mother-in-law to complicate matters. And what he had in the way of prosperity and success he had honestly earned himself. "Clyde Bainbridge," the older men of the village were wont to say prophetically, "would go a long way." He was ten years older than Rosalind, yes. But then Jack had been seven or eight years older and it was surely splitting hairs to assume that that difference was significant of anything at all.

There would be an element of real triumph in this marriage, too, for Rosalind. Jack had affronted and slighted her; as Clyde's wife she would be back in his life again, not the less powerful, not the less esteemed, because he had chosen to fling her aside.

"Yes, but, Ag, saying he's prosperous and respected and all that is the material side of it," Rosalind said to her confidante soberly. "I like him—enormously. But I feel as if where men and love-making and getting married are concerned I've—I've broken the machinery!" she finished, with a troubled smile.

"Oh, you haven't!" Agnes assured her confidently. Agnes's vocation was for the cloister, and all men were alike to her. "It would be a good one on Jack Talbot," added Agnes, with mild relish.

But Rosalind was not listening.

"I wouldn't want to marry a man unless I really did love him!" she mused. And for her next confidante she chose her mother, as having been happily married to a man ten years older than herself.

MRS. KIRBY had been widowed for almost five years, and whatever weaknesses the late Joe Kirby had possessed had been long ago blotted from her loyal memory. She saw matrimony now as an all-protecting, all-satisfying haven to which she hoped life would carry her beloved girls. There had been many reasons why Jack Talbot's attentions to Rosalind had been deeply gratifying, but these reasons were equally good in the case of Clyde Bainbridge. Of the two, Mrs. Kirby rather fancied the older man.

For the rest, like all the world, she saw no particular cause why a girl should fancy one man more than another—visible assets being equal.

"I don't believe any nice girl feels perfectly sure about marriage, Rose," she told her daughter kindly. "I'm sure I didn't. I was a perfect child, and I had been married for months before I began to appreciate how deeply I loved your father. I cried terribly, I know, for days before the ceremony—and for days after, for that matter——"

"Pop must have had a keen time!" Cecilia commented.

"Well, that's the way all girls feel," Mrs. Kirby said seriously. "Flirting is all very well, and running around with this one and that—any girl can do that. But then there comes a time when a girl says, 'Why should I get married at all? I'm perfectly happy as I am. I don't know anything about it——'"

"That's just it," Rosalind interrupted, painfully and eagerly interested.

"But that just shows it is time for you to think about these things, dear," her mother told her. "Why, I think it would be disgusting for a girl to consider marriage with perfect assurance—there would be something so indelicate about it. A girl *ought* to hesitate and weigh matters and ask herself if she is sure——"

"But I thought the *grande passion* carried you right off your feet!" Rose submitted, smiling doubtfully.

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"YOU'VE GOT A WONDERFUL COSTUME THERE," JACK SAID. "ISN'T IT, EDITH? LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING!"

MY REMINISCENCES

The life-story of America's foremost character actress

By ETHEL BARRYMORE

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

DURING the Summer of 1918, which I spent at our home in Mamaroneck with the children, I was requested by Mr. Hayman, who had taken Mr. Frohman's place since the latter's death, to come and see him, as he thought he had a wonderful thing for me. I immediately drove into town to his office in the Empire Theater.

I had never found Mr. Hayman so enthusiastic or excited about anything as he was about the manuscript he had in front of him. He said: "Ethel, here is something that will be the biggest hit you have ever had. It should run a year in New York." He then handed me the first two acts of "Declassé," by Zoe Akins. I vaguely remembered, then, having met Miss Akins a short time before and her saying to me: "Oh, I want you to read a play I have finished. I can't imagine any one else in it but you." This of course was very pleasant to hear, but I had promptly forgotten about it.

I took the two acts from Mr. Hayman and started to motor back to Mamaroneck. I finished reading them as we were driving into New Rochelle and I was so excited and enthusiastic about them that I could not wait until the following morning to go to the Empire Theater, so I told the chauffeur to turn the car around and I went all the way back to New York to tell Mr. Hayman personally not to let anything happen to interfere with my getting that play.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I exercised patience for Miss Akins to finish the last act. She did it quickly, however, and when it was completed I felt very hopeful and happy about the coming season.

I was not feeling strong at the time, so I took this opportunity to go down to White Sulphur Springs for a three-weeks complete rest before the theatrical season opened. Toward the end of my stay I received an urgent telegram from the secretary of The Actors' Equity Association, to which I have belonged since its beginning. I didn't quite understand the telegram, but one word stuck out vividly, and that was the word strike. At the time I really didn't take in the tremendous importance of it.



TO THEIR MOTHER, MISS BARRYMORE'S CHILDREN ARE KNOWN AS "SISTER," "JACKIE" (IN HIS MOTHER'S LAP) AND "SAMMY"

THE day after I returned to Mamaroneck my uncle, John Drew, telephoned to tell me he was driving out to see me. We sat on the porch and he explained to me the reasons for and causes of the strike and told me that they were waiting for a word that I was with them. So I wrote the following letter, which I gave him to take back to headquarters, and really thought that was all that was required of me:

> While my entire theatrical career has been associated with but one management, from which I have received only fairness and consideration, I feel that the traditions of my family and my personal predilections ally me logically and irremediably with the members of my profession in the Actors' Equity Association.

For the first time I began to see of what vast importance the Actors' Equity was to the player, how persistently they were looking out for the welfare of the actor in the matter of contracts, road conditions and so on. There was a great deal of discussion when the Actors' Equity joined the Federation of Labor, but the public is now beginning to see that organization leads to solidarity of purpose, and only by a bold, united front can professions bring into effect those things which have such a great bearing on their welfare, not only economically but artistically.

The reason for our strike was that the Producing Managers' Association had very definitely and positively declined to recognize the Actors' Equity as representing the actor. They had written an official letter to the Equity, which was published in all the newspapers, that they would no longer communicate with our organization on any matters pertaining to disputes between managers and actors. They issued a new form of contract, from which had been stricken all reference to the Actors' Equity, and they declined to engage any of our actor members who insisted upon this reference, which had appeared in previous theatrical contracts. In other words, it seemed to me that they were trying to lock all members of the Equity out of employment until they succumbed to the dictates of the Producing Managers' Association. Without very drastic action on our part, there would have been a collapse, perhaps forever, of the Equity Association, and we would have had to abide by whatever conditions the managers chose to make.

The next day that I was in town I stopped in to see my cousin, Georgie Drew Mendum, and she at once asked me why I had not been around to headquarters.

I said: "Oh, I sent them a letter. They know that I am with them heart and soul, and surely that's all they require. What do you think I should do?"

She said: "You should go and show yourself there and be there, as every one else is."

She spent a long time trying to convince me that my presence at headquarters would be of great importance—but without success. However, I started out for headquarters with her eventually, merely because I thought it would please her and because she seemed so anxious for it.

What happened to me that day is absolutely the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me or ever will I am sure. As our car turned into Forty-seventh Street from Sixth Avenue I noticed that almost the entire block right up to Broadway was a seething mass of people. Driving was impossible.

I said to my cousin: "What is all that?"

"That is the strike," she explained. "These people are standing in front of headquarters."

And there they were—hundreds and hundreds of them. We got out of the car and started through that dense crowd, pushing our way toward the little brownstone house in which history was being made. By the time we reached the steps of headquarters the crowd had caught sight of me and suddenly a sound went up—a great shout that seemed to come from the souls of these people who were my people. It left me trembling from head to foot with a feeling of exaltation and great happiness. The thought that they felt I could be of some use to them made me prouder than mere words can tell.

I received various messages from Mr. Hayman during this time, commanding me and begging me to come to rehearsals, which, of course, was absurd, because we were right in the midst of the strike and if I had gone to rehearsals it would have been the same thing as playing. It was simply impossible. Of course he must have realized it, but he pretended not to. He said it wasn't like playing, and he didn't see why I couldn't rehearse. He really became very, very angry.

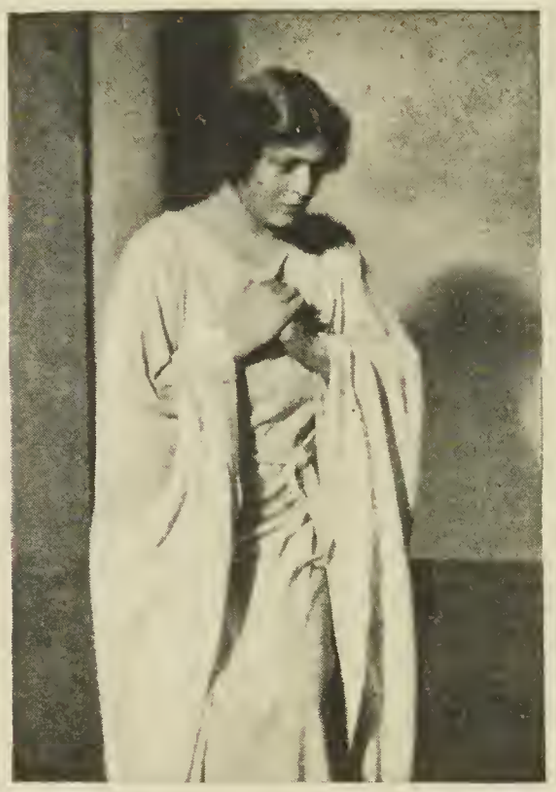
One day when I went to see him to explain the reasons why I could not go to rehearsals, he said he could not hold them up any longer and had cabled for Mrs. Patrick Campbell to come over and play my part. I said I was sure she would be very good, but I was sorry to lose such a fine play. And so, that was *that!* Of course he had not cabled, but I didn't know it and I just took it for granted that I had lost it.

DURING this time the Equity had taken the Lexington Avenue Opera House and was giving performances for the benefit of the striking actors. We had closed all the theaters in New York with the exception of this one and so, naturally, the public flocked to it. We felt that they flocked to it in an enormously sympathetic way. The first week I did the second act of "Camille," with my brother Lionel as *Père Duval* and Conway Tearle as *Armand*. When I made my entrance the opening night, the audience gave me a reception that lasted for three minutes.

I can not speak too enthusiastically on the spirit of the Equity players. The biggest stars were exactly like the chorus players. If they were told to go up eight flights of stairs to dressing-rooms and then go onto the stage to speak one line, they were only too delighted to do it. There was a wonderful spirit right through the whole thing, and that's why the benefits were always so successful. The enthusiasm of the players for the cause went straight across to the audience and we got immediate return from them—just like a ball being tossed back and forth: you threw it out to them and they threw it back to you; regular team play. I am sure that is what has made the Equity so powerful: the unity of purpose which has helped us all to stick together. And the only way to continue holding us all together is by this "closed



FEW PLAYS STIRRED MISS BARRYMORE'S ENTHUSIASM LIKE "DECLASSÉ"





UNDER THE HOPKINS MANAGEMENT, THE FIRST TWO BARRYMORE RÔLES WERE "JULIET" AND "ROSE BERND" (HERE WITH DORIS RANKIN)



ANOTHER EFFECTIVE PICTURE FROM THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL "DECLASSÉ"



THE NATURALNESS OF "THE LAUGHING LADY" MADE GREATER DEMANDS ON MISS BARRYMORE'S SKILL THAN HER EMOTIONAL RÔLES

shop," which the people on the outside, without comprehension or understanding, are so bitter against. It is this question of the "closed shop" that is now confronting the theater, and I hope it can be settled without any necessity for another strike. But we are ready for any emergency! I think the most sane thing the Equity ever did was to join the Federation of Labor.

I shall never forget the way in which the strike came to an end. Representatives from both sides were assembled. I was one of the people appointed to sign the five-year agreement between the managers and the Equity Association. I was up all night waiting for the lawyers, managers and players to get the papers ready, to "come across" as it were, to accept the inevitable situation and to sign.

It was all very amusing. First the managers would meet and then they would go and have long talks with their lawyers, then the Equity would meet and go and have long talks with their lawyers, and then the lawyers would meet. Thus days and days went by and nothing happened of importance, except long reports from the lawyers. One night I suggested that, as soon as the managers and Equity people got together, if we could only have a talk—a few minutes' talk—we could come to some agreement and it would all be over. So that was arranged. Mr. Augustus Thomas presided at this meeting. Mr. Arthur Hopkins was spokesman for the managers, Mr. Weber for the musicians, and, I think, Mr. Frank Gilmore for the Equity. Several others were present and also, of course, Mr. Francis Wilson, who was then president of the Equity. Mr. Hopkins made a very excellent speech and everything was going along well when one of the lawyers for the managers, who were not supposed to talk at all, got up and made an extremely rude speech, not in any way apropos. He talked about actors as contract breakers and said things that had nothing whatever to do with the case. He made it very uncomfortable for his own clients and they looked anxiously about for some one to suppress him. Mr. Thomas, apparently, didn't seem to feel that he could. I know it was a great relief to both sides when he was finally pulled down and silenced by one of his associates. It was a most unfortunate and regrettable exhibition.

The rest of the meeting was dignified and successful, and when we left the room about three o'clock in the morning the strike was over and settled for at least five years.

We all took up our work where it had been so courageously broken off by us. I began rehearsing for "Declassé," and nothing was said about Mrs. Campbell or about the strike. It took Mr. Hayman some time, however, to be genial, but I always pretended I didn't notice any of his ill-humor. We had nothing new for the play; repainted scenery and furniture from the storehouse was thrust upon us. In the first act, I remember, we required a large sofa, but Mr. Hayman, in his mood, did not feel that he wanted to get one. I insisted that we must have a sofa instead of the cane bench that went with the set of furniture wished on us from the storehouse. At that time "Charles Frohman, Incorporated" had become affiliated with the Famous Players and I found it very hard to talk to Mr. Hayman about anything. He was very "striky." So I went to Mr. Lasky, or one of those at the head of the moving-picture office, to speak about the sofa, and I was told to go ahead and get it. The thought of those great magnates sitting there and saying, "Go ahead and get your sofa—you must have it," always amuses me, for I paid for it, and neither Mr. Hayman nor Mr. Lasky ever paid me back. In the old days Mr. Hayman would have bought eight sofas for me, and Mr. Frohman, of course, never would have thought much about the matter—if I had asked him. Nevertheless, I got it, and it made the scene because it was new and very beautiful.

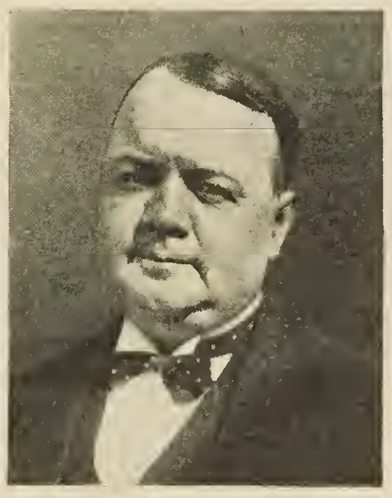
In spite of these annoyances we progressed splendidly. We went to Atlantic City and produced the play. It seemed to go very well, but we never dreamed it would be liked as much as it was. When we finally opened in New York, we started on a career of nine months. Every seat for every performance was bought up and people stood at every performance.

I got to know Zoe Akins well during the run of this play. It was wonderful to see her affluent: taking an apartment and buying old Italian furniture; having a divine time with the money that was coming so deservedly and so easily.

We played "Declassé" for three seasons. It was during our tour, while we were in Cincinnati, that I was stricken with a terrible thing right at the end of the last act. As I was sitting on the sofa in one of my big scenes with *Solomon*, a character of the play, I had to get up and make an exit, and the next time I came on I was to be carried, since I was supposed to have been run over. Suddenly I realized that I could not get up. Something like a bolt of lightning had struck my knee. As I was saying my lines I kept thinking that I would not be able to get up, but, of course, I did when I knew I had to.

They helped me to my dressing-room

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ARTHUR HOPKINS, MISS BARRYMORE'S MANAGER, ZOE AKINS, AUTHOR OF "DECLASSÉ" AND AUGUSTUS THOMAS, PLAYWRIGHT AND ARBITER IN THE EQUITY STRIKE

KITCHENS OF BETTER HOMES

Six examples from demonstration houses

FOR the home-maker who is interested in her kitchen the Better Homes demonstration houses offer some interesting suggestions. The six kitchens illustrated were photographed in houses that won prizes or received special mention in the Better Homes in America contest last June.

If the picture of the Washington kitchen had been taken to include the end of the table-legs, it would show that these were equipped with rollers. Home-economics experts who are working out methods of decreasing the burden of household labor estimate that a housewife could save herself fifteen miles or more of walking every year by the simple expedient of putting rollers on her kitchen table so that it could be moved from stove to sink, from sink to ice-box or cabinet with its burden.



ATLANTA, GEORGIA, PROVIDED FULL ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT FOR ITS BETTER HOMES KITCHEN

the top of the stove is always available for ventilating the kitchen. By the use of the fan the odors of cooking are directed through the windows or doors to the outside air instead of being allowed to circulate through the rest of the house.

The kitchen in the demonstration house in Greenville, South Carolina, is a long, narrow room. This is the most undesirable shape for a kitchen from the point of view of economizing steps, but by taking thought in the placing of the furnishings a very pleasant and workable kitchen was produced. The stove is under the window, with the cabinet opposite. The narrow space here makes for economy of labor, since the worker, standing between, can reach from stove to cabinet merely by turning around. Among the smaller articles of equipment found in this



THE KITCHEN OF THE WASHINGTON HOUSE, ABOUT WHICH MISS HAFFORD WRITES ON PAGE TWO



THE ATTRACTIVE, WELL-PLANNED KITCHEN OF THE BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, DEMONSTRATION HOUSE

The sink was selected for its structural virtues of generous dishpan space and double drain-board and was set at the height most convenient for the housewife who was to work in it. Any woman can easily determine the proper height for her sink in the following way: The worker stands erect, with chest up and arms held straight down before her. In this position she bends her wrists outward so that the palms of her hands are down and parallel with the floor. The palms of the hands, when held in this position, should lie upon the bottom of the sink.

A single faucet with two stop-cocks allows hot and cold water to be mingled in any proportion desired. It is hung on a pivot so that the nozzle can be swung from side to side to direct the stream of water wherever needed.

Close by the sink is a roll of paper towels with a fireproof receptacle underneath to catch the used towels and other waste papers. Under the drain-board at the other end of the sink there is a tall stool, out of the way when not in use but ready to be pulled out when needed. A stool of this kind is useful in various ways. Many housewives find it possible to do dish-washing, vegetable-cleaning, ironing, mixing of cakes and other parts of the kitchen work sitting on this support.

The windows are draped with thin white curtains which hang over the panes but can be pulled back with a single motion when the window is to be opened. This is accomplished by a draw-string easily arranged. If you would like directions for equipping your curtains with this device, write to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration, and ask her how it is done.



AT THE TOP—THE KITCHEN IN THE HOUSE IN SUTTER, CALIFORNIA. *AT THE LEFT*—THE LONG, NARROW KITCHEN OF THE GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, HOUSE. *AT THE RIGHT*—THE SUNNY, WELL-PLANNED LITTLE KITCHEN OF THE ANNE HATHAWAY COTTAGE IN SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

The ironing-board when not in use is kept in a shallow depression in the wall, the lower end of the board being hinged to the wall. Under the ironing-board is a small compartment where the electric iron with its cord and stand, the wax pad and other small appurtenances of ironing are kept.

THE Atlanta, Georgia, kitchen is entirely electrified. In addition to the full-sized range with two ovens, the cooking equipment includes a grill for single dishes or for use on the dining-table. An electric fan placed on

kitchen are a food-chopper that clamps to the edge of the cabinet and a kitchen scales always available for weighing ingredients.

The kitchen in the Sutter, California, house offers a suggestion for the remodeling of an old kitchen where an entirely new sink equipment is not available. Here a modern sink without drain-boards is installed and the drain-board space provided by the top of a small cabinet on one side and a chest of drawers on the other. In this way adequate working-space is obtained, as well as valuable storage-room.

In Baton Rouge the sink, with double drain-board, is next to the cabinet, making a continuous working-space exceedingly convenient for putting away the clean dishes.

The Anne Hathaway cottage in Sacramento, California, has the ice-box under the high window and close against the cabinet, which in turn adjoins the sink. Such an arrangement is extremely convenient both in preparing meals and in putting away food after meals. A sanitary waste-receptacle under the sink is opened by a lever which is pressed with the foot, leaving both hands free to hold the dish and scrape off the waste material. When the foot is removed, the cover closes tightly without any effort on the part of the worker.

One of the lessons that might be drawn from a study of these six kitchens is that kitchens, like other rooms, may be quite unlike in structure and equipment and yet all be good kitchens. The important thing in arranging a kitchen is first to have a plan of work and then to select and place the equipment so that the work may be carried on with a minimum of effort.

KEEPING FIT IN WINTER

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan



IN OUR complex modern civilization, the name of Winter is all too often associated with a season of ill-health. Particularly is this true of the city dweller, because he generally chooses to lead a more sedentary life than his "country cousin."

We have only ourselves to blame for the fact that there is more sickness in Winter than in Summer. Even in the coldest regions, it is perfectly possible to maintain an even standard of health all the year around, barring the contraction of infectious diseases. The fundamental trouble is that many of us deliberately court sickness in Winter by our sins of omission and commission. Going to the root of the trouble, it may be said that most of us keep our houses and offices and stores and factories entirely too hot. Modern building construction is of a character to keep out the cold—even to keep out the air—unless careful attention is given to ventilation. Modern heating-plants are usually designed to keep a house warm in the most extreme weather, and then they are run close to their maximum capacity on days when the weather is many degrees warmer than those extremes for which the system was designed.

Fresh air is just as necessary in Winter as in Summer. Our lungs do not experience any change when frost comes, yet many persons persist in hermetically sealing themselves for several months of the year. They act as if the slightest breath of cool air would be fatal. The custom of sleeping with windows open or on a sleeping-porch is becoming more general, but up to date we have not let our ventilation during the daylight hours keep pace with what we have learned about the hours of sleep.

AS HAS been pointed out in this series of articles, a draft is not to be shunned, as many people believe. On the contrary, air in circulation is man's best friend. It is imprudent to sit directly in a current of cold air when overheated, or to permit it to blow directly on an exposed part of the body. With these reservations, however, one need not worry about drafts. When the current of air is so cold that it is uncomfortable, it should be checked of course, but when one checks the draft, the air must not be shut off entirely. Another thing to remember is that cold air is not necessarily fresh air. Some persons delude themselves with the idea that because the air in their bedroom is cold, the room is properly ventilated, while as a matter of fact they may be breathing cold, stagnant air, which is just as bad as warm air in the same condition of staleness.

The dangers of overheated houses and working-places are many. In the first place, heat is enervating, whether it is the natural heat of Summer or the artificial heat of Winter. One works best and plays best in a moderate temperature. A goodly percentage of the coal bills that we grudgingly pay every year might be saved if we did not insist upon running our furnaces under forced draft. It is hard to lay down a fixed rule for the temperature of a room, but, in general, it will be found more comfortable and safer to keep the thermometer closer to sixty-five than to seventy. If one is moving about and doing manual work of any kind, the temperature should be closer to sixty than to sixty-five.



Here is "Hurry-up" Yost in working-togs as he looks to-day after twenty-three active years as a football coach. Above is the new Yost Field House, so named by the University of Michigan in recognition of "long, loyal and beneficial" service on the part of its Director of Athletics. The building houses a running-track, an indoor football field, a baseball practise diamond, five basket-ball courts and accommodations for four thousand athletes and thirteen thousand spectators. It was paid for out of the proceeds from athletic events

Excessively hot rooms make the body tender, and thus it becomes more susceptible to the cold when one is outdoors. When one has worked all day in a temperature of seventy-five or eighty and then starts home, with the prospect of waiting at least a few minutes on the street for a conveyance, it is easy to understand that the cold air will be harmful. On the other hand, if he were accustomed to a moderate temperature, the change would not be so great and no serious consequences would result.

NEXT to overheating our houses, our principal Winter sin of commission is wearing clothes that are too heavy or too tight, or both. Most buildings are maintained at a Summer temperature throughout the year, and it is obviously absurd for any one who is going to occupy such buildings to pile on clothing heavy enough for a polar expedition. The safe way to do is to wear clothing of light—or, at most, moderate—weight while indoors in the Winter and then to put on a heavy coat or wrap when going outdoors. The skin must breathe as well as the lungs, and for this reason clothing should be such as will permit free circulation of air. Underclothing and suits or dresses should be made of material sufficiently porous to admit the air freely to the body. Thick, heavy woolens, suits lined with an impervious material and outer clothing made with a very tight weave should be avoided. It is perfectly possible to keep warm without packing the body in wrappings such as a mummy might wear. In fact, because of the healthier skin condition that will result from lighter and more porous clothing, you will find that you do not suffer with the cold nearly so much as when you bundle up. Garments that are too heavy not only induce perspiration but hold it and force you to go about all day in a clammy state that is both uncomfortable and unhealthy.

Most of us overeat in Winter and our diet has too great a preponderance of heat-producing foods. It is all right for men working in the open air to eat heating foods, because they need heat; but for a sedentary person it is a mistake, because he does not get enough exercise to make the digestion of big meals easy. Most of us take much less exercise in the Winter than in the Summer and still we eat more. Taking more food than is necessary is bad at any time. If we were going to hibernate, it might be all right to build up a big supply of fat, but we don't need it living as we do.

Our recreations in the Summer months are practically all of an outdoor nature, but unfortunately most of those living an active life in the open air in the warmer months devote their Winter leisure to the pursuit of pleasures that contribute little or nothing to the physical health. There is nothing injurious about attending a theater, a concert or a lecture, except that the air in the building is not always as fresh as it might be. Neither is there

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SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

THE DELINEATOR is placing at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, general care, maternal nursing, artificial feeding, feeding after infancy, sweets in the child's diet, care of the teeth, diphtheria prevention, health education, mental hygiene and child labor. Articles to come will have to do with equally important subjects and the completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers. Dr. L. Emmett Holt, baby specialist, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children," is chief editorial adviser in THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

"The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman, Medical Advisory Board, Maternity Center Association, New York City; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," all by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President, American Child Hygiene Association; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, ex-Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director, Rochester (N. Y.) Dispensary. Any one pamphlet will be mailed on receipt of ten cents

THE HAPPY CHILD

Home care for the prevention of tuberculosis in children

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

THAT little children, even infants, are frequently the victims of tuberculosis is a surprise to the general public. Not very long ago it was thought, even by physicians, that this was rare; but the modern methods that have been developed by which the disease can be recognized very early have shown beyond doubt that more persons contract tuberculosis in early childhood than at any other period of life.

It was once believed that tuberculosis was usually an inherited disease. With this view, of course very little could be done in the way of prevention; its occurrence was regarded a misfortune or an affliction for which no one was responsible. We now know that tuberculosis is almost never inherited, but that it is spread from one person to another like any other contagious disease. If the children of parents with tuberculosis develop the disease, they do so because they are constantly exposed to it during their early years.

The source of most of the tuberculosis in young children is, then, contact with some adult who has tuberculosis of the lungs—what is commonly known as "consumption." The persons who are most dangerous are those who do not know they have tuberculosis and those who had it but think they have been cured.

Babies and small children spend much more time in the house than do older children. The care of small children not infrequently falls to the lot of a member of the household who is not quite well enough to work—"only a hard cough." They are apt to be fondled and kissed by those who care for them. Babies creep about the floor, where the dust containing germs of the disease is most apt to settle. They are always putting their dirty hands or toys into their mouths. In all these ways they run a much greater chance of becoming infected than do children who are going to school or who play out-of-doors. Besides this, babies are very susceptible to any kind of infection. The germs of the disease once introduced into the body, either by the mouth or breathed in through the nose, are much more likely to develop and cause trouble in babies than in those who are older and have more resistance.

BUT it is not only parents or near relatives who infect children. In hospital practise in New York it is common to see young children with tuberculosis who have come from homes where no cases of the disease existed. Where did the child get it? This may be hard to discover, but often it has been found that when the mother has been away from home, perhaps at work, some kind neighbor in the same house has looked after the child several hours each day. The neighbor was not working because weak and suffering from a bad cough, which turned out to be tuberculosis. Or it may be the occasional visitor to the home who carries the disease, if he happens to be suffering from it. Generally, however, it is some one who comes into closer contact with the children. One can not be too careful in selecting a nurse or governess for infants or small children. One who is delicate or has a chronic cough should never be chosen. More than once I have known even trained nurses, who either did not know they had the disease or thought they were cured, infect children in their care.

With most contagious diseases, like measles, scarlet fever or whooping-cough, it is usually easy to connect an attack in one child with an exposure to some other, for the symptoms come within a few days after such a contact. With tuberculosis, however, there may be no symptoms for weeks or months, sometimes even for years, for these germs may live in some of the tissues of the body for an indefinite time without causing any symptoms—usually the glands connected with the lungs, surrounded by some scar tissue which renders them for the time harmless. But after a time the child's general health may be much run down or he has some other severe illness, like influenza or pneumonia. Then it is that this infection, long latent or smouldering, bursts into activity and the symptoms of tuberculosis of the lungs or the brain develop, sometimes with great rapidity, and prove fatal. It should be known that once the disease develops in an active form in a young child it is much more serious than among grown people. During the first three or four years of life the disease is very apt to attack the brain, and this form—known as tuberculous meningitis—is almost invariably fatal.

If we had some means of discovering which children had been infected, we might do a great deal to prevent the development of the disease, for in that case we would know the danger. Fortunately, just such a thing is possible, and this is one of the great advances in our knowledge of tuberculosis. By a very simple and harmless test this can now be determined. This test is a simple needle scratch an eighth of an inch long through a drop of tuberculin placed upon the skin. In a healthy child this heals in a day or two like any accidental pin-scratch; but if the child has already been infected with tuberculosis, a small red spot forms about the scratch which can be seen at the end of twenty-four hours and which slowly fades in a few days. There is no pain or discomfort, no fever or soreness.

The life of a child known to be infected can now be ordered accordingly. To prevent the development of the disease, it is important in the first place to maintain such a high standard of general health that his resistance is so great as to enable him to overcome the infection. The best guide to this is the child's progress in weight and growth. "Watch the weight," is the slogan for such cases. So long as it is up to the normal for height and age and each year the normal increase is made, one may feel quite confident that all is going well; while a failure to gain for a considerable period or a steady loss in weight at any time should be looked upon as danger-signals. It is well to weigh all such children once a month regularly and keep a permanent record of progress in a book. Equally important in preventing the development of the disease is the avoidance of those acute conditions that are likely to light up a latent infection: such are repeated colds, frequent attacks of bronchitis; particularly to be dreaded are measles, whooping-cough and influenza. Every possible effort should be made to avoid exposure to any of these diseases. In this way we can reduce active tuberculosis to the smallest degree.

While coming into contact with some other person who has tuberculosis is the usual way of infecting children, there are other ways. They may get it through their food, particularly milk from cows that are suffering from tuberculosis, usually of the udders. This is one of the important reasons for urging everywhere the sterilization or pasteurization of all milk used for young children except that which comes from cows that have passed the tuberculin test and are shown to be free from the disease. This tuberculosis acquired from cows through milk is the form that most frequently affects the glands of the neck or the bones of the hip, knee, ankle or spine, causing disease which means years of suffering and may lead to permanent deformity—a stiff joint, a short limb or a hunch back.

FORTUNATELY, not every one who has been infected with the germ of tuberculosis actually develops the disease and dies from it. As a rule only the exceptional ones do—the very young, the delicate, those with weak lungs, etc. The Germans have a saying that "every one has a little tuberculosis." Though this is not literally true, certainly the number of persons who inhale or swallow the germs is much larger than most people have any idea of, and by far the largest number have acquired their infection in childhood.

Tuberculosis becomes, then, with our present knowledge of the way in which it is spread, one of the preventable diseases. This must have regard to two things: the first is the prevention of the original infection by avoiding exposure to the disease and food containing its germs; the second is the prevention, by the best general hygiene possible, of the development of the disease in those who have been accidentally infected. No longer can the white plague be regarded as one of the necessary evils of modern life. Since most adults who die of the disease have contracted their infection in childhood, the problem becomes one of protecting the children.

If, then, we are to see tuberculosis stamped out, we must understand the ways in which it is spread. In most of the cases it is in ways that can be avoided. Adults with the disease, especially when the lungs are affected, must appreciate how dangerous they may be to children, particularly to young children. Should one of the parents, especially the mother, be the person who has tuberculosis, the problem is a difficult one. If babies contract the disease during the early months, in a large number of cases it is fatal. Separation is essential; either the mother must be sent away or the baby cared for by relatives during the first year at least.

The greatest care should be exercised in the selection of maids, nurses, governesses or teachers for children. In any case of doubt the person in question should have a thorough examination by a competent physician. Young women who have a chronic cough, even though it is asserted to be "only bronchitis, which they have every Winter," should be regarded with suspicion; and those who have had tuberculosis, even though they think themselves cured, should choose some other employment than the care of children.

Every child in whom there is any reason to suspect there has been an exposure should receive a tuberculin test, which is painless and harmless. If infection has taken place, the child can be brought up under conditions that will reduce to the minimum the chances of developing the disease.

What is needed, then, is to get people everywhere to understand and to employ these preventive measures and not to look upon tuberculosis as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, but in most cases as a result of human ignorance, carelessness or indifference.

"I'M GOING into the empty cell next door and take a nap now," said Tommy's bee, "but I'll get one of my little sisters to show you around."

She called another bee. The other bee set Tommy in the pollen-basket on her own hind leg. Then she began to walk around.

They passed many other bees. Some were cleaning house, carrying out bits of dirt; some were packing pollen in cells. Everybody seemed very busy—all except a crowd of fat, lazy fellows with big eyes. They did nothing but stand around and look silly.

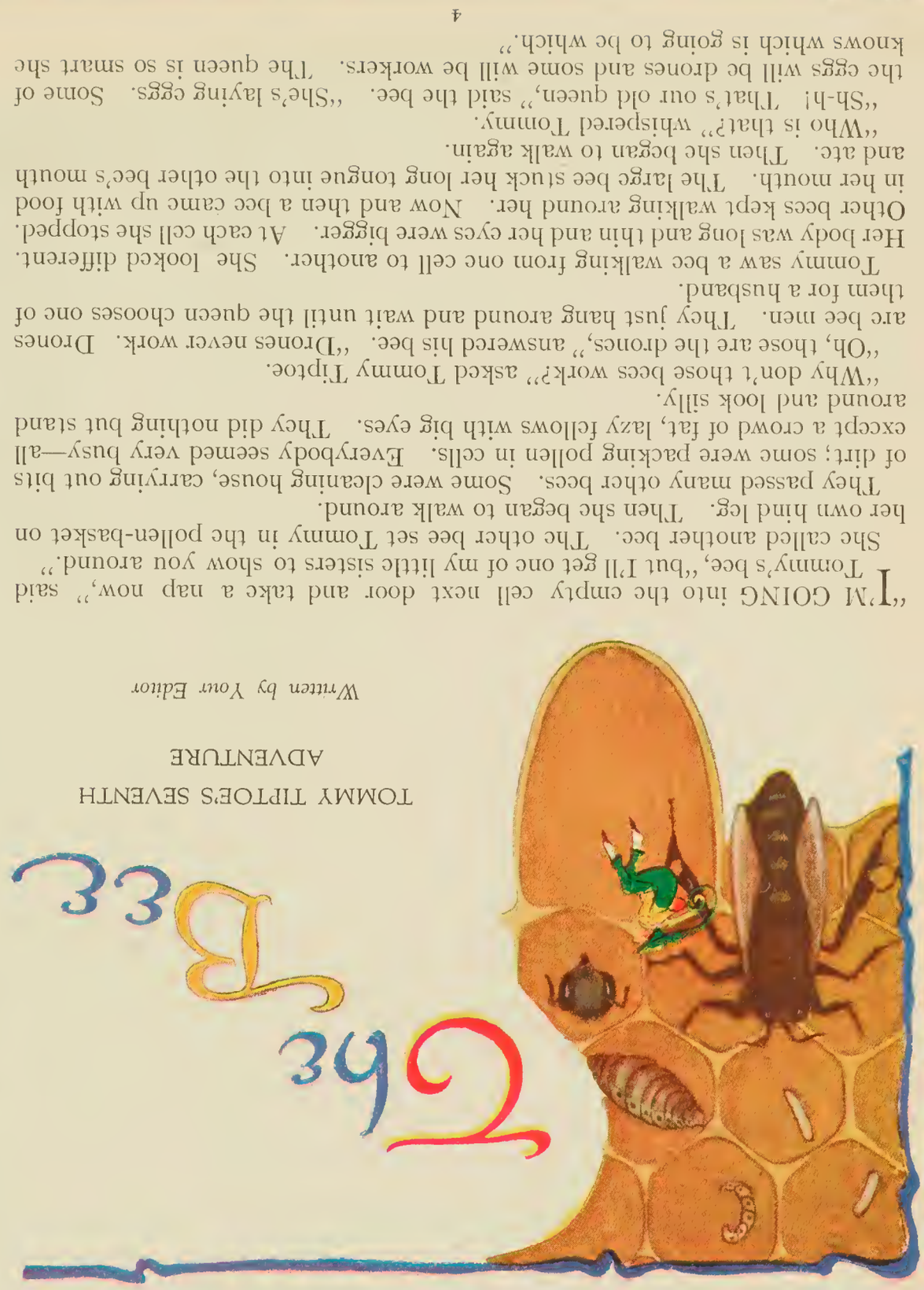
"Why don't those bees work?" asked Tommy Tiptoe.

"Oh, those are the drones," answered his bee. "Drones never work. Drones are bee men. They just hang around and wait until the queen chooses one of them for a husband.

Tommy saw a bee walking from one cell to another. She looked different. Her body was long and thin and her eyes were bigger. At each cell she stopped. Other bees kept walking around her. Now and then a bee came up with food in her mouth. The large bee stuck her long tongue into the other bee's mouth and ate. Then she began to walk again.

"Who is that?" whispered Tommy.

"Sh-h! That's our old queen," said the bee. "She's laying eggs. Some of the eggs will be drones and some will be workers. The queen is so smart she knows which is going to be which."



The Bee

TOMMY TIPTOE'S SEVENTH ADVENTURE

Written by Your Editor



Babies

Tommy noticed something like a wax thimble sticking out from the comb.

"Miss Bee," he asked, "what's that?"

"Sh-h!" said the bee. "That's the cell where our little new queen is getting ready to come out. She feeds on bee jelly all the time—no common bee bread for her! That's what makes her grow into a queen."

"Are you a queen?" asked Tommy.

"Great beeswax, no!" cried the bee. "I'm a nurse. I'll be a worker bee when I'm older. I'm a sort of lady, only I never have any children. I'm helping to nurse the queen's children now. Great beeswax, I almost forgot—it's time now!"

The nurse bee walked over to a cell. Tommy saw a little pale worm curled up inside. The nurse took some white jelly out of her mouth and fed it to the baby.

"The little darling has just hatched, so it can't eat anything but bee jelly for a few days," said the nurse. "Now, that other baby next door is fed on bee bread—it's nearly grown, you see."

"What's bee bread?" asked Tommy.

"Great beeswax!" cried the bee. "Don't you even know that? Bee bread—why, that's just honey and pollen mixed together."

"What's pollen?" asked Tommy.

"Pollen! Pollen! Great beeswax, the boy doesn't know what pollen is!" *Bz-z-z!* off flew the bee with Tommy safe in her pollen-basket. They lighted on something soft that smelled very sweet. It looked like a yellow



DEAR YOUNG RED-WHITE-AND-BLUES: I call you that because, this is the red, white and blue month of Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. And it's THE LITTLE DELINEATOR's birthday, too. Yes, sir, we're two years old this February!

Now, there's a birthday present that THE LITTLE DELINEATOR and I want very, very much, and only you can give it to us.

You know, there are in New York several hospitals for sick and crippled children, where boys and girls like you suffer for days and weeks and months, and sometimes even years. Some have to lie flat on their backs and others can sit up, and some are wheeled about in chairs and some can walk around. But all of them get very tired of hospital life.

Now, don't you think it would be nice this birthday month if, instead of writing to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR and me, you write a letter to one of these children? Just call them "Dear friend" or "Dear boy" or "Dear girl," or some funny name to make them laugh. And of course don't talk about their being sick. Write about yourself and especially your fun.

Mark your letter *inside* and *out:* "Hospital Birthday Letter," and send it to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

Don't be disappointed if your child doesn't answer. Send me a stamped envelope addressed to yourself and I'll answer anyway.

And *boys*, be sure to write, too. Many boys in those hospitals would like a letter from another fellow.

Good-by, young Red-White-and-Blues! Please give us our present.

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

THE BIRTHDAY COVER

Next month we'll give this birthday cover for a prize and next month's cover too. Watch for the contest in the March number.

Cut out this sheet and turn it over to the other side. Now fold it in the middle so that the top edge is even with the bottom edge. Fold it over again from left to right, then cut along the *first* fold.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

FEBRUARY 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



SECOND BIRTHDAY NUMBER OF OUR LITTLE DELINEATOR! LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT

but gee——

GIRL (*picking up bank and shaking it*): Well, anyway, our class is going to buy an American flag to hang out on holidays. I'm saving up.

(*Bell rings and the girl goes to the door.*)

CHINESE CHILD: Collar—shirt—fiftee sen.

GIRL (*taking package of laundry*): Mother isn't home. I can't pay you now.

CHINESE CHILD (*shaking head*): Collar—shirt—fiftee sen. (*Tries to take back package.*)

BOY (*grabbing package roughly*): Hey, you pigtail, drop that!

GIRL: Oh, well, I s'pose I can shake fifty cents out of my flag bank. (*Shakes bank, counting*): A nickel, a penny, a dime——

CHINESE CHILD (*watching anxiously*): Fiftee sen!

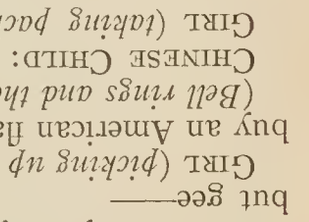
GIRL (*not very polite*): Here—take it, for goodness sake!

(*Exit Chinese Child, counting money.*)

BOY: Gee, those foreigners are stupid! Say, sis, you should have seen our gang teasing a little dago yesterday! All he could say was: "No spik Ingli. No spik Ingli." Gee, it was funny! (*He laughs.*)

GIRL: Well, stop talking—I've got to learn this American history.

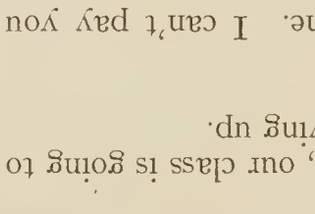
Voice outside window: Fr-resh fr-rutti! Fr-resh fr-rutti!



I Never Thought Of It

A Playlet for Young Americans to Give on Washington's Birthday

Written by your Editor



Characters: An American boy, an American girl, a Chinese child (boy or girl), an Italian fruit-peddler.

(*Girl and boy sitting at a table, each studying an American history. Lamp, other books and child's bank on table.*)

BOY (*looking up from book*): Gee! I wish I could do something exciting for my country, like Lincoln and Washington. Why, lots of boys not much older than I am fought in the Revolution! But what can a fellow do in peace time?

GIRL: That's funny—I was just thinking the same thing! This chapter (*points to her book*) tells all about Betsy Ross and how she made the first flag and how brave all the women and girls were. Seems as if somebody else always does the interesting things first.

BOY: They tell you in school to "swear allegiance to the flag" and all that, but gee——

GIRL (*picking up bank and shaking it*): Well, anyway, our class is going to buy an American flag to hang out on holidays. I'm saving up.

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GIRL: Well, stop talking—I've got to learn this American history.

BOY: They tell you in school to "swear allegiance to the flag" and all that, but gee——

GIRL (*picking up bank and shaking it*): Well, anyway, our class is going to buy an American flag to hang out on holidays. I'm saving up.

(*Bell rings and the girl goes to the door.*)

BOY (*laughing*): There's that funny Italian fruit-man. Say, sis, lend us a nickel. (*Going to window, he calls*): Hey! Go around to the door!

ITALIAN (*smiling*): Gooda mor-r-ning, signor (*pronounced see-nyor*). Fr-resh fr-rutti to-day? Nicea banan, gooda peach, gooda app——

BOY (*laughing, imitates*): Fr-resh fr-rutti!

ITALIAN (*still smiling*): Oh, 'scusa me, 'scusa me! Spik bad Inglis. Me com America seex mon' only. Me stoddy Inglis evarry night.

GIRL: Goodness—*you* study!

ITALIAN: Si, si! (*pronounced see*). Fr-ree class evarry night. My leetla boy—me make 'eem stoddy Inglis queek. 'Mer-rican boy verra bad for leetla Eetalian boy. Calla 'eem leetla wop, calla 'eem leetla banan. My leetla boy, 'e no wop! 'H com' 'ome an' 'e cr-ry—verra bad, 'e cry.

(*Boy walks to window and turns his back, hands in pockets.*)

GIRL: Well, I guess Italians make fun of us, too, when we go to Italy.

ITALIAN: Oh, no, no, no, no, mees! No! Eetalian people verra polite, verra nice. Why we maka fun? 'Mer-rican spik good de Inglis—Eetalian spik good de Eetalian. Verra sillee maka fun.

BOY (*turning around*): Gee, I never thought of that! Say, sis, why don't you give him my "First Reader in American History" for the little wo—for his kid?

GIRL (*hunts through books on table, takes one and gives it to Italian*): Maybe your little boy can learn to read this. It's very easy. It tells all about George Washington—you know, the great man who made America free for everybody.

ITALIAN (*smiling, bowing, kissing her hand*): Ah, thank, thank, leetla mees! Ah, 'Mer-rican nice people. Please, mees (*he gives her two apples*), thank for my leetla boy. Gooda-by! (*Exit Italian, bowing and smiling.*)

GIRL: I never really talked to a foreigner before. Why, they're just like us! I never thought of that.

BOY (*coming back from window*): I never did either.

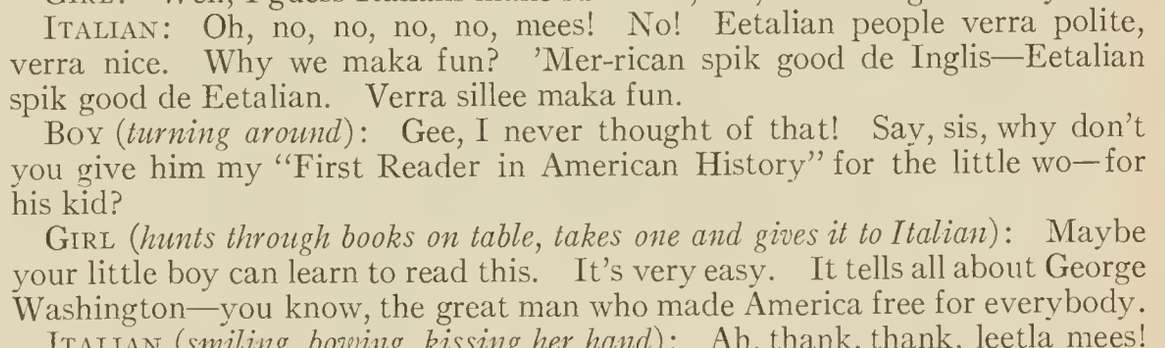
GIRL: It must feel lonesome in a brand-new country. Why, immigrants are something like the Pilgrims!

BOY: Gee, I never thought of that!

(*Both study again.*)

BOY (*suddenly*): Say, sis! Listen to this. (*Reads aloud*): "Citizens, by *birth* or *choice* (emphasizes words)

(*Concluded on page 6*)



giant trumpet "Why, where are we?" cried Tommy Tiptoe.

"On a yellow honeysuckle" said the bee. "See those long yellow things? They're stamens. See those bags on the ends? They have pollen inside. Now, watch me while I go inside."

Tommy watched. As the bee went in she brushed against the yellow bags. The pollen fell out like dust and stuck to the bee's brown fur. When she came out, the pollen stuck to her again. The bee cleaned off the pollen with her front legs and her middle legs. Then she pushed it down into the pollen-basket on her other hind leg.



"Now, boy," she cried, I must fly home. But there's going to be a big, buzzing, exciting bee holiday soon, when our new queen gets married. I'll come and get you. *Bz-z-z! Bz-z-z!*"

Bz-z-z! She pushed Tommy out of her pollen-basket and bing! that minute he was big again.

NEXT MONTH—"The Queen Bee's Wedding."

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT—*Concluded from page 3*

of a common country, the name of AMERICAN must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts of common dangers, sufferings and successes." (From George Washington's farewell address.)

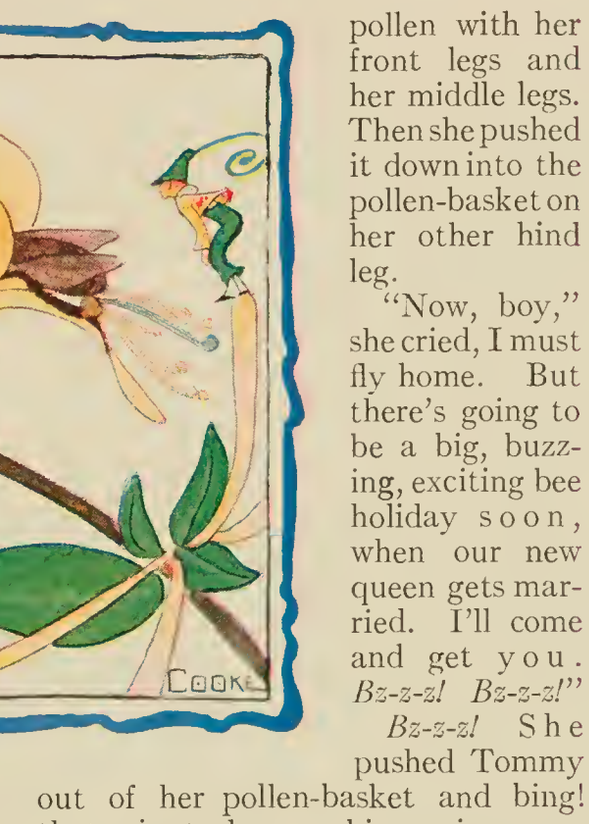
GIRL: I—I don't quite understand all those big words.

BOY (*slowly*): Well, I think—I think he meant sort of like this: America belongs just as much to the people who choose it for a country as to the people who are born here like us. That's what the Revolution was fought for. So that little Chink and old Fresh Frutti, why, they're just as much Americans as we are!

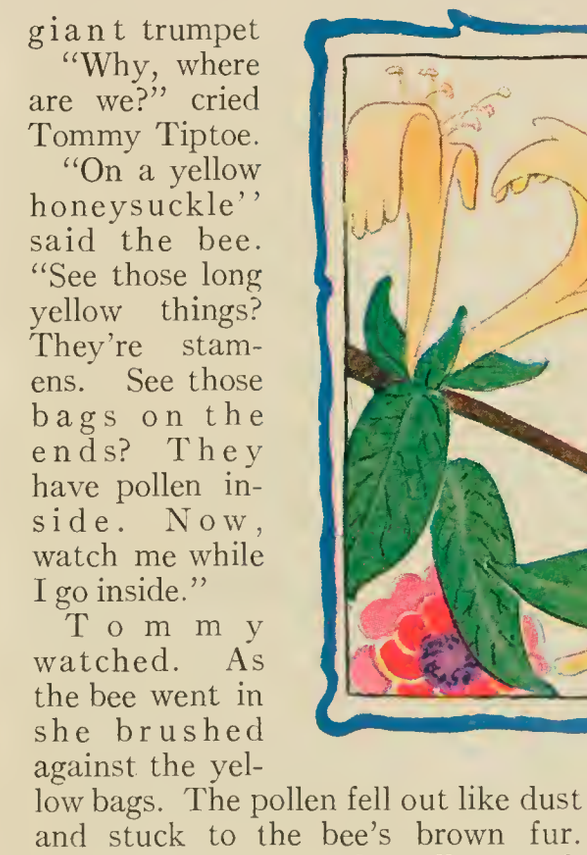
GIRL: I never thought of that! (*Silence.*) I wonder—maybe George Washington meant, too, that if we don't treat foreigners like Americans, why—why, we've never been *real* Americans ourselves!

BOTH: I never thought of that!

DELI-BEAR SENDS SOME VALENTINES



"Oh, Smarty-Show-Off-All-the-Time, perhaps this valentine will show YOU just where YOU get off with all your monkey-shine!"



"As to the DELI-editor, her readers grow each year,
So you, Sweet-Harr, to me have grown more dear and dear and dear."

"You brag about your muscle, but with appetite so hearty——
Who'd ever dare, Sir Elephant, to ask you to a party?"

"Because, O Lion, no one talks when you begin to roar,
You think we're all admiring you—instead you're just a bore!"

"I think," says DELI, "all my friends deserve a little fun,
And so a comic valentine he draws for every one.

"Although you're just a perfect duck to me when I am ill,
Dear Doctor Quack, why does it make me sick to see your bill?"

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EATING FOR HEALTH

"EVERY boy should have a quart of milk a day until he has attained his growth; every girl should have a quart of milk a day until she has weaned her last baby." These words were spoken by one of the world's greatest scientists in nutrition, H. C. Sherman, of Columbia University, at the world's dairy congress recently held in Syracuse, New York.

Further, we are told, if we wish to remain young and keep optimum health, we may well follow the practise of using a quart of milk a day throughout our adult life. Using it, mind you—not necessarily drinking it. Made into cream soups, bread, custards, puddings, scalloped with other foods, in cocoa—who cares in what way, just so long as the daily quart is there!

Occasionally, but very occasionally indeed, there is a person who can not take milk, even when it is cooked into or with foods. These persons we must exempt, but we can not help being sad that they go through life nutritionally crippled in this way.

Why milk and why so much milk?

Count 1. It is the cheapest source of the needed animal muscle-building food.

Count 2. It is the richest of all foods in bone-building substances: lime and phosphorus.

Count 3. It contains all three—or four, if there are four—vitamins, if the milk is produced by healthy, rightly fed and cared-for cows.

Count 4. Milk is a readily digested food. If you have trouble with raw milk, boil it. Rarely does even a tiny baby have trouble digesting milk if it has been boiled.

Milk is not a "cure all," although when it is used to replace a part of our modern white-bread, meat and potato dietary it is a "cure for much." Not every wrong can be righted by using more milk, but many of them may.

The moral of our story is to use milk if you wish the happiness of good health. Give it to children in the abundance needed to make them strong. Take a daily quart yourself. Drink it raw if it is clean and agrees with you and you like it. Boil it if you need to. Learn to make it into attractive dishes. Spread the good news of its value.

FOOD CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY

CREAM of pea, asparagus, bean and potato soups are hot, substantial dishes for February days.

A canapé habit is a good one to indulge in as an appetite-sharpener. They are so convenient, too, for using up bits of left-over things—a little fish, a cold boiled egg, a bit of ham or a few sardines. The principal thing to remember is that piquancy is the main purpose of a canapé's existence.

It will soon be time to think of next Spring's garden seeds. Before you begin studying the seed catalogs, it might be well to take an inventory of this year's canned foods and the family's food needs. You may find you need less of certain things, while of others you may want more.

Mussels, scallops, clams, as well as oysters and all manner of sea-food, are available in most markets. Remember that overcooking spoils the delicacy of these foods.

Use fruit pastes, Turkish grape paste, cranberry jelly or jellied tomato-juice as colorful garnishes for the holiday salads and desserts. With a sharp knife and a paper pattern, you can cut hearts or hatchets from them if you haven't the little tin cutters.

How many milk chowders are you using to vary the food life of your family and add good cheer and profitable nourishment?

While oranges are in season, make some fig-and-orange marmalade. It's good food "medicine."

Cranberries will soon be leaving the market-places. Have you enough canned cranberry sauce to last until they come again? It's quite as good as the freshly made and is easily done and keeps perfectly.

NOTE—*The Home-Makers' Department has prepared the following leaflets:* (1) *"Ten Suggestions for Canapés,"* (2) *"Recipes for Fig-and-Orange Marmalade and Canned Cranberries." If you would like these leaflets, write for them and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address the Home-Makers' Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE child is sent to school because society recognizes that education makes a better citizen of him.

The mother may not go to school, but because of her love for her children and interest in her home she is often eager for added education.

THE DELINEATOR has a staff organized to give to the housekeepers of the country the help that many of them are looking for. It stands ready to answer the questions of that young mother with a baby in her arms and a toddler clinging to her skirts who says that all her life has been spent going to school or teaching school and that she has had no time to prepare herself for the job of raising babies, keeping a house clean and comfortable, making a home happy for husband and children. It stands ready to encourage that young couple who have bravely plunged into the great romance of home-building on a modest income, and it stands ready to praise the young wife whose husband says of her that she certainly has learned to squeeze a dollar bill until the bird on it squawks, but that she wants all the help THE DELINEATOR can give her in finding whether she has made the bird sing the right tune.

We want to help all of these and many more. THE DELINEATOR has a home-making staff whose members have spent years studying the business of housekeeping. Its services are at the disposal of DELINEATOR readers. Whether it is planning the meals, feeding the family, canning or pickling, equipping the kitchen, planning the budget, be it for richer or poorer, the problem, whether great or small, will be welcomed at the home-making editor's desk. Some of these questions and answers are found in the Housekeeper's Primer.

Martha Van Rensselaer

ODD MOMENTS

By Lillian A. Lombart

SOMETIMES we can make our work pleasanter, and by so doing we actually make it seem easier. In housework, which to many of us seems a sordid round of duties, I have found so many little ways to lighten tasks that I can truly say I like my work.

I am a mother of two babies and have been doing my own work for three years. I used to save up a lot of irksome tasks and do them all on one particular morning. Somehow I found myself dreading that morning and realizing that I had saved up a lot of small bothers and made a mountain of trouble for myself and my family, because, unless mother is a saint, she is apt to be cross when duty itself wears a frown—and frown it will when it is allowed to become a monster.

Lots of things are tiresome, and if you put them off and have to keep looking forward to a definite time when they must be faced, you naturally dislike them more and more.

For instance, the silver-cleaning! I don't suppose any one really loves it, but I have found that by doing a piece whenever it needs it the task has actually seemed to evaporate. You see, I always feel caught up on this one particular duty and it no longer frowns.

When I am waiting for my baby's bottles to boil up in the morning, I pick up my scouring-powder and cloth and rub off steam spots from the nickel on my stove. The stove always looks bright and doesn't seem to take any of my time.

I use a fireless cooker, and usually I start my dinner early in the afternoon. During the fifteen or twenty minutes I have to wait while the stones are heating, I see how many small tasks I can accomplish in preparation for my dinner. If I have salad to get ready, I clean the lettuce and put the fresh leaves in an aluminum pan, cover it and set it in a cold place. If I intend having French dressing on my salad, I put vinegar, oil, salt, pepper and a bit of onion all in one place where it will be handy to mix my dressing when I am ready for it. If I wish to have hard-boiled eggs on my salad, I boil the eggs while the stones for the cooker are heating. When all the ingredients for a salad are ready, it is a light and pleasant task to arrange it at the time that it is needed.

Also, if I find another spare moment, I look to see if the sugar-bowl and salt and pepper shakers are filled. What a bother it is to find, when setting the table for dinner, that these little things have not been attended to!

In the early afternoon, in about a half-hour, I have most of my dinner on the way. It is a nice feeling to know that the family won't have to suffer through a hastily prepared meal in case callers should detain me in the afternoon.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Answers to questions that are asked by home-makers

Question: Why does my jelly ferment?

Answer: Fermentation may be due to the use of too little sugar or to insufficient cooking of the juice before the jelly is made. In most cases there is a tendency to use too much sugar rather than too little, however, and one must always be careful not to exceed correct proportions. Boiling rapidly for at least five minutes before the sugar is added will help to destroy the bacteria causing fermentation. After the sugar is added, the jelly should boil rapidly for but a short time.

Another cause for fermentation is the failure to bring the paraffin well up on the sides of the jelly-glasses. If there is a crack in the glass or a tiny bubble hole in the paraffin, this might allow bacteria to enter and cause fermentation and souring.

Question: Should skins and seeds of fruit be utilized?

Answer: The skins of fruit act as roughage and tend to combat constipation. The seeds act similarly, but many persons find seeds so harsh as to be irritating. It is well not to eat the coarser seeds, such as those of grapes. The average person may safely eat the smaller seeds, as in berries and in figs. Very young children should not be given these foods.

Question: How long should spinach be cooked?

Answer: Most persons cook spinach far too long a time; fifteen to twenty minutes is long enough. After washing the leaves, do not add water, but let the spinach cook in the water left on the leaves after washing. This means careful watching so as to prevent scorching, but it also means a saving of minerals and vitamins which very often go down the sink with the cooking water.

In boiling vegetables that require much water in cooking, the water should never be thrown away, but kept to use in soups or sauces. Vegetable water may be saved for a day or two if kept cold. It depends upon the temperature at which it is kept.

Question: Are the vitamins destroyed when cereals are cooked for more than an hour in a double boiler? How long should cereals be cooked?

Answer: We do not yet know precisely how great is the destruction of vitamins by heat in our ordinary cooking processes, but we think it is unlikely that it is large. However, the loss of vitamins in cooked cereals does not concern us greatly, since cereals are not our main source of vitamins. Milk and milk products, fruits, vegetables and eggs are outstanding as sources of vitamins.

Cereals such as cracked wheat need longer than an hour to cook. Overnight cooking by the fireless cooker or several hours on the stove is required for cereals such as these which are made from the entire grain. The darker cereals in general, being made of the entire grain, need the longest cooking; at least three hours should be given to cooking these cereals. The whiter cereals have had some of the tough outer coats (bran) removed and cook much more quickly.

Question: Please give me a recipe for chicken à la King.

Answer: Heat two cups of white sauce. Add one minced green pepper, one pimiento cut in strips, one cup of quartered mushrooms and two cups of chicken cooked and diced. Two hard-cooked diced eggs may be used as a garnish or added with the other ingredients. This may be served in timbale cases or in croustades.

Question: How is Yorkshire pudding made?

Answer: One cup of milk, two eggs, one cup of flour and one-quarter teaspoon of salt. Mix salt and flour and add milk gradually to form a smooth paste; then add eggs beaten until very light. Cover bottom of hot pan with some of beef fat tried out from roast and pour mixture in pan one-half inch deep. Bake twenty minutes in hot oven, basting, after well risen, with some of the fat from pan in which meat is roasting. Cut in squares for serving. If preferred, bake in greased, hissing-hot iron gem-pans.

WITH HEART, TONGUE AND BRAIN

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THE next time you visit the sawdust arena of a butcher's shop or stand in front of the marble counter of your market about to purchase a luncheon meat, pass by the chops and steaks for once and go down to the end of the counter and see what you can buy in heart, tongue or brain.

If you get a smoked tongue, soak it overnight. If you get a fresh tongue, soak it a few hours. Wash it thoroughly—scrub is the word—and use a brush. Drop it into a kettle with boiling water deep enough to cover it and simmer for three hours or until tender. Cook it with almost any vegetable at hand and with at least two teaspoons of salt. Take it from the water and cut away the roots and muscular cords attached to the lower part and strip off the skin. Now you may serve it hot with any piquant sauce—a caper sauce is best, perhaps—or jelly it in its own stock.

Spinach is a good hot vegetable to serve with boiled tongue, or it may be served with a border of buttered string-beans. A lettuce or celery salad is good with jellied tongue.

Calves' tongues are real delicacies. Four of these tongues should be about the size of your purchase for six people. Lambs' tongues are generally cheaper than calves'.

When you buy hearts, you know of course that calves' hearts are more tender than beef hearts as lamb is more tender than mutton. Hearts must be carefully washed and the veins, arteries and clotted blood removed. They may be stuffed with fish or poultry dressing and baked, or stuffed with vegetables and cooked as a pot-roast is cooked. Cold heart may be used in a number of ways.

Select some calves' brains and soak them for one hour in enough cold water to cover them; then remove the outer membrane and parboil them in slightly salted acidulated water for twenty minutes. Use one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of vinegar to a quart of water. To make them firm again, plunge them into cold water and then drain them before using. Brains combine well with mushrooms, scrambled eggs and other foods of delicate flavor.

STUFFED HEART WITH RAISIN SAUCE

Remove the muscular partitions from a heart, scrub it well and salt and pepper the cavity. Fill the cavity with bread stuffing. Rub salt on the outside of the heart and place it in a roaster or covered baking-dish, adding water to the depth of one-half inch. Make the remainder of the stuffing into balls and place them around the heart. Bake in a moderate oven until tender (about two and one-half hours). At the end of an hour and a half add medium-size pared potatoes sprinkled with salt and pepper. Place the heart in the center of a platter with the browned potatoes at one end and boiled buttered onions at the other. Serve with raisin sauce.

BREAD STUFFING

- 1 pint stale bread-crums
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
- 1 small onion minced
- ⅔ cup canned or cooked tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- Salt, pepper

RAISIN SAUCE

- 1 cup stock
- ¼ cup raisins
- 2 tablespoons chopped nuts
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 tablespoon lemon-juice

Strain the stock from the roast heart, heat, add the flour moistened in one-quarter cup of cold water. Add the other ingredients and cook until clear.

MOCK DUCK

- 2 cups ground beef heart
- ⅓ cup ground salt pork
- 1 cup bread-crums
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- Salt, pepper

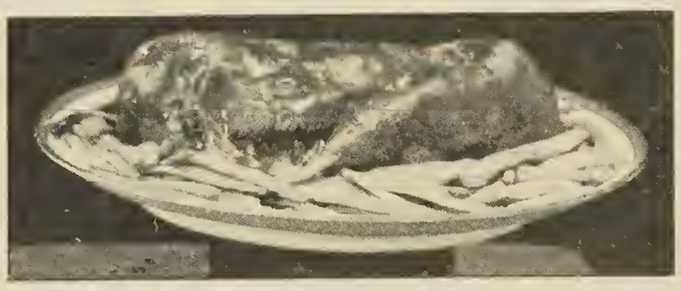
Mix the ingredients well together and shape in an oblong roll. Brush with melted butter or drippings, place the roll in a baking-dish, add water to the depth of one inch and bake covered for one and one-half hours, basting frequently with the drippings. Remove the roll to a hot platter. Make a plain brown sauce from the drippings. Just before serving, add one tablespoon of lemon-juice and one tablespoon of currant or any other tart jelly.

SAVORY HEART FRICASSEE

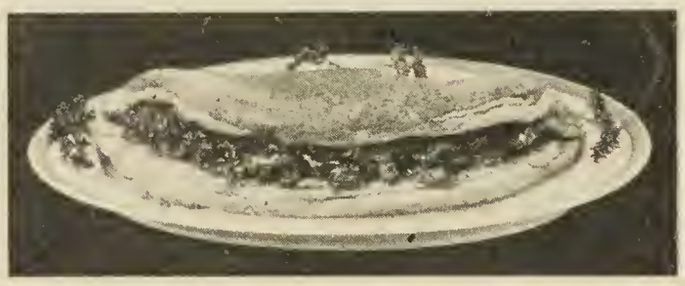
- 1 heart (about 3 pounds)
- 2 medium-size onions
- 1 pimiento
- 2 green peppers
- ½ teaspoon celery salt
- ⅓ cup minced bacon
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- ¼ teaspoon sage
- Salt, pepper



A welcome change from the usual steaks, chops and roasts may be provided occasionally by a purchase of heart, tongue or brain



Boiled tongue set in a border of buttered string-beans is both appetizing and nutritious



Calves' brains browned in a little butter are delicious as a filling for an omelet



A baked heart stuffed with savory dressing and served with raisin sauce together with browned potatoes and boiled buttered onions

Slice the heart in one-quarter-inch slices. Place half of the slices in the bottom of a casserole or saucepan. Chop the bacon, pimiento, peppers and onions together. Add the seasonings to the chopped ingredients and sprinkle half of the mixture over the layer of heart. Put the rest of the heart in and cover this with the seasoned mixture. Add just enough boiling water to cover. Cover closely and simmer slowly for two hours, or until the heart is tender. Remove the meat, measure the stock and for each cup of stock allow one tablespoon of flour moistened in a little cold water. Stir this into the hot stock and cook until thick, then add two tablespoons of tomato catchup for each cup of sauce. Serve the meat on a platter with the sauce poured over and around it.

JELLIED TONGUE

- 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin softened in ¼ cup cold water
- ½ cup diced cucumber
- 1 pint stock
- 1 cup diced cold tongue
- ⅓ cup diced celery
- Salt and paprika to taste
- ½ cup tart cooked salad-dressing

Dissolve the gelatin over hot water. Remove all fat from the stock in which the tongue was cooked and strain. Combine all the ingredients except the salad-dressing. Set the mixture in a pan of ice-water to chill. When it begins to set, fold in the salad-dressing and turn into a mold. Serve with dressed lettuce.

CREAMED TONGUE AND MUSHROOMS

- 1 cup mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 pint stock
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ⅓ cup sour cream
- 1 cup cold tongue cut in small pieces
- Salt, paprika
- 1 tablespoon lemon-juice

Cut the mushrooms and sauté them in the butter. Add the flour gradually and then the stock. Cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce is thick and smooth. Add the tongue and lemon-juice; salt and pepper to taste. Heat thoroughly and let stand for a few minutes where it will keep hot but not boil. This will develop the flavor. Just before serving, add the sour cream. Serve on toast or in patty shells or potato cases.

COMBINATION TONGUE SALAD

- 1 cup cold tongue cut in small pieces
- 1 cup crisp celery cut in small pieces
- ½ cup small peas
- ⅓ cup small sweet pickles sliced thin
- Salt and paprika to taste

Mix the ingredients and then moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Serve the salad in lettuce cups.

TONGUE SANDWICHES

- 1 cup cold tongue chopped fine
- ½ cup minced celery
- ½ cup crisp chopped cucumber
- ½ cup chopped English walnuts
- Salt, pepper
- Mayonnaise dressing
- Crisp lettuce

Combine all ingredients except the lettuce. Slice brown bread in slices one-quarter inch thick, butter slightly and spread with the mixture. Cover with a lettuce leaf and a slice of buttered white bread of the same thickness as the brown. Press lightly together and cut in oblong shape.

Other delicious sandwiches may be made from the following combinations:

Tongue with watercress, onion and mayonnaise dressing.

Tongue with parsley, dill pickles, blanched almonds and cooked salad-dressing.

Tongue with hard cooked eggs, lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

OMELET WITH SAUTÉD CALVES' BRAINS

- Calves' brains
- 3 eggs
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons cold water
- Butter

Soak the brains in cold water for one hour. Drain and skin. Parboil in acidulated salt and water for twenty minutes; drain and drop into cold water to chill. Remove from the water, drain and sauté in butter. While the brains brown, make the omelet. Separate the yolks from the whites, add the water and beat the yolks until thick. Beat the whites until stiff, add the salt and fold the whites into the yolks mixture. Heat a pan and grease the sides and bottom, turn in the egg mixture, spread it evenly in the pan and place it on the fire where it will cook slowly. Turn the pan occasionally so that the omelet may brown evenly. When it is well puffed and the edges begin to shrink from the pan, place on the center grate of the oven to finish cooking the top. The omelet is cooked when a knife pressed on the surface does not cling. Spread the sautéd brains over one-half the omelet, fold the other half over and turn it out on a hot platter. Garnish with parsley. Serve at once.

HOT SANDWICH OF BRAIN

- 1 cup calf's brain
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 eggs
- ¼ cup minced parsley
- ½ cup milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Pepper
- 1 teaspoon lemon-juice

Prepare the brain as for the omelet and sauté it in butter. Beat the eggs until light and then add the milk, salt and pepper. Pour the egg mixture over the sautéd brain. Cook until the mixture has a creamy consistency. Have ready slices of hot toasted bread and cover them with the hot mixture. Sprinkle parsley mixed with lemon-juice over the sandwiches and serve at once. Garnish each with a slice of lemon and sprinkle with paprika.

BRAIN-AND-SWEETBREAD SALAD

- 1 cup cooked sweetbreads cut in small pieces
- 1 cup cooked brain cut in sections
- Salt, paprika
- 1 cup crisp celery cut in small pieces
- ⅓ cup minced sour pickle
- Tart cooked salad dressing

Combine the ingredients and add salt and paprika to taste. Moisten the mixture with salad-dressing, serve in lettuce cups and garnish with slices of stuffed olives.

THE FOUNDATION OF BETTER FURNITURE

The second of a series of articles on period furniture

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration



Photos by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

An original mahogany "pie-crust" tripod table with the tip top

NOTE—The object of this series of articles on period furniture is to give practical information to readers who want to know what constitutes good furniture and to help them identify types with certainty and convenience. Information regarding new or old period furniture will be given upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope directed to the Editor of the Department of House Decoration.

CHIPPENDALE

THE English furniture which has most influenced the designing of our present-day so-called Colonial furniture was developed during the Georgian period. The name Georgian is generally given to the period between 1714 and 1820, when four King Georges succeeded each other to the throne of England. These four kings reigned after Queen Anne, through whose interest in cabinet-making a most dignified and beautiful style of furniture known to us as "Queen Anne" was originated.

It was during the reign of the Georges, however, that the greatest variety of English furniture was developed. Those directly responsible for the birth of the then new and unusual styles were Thomas Chippendale, George Hepplewhite, Thomas Sheraton and the Adams brothers. These men were all designers and cabinet-makers whose furniture has come to be known by their individual names. There is no doubt that the most famous of these was Thomas Chippendale, son of Thomas Chippendale, also a cabinet-maker, who, with his son, did business in London from 1727 to 1779.

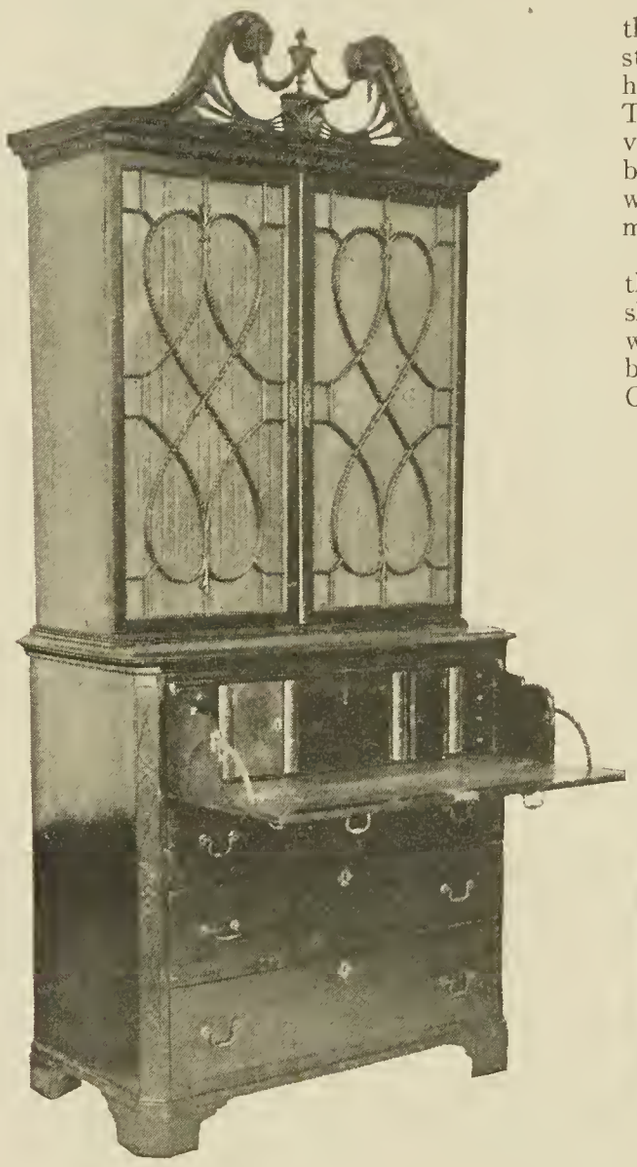
Of the two Chippendales it was the son who became the better known. It can not be said of Chippendale that he originated a new and individual *type* of furniture. What he did was to combine through his craftmanship and art the best of the existing styles. Chippendale's furniture and designs distinctly show the influence of the Chinese, the Dutch, the Gothic and the French, with the grotesqueness, the heaviness and the flightiness of these particular styles eliminated—the result being furniture that was both practical and beautiful.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

It was to the Chippendale shop in London, where the furniture was both made and sold, that the fashionable folk came to buy their furniture, some of it then finding its way to India and to the Colonies, but the bulk remaining in England.

Among the articles of furniture for which Chippendale is most famous are chairs, tables, stools, sofas, day-beds, bedsteads, chests of drawers, high-boys, low-boys, secretaries, bookcases, settees, sideboard-tables, mirrors, clocks, fire-screens and candlesticks. It is interesting to note that in this list there is no mention of a sideboard as we have come to know it. As far as is known, Chippendale never designed a sideboard, but rather sideboard-tables, which were oblong tables supported on four or six legs, the tops being occasionally of marble but more often of wood. The framing between these table-legs was usually elaborately carved and the legs either straight, of pierced fretwork reflecting the Chinese, or with the cabriole leg and claw foot reflecting the French. However, the knowledge that Chippendale never designed a sideboard should not influence one against buying a modern Chippendale sideboard, providing its design holds true to Chippendale motifs and lines. Skilled furniture designers have developed chairs, sideboards and tables which, although they are not exact copies of original Chippendale furniture, keep so close in line and influence that they do justice to the art of the famous cabinet-maker.

Either the cabriole or bandy leg, with a claw-and-ball, plain claw or leaf-design foot, or the straight Chinese and Gothic leg is to be found on all true Chippendale furniture.



A bureau bookcase reflecting Chinese influence in its carving and design

Chippendale's dining-tables were usually oblong, with drop-leaves and cabriole legs, the leaves being semicircular in shape and the legs designed to pull out from the underframing to support the leaves when open. Tea-tables, side-tables and tripods may all be credited to Chippendale. The tripod and tilt tables, which are found so convenient in present-day houses, were designed originally with either round or rectangular tops that were hinged so as to tip up when not in use. The familiar "pie-crust" table, so called because of its irregular edge, belonged also to Chippendale. The shaft and the cabriole legs of these tables were often fluted or carved and the feet were either claw-and-ball or plain claw. Instead of a deep wood carving, some of the modern tripods have a wood-etching on the shaft and table-top in patterns that are not only appropriate but beautiful and practical.

It is very important not to lose sight of the fact that Chippendale-designed overstuffed furniture, chairs, sofas and settees had graceful rolled-over arms and backs. The wing-chair, so popular to-day, is a development of Chippendale's, the originals being entirely upholstered, with great flaring wings, leaving only legs and stretchers of the mahogany visible.

On Chippendale straight or armed chairs the seats were of the square type, with a slight taper toward the back, and the backs were always broader at the top than at the bottom. The top rail of the back of a true Chippendale chair is curved in some form or other. The designs down the center of the backs, however, are many and various. Among the most generally copied Chippendale chairs are the splat backs. Splat-back chairs have interlaced strappings of plain or carved wood, usually following the line of a "C" scroll in either Gothic or French motifs.



The design of the back and legs of this chair show the Gothic influence

"Ladder-backs," so commonly referred to in speaking of Colonial chairs, were designed by Chippendale and had slats or strips starting from the uprights. These slats were usually four in number across the back and repeated the pattern of the top rail. Sometimes the slats were pierced, sometimes hooped and sometimes interlaced.

In summing up the variety of design in the backs of Chippendale chairs, one must admit they are innumerable, though with a great family resemblance. After two or three of the simple types have been definitely fixed in one's mind, the remainder of the designs will be easy to associate with the Chippendale school.

Marquetry, or enrichment with color by wood inlaying or painting, and tapestry were seldom used in Chippendale's furniture; however, he used these mediums of decoration in designing special pieces for the nobility, some of which have been preserved by the British Museum. These have been copied by modern furniture designers to a great extent and have resulted in some elaborately covered and carved chairs and sofas which furniture dealers naturally call Chippendale.



A serpentine-front table with square legs and pierced fretwork trimmings

Bedsteads came in for their share of Chippendale's art and attention. His four-poster usually had a short cabriole base, being usually of the claw-and-ball type. The square bases usually had block feet. The four posts or shafts of the beds were topped with a rather broad tester frame, which came in for its share of fretwork also. Curtains and bed-shams were carefully chosen and made to fit the simplicity or elaborateness of the bedstead. Gradually Chippendale left off the testers and headboards appeared. This developed a bed with only four posts, which were round or octagonal in shape. These posts were carved and topped by a group of acanthus leaves or a pineapple carved of solid wood.

All four-poster beds can not be attributed solely to Chippendale. The fact that they became so popular during the Georgian period may be due to Chippendale's clever rendering of woods, line and carving, but they were an established English and Italian work years before the popularity of the famous cabinet-maker.

Bureau bookcases and three-cornered cupboards, which are so popular to-day, are generally patterned after originals by Chippendale. Both these pieces as designed by Chippendale were large and impressive. The upper sections, for books and china, were constructed by the use of moldings and glass in delicate and unusual designs.



A leaf-foot armchair with a vertically pierced splat back



An interlacing ladder-back armchair with cabriole front legs



SCARS OF YOUTH

By Celia Caroline Cole

"You write all the time about mother," runs the refrain of so many letters to the beauty editor—hence this article for girls from a wise and understanding counselor. When you write to Mrs. Cole—and she will be glad to have you—please don't omit a self-addressed, stamped envelope

THERE'S a funny, not-very-proud secret we've had for several years that is about to leap from us: For years and years we've been a little afraid of young things—youngsters from fifteen to twenty-two. We don't know exactly why we've been afraid, but we think it has something to do with their taking themselves seriously. Perhaps we feel unworthy before that. And then, you see, we've lived so long that we believe that it's not good to take oneself seriously: it only deters and shuts out much more revelatory and beautiful things.

Take beauty seriously, and other people's problems and hopes, and your work, and *noblesse oblige*, and cleanliness of mind and life and body—but not what you must mean to this world, nor your lack of money, nor the sorority which hasn't asked you to join it, nor *any* social slights and ambitions, nor your parents' defects (parents are so extremely human, you must face that fact), nor even love (you'll love again—we all do—and more intelligently every time).

You see what we mean? Youth is such an enchanting, dancing, lyric thing! Keep it like that as much as you can—the world so needs it to be like that. Oh, yes, we know that youth has tragedy, but if there is no one with whom you can talk and tell it to all quite simply, then say to yourself: "This, too, will pass. It's not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it. I am not the only person who has had to go through this: mother or father probably felt like this—all over the world this minute other girls and boys are feeling like this. And we come out! It's part of the blundering way one grows up. It can't destroy me, nor even cripple me a little. It can only make me grow!" And then it will.

THE melancholy of youth hurts us *awfully*, but melancholy is part of youth, and one mustn't take oneself seriously because of it. Look out from youth at age and learn what not to be. Life and other people need joy more than they need anything else on earth. Keep your joy as long as you can, that joy which is made up of faith and hope and illusion. Great hope has made over many a man—what can it *not* do for youth!

Later we were afraid because we constantly saw youth envying age, age envying youth—blue-sashed, unaccented sixteen looking across the ballroom at *soignée*, poised, smoothly running forty with her heightened lips and eye-lashes and thinking wistfully, "Isn't she wonderful!" and forty looking back and sighing, "If I could only have that look and yet know what I know!"

And we were always afraid we'd make a scene by dashing at each of them and shaking her and shouting: "Don't be silly! It's the way of things! And it's beautiful and orderly! Don't waste any of it envying!"

Then these last three or four years we have been afraid of youth because it knows so much, has itself so beautifully in hand, knows what it wants out of life and goes after it. We stand uncovered before that: the definiteness that is in the youth of to-day. We do admire that! But lately letters have begun to come in: "What about *us?* You write all the time about mother, and of course she needs you. But we need you, too! Mother's had experience and time to learn all the fine points of good grooming. Sixteen is such a disheartening, struggling-after-things age! What's the use of having youth if you don't know how to make the best of it?"

Isn't she splendid! Our heart ran right out over the miles toward the girl who wrote that (she forgot to put on the address, so we never could write back and tell her). When we were sixteen, we didn't *begin* to know enough about life to say, "What's the use of having youth if you don't know how to make the best of it!" Bless her!

WELL, we've clapped on a helmet and buttoned on a shield and we're on our way in a crusade against the Enemies of Youth! And we want all of you from twelve to twenty-two to help us by writing in to tell us what enemies are after you, what's keeping you from getting out of youth all that ought to be got. And the first tilt is at the fathers and mothers. Yes, *ma'am!* Of course the very first thing to do about them is to remember that they're *human*. Probably they're not "letting on" to you that they are, but they are. And being a parent is one of the most difficult things in life. They *care* so awfully, it blinds them a little.

So when they don't see your friends as you see them, nor life as it should be lived as you see it, you have your first chance to be a *person* instead of just a girl. Put yourself in your mother's place; think of all you know that has gone into the making of your mother's life, all you know of her fears and beliefs and hopes. Then remember that no matter how little she shows it, you are her heart walking around outside of her in the form of a little girl. That will make you judge her gently, won't it? (if you *must* judge her at all). It may even make you understand her a little.

And one of the largest ingredients toward personality (and we discover from your letters that personality is the one thing you all want more than anything else—which is *so* intelligent of you!), one of the most important ingredients is understanding. It's a marvelous, magic thing—understanding people and things without having to be told! Just slipping inside of other skins and looking out. That's much richer living than staying inside one's own skin and taking it seriously.

One thing that's the matter with families is that they don't remember, each one, that the other is just another person, like him, groping along the best way he can, wanting to help and unhappy because he can't very much. Nobody can. That's the way life is built.

Try to remember that about your mother and every other member of the family—even your brother. One of the nicest stories we know is that one about the poor little girl who was staggering along with a great big heavy baby in her arms when a social worker stopped her and said, "My dear, that child is too heavy for you!" The bent little girl looked up, astonished: "Why, he isn't heavy—he's my *brother!*"

Love! Getting rid of yourself and trying to understand other people—even your own family.

But there is one crime that we're not going to forgive any parent for—at least, not easily: the crime of letting physical defects that could be corrected go uncorrected. If parents could know how many bewildered, desperate letters every beauty department gets from people who have acne—from children of fourteen and fifteen, from women who have had it ever since they were twelve or thirteen and whose whole lives have been blighted by it, from women who no longer have it but whose faces are scarred permanently by the acne which they had in their youth and which in many cases could have been quite easily cured and in almost every case need not have left scars.

The father or mother who neglects "pimples" in a child of twelve, who dismisses them with, "Oh, she (or he) will be all right; they'll go 'way," and then when the eruption continues month after month and nothing is done, or perhaps they call in the family physician and he says, "Oh, that will all clear up. Don't worry about it!"—that parent is tampering with the happiness and disposition and outlook—and Fate—of that child's whole life!

PIMPLES and blackheads sink deep into the soul of youth and fill it with shyness and bitterness and shame. They should no more be neglected than a rattlesnake in the baby's bed! They come usually at the most self-conscious period in life and bring with them more humiliation and mental distress than anything perhaps that will ever happen to that person all the rest of her life. When they appear, begin at once to fight. A good graduate M. D. skin specialist should be employed; if that is impossible, then consult with the family doctor and insist on treatment being given. Patients themselves can rarely cure this disease.

But you can help the condition greatly by your care in cleansing the skin and in freeing it from blackheads. Don't use cold-creams with *any* fat in them; acne is caused by inflammation of the tissue around the fat follicles of the skin—the pimples are minute abscesses occurring in these glands. It is best, in fact, not to use creams at all if you have acne, or even ordinary pimples.

Special directions for thoroughly cleaning the face have appeared in these articles time after time and will be sent separately to any one who has missed them. If the case of acne is severe, there is little danger of washing too vigorously or too often. Added to this, it is well now and then to sponge off the face with alcohol in order still further to cleanse. Cleanliness is the Alpha and Omega of home treatment for acne. Then eat nourishing but not fat food and be careful not to get overtired and to guard against nervous strain. Anything that lowers vigor and impairs resistance intensifies the acne.

Steaming the face helps a little with acne and blackheads but should not be done oftener than twice a week. To remove blackheads, put cold-cream on them for five or ten minutes to soften the skin, then wash with soap and water, then take a watch-key-shaped comedo-extractor, place the hole over the blackheads and press down firmly but gently. (You can buy the extractor at any drug-store. Get the kind that has a *rounded* edged to the hole so as not to cut the skin.) If the mass doesn't come out, wait for a day or two before trying it again. Always cleanse first, and always wipe off the face with alcohol or a solution of peroxide after pressing out the blackheads. Cleanse the extractor in alcohol before and after using.

WE'VE taken up all the space with acne and blackheads, and we wanted to talk about all those things that hurt youth: scrawny shoulders (Darling little old thin things, if they could only know how the women of forty envy them their lovely young scrawniness! It's part of the charm of youth—don't rub cocoa butter into it!), superfluous hair (Don't suffer with it. Get a good depilatory and take it off!), slimpsy top-knots (Massage every day, with the fingers and base of the palms held firm and the whole scalp loose and moving, and then brush, brush, brush!), why one is not popular but must sit against the wall while dance after dance drifts by (Lots of letters about that, and we'll take it up in detail in another article—personality, charm—you see?).

Youth, suffering. Youth with that gnawing feeling of inferiority fighting at its heart. Youth not knowing how to "get the best" out of its lovely self. Oh, mothers and fathers, appreciate that! Get inside of your children and look out! Don't let your girl or boy grow up into a morose, supersensitive, unsuccessful man or woman because you weren't sensitive enough about their tragedies—their hopes and fears and experiences, or their bad skin, or unstraightened teeth, or crossed or weak eyes, or abnormal thinness or fatness, or anything whatsoever that is unlovely and curable!

Just as the race is a bridge between the ape and the superman, so youth is a bridge between the faith of childhood and the philosophy of age—a quivering, uncertain, defiant, *reaching* bridge that needs all the underpinning it can get of confidency, beauty and understanding.

P. S. and Private: Somehow we aren't at all afraid of you any more. We feel exactly like that little poor girl: "Why, he isn't heavy—he's my *brother!*"

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

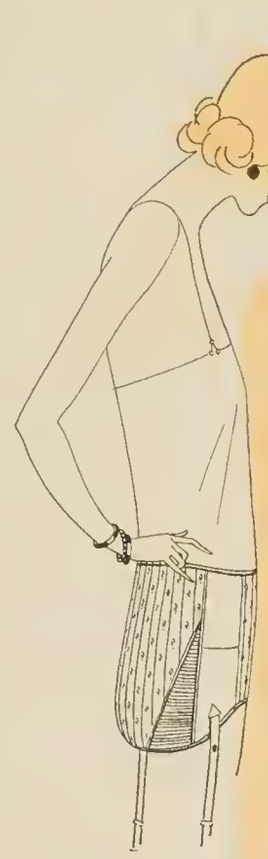
The Latest Line In Ladies

By EVELYN DODGE

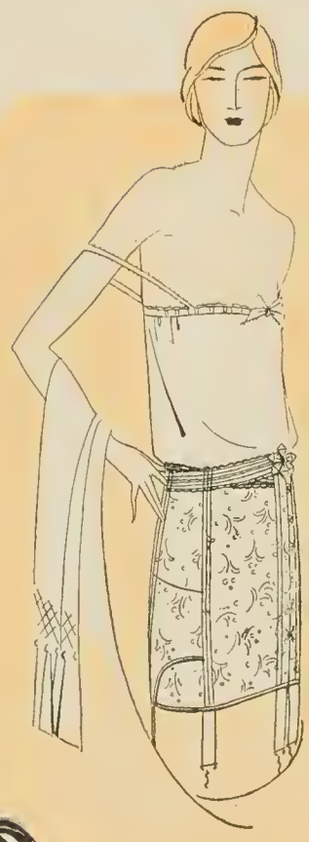
THE divinity that shapes our ends, and which has been fairly kind to most of us in the matter of swan necks and slender ankles, has been overgenerous in other directions from the standpoint of the present fashion. To be smart this season one must be more than slim. The figure must defy nature and be as flat as the proverbial flounder, as straight as a lead pencil, and boneless and spineless as a string-bean. One must be straight like a boy and narrow like a lady in a Japanese print.

THE curve at the waistline was the first to go. That was rather easy. All one had to do was to leave the top off the corset or leave the corset off altogether, breathe deep and let nature go her own way. But when it comes to eliminating the curve of the bust and back hip, women have suddenly found to their great dismay that the easing up on corsets which has been going on for several years has allowed their figures to spread in an undesirable manner. They have put on weight under the shoulder-blades and across the back below the waistline, and have acquired a prominent diaphragm that puts a most unlovely curve into a straight frock.

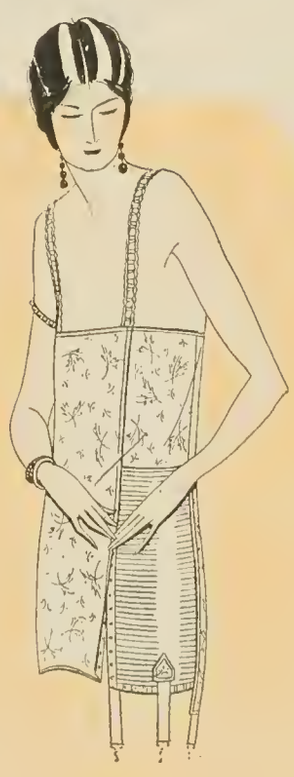
THE ideal figure to-day is the figure that suggests extreme youth by its slender, immature, undeveloped lines. It is decidedly a healthy fashion, for to have and to hold it women must curb their appetites and take to exercise. They must also corset themselves to keep from growing heavier and to straighten out the curves, and do it so skilfully that they preserve the supple, fluent lines of the uncorseted figure.



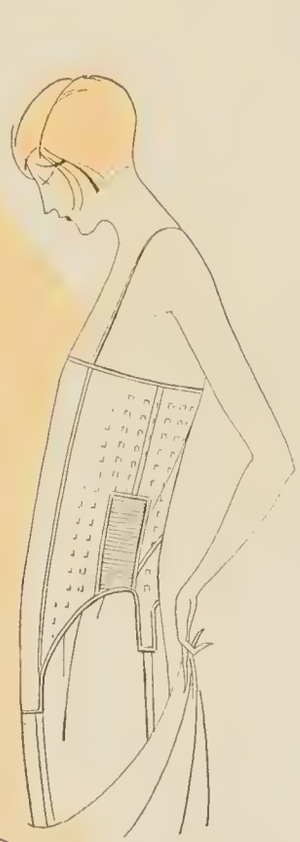
A hip-confiner of glove silk to hold the uncorseted figure



A new diaphragm control corset



A brassière corset for slight figures



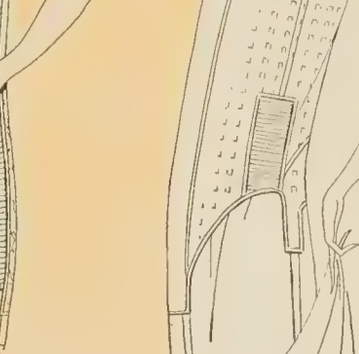
The lower the corset the longer the brassière for they must meet



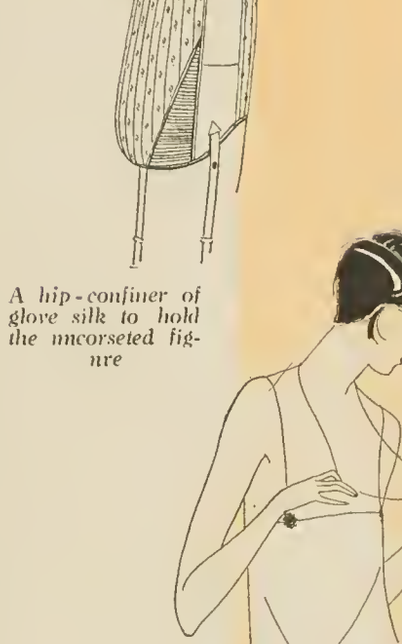
A downward pressure toward the back



Brocade and rubber webbing



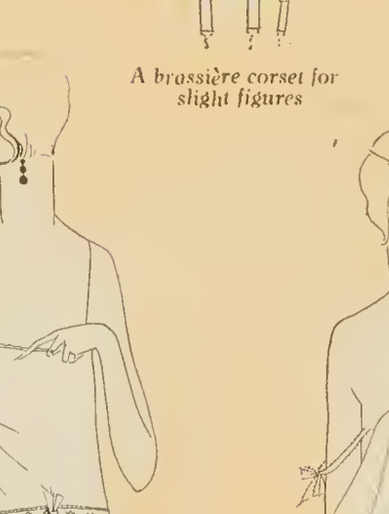
Low, light and almost boneless for slight figures



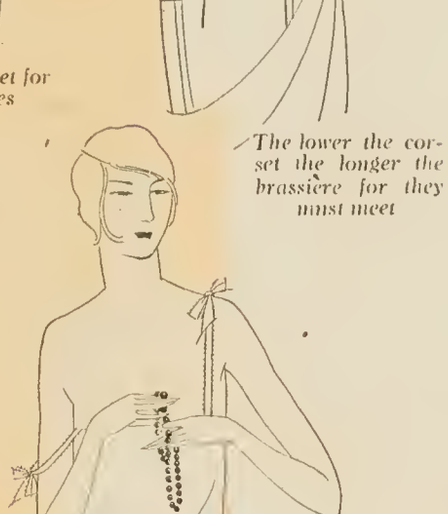
As the figure grows heavier the corset adds length and bones



For the mature figure the corset is reinforced at the thigh



A new corset that controls the diaphragm



Corsets are pale pink, extremely pretty, and daintily trimmed

THE general rule recognized by *corsétières* to-day is to wear as slight and ephemeral a corset as one can but not to go beyond the point where to lighten the corset will enlarge the figure. Very slight and youthful figures can do with a corset that is little more than a girdle, almost unboned, a brief length of satin or brocade. Pound for pound as the figure develops the corset lengthens—below the waistline—and sufficient bones are added to keep it straight.

Except for heavy figures the corset is topless and the upper part of the figure is taken care of by the brassière, which grows longer as the top of the corset shortens. To be comfortable they must overlap unless one wears merely a bust-confiner, which, for most figures, leaves an unattractive bulge between the bust and the top of the corset. In place of the two garments there are many excellent brassière-corset combinations which are excellent for slight figures, for sports or for negligée use.

The *corsétière* has several problems to cope with to-day. One of the most important, in view of the narrow tube styles, is the question of flattening the lower back. A back section of material instead of rubber webbing has a straightening effect and back garters help to hold down both the corset and the figure. Bias side gores that take a downward line toward the back are used in some corsets and give a very nice line.

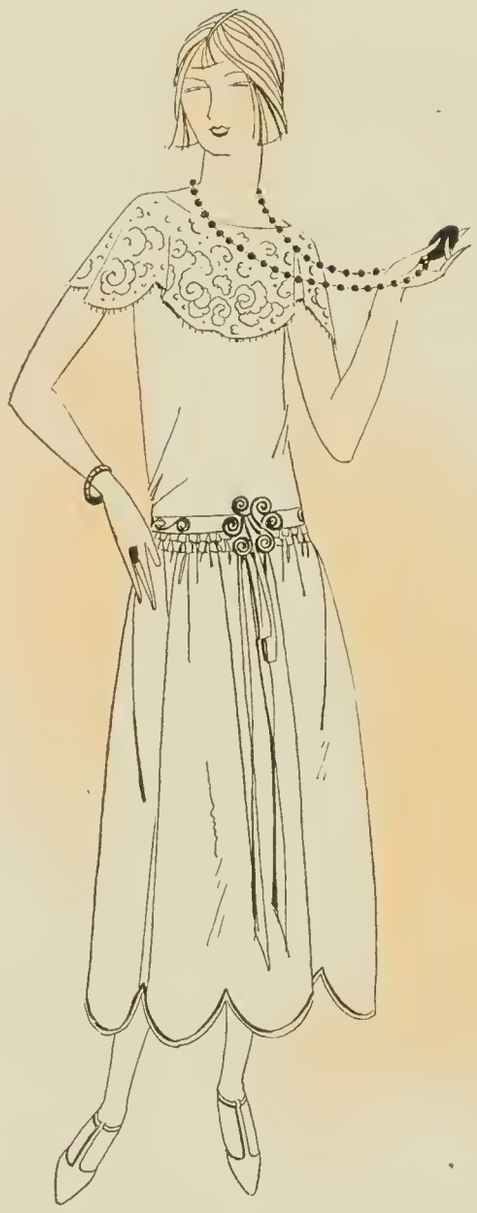
A new and most unwelcome development that has come from wearing topless corsets or going without corsets altogether is known as the diaphragm bulge. Many of the new corsets are cut higher at the center front to take care of the diaphragm, while others have a special diaphragm-belt that has a corrective effect. Even brassières are being planned to reduce and restrain this newcomer in our midst, and the brassiêre with an elastic belt that covers the top of the corset has a restraining effect. In many cases brassières are provided with hose-supporters of their own, which keep them down so that they do not ride away from the corset.

THE present day corset is usually a combination of brocade and surgical elastic. The all-rubber corset is not practical for most figures. It stretches to the figure, allowing the latter to go its own way in an undesirable fashion. The brocade-and-rubber corset holds the figure nicely and yet has sufficient elasticity to give a soft, flexible look to the figure. Practically all corsets, even the inexpensive ones, use rubber at some point—a tiny gore at the lower part that gives when you sit down, an elastic insert at the top that holds in the upper part of the corset, etc. Very full figures of course require a laced corset.

CORSETS to-day must be pretty and the delicate pink brocades, lace trimmings, tiny flowers make them attractive bits of lingerie. Very little batiste is used. Glove silk is used for corset-brassières and for the new hip-confiners which have the same steadying effect on the lower back as the brassière has on the bust. The hip and back confiner is not intended to take the place of a corset line but it flattens the back and holds it firm.

The non-lacing corset, the corset which wraps around the figure and clasps on by virtue of its elastic gores, is growing steadily in popularity, but corset-makers lay emphasis on the fact that it should be tried on when it is purchased. A laced corset can be let out or drawn in to fit the figure, but a non-lacing corset must be the right size.

FASHIONS FOCUS THEMSELVES IN A VARIETY OF SILHOUETTES IN O'DOYÉ'S PHOTOGRAPHS



For the young girl Paris suggests lemon-colored taffeta with silver lace and little flowers of brown and absynthe on a silver ribbon





Paul Poiret follows his own highly individualistic trend in a tailored costume of almond-green cloth trimmed with silver braid and embroidery at the neck, sleeves and hip



A type of dress that Paris finds most useful indoors, and which is worn with a short jacket for the street, is made with a skirt of black crêpe marocain and a body of king's blue embroidered in silver. By Madeleine et Madeleine



The minaret peplum is another fashion that is extremely kind to the woman who is not as flat fore and aft as fashion would like to have her. It is extremely smart in black satin below a body of white satin embroidered in black and string color

A frock of lovely color is embroidered in blue and rose on a ground of pale clear beige crêpe marocain with the sides of the skirt in black. From Paul Poiret

O'DOYÉ'S CAMERA GIVES A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE FROCKS THE PARISIENNE WEARS *CHEZ-ELLE*



That Paris is turning back the page to the luxurious type of dress worn before the war is indicated by a Jenny afternoon gown of cream lace and black satin and a ceinture of gold braid



A frock that illustrates Patou's fine flair for color is made of black crêpe satin with fleurettes bleu ciel. It is bordered with green and opens over a skirt of green crêpe satin



What Paris terms "a frock for a little dinner" is made by Madeleine et Madeleine in black satin embroidered with pearls and crystal beads



A frock that one meets with often in sporting circles and elsewhere is an American cousin of a French fashion. It is smartest in black, dark brown, beige or cinnamon with bone buttons at the neck and side, and with white collar and cuffs



The capette is a flattering fashion, for it enables women who are curved according to nature's most approved model, to wear the narrow tube frock that is as flat as fashion's newest style. It also serves to complete a very smart costume for the street

PALM BEACH SEES NEWCOMERS IN AN APRON-CAPE, LONG BLOUSES, PLAITS, ETC.

Dress 5015

Costume 5041
Hat 4973
Embroidery design
10214

Dress 5039

Dress 5021
Embroidery
design 10191

Other views and descriptions are on page 92

Dress 5038

Dress 5035
Embroidery
design 10208

Blouse 5036
Slip 4533
Embroidery
design 10138

Dress 5017

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

Dress 4986

Dress 4956

Dress 5008

Dress 5006

Costume 5013

Dress 4960

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 92

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Suit 5016

Dress and bloomers 5018

Dress 4961

Dress and bloomers 5009

Dress 4991

Dress and bloomers 4955 Smocking design 10592

Dress 4989

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 93

Dress 5012

Dress 4995

Suit 5005 Tam-o'-shanter 3157

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Dress 5000

Coat dress 4990 Hat 4973

Dress 4992

Dress 5025 Embroidery design 10208

Cape 4963

Dress 4979

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 94

Dress 5023 Embroidery design 10155

Dress 4940

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Coat dress
5004



Dress 4978
Hat 4973



Dress 4987
Hat 4886



Dress 4970



Dress 5002
Hat 4973

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 95



Dress 5011
Embroidery
design 10163

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

FOR PALM BEACH LACE AND SILK FALL INTO DRAPERIES AND FLOUNCES TAKE A NEW LINE



Dress 5049



Dress 5033



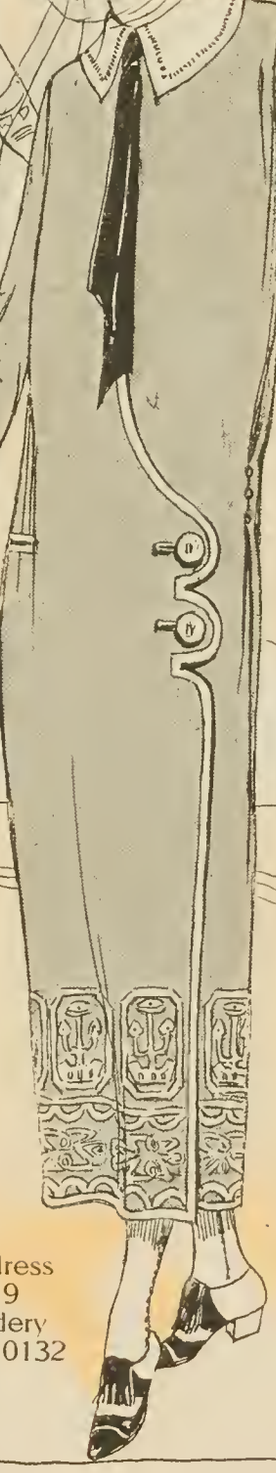
Dress 4996



Dress 5027

Dress
5045

Other views and descriptions are on page 95



Coat dress
5019
Embroidery
design 10132

Dress 4924

Dress and
bloomers
5031
Sunbonnet
3727

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.



5052—4721—10181—The box-coat, which she wears with a slip-over dress with a wrap-around skirt and loose side panel, may have a rounded collar or omit the collar and sleeves. The dress fits closely at the hips. The embroidery is new. Work on coat.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch soft twill and 1⅜ yard 39-inch printed silk. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The box-coat is for ladies 32 to 40 bust, also misses, the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5055—4828—4743—4886—Under a coat thirty-six inches long, she wears a French *gilet* blouse with a two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or 1¼-inch inside belt. Use twills, worsted, etc., for suit. Her tam-o'-shanter hat is smart. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3½ yards 54-inch twill with ¾ yard 39-inch silk broché and 1½ yard 39-inch plain for blouse.

The coat is for ladies 36 to 52 bust, blouse for 32 to 44 bust and the skirt for 35 to 47½ hip, the hat for ladies and misses.

5051—4789—One may use another style of collar for this coat. The slip-over dress has a two-piece skirt joined to a long body in a decorative way. Use soft twills, rep cloth, etc., for costume with the body of the dress in crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch rep cloth and 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 40 bust, also misses, the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5053—A slight fulness at the neck and a straight lower edge are important points of this straight-line coat which should be worn wrapped closely around the hips. Lower edge 51½ inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 54-inch rep cloth.

The coat is becoming to ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5054—10191—This straight-line coat dress has a straight lower edge, a choice of body lining and may be made without underarm seam for certain types of figure and wide materials. The embroidery is smart. Work it in one-stitch. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill.

The coat dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5032—4973—This straight-line coat may be made without an underarm seam for certain types of figures and widths of material and is nice for crosswise stripes and for plaids. It has a straight lower edge, a pinch-tucked or plain collar, may be tied, etc.

16 years or 33 bust and 21¼ inches head measure require 3 yards 56-inch twill (including hat). Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat is very smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the hat for ladies and misses.

5040—4790—4753—4973—For this very new suit it is necessary to choose closely woven materials which will keep the shape of the sack coat. The *gilet* blouse is worn over a two-piece skirt. Her hat has a gored crown.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards 54-inch men's wear suiting and for blouse 1⅛ yard 39-inch silk broché and 1¼ yard 39-inch plain. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The coat, blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip, the hat for ladies and misses.



4994—Collar and cuffs and bound pockets are a smart finish to this tailored one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It has a casing and elastic at a low waistline and it may have a body lining. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch serge. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4998—The closing and the capette are new on this one-piece coat dress of soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. It may have the long two-seam sleeve which fits the arm closely or a wide one-seam sleeve, and may omit the capette and body lining. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch soft twill.

The coat dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4990—The smart one-piece coat dress for the street has a capette and may have a body lining. Make it of soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe. The capette may be omitted if desired, and linen or linen-finished cottons used for Southern wear. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch twill.

The coat dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5020—5042—10215—For this smart slip-over blouse use plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or knitted silk fabrics, embroidered plain cotton crêpe, etc.; and for the two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body or 1¼-inch inside belt use kasha, homespun, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in outline, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch wool rep for skirt on camisole body. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

5037—10214—A Russian closing is smart on the one-piece draped dress of soft twills, rep cloth, heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe or moire. There is a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. The embroidery is effective. Work in outline, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5029—Jersey tubing, light-weight plaids, large checks, stripes or flannel lend themselves to the lines of this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and a possibility of a body lining. One may use soft twills, heavy silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch light-weight plaid (about a 3½-inch plaid).

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

5007—One may wear this blouse buttoned or left open at the neck. Use plain or novelty wool jersey, duvetyn, printed heavy crêpe de Chine, printed or plain heavy silk crêpe, novelty silk crêpe, crêpe satin, novelty silks, plain or novelty knitted silks, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch heavy silk crêpe.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4993—10208—A new hip-band and close-fitting sleeves make this an attractive blouse of the slip-over type. Make it of crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe, printed crêpe de Chine, silk jersey; or use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, beaded or embroidered to give body and weight. The flower is effective. Work it in outline, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 4999 4999
Embroidery design 10131

JUNIOR FASHIONS INCLUDE A CAPE, RAGLAN COAT, HATS AND BOYS' SUITS

4999—10131—Little girls will like this slip-over dress of unbleached muslin, gingham, chambray, linen-finished cotton, linen or heavy cotton prints. One may use wool crêpe, soft twills or serge. The embroidery is effective. Work it in outline, etc.

4 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch linen.

The dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 10 years.

5046—4926—The young girl's Spring wardrobe should include this three-piece cape in full length or a shorter length and a hat with a gored crown. Use broadcloth, velours or duvetyn for both cape and hat, or soft twills or serge for the cape.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure requires 2½ yards 54-inch twill for cape and hat.

The cape is for juniors and girls 2 to 14 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5022—Suits for little boys are often trimmed with hand-hemstitching. For this suit with a waist and straight trousers use linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, madras, Japanese crêpe, gingham, pongee, silk-and-cotton jersey, wool jersey; or use linen or linen-finished cottons in two colors.

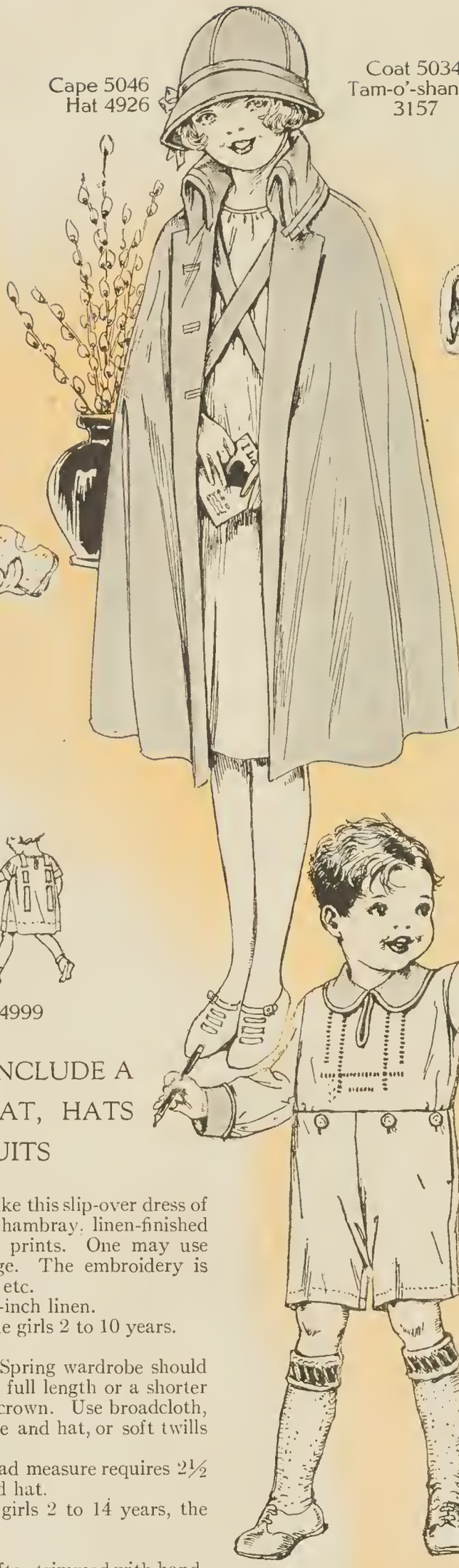
4 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is good style for little boys 2 to 5 years.

5010—This boys' blouse of percale, madras, shirtings, khaki, galatea, flannel or pongee may have a regulation or a French cuff. There may be a permanent or removable one-piece collar or the neckband may be finished to wear separate collars.

10 years requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch madras.

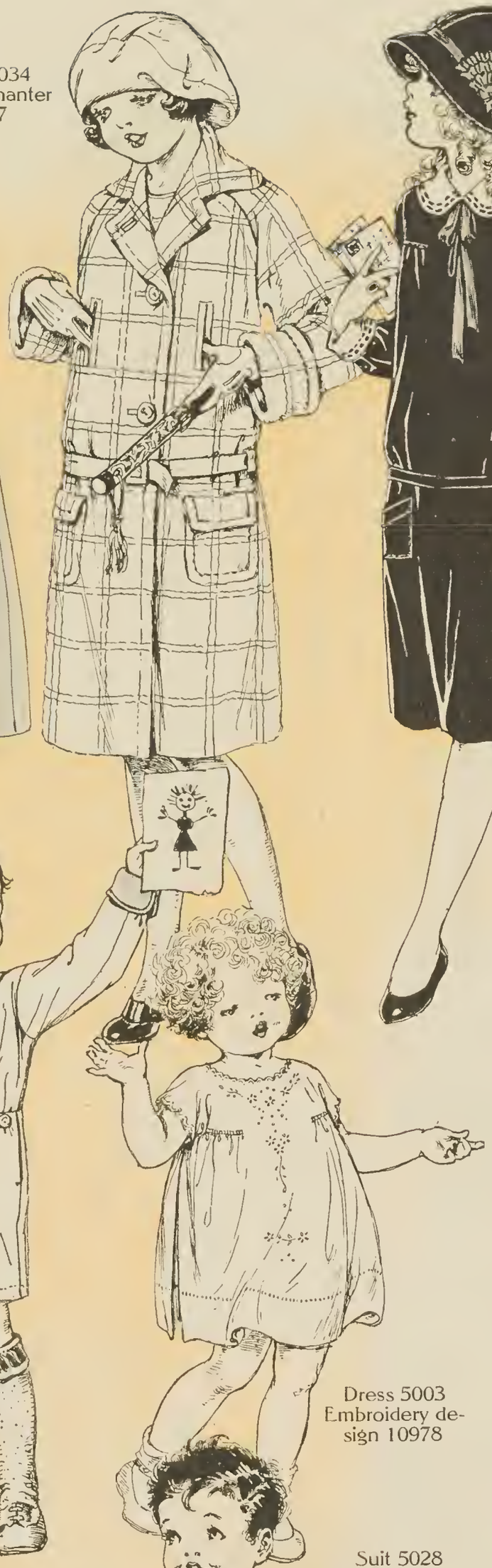
The blouse is practical for boys 4 to 14 years.



Cape 5046
Hat 4926

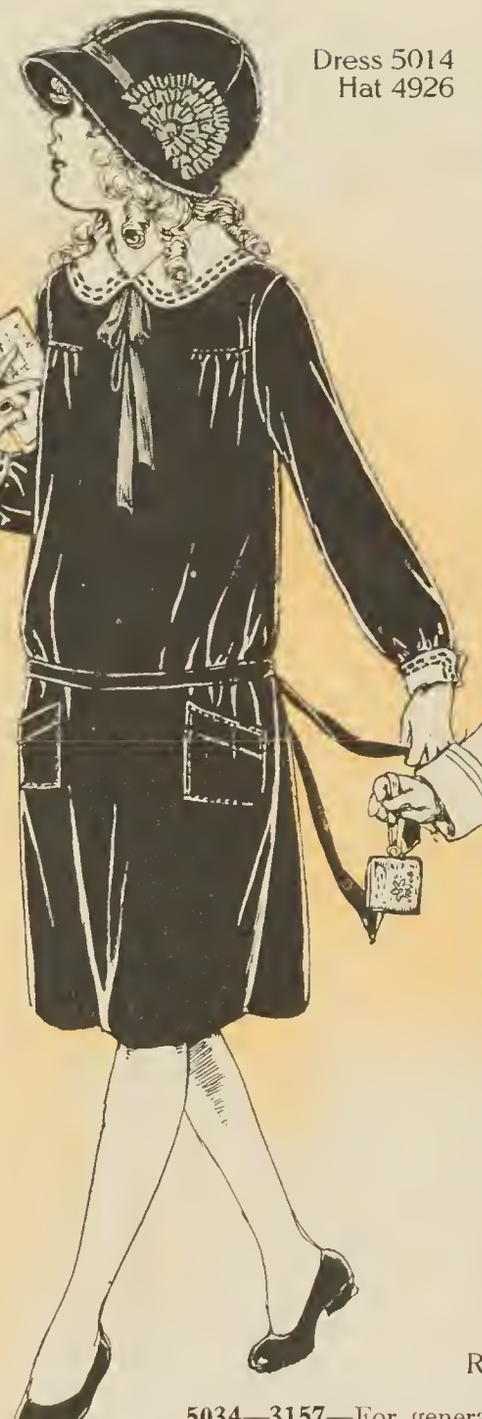
Coat 5034
Tam-o'-shanter
3157

Suit 5022



Dress 5003
Embroidery design 10978

Suit 5028
Smocking design 10798



Dress 5014
Hat 4926



Ripple coat 5024—Hat 4894

5034—3157—For general wear or sports this coat in raglan effect and with an inverted plait in back is becoming in plaid, check or fleece coatings, camel's hair coatings, wool pile fabrics or cheviot. Use duvetyn, broadcloth, flannel, etc., for the tam.

12 years and 21 inches head measure requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool plaid and ½ yard 32-inch or wider material for tam.

The coat is smart for juniors and girls 7 to 15 years, the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, women.

5014—4926—Wool jersey makes a new one-piece dress on the slip-over order and with a straight lower edge, and her hat with a gored crown. One may use heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, pongee, chambray, gingham or cotton crêpe for the dress and duvetyn, etc., for hat.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey and ⅜ yard 54-inch duvetyn for hat.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years. the hat for girls, 2 to 12 years.

5024—4894—The tiny girl begins to think of Easter with a ripple coat in kimono effect and set-in pockets and a shirred hat. Use cashmere, henrietta, serge, wool poplin, wool taffeta or silk faille for coat and crêpe de Chine or taffeta for the hat.

2 years and 19 inches head measure requires 1¼ yard 48-inch serge and ½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The coat is adorable for children 1 to 5 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5003—10978—The hand hemstitching is a dainty finishing to a dress with a straight lower edge. Use nainsook, batiste, lawn, plain cotton voile, dimity, pin-dot swiss, fine cotton crêpe or crepe de Chine. The embroidery is effective. Work it in eyelets, satin-stitch, scalloping, etc.

2 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch batiste.

The dress is adorable for little girls ½ to 3 years.

5028—10798—A smocked blouse and straight trousers make a new suit. Use linen, linen-finished cotton, chambray, plain madras, plain gingham, pongee, etc. The smocking is an attractive trimming. It may be done in self or contrasting color.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2, 3 and 4 years.



4999



5046



5022



5010



Blouse 5010



5034



5014



5024



5003



5028

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4258—One can reincarnate the First Lady of the Land in this Martha Washington costume of paper muslin, sateen, silesia, cambric, lining satin or flowered taffeta in any bright becoming color or white, with a lace fichu and edging, or of flowered linen or ogandy with white lawn or organdy fichu, etc.

The costume is for ladies, misses or girls 26 to 42 bust.

4470—The tiny Queen of Hearts may wear red hearts on her dress of cotton Georgette, cotton voile, organdy, batiste, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette, etc. It has a ruffled straight skirt joined to the body at a French waistline.

The dress is dainty for girls 4 to 10 years.

5048—No gathering is complete without the benign presence of "Uncle Sam." This suit is very easily made and put together. Use strips of red and white sateen or satin joined together, with dark blue to match, stars of white flannel or white paper, an old silk hat covered with tan flannel, etc.

The "Uncle Sam" suit is for men and boys 28 to 40 breast measure.

3326—Bright Butterfly blooms in a costume with a body of paper muslin, lining China silk, messaline, taffeta, satin, etc., and tarlatan or coarse cotton net wings. Brown bands and canary-yellow wings are gay with burnt-orange.

The butterfly costume is for ladies, misses or girls 24 to 38 bust.

4006—The Master of Ceremonies, the Clown, wears a suit and cap of paper muslin, silesia or sateen with a tarlatan ruff, or a satin suit with maline ruff. Black or colored materials with a white trimming or *vice versa* are effective combinations.

The clown's suit and cap are for men and boys 22 to 44 breast measure.

4809—A ribbon bow and a romper suit can roll back the years. For this one-piece romper with inside pockets use check gingham or chambray with sash of organdy or same material as the suit, and organdy collar and cuffs.

The romper is for ladies, misses or girls 26 to 38 bust.

5047—"Miss America" or "Miss Liberty," are synonomous, for this costume is suitable for both rôles. Use strips of red and white sateen, satin or cotton voile joined together, with dark blue to match for dress and hat, silver girdle, silver paper stars on sateen or cotton voile, etc. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 42 bust.

4262—For a true Continental costume one should wear this hat, coat, vest and jabot, and knee breeches. Make them of sateen, mercerized fabrics, paper muslin, cambric, lining satin, or use velveteen with satin.

The costume is for men and boys 26 to 44 breast measure.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

SPRING SEWING INCLUDES A HOSTESS GOWN, HOUSE DRESS, NEW LINGERIE, ETC.



Hostess gown and bandeau 5044

5044

5030

Combination 5030 Embroidery design 10210



Drawer skirt combination 5050

5050



Infants' outfit 5001

5001



5001 5001

5044—Hand-made ornaments are an effective trimming for both the hostess gown and the bandeau. Use crêpe satin, printed or brocaded silk crêpe, brocaded velvet or chiffon velvet with Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch brocaded material and 2⅛ yards 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The hostess gown is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5030—10210—Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, tub silks or tub satin make a dainty step-in combination chemise and drawers. The birds are a bright trimming. Work them in satin-stitch or outline embroidery, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The combination is dainty for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5050—Glove-silk tubing, crêpe de Chine, tub silks or tub satin are used for the new drawers-skirt combination. This is the type of garment so satisfactory for wear under the new straight-line costumes. One may use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The combination is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5026—For a becoming slip-over apron with a straight lower edge use gingham, madras, percale, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, printed sateen, chintz, chambray, seersucker, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 36-inch cretonne. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The apron is for ladies 32, 36, 40, 44 and 48 bust.

5001—A new infants' outfit is 25 inches long and consists of a dress in raglan effect and a slip for day or night, which may have a full-length or short sleeve and inverted fulness under the arm or a gored underarm seam; it also has a kimono wrapper or sack, a Gertrude petticoat, a pinning-blanket or barriecoat, etc.

The dress requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch nainsook.

The outfit is dainty for infants.

3849—4997—For a middy blouse with a permanent or removable collar and with a yoke-facing if desired, use white jean, serge, etc. For the plaited or gathered bloomers, which are suitable for gymnasium, hiking, general sports wear, etc., use serge, khaki, brilliantine, sateen, etc.

14 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch drill and 1¾ yard 44-inch serge.

The middy blouse is for girls and misses 4 to 20, also small women; bloomers for girls or misses 2 to 18.

5043—Morning duties can be done smartly in a wrap-around one-piece house dress of gingham, chambray, madras, percale, cotton poplin, etc.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen-finished cotton. Lower edge 54 inches.

The house dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



3849



4997

Middy blouse 3849 Bloomers 4997

Apron 5026



5026

House dress 5043



5043

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

To eighteen million American women who do their own work

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Let Campbell's famous kitchens help you today! Let our French chefs relieve you of all the trouble it takes to make soup that is really delicious.

How many housewives have the time to make a soup with thirty-two different ingredients—the choice of the whole world's markets?

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21 kinds **12 cents a can**



I am cook to all the nation—
Proudest cook in all creation—
Sending out with Campbell's label
So much sunshine for your table!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the hearty and delicious blend of fifteen different vegetables, strength-giving beef broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning. It's a meal!

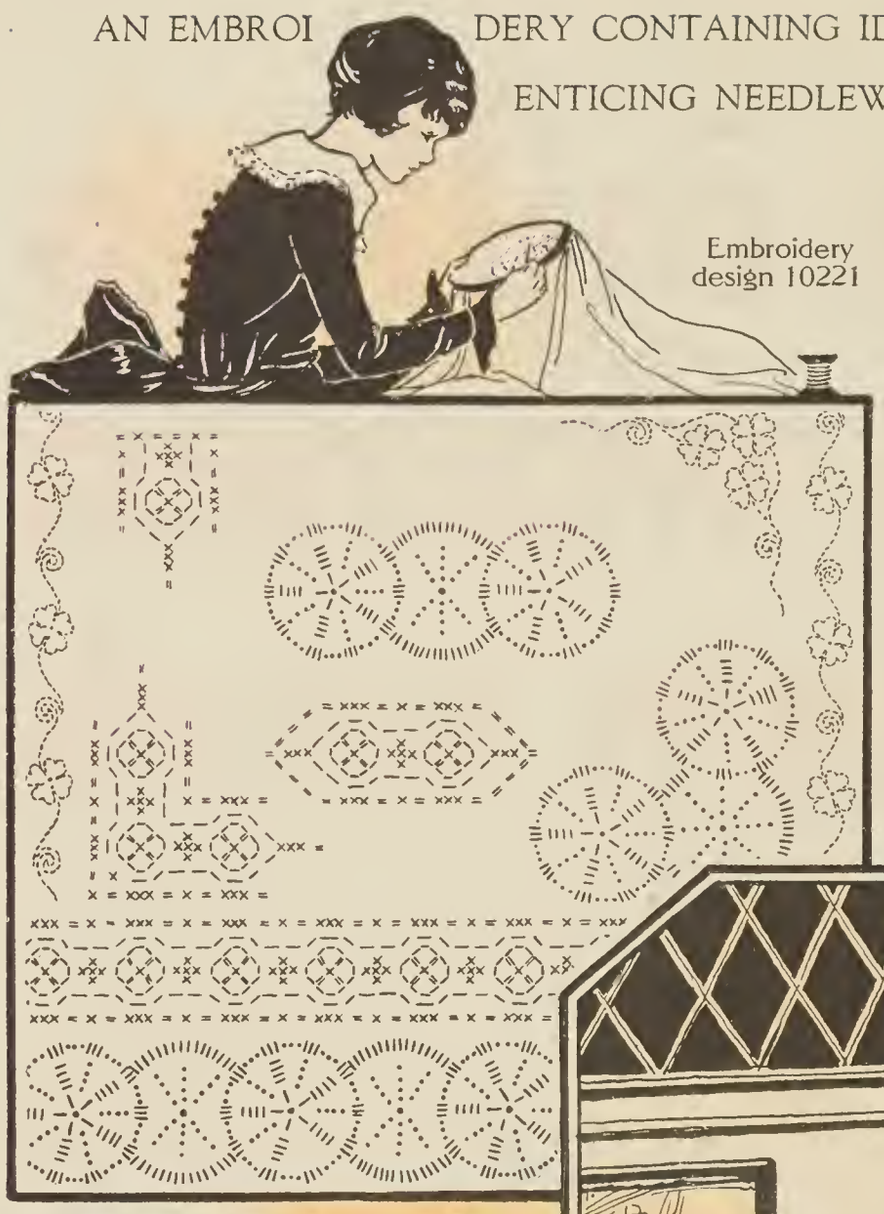


Soup for health—every day!

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

AN EMBROIDERY CONTAINING IDEAS FOR TRIMMING MORE THAN ONE COSTUME, A BEADING DESIGN AND ENTICING NEEDLEWORK FOR A BEDSPREAD, CENTERPIECE, SCARFS OR CUSHIONS

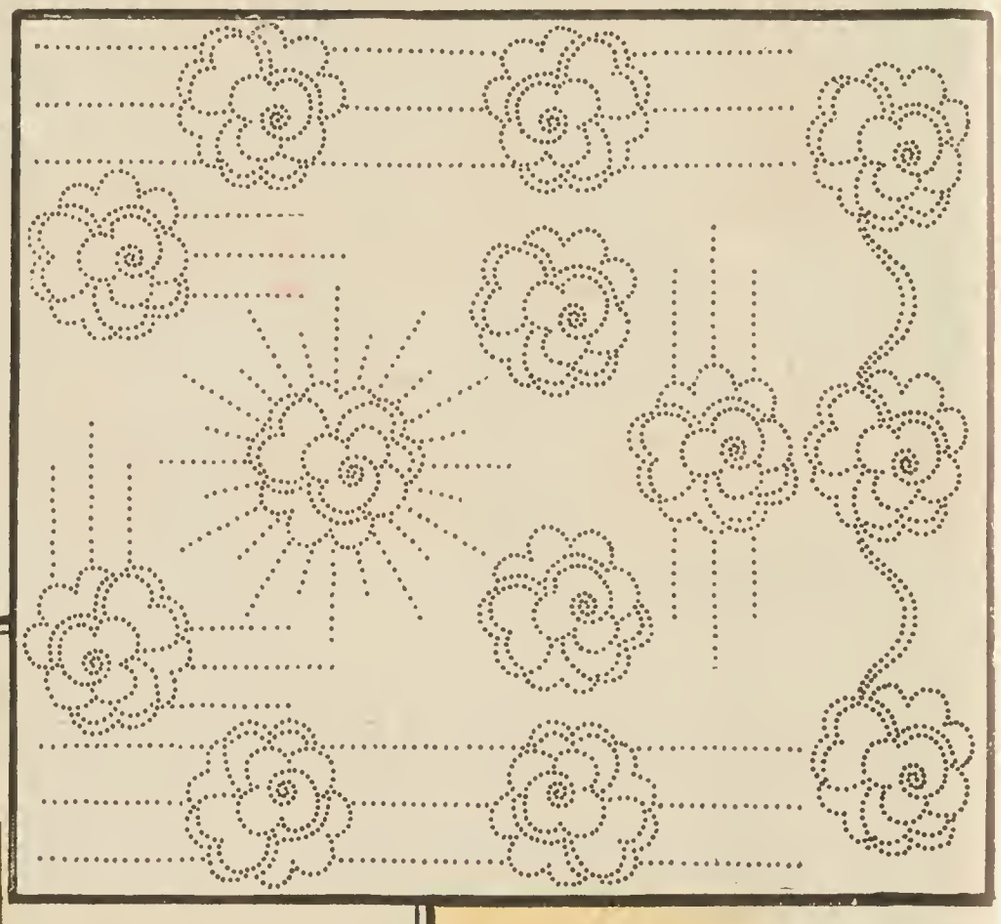


Embroidery design 10221

10221—One-stitch, cross-stitch and French knots or beading combine to make the bandings and motifs of this new design which is excellent whenever only a bit of embroidery is desired on dresses, blouses, skirts, hats or children's clothes, etc. It can be adapted to 3½ yards of 3-inch banding, 3½ yards of 2-inch banding, 3½ yards of 1-inch edging, 22 motifs and corners in 6 assorted styles.

10216—A conventional decoration like this rose design is smart for beading on dresses, blouses, skirts, etc. It may also be done in French knots. It can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of banding 4¼ inches wide, 2⅝ yards of 4¼-inch banding, 3 motifs 9 inches in diameter, 3 motifs 4¼ by 11¼ inches, 6 motifs 4¼ inches in diameter, 3 motifs 4¼ by 8 inches and 6 corners.

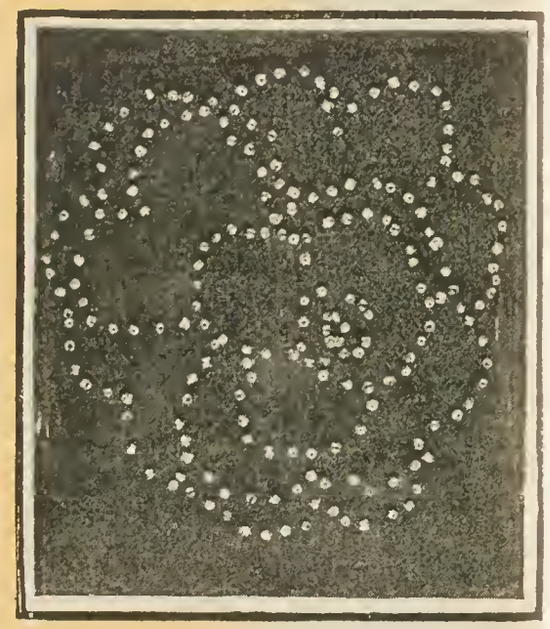
Embroidery design 10216







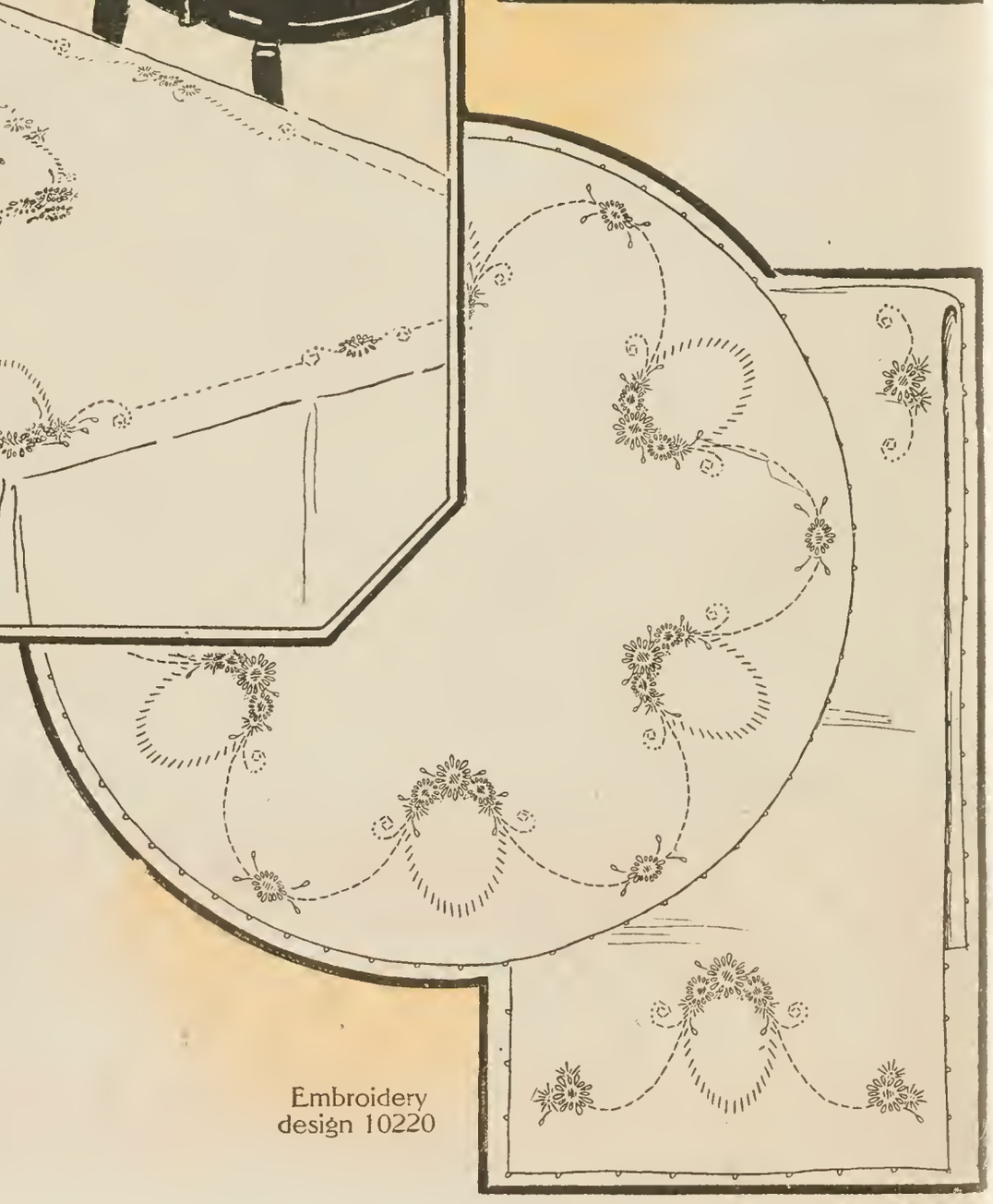
Embroidery design 10218





10218—A combination of lazy daisy, one-stitch and French knot embroidery is one way of putting an attractive front on a bed. This design may be worked on unbleached muslin, linen or linen-finished cottons. This design can be adapted to a single, double or three-quarter bed.

10220—The linen appointments of one's bedroom may match the new spread. Scarf ends or pincushions may be embroidered with motifs from this design, or one may use it for a centerpiece or cushions. It is worked like the bedspread. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, 3 motifs 17 by 6 inches for use on scarf ends or cushions and 2 small motifs for use on pincushions and the center edge of a scarf.



Embroidery design 10220



Gossard
Corsets and Brassieres

The Gossard Line of Beauty

Even motherhood need not change that line of beauty which girlhood claims as its own—that curve which Hogarth, the artist, pronounced the most beautiful in all creation—the line which makes woman's form the most perfect thing on earth. The line which, curving in gently at the waist, sweeps in graceful rhythm over hip and down knee-ward.

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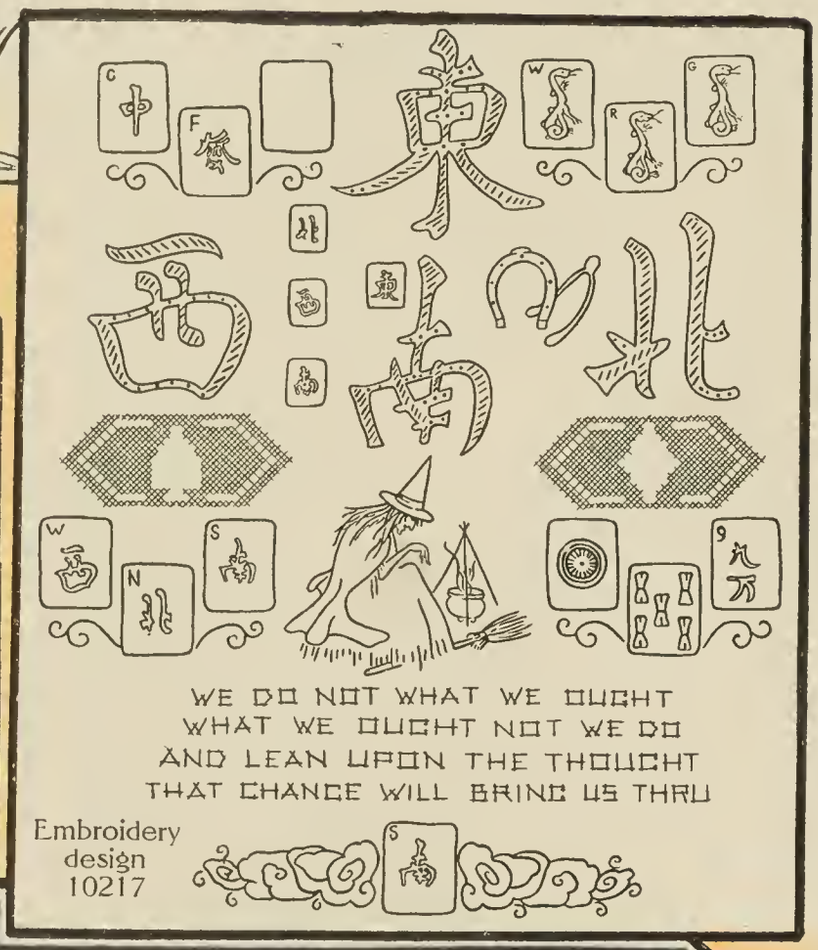
The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, New York, Toronto, London, Sydney, Buenos Aires

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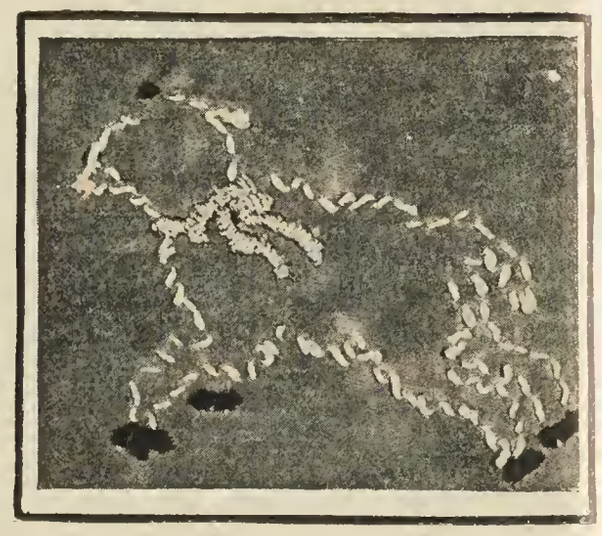
EMBROIDERY HAS LUCK WITH MAH JONG OR CARD-TABLE COVERS

CHILDREN'S BEDSPREADS AND DESIGNS FOR APPLIQUÉ

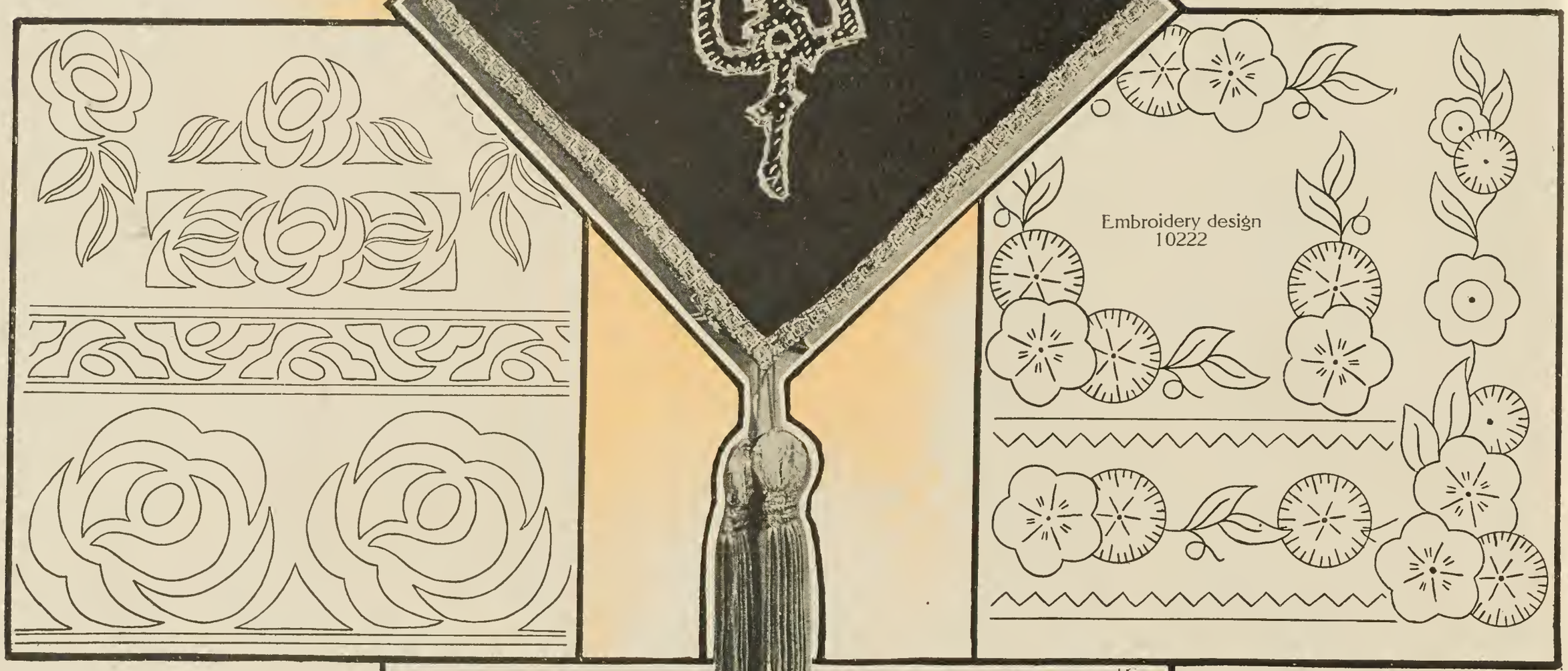




Embroidery design 10217



10217—Chance will be wooed with much more success if one uses these symbols for the Chinese game. There are motifs for four Mah Jong or Pung Chow covers and motifs and wordings for two card-table covers in this design. Those who wish to escape the ardors of translation will be glad to see that the American emblem appears right with the Chinese. The motifs and wording should be worked in outline or satin-stitch and one-stitch embroidery. This design can be adapted to two card-table covers and four Mah Jong covers.



Embroidery design 10222

Embroidery design 10223

10223—One sees appliqué on many of the new blouses, dresses, coats and hats, and this design is especially adapted to the new appliqués. All materials do not respond to the same treatment, however, and it is best to know how to manage the different fabrics. All silver fabrics and thin materials must be turned in; felt, broadcloth and cotton duvetyn can be cut out and the edges left raw; velvet frays but is too heavy to turn in and so the edges must be held down closely with buttonholing. This design may be done in satin-stitch or outline. It can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of 8½-inch banding, 4 yards of 3⅛-inch banding and 15 motifs in three assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10219

10222—What color poems are clusters of new appliqué! Imagine a gold cloth combined with rose satin and Chinese blue satin and the whole held down to the black background with outline stitch in silver thread. The motifs and banding of this appliqué offer opportunity for other color schemes just as attractive on dresses, coats, hats. It can also be worked in outline on household linens. It can be adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 6 inches wide, two motifs 17½ inches long and 10 motifs in three assorted sizes.

10219—One can have a circus in bed if the counterpane be duly interesting. Two most attractive bedspreads with either Mary and her little lamb or the circus motifs may be made from this embroidery design, and it is also suitable for decorating nurseries or children's rooms. If one desires to do *very* quick work, the bedspreads may be done in outline and one-stitch. The design can be adapted to one "Mary and her little lamb," two lambs and 5⅛ yards of banding 1½ inch wide to match, and six assorted circus motifs.

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WARM-LOOKING DISHES FOR COLD DAYS

Chowders, soufflés, casserole dishes and hot desserts

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

COLD days call for dishes which come to the table steaming hot with warm brown crusts and savory with onion, celery, peppers or apples. Such dishes at once call to mind the possibilities of the casserole, the soup-pot, the fireless cooker and the chafing-dish and a long list of recipes particularly suited to these styles of service.

Chowders are appetizing in cold weather and a fish, potato, clam or vegetable chowder may make the main dish of the meal. If in any chowder the vegetables are sautéd a delicate brown at the beginning of the process, the dish is more welcome on a cold day than a more colorless one.

The Winter vegetables—celery, onions, turnips, carrots, cabbage—make excellent scalloped dishes and are more appealing in the lurking warmth of the casserole accompanied by a white sauce and cheese, ground nuts or left-over meats.

Even chicken or ham with noodles may come in casserole style; individual ramekins for serving the casserole type of dish make certain that each person's portion is piping hot when served. The chicken broth with ground raw carrot, onion and turnip added and cooked for twenty minutes gives a soup that cheers.

Hot sandwiches with coffee, creamed meats on crisp hot buttered toast will be eaten with a relish when the thermometer drops. Nothing is more welcome than a platter of piping hot baked beans fresh from the pot with brown bread so hot that the butter oozes into it. A roast of spareribs accompanied by a snappy salad of the Winter vegetables, which are fortunately strongly flavored and savory, and followed by a hot dessert in which apples appear in one of their many versatile forms, is a meal to gladden the most wintry heart.

FISH CHOWDER

¼ pound salt pork
1 medium-size onion
3 medium-size potatoes
1 medium-size carrot
6 water-crackers
1 pound fish cut in small pieces
1 pint milk
1 tablespoon butter
Salt, pepper

Cut the pork in small pieces, the potatoes and carrots in small cubes and slice the onion. Fry the pork a light brown, add the vegetables and sauté until slightly browned. Add the fish and hot water to cover. Cook covered until the vegetables are tender.

Heat the milk in a double boiler. Add the butter and the crackers broken in quarters. Let the milk stand for five minutes and then add it to the chowder. Add salt and pepper to taste.

SCALLOPED CELERY WITH CHEESE

1 pint cut celery
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 eggs
2 cups milk
4 tablespoons grated cheese
Salt, paprika

Cut the celery in one-inch lengths and cook it in boiling water until tender. Make a white sauce of the flour, butter and milk. Add the beaten egg-yolks, celery, cheese, salt and paprika. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and fold them into the mixture. Turn into a greased baking-dish and set the dish in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty or forty minutes.

APPLE PANCAKES WITH MAPLE-SUGAR

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1¼ cups milk
1 tablespoon melted fat
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup grated tart apple

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk and melted fat, beat thoroughly and add the beaten eggs and apple. Mix well and bake in plate size on a slightly greased hot griddle. Stack the cakes like layer-cake with shaved maple-sugar and butter between the layers. Serve very hot.

HAM-AND-NOODLE SCALLOP

Butter an earthen baking-dish. Cover the bottom of the dish with a generous layer of noodles that have been boiled in beef stock. Add a layer of cold boiled ham cut in small pieces. Sprinkle with minced parsley. Cover with another layer of noodles, making the three layers fill the dish. Add one cup of milk, cover with a layer of buttered cracker or bread crums and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty to thirty minutes.



CORN-AND-CHICKEN SOUP

4 cups chicken stock
1 cup canned corn put through a coarse sieve
½ cup minced celery
1 cup minced cold chicken
2 cups hot milk
2 egg-yolks
2 tablespoons butter

Simmer the celery, chicken and corn in the stock for twenty-five minutes. Add the hot milk, butter, salt and pepper and heat thoroughly. Beat the egg-yolks and pour one cup of the hot soup over them slowly, stirring constantly. Add this mixture to the soup. When thoroughly hot, serve at once with toast sticks.

TOAST À LA KING

1 cup sliced mushrooms
3 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup French peas
1¼ cups milk
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 pimiento
Salt, pepper
2 ripe tomatoes

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Add the eggs cut in small pieces, the sliced mushrooms, the peas and the pimiento cut in small strips. Heat thoroughly.

Peel firm ripe tomatoes and slice them thin. Dip each slice in French dressing. Place a slice of the tomato on each slice of buttered toast. Place the creamed mixture over the tomatoes, covering all except a thin edge. Put a small spray of cress or parsley on top. Serve hot.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Prepare the chicken as for fricassee or frying. Mix one tablespoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of pepper with one cup of flour. Roll each piece of chicken in the flour and place in a frying-pan containing a small amount of hot fat. Brown the chicken on both sides. Parboil one cup of rice, turn half of it into a greased casserole, add the chicken and cover with the remainder of the rice. Add two cups of hot water, two tablespoons of butter and one tablespoon of currant or plum jelly to the fat in which the chicken was browned and put this into the casserole. Cover closely and cook in a medium hot oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for two and one-half hours, or until the chicken is tender. If necessary, add more boiling water.

CREAMED HAMBURGER SANDWICH

2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
1 tablespoon flour
1 small onion
1 tablespoon minced parsley
Salt, pepper
1 pound Hamburger steak

Put the fat and the onion in a frying-pan. When the onion is brown, add the meat, salt, pepper and parsley. Cook for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Mix the flour with part of the milk and add it to the meat. Add the remainder of the milk and cook thoroughly. Serve hot on slices of buttered toast.

FISH SOUFFLÉ

1 cup cooked fish
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 eggs
½ cup milk
Salt and pepper

Mix cold cooked haddock or other cold left-over fish with mashed potatoes, milk, salt and pepper. Stir in one egg, well beaten. Put in an oiled mold or dish and set in the oven until hot. Beat the white of the other egg stiff and stir into it the beaten yolk seasoned with salt and pepper; heap this over the fish and brown.

CURRIED RABBIT WITH BISCUIT BORDER

Clean and prepare a rabbit as for fricassee. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender.

Melt two tablespoons of butter, add one small onion minced and cook until brown. Add one tablespoon of flour and stir until brown. Add one cup of rabbit stock, one tablespoon of lemon-juice, and one teaspoon of curry powder. Cook until smooth and clear. Add the rabbit and season with salt and pepper. Serve on a hot platter with a border of corn-and-rice biscuit. Garnish with parsley.

CORN-AND-RICE BISCUIT

1 cup cold boiled rice
1 cup corn-meal
1 teaspoon baking-powder
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon melted fat
2 eggs

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk, melted fat and beaten eggs. Mix well and bake in muffin rings in a quick oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit).

ROAST STUFFED SPARERIBS

Wash and dry a small side of spareribs. Trim off the excess fat and crack the bones in serving lengths with a cleaver. Fill the center with onion stuffing. Bring the two sides together, press closely and fasten with skewers. Rub the outside well with flour. Place in a roaster and add one cup of boiling water. Cook, basting frequently, until brown. Remove to a hot platter and make a gravy from the drippings. Pour round the roast and serve with creole salad.

ONION STUFFING

1 pint bread-crums
1 cup corn-meal
1 medium-size onion
1 tart apple
¼ cup celery
2 tablespoons butter
Salt, pepper

Cut the onion, apple and celery in small pieces. Mix all ingredients together and add just enough hot milk to moisten.

CREOLE SALAD

1 pint cabbage sliced thin
½ cup sliced Spanish onion
1 sweet green pepper, sliced
2 pimientos cut in narrow strips
2 medium-size ripe tomatoes
4 minced olives

Peel the tomatoes and cut them in sections, removing the seeds. Marinate with French dressing and serve on a bed of watercress.

SPANISH BEANS (FIRELESS COOKER)

1 pint navy beans
1 cup unstrained tomatoes
1 small green pepper
1 pimiento
1 medium-size onion
½ cup sliced celery
3 tablespoons molasses
1 teaspoon mustard
Salt, pepper
⅔ cup diced salt pork

Look the beans over, wash thoroughly and soak overnight in cold water. Cook in the same water until the skins split or slip off. Turn into a bean-pot or casserole and add other ingredients. Mix thoroughly and cook covered on a heated radiator in a fireless cooker for three hours.

BAKED BROWN BREAD

1 cup Graham flour
1 cup corn-meal
1 cup white flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup molasses
¾ cup seeded raisins
⅓ cup melted fat
2 cups sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
3 teaspoons baking-powder

Sift and mix the dry ingredients. Add molasses, fat and milk. Mix thoroughly, turn into a greased pan and bake between two heated radiators in a fireless cooker for three hours.

The bean-jar may be placed in the bottom of the fireless cooker, the radiator on top, the bread on the radiator, and the other radiator on top of the bread. This is necessary when one has only a single-compartment cooker, and the beans bake beautifully with the heat from the top.



On a cold day nothing is more welcome than baked beans fresh from the pot with brown bread so hot that the butter oozes into it

A true son of the Revolution



THOMAS MOSSELLER, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mosseller, 4459 Brier Hill, Seattle, Wash.

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THE CLUB-DAY DINNER

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THESE dinners are designed to meet the needs of the housewife on the club night or the maid's day out. None of the menus should take more than one hour to prepare if the work is well planned, and many of them require less time.

MENU No. 1

Creole Salmon
Rice *Buttered String-Beans (Canned)*
Romaine Salad *Crisp Dinner Rolls*
Banana Cream or Baked Apples
Coffee

RICE

Allow two or three tablespoons of uncooked rice per serving. Wash the rice and drop it slowly into a large pot of boiling salted water, allowing one teaspoon of salt for each quart of water used. Cook the rice until it is soft (this requires from twenty to thirty minutes). Drain thoroughly, rinse with plenty of cold water to separate the grains and reheat it over hot water or in the oven.

CREOLE SALMON

Melt two tablespoons of fat in a saucepan. Chop an onion, a green pepper and a half of a pimiento; add to the hot fat and cook for about five minutes. To this add one and one-half cups of strained tomato. Season with one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one-eighth teaspoon of paprika. Add one can of salmon and bring to the boiling-point. Arrange the rice in a border on a hot platter and fill the center with the salmon.

ROMAINE SALAD

Wash the romaine in the morning, wrap it in a clean cloth and put it in the ice-box until needed. Just before serving, arrange it on salad-plates and serve with French dressing to which one teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce has been added. If time permits, place on each salad one tablespoon of chopped celery and one teaspoon of chopped onion.

BANANA CREAM

Allow two tablespoons of whipping-cream and one-half banana for each serving. Whip the cream and sweeten to taste. Slice the bananas and fold into the cream. Serve in glasses. Sprinkle with chopped nut-meats and garnish each serving with a maraschino cherry or half a date.

MENU No. 2

Lamb Chops *Stewed Potatoes and Onions*
Tomato Salad or Sliced Tomatoes
Brown Bread and Butter
Fresh or Stewed Fruit with Cookies or Prune Dessert
Coffee

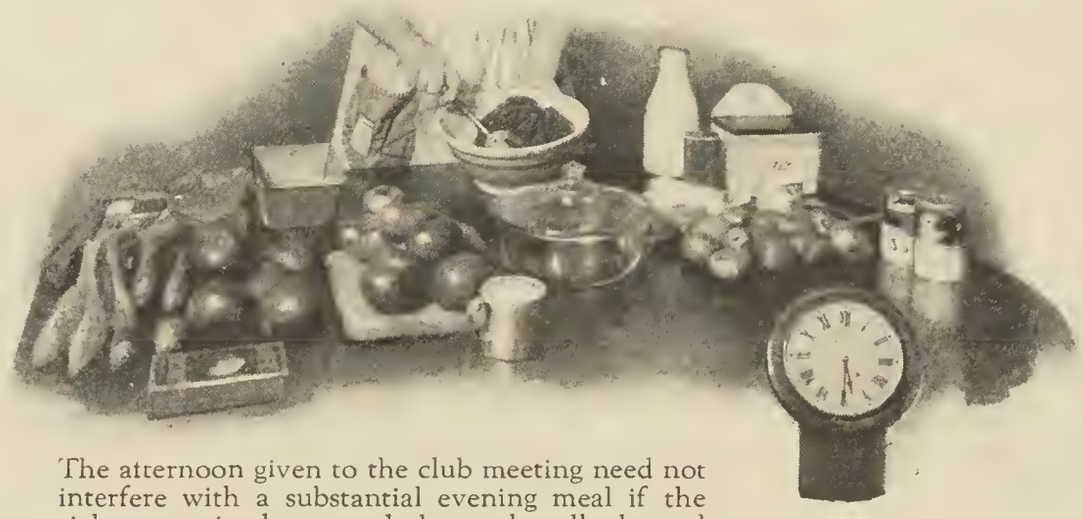
STEWED POTATOES AND ONIONS

The preparation of this meal should begin with the stewed potatoes and onions. Allow one potato and one onion for each serving. Peel and slice them. Put into a hot frying-pan one tablespoon of fat for each serving and pour in the potatoes and onions. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and add hot water to about three-fourths the depth of the vegetables. Cover the pan and cook slowly until the vegetables are tender. While the potatoes are cooking, set the table, prepare the dessert, salad and coffee and broil the chops. It should not require more than three-quarters of an hour to prepare this meal.

PRUNE DESSERT

To save time at the dinner-hour, the cooking and stewing of the fruit, the shelling of the nuts and the cutting up of the marshmallows for this dessert should be done in the morning.

Remove the stones from one cup of cold cooked prunes. Cut them in half and mix with one cup of fresh marshmallows, also cut in half, and one-half cup of chopped almonds or walnut-meats. Fold in one and one-half cups of whipped cream sweetened to taste and pile lightly in glass dishes. Serve cold. Steamed figs or dates may be used instead of the prunes.



The afternoon given to the club meeting need not interfere with a substantial evening meal if the right menu is chosen and the work well planned

MENU No. 3

Baked Halibut with Tomato Sauce
Mashed or Baked Potatoes *Buttered Onions*
Pineapple Salad
Brown Bread and Butter
Crackers with Cream Cheese and Currant Jelly
Coffee

BAKED HALIBUT WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Put two pounds of halibut into a baking pan, spread it with butter and sprinkle with flour, using about three tablespoons of each. Pour over this one can of tomato soup which has been mixed with one cup of water. Cook in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for about thirty-five minutes. Remove to a hot platter. Thicken the sauce if necessary with a little flour and water mixed to a smooth paste and pour around the fish. Garnish with parsley.

PINEAPPLE SALAD

Place a slice of pineapple on some lettuce leaves. Cut up marshmallows and mix with chopped nuts. Place a tablespoon of this mixture on each slice of pineapple. Serve with mayonnaise.

MENU No. 4

Cold Roast Beef with Mustard Pickles or Horseradish
Lyonnaise Potatoes *Creamed Carrots*
Bread and Butter
Orange-Coconut Pudding
Coffee

LYONNAISE POTATOES

Cut cold boiled potatoes in cubes. Melt two or three tablespoons of fat in the frying-pan. Add one-fourth onion chopped and two tablespoons of chopped parsley. Add the potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste and cook, with occasional stirring, until they are slightly brown.

ORANGE-COCONUT PUDDING

2 cups milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup stale bread-crums
3 tablespoons sugar
2 egg-yolks
¼ cup grated cocoanut
½ teaspoon orange extract or grated rind of orange

Mix and bake as in bread pudding. When baked, cover with a meringue made of two egg-whites, five tablespoons of powdered sugar and vanilla combined as follows: Beat the egg-whites until stiff. Add gradually three tablespoons of powdered sugar. Fold in the remainder of the sugar and a few drops of vanilla. Pile it on the pudding and bake for eight minutes in a moderate oven. Sprinkle with coconut.

This may be varied by omitting the orange and the coconut and spreading the pudding with jam before adding the meringue. It is delicious served with cream.

MENU No. 5

Cannelon of Beef or Sausage
Fried Potatoes *Scalloped Corn and Tomatoes*
Rolls and Butter
Baked Bananas or Other Fruit in Season
Coffee

In planning for the dinner the cannelon of beef may be prepared in the morning. If this is not desirable, sausage or beef balls may be used instead. This necessitates only the making of the scalloped dish, the frying of the potatoes and the preparation of the bananas.

CANNELON OF BEEF

Put two pounds of round steak and one small onion through the meat-chopper. Add one-third cup of buttered bread-crums, one egg well beaten, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, one teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of pepper. Mix thoroughly and shape in a roll. Place on a rack in a pan and lay over it two or three very thin slices of salt pork. Cover and bake for thirty minutes. If the roll seems to be drying out, baste with hot water.

SCALLOPED CORN AND TOMATOES

Put a layer of cooked corn in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of bread-crums, sprinkled with pepper and salt and dotted with butter. Add a layer of tomatoes. Alternate with corn and tomatoes until the dish is nearly full. Finish with a layer of bread-crums dotted with butter. Bake for twenty minutes, or until the crums are brown and the food is heated through.

BAKED BANANAS

Peel bananas. Slice them lengthwise and sprinkle with lemon-juice. Put them in a shallow pan, spread with a paste made of brown sugar and butter creamed together or spread the sugar and dot with butter. Allow one tablespoon of sugar and one-half teaspoon of butter for each banana. Cook in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty-five minutes.

MENU No. 6

Salmon Loaf *Pimiento Sauce*
Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Lima Beans (Canned)
Bread and Butter
Peaches in Ambush *Coffee*

SALMON LOAF

1 can salmon
2 eggs
4 tablespoons fat
¾ cup bread-crums
Juice of ½ lemon
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Parsley

Add the beaten egg-yolks, the bread-crums, the fat, the lemon-juice and the seasoning to the salmon. Mix thoroughly and fold in the beaten egg-whites. Place in a mold and steam for one-half hour.

PIMIENTO SAUCE

Make a thin white sauce and add two or three tablespoons of chopped pimiento to each cup of sauce.

PEACHES IN AMBUSH

Make a dough as follows: Sift flour, measure out two cups, add four teaspoons of baking-powder, three-fourths teaspoon of salt and two tablespoons of sugar and sift again. Cut into this one-third cup of fat. Add three-fourths cup of milk, mix and roll to one-half inch in thickness. Place halves of preserved or canned peaches in a shallow pan. Cover with dough and bake in a hot oven (about 425 degrees Fahrenheit) for twelve or fifteen minutes. Serve with cream or hard sauce.

MENU No. 7

Lamb Fricassee or Liver and Bacon
Baked Potatoes
Asparagus Salad *Bread and Butter*
Rice Custard *Coffee*

LAMB FRICASSEE

In the morning cut one and one-half pounds of lamb in pieces suitable for serving. Cover with boiling water and cook very slowly over the simmerer until the meat is tender. Cool and set in the ice-box until needed. At dinner-time sprinkle the lamb with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and sauté in butter until golden brown in color. Serve with gravy made from the liquid in which the lamb was cooked.

If it is not possible to begin the preparation of the fricassee in the morning, liver and bacon may be used.

LIVER AND BACON

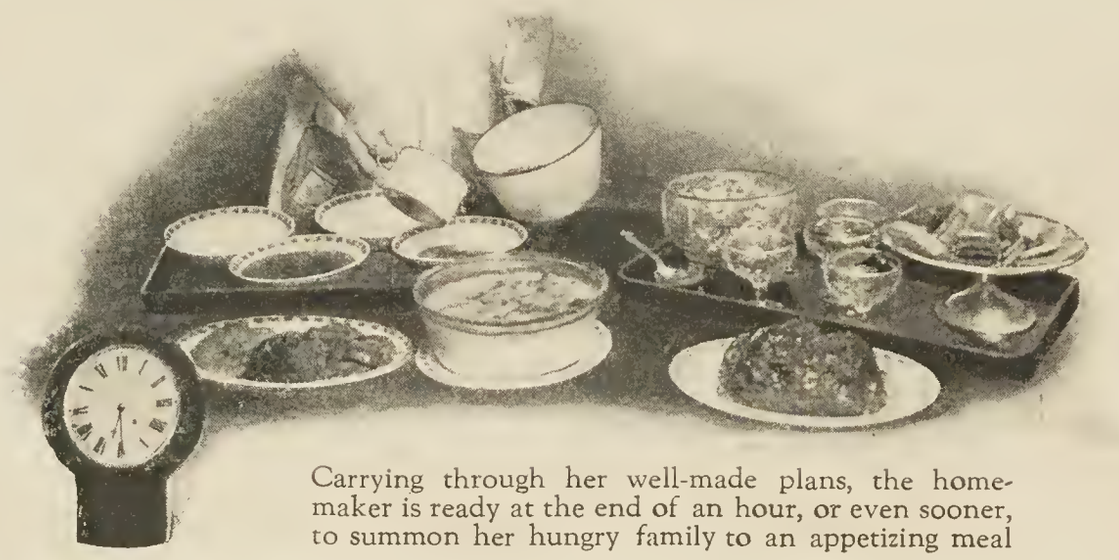
Cook bacon in a hot frying-pan until it is crisp and brown. Remove to brown paper to drain. Wash and dry thin slices of liver, dip them in flour and cook them in hot fat until brown. Arrange the bacon on a hot platter with the liver in the center. Remove all but two tablespoons of fat from the pan. Add two tablespoons of flour and cook until the mixture bubbles, stirring constantly. Add gradually one cup of hot water and continue stirring until the mixture boils. Season and serve with the liver and bacon.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on salad-plates. On each salad place four to six stalks of asparagus tips. Garnish with a teaspoon of chopped pimiento. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing.

RICE CUSTARD

Mix one cup of cooked rice, two or three eggs slightly beaten, one-half cup of sugar, a little salt, two cups of milk, one-half cup of raisins and a teaspoon of finely chopped candied orange-peel. Put in a baking-dish and cook in a moderate oven (about 340 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty-five minutes. Serve with cream.



Carrying through her well-made plans, the home-maker is ready at the end of an hour, or even sooner, to summon her hungry family to an appetizing meal



Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet giving a hundred important household uses.

"Soap and Water"

and

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

Whenever you wash anything with soap and water—woolens, silks, cottons, linens, woodwork, tiling, dishes or glassware: whenever you scour anything with a cleanser—pots, pans, stoves, sinks—always add 20 Mule Team Borax.

It's Nature's Greatest Water Softener and Cleanser. It is a solvent and an antiseptic. It prevents woolens from shrinking. It protects colors from fading. It dissolves grease and dirt. It cleans antiseptically clean.

20 Mule Team Borax is as valuable an addition to soap as soap is to water. In washing anything use soap and water AND 20 Mule Team Borax. Sold at Grocers, Department Stores and Druggists. Any grocer you buy soap from has 20 Mule Team Borax. Ask him.

PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY 100 William St. New York



THE FINE ART OF MIXING

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

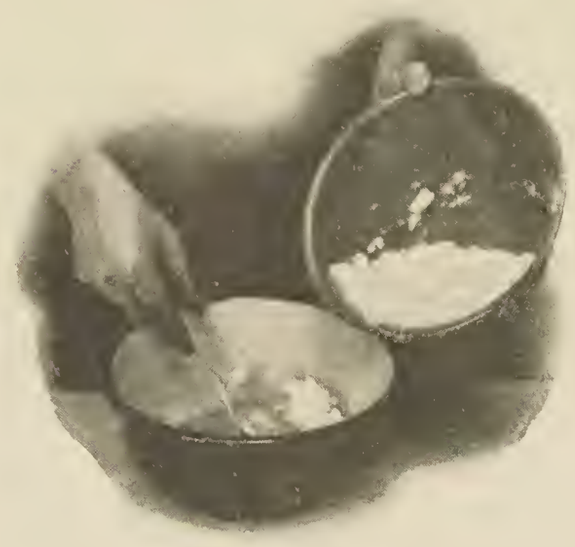
A GOOD cook, as well as a diplomat, must be a good mixer. Although one may follow the recipe ever so carefully and measure ever so accurately, if she puts the ingredients together "wrong end to," fails to observe the proper order of precedence or rubs temperamental materials the wrong way, the result is a failure that puzzles.

There are at least five fundamental methods of mixing materials in the processes of cooking. Each method also has certain modifications that are used in making different dishes.

The five prerequisites, of which knowledge is necessary for skill in the fine art of mixing, are: *stirring*, *beating*, *folding*, *cutting* and *kneading*. Each process calls for special equipment carefully selected to perform the work it is expected to do with ease and efficiency in securing satisfactory results.



Mixing of fat and flour for pastry is accomplished by the process known as cutting



Egg-whites are folded into mixtures by a lifting motion

Stirring is the most common method of mixing in cookery. It is used to mix or combine materials in such a way that all the ingredients are equally a part of the entire mass.

Flour and melted butter are stirred together in making white sauce, or flour and milk or water are stirred together for other thickening purposes. In these cases the stirring must be continued until a perfect blend of the two materials is achieved before the next step in stirring the thickening mixture into the liquid is taken, otherwise a lumpy mixture is the result instead of one of perfect smoothness.

Butter is creamed alone or with sugar by a motion in which the stirring is modified and becomes more of a rubbing process. Food is stirred while cooking to keep it from sticking or cooking fast to the bottom and to secure a mixture of even and perfect blending.

All stirring processes when done by hand are best accomplished with a wooden spoon. Even such a simple device as this requires care in its selection. A wooden spoon with a shallow bowl well rounded at the end and a strong handle of good length and easy to hold is best for ordinary stirring. One with a slit bowl is better for creaming fat and sugar.

Next to stirring, *beating* is the most common method of combining materials in cooking processes. It is accomplished by a continual turning over and over of the ingredients, bringing a large part of the contents of the bottom of the bowl to the top with each motion. The utensil used in this process is constantly brought in contact both with the bottom of the bowl and the entire mixture.

The purpose of beating is not only to combine the ingredients, but to incorporate a large amount of air with the materials and secure a product with a texture of uniform lightness or expansion.

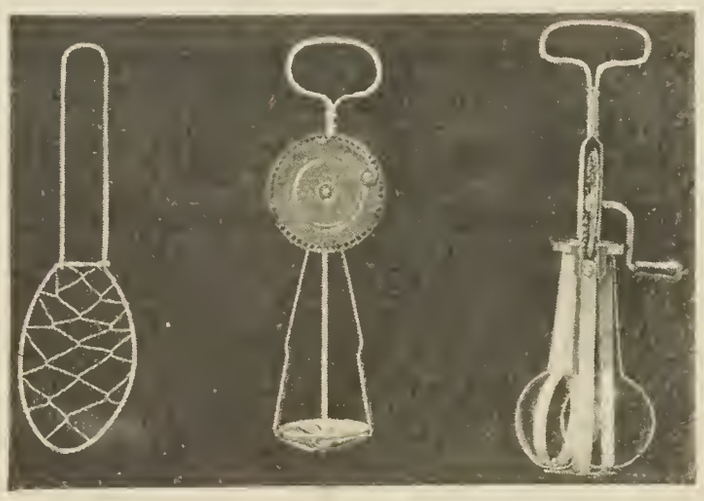
Success in making a sponge-cake of porous texture and lightness depends upon the amount of air incorporated in the eggs by beating. Fluffy omelets and soufflés also depend upon beating for a large part of their success.

Beating is such an important process that a number of devices have been developed for use in beating materials of different natures and for different processes. An electric beater is the last word in substituting electric energy for muscular energy in doing a number of household tasks. It makes easy work of whipping cream or making mayonnaise and gives the desired smoothness when making malted-milk drinks. Dried milk plus water can be so thoroughly combined that it looks like the original article.

The simple beating of a muffin or plain cake mixture may be accomplished satisfactorily with a wooden spoon or with a mechanical cake-mixer. Finely emulsified mixtures, such as all butter-cake mixtures or those where a fine texture is required, are beaten with what is known as a Dover type of beater.



Kneading is a combination of pulling with the fingers and pushing with the palms of the hands



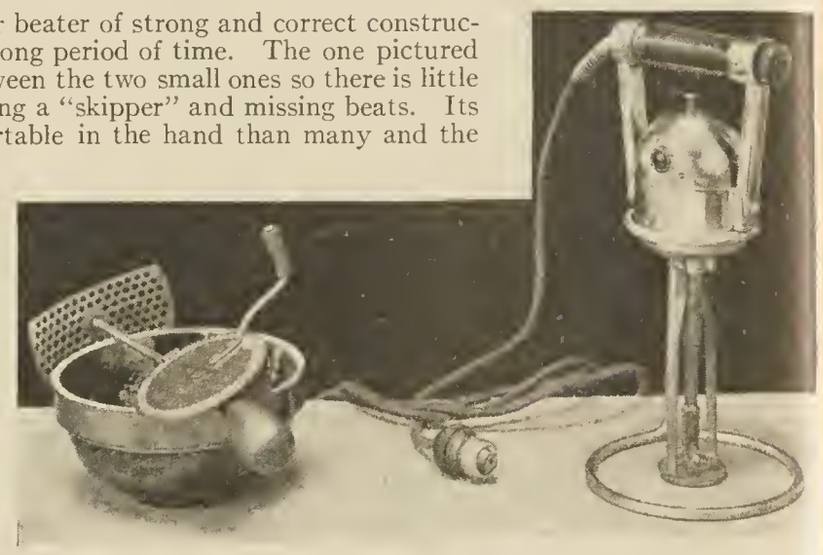
A convenient wire whip, a turbine beater and a Dover beater, all operated by hand

A hand-operated Dover beater of strong and correct construction gives service over a long period of time. The one pictured has the big wheel set between the two small ones so there is little danger of its ever becoming a "skipper" and missing beats. Its handles are more comfortable in the hand than many and the double beating parts mean quick action.

Of the hand-operated equipment a wire whip is the most desirable beater for omelet or meringues, where all the air possible is to be incorporated. One with thin wire should be chosen, as it works more rapidly and requires less energy in operation.

Heavy mixtures, such as mayonnaise, are beaten with a Dover type of beater. In whipping cream the implement should be selected to give the result desired. If a thick rich mass is to be produced, a beater of the Dover type is the best. When a fluffy, feathery result is wanted, a wire whip should be used.

Turbine beaters of the type shown in the center are suitable for quick beating of small amounts of cream or egg and may be easily used in a cup or small bowl.



This beater, with its own bowl, is operated by hand. The electric beater will be found useful in various ways



With a mixer, bread can be made without hand-kneading

The beating device which is attached to an electric-driven motor may be placed in a fruit-jar or other receptacle for beating. A device like the one shown with the bowl is very useful in whipping cream or making mayonnaise. Also it is easily cleaned. The bowl, when not in use with the beater, may be used for other purposes.

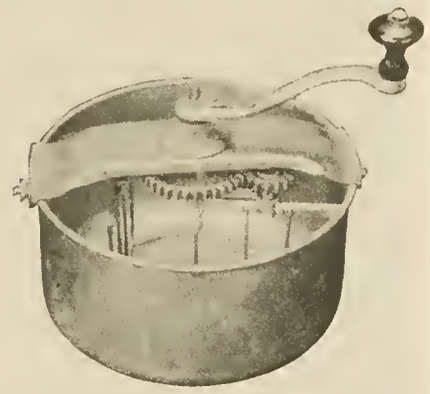
When an ingredient or mixture is to be combined with one in which a large amount of air has already been incorporated, it is necessary to use a motion that will not cause loss of air from the mixture. Such a motion is called *folding*. It is accomplished by bringing a spoon or egg-whip vertically down through the two mixtures and lifting it again lightly through them. This process is repeated again and again lightly and carefully until the mixture is completed. It is a vertical lifting and folding over of the materials rather than a stirring or beating of them. It is used when the recipe directs "fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs," as in omelets and cakes, or when sifted dry ingredients are to be folded into the egg and liquid mixture, as in sponge-cakes.

Combining fat with flour in making pastry is another method of mixing ingredients. In this case it is desirable to handle the materials as little as possible, so the cold fat is combined with the flour by *cutting*. This is accomplished by the use of one or two (preferably two for speed) knives or spatulas. The knives are drawn through the flour and fat in a vertical position at right angles to each other. Each time they cross each other in cutting they are withdrawn from the mixture and put through again with the same motion. This is repeated until the fat is perfectly blended with the flour.

In bread-making both stirring and beating are used and are followed by still another process of mixing. Bread dough is too stiff a mixture to beat. In order to mix the ingredients thoroughly, distribute the yeast evenly and bring all parts of the dough in contact with the air, bread dough is *kneaded*.

This is a very important step in bread-making and either too much or too little beating may result in inferior bread.

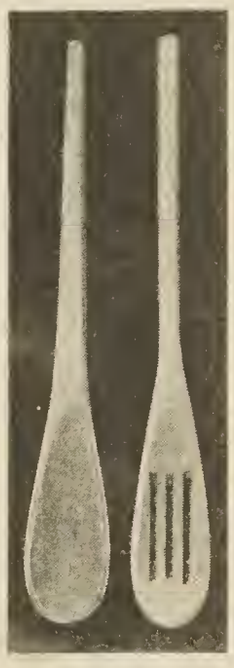
In this process, when done by hand, the ball of dough is pushed down on the board with the palm of the hand. The fingers are curved over the sides of the dough to keep it from flattening out too much and are used to fold the dough over on itself, where it is given a push with the heel of the palm. The fingers then turn the dough one-quarter around on the board and the process is repeated until the dough is smooth, light and elastic, showing that a perfect combination of the ingredients has taken place and satisfactory results may be expected. The various ingredients of the dough are brought together and the gluten in the flour developed by this motion, in which the heel of the palms of the hands firmly pushes the dough forward and the curved fingers quickly return it for another push.



A cake-mixer eliminates the long beating by hand

All three processes of mixing used in bread-making may be performed satisfactorily by a bread-mixer, and many women testify that they can make good home-made bread and yet do none of the mixing by hand.

Both a bread-mixer and a cake-mixer are simple pieces of equipment of good construction and easily cleaned. The children may satisfy their desire to work with machinery by operating these.



A complete kitchen equipment needs two wooden spoons

Proud of his Wife



FROM across the room you see them. She, poised—confident; warm cheeks and slim shoulders; the woman clever enough to stay young with her husband. He, with pride of possession in every unconscious action; the husband who is proud of his wife.

Yet how few women realize this simple subtlety of life! Too many of us believe the need of beauty caution ceases at the altar.

Youth! Enchantment! The radiance of schoolgirl days. We need no longer lose them.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you—just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

The correct method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. *But never leave them on* over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both* washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

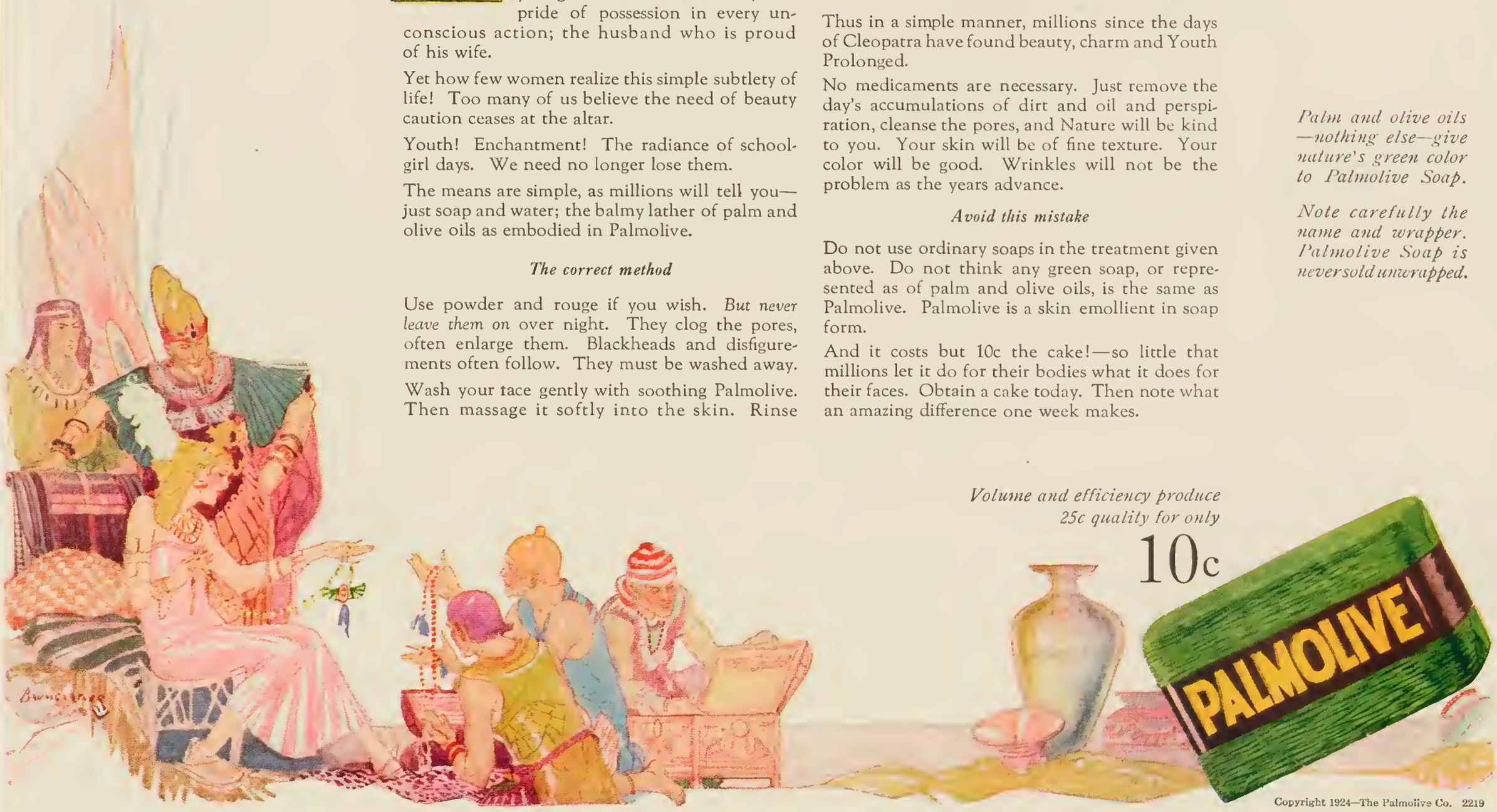
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.



Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

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Especially for Children

Made this way, Instant Postum not only delights the children but affords valuable nourishment:—Place a level teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a cup, add one tablespoonful of hot milk and stir until the Postum is well blended—then fill the cup with hot (not boiled) milk, and add sugar as desired.

Health is their Birthright



Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes.

THE United States Bureau of Education has confirmed the familiar warning of doctors to parents, that children should not drink coffee or tea.

Yet children, especially these cold days, need a hot drink—to warm them up when they come in numb from the cold, or to fortify them against the crisp winter weather.

Postum has a snappy, appetizing taste that children love. They love its toasted-wheat aroma. Children drink Postum eagerly because it makes them feel good—good, because *wholesome heat is Nature's first life-giving stimulant.*

Grown-ups have long known this "secret"—that Postum is a delicious cup of wholesome cheer. Let your children have Postum—all they want—knowing that this pure cereal beverage can only do them good.

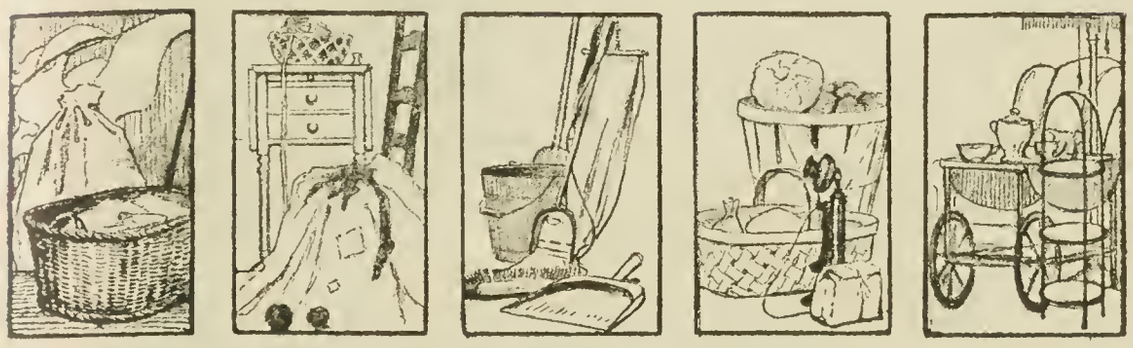
Postum for Health

"There's a Reason"

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received is now withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address: "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

SAVE TRIPS UP-STAIRS

In a ten-room house and with no help I found I could save steps by putting a waste-basket in every room. Such a receptacle for loose threads, papers and other trash which accumulates helps greatly in keeping the house orderly. On cleaning-days I take my kitchen waste-basket, which is larger than the rest, around to the various rooms and empty all the smaller ones into it. Thus the accumulation of a week is disposed of in a single morning's routine.—MRS. ENA J. GARVEY, Racine, Wis.

SAVE WEAR ON STAIRS CARPETS

When purchasing a stairs carpet, buy an extra yard. Fold this surplus length under either end and when the edges over each step or tread are worn move the carpet first down and then up. In this way the whole carpet may be worn out evenly.—MRS. L. T. BOWES, Ottawa, Ontario, Can.

SAVE CURTAINS IN LAUNDERING

Every one who has laundered drapery curtains knows how they suffer in the process. The life of all kinds of washable draperies may be prolonged by using a simple precaution: When the curtains are taken down from the windows, they should be folded carefully in a convenient size for laying in a tub (one and one-half or two feet each way). They should be handled in the folds through the successive soakings and rinsings as far as possible. As curtains are seldom soiled in spots, it usually is not necessary to give one part more attention than another, and thus the material can usually be kept in the folds without difficulty. By following this method much of the strain on fine fabrics from handling them while wet will be obviated.—NORMA LIPPINCOTT SWAN, Navesink, N. J.

SAVE DISCOMFORT TO THE INVALID

When the invalid is able to sit up in the chair, it is difficult to keep the pillow in its proper place for greatest comfort. It may be kept in place and still be adjusted easily by using elastic. Buy about two yards of one-inch elastic, cut it into two lengths, bind around the pillow and the chair-back near the top and bottom of the pillow and fasten each band with a large safety-pin at the back.—HELEN M. TILLINGHAST, Vernon, Conn.

SAVE BY GREATER USE OF THE WAFFLE-IRON

One of the best ways to save time and fuel is by a more frequent use of the waffle-iron. If you find yourself short of bread at the last moment, use a corn-batter a little thinner than if it were to be baked in the oven. If a biscuit dough is preferred, make this mixture, but do not make it so thick as if it were to be rolled out, and bake in the waffle-iron. Simple cakes may be made in this way, using any plain cake recipe and baking the layers in the waffle-iron. The waffle-iron is a decided success in making shortcake for the small family. Either the cake or biscuit dough may be used, baked in the waffle-iron, and butter and fruit placed between the layers.—LOUISE BETSON, Pueblo, Colo.

SAVE STEPS

My kitchen wood-box, mounted on ball-bearing rollers, saves many steps. It can be rolled to the outer door to be filled, and thus saves extra trips and also wear on the linoleum. In muddy weather the floor need not be tracked up. The box is stained brown and is about eight inches longer than the wood required, thus giving a compartment for kindling.—MRS. C. R. GROGAN, Austin, Tex.

SAVE PRESSING

Much pressing can be saved if soft silk, chiffon and crêpe gowns and blouses when wrinkled from packing or wear are hung on a line or hooks in the bathroom and the hot-water faucet turned on so that the room is filled with steam. After fifteen to twenty minutes, open the doors and windows so that the fresh air can circulate through the room and the garments will be found to be surprisingly fresh.—MRS. B. H. STEVENSON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAVE THE FINGERS

When a bottle or tumbler slips to the floor and is shattered, the difficulty of collecting all the splinters is easily solved by taking a thin layer of absorbent cotton, moistening it and putting it on the surface where the tiny pieces lie. Wads of moistened tissue-paper make a fair substitute for the cotton.—MRS. I. GALLAND, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAVE ON BABY'S BIBS

I bought wash-cloths with pink and blue borders, cut out a half-circle for the neck, hemmed it and added tape strings, and the result was a very satisfactory, inexpensive bib. They are absorbent and if pulled into shape before they are dry require no ironing.—MRS. C. B. MIRICK, Washington, D. C.

SAVE WORK IN OPENING TIN CANS

Instead of attempting to take the cover off the coffee-can with a knife, fork or some other instrument, try this method: Place a heavy cord around the can just below the cover, twist this until very tight, using a clothes-pin or a knife as a handle, and the cover can be removed very easily.—MRS. LOUISE ELLZMANN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAVE TIME

One of my best labor and time savers is a small wooden tray that I keep on my sewing-machine filled with buttons of the size used most. In this tray I also keep a safety-razor blade for cutting the threads off of the buttons pulled off in the wash and the threads left on the garments.—MRS. H. W. FREELAND, Kingman, Kans.



You don't want a bald-headed husband-do you?



YOUR husband will be either bald or good-looking. It's largely up to you.

You know more than he does about the care of hair. Most of the fairer sex know that a healthy scalp *keeps* its hair. Millions of women know that Wildroot Hair Tonic does more than lend a lustrous lure to the hair—it keeps the scalp healthy.

But your husband (or husband-to-be)—he may think that *after* he gets bald, he can then use some hair-restorer and get his looks back again. But *you* know that there is nothing that will cure baldness—just as you know that the proper care of the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic will help *prevent* baldness by making the hair and scalp so healthy.

It seems strange that intelligent men do not realize these simple facts. A woman realizes them because she studies them. And she knows that much of her charm, either as a wife or as a wife-to-be, depends upon the attractiveness of her coiffure.

You probably have Wildroot Hair Tonic in your own boudoir. If you haven't it, your druggist will gladly supply you. You will want to use it regularly to keep *your* hair lovely, and you will want your husband to use it to help him *avoid* bald-headedness. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Cow's Milk was intended for the calf—

NATURE made cow's milk quite different from human milk. And yet cow's milk is the only practical substitute we have for human needs.

The digestive power of the infant is far more delicate than that of the calf—which gives us the reason why plain cow's milk frequently disagrees with babies and why they do not always get the full benefit of the milk.

"Gelatinized Milk" is Best for Infants



Medical science prescribes various modifications for the purpose of rendering the milk more easily digestible. By far the most valuable discovery in this connection is "gelatinized" milk, which means the addition of one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to a quart of milk.

Soak the gelatine in ¼ cup of the cold milk 5 minutes. Place the cup in boiling water stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; then add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula. Ask your physician about this.

The effect of this "gelatinizing" is to prevent the excessive curding of the milk in the infant stomach. The value of any food is the amount that can be beneficially absorbed by the body. Plain, granulated gelatine increases the food value of milk not only by insuring its digestibility but by adding an abundance of the natural protein, lysine, necessary to healthy growth and strength in children.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

is valuable also for growing children, and for anyone suffering from any digestive disturbance. In combination with your own fruits and fruit juices, fresh or preserved, and with eggs, vegetables, or other wholesome foods, it adds nutritive value and ease of digestibility.

Free Book on the Health Value of Gelatine

The findings of the scientific investigation, which brought to light the great importance of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in the human diet, have been collected in a booklet, "The Health Value of Gelatine." This we shall be glad to mail you, free, upon receipt of 4 cents for postage, and your grocer's name.

Health Dept.,
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



MENUS FOR FEBRUARY HOLIDAYS

By Jessie A. Boys

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

A HOME DINNER FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY	A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY TEA
Tomato Soup	*Pimiento-Butter Sandwiches*
Quick Soup Sticks	*Orange Toast*
Cabin Casserole	*Orange Pekoe Tea* *Rock-Sugar Crystal*
Little Corn Pones *Blue-Grass Salad*	*Cranberry-Mint Ice*
Mince Pielets	*Cherry Angel-Cake*
Coffee	*Washington Bars* *Salted Nuts*

LINCOLN'S birthday calls to mind the cabin in which he was born and the possibilities in cabin-cooking for our tables to-day. The menu given is for a home dinner and is suggestive of dishes that were served in cabin homes or have been evolved from them.

For Washington's birthday a more social occasion is suggested by the famous Boston Tea Party.

QUICK SOUP STICKS

1 cup bread flour
1 teaspoon baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon fat
Milk

Mix and sift the dry ingredients and rub in the fat. Add the milk slowly, stirring with a knife, until a soft dough is obtained. Knead on a floured board until smooth and make into a long roll. Cut this into eighteen pieces and with the palm of the hand roll each out into a stick about five inches long. Place on a greased pan and bake in a moderately hot oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until golden brown. For serving, these may be piled log-cabin fashion.

CABIN CASSEROLE

Place in a greased casserole three pork chops sprinkled with salt and pepper. Put a thick layer of sliced potatoes over the chops and sprinkle with two tablespoons of flour and one-half teaspoon of salt. Arrange a second layer in this way and place on top of it three pork chops sprinkled with salt and pepper. Pour in enough hot milk to cover the potatoes (about one pint). Cover the dish and bake for two hours in a moderately hot oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit), uncovering for the last half-hour to brown the top.

LITTLE CORN PONES

2 cups milk
1 cup corn-meal
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
3 tablespoons bacon fat
1 teaspoon baking-powder

Scald the milk and stir in the corn-meal gradually. Cook for five minutes, stirring all the time, and then add the fat and the egg unbeaten and beat thoroughly. Mix the salt and baking-powder. sprinkle it over the top and beat thoroughly again. Drop by the spoonful into a generously greased baking-pan, making twelve pones, and spread into round flat shapes. Bake for thirty to forty minutes at 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

BLUE-GRASS SALAD

Arrange crisp lettuce leaves in the form of rosettes and just before serving pour over them Blue-Grass salad dressing.

BLUE-GRASS SALAD DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
½ egg
1 cup salad-oil
⅓ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Mix the salt and sugar with the mustard, then stir in the beaten egg. Add one teaspoon of oil and beat thoroughly; add one teaspoon of vinegar and beat thoroughly. Repeat this process, increasing the amount added each time until all of the oil and vinegar has been used. Add the parsley just before pouring the dressing on the lettuce.

MINCE PIELETS

Cut plain pastry into three or four inch circles. Spread half of the circles with thick apple sauce, leaving a quarter-inch rim clear. Over the apple sauce spread prepared mince-meat. Moisten the edges with beaten egg and cover with the remaining pastry circles, making a few incisions. Press and crimp the edges together and bake in a hot oven until well browned.

PIMIENTO-BUTTER SANDWICHES

¼ cup butter
Bread
1 pimiento

Cream the butter. Remove seeds from the pimiento and force it through a wire strainer. Stir the pulp into the creamed butter until thoroughly mixed. Spread between thin slices of white bread and cut into small squares.

ORANGE TOAST

1 orange
¼ cup sugar
Toast

Grate the yellow rind from the orange and mix with the sugar. Add enough juice to make moist enough to spread well. Spread on hot buttered toast and run under the flame to melt the sugar.

WASHINGTON BARS

1 egg-white
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
1 cup cornflakes
¼ cup chopped candied cherries
¼ cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons shredded coconut
¼ teaspoon lemon extract

Beat the egg-white and salt until very stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating it in with the beater. Fold in the cornflakes, mixed with the nuts, cherries and coconut and the extract. Divide into twelve portions and with wet fingers shape into bars. Bake on a well-greased tin in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for ten minutes.

CHERRY ANGEL-CAKE

¾ cup egg-white
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
¾ cup bread flour
1 teaspoon maraschino sirup
⅓ cup sliced maraschino cherries

Add the salt to the egg-white and beat with a wire whisk until frothy. Add the cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Add the sugar gradually, beating it in with the whisk, then add the maraschino sirup. Reserve one tablespoon of flour to coat the cherries. Fold in the remaining flour with a spoon and add the cherries at the very last. Pour into two loaf-tins rinsed with cold water. Bake in a slow oven (250 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifty minutes. Remove from the oven and invert the pans until cold.

CRANBERRY-MINT ICE

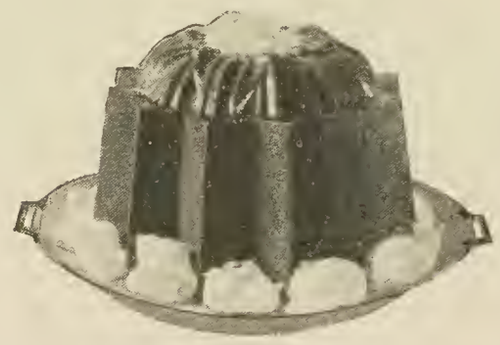
1 quart cranberries
1 pint water
2 lemons
¼ cup chopped mint leaves
2 cups sugar

Cook the cranberries in the water until soft and rub through a wire strainer. To the pulp add the sugar, put over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Remove from fire, add the strained juice of the lemons and, when cool, stir in the washed and chopped mint leaves. Freeze.

A Dessert that made a whole town hungry!

MRS. "B" first served it when entertaining her bridge club. It made a sensation, and each of the guests quietly asked for the recipe. Its fame spread so rapidly that within a week the whole town was hungry for this delicious dessert.

Here is the recipe. You must make it to realize just how really wonderful it is in that appetizing daintiness which adds greatly to the delight of any luncheon or dinner.



Chocolate Sponge
(serves 6 people)

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cupful boiling water
1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons cocoa
⅓ cupful of sugar
3 eggs
few grains of salt

add chopped nuts or crushed macaroons.

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Note: For a more elaborate dessert, line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Dessert and Salad Recipes—Free

More than a hundred delightful and practical recipes for every occasion are contained in the books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They give you exact directions for making the most delicious and original dishes. These books will be sent you, free, together with an important report on "The Health Value of Gelatine" upon receipt of 4 cents for postage, and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.





Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

There is nothing mysterious about the action of Fleischmann's Yeast. It is not a "cure-all"—not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion and assimilation, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health* is yours once more.





ABOVE

"A YEAR ago found me morose and irritable, with a nervous, rundown body and . . . an exceptionally bad complexion. Horrid pimples on my face were the bane of my existence. One day while sitting at a soda fountain I read this ad: 'Try Fleischmann's Yeast for your Health's Sake,' and concluded to give it a trial . . . Within a week I slept better, and everyone complimented me on my improved appearance. Today I am a picture of health, have a wonderful complexion, and everyone says I look five years younger."

(A letter from Miss Jane Branch of Houston, Texas)



AT RIGHT

"RUN-DOWN and ill from overwork, I had local neuritis, stomach acidity and insomnia; a formidable array of enemies for the brave little yeast cake to tackle! Yet in two weeks friends began to take notice . . . In a month my complexion was clear and lovely, stomach in perfect condition, nerves 'unjangled,' gone the 'All worn out' feeling, and I was able to sleep like a top."

(Extract from letter of a Chicago business girl, Miss Dorothy Deene)

ABOVE

"UP to a couple of years ago I never have had regular intestinal action. I worked on this defect in many ways—abdominal exercises, vegetarianism, occasional medicine, Dr. Coué . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has been the only agent that, with me, ever produced normal movement continuously. And as a natural consequence, I now feel finer in other ways—enjoy everything more: food, work, play. Even my pipe seems to smoke better!"

(A letter from Mr. Henry J. Carroll of St. Louis)

AT LEFT

"I AM a graduate nurse. Back in 1911 while in charge of an operating room, I was afflicted with boils. I tried many remedies—still boils came, and I got run down and unable to carry on. Finally a physician told me to take Yeast . . . That was twelve years ago, and I have never had a boil since. I have used Fleischmann's for hundreds of patients and for any number of different ailments. I am glad to say that twelve years have not dimmed my enthusiasm for Fleischmann's Yeast, or staled my appreciation of what it has done for me and for others in the course of my profcssional life."

(Miss Ann Batchelder of New York)



AT LEFT

"IRREGULAR hours, eating in snatches, desperate hurry . . . nervous, little or no appetite, slept poorly, and worst of all suffered from constipation. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast." Almost at once "evacuation was easier, no stomach pains, no heartburn." Today—"practically complete elimination of bowel trouble, clearer skin, sounder sleep, *better health*."

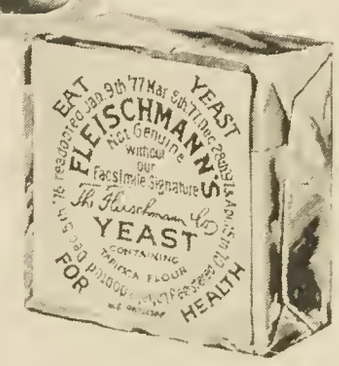
(Extract from letter of a New York reporter, Mr. A. Kandel)





EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES A DAY REGULARLY

—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of warm water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! And write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-1, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.





Good Aluminum Pays Best

As the wise insistence on better aluminum ware becomes more general, the popularity of *MIRRO*, The Finest Aluminum, grows and grows.

As more and more women see demonstrated the utility of aluminum for all culinary purposes, they turn to the complete Mirro line for new aids to economy and convenience in the kitchen.

There are years of usefulness in the good, thick metal of which Mirro utensils are made. There is ready cleanliness in their hard, polished surface. And, not least, there is beauty upon which the eye rests with grateful satisfaction.

In many good stores, new and complete displays of Mirro utensils are now being exhibited. Wherever you see the new Mirro Display Stand you will enjoy exceptional facilities for making selections from Mirro's great variety of fine and useful articles.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

By Mary E. Bayley, R. N.

VEGETABLES are often a neglected part of a child's diet. They are, however, very important, for not only are vegetables rich in iron, lime and other valuable salts, but they contain fat, carbohydrates and protein. In addition to all the important elements which vegetables furnish in supplying the body needs, the fibrous material which they contain aids in proper action of the bowels.

Beginning about the eighteenth month a small portion of green vegetables should be served at least three times a week and later on, if well assimilated, once a day.

Spinach (all varieties), carrots, asparagus-tips, string-beans, peas, squash, celery and cauliflower are all suitable vegetables.

WE HAVE mentioned spinach first. This deserves foremost consideration, since for young children spinach is one of the very best vegetables, containing as it does a high percentage of mineral salts, such as calcium, phosphorus and iron. While ordinary spinach is not easily available for very long periods, there is on the market another variety—a comparative newcomer—that may be had throughout the Summer. This is called New Zealand spinach. Recent experiments in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the Babies' Hospital have proved that this variety of green vegetable, while not of the same family as ordinary spinach, is particularly rich in its iron content. In fact, of all the vegetables tested, such as spinach, New Zealand spinach, young carrots, onions, string-beans, asparagus and potatoes, New Zealand spinach was found to have the highest proportion of iron.

In order that their valuable mineral properties may as nearly as possible be preserved and that they may be easily digested, vegetables for young children should be very carefully prepared.

For a leafy vegetable, such as spinach, the first consideration is proper cleansing from grit and dirt. And this is not as easy as it would seem. The most satisfactory way to cleanse any leafy vegetable is to wash leaf by leaf under running water. When this is not possible, it should be washed in a large volume of water (using several waters) and should be lifted from one vessel to another, since, if the water is merely poured off, the grit and sand will sink to the bottom. When the spinach has been lifted to another vessel, care should be exercised to see that no grit and sand are left in the bottom of the vessel to which it will again be transferred. Until ready to be cooked it should stand in cold water.

There are two methods of cooking green vegetables: one by boiling and one by steaming. In connection with the tests in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and the Babies' Hospital it was found that, in the preservation of the mineral salts, steaming was by far the most economical method of cooking vegetables. Steaming is accomplished by placing the vegetable in a tightly covered receptacle with a finely perforated bottom and fitting this closely over the top of a vessel holding boiling water. When a steamer is not available, this method of cooking may be accomplished by the use of a double boiler. Vegetables are prepared as usual, drained and placed with no additional water in the inner part of the boiler. For cooking them after this manner more time should be allowed. Spinach requires about thirty minutes to cook by steaming.

WHEN spinach is boiled, a very small amount of slightly salted water should be used, just enough to little more than cover the bottom of the vessel. It should be remembered that considerable water always clings to a leafy vegetable such as spinach and in the process of cooking this is soon added to the volume of water. When tender, pour over it cold water and drain. The spinach should then be chopped very fine and put through a coarse sieve. Add a small amount of fine bread-crums, made from stale bread, and a little butter and salt. Before serving to the child it should be reheated.

Carrots for young children should, to begin with, be young and tender. In preparation they should be scrubbed with a brush and washed through several waters. Carrots should be cooked in boiling water that has been slightly salted and if before they are tender the water cooks away, more should be added. When very tender, remove from the water, drain and force through a sieve. After adding salt, melted butter and bread-crums, they should, like spinach, be reheated before serving.

Asparagus should be cooked in a small amount of slightly salted water until very tender. Then after removing the stalks from the water tear the tender portion from the stalk by drawing a fork lightly through it toward the tip. A sauce should then be made by using about two tablespoons of the water in which the asparagus was cooked, an equal quantity of milk, a half teaspoon of flour, salt and butter. Mix this sauce with the asparagus-pulp.

Peas should be cooked in salted water until quite tender. They should then be drained and for very young children should always be rubbed through a sieve, since the skins, no matter how tender they may seem, are very apt to be indigestible. For peas, a sauce the same as for asparagus should be made, except that fine bread-crums may be added. This sauce should be mixed with the pulp from the peas and before reheated serving.

STRING-BEANS when used for children should be young and tender and care must be exercised to remove the "strings" which are sometimes attached to some species of beans. They should be cooked in salted water until sufficiently tender to mash easily with a fork. After draining, serve with the addition of a little salt and melted butter.

Squash should, to begin with, be very young and tender. It should be cooked in slightly salted boiling water until tender enough to fall easily to pieces. After draining, it should be forced through a colander and served with salt and butter.

Only the tender portion of celery should be used for young children. This should be cooked slowly in slightly salted boiling water until quite tender. After thorough draining, make a sauce by using a small amount of the water in which the celery was cooked and an equal quantity of milk, one-half teaspoon of flour, salt and butter. This should be mixed with the finely mashed celery.

Cauliflower, after it has been broken up and thoroughly washed, should be cooked uncovered in a large amount of water. This vegetable requires about a quart of water to each head of cauliflower. The water should be salted and should be boiling when the cauliflower is added. When tender, it should be drained and forced through a coarse sieve. Serve with a sauce made from equal quantities of milk and water (using the water in which the cauliflower was cooked), salt, flour and butter.

BOILED onions may be added to the diet after the third year. At this age it is no longer necessary to put any of the vegetables through a colander, with the possible exception of peas, the skins of which may disagree with some children. Cooking until tender and mashing with a fork are usually sufficient.

If the supply of fresh green vegetables is not plentiful, the water or juices in which they are cooked should always be saved. This may be utilized partly in preparing a sauce for those vegetables served in this way and partly in preparation of creamed soups, using for this purpose the vegetable stock in equal quantities with milk.

In utilizing the water in which vegetables are boiled, it should always be remembered that this contains valuable vitamins, which in the process of cooking have been extracted from the vegetable. Vitamins are what may for lack of a better term be called "mysterious food elements." They are, so far as is known, apparently not food elements themselves, but are necessary for the utilization of food.

Don't leave vegetables out of your child's diet. They are essential to good health.



© C. OF W. 1924

"SOME LIKE IT HOT, SOME LIKE IT COLD"

IN TEN MINUTES . . !

Hot biscuits for your Sunday supper

Ask any man if he'd like hot biscuits for his Sunday supper . . !



EVERYBODY loves hot biscuits for Sunday supper!—but a great many women hesitate to make them because they have an idea it takes a lot of time and trouble.

Making biscuits for Sunday supper is one of the easiest things you can do—when you make them this new way. In only *ten* minutes you can have biscuits that are light as a feather and perfectly delicious.

How to make hot biscuits—
the day before!

Take a few minutes Saturday morning to mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the icebox or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready by the time the table is set!

Make your biscuits any way your family likes best—whichever way it is, you can depend on Royal Baking Powder to give you beautifully raised, delicious biscuits!

Two leavening agents are combined in Royal by a special process. Immediately after your biscuits are mixed, the dough begins to rise, and then in addition to this there is a second action when the mixture is heated. This double-acting quality makes it possible for you to bake your biscuits immediately or to keep Royal biscuit dough ready mixed for days.

When you see how little trouble and time it takes to have hot biscuits for supper, you will want to have them *every* Sunday night!

Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste



Send for new Royal booklet on biscuit making-FREE

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 122 East 41st Street, New York

ARTISTIC LAMP-SHADES

Upon request THE DELINEATOR will furnish full directions for making any article shown on this page. Address communications to the Department of House Decoration, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

WHY not a pretty lamp-shade for your home or the home of a friend? A crisp new shade in warm, glowing colors will surely add cheer to the darkest of Winter holidays. Fortunately, the really beautiful lamp-shades which never go out of fashion are the simplest to make. Their simplicity assists the amateur to remain faithful to the shapes which are meant for use in reading, writing or sewing.

In designing the lamp-shades shown in the illustrations, effort was made to single out those styles which prove most practical as well as ornamental. For reading purposes where a downward light thrown on a book is more in demand than a side glow, a shade of stout opaque material is necessary; for decoration or general lighting a shade of silk or chintz may well be used. The materials used in making the accompanying shades were parchment paper, chintz and wall-paper. With paint, ribbon or a silken cord, these materials may be finished into lamp-shades of unusual beauty and design. Should the home-maker have no base for the contemplated new shade, it is safe to say that any shade shown could be appropriately fitted to an inexpensive vase, jug or colored glass bottle which in turn may be made into lamps for electricity or oil.

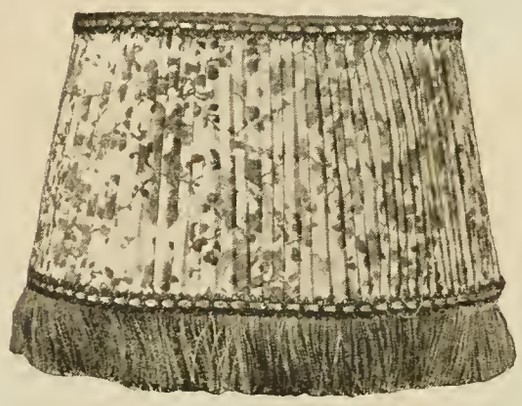


Aside from lamp-shades for the living-room and library lamps, parchment shields for wall-lights, candlesticks and dressing-table lamps make most acceptable gifts. For the bracket that is just too high to reach with ease from the reading-chair or dining-table, a light-pull made of silken cord to match the color scheme of the room is new and an inexpensive gift to make.

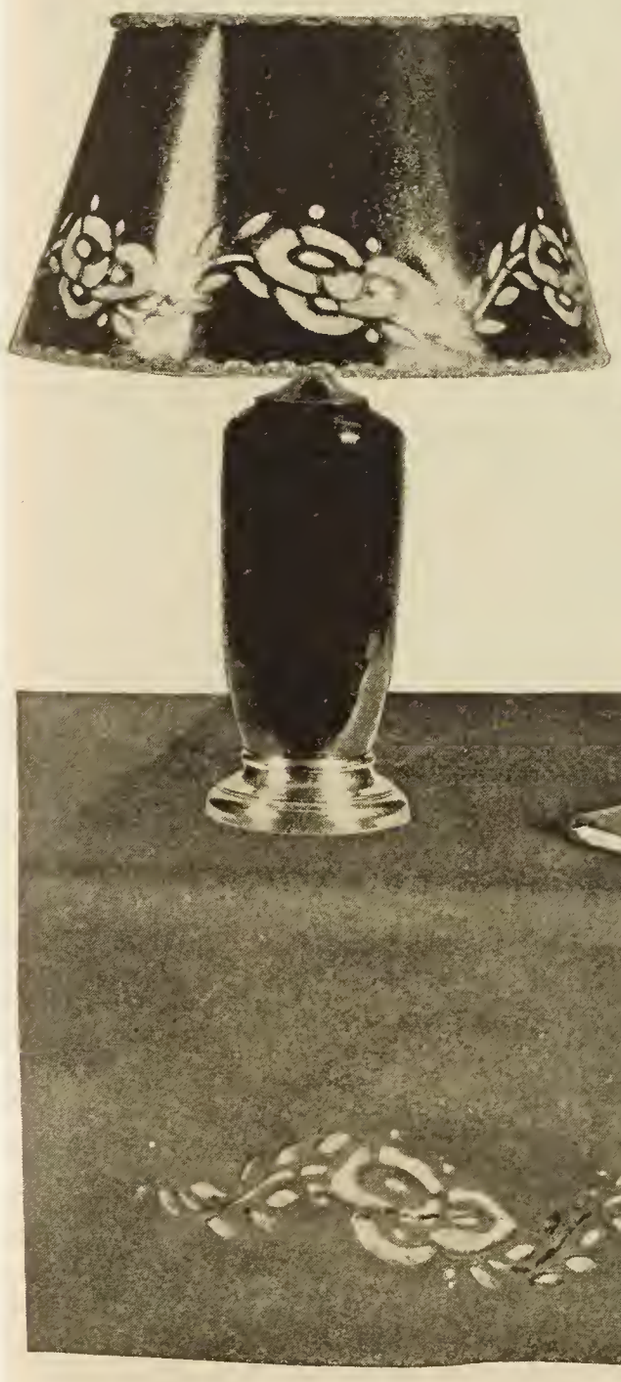
Quite the newest thing in living-room table scarfs is one made of either thin felt or broadcloth. These materials may be selected to match in color the lamp-shade, while the motif on either end may carry out or be identical with the cut-out design on the shade. This new bit of craftman's art is most decorative and appropriate for oak or painted furniture.



Shields for wall-brackets may be suitably decorated with oil-paint



Plaited glazed chintz, fringe and braid makes this interesting boudoir-shade



A richly colored wall-paper shade harmonizes with a wrought iron stand



An unusual shade of cut-out parchment whose color and design are repeated on either end of a felt table-runner

The reading of what follows will teach you the care of your gums, and may prevent your toothbrush from ever "showing pink"



The soft modern food that tastes so delicious does not give the gums the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave.



Hasty eating reduces the mechanical stimulation which food gives to the gums. Hasty eating is an enemy; proper mastication is a friend.

Soft foods and hasty eating are weakening gums and ruining teeth

THE GREATEST DANGERS with which the teeth are threatened today are the dangers which follow in the train of a weakened gum structure.

The records of the clinics and the daily experience of the dental profession show an alarming increase in the number of tooth troubles which have their source in the *gingiva* (the gum structure) of the human mouth.

And the causes of this condition are not difficult to discover. Undoubtedly the greater nervous tension under which we live, and lack of sufficient exercise are, in many cases, contributing factors, but the source of most tooth troubles today can be traced to the modern diet.

In fact, one of the foremost consultants vouches for the statement that pyorrhea is the result of soft food and the attendant lack of stimulation to the gums. Rough, coarse food once gave work to the teeth and stimulation to the gums, but this modern food of ours does neither. (See Dr. Louis Attofy's report of researches among the Igorots.) And lacking stimulation, our gums are growing pampered and soft, just as muscles do when deprived of regular exercise.

How soft foods cause the toothbrush to "show pink"

LET'S FACE frankly the situation of your teeth and your gums. If you are an average person, you eat soft foods, with an undue amount of creamy substances and practically a total lack of roughage. Probably, too, you often eat it hastily; few people masticate their food one-tenth as much as is proper.

What is the result? Instead of stimulating the circulation of the blood in the gums, by the normal massage incident to proper mastication, gums get little or no "exercise." Pyorrhea, infected roots, diseased sockets and gingivitis are just the normal effects from the given causes.

How Ipana helps soft gums become healthy

Ipana is a tooth paste comparatively new. Yet in the short time it has been before the profession, thousands of dentists have written us that they have adopted it in their practice, and prescribe it to patients, especially when those patients show signs of congested, soft or bleeding gums.

In stubborn cases they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush, thus helping to restore the circulation, to relieve the congestion, and to provide the gums with that exercise that they need so badly, and which our modern food does not give them naturally. Granted enough exercise, enough stimulation, just as an athlete's muscles develop under exercise and use, the gums will grow firm and healthy.

In strengthening soft gums and in healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Dentists throughout the country use it after extraction to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and under-nourished gums, their normal tonicity.

Send for a Trial Tube of Ipana Tooth Paste

You can judge from the sample, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable power to clean safely and thoroughly, but you can judge, too, its fine flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
41 Rector St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Over 200,000 Women
Have Made This Test!



Costs Nothing

Unless we grow hair. The Van Ess 3-bottle treatment is absolutely guaranteed. You are the sole judge. **The warrant is signed by your own dealer.** All we require is his signature showing you have purchased a ninety-day treatment. If it fails *we* refund your money. Hence you assume no risk making this test.

New Hair Grown—Falling Hair Stopped in 90 Days—This New Way or Money Refunded

This is to offer you new hair—lustrous, beautiful, attractive—or money refunded. It offers, too, to stop falling hair.

If we fail, the treatment costs you nothing. Your own druggist or department store signs the guarantee. Hence you assume no risk.

Falling hair stopped. New hair grown in 90 days. If the treatment fails, it will cost you nothing. More than 200,000 women have already made this test. Carefully kept records show that over 97% received every benefit claimed in our guarantee.

Why 6 in 8 Have Dull, Lifeless Hair

Falling hair, dull, lifeless, uninteresting. Six women in 8 have it! Science now traces the cause in most cases to a simple infection of that oil in your scalp, called Sebum.

It has been learned that hair roots rarely die. And they *can* be revived.

We have proved this conclusively by actually growing new hair in 91 cases in 100.

We do it by combating that infected Sebum in a new way—a scientific way heretofore unknown. Results are quick and amazing. And so certain that we have no fear to guarantee our method.

Why Your Hair Lacks Life

Sebum is an oil that forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil to make it soft and wavy. But, science now proves that it is also the cause of most falling and lustreless hair.

Frequently it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp; clogs the follicles and plugs them. You can see it in your hair, either in the form of dandruff or an oily excretion at the hair roots.

Bacteria by the millions breed in it and often inflame the scalp. Then they begin to feed upon the hair. Soon falling hair starts. In a short time all the natural lustre and beauty of your hair are gone.

But—and note this scientific fact—remove the infected Sebum and the hair reverts back to the softness and brilliancy it displayed when you were a school girl.

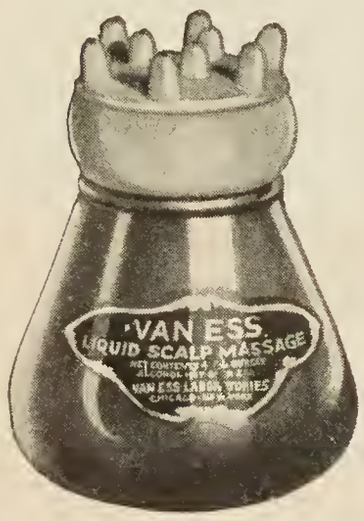
The Van Ess treatment accomplishes that result. We know you will doubt it. So we guarantee each 90-day treatment.

Use the Coupon

Secure Van Ess at your usual department store or druggist. If they cannot supply you, use the coupon. $1.50 per bottle. A bottle lasts 30 days—used daily. With a 3-bottle order we will send you a signed guarantee. No money need accompany the coupon from any part of the United States or its Possessions—we will supply you by parcel post, collect.

All orders outside of the United States or its Possessions must be accompanied by remittance in the form of postal money order or bank draft.

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.
63 East Kinzie Street
Chicago, Ill.



Note This New Way

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic," it combines a massage and medicament. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed medicament down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.
63 East Kinzie Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send.....bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, parcel post. I enclose no money, but agree to pay the postman when he calls.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

HOW WE RAISED MONEY FOR OUR CHURCH

By Our Readers

NOTE—*In* THE DELINEATOR *for April, 1923, a prize of fifty dollars was offered for the most helpful letter of not more than five hundred words on the topic, "How We Raised Money for Our Church." This was the most popular of all the contests on various phases of community interest that were conducted during 1923. It is hoped that the papers published will give helpful suggestions to other churches that are faced with the necessity of raising money for regular or extraordinary expenses.*

PRIZE-WINNER

By MRS. GEORGE R. DeZOUCHE
Ottawa, Illinois

OUR church, the Epworth M. E. Church of Ottawa, Illinois, was dedicated in 1908, and in 1918 we still owed three thousand dollars at five per cent.

Sometimes in board meetings I suggested building and loan stock, but the men declared it was not practical. Then one day I wrote the secretary of one of our building and loan associations and laid the matter before him. In reply he wrote: "Fifteen dollars a month would carry this stock, which would in all probability mature in eleven years and nine months. You would have paid in $2,115 and would get $885 interest, a little over seven per cent., making the total of $3,000."

This letter I read at a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. We voted to take out thirty fifty-cent shares. A few women pledged themselves to give a set sum each month. The balance of the fifteen dollars monthly we earned as a society by sewing, quilting, making rag rugs, holding bazaars and cooked-food sales.

At Christmas the next year I went on a strike. I stood up in a meeting and said, "Ladies, never again will I help with a chicken-pie supper to raise money for church purposes. Never again will I give to a Christmas church bazaar the gifts I want to give my relatives or friends." They were aghast. If we did not give bazaars or suppers, how would we ever pay the mortgage? Then I urged a Christmas club in a savings bank. We divided the society into three clubs and took three "five-cent increasing clubs." The first payment was five cents and the increase was five cents each week for fifty weeks, each club receiving $63.75 and interest at maturity.

With this $191.25 we paid our stock ahead for a year, then began on new clubs. We did this three years. Then we were left a legacy. We surrendered our stock for its cash-surrender value and paid the mortgage.

HOW WE RAISED MONEY FOR OUR CHURCH

By SALLIE E. COY
Westerly, Rhode Island

IN MARCH of this year we found that, owing to much illness, some of the members of our guild would be unable to pay their pledges, so we decided to give an entertainment to help raise the necessary amount.

"Radio, Real and Otherwise," was the caption under which we advertised our entertainment. Some of the radio fans in our church set up the real radio, which we used for the last part of the program, but for the first part we faked a radio. By broadcasting with the use of a microphone upstairs in the choir loft, we arranged a splendid program which apparently came in on the radio.

A man and woman sat listening to the radio, and the usual dialogue took place. The man insisted upon "tuning-up" during the numbers most interesting to the woman, and she insisted upon talking in the middle of those which claimed the man's closest attention.

Among the various things picked up by the "otherwise" radio were the weather reports, stock reports, fashion notes, a piano recital, bedtime stories and a report on current topics.

It goes without saying that all these reports were written by members of the church and hit upon many things of local interest.

Very little time and effort was necessary in putting on this entertainment, as each part of the program was detailed to one person who was responsible for his particular bit. We sold tickets at thirty-five cents each, and, in spite of a very stormy night, we realized about fifty dollars.

AN "ALL THE TIME" BAZAAR

By CLARE WILSON
Medicine Hat, Alberta

THIRTY-THREE families, about half of whom lived on farms, comprised our pastor's flock.

It was an established custom for us to hold each Fall a fowl supper and bazaar ("buzaar," our worthy president called it). Our net profits had never exceeded ninety dollars. In reality there was always a deficit, for the value of the food and hand-work, all of which was donated, was not taken into account. The average cost of donations was about four dollars per family.

When the pastor announced one Sunday evening in October that the woman's auxiliary would meet Tuesday afternoon to plan for the annual supper and bazaar, it seemed that it was time to take the "buzz" out of the "buzaar" and adopt a scheme that was money-making instead of money-*taking*. When the auxiliary met, the following plan was presented:

First, that we drop the bazaar and supper for one year and ask each family to contribute three dollars in cash instead of food and hand-work, and that we establish an "all the time" bazaar in an unused room in my home. To this bazaar each woman might bring anything she wished to sell at any time during the year. To the cost of materials should be added ten per cent. to pay for labor and ten per cent. profit to be given to the church. The maker received the cost of material and labor. Each Saturday two members would take charge of the salesroom.

Our "all the time" bazaar was an unqualified success. Many unusual and unexpected articles were brought by men, women and children. Almost everything was promptly sold and many requests made for more. The members doubled their former contributions to the church and added to their own incomes.

A CENTURY CHEST

By MRS. WILLIAM KELLY
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

ON APRIL 22, 1913, the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Lutheran Church of Oklahoma City buried under the basement of the church a copper chest in a double concrete vault. The chest contained documents and articles of historical or timely interest and a message from the council of 1913 to the council of 2013. Among the things put into the chest were paintings of scenes in Oklahoma City, fashion plates, a hat, dress and shoes of 1913, phonograph records of three voices and a phonograph, the regular biennial message of the governor to the Legislature of 1913, the charter of the city of Oklahoma, a quilt containing seven hundred and twenty names embroidered in red thread on white cloth, and the signatures of the members of the Legislature of 1913, doctors, dentists, lawyers and business men and women.

A charge of one dollar was made for each signature and five dollars for messages and histories.

At the same time the chest was buried a small sum of money was placed in an Eastern bank at compound interest, to be paid to the First Lutheran Church, April 22, 2013.

At the burial of the chest, members of the church and their children took a vow to preserve it from all harm and to pledge their children and their children's children to see that it was unearthed on the morning of April 22, 2013, this vow to be repeated on the same date every year, and every tenth year an account of the contents of the chest to be published in the city papers.

After deducting the expense of the chest and its instalment, there was one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars left. Eight ladies worked three months, giving a part of each day to gather the contents.



It ruined her entire evening

SOMETHING that she had overheard quite by accident—several men talking about her when they didn't know she was near.

Surely this sort of thing couldn't be true of her—and yet she had heard them with her own ears!

She couldn't get home fast enough. Nor could she explain to her escort why she was so upset. She felt only like bursting into tears—which she did the moment she was alone.

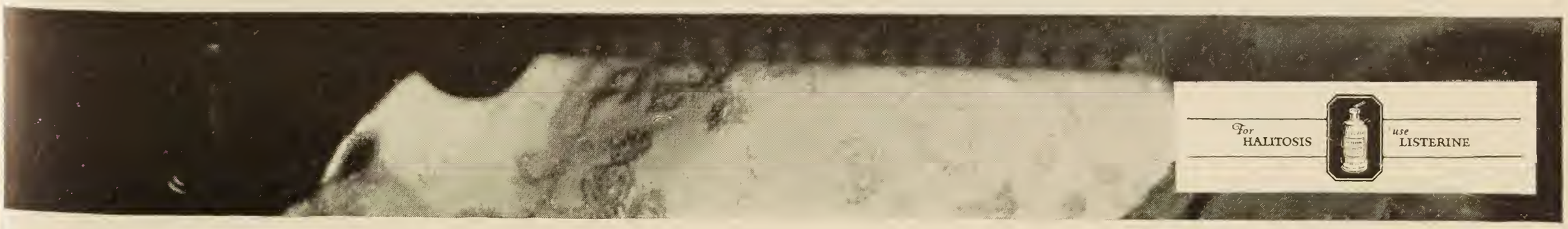
* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*





Fashion Period 1865 after an old Daguerreotype *Drawing by Edward A. Wilson*

When Grandmother was Young

With what loving care our grandmothers selected silk for a gown. Silk was a luxury then and they demanded of it not only beauty to delight the eye but a fine texture that critical fingers could approve.

Back in the sixties, grandmother chose Belding's Silks for the same reason you choose them now—because they possess the rare quality of *enduring beauty.*

Belding's are *pure dyed* silks, preserving all the strength of the original silk filament, and guaranteed to wear long and well without cracking or splitting.

No difference in price can compensate for your disappointment with poor silk—be sure to find the name Belding's in the selvage *before* you buy—whether it be for gowns, linings, or lingerie.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

Belding's

Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks

IT MATCHES



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 11

"Oh, my dear," her mother said, sighing and smiling, too, "that is utter nonsense! There is a wonderful and a beautiful love that comes with marriage——"

There was a great deal of this, all comforting to Rose. But after a while, when Cecy had gone, she said:

"But, mom, here's what worries me: I like Clyde of course, and so does every one else. But this is the thing: It seems to me I felt differently when—when Jack Talbot and I were—going together."

"Rosalind," her mother asked, troubled, "you don't still think about Jack?"

"Think about a man who married another girl a few weeks after he broke with me?" Rosalind asked in turn, bright hot color in her cheeks. "No! I detest him when I think of him at all!"

"To tell you the truth," said her mother, "I believe it was because neither you nor Jack was in serious earnest that you never worried about it. You may have had what you youngsters call a 'crush' on each other, but you never got as close to being married to him as you are to Mr. Bainbridge this minute! He's a man, Clyde Bainbridge, and Jack was never anything but a helter-skelter boy!"

"That might have been it," Rosalind admitted, struck.

"More than that," Mrs. Kirby pursued, "I wouldn't be too sure of Mr. Bainbridge, Rose. A few flowers and books are all very well, and natural, too, I'm sure, since you've been studying together so much, but that isn't like a serious offer of marriage by a good deal."

"No, of course not," Rose agreed, impressed with this view of the matter and the more inclined to think well of Clyde now that there was a lessened probability of her attracting him. She showed her mother the letter about Golden West Week.

"Oh, well, you see, he simply wants to go with the family!" Mrs. Kirby said in a relieved tone. "I don't think there's one thing in it, Rose, and I confess I'm glad!"

ROSE, a little piqued, consequently ignored the note until the following evening when she met Clyde at Miss Cartier's and could say, pleasantly casual:

"Oh, about Golden West Week: My mother said to tell you she would be delighted to have you with us at the barbecue, and to ask you if perhaps you would have dinner with us before the dance."

Clyde, who was adjusting his glasses to bend his attention to irregular verbs, gave her a somewhat whimsical smile.

"Why, but there's a public banquet, you know, at the Grand Opera House. Speeches and music and singing and all sorts of excitement!"

"Oh," Rose apologized, "and must you go?"

"Well—I hoped *you* would," he said, flushing a little.

Rose flushed brightly in her turn. This was unequivocal, this was not to be misconstrued. If Clyde Bainbridge took her to the chamber of commerce dinner, where all the Rogers and Terrys and Talbots would be gathered in full glory, her engagement to him would be tacitly admitted.

"Clyde," she said to him on the following Sunday, when they were driving up through the orchards and scattered oaks that rose to Summit Rock, "there's something I have to say to you, and I'm going to risk your not misunderstanding my saying it now. I was engaged to Jack Talbot a year ago, you know——"

He gave her an oblique glance.

"Yes, I knew that of course."

"He was the first—boy—I ever liked," Rosalind said slowly. "He met Edith Rogers—they hadn't seen each other for years. Both their mothers were mad to have them like each other——"

"Yes, I know that," Clyde assured her again as she paused. "The old man used to talk to me about it. He was extremely anxious not to have Jack marry—" Clyde hesitated. "You knew that?" he asked.

She had known it, of course. But she flushed crimson.

"They are all snobs," Clyde said, after a silence. "They have accepted me now—money talks, I suppose. But I remember the time when I went to Mrs. Talbot—she had known my mother—and asked her to use her influence with old Talbot in getting me my first job. She talked to me for an hour about the distinction of the family, and then said that she never interfered in business affairs. And a week later she was in Crossets with Jack when I waited on them—that was my first job, salesman in a candy-store—and she pretended not to know me."

"Typical!" Rosalind said briefly. "I wanted you to know," she persisted, after a moment, "that I—had cared—for Jack, and that our understanding—or engagement—or whatever it was—was broken by him. I don't—I don't imagine—that I will ever care, that way, for any one again!"

"Thank you," Clyde said quietly. "It's all crooked and twisted, isn't it?" he smiled presently. "I'm sorry, Rose. Sorry for you and sorrier—for me. But, wonderful as first love is, it isn't the whole story, you know."

THEY had reached the hilltop and now he stopped the car so that they might look down across the great stretch of the wonderful valley.

"There, that's the cemetery, Clyde, and the cypresses. And far up there is Sparrows beyond the poorhouse; and that's Allens', where that terrible double murder was when I was just a little girl!"

"Cheerful," he said, in his somewhat restrained, humorous manner. "The cemetery and the poorhouse and Sparrows, where the insane asylum is."

"Grandpa was at Sparrows for a while, you know," Rosalind confided suddenly. "Old Wittinger Talbot was driving the horse that ran away the day he had his accident. And Mr. Talbot was one of the board at Sparrows. They were terribly kind to grandpa, and afterward he was sent to Napa and to Agnews—they hoped there might be something done for him. No use! He came home again after four or five years of it, and to this day he has times of being perfectly terrified for fear they'll shut him up again. Did you know that he almost always sleeps out-of-doors, on the side-porch, or even right on the lawn behind the laurels where nobody can see him, rather than risk walls and locks again?"

"And has he always been like this, Rose?"

"Always exactly the same. Except that sometimes he gets excited, of course, and he'll think Ned is a stranger come in to spy on him, and all that. And once he threw a butcher off of the porch—the man was teasing Audrey's kitten, and Audrey was crying. Grandpa can't stand seeing any of us unhappy. That's the only time he really acts—queer. But I don't know that he's so badly off, Clyde," Rosalind finished thoughtfully. "He is very happy puttering about with Audrey and remembering the old days when he used to be rich and important. He used to go see old Mr. Talbot now and then, and he would talk of old times just as rationally as you could!"

"Probably more rationally," Clyde, watching her interestedly, conceded, smiling. "Does he keep old papers—documents—anything like that?"

"Oh, you know that old rubbish in his tin box! We've been over it a thousand times. But all grandpa's things were burned when his River Street office burned a few months after the accident. He still bemoans," Rose finished laughing, "the lost volume of the encyclopedia! You can get him talking about it any time!"

"Do you know he is still a most interesting old fellow to talk to?" Clyde said.

Rose shot him a friendly glance; a sudden, new feeling of compunction and doubt went through her. What satisfaction she could afford mom and Cecy and all of them at home, and what happiness she could give this kindly, intelligent, admirable man by just softening a little, by being a trifle more encouraging, a trifle less frozen and self-centered! If one man had proved irresponsible and cruel, why not learn from that bitter experience that the essential—the permanent relationship between two persons might be based upon something better than excitement and dreams?

Driving home in the lingering green sweetness of the Spring afternoon, Rosalind

Continued on page 62



Its ability to contribute to the daily life of her children, as well as to her own, is a feature the modern mother is quick to appreciate in the Ford Four-door Sedan.

It opens to her a precious participation in their busy affairs. With a Ford Closed Car she can share their good times and yet hold to the necessary schedule of her day.

She finds in it the qualities she desires most, and at a price extremely low in comparison with its high value. She enjoys driving it herself; and the children look forward eagerly to their rides with mother at the wheel.

Ford
CLOSED CARS



ALL of the foods in this simple home luncheon were prepared with this pure vegetable shortening from recipes furnished by Miss A. B. R., whose picture you see on this page. Miss R. is a New York cook who makes official tests of recipes for cook books. The recipe for Miss R's Orange Cake is given just below.

How this secret of more tempting foods came to *2,000,000* women

HE was a whimsical little foreigner who turned up one day years ago absorbed in an idea —a vague idea, untried and unproved. But he seemed so earnest and able, too, that we joined our resources with his time. During several years he made more than 1000 experiments under our direction.

At last our dream came true—we had originated an entirely new food ingredient—a most important contribution to American cooking.

This new ingredient was a rich, creamy shortening made from the pure, sweet oils of growing plants. Alone, it filled every shortening need —every cake making, baking and frying purpose.

Foods that tempt through the eye

Early tests by domestic science leaders, by well-known chefs and by hundreds of thousands of housekeepers revealed in Crisco unique advantages. Important among these was its ability to lend to foods an inviting, appealing appearance.

These expert, professional cooks and the housekeepers, too, noticed that, in deep frying, Crisco put a rich brown on croquettes and doughnuts. They noticed, also, that a Crisco fried egg looked as delicately delicious as a poached egg—the white unscorched around the edges—the yolk set like a full moon in an ivory circle.

Their Crisco cake layers came out of the pans whole, without any ragged little breaks to mar their beauty and with a wonderfully even texture. And Crisco pie crusts with their rich brown, even appearance added fresh laurels to many pie making reputations.

In a surprisingly short time Crisco was the chosen shortening in a million homes. Ever since women have been telling us in letters and in conversations that with Crisco foods the *seeing* is almost as much pleasure as the *eating*.

Compliments the postman brings

Some of these letters will, we believe, be as interesting to you as they are to us: An Iowa clubwoman writes: "You know, every community has its prize cake bakers and Mrs. Anderson is one of ours. Mrs. Anderson, of course, uses Crisco."

From Texas another friend writes: "My white loaf cake made with Crisco won a blue ribbon at the Southwestern Exposition held at Fort Worth in March."

A Mississippi lawyer sends a two page letter commenting on Crisco's wholesome digestibility and delicious cooking results. A New England doctor, speaking of the harmful effects of disagreeable cooking odors, says in part: "Crisco at proper frying heat does not smoke. It is, therefore, that I am obliged to prescribe its use."

A California woman tells us that on moving from the East she stored a can of Crisco with her household goods. When she finally did use the Crisco it was *three years old*, yet as sweet and fresh as ever.

In Cincinnati a housekeeper made some Crisco cookies in May, put part of them in the pantry and forgot all about them until December. The letter says, "We ate them and found them perfectly sweet and good."

After the most searching tests the domestic science department of a great western university issued a special bulletin which commended Crisco for frying, for shortening and for cake making.

2,000,000 women prefer it

You may have Crisco's help no matter where you live for grocers everywhere sell Crisco in sanitary cans of convenient size. Crisco, in fact, is the largest selling brand of shortening in America. Use Crisco, then, in all your own favorite recipes without any troublesome change of method or try it in the recipe printed on this page.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer:

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin) we will send you a special sample can of Crisco (containing full half pound) together with Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book containing scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes. Address Section F-2, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MISS R'S ORANGE CAKE

2 cupfuls sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
½ cupful milk
4 cupfuls flour
1 cupful Crisco
½ cupful orange juice
5 eggs
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder

Cream the Crisco and add sugar. Cream again. Add salt and well beaten eggs. Then add the orange juice. Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with milk. Beat well. Bake in layers.

FILLING

½ cupful sugar
⅔ cupful boiling water
1 egg
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
⅓ cupful orange juice
1 teaspoonful lemon juice

Mix sugar and cornstarch together in saucepan. Add boiling water and cook 10 minutes. Add Crisco. Pour over well beaten egg. Beat well and add orange and lemon juice.



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CURRIES AND OTHER SAVORY DISHES

By Alice Blinn and Gertrude M. McCheyne

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ALTHOUGH spices, herbs and condiments should never be used to cover up poor food or poor cooking, their right use in combination will add zest and give additional relish to good, wholesome foods. The wise use of these ingredients is often the secret of secrets among really good cooks of this country and is an art in which the best chefs of foreign countries excel.

The natural flavoring properties of foods stimulate appetite, create a desire for the food and in starting the flow of digestive juices are very real aids to digestion.

These condiments are used most frequently in the dried state. Many of them may be used green not only in cooking but as garnishes or relishes in salads. Success in their use lies in making the right combination of flavors rather than in any artful preparation, with the exception perhaps of curry, which requires careful cooking to develop the flavor.

One must always use restraint in the use of seasonings. Only enough should be used to develop the flavor of the food with which they are used.

In enlarging one's repertoire of seasonings, one finds new uses for condiments for which only one use had previously been discovered. For instance, the flavor of the bay-leaf is particularly good in all meat cooking and sauces as well as in vegetable and meat soups.

The leaves of dill are a flavorful addition to egg, cheese, meat, fish or chicken salads. They are often cooked with or used to garnish fish.

Fennel has a hot, sweet flavor. A few of the seeds add spice to pies and baked fruit. The leaves are often added to boiled fish.

Marjoram is used either green or dry for flavoring soups and ragouts and in the stuffing for all meats and fish.

Saffron in small quantities has a mild, pleasant flavor and good color. It is used to give a pale, yellow color to bread, cakes, sauces and confectionery.

Sage is familiar seasoning in poultry and meat dressings. It finds a wider usefulness in sausage, cheese and vegetable combinations or in curry dishes. Sage flowers are sometimes used in salads, particularly those made from cheese. Thyme and Summer savory have much the same use as sage. Savory combines particularly well with horseradish in sauces.

Tarragon leaves have a hot, pungent taste. They are used to flavor salad vinegars, but a few chopped leaves are also excellent in tartar sauce or added to pickled gherkins.

Sweet basil has a distinct flavor of cloves. It may be used in flavoring salads, certain meat and tomato soups, or in punches and other fruit drinks.

The use of caraway seeds in cooking includes baked fruits, cakes, breads, cheese and sauerkraut. Cardamom seeds have a flavor especially good in combination with honey.

The curry leaf is a native of India. It is a principle ingredient of curry powder, a condiment composed of pungent spices, chillies and tumeric. Curry powder is used in quantity as flavoring material. Few Americans know how delicious curried food can be, because few of them realize that curry powder must be thoroughly cooked, and cooked in a special way to bring out its full flavor.

Mace, which envelopes nutmegs, may be bought either in the blade form or ground into powder. It is used in soups, sauces, some pastries and pickles.

Chives, garlic, horseradish, peppercress, chervil and parsley are flavor plants used frequently in salad vegetable combinations and as garnishes. They could be used more frequently with advantage to cooking.

Mint is a pleasant addition to salads, fruit beverages, jellies, conserves, ices, iced tea and sauces for meats. The finely chopped leaves added to buttered carrots or peas or to apple dishes bring pleasure to the eating of these foods.

CURRY FOUNDATION SAUCE

1 medium-size onion
1 cup stock, broth or gravy
2 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons curry powder



The first step in making a savory curry is to fry an onion in butter. Then add the curry powder and stock and stir well

The one unvarying foundation for all curry consists of a medium-size onion sliced and fried a light brown in two tablespoons of butter. Stir in two level teaspoons of curry powder, add one cup of stock, broth or left-over gravy and stir in well. To this add one pound of any uncooked material that is to be curried and allow the whole to simmer very slowly until done. When cooked meat and boiled eggs are to be curried, let the curry foundation simmer slowly for fifteen minutes before adding the other ingredient. A sour apple peeled and diced is a pleasing addition, or a tablespoon of lemon-juice.

CURRIED RICE

¾ cup rice
1 teaspoon salt
1 quart water
Curry sauce

Wash three-fourths cup of rice until the water is clear. Drop slowly into one quart of boiling water to which a teaspoon of salt has been added. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes and then drain. Turn into a vegetable-dish and pour over it the curry sauce. Serve immediately.

CURRIED MEATS

Dice any uncooked meat, pork excepted, or chicken or other fowl. Add it to a curry foundation sauce, mixing it well. Pour the mixture into a stew-pan and simmer for two hours. If it seems dry, add stock to moisten. Serve on a flat platter with a border of rice cooked as above. Curried meats cooked in a casserole are delicious.

VEGETABLE CURRY

A pleasing change for the main dish of the meal is a curry of small new potatoes, peas, green beans and carrots. Leave the potatoes whole, cut the beans in slices, dice the carrots, and add the mixture to the curry foundation. Simmer in a stew-pan until tender.



Sweet basil has a flavor much like cloves. It may be used in flavoring salads and certain meat and tomato soups, as well as in fruit punches



Chives may be used in salads, sandwiches, omelets, meat and fish dishes



A few chopped leaves of tarragon add to the piquancy of tartar sauce



Chervil makes a more attractive garnish than parsley, but is not so lasting

CURRIED FISH

Fresh fish are curried whole. Select varieties containing a small amount of oil. Prepare the foundation curry, clean and skin the fish and lay them in the sauce. Allow the stock barely to cover the fish and simmer in an uncovered frying-pan until the fish is tender. Serve with slices of lemon and a border of rice or rice balls.

CURRIED SHELLFISH

Crabs, lobsters and other shellfish are excellent curried. Remove all meat from shell and claws and place it in the sauce. Simmer for one-half hour and serve in rice cups.

CURRIED EGGS

Remove a hot curry foundation from the direct heat and place in it hard-boiled eggs shelled and cut in quarters. Allow them to heat through and serve on a bed of rice garnished with parsley or watercress. This makes an excellent luncheon dish.

CURRY AND WHITE SAUCE

Curry sauce may be used in combination with white sauce. Make a medium white sauce and stir it into a curry to which half the usual amount of stock has been added. This may be served on rice, veal, cold fish or croquettes.

SAFFRON BREAD

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
⅓ cup saffron tea
⅓ cup chopped nuts
½ cup seeded raisins
1 egg
⅔ cup milk

Place one teaspoon of saffron in a cup, add one-third cup of boiling water and cover closely. Let this stand for twenty minutes, then strain and cool. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the nuts and raisins. Mix well. Add the beaten egg, the milk and the saffron tea. Beat thoroughly and turn into greased bread-tins. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

SWEET BASIL JULEP

2 tablespoons minced or chopped sweet basil
¾ cup sugar
Juice 2 lemons
Juice 1 orange
1 cup cold water
2 bottles ginger-ale
Cracked ice

Cover the minced leaves with the fruit-juice and sugar. Let stand for two hours. Add the water and the ginger-ale, thoroughly chilled. Turn into a pitcher over cracked ice.

HORSERADISH AND MUSTARD GREENS

Select an equal quantity of young tender mustard leaves and small leaves of horseradish. Look the greens over carefully and reject dry or discolored portions. Cook in boiling water in an uncovered kettle until tender. Just before the cooking is finished, add salt as required. When tender, drain and season to taste with pepper and butter and bits of bacon fried until crisp. Just before serving add one tablespoon of horseradish sauce to each pint of greens.

TARRAGON SAUCE

1 cup mayonnaise dressing
1 tablespoon finely minced tarragon
1 pimiento, minced
1 green pepper, minced
Onion-juice
1 tablespoon tomato catchup

Add the other ingredients to the mayonnaise and mix thoroughly.

PEPPERCRESS SANDWICHES

1 cup finely minced peppercress
½ cup cream cheese
1 tablespoon minced chives or onion
Mayonnaise dressing

Mix cress, chives and cheese and add salad-dressing to moisten or form a paste. Spread in a thick layer on thin buttered slices of Graham or white bread. Cut in any desired shape and pile lightly on a plate. Garnish with peppercress.



Film-Coats Are Combated

On a beauty's teeth

One great item in beauty is beautiful teeth. That is, teeth without dingy film.

You see them everywhere today. Millions now use a new teeth cleaning method. They constantly fight the film.

Make this test we offer. Learn how much this new way means to people who are dainty.

That cloud is film

You feel on teeth a viscous film. Under old brushing methods, much of it clings and stays.

Soon that film discolors to form dingy coats. Then teeth lose their luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people escape those troubles without fighting film.

Now you can do it

Dental science has found two ways to effectively fight film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring. Those methods were proved by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

That's why you see whiter teeth now where dainty people gather.

Pepsodent does other things essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing and digesting starch deposits. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect.

That brings a new conception of what clean teeth mean.



For careful men

But Pepsodent is not for women only. Men's teeth also glisten now. No man who knows will go a day without it. And dentists advise that children use it from the time the first tooth appears. Thus it is bringing to countless homes a new dental era.

Send coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. Cut out the coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 58

thought of all the women who had allowed one feverish youthful affair to blight all their lives, who lived unmarried, childless, purposeless, through the rest of their days, idealizing what was only ordinary clay and adding to a man's unimportant injustice a supreme and lifelong injustice of their own?

The happiest marriages were based upon liking, respect, community of interests, mutual friends. Why should Rosalind permit Jack Talbot to rob her of all the sweetest things of life?

"Good night, Clyde, and thanks for the lovely drive," she said, with a significant little air of friendliness he had never seen in her before, when they reached her door. "And—about what you said on the mountain—about first love not being the whole story. I know it isn't. I feel it more and more. And I'm not sure but what respect—and companionship—and liking might easily come to be the better thing!"

She had given him her hand and he still sat at the wheel, looking down at its brownness and smoothness and slimness with an odd smile in his eyes.

"You make me very happy, Rose," he said.

GOLDEN West Week passed in a blaze of glory. There were fireworks in the park on Monday night, and the "United Churches Community Supper" on Tuesday, and the minstrel show on Wednesday, and Thursday was "Bigger and Better Gates Mill Day," with pencil-selling for the district-nurse fund, and tagging for the orphanage, and with Bond's giving a souvenir with every dollar purchase, and Hellman making every hundredth sale free, large or small, with The Emporium handing out balloons to every child, "when accompanied," and the Palais Royal pinning an artificial rose, japonica or golden poppy upon the breast of every visitor. And on Friday came the governor, and there were speeches and a parade, with forty-seven decorated cars and floats, two bands, the Scouts and Campfire Girls, the Lions' Club, the W. C. T. U. with their white banner, and a score of lesser organizations, trailing after.

Rose, of course, was Columbia; Rose was always Liberty or Columbia. She had no reason, no defensible reason, for evading the responsibility this year.

And Rose was young, after all, loving excitement, thrilled by youth, pride, patriotism in all the stir of this gala week. She planned Audrey's costume, Cecy's costume; she got out the gold paper crown and the cheesecloth of her own robes. And buying pink stockings and rouge and gold paper at Bond's, she met all the world laughing and excited over similar purchases and felt the happy contagion of the whole town's exultation.

The sun shined and the great trees softly moved their heavy canopies of green; girls gathered whispering and giggling in the deserted rooms of the grammar school and dressed and laughed and streamed forth to form ranks; music blew about street corners; boys shrilled on horns and every train and trolley was packed with perspiring family groups, which descended, shook themselves apart, divided baskets, babies and the quivering hands of the smaller children and plunged into the river that was moving to and fro upon the sidewalks of what was known as the "Line of March."

"Look at Jack Talbot as Labor!" said Agnes Parrott, who, homely, raw-boned, efficient, had taken it upon herself to see that all the properties of the Liberty float were assembled. "I call that pretty good!" added Agnes, indulgently scornful.

Rosalind's heart stood still. She had seen him occasionally, of course, in the last few months, but only as she had seen him in the office of the flour-mill when there were others about and they had no opportunity to speak to each other. The Talbot family was in mourning; Jack and his young wife had taken almost no part in last Winter's social life, even if Rosalind's circle had been the one in which they moved. And she no longer worked in the offices of the iron-works; so that the old daily habit of catching a glimpse of him, at least, had long ago joined the company of all the other things that made last year seem so unreal when she remembered it.

"Hello," said Jack, coming up. "My Lord, isn't it hot?"

They were all under the big locust-tree in the side yard of the grammar school waiting for the signal to start. Motor cars smothered in flags and bunting and flowers were coming and going; the spangled, socked, fluffy-headed children of the Bette Babies float were threading a mass of anxious, hard-working women whose mouths were full of pins and tacks and dangling string, and of oily, perspiring, dirty men who tinkered with engines, crawled under cars and wiped everything within reach with bunched handfuls of dirty cotton.

"Look, Rose, the sheep acrost in Miller's Field are eatin' just like it was evvy day!" said little Audrey Kirby to her sister wonderingly.

Rose, who had made a seventh descent from the float, bent her exquisite flushed face to lay it against the lean little freckled one and laughed.

"Do you hear her?" Rose said, raising eyes brimming with love and mirth. "She says that Miller's sheep are eating just as usual!"

It was to Jack Talbot that she spoke: they were face to face and addressing each other for the first time since that August day when he had come to find her in Old Mill Lane and had left her a crushed and broken and silent creature staring into a future that seemed unbearable with lack-luster eyes. Rosalind had often wondered how it would be when they met again.

Jack wore a red shirt, loose corduroy breeches, a broad hat and carried a pick. His companions were all more picturesque: a cowboy, a miner, a Spanish padre, a rancher in nail-studded leather and belled hat. But he was splendid nevertheless: lean, young, tall, with a burnt-brown throat and muscular brown arms bared.

"What did she say?" he asked, of Audrey.

"She was surprised to see Miller's sheep calmly eating grass on parade day!" Rose answered easily.

Jack burst into the laugh she remembered so well. He wiped his wet forehead with a red handkerchief. "Say, isn't this broiling?" he demanded.

"Ah, but it's a wonderful day!" Rose said, looking up at the moving layers of green above them and into the enameled blue of the sky. "I love it—celebrating!" she said, giving him a full, serious look from the eyes that were so exquisitely blue under their dark lashes. "I love—Gates Mill," Rose finished.

"This jay place, with nothing but webfoots in it, where your father and mine, for no earthly reason, decided to settle, instead of a decent town like San Francisco or Los Angeles," was the way Edith, his wife, usually put it. Edith was not in the parade today; she said that she and his mother might go down to the bank window and watch it, if it wasn't too awfully hot and that ghastly crowd on River Street didn't make it impossible to get anywhere. She supposed he would have to go to the barbecue to-morrow, and they both would have to be at the banquet, but, thank goodness, they could get out of the dance, and then the whole horrible week, that brought a lot of horrible steaming people to Gates Mill, would be over for another year!

BUT Jack had a man's affection for the little town that had been his home and his father's before him and it seemed sweet to him to-day to have Rose Kirby, glorious as Columbia, stoop to kiss her silly little sister, raise those wonderful eyes of hers so contentedly to the sky and say so pleasantly: "I love Gates Mill."

"You seem—just a part of it yourself!" he said, not knowing quite what he was trying to express and making a gesture that included the encircling slopes of the foothills, and the scented, dreaming fields dotted with spreading oaks.

"Rose," said Clyde Bainbridge, coming up to her—"good morning, Jack; pretty warm clothing for this weather—Rose," he resumed, "your mother said to tell you that Mr. Bond had offered her and Miss Connor seats right in front of the town hall and she'll wave to you from there. And Ned's driving the Chinese float—tickled to death, he wanted you to know! And the arrangement is that I come for you all to-morrow at half-past ten——"

Continued on page 64

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(*In circle, right*)
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(*Above, to left*)
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(*Above*)
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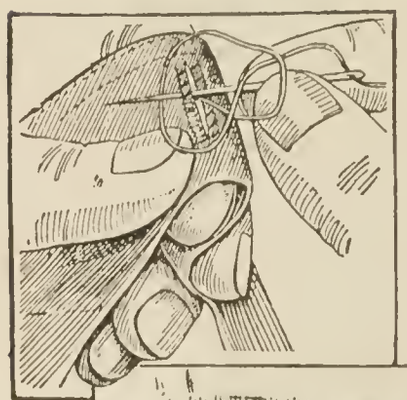
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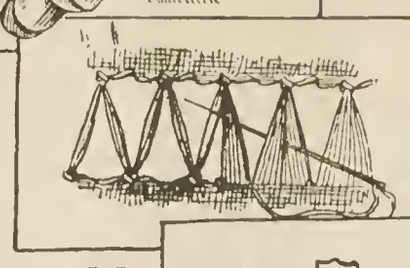
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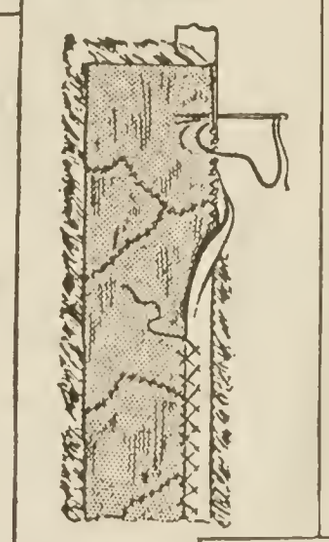
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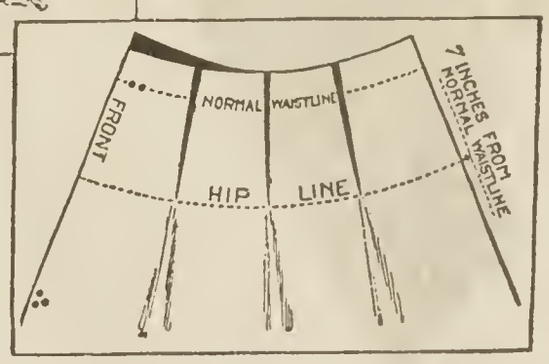
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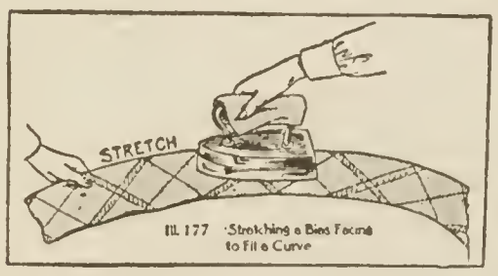
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 62

"Which does *not* mean ten-thirty-one!"

"Now, look here—you have an idea that I was mad about your sister being late that night—" Jack heard Clyde begin explaining, as he and Rose moved a few feet away and continued their conversation in lower tones. And then the National Guard was in line, and after some thrilling throbbing of drums the music struck up and the big motors rumbled into their places.

Rosalind's chariot when she climbed into it was, as usual, somewhat shaky. She and her accompanying graces, Peace, Industry, Prosperity, Liberty, got into gales of laughter as they disposed their draperies and assumed the correct attitudes. Columbia was standing, the others grouped at her feet. A mane of burnt-gold hair fell over her shoulders, her youthful body was womanly beauty incarnate under the simple robe, the young firm breasts lifting the thin white folds, one knee raised, with the bare, white ankle and the sandaled foot exposed and one arm flung high behind her head to catch the coarse, heavy folds of the glorious flag that made a background for the exquisite glow and color of America's girlhood. Rose's other hand was spread across the bound ribbons on her breast, her eyes were serious, uplifted, her mouth half-smiling.

"It isn't bunk!" she said to Idaline Snyder, whose coppery locks shone beside the great shield she steadied with a full white arm. "I do—I like this sort of thing. "I—I like to be an American!"

"I never thought of being anything else," Prosperity, in the person of little Dora Ribaud, said, wide-eyed. Dora would presently wipe her eyes when the Better Babies float passed them on its way into line and when the band played "Maryland."

ALL along River Street drooping onlookers brightened and braced. Far away still—just a faint piping and stir blocks away under the big trees and under the bunting and flags that hung so still in the hot morning air—yet they were really coming at last!

"They said ten-thirty, and it's only twenty minutes to twelve!" said voices. "Pretty good!"

"We're going to miss it anyway; let's go back!" said Edith Talbot disgustedly at the edge of the crowd, despairing of pushing her way through to the comfortable shaded space that awaited her in the bank's big window. "Don't Rose Kirby make the grandest Columbia!" said a hundred affectionate voices.

The slow motion of her chariot stirred just enough of a breeze to lift the soft tendrils of hair about Rose's damp forehead; she was smiling a little, but entirely in her part. She stood to-day for a personality all goodness, all bigness, all hospitality to a despondent world—she opened her arms to-day to the crushed and hungry and long-abused nations of Europe; she said: "Here is gold, work, friendship; here is liberty and justice for you! Your own countries make you slaves! Come and be men in mine!"

"Oh, thus be it ever, when free men shall stand—" blared the band, and Rose felt the tears pricking behind her solemnly uplifted eyes. And in her heart an odd little tingling ache, familiar for many months, was stilled and satisfied. She had met Jack Talbot, met him casually and easily. If there had been honors in this first encounter, they were hers.

But Jack, shirted, barethroated, holding his pick, had not so happily escaped from the meeting. He stood perfectly still, staring after her, when she moved away, and even after the beginning of the parade was actually in motion he still stood in the heat and stir and noise staring absently after her.

"Jack, for the Lord's sake, what's the big idea?" said Fred Rogers. "They're waiting for you! Get a move on!"

Almost dazedly, Jack moved toward his place. Rose, kissing little Audrey, looking skyward, happy that Ned and mom were happy—Rose, so easy, so friendly with her "Clyde" and her plans for to-morrow——

"I hope he's in love with her and they get married," Jack tried to think, settling himself against a boulder made of fruit-boxes covered with iron-gray silicia. But the idea was painful; he wanted Rose to marry happily, of course, but not yet. Not Clyde Bainbridge, anyway.

But it was only the next day at the barbecue that he heard of their engagement. He stood stricken when he heard it, his eyes dazed for a minute and his mouth dry and the palms of his big hands wet. Rose Kirby and Bainbridge!

It was another burning day. The sun beat down steadily upon the clustered oaks and madrone-trees under whose shade the picnic tables were set. The ground here was trampled clean and bare and strewn with picnic-baskets buried in coats and grouped neatly with vacuum bottles, cameras and the hand-bags containing the necessities of small children.

Here and there a conscientious little couple started a small twig fire to heat a bottle, or a young woman, with a watching friend on the alert for male intruders, nursed her baby peacefully, her back against a tree bole. Elderly women, oily-skinned in the heat, wearing gray or chocolate percales made and laundered by their own hands and black straw hats adorned with flowers, opened cardboard boxes, wiped fruit and cut sticky layer-cakes, looking about for recipients maternal to all boys. "Here, take it, then, you howling Injuns, and kill yourselves. Travel now, Tom Willis; you've had two pieces. Mis' Burns didn't make this cake for you boys to stuff!"

"Thought 'twasn't going to get made at all, the way that oil-stove of mine cut up," Mrs. Burns would perhaps confess, laying sliced ham rapidly upon paper plates.

"Notice Clyde Bainbridge with the Kirbys all day?" the other woman might ask.

"Say, ain't that funny? You don't suppose——?"

"Well, I just do. I think somebody isn't going to spend her life crying her eyes out for spilt milk. I hope Rose Kirby gets him—I really do. There isn't a sweeter and prettier girl in town, if he is one of the big bugs!"

IT WAS just some such gossip as this that Jack Talbot heard, confirmed a few minutes later by a second and then by a third scrap. And more than all confirmed by the sight he had only to turn and glance up toward the woods to see—the sight of all the Kirbys picnicking, idling, talking in the shade of a group of maverick pines, and Clyde Bainbridge with them.

They were staying rather by themselves, the plump, pleasant-mannered, rather pathetically pretentious mother; the frankly sleepy, frankly greedy young son who lay with his head in her lap; the magnificent old grandfather, with his flowing beard of milky white; monkeyish little Audrey biting hard olives; Cecy, a saucy Gipsy in a red hat and a skimpy little white dress with a red midshipman's tie, and Dory Barker in attendance; and lastly Clyde and Rosalind—Rosalind as lovely as the English heroine whose namesake she was had ever been under other great trees in another land. She was unpacking a basket; she was pouring coffee; she was looking over at her mother, up into Clyde's face; she had given her old grandfather a kiss with the sandwich she handed him; she had halted Audrey to tie the draggled string of the child's scuffed little Oxford.

There was a shadowy, lacy black hat upon her shining hair and her dress was black and lacy, too. Jack knew the dress; she had often spoken of it to him as "my old lace." Old indeed it must be, but it looked cool and thin and charming to-day in the quivering heat.

He never thought of himself as loving her, or having loved her, or as regretting that she was lost to him. It seemed to him that what had happened happened to other persons, actuated by motives he could not even remember, and long, long ago. His whole world had changed: his father was dead, and Bainbridge was managing the iron-works, and he was married to Edith Rogers.

Just why life should seem so totally different a thing to-day from what it had a year ago he tried to puzzle out to his own satisfaction as he moved about playing the part of a public-spirited citizen and helping to make the barbecue a success. In the first place, he reminded himself for the thousandth time, he must be happy because he had everything in the world to make him so.

He had Edith, his wife, to begin with.

Continued on page 67



SUN-MAID BREAD PUDDING—*2 cups bread crumbs; 1 qt. scalded milk; ¼ cup sugar; 3 tablespoons butter; 2 eggs; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins. Soak bread in milk, cool; add sugar, butter, beaten egg yolks, salt, vanilla and raisins. Bake 10 minutes in slow oven. (Cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons of sugar; brown and serve with maple sauce)*



The Cinderella of desserts acquires a magic goodness

RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed seeded or seedless, in cartons ready for use

FAMOUS old B. P.! In its plainest guise, one must confess, a rather humble sort among desserts. And yet—

Make it once according to the recipe above! Fill it with big, plump, juicy Sun-Maid Raisins, rich with the stored-up sunshine and the full, fine flavor of the clustered grapes. Add a touch of meringue. Serve it with a maple or vanilla sauce . . . .

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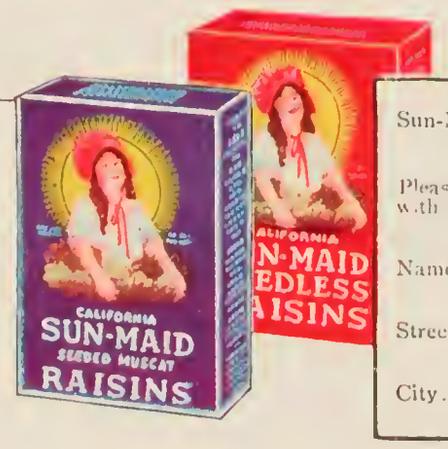
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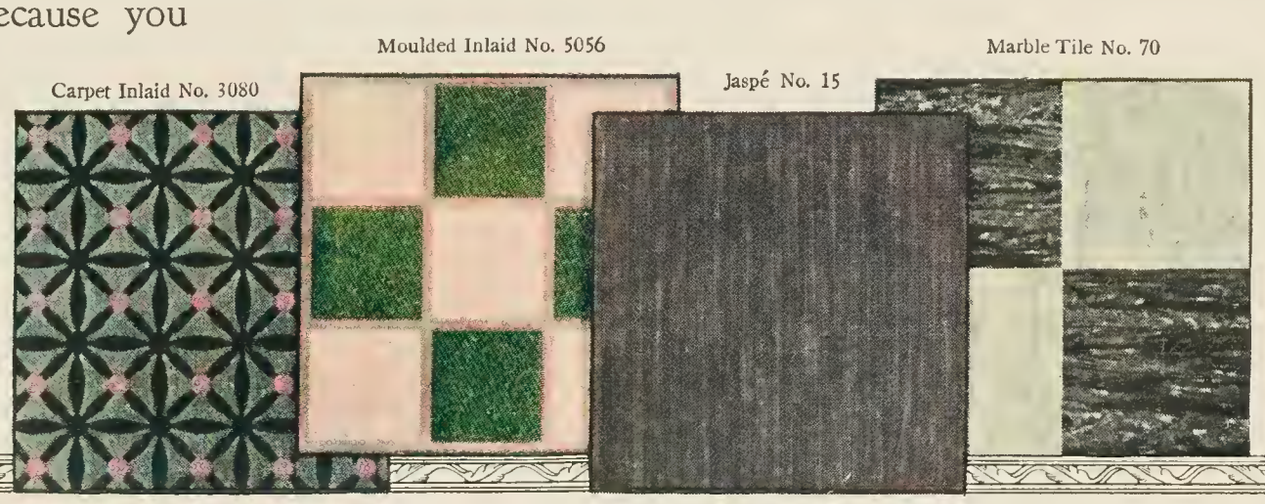
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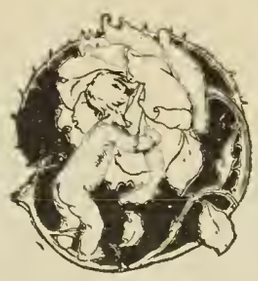
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ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 64

And as Jack came to her name he was conscious of experiencing something like a spiritual full stop. She was an ideal wife, every one told him.

Well, then, the fault must be his. Jack had long before this come humbly and philosophically to the conclusion that whether it was or not, what readjusting and what adapting must be done to make their marriage a success would be done by him. Edith quietly, positively, finally, refused to acknowledge deficiencies—even of the most trivial type—on her part and at the slightest criticism or opposition would create with premeditated passion a scene that disrupted their relationship for days.

"When you will make a full and complete apology," she would stipulate smoothly as a prelude to peace overtures. Jack came to loathe the phrase. There was no arguing with her; she knew neither heart nor reason, and hence she had the advantage of a man who was not only instinctively just, but who genuinely longed for affection and peace.

He had naturally made her happiness his first consideration during the early days and weeks of their marriage; he found now, with concern, that nothing would dislodge her from the center of his universe. What Edith wanted, whether Edith would be cross or not, how Edith would take this piece of news or that and what her attitude to him and the rest of the world was at any given moment came to occupy with a painful and constant agitation his entire heart and mind.

JACK tried to imagine, sometimes, what unmarried men worried about. What had he worried about a year ago? His mother had seen to his laundry and tailor, his father had honored his checks, he had gone out if he felt like going out or remained at home to read, doze, play with the bull-dog, start the phonograph or do any other thing that seemed good to him.

Edith Rogers had just a name then—a girl at an eastern school who had rather amused him at Christmas by sending him a saucy card. She didn't forget him, then? She was a "darned cute kid," had been his summary of Edith Rogers.

Now, irrevocably, horrifyingly, alarmingly, she was not only in his life but in his room, a small, slim, cool-eyed creature who had the right to demand full explanation from him regarding his habits, his extravagances, his actions—his very thoughts!

She sometimes angered him, she often amazed and shocked him, but more often and more sinister than all she almost always wearied and bored him. Sometimes he thought he would die of sheer boredom as her voice went on and on, following him about the house, questioning, interrupting, harassing.

She was jealous, exacting, curious; she was something of an egotist, a good deal of a snob, ignorant and complacent; she was restless and dissatisfied; she was erratically and alternately loving and cold, playing upon these moods as readily as a painter plays with colors. All this—and still, to the world, she was the "ideal" wife, charming little Edith Rogers, rich, of good position, only nineteen, whose "friends and code and social circle and ideals and traditions are all yours, Jackie," his mother had reiterated over and over again. She would have "something" some day; she was extraordinarily clever about tennis and golf and bridge and the piano and a thousand things, and the "families had been friends for generations!"

All true. But, Jack mused, heart-sick, what of it? All these things were words—words, words, words. They represented, at best, assets on Edith's side of the ledger. If she had made a good marriage at eighteen, all the better—one more feather in the little cap she wore so arrogantly.

But where did he come in? Was he to have forty years, fifty years, of playing audience to this undeveloped child, who used him in her scheme exactly as she used the riding-horse to whom she loved to feed sugar from her bare palm, holding crop and gauntlets in the other hand meanwhile as she looked about for an audience?

He could not reach her, he could not touch her, she evaded him everywhere with a pat little phrase, or tears, or fury.

She liked to go to dinner-parties and exhibit her handsome young husband. She loved her new name, her new estate. She told his mother and hers whatever seemed to her picturesque and pretty about Jack, entirely regardless of its truth or untruth.

"Jack flew into one of his rages," she would say pleasantly at her father's dinner-table, "and just tore about the room. But when I explained to him that it was *little* Dicky Terry I kissed, and not big Dicky, he did look so deliciously foolish!"

"Jack talks very little about his father," Jack overheard her telling Sally Pottle, "but it was the one deep love of his life. 'My father was my pal, Edith,' he said to me. And did you know, Sally, that he went out and lay on his father's grave for *nights* after Mr. Talbot died?"

"Oh, for gracious sakes!" said Sally, thrilled.

Jack, stewing inside at the hall telephone and not knowing exactly what attitude best became the eavesdropper, missed the next question. But he heard Edith say, with a sigh: "*Terribly!* He's jealous even of mama—imagine! He hates me to kiss Tootsy——"

UPON this occasion Jack had decided to reproach his wife when they were next alone.

"What'd you fill Sally Pottle up with that junk for?" he had asked, with a good-humored air.

Edith's eyes had flashed dangerously.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, about dad—and me—and my being jealous of the pup——"

She had actually paled. Then she had tossed back the hair that was drying on her shoulders, given him a dagger look, and said in a breathless anger:

"You listened—to my conversation—with Sally?"

"Had to. I was right there at the telephone."

"Never mind where you were! You deliberately listened to my talk with Sally Pottle——"

"I had called Sacramento——"

"Jack, please don't try to digress. This—this may be much more important than you think. Our—our happiness may depend on what you say," Edith, pale, resolute, menacing, had pursued.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" he had ejaculated, scornful yet half-indulgent too. And inwardly he had said, as he was so often to say, to himself: "Oh, Lord, why did I start this?"

"Jack, I *will* have an answer!" Edith had exclaimed, panting. "You—you must tell me. You didn't—you *couldn't* have listened there to what I was saying to my most intimate friend——"

"Oh, shucks!" Jack had exclaimed at this point, opening his book.

Sweeping across the room, Edith had snatched it from him, a dramatic little fury in her cotton kimono, with her dangling, still wet strands of hair.

"Answer me, Jack. Just yes or no. Did you listen or didn't you?"

He had reached for a magazine, shrugged, smiled, opened it and regarded it blindly.

"So—" Edith had said slowly, looking at him in a long silence and enjoying herself, as he well knew, immensely. "So—*that's* the sort of man I've married? An eavesdropper! A man who has not the slightest rudiments of good breeding." And she had begun to walk up and down the room, her arms folded, her mane jerking with the quick jerking of her head. "Oh, I know—I grant you," he had heard her say, "we Rogers are a hot-tempered lot. We fight like cats and dogs, we're Gipsies—but we do play the game. We keep to our code, and we don't lie, and we don't *cheat!* We play the game——"

This for some time. Then Edith had dressed her hair carefully, humming lightly as she sat at her dresser.

"Ede," Jack had finally said, with a great air of casual good-nature and something like a yawn, "aren't the Raymonds calling for us at one? It's twenty minutes of——"

There was superb silence at the dresser, except that she went on humming. She had pressed one of the smooth folds of her mouse-colored, fine hair close to her temple, leaned forward to get the effect and faintly shrugged.

Continued on page 68

Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.



BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by every one.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children
—Fine for Men



Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



The care of the cuticle is the basis of well groomed nails

The way Beauty Experts keep the cuticle smooth

HOW exquisite her hands look, the nails gleaming like jewels in the softest, smoothest rim of cuticle.

Have you wondered just what beauty experts do to get the soft, smooth nail rim that baffles you? Some of the smartest beauty shops in New York say they use Cutex. And Cutex is so easy to use and so quick that thousands of women have learned how to give themselves this same lovely manicure.

Cutex makes everything for the manicure. Its polishes are wonderful for a lovely lustre. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliance almost instantly. For a very high polish use Cutex Liquid Polish. There are also Cake and Paste polishes. Cutex has complete manicure sets for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Each article separately is 35c. At drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Experts at the Terminal Salons in the Waldorf-Astoria, Pennsylvania Hotel and the Knickerbocker, say:

"Cutex is the best thing we know of for giving that rim of smooth unbroken cuticle, essential to well groomed hands. It softens and shapes the cuticle and is the safest way to remove particles of dead skin. We rely on it, too, for bleaching the nails."

Miss Dorothy Gray, Fifth Avenue's famous specialist, says:

"Cutex is particularly invaluable to me because it is absolutely safe.

"American hands are the best groomed in the world. To Cutex must be given a large part of the credit. It has been teaching so steadily the loveliness of well kept nails that no one wants to be without them."

The Wilfred Academy says:

The Wilfred Academy, which trains over fifteen hundred manicurists each year, says: "We train all our students to use Cutex. It is the safest and most satisfactory way of caring for the cuticle. It removes dead cuticle quickly and easily, and gives a rim of soft, even skin."

Introductory Set—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial size of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cutide Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. D-2, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. D-2
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. box)

City_____ State_____



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 67

"Do you realize what time it is, dear?"

"Perfectly. But you see I'm not going!"

"My heaven, Ede, you've got to go! It's an old engagement."

"I haven't *got* to do anything, as you'll very soon find out, Jack Talbot. Kindly don't address me again, unless you are ready to make a full and complete apology——"

She was perfectly capable of refusing to appear when the Raymonds arrived, he knew. She was probably calmly preparing for a scene, tears, sobbing. He was faced either with that and with giving talkative and suspicious Mrs. Raymond an opportunity to say that the young Talbots fought terribly already—or he could apologize. It was much the easiest way. He wasn't going to keep this sort of thing up forever, but until there was an open split it was much better not to get people talking.

"Now, listen, dear. If I hurt your feelings, I'm sorry—I really am——"

"You are not in the least sorry," the cool, inflexible little voice had said, as it said invariably at this point.

"Yes, I am, Edie, truly."

"All right," she had conceded lifelessly.

It was only in the very early days of their marriage that this reconciliation had brought her into his arms. She was not affectionate; she was already weary of embraces. "Please—" she would say patiently, under his kisses. "I hate this *mushiness!*"

JACK told himself that he had expected occasional storms, with calm to follow. But there were already whole days—whole weeks, when just to keep her pacified, to listen, agree, feign interest, accept her reservations and indifferences constituted the gist of his marriage with his wife.

Ten minutes later on this particular day she had been coquettish and prettily proprietary with him, for the benefit of the pleased and indulgent Raymonds. No, she wanted to sit next to her own husband—because he was all the husband she had——"

"You two are certainly a wonderful pair of lovers!" Judge Raymond had said, in middle-aged approval. "I declare, you make us folks envy you!"

"Yes, but now I'm just going to give Jackie *one* kiss, and then act just exactly as if we'd been married twenty years!" Edith had said, suiting the action daintily to the word and slipping her firm, hard, boyish little hand into Jack's as she placed herself next to him in the motor-car.

"I just think it's wonderful," his mother said sometimes, "after all our planning, that they should be so exactly suited to each other!"

"Edith went all the way to San Francisco with Amy and Fred to get just the right rug for Jack's birthday present," Edith's soft, fat, good-natured mother told her friends, with sentimentally filling eyes.

"You've got a mighty sweet little girl there, my boy," her father sometimes reminded him.

The farce of it—the utter, empty absurdity of it, Jack would reflect, almost dazed by the difference between the appearance and the truth. How could he possibly follow her rapid changes from fierce criticism, from petty selfishness and childishness, to archness and affection again? There was no moment when he could be simple, honest, happy in her company.

"Do you love me, Ede?" he might ask her, when his mother had considerately left them on the big davenport before the fire on a rainy evening.

"Please—Jack—you've caught my hair on your cuff-button——"

"Sorry. But isn't this kind of fun, Pussy, you and me here before the fire?"

"I suppose I'd feel it more if it were *my* house. But I never do feel that, Jack, and of course I never will! It's your mother's house. Amy thinks I'm awfully silly not to take a stand about it, but I say that the first move ought to come from your mother. She says I'm too generous about it, and I say I *want* to be. But it is hard, Jack, just being a bride and wanting my own little ways and my own friends. Now, I can have any one I want in here, of course—the girls for lunch, and all that! But it isn't the same. You see that, don't you? Please pay attention, Jack—I hate that silly kind of kissing——"

"But you do love me, Pussy?"

"I don't know whether it matters if I do or not, when you treat everything I say with such utter indifference! You mortified me to death to-day when Bozzy was taking my picture, acting the way you did!"

"Well, it seemed to me so silly, being taken stepping into that aeroplane with all that rig on, when in the first place you won't fly and in the second place I wouldn't want you to!"

"Because I wanted to send it to Billy Davenport, for a joke!"

"Well, with every one looking on, and you and Bozzy making so much noise and attracting so much notice, it seemed to me silly!"

This was what Jack might want to say. But long before they had passed six months as man and wife, he knew better than to say it. He had felt himself developing, changing, accepting this bitter hour of discipline and that moment of forced and almost unbearable silence. The Jack who had raced about in the gray car, who had loitered at the Kirbys' gate in Old Mill Lane, who had been accustomed to ask serious, luminous-eyed Rosalind, "Do you have to get bread to-night?" when he drove her home from the iron-works, was dead.

BUT to be close to Rosalind again, the Rosalind who was also Columbia, exalted, rapt and yet so humanly amused at her own emotions, this Columbia who could descend from her heights to be glad that her mother had good seats for the parade and that her small brother was happy as a driver, stirred Jack oddly. He watched her all day throughout the barbecue, lovely, busy, friendly, ready to laugh with any uninteresting old woman or pick up any squalling, damp, bewildered stumbling baby. And toward the end of the hot afternoon, when the Kirby party bundled itself neatly into Clyde Bainbridge's car and drove away without even a farewell glance for him, he felt suddenly blank almost to sickness.

Edith was lying down when he got home at five o'clock.

"Gracious, Jack, how hot and dirty you look, you poor boy! Do get a bath before dinner!"

He was hot and dirty and the words irritated him. What else could be conceivably do but take a bath? But he showed nothing.

"Been asleep?"

"I was until you banged the door. I wish—" she paused.

"Wish what?"

"Never mind; it'll only make you mad."

"I didn't bang the door, if that's what you mean. It's standing wide open."

"The screen door wakened me, if you insist upon my saying it."

"I don't insist upon your saying it or anything!"

But this last was *not* one of the things he said. He removed his shoes and flung himself down upon his own bed without speaking.

"Jack, please don't rumple that cover. Please take it off. If you knew the *trouble* I take to keep the place looking decent. You go to these ridiculous things," pursued Edith, in her smooth, cool young voice, "and get yourself simply exhausted and then come home and expect me to sympathize with you! I don't see why you go. You don't have to!"

"I do have to. I'm on the entertainment committee!"

"Well, you don't have to be on the entertainment committee," Edith said, buffing her nails.

"No," said Jack, goaded out of silence at last, "and I don't have to make my living, or keep in with my community, or eat my dinner—if you come to that!"

A long silence. Then Edith said icily: "I really fail to see—I may not be clever—but I really fail to see why you should come home and be rude to me!"

Jack was silent in turn, fussing and plunging at his pillow. He tried to hook the thin silk comforter into a complete cover for his long form; it slipped, hitched, slid to the floor. With a long sigh he sat up, reached for it and scrambled under it again. Edith would never let him rest without covering.

"Your brother Fred is on the entertainment committee," he reminded Edith finally,

Continued on page 70

A Tooth Paste that Helps the *Natural* Cleaning Processes of the Mouth

Temporary cleaning cannot keep back decay unless the mouth glands are protecting the teeth

Few people realize how inadequate are the present methods of caring for the teeth.

Even though you brush your teeth thoroughly several times a day, you cannot keep back the chief cause of decay—the mouth acids.

These acids are forming all of the time. Unless they are neutralized they slowly eat into the enamel.

The alkaline fluids from the mouth glands should flow so freely that they would neutralize the acids as fast as they form. This would give your teeth constant, sure protection.

But the mouth glands have become so weak they no longer send forth enough fluids to neutralize the acids, because our present diet does not exercise the glands the way tough foods did.

As a consequence, instead of being washed all day by the alkaline fluids of the mouth—our teeth are today immersed in an acid bath.

In addition to cleansing the teeth thoroughly

You can gently stimulate the glands to return to their natural protective work by using Pebeco. In addition to cleaning the teeth thoroughly, Pebeco has an invigorating effect on these very processes that have slowed down.

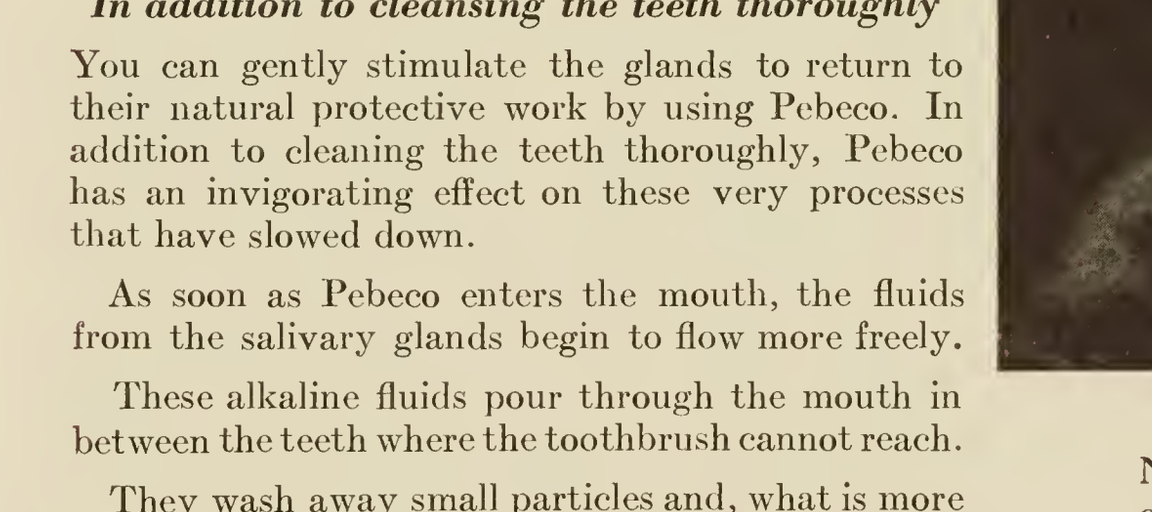
As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from the salivary glands begin to flow more freely.

These alkaline fluids pour through the mouth in between the teeth where the toothbrush cannot reach.

They wash away small particles and, what is more important, they neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, tingling condition—your gums, your palate—the entire oral cavity. Some physicians say its tonic effect extends even to the tonsils.

Pebeco is manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. 50c at all druggists.



Free Offer



Photographs by Alexander A. Brown

Nothing is more attractive—nothing is more indicative of good breeding—nothing is more vital to your health—than sound, shining teeth. Pebeco cleans your teeth thoroughly. It leaves your mouth in an invigorated, revitalized condition. It keeps the entire mouth cavity healthy and self-protecting and with proper dental attention—will preserve your teeth—strong, white and beautiful.

Send coupon today for free sample tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc.,
Dept. B-1, 635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco and your booklet which explains the importance of the mouth glands in keeping the mouth healthy and the teeth white and strong.

Name.....

Address.....



Even deep-seated pain must yield

The relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. This treatment rouses the brain to send to the pain-ridden tissues the new blood that is needed to heal them

THAT pain that is nagging away at you—there's nothing you wouldn't do to be free of it—whether it be the acute pain of rheumatism, or the dull ache of lame muscles. But nothing seems to do it much good: it's so deep down—so hard to reach.

Yet the relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. Anyone you ask, almost, can tell you a remedy that has for years brought such unfailing comfort to sufferers from all kinds of muscular pain that it is now as widely known, as generally used as the telephone.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, *it can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is recurrent,* it probably indicates the presence of disease germs. The fresh blood that Sloan's sends to the affected spot carries the very elements that alone have the power to destroy germs. If the pain is due to overexertion, to a sprain, or a bruise—it means that muscle fibres have been injured. The fresh blood supplies the materials that alone can repair the damage.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Just pat it on gently—no rubbing is necessary. Immediately you feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*

ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 68

sitting hot and weary on the edge of his bed.

"Oh, Fred's wonderful!" Edith commented, with one of those sublime irrelevances that absolutely bewildered her husband. "We Rogers are funny," she added amusedly. "We fight like cats and dogs, I'll admit. But when it comes to loyalty——"

"You certainly fight like cats and dogs," Jack conceded, rolling over. He could feel her steely look boring into his back.

There was a rap at the door. They looked at each other.

"Your mother!" Edith breathed impatiently. "I really *do* think it is asking a good deal of me—! Who is it?" she asked loudly.

"It's mother, children!" Mrs. Talbot opened the door and looked apologetic. "You're resting!" she said, coming in. "But Fred just telephoned—and I knew you'd be interested: Clyde Bainbridge is engaged to the Kirby girl!"

"I don't believe it!" Edith said flatly, bright spots of color in her cheeks.

"She's going to the dinner to-night," pursued Mrs. Talbot. "I'm thankful that, on account of my mourning, I'm not going."

"She isn't!" said Edith. "Why, it's all prearranged—how could they possibly change now——"

"THAT'S what Mr. Bainbridge went to talk to Fred about. I suppose she'll be at your table—he was going to be, you know."

"Then I won't go!" Edith said, resolute and pale.

"Dear child, I'm afraid you'll have to go!"

"But that's the most preposterous thing I ever heard! What on earth he sees in that girl——" Edith began hotly.

"She's extremely pretty, you know," Jack's mother offered.

"She's more than that," Jack said, without knowing he spoke.

"Not so much more but what she'll push herself into a group of people who are almost strangers to her, and spoil everything!" Edith turned upon him to say fiercely. "Who's going to chaperon her?"

"Why, your mother will be at the table, Edith—Amy, too—and what could they say?" Mrs. Talbot demanded pathetically. "He's in the firm, you know."

"Did mother promise to chaperon her?" Edith asked sharply.

"Oh, talk sense!" Jack said good-naturedly, bored and wearied once more by the empty words and words and words. "She doesn't need any chaperon in this town! Her grandfather would be one of the guests of honor if he were well enough, and she's engaged to Bainbridge, who is toastmaster."

"Engaged to be married!" said Edith scornfully, out of bitter musing. "He'll never marry her!"

Jack could be silent. But his mother protested:

"My dear, I'm afraid he will. He's the kind that knows his own mind. And if he does, we will have to accept her, just for business reasons——"

"Yes, but that doesn't happen to be my code!" Edith said youthfully, with a curl of her lip and in the haughty, affected tone Jack knew so well. "And if you mean by knowing his own mind that Jack *didn't*, it's perfectly true, but I hardly see why that means that *I* should truckle to people like that!"

"What have you against her, Edith, except that I liked her?" Jack asked in his kindest, most reasonable tone.

"I have this against her," Edith answered swiftly and forcefully: "That she's a common, ordinary girl who tried to get you—because you were the richest man in town—and then when you threw her over, she goes right after the next catch she can get hold of! Poor Mr. Bainbridge—he must be an absolute *fool!* She'll never come into my house, and if she joins the club, I'll resign! I won't associate with people like that, and you might as well know it now as any time! As for 'business considerations,' " Edith rushed on, with a sneer upon the quoted words, "befor I'd accept Rose Kirby, I'd fire Bainbridg from the iron-works—that's what I'd d I wouldn't bootlick and agree and slave for man like that, who didn't put one penny in the business—you wouldn't catch me!"

"Do you know, Jack, I should think yo *would* let him go?" his mother seconded, wi a thoughtful look.

"Bainbridge married!" was all Jack sa musingly. And he went into the bathroo and they heard the plunge of the showe Fire Bainbridge, he thought, almost gen inely amused in spite of all the pain and co fusion and impatience in his heart. The were delicious—these women. Fire the ma who owned a fifth of the business and wh managed it all? Bainbridge was steady smart, industrious, ambitious, devoted to th interests of the business; he knew more abou it than any one else in the world. And Jack mother and wife could talk airily of firin him!

The dinner and dance to-night were in ful costume; Jack and Edith were going a pioneer-days Chinese. Every one'll be Span ish and early settler and Indian; there'll b twenty señoritas!" Edith, exulting in thi inspiration, had said.

Now Jack picked up his flesh-colored scalp cap with its dangling queue, his coarse cooli trousers and straw-soled shoes. But holdin these things under his arm and wrapped i his crash bathrobe, he fell to thinking, lookin out under the big trees into the pleasan home yard where the long shafts of sunligh still lay kindly upon the old fences and upo the blossoming shrubs and blazing border where the Summer-house stood in a ver glory of wisteria and clematis and the ligh came level and hot through the shaker tremulous, pendant banners of the grea pale-blue iris that bordered the vegetable bed

How pleasant the world was upon a warm Spring afternoon with all the kindly towns people getting themselves clean and coo after the long, glorious day at the dam, and the younger crowd giggling over sombrero and wampum! What would it be like to b free and young and happy and inconse quential—at liberty to play with all Gate Mill and be just Jack Talbot, the "old man's" somewhat spoiled young son, again

Nothing else was as important as a subject of conversation at the dinner that night a the rumor of Clyde Bainbridge's engagement Rosalind Kirby, for all her proud heritage might have done anything she pleased with out interesting the select group from Upper River and Harrison Street. But Bainbridge had made himself one of them; he dined at their tables, he was a prominent citizen, and the woman he had chosen to honor must be honored by them all.

HE CAME a little late, and he brought her with him. The others, perhaps two hundred persons in all, were circling about the long tables; the musicians were tuning up. There had been deep admiration for the girls, and Edith was in high feather at the recollection of Sally Pottle's blank face when the young Talbots came in; Edith had told Sally that she was coming as a squaw! Edith was the only Chinese woman present, and everybody exclaimed over her costume and gave her a chance to explain that the coat was real mandarin, set with hundreds of tiny mirrors and stolen from a walled city.

The Indians and squaws and the hoop skirted women and the saucy señoritas with their rosetted ears and fringed shawls were all praised in turn; Mrs. Rogers, lazy and soft, had refused to costume, but some of the older men had belted their white linen clothes with scarlet and assumed wide white hats and red neckerchiefs, and there was a perfect babel of excitement and admiration and laughter and motion.

Edith saw Rosalind enter; Jack saw her Clyde was immediately introducing her to such women as she did not know, and she was holding her own with an astonishing and, Jack thought, a charming dignity. She wore a full, belled skirt of some soft old flowered silk, with a tight little gored basque her hair was massed flat off her face and a frail, old lace scarf fell from a high comb about her shoulders. The other Spanish ladies immediately looked like what they had quite unconsciously impersonated: factory girls, girls of the town, commoners. Rosalind looked like a Castilian gentlewoman, a little severe, even a little dowdy, superbly beautiful, essentially and unmistakably Latin.

Jack thought he had never seen her look more exquisite: her figure's soft swells and

Continued on page 73



You wouldn't wash your hands with kitchen soap

Yet for an hour and a half every day they are exposed to kitchen soap in the dishpan



Just one teaspoonful to a dishpan gives a good rich suds

Wash your hands day after day with kitchen soap?

Of course you wouldn't think of it.

Yet when you use harsh soap for your dishes your hands are exposed to the ravages of kitchen soap much longer than you spend actually washing them.

Every day it takes at least an hour and a half to do the dishes—an hour and a half your hands are in harsh soap suds!

Don't let your hands suffer any longer. Just toss Lux in your dishpan—Lux is as easy on your hands as on the fine fabrics you always use it for. Even toilet soap is no more soothing to your skin than pure Lux flakes.

Won't chap hands

Harsh soap in your dishpan dries all the beautifying oils of your hands—oils that an all-wise nature carefully secreted just underneath the chiffon-thin outer skin. They keep your hands from getting rough and scratchy. When they are burned out by kitchen soap your hands chap and redden.

Lux helps to keep the supply of these beautifying oils constant. Even if your hands are especially sensitive, these gentle flakes won't roughen or redden them. Lux rids your hands for good of that in-the-dishpan look.

One teaspoonful for quick, rich suds

All you need to a dishpan is one teaspoonful of Lux. One teaspoonful for the breakfast or lunch dishes; for the dinner dishes, perhaps you will need two teaspoonfuls. It seems incredible that a single teaspoonful will go so far—but just try it.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. There's a big new package now as well as the regular size. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

"Does not injure hands or fingernails"

"I am glad to let others know how wonderful Lux is for washing dishes. You have only to use such a small amount that it is cheaper and better than other soaps or powders, and does not injure the hands and fingernails. Give me Lux for washing dishes!"

Mrs. L. W. B., Buffalo, N. Y.

RID YOUR HANDS OF THAT IN-THE-DISHPAN LOOK



Fifty Years Ago

WHEN the village grocer recommended the first of the 57 Varieties to the housewives of your grandmother's day, he said, "It is as good as it can be made."

The new idea of purity, wholesomeness and goodness that made that first Heinz food so welcome, has never once been sacrificed. Every one of the 57 Varieties is made as good as it can be made. To maintain this ideal unchanged throughout fifty and more years of continuing business growth and expansion has required changes so vast that the housewife of your grandmother's time would stand open-mouthed in amazement if she could see the perfection of the Heinz Kitchens today.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Established 1869

Here are Heinz *57* Varieties. *How many do you know?*

1 Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
2 Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork—*Boston Style*
3 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat—*Vegetarian*
4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans
5 Heinz Peanut Butter
6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup
8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti
10 Heinz Cooked Macaroni
11 Heinz Mince Meat
12 Heinz Plum Pudding
13 Heinz Fig Pudding
14 Heinz Cherry Preserves
15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
16 Heinz Peach Preserves
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
22 Heinz Apple Butter
23 Heinz Crab-apple Jelly
24 Heinz Currant Jelly
25 Heinz Grape Jelly
26 Heinz Quince Jelly
27 Heinz Apple Jelly
28 Heinz Dill Pickles
29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins
30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins
31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles
32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins
33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives
40 Heinz Ripe Olives
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
44 Heinz Chili Sauce
45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce
46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce
47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce
48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup
49 Heinz Prepared Mustard
50 Heinz India Relish
51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish
52 Heinz Salad Dressing
53 Heinz Mayonnaise
54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar
55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar
56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar
57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar

If you know only 4 or 5, you can be assured that the other 53 or 52 are just as good. If your grocer does not have the ones you want, please write us.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*



ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 70

curves, the flat hips, the firmly rounded arms, the beautifully modeled throat were startlingly set off by the old fashion and the old dress. And Edith knew, with a flash of jealous prescience, that everybody would court her, flatter her, compliment her tonight, that there would be little allusions to her in speeches, that when the old families of Gates Mill were toasted, Rosalind would be the center of all eyes——

Edith had had this sort of prominence and adulation all her life without raising her hand to win it. But she hated this other girl to whom it had come, and she resented the fickle public favor that would so readily accord it. She, Edith Rogers Talbot, dancing into a successful marriage at eighteen, had been the darling of all hearts a few months ago. Everybody had loved her, praised her, admired her, envied her—young Mrs. Talbot of Gates Mill. She could not resign her supremacy without a bitter pang.

SOME of the older women were a little stiff at first with the usurper. But Edith noted this did not last. Why should they not follow the fashion and accept the girl if she really was so soon to be married and made one of themselves? Besides, she was pretty and there never had been a word against her.

So Mrs. Raymond and Mrs. Rudolph and Mrs. Terry smiled at her and told her that if she didn't look like something out of a book, nobody ever did! Could she find her place? She was right up there at the speakers' table, next to Mr. Bainbridge, but they guessed she knew that.

"The dress is an accident," explained Rosalind, in her pretty, friendly way. "It belongs, the whole thing, to old Mrs. Requa, out on the Summit Rock Road. And she wouldn't let me cut it, so I had to wear it just this way or get another whole costume!"

Her look wavered a little; Jack and Edith had come up.

"Hello, Jack," Rosalind said, showing no sign of feeling except that her voice was a little breathless and the betraying color rose in her face. She gave him her hand.

"You know my wife, Rose?" Jack said.

"How do you do, Mrs. Talbot? You know my sister, I think."

"Miss Kirby." They touched hands. "I don't remember," Edith said, looking about.

"Cecy? Cecilia Kirby, in Miss Mott's class?"

"I don't think I remember. I was sent to New York, you know."

"You've got a wonderful old costume there," Jack said. "Isn't it, Edith? It looks like the real thing."

Rose explained that it belonged to old Mrs. Requa, out on the Summit Rock Road. She had not given Rose permission to cut it, but luckily it was a good fit.

"And there are little hooks on the back of the comb, Jack, to catch the lace. She came all the way in to put it on for me tonight," said Rose.

"Jack, we have to take our places," Edith suggested.

"I'll take you to yours, dear," he said obediently, "but I see they've put me up at the speakers' table—I have to say something, you know!"

"If I had known that we were not going to sit together, I would not have come," Edith gritted between her teeth as they threaded the groups.

"I didn't know there was going to be a speakers' table, dear. But here, let me fix it with Fred; we can put you up there," Jack said anxiously.

"If you make any fuss about it—if you say another word—I will never speak to you again!" Edith threatened in a low, murderous tone. "Every one's watching us——"

"Say," said Bozzy Terry, intercepting them, "I had to put Jack up at the long table, Ede, and I left you with your family. Is that all right? Listen: Bainbridge wanted Miss Kirby up there—say, what do you know about that, anyway? She is some beauty, I'll tell the waiting world. You could have knocked me over with a machine gun when Fred told me. Is it out?"

"No, Bozzy, wherever you put me is fine," Edith said graciously and obligingly. "It'll do Jack good to miss me for once!"

"Say, that's the way to train your wife, Jack! How do you do it—beat her?" Bozzy exclaimed appreciatively. "If you knew the fuss most of 'em are making, Ede, you'd realize why I adore you. Why aren't there any more like her, Jack, you big hog, grabbing her before she was out of baby clothes!"

"I don't think there's anything in the Bainbridge engagement," Edith said pleasantly, walking off with Bozzy. "For her sake, it would be a wonderful thing—she seems such a sweet girl! But I have a sort of feeling——"

Somebody tweaked Jack's queue; he came out of a dream and went slowly to his own place.

He and Rosalind were not near each other. He had but a vague impression of the speeches, the applause, the courses that came and went. He told himself that he was unusually tired. But as the party broke up, some of the elders already homeward bound, some of the visitors already talking of trains, but almost every one planning to go to the dance in the Square, he had a few words alone with Rosalind.

Clyde was deep in conversation with some committee or sub-committee. Rosalind, a little weary perhaps, her brown coat over her arm, had been talking to the Newmans; now, as the doctor and his portly little wife turned away, Jack came up.

"Is this true about you and Bainbridge, Rose?"

She raised her eyes and their blueness was all his for a long minute. There was an expression of gentleness, of vagueness, of something questioning, like a child's look, in them.

"That we are to be married? Oh, yes," she said slowly.

"Rose, will you let me wish you all the joy in the world?"

Promptly her warm, soft, strangely vital hand was in his.

"But—of course, Jack!"

THEY stood for a moment, close together, as they had stood so many times, but separated now so irrevocably. Rose felt in this hour that should have been one of triumph merely a little dazed and stupid, oddly unable to analyze what she felt—unable even to feel very keenly. Jack looked down at the beautiful figure, the lowered dark lashes against cheeks that were like flawless velvet, the massed rich burnt-gold hair; he felt the grip of her warm, soft fingers and a sort of vague ache came into his heart.

"You're pretty sure of yourself, Rose?" he asked unexpectedly and with a thick, nervous little laugh. "You know—you know—a person gets carried away, sort of—in this sort of thing——"

His awkwardness awakened a smile exquisitely maternal.

"Ah, but that's just it, Jack," she answered innocently. "I'm not being carried away—this time. I'm perfectly calm about it. It is the right and the wise thing to do, and mom—and everybody, feels so delighted about it."

"Yes, but maybe you *ought* to be carried away and not see it so calmly!" Jack persisted unhappily, more alarmed than he was aware by her quiet, rational manner and speaking with instinctive protest.

"Ah—" she breathed quickly and stopped short. "There isn't much happiness in mere *cases!*" she assured him. "That boy and girl feeling never lasts—never leads to anything!"

They looked at each other, looked away and stood close together without speaking for a minute, Rosalind looking down at the hand that his big one was still holding and fingering absent-mindedly.

"I—suppose—not," he said slowly. And suddenly it seemed to him that Rose and his youth in happy, sleepy, simple little Gates Mill were all his life and that both were dying. "Good luck!" he said, not looking at her.

"Thank you, Jack," she answered, clearing her throat and in a low voice. She did not raise her eyes. And immediately Clyde returned, claimed her and led her away.

Continued in the March DELINEATOR

One Box Free

At Drug Stores and Drug Departments Present Coupon



Be Careful

Lest the breath offend

Bad breath is one of the gravest social offenses, one of the most common. The offender is usually unaware, but it kills all charm.

Cigars or cigarets may cause it.

Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks.

A mere perfume simply covers up bad odors, and everybody knows it. It suggests concealment.

May Breath combats those bad odors, whether from the mouth or stomach. It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form, so it purifies as well as deodorizes. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion.

Do not merely hide one odor with another. May Breath brings the scent of purity, the odor of spring.

Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them—in their pockets or their bags. Before any close contact they eat a tablet and feel safe.

They know that their breath is inviting. It will add to their charms, not destroy them.

You will do this when you know. Let us buy a box to show you how much May Breath means. Cut out the coupon and present it. This is something you need and want.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.



Your charm
Is destroyed if the breath offends. A May Breath avoids that risk.



In your home
Be as careful as you are with friends. Insure sweet breath.



Spring odors
One May Breath tablet brings that added charm.

10c and 25c



GOOD FOR A 10c BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago



The Kirseh Triple Rod pictured, shows a square eornered lambrequin rod on the outside and two regular round eornered rods on the inside, all hung on Kirseh one-pieee triple brackets. An ideal eombination for obtaining the lambrequin effect.

Have Window Draperies that Everyone Admires

TASTEFUL window drapings bring such gratifying rewards! They add brightness and cheer to your rooms and express your artistic talent. Charming window treatments are easily shown to best advantage when you use

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

Kirsch Rods will give you just the window draping treatments you want. They come single, double or triple, for any effect; extension style or cut-to-length, to fit any window.

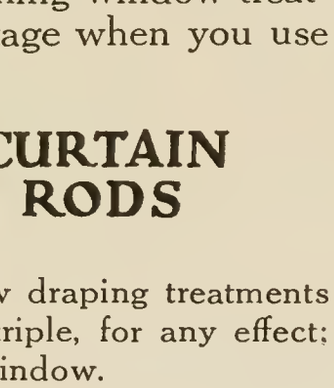
The Kirsch FLAT SHAPE prevents sagging and insures the effective appearance of your window draperies. Kirsch brackets are simple, strong and easily put up. The rods attach or come off by merely tilting, yet never come down accidentally.

Kirsch Velvetone Brass or Velvetone White finish is beautiful and washable. Guaranteed not to rust or tarnish.

Sold by better dealers everywhere. Buy "Kirsch" for quality, durability, and finest effects. Look for the trade mark name "KIRSCH" on the carton.

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Dozens of new and tasteful window treatments—with practical information as to materials, colors, rods, etc. Our eighth annual and most valuable book. Mailed free.

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Ask for and See that You Get- **Kirsch Curtain Rods**



FURNISHING "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE

Continued from page 2

post-Colonial sofa, in brown mahogany, upholstered in a warm brown satin, the original of which belonged to the Washington family and was inherited by Mrs. E. R. Metcalf, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who generously gave it for reproduction. Rose cushions give a touch of color and a suggestion of comfort.

To the right sits the baby grand piano and stool of graceful lines.

A modern reproduction of the Tambour secretary-desk with its treasure of books and a comfortable Colonial chair make a colorful and cozy corner where a pleasant hour with book or pen may be enjoyed.

Another pleasing note of color is the old-style fireplace of rough red brick, lovely brass Colonial andirons, shovel and other handy fireplace tools. The narrow and severe Colonial mantel is relieved by a Colonial paneled mahogany mirror touched with Roman gold, which reflects antique candlesticks of brass with glass pendants, of which our grandmothers were so proud in days gone by, two old-English vases of opalescent glass and a miniature bust of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum.

A phonograph of graceful outline gives an appealing invitation from its corner near the fireplace, a round-top center-post mahogany table of good proportions awaits your pleasure, and a Queen Anne armchair, upholstered in figured tapestry, bids the guest to tarry. Comfortable Windsor chairs and a Colonial tilt-top table complete the furnishings of this artistic and livable room. Cost of furnishings, approximately seven hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of the piano.

Kitchen—From the reception-hall a door of simple design opens directly into the kitchen, which in arrangement and equipment conforms as nearly as possible to the model kitchen of the Department of Agriculture. This equipment includes the white enameled sink of regulation height, which obviates the backache caused by bending low, the window directly above for light and a peep at the out-of-doors, the double drainboard, which saves just one-half the time of dish-washing, the fixture which regulates the temperature of the water, the spacious closets close at hand, the gas-stove of accepted type and with oven-regulator for convenience and economy (well lighted from the window near by), pressure and fireless cookers, work-table on rollers, stool, refrigerator filled from the outside, a large closet for cooking utensils convenient to the work-table and lighted within by special light automatically operated by the opening and closing of the closet door, a clock, metal waste-basket, long-handled dust-pan, stool, linen and paper towel-racks convenient to the sink.

The walls are covered with washable wall covering, the floors are of soft, resilient, yet durable, cork linoleum. The baseboards curve to meet the floor, thereby eliminating the dust-gathering crack, unsanitary and annoying to the less modern housewife. The floor covering acts as a cushion beneath the feet and minimizes the strain on the muscles and the aches resulting from constant walking on floors of harder surface.

A rear door opens upon a large sunny porch where porch hammock and comfy chairs may coax a tired mother to restful hours. Cost of furnishings, approximately two hundred and fifty dollars.

Breakfast-Nook—Opening direct from the kitchen is the breakfast-nook, which, with its built-in seats and table of simple design, is ample for a family of four or five. The two windows make it bright and cheery, as a breakfast-nook should be, and the built-in closets on either side of the room afford space for dishes and silverware equally convenient to kitchen, breakfast-nook and dining-room.

Commenting on the breakfast-nook, President Harding said:

"Breakfast used to be an institution in every family. To-day even the President of the United States can not induce any one to breakfast with him. This sunny, cozy room should start a family off right."

Dining-Room—The dining-room near by might well serve as a combination sitting and dining room. Like every room in the house, it has ample light and cross ventilation. The walls have a paper with a small flowered design harmonizing with the gray of the dado below. The refectory table, Welsh dresser, sideboard and upholstered chairs are of early-English design, giving the room an air of distinction and quiet dignity. An electric percolator and silver candlesticks adorn the sideboard, pewter and willow plates the dresser. A blue Wilton rug covers the center of the cork tile floor, the latter easily waxed, indestructible, resilient and attractive. Approximate cost, five hundred and seventy-five dollars.

On the stair landing is a small hat-and-coat closet, cedar-lined, as are all the closets in the house. It adds only about ten dollars to the cost of a closet to line it with cedar. Each closet has a ceiling light which operates with the closing and opening of the door.

Nursery—Up-stairs there are four bedrooms, each with a closet, two baths and a large linen-closet. Standing at the head of the stairs while hundreds filed through the house, it was an inspiration to watch the expression of each one, man or woman, as he turned to the first room, the nursery. All the love and tenderness that the babe calls forth were manifest. The walls of blue washable wall covering, restful to baby eyes, dainty net curtains (which are the same throughout up-stairs), ivory crib with its coverlet, chest, tree with little pink sack and white cap, clothes-horse with hand-made outfit, table with ready prepared tray and bath scales complete the furnishings, selected with the expert assistance of the Children's Bureau. A closet with carefully arranged shelves provides space for clothing and toys. The cross circulation, the southeastern exposure, the proximity of the bath and the mother's room are valuable assets to the nursery. Cost, approximately one hundred and twenty dollars.

Bedrooms—The other bedrooms are the master bedroom in mahogany, spool Colonial design, children's room in old ivory and guest-room in walnut. The wall-paper has the same design—tan, yellow or gray, according to exposure. The furnishings here, as elsewhere in the house, demonstrate that in the midst of the heavy overstuffed furniture so prevalent in the stores one may select simple, inexpensive designs that are at the same time lovely and pleasing. Cost, approximately seven hundred and fifty dollars.

Bathrooms—The bathrooms are complete in every detail, with tub and shower combination, enameled fixtures and cork linoleum floors. Here, as everywhere in the house, the electric fixtures are arranged with an eye to special needs: a light on each side of the mirror, a heater for early Fall, outlets for electric appliances placed on the wall, not in the baseboard, where it is difficult to reach them.

IN THE reception-hall down-stairs is a tablet giving a list of the national associations that built the house and deeded it to the General Federation of Women's Clubs for home-making. There is also found a list of the local merchants who donated the furnishings, the total cost of which approximates three thousand dollars.

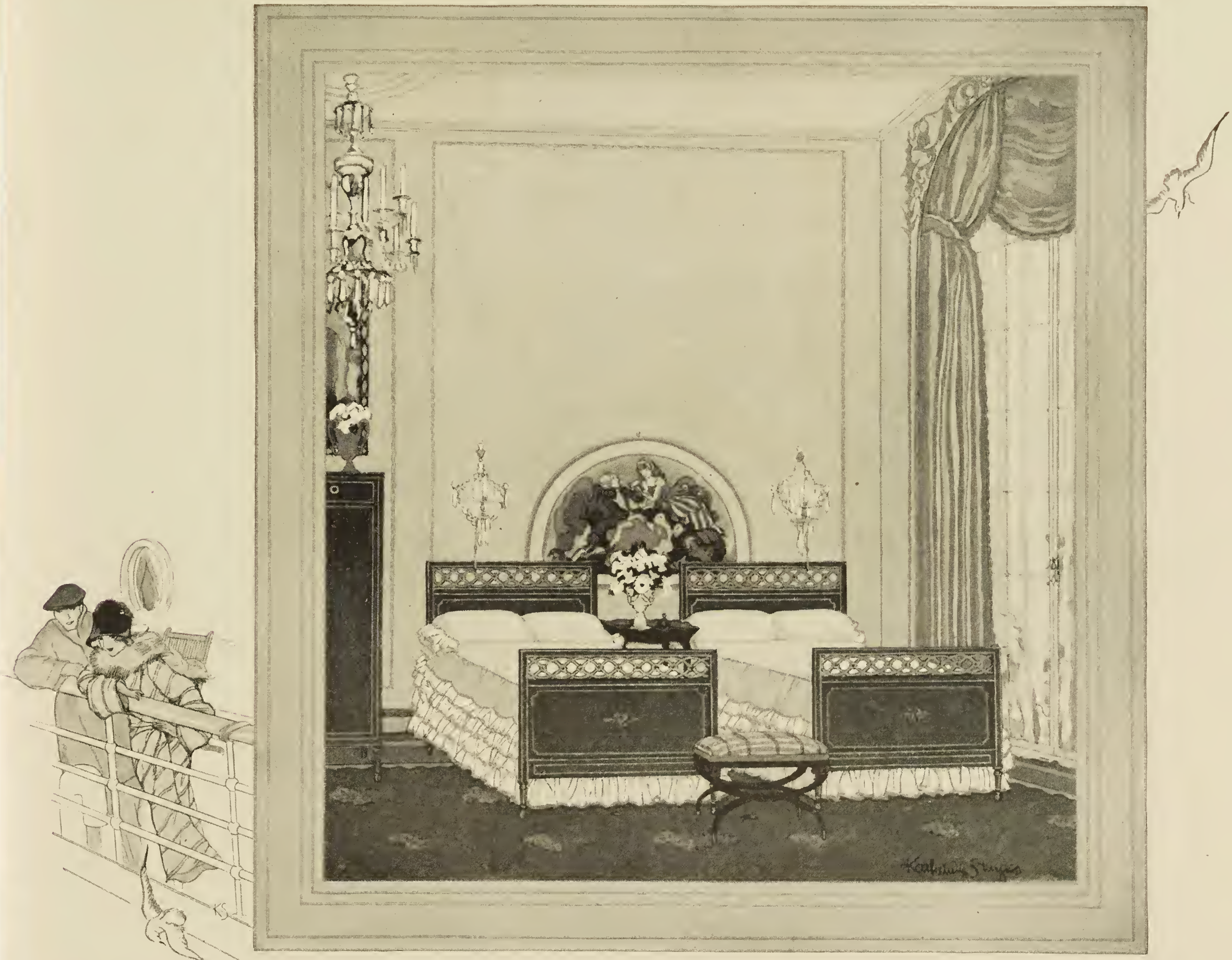
The General Federation of Women's Clubs has seven departments of work. Each touches the home so directly that this little house might well furnish a laboratory for national home-making.

The demonstration has had an interesting career in the manner of financing, in the speed with which the house was built and furnished, in the official recognition given it and in the continued interest aroused both here and in foreign countries.

On April twenty-third Secretary Hoover, Chairman of Better Homes in America, broke ground for the house. On April twenty-eighth Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, laid the corner-stone.

One of the most impressive ceremonies of Shrine Week was the dedication of "Home, Sweet Home" house by President Harding on June fourth—impressive because of its

Concluded on page 76



Will your sleep tonight restore the energy you use up today?

The law of sleep admits of no exceptions. If deep and tranquil, it is man's best medicine and restorative. If light or troubled, it inflicts a penalty, making further drains on your reserves of strength and energy.

Yet thousands select their sleep equipment without giving it more than a passing thought—and pay for their neglect in impaired health, vigor and personal success.

Your choice, perhaps, was more intelligently made. But even you may know less about your spring and mattress than you do about any other real necessity you use.

Devote a few minutes tonight to getting acquainted with the bed you sleep on. Compare it with the Simmons springs and mattresses your dealer will be glad to show you in various styles at the lowest prices they can be made of *safe, new materials.*

Weigh the facts. Are you getting the kind of rest that will rebuild brain and body power—the rest that is health insurance?

Varied and exquisite color gives interest and fresh charm to this unusual chamber. Draperies are azure blue taffeta. Curtains on the French windows are pineapple cloth or net in a delicate, faint primrose. Bed covers are soft peach-bloom taffeta, with primrose flounces edged in deeper peach-bloom. Walls are warm primrose gray. Lunette on wall of painted or embroidered silk. Taupe carpet with plum border and pattern. Black lacquer slipper seat. Chandelier and wall lights of Waterford glass. Beds and chifforobe are from a complete new suite of Simmons furniture designed in the spirit of Sheraton, soft jade green finish, high-lighted in gold, with floral decorations on foot panels. The bed is Design No. 1819. To be had also in remarkable finishes reproducing walnut and brown mahogany. For nine similar schemes of chamber decoration, write for "Restful Bedrooms" to The Simmons Company, 1347 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, or to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal, Que.

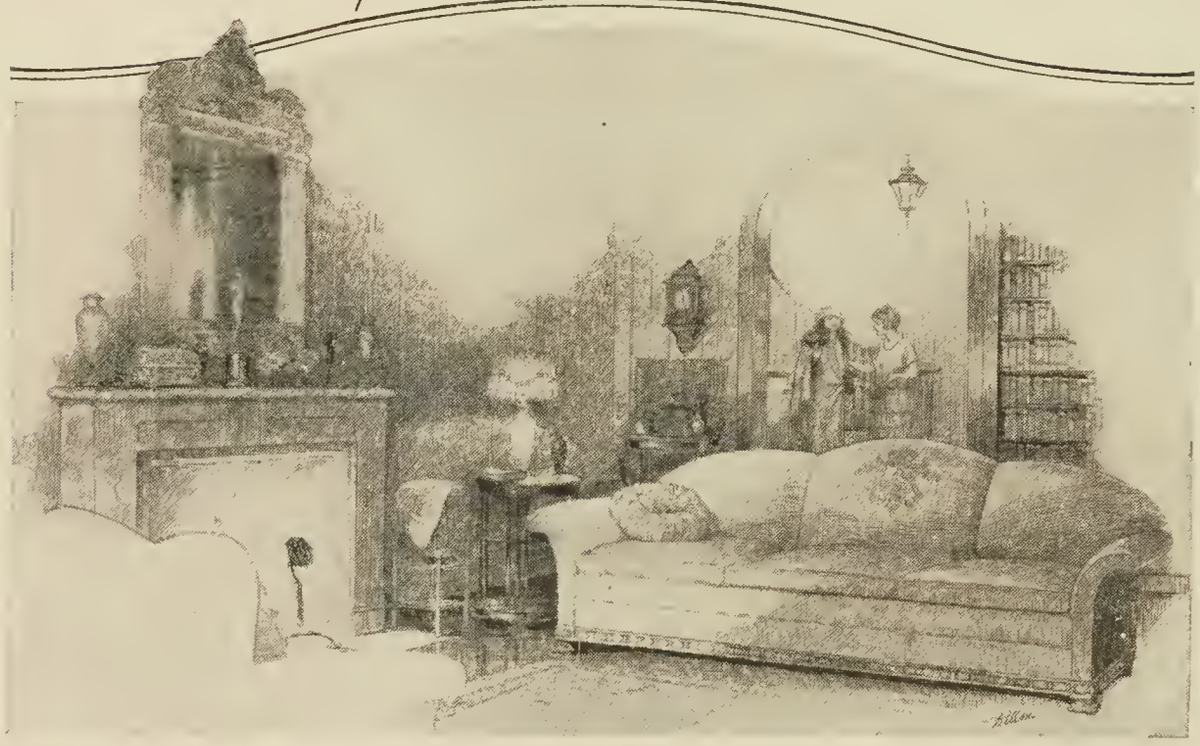
SIMMONS COMPANY — 1/3 Your life is spent in Bed — TRADE MARK

LOOK FOR THE SIMMONS LABEL

SIMMONS

Beds · Mattresses · Springs: Built for Sleep
and BEDROOM FURNITURE

Makes a guest room of your best room



It was a very happy evening in many ways. There had been lively conversation regarding other days, other friends, of life and the business of living.

The guest from the other side of town had lingered luxuriously on the great Davenport Bed before the fire. Outside a raw north wind drove sleet and snow against the window with a roaring rattle.

The Hostess: (who had just looked out into the storm) "My dear, you simply can't go home through this blizzard. You're going to stay right here with us."

The Guest: "But, Marian, there's no place for me to sleep. You've no guest room and I certainly won't take your room!"

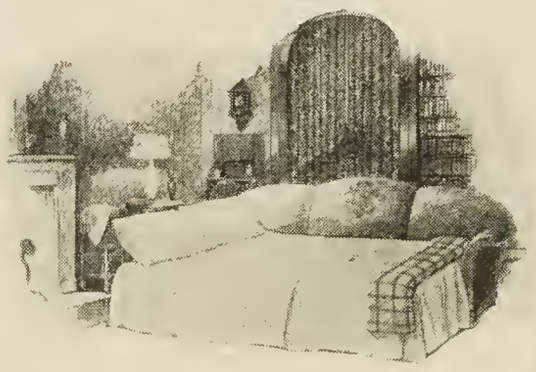
The Hostess: "You silly, you've been sitting on your bed all evening long. That Davenport Bed has a lovely bed in it, bed clothes and all; I'll open it out for you. Just look! It's ready in a jiffy."

There are numerous occasions when a Davenport Bed is indispensable. In daytime and evening it functions perfectly as a beautiful and luxurious davenport. And, when needed, its comfortable bed is quickly and easily made ready.

Davenport Beds are recognized everywhere by leading hotels and apartment houses as ultra-modern conveniences. A wide variety of designs and upholsterings make it an easy matter to select one that will add to the beauty of your living room. Ask your furniture merchant to show you his selections of Davenport Beds. Chairs and rockers may be had to match.

A card or note will bring you our brochure showing nearly a hundred styles of Davenport Beds.

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1130 Standard Oil Building CHICAGO



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The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



FURNISHING "HOME, SWEET HOME" HOUSE

Concluded from page 74

simplicity, its beauty and its appeal to the sacredness of home life. The President's message, delivered with his inimitable earnestness and sincerity, will long be cherished. This message, in part, follows:

"The movement for better homes in America is a movement for a better America. It is dedicated to the enlightenment and advancement of our efforts for home-making, and beyond that the movement represents the organized women of America, those who are always at last responsible for making the home.

"It is not so much the problem of housing as it is the problem of increasing the home comforts, of devising new conveniences, of expanding that understanding of domestic science which must make for the improvement of American homes. We have devoted much thought to improvement in production, transportation and to a thousand things that make for the advance of civilization. We have too often overlooked the fact that, after all, the greatest single industry in America is the management of the American home, where twenty million women toil every day of the year, eighteen millions of these women doing their own work without help. There is no other activity or industry comparable to this in the number employed, the effort devoted to it or the importance of its products; nor in the significance of the spiritual forces that envelop it.

"The home is at last not merely the center, but truly the aim, the object and the purpose of all human organization.

"The men and women responsible for this movement have sensed a need and the reality of that need may be measured by the response of the American people to their call."



FINDING MR. WING

Continued from page 6

by the billion, but unless a man found something to say to God, he hadn't amounted to anything and would be puffed away into nothingness as a useless fleck of dust is puffed away. Otherwise what use were men? Clearly, thought Mr. Wing, God made billions and trillions of men with the hope that out of them all a few might have something to say that would be worth while hearing.

"That's it!" said Mr. Wing, with irritation. "What am I going to say? I could not say anything that would interest the President of the United States even! But I've got to think it out!"

Mr. Wing arose and slung his shoes over his shoulder and continued up the road toward the higher mountains. The grass at the side of the road felt grateful to his bare feet, but he was acutely conscious that his whole past life had been shamefully wasted. He had done the things most men do and had done them better than the average, but to God they would be about as important as the activity of a worm eating a leaf. That fed the worm, but it was nothing to talk to God about.

BEFORE he reached Shandaken Mr. Wing's bare feet were very sore. A stone bruise had hurt one of his heels, which made him limp, and the bones of both feet ached. A flitting thought that a man who starts out to discover what to say to God should have comfortable shoes and socks crossed Mr. Wing's mind, but the thought only annoyed him and he was frowning when a mud-spattered small automobile came to a jangling stop beside him. A lank man in the driver's seat threw open the fore door.

"Goin' up Pine Hill way, stranger?" the man asked. "Hop in."

Mr. Wing clambered into the car and sighed as he settled down in the seat. The stranger reached across Mr. Wing and banged the door violently.

"You got to bang it hard if you want it to stay shut," he said, which would have been a remark of more originality if it had not been said by some million others that same day.

"But you could not say that to God!" said Mr. Wing.

The stranger said nothing. His face was narrow and weather-beaten and his nose was large and thin. There was no hair on his face, but his eyebrows were huge brushes of stiff bristles and tufts of similar hair showed in his ear orifices and his nostrils. His hair was a dusty mat and on it he wore a felt hat that had lost all shape. His trousers were faded khaki and on his feet he wore heavy brogans of crudely cured leather that were colorless with soil and dust. His leather belt fastened with a harness buckle and his only other garment seemed to be his shirt, which had its sleeves cut away at the shoulders and was open at the neck, displaying a chest covered with black hair.

In the car at Mr. Wing's feet was an elbow-shaped piece of iron painted bright red. It seemed evident that the man had left some field hurriedly and that he was a mountain farmer who had broken some farm machine and had gone to get a repair part and that he was now hastening home with it.

"Why not?" he asked Mr. Wing, when they had won through the crowded thoroughfare of Fleishmann's.

The farmer drove in a way that did not permit him to talk while navigating a village street. He sat straight in his seat with both hands on the wheel and glared hard ahead. He held the wheel in a death-grip and constantly jerked it one way or the other. He drove more and harder in a mile than most chauffeurs drive in a thousand miles. It almost seemed as if he had to jiggle the wheel to keep the car going.

"It would be too trivial," said Mr. Wing.

"Well, of course I don't expect to take this flivver with me when I go to heaven," said the stranger, after a glance at Mr. Wing's face. "If I had to, I don't know but I'd not want to go there. This flivver is all right to hop into when I've got an errand to do, but I aim to leave it on earth, if there's anything left of it. And if I did take it to heaven, I'd look for the door to be all in good shape when it got there. It wouldn't have to be slammed, because it wouldn't be this kind of a door. And it wouldn't be this kind of a flivver: it would be a golden chariot most likely. You selling cars?"

"No," said Mr. Wing.

"You a preacher?"

"No."

"Life insurance?"

"No. Why?"

"Sort of queer thing you said," began the stranger, but they had come to the village of Pine Hill and for a few minutes he was too busy driving the car to be able to talk. They stopped at a garage for gas and then made for the tremendous hill.

"When I drive this car through a village, I don't dast talk much," the stranger said. "I don't dast even think much."

"It's like life," said Mr. Wing. "We're so busy we don't dare take time to think about or talk about the things we'd like to."

"Shouldn't wonder," said the stranger, who was driving the car at the hill with all his energy. "Maybe Lizzie will make this hill and maybe she won't. Sometimes she does and sometimes she don't. If I say out, you hop out and walk. This is a mighty mean hill."

It was indeed. Half-way up the hill the stranger said "Out!" and Mr. Wing jumped out, but two-thirds of the way up the hill he overtook the car. It was at the side of the road and the radiator was steaming. The stranger had removed the radiator-cap and was sitting on the running-board.

Concluded on page 79



"Beautiful as the day we married"

CLEAR, youthful, lovely skin, lustrous hair and sparkling eyes! How fortunate is this woman who has retained these priceless possessions of her youth! She is admired by all about her because she has learned to keep all the beauty of girlhood. Let us tell you her secret.

Science has only recently discovered that those poisons which mar the beauty of your skin, eyes and hair *originate* in a clogged intestine. Faulty elimination is fatal to a clear complexion, says a famous health authority. The impurities which start from clogged intestines are absorbed by the blood. They thus reach the skin and inflame it, resulting in many unsightly blemishes. These intestinal poisons even invade the hair and the eyes. The hair loses its sheen and silkiness, often turning gray, and the eyes become dull, with a yellowish tinge, and lacking in brightness.

Women are avoiding these dangers and preserving their loveliness by maintaining *internal cleanliness* through the regular use of Nujol. They have learned that Nujol by *lubrication* overcomes intestinal clogging. It lubricates and softens the food waste and hastens its rate of flow. Thus it prevents the creation of those poisons in the intestines which cause skin and other disfigurements.

As Nujol has helped maintain the beauty of these women, so can it help you. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol establishes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world.

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For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

Intestinal clogging is so prevalent that it is not considered a serious illness. However, when one stops to realize that not only is intestinal clogging a cause of minor ailments, but the starting place of fully 75 per cent. of human disease, it is apparent that proper measures must be taken to overcome and prevent it.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge gained of the intestinal tract by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow through the intestine, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Infants and Children: The mother who permits intestinal clogging in her baby or older child is jeopardizing the health, even the life of her little one. For a clogged system is a weakened system, and leaves the child a prey to serious disease.

Nujol, given to the infant or child, gently softens the accumulated waste, thereby speeding up to a normal rate its movement through and out of the body.

Let your child have Nujol regularly—and see rosy cheeks, clear eyes and happiness return once more.

Expectant and Nursing Mothers: Faulty elimination, almost invariably present during pregnancy and the nursing period, is particularly dangerous at such times because of its effect upon the infant. The poisons formed in the intestine enter the circulation and soon appear in the milk. Laxatives or cathartics taken to relieve intestinal clogging, present a similar danger because they are also absorbed with consequent ill effect to the baby through the milk.

Nujol is extensively prescribed by physicians for the expectant and nursing mother because it is not absorbed in the course of its passage through the system and thus cannot affect the child. Nujol can also be given with great benefit to the infant in arms.

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"To-day new clothes, well cut, well tailored, have made a different child of him"—

writes a woman in Illinois

"MY SMALL son was failing in his work and seemed to hate school—all because his playmates taunted him about the suit I had made him. He begged for 'boughten' clothes, but we simply could not afford them. To-day, in well cut and tailored clothes, he is a different child, happy, interested, well up in his class. I made his new suit and coat myself—but this time I used the Deltor!"

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Good clothes are an advantage every mother longs to give her children. The Deltor makes just as much difference in the way your children's clothes look as it does in your own. It gives you complete guidance. No other pattern gives you this service. Butterick, New York, Paris, London.



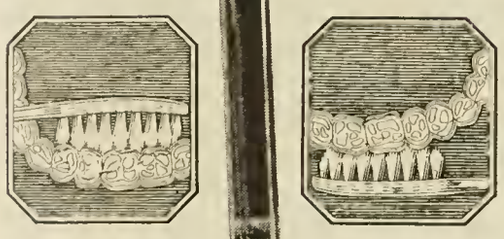
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FINDING MR. WING

Concluded from page 76

"She's het up," he explained. "Got to let her cool off. You on a walking trip?"

"I'm going up into the high mountains," said Mr. Wing, "to discover what to say to God when I meet him face to face."

"Well, I don't know any better place to go for it," said the stranger. "There's a couple of mountains nigh the Grand Hotel that ought to be middling fair to do it on. Trouble is, these mountains has got so blame many trees on them. You want to be where there's a good outlook and plenty o' sky. I've always had a notion that if I could take some time off and get down to New York and get up on top of one of them high buildings, I could think right through to what I want to get at. Up here a feller seems to think off into space, somehow, and not get anywheres at it."

"Have you thought of it, too?" asked Mr. Wing with eagerness.

"Oh, sure!" said the stranger. "A man can't help it, can he? He's got to think of it once in a while."

"But, I mean, of what you'll say to God when you meet Him face to face?" urged Mr. Wing. "Is that what you think of?"

"Well, about that," said the stranger. "Same thing: what was I made for and whether I'm doing it."

"That's it," agreed Mr. Wing eagerly. "If you are doing it, and know you are, you won't have to say anything to God, will you? He'll know. How have you made out so far?"

"Well, I ain't made out very good," admitted the stranger. "I'm kind of at loose ends about it. I can sort of think down into a loose end, but I can't tie the loose ends together, somehow."

He looked at the top of the radiator. At the same time a large black car shot by, climbing Pine Hill in high, and Mr. Bunce, who sat in the front seat, turned to say something to the chauffeur. For this reason he did not see Mr. Wing, and the big car sped on and over the brow of Pine Hill.

"I'll tell you what I'd do if I was you," said Mr. Wing's stranger as he returned from screwing on the radiator-cap. "I'll take you to the lane that leads up to Job Hargin's place and you can go up and put up with Hargin. I'd drive up, but the lane would shake this flivver to pieces. Job will put you up for one night or twenty years, and Mis' Hargin is a mighty good cook, too. Soak you eighteen a week. And if you take the path past Job's barn and on up through his cow lot, you'll come out on top of as good a mountain as you'd ever want to be on to study out what to say to God. You get a far view and you get a high view."

He started the car and they moved slowly up the hill.

"And if you find out anything," he said, "I wisht you'd let me know. Moult Peters, Arkville post-office."

FOR two weeks Mr. Wing ate and slept and climbed up the mountain and each day he felt stronger and happier. The path ended in an old clearing that was carpeted with ferns and sun-drenched—hay-ferns they were, of course—and he lay among the ferns and gazed at the sky or down the long valley at the misty mountains or across at the green and nearer mountain.

By the end of the first week he was sitting long over his breakfast, stretching his legs comfortably under the table, standing on the porch in the sun, until climbing the mountain seemed more attractive than standing idle in the sun. Then, taking his hickory stick from its place in the porch corner, he would stroll up the mountain, stooping to pick a flower, stopping to pick a mouthful of berries, leaning against a boulder to listen to a chattering squirrel. On the mountain-top he would throw himself down in the ferns and clasp his hands behind his head and look at the sky. When he was tired of one position, he rolled over indolently into another. Crows flapped from mountain to mountain, cawing, and hawks hung in the high air. Then Mr. Wing buried his face in his arms and slept. Often he was awakened by something tickling his cheek—an insect or a fern frond. It was good to be alive.

Every evening when he returned to the farmhouse Job Hargin was in the barn milking the cows and Mrs. Hargin came to the kitchen door.

"Well, Mr. Wing," she would ask, "have you found out what to say to God yet?"

"Not yet," he would reply contentedly. "I haven't really got at it yet. Somehow it's too good just being alive without bothering about anything else. I'll get at it one of these days."

"Well, I don't know as there's any hurry," Mrs. Hargin would say. "It'll come to you, I dare say. Anyway, you couldn't have nicer weather for it."

ON THE Tuesday morning of his third week at Job Hargin's Mr. Wing was stretched out on his ferns looking at the far mountains and thinking of nothing at all when he heard voices and sat suddenly erect. Just emerging from the fringe of sumac and alder at the edge of his clearing were two men—the stranger of the flivver and a man Mr. Wing had never seen before. As they saw him the flivver man raised a hand in salutation and Mr. Wing arose. The other man took off his hat, but it was to permit him to swab his forehead with a blue-bordered handkerchief. The climb had been hard for Mr. Bunce. He stood breathing deep for a full minute before he spoke.

"Well, here you are, are you?" he said then. "I'll say I had one dickens of a hunt for you. My name's Bunce. I'm a detective. Your wife wanted I should find you. She wants you to come home."

"I was tellin' him," said the stranger, "that you didn't have to go unless you wanted to. You ain't broke no laws."

"That's right, far as it goes," said Mr. Bunce. "I can't make you go home."

"I was tellin' him," Moult Peters said, "that you'd likely go home anyway when you found out what you come up here for. How've you been making out at it?"

Mr. Wing seated himself among his ferns again.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I haven't got at it yet. I've been too busy getting acquainted with the world—with the world and myself. Just living—living along from day to day."

He patted the ferns at his side.

"Sit down, won't you?" he said, but he said it to Moult Peters only. To Mr. Bunce he said: "No, I'm not going back yet. I'll go back myself soon. I want to see my wife and my children and I want to get back on my job, and I'm getting eager to get at things again down there, but I came up here for a purpose and I'm not going back until I settle what I came to settle. The trouble is, with me," he said to Moult Peters, "that when I'm not rushed to death with business and overdoing my work and pounding along too hard at things, I enjoy life so much that I'm satisfied to just enjoy life and let it go at that. It's mighty fine just to be alive. It's good just to be alive."

"Well, why wouldn't that do to say?" asked Moult Peters, picking a fern frond and nibbling the end of it. "What's the use of thinkin' up a lot of fancy talk? Why can't a man just say to God, 'God, I'm much obliged to you. It was good to be alive?'"

Mr. Wing looked down the long valley and smiled. Mr. Bunce opened his watch and looked at the time and snapped the case shut meaningly.

"Are you glad you are alive?" Mr. Wing asked suddenly, turning to Mr. Bunce.

"You bet I am!" said Mr. Bunce heartily. "It's a great game, if you don't overdo it."

"If you don't bite off more than you can chew, and I don't know that anybody asks you to do that," said Moult Peters.

Mr. Wing drew a deep breath and beat on his chest three times with his open hands. He arose and looked across the valley and down the long valley and up at the sky.

"All right," he said. "Let's be going down. I'm ready to go home."

"I left my car at the end of the lane," Mr. Bunce said, when Mr. Wing had settled his bill with Mrs. Hargin. "And honest, I've chased all over these mountains lookin' for you. I've had a dickens of a time finding you!"

"I've had a dickens of a time finding myself," said Mr. Wing.



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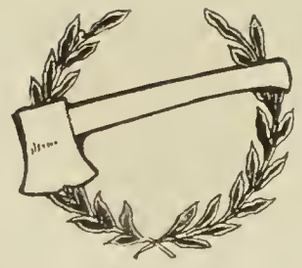
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WATKINS'S AX

Concluded from page 9

at this inopportune moment came the splash of an oar.

"It's a motor-boat—somebody's paddling her," said Watkins, straining his eyes at the shadow coming round a bend in the shore. And then, after a minute in which Violet sat silent, he announced: "It's Hollis Radkin's motor-boat *Lulu*. Ahoy, the *Lulu!* What's the trouble?"

"The damned engine!" came the answer.

Watkins, remember, was developing. Like a flash came an idea. Violet's brother George was the marine-engine man at the Crabapple garage. He would hire George himself.

"What'll you take for her?" megaphoned Watkins, with his hands as a trumpet.

"Four hundred," shouted Hollis Radkin.

"Two hundred," offered Watkins.

"Three hundred," compromised Hollis.

"Bought!" agreed Watkins.

But Violet wept that night on her pillow. Except for Hollis Radkin's old *Lulu*——

Watkins and George rigged up a shop in the Watkins woodshed and in a couple of weeks George had the *Lulu's* engine running smoothly. In the meantime Watkins had overhauled and painted the hull and cabin, financing this adventure with the profits from his dray enterprise.

It is unnecessary to relate in detail the successive motor-boat trade that brought the marine house of Watkins Junior into possession of the fine little passenger steamer the *Flood Tide*. This ascending curve of value was due largely to Watkins's philosophy of combining with each trade the elements of brains and labor. He was fond of boasting that no outside capital had gone into his enterprises Everything had come from the first ax. Out of deference to his mechanic, George Dawes, he reserved to himself the opinion that no outside brains had gone into either.

The profits of the *Flood Tide* were considerable the following year. Then Watkins, after deep thought, traded her for The Neck, a strip of marsh land at the outlet to Tumble Creek. Elijah Mygatt, who traded the land, had decided twenty years before that The Neck "wa'n't no good anyhow." He'd never had an offer before.

"Some day I'm going to build a dam there and go into the electric light and power business," Watkins told Violet. "Don't mention it to anybody—but you can see that I've got the only site for a power-house all sewed up."

Violet cried again that night, for Watkins had gone home after talking of nothing but dams and power-houses. And now that he had sewed up in a swamp all his fabulous profits from the old ax, what chance was there that he would ever, ever get romantic?

Presently Violet dried her eyes and for a long time lay staring blankly through the darkness of her bedroom toward the ceiling.

SOME weeks later Watkins got an important-looking letter at the Crabapple post-office and he let Lucile and the dray wait while he read it.

MR. JAMES WATKINS,
Dear Sir:
Can you come to New York at our expense to discuss the sale to us of your Neck land? Perhaps we can negotiate a deal that will make you a stockholder of our company. We now own and operate twenty-seven power and light stations and desire to build a plant on The Neck.
Yours very truly,
STANWOOD VAN TYLE, President.
Hydro-Electric, Consolidated

With Watkins director of the Crabapple Division of Hydro-Electric, Consolidated, what was more natural than his appointment as vice-president of the Crabapple Bank? And quite as naturally this led to his retirement from active participation in the Watkins Draying Company, now owning four trucks. Incidentally, Watkins Senior had drunk himself to death in honor of Watkins Junior's brilliant successes. Despite this bereavement, the little old Watkins house was now very happy and very pretty, and the little oldish widow almost rejuvenated.

And then one evening Watkins called on Violet to break some distressing news.

"It's the call of New York," he said tremulously. "Hydro-Electric, Consolidated, wants me down there."

"To—to stay?" asked Vielet faintly, growing very white. Her lower lip took on a downward curve, and then suddenly her hands went up to her face and Watkins was astonished by an unmistakable sob.

"Great guns!" said Watkins. "You don't mean you care so much about my going away, Violet?"

Another sob.

"Violet!" Watkins was violently disturbed. "Look here, honey. I—I never thought—you never seemed to care so much!"

Violet looked up, real tears glistening.

"Good-by," she said. "Good-by, Mr. Watkins. I hope you'll do well in New York and grow very, very rich and marry some girl who knows how to show how much she—she——"

WATKINS got his right arm around her clumsily.

"Violet! I really do believe— Don't call me Mr. Watkins. I thought you liked Lon Swart better than— Violet, look up here. Do you really care because I'm going away?"

Violet did look up again.

"Jimmy," she said, rather firmly, considering her tears, "do you remember that I was the one who suggested trading off your first ax? And that old stove of Bushwacker's—I don't suppose you know that I sent Sam Soonwed to you to buy it when you couldn't find anybody yourself. And what do you think I got old Jasper Tuttle's barn condemned for and gave you that chance to get the lumber you traded for Lucile? James——"

"You—got old Tuttle's barn condemned? *You!*"

"Of course, Jim; you're blind! Didn't three of the aldermen owe my uncle Jared big hardware bills, so when he asked them to condemn the barn— Oh, it was a horrid barn, anyhow, wasn't it? Just tumbling down. And didn't I write you a letter about getting the lumber?"

"*You* wrote that letter, Violet. Why——"

"And Jimmy," she broke in, "how do you think you got that contract at Ore City for hauling supplies? If I hadn't known Queenie Buckle and she hadn't known a girl who was engaged to a young man who was assistant to the vice-president——"

"You never told me anything like that!" Watkins managed to say. He still had an arm about Violet. "Why didn't you——"

"You silly Jim!" she interrupted. "You thought you were doing everything your own self—didn't you? That's the trouble with men—they just think they do it all and the women don't help! And Jim"—her voice had an accent of ownership now, and her words were flowing rather fast—"you remember that night you took me rowing and bought Hollis Radkin's *Lulu?* Well, I'm not going to tell you just how that boat-ride came about, but if I hadn't liked—liked you, Jimmy, you'd never have thought of——"

"Violet," said Watkins softly, "you did it all. Except for you——"

"And if I hadn't written to the Hydro-Electric, Consolidated, that you owned The Neck, and what a wonderful Neck it was, and——"

Violet was out of breath now, but she managed to add:

"Jimmy, do you think I *cared* anything for you?"

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KEEPING FIT IN WINTER

Continued from page 15

anything likely to impair the health in playing cards or dancing, unless these amusements are associated with late hours. But the things listed do nothing whatever to build up the body, and they must be listed as liabilities rather than assets when the health is considered. The best we can say of them in this connection is that if they are properly regulated they do no harm.

A portion of the time given to amusements of this type might better be employed in some vigorous indoor or outdoor sport, unless you have time for both classes of diversion. Nothing of a sedentary character can be accepted as a substitute for exercise, and every person can find a place in his daily program for enough of the latter to keep him in excellent condition. It does not take much time to look after one's body, and it is the best investment in the world. I have already presented a series of exercises recommended by Miss Marion O. Wood, director of the women's gymnasium at the University of Michigan. These can be taken in a few minutes in one's room. While especially compiled for women, the exercises also can be used by men and by children with equal benefit.

Much as there is to say in favor of calisthenics of this character, physical educators agree that they are much better when supplemented by some sort of vigorous competitive sport. The Winter program of sports is almost as complete as that for Summer and practically every person not actually sick can engage in some form. Nor are outdoor Winter sports confined to the country and the small towns. The city dwellers, thanks to the excellent system of parks and playgrounds now to be found almost everywhere, has practically equal opportunities to enjoy them. And with suburban transportation in its present excellent state, it is an easy matter for the city man to get "close to nature."

I PARTICULARLY recommend outdoor sports in Winter. Skating is available to every one living in the northern sections of the country. It is the most popular as well as the most generally feasible of all outdoor Winter sports. When there is no skating to be had, cross-country hiking is a splendid exercise. Nobody can complain that he lacks facilities for this. A short car-ride will take the city dweller out where he can get off the hard pavements. He can do so, for that matter, in any of the big parks in his own city. In hiking it is always well to have a destination; just aimless rambling soon palls on one. Skiing, snow-shoeing, coasting and tobogganing are sports that depend upon hills and a plentiful supply of snow. These sports are restricted to a comparatively limited portion of the country, except when we have one of those "good, old-fashioned Winters" that come now and then. In Canada and the northern States, however, they are booming. The Canadians know how to capitalize their Winter climate. Big clubs for the promotion of cold-weather sports flourish in the principal cities and the social life of the Dominion centers largely around them. In recent years hundreds of tourists from all parts of the United States have attended the important sports carnivals held each Winter in such cities as Quebec and Montreal.

Where the Winters are so mild that skating,

Concluded on page 82

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KEEPING FIT IN WINTER

Concluded from page 81

snow-shoeing and sports of that character are not available, there is still plenty to do out-of-doors. Basket-ball and volley-ball can be played on outdoor courts if the ground is not frozen or the temperature is not too low for comfort. Field hockey is another fine outdoor game for mild Winter weather when the ground is in suitable condition. However, one should be careful not to stand still much when these games are played outside in cold weather. It is very bad to get into a hard perspiration and then remain inactive for even a minute, particularly if there is a wind blowing.

In the southern States it is possible to play golf nearly all the year. This is the sport par excellence for women and one that will win thousands of devotees among them in the next few years. Golf for women is only "in its infancy," as they say about the motion-picture business. I expect to see almost as many women as men playing it in twenty-five years. The woman who is not employed has a chance to play nearly every day, and most of the golf clubs are glad to have the fair exponents of the hook and slice on the course, excepting Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, when the majority of men have to get in their rounds.

One of the best things about golf is that it is a competitive game and therefore a strengthener of the will. Sport is not only a developer of the body but of character. A game is a series of quick decisions for the player, and every decision that one makes is helpful. There is no finer attribute than being able to make up your mind in a hurry and carry out the intention to the best of your ability. It is better to decide wrongly now and then than to be always wrong because of inability to make a decision of any kind.

Automobile-riding has no particular merit as a Winter sport, though I concede it has the merit of taking one out into the open, provided the car isn't kept completely sealed up. The bodies of the modern closed cars are so well built that if one wants to keep the air out, it can be done. Under these conditions, one might as well be indoors. As a general proposition, it would be immeasurably better if we left our cars at home oftener and trusted to our two legs to cover short distances. Nowadays the average man will use his car if he is going three or four blocks. If this habit keeps up, the time will come when he hardly will be able to walk at all. A good walk on Sunday afternoon would be a whole lot better for us than a long ride in the car.

Horseback-riding, when the weather permits, is a good Winter sport. The horse has the advantage over the automobile in that you can't ride him while seated in a glass case. You have to get the air. There is a lot of good exercise in riding a horse, too. One may not be conscious of the effort to maintain a correct seat, but it is there.

THE indoor-sports program in Winter is a large and attractive one. In almost every city of any size some sort of gymnasium is available to a large number of persons. Basket-ball, volley-ball and fencing are good competitive sports for both men and women. Basket-ball, the most strenuous of these three, is the one most likely to be overdone by women. The only safe rule to follow is never to play after fatigue begins to manifest itself. It is difficult to leave a game when the excitement is at its height, but it is better to do this than to keep on playing after one is thoroughly tired and thereby undo all the benefits of the exercise.

Volley-ball is an excellent game that is growing in popularity among women. It can be played safely by those considerably over the basket-ball age. As there is constant bending, stooping, reaching and jumping about, the game is one that tends to develop the muscles and stimulate the heart and lungs in a beneficial way. In some centers the rules of the game have been slightly modified for women by permitting them to catch and throw the ball, instead of keeping it in constant motion by batting it, as the men's code requires.

Fencing is a splendid sport for developing grace, poise and agility. It also builds up the muscles and strengthens the organs. It requires very little space and the equipment is not expensive. Competent instructors can be found in the average city, an a few lessons will fit one to enjoy the sport and get its full benefit as an exercise, without, however, making one sufficiently expert to challenge for the championship. One can become a fair fencer in a short time, but it takes years to become a truly fine one.

SWIMMING, though it is becoming more and more a competitive sport for women, I list as a recreational one here. It is one of the very best on the Winter program where a pool is available. Nothing is more beneficial in toning up the body, keeping the skin in a healthy condition and building up the muscular tissues. One gets a combination of the benefits of bathing and of exercise all in one. The number of pools to which women are admitted is growing very rapidly. In a large number of cities the public-school swimming baths are thrown open to the public at certain hours. The larger clubs and Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. buildings include pools and there are some to be found in hotels. The person who makes a practise of swimming two or three times a week during the Winter will reap great benefits. I believe that there is no better preventive of colds than this sport. Care must be taken, however, to dry the body and the hair thoroughly, especially when the weather is very cold. I recommend spending fifteen to twenty minutes indoors after the swim.

Dancing is in itself an excellent thing, but it is unfortunately the means of keeping one up very late more often than not and is often done in rooms where the ventilation is poor. It would be better to sit still in pure, fresh air than to exercise violently in that which is foul. "Short and early" dances that enable one to get home in time for a normal amount of sleep are to be recommended. Dancing is frequently overdone both in the lateness of the hour and the "mileage" covered. It is a marvel to me how some slender little girl can reel off dance after dance from early evening until almost breakfast-time. She may not show any signs of fatigue at the time, but it is hurting her to dance so much just the same. The stimulation of the music and the gaiety and all that sort of thing will keep her going, but they will not be able to bring her back quickly when it is all over.

WITH all these outdoor and indoor Winter sports at hand, every person should be able to adapt a Winter program to meet his individual needs, which vary according to age, general condition of health, climate, financial position and other elements. I am perfectly safe in saying, however, that there is no individual for whom some kind of exercise is not available in the cold months. I most strongly recommend that you begin on a program, however modest it may have to be, at once.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Two sets of indoor exercises which may be taken daily without the use of special apparatus have been prepared by Mr. Yost and Miss Marion O. Wood, Director of Athletics for Women at the University of Michigan. One set is for women up to thirty-five; the other for older women. Both are contained in an illustrated booklet and may be had for ten cents in stamps, which covers the cost of printing and postage.*

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THE WIFE OF MIDAS

Continued from page 9

leaned forward to the open window.

"What do you think of Hugh Margrave?" she asked.

Helen gave the slightest start.

"I don't know," she murmured. "I really haven't taken the trouble to think about him one way or the other."

"Well, any one can see he thinks a lot of you," Mrs. Overton remarked, with a little confidential laugh.

Hugh Margrave— So people were already noticing things! To-night Hugh had certainly been very preoccupied with her. She knew quite well that he loved her. In fact, he had told her so only an hour before. Beyond this he had almost extracted her promise to dine alone with him the following evening at some quiet little restaurant.

She liked Hugh immensely. She had no doubt of the sincerity of his love. To-night his appeal had been passionate enough almost to carry her off her feet. She had just managed to summon up sufficient resistance to get breathing-space for a decision—time for one last desperate attempt to win back her husband's love. If she failed, well, she did not care much what happened then——

A sudden inrush of cool air fanned her forehead. The car had come to a halt outside her home and the chauffeur was standing by the open door waiting for her to alight. Helen pulled the silk wrap round her shoulders, mounted the steps and entered the big, silent house. More than ever, to-night she found her spirits weighted down by the opulence of her surroundings. She glanced at the clock in the hall. It was half-past eleven. A sleepy servant informed her that her husband had been in some time, but had not yet gone to bed.

SHE ascended the broad flight of stairs that led to the study, which was more in the nature of an annex to George's Wall Street office. It was a room that Helen hated because of its associations with business. She turned the handle and entered.

George was seated at a desk, his back toward her, adding up a long column of figures. He swung round impatiently at the sound of Helen's entry. Then, seeing it was his wife and not a servant, his expression modified to a sort of friendly resignation. He was a man of medium height, with dark hair tinged gray at the sides and the suspicion of baldness on his crown. A tendency to stoutness exhibited itself below the third button of his waistcoat.

"Hello! You're home early," he said. "Sorry I couldn't come. I've been up to the ears in work. Something big's going to happen. If it comes off, I ought to clear half a million dollars."

A sickening sensation gripped Helen. It was as though George's words were a signal that she might abandon all hope. Half a million dollars! She seemed to see half a million more miles separating them.

George sat back in his chair, facing her with a self-complacent smile.

"What have you to say to that?" he asked.

"I think—surely, George, we've got quite enough money as it is," she replied almost entreatingly.

George laughed good-humoredly.

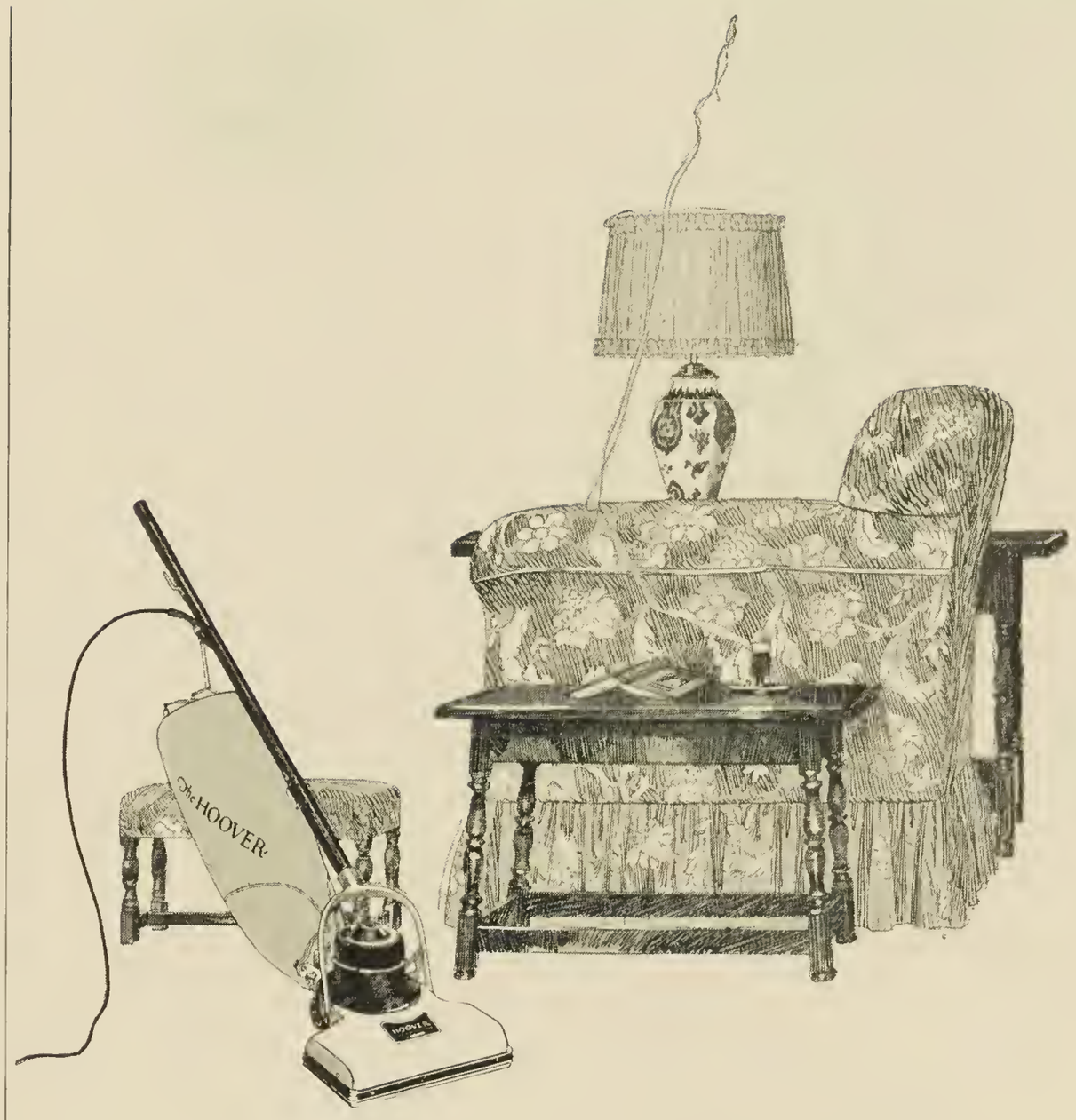
"Money's a curious thing," he said. "Once you stop making it, you begin losing it. There's no intermediate stage in business. A man who's satisfied with enough will very soon find he hasn't got it. Besides, what you women don't understand is the fascination of the game itself. That's worth as much again as the money. At least it is to me."

"I think women do understand," Helen said slowly. "George, dear, I wish for your own sake, for my sake, that you wouldn't work so hard. What do we want with another half-million dollars?"

He looked at her with condescending pity.

"I know what I want with it," he said. "Increased power, a wider field for operations. I've hardly begun to stir yet."

Continued on page 84



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THE WIFE OF MIDAS

Continued from page 83

Helen recognized the hopelessness of the moment. She had a vision of George caught up in a hundred distracting schemes and irretrievably lost to her. She saw herself drifting nearer and nearer to Hugh Margrave. A blind fury against the force that was making her an unfaithful wife in spite of her desires took possession of her.

George, whose expression had become grave, rose from the chair and began to pace up and down the room restlessly.

"This is the biggest thing I've tackled so far," he said. "I'm taking a heavy risk. But I think I'm justified."

He halted in front of Helen.

"Risk? What risk?" she asked without interest.

"The risk of losing everything I've got," he said very seriously. "That's why I'm telling you this now. I think it's only fair you should understand. Should anything go wrong, we may find ourselves poor again."

"Poor!"

"Don't be frightened," he said, with a comforting smile. "It isn't very possible. But there's always the outside chance to be considered."

"Do you mean we may be poor again—as we were in the old days?" Helen asked in a low voice, afraid lest she should betray her innermost wishes.

"Oh, not as poor as that, please heaven! But poor enough," George replied.

He remained silent for a moment or two. Actually, he was not at all easy in his own mind concerning his new venture. For once in his life he was not certain that his judgment had been sound, and the specter of failure persisted in haunting him.

"If you think it's too big a risk, I'll drop it," he said. "It isn't too late."

The silk wrap slid from Helen's shoulders on to the floor as she suddenly became galvanized into life.

"No, no; don't do that," she hastened to say. "We must take the risk."

George gave her a glance of admiration.

"Well, that's pretty plucky, anyhow."

Helen averted her head so that George should not see the burning flush that colored her face. His praise made her feel a Judas.

GEORGE, with hands in his pockets, again commenced to march up and down the room.

"I'll give you a rough idea of the situation," he began. "I'm going to put every dollar I can lay hands on into Peruvian Oil-fields. They're on the market now at a mere song. They closed one thirty-five to-day. Six months ago they were four eighty to buy. But the market has had the bottom knocked out of it by rumors that the fields have been invaded by salt water. Three of the biggest wells have actually ceased operations and prices have been tumbling ever since. D'you follow the position so far?"

Helen nodded. For the first time for a very long while she found herself interested in the subject of a Wall Street speculation. Not, however, for the reasons George imagined. All the time there echoed in her ears George's earlier words: "We may find ourselves poor again."

George proceeded with his explanation.

"The general impression is that the whole acreage will shortly have to be abandoned. But I've always had an idea that the eastern section of the fields will escape—at any rate, for a long time. So far, there has been very little drilling in this area. Ten weeks ago I commissioned an expert to go to Peru, have a look over the whole oil area and send me a confidential report. A week ago I had a letter from him that contained some optimistic views, but reserved definite judgment till he'd made some final investigations. He said he'd cable for certain, one way or the other, on the fifteenth. That's to-morrow."

He paused and commenced to rub the palms of his hands together in a feverish excitement.

"You'd better say a prayer to the goddess of luck before you go to sleep to-night, Helen," he said jestingly. "To-morrow I buy Peruvian Oil-fields or sell—on the strength of that cable. I've already got a tidy holding. But my block's nothing compared to Morton's. They're the big people in Peruvians. I'm up against them, and they don't go in much for lotus-eating. But I think I've stolen a march on them this time!"

In spite of her uneasy conscience, Helen could not forego a smile at the boyish glee in George's tone.

"Suppose the expert is mistaken after all?" she asked. "Suppose you buy——"

"In that case, the worst happens. We lose most of what we've got."

He shrugged his shoulders, but his condition was by no means as light-hearted as the gesture implied.

"I'm pretty sure McConechy's judgment can be relied on," he observed after a moment. "He's a Scot and not unacquainted with caution. If he errs at all, it will be on the side of safety."

Suddenly he raised his hand to his forehead, swayed dizzily a little and then groped for his chair.

Helen ran to him in alarm.

"George, dear, are you ill?"

For the first time she noticed how pale and drawn his face was. A slight perspiration bedewed his forehead.

George made an effort to recover himself.

"It's all right," he said. "Only a passing faintness. The same thing happened this afternoon in the office. It'll soon pass off. D'you mind opening a window?—there's no air in this room."

Helen did as he requested. Then she returned anxiously to her husband's side.

"George, dear, I'm sure you are working too hard," she said with real concern. "You look positively worn out. Why don't you take a long holiday? Couldn't you leave Wall Street altogether? We have quite enough to live on."

George stared up at her in blank astonishment.

"Leave Wall Street!" he repeated incredulously. "Why, I've another fifteen good years in front of me—and perhaps more."

HELEN realized how useless it was to continue the appeal. Fifteen more years of this soulless, loveless existence! George had dedicated himself to his idol for a new lease.

"One of these days you'll regret you did not take my advice," she said slowly, thinking at that moment of Hugh Margrave.

George laughed scornfully.

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed. "Work never killed anybody yet, and I'm as strong as a horse. All that's wrong with me is a touch of indigestion. And it's accentuated by the fact that I haven't slept for the past three nights. I've had all the details of this Peruvian business on my mind for weeks. But a night's sound sleep will make all the difference. And I intend to sleep well to-night! I had a sleeping-draft prepared for me to-day. I don't like taking that sort of thing, but if I'm to be any good for to-morrow I simply must get some sleep."

He reached toward a drawer in his desk and produced a small vial containing a colorless liquid.

"This is it," he said. "Six drops will give me eight hours sleep, which is all I want. I mustn't overdo it or I shall find myself sleeping into the afternoon."

He held out the bottle for Helen's inspection. She took it listlessly, glanced at it and replaced it on the desk.

"You've no important engagement to-morrow morning, have you, Helen?"

"No. Why?"

"I want you to be at home in case anything happens to me," he replied.

"What do you mean?" she asked nervously.

"Well, that dope may play tricks with me. I'm not used to the stuff, and although the doctor says I'll wake for sure within nine hours if I only take six drops, I don't feel inclined to run any risks. For all I know, I may sleep the clock round and you mayn't be able to wake me. It isn't very likely, but there's always the chance. Anyhow, I've taken precautions against accidents. Hodges has instructions that if I'm not in the office by half-past ten, he is to ring through here as soon as McConechy's cable arrives. I expect it some time during the morning. Now, supposing anything goes wrong with that dope, I'll tell you what I want you to do. Hodges will read the cable over the wire to you. It'll be in code known only to McConechy and myself. I want you to listen very carefully to this: The cable will say

Continued on page 85



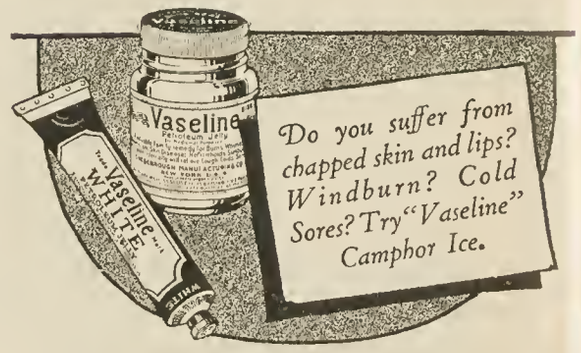
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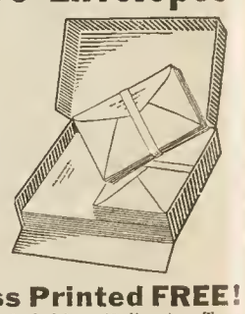
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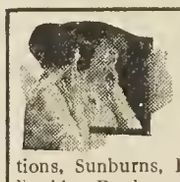


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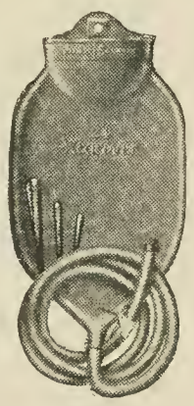
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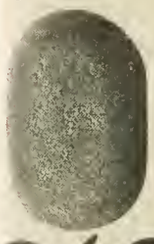


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THE WIFE OF MIDAS

Continued from page 84

one of two things. If it reads 'Increase and multiply,' it means that McConechy is certain the salt water won't touch the eastern area and we can buy Peruvian Oils till we are blue in the face. But if it says 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' we've got to get out of them as quickly as possible. Understand?"

" 'Increase and multiply' means buy, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters' means sell," she recited slowly.

"Right. I've told Hodges he is to consider your instructions as coming from me. If he reads over the phone 'Increase and multiply,' all you have to do is to say 'Buy.' If it's 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' say 'Sell.' That's all. Hodges knows what to do then. But for God's sake be careful and don't let there be any mistake!"

He stood up abruptly and glanced at his watch.

"Quarter-past twelve. I think I'll get off to bed."

He went out of the room too preoccupied by Peruvians to notice that he had not given his wife the usual formal kiss. But Helen noticed it and her lips tightened. She sat on, immersed in her thoughts. After a while she heard George call her from his bedroom.

"Helen—I left that sleeping-draft on my desk. You might bring it in before you go to bed."

Her glance traveled to the desk. The vial was standing where she had placed it on a copy of a financial directory. She gazed at it, her bosom rising and falling rapidly. Then she rose with a swift feline movement and walked to the desk.

"Very well," she called back to George. "I'll mix it for you myself."

She was startled by the sound of her voice, so strained and unnatural did it seem to her ears.

She poured a little water into a glass, took hold of the vial and removed the cork. Her face was very pale and her big dark eyes had the look of a creature at bay. She tilted the vial toward the glass and began to count silently.

One—two—three—four—five—six——

Here her hand trembled visibly and the seventh drop may be said to have fallen by accident. But the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth were intentional enough.

Then she stopped. Terror seized her. She was on the brink of emptying the glass and replenishing it again in its proper proportions. But the recollection of Hugh Margrave and the disaster that would certainly befall her next day if she weakened in her determination overcame her fears. She recorked the vial, replaced it on the desk and, glass in hand, went toward George's room.

George was in his shirt-sleeves. She made a desperate effort to appear calm and collected.

"Thanks," he said, taking the glass. "I hope you haven't given me too much."

"Six drops—or five and one-half, to be absolutely accurate," she replied, endeavoring to muster up a playful laugh.

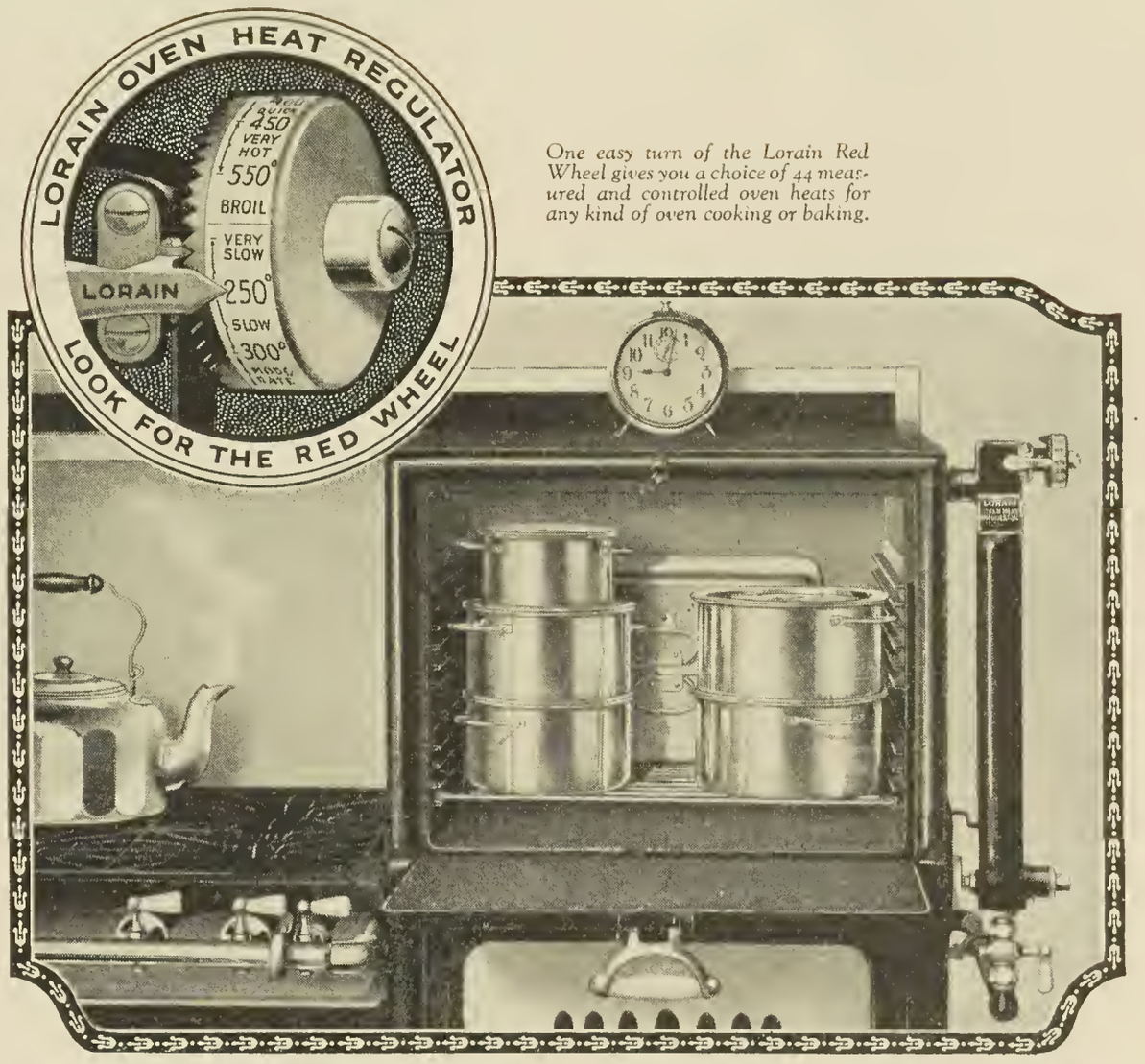
Without more ado, George swallowed the dose. Helen bade him good night in a muffled voice and fled to her own apartment.

IT WAS almost nine o'clock before Helen awoke. She had lain awake half the night in a turmoil of fears and desperate resolves. She got out of bed, dressed hurriedly and crept to George's room. Outside the door she listened for a moment, but could hear nothing. Then she entered.

George was still in bed. She tiptoed over and shook his shoulder, not too vigorously. He remained sound asleep. For a second or two she stood watching him sadly, the tears gathering in her eyes. Suddenly she stooped and kissed him on the lips, then she hurried from the room.

She breakfasted alone, after giving directions that George was not to be disturbed. Then she went up to the study to sit by the telephone.

Continued on page 86



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Cooks a Whole Meal While You're Miles Away

SEE that long, black tube attached to the extreme right of the stove in the above picture, the tube with the indicator and wheel at the top? That's the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the wonderful device that measures and controls the temperature of a Gas Range Oven.

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THE WIFE OF MIDAS

Continued from page 85

It was twenty-five minutes to eleven when the call that she was awaiting came. She clutched the receiver and pressed it hard against her ear. Hodges was speaking from the Wall Street office.

"I want Mr. Ashcroft immediately— Oh, that you, Mrs. Ashcroft? Good morning."

"My husband isn't very well. He is still asleep and I don't want to disturb him," Helen replied. "What is it?"

"The cable from Peru has just arrived."

"Oh, yes." Helen was astonished at her calmness. "My husband told me what to do. Please read the cable to me."

There was a brief pause, and then she heard Hodges's voice carefully enunciating each word of the message:

"Cast—thy—bread—upon—the—waters."

"Buy," she said in a firm, deliberate tone.

Hodges appeared to be somewhat uncertain.

"Do you mind repeating that, Mrs. Ashcroft?" he asked.

"Buy!"

She waited to hear no more and dropped the receiver onto its hook. For a while she stood staring at the telephone, petrified by what she had done. Then she began to feel terrified. She expected every moment to break down hysterically. She wanted to run away and hide. The four walls of the room seemed to stifle her. She must do something—go somewhere—breathe the fresh air——

Later on, when she found herself on a street-car passing Central Park, she could not for the life of her remember how she had got there.

GEORGE did not wake till half-past two in the afternoon. The sound sleep had refreshed him thoroughly, and as soon as his eyes were opened he was out of bed. He went at once to the dressing-table and glanced at his watch. He cursed vigorously.

"That damned dope has let me down after all," he muttered. "Thank Heaven I told Helen what to do."

He pressed the bell and a manservant appeared at the door.

"Ask Mrs. Ashcroft to come here immediately."

"Mrs. Ashcroft isn't at home, sir," replied the man. "She went out this morning and said she wouldn't be back for lunch."

"Did she leave any message for me?"

"I think not, sir. I will inquire."

When the man had departed, George gave way to a whole-hearted denunciation of the idiotic ways of women in matters of business. Then he flung a dressing-gown around him, put his feet into slippers and crossed the corridor to the study. Seizing the telephone receiver, he rang up the office.

Hodges came on the wire immediately.

"That you, Hodges? What's happened about Peruvians? Quick——"

"We've bought, according to Mrs. Ashcroft's instructions."

"How many?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand."

"What price?"

"Average about one twenty-five. I closed down at one o'clock, when we reached our limit."

"That's all right. What's the price now?"

"Much lower. Thirty-five cents buyers."

"What! In face of all our buying?"

Hodges's methodical voice continued from the other end of the wire:

"Morton's have been unloading for all they're worth. I think they've had some news from the south. Just before lunch I heard a rumor that three more wells had sprung salt water. There seems something fishy about it."

A ghastly fear took possession of George.

"What was McConechy's cable?" he asked, trembling.

"'Cast — thy — bread — upon — the — waters,'" replied Hodges.

"My God!" cried George.

The shock for a moment deprived him of further speech.

"Anything wrong?" Hodges inquired.

George's face was convulsed with rage.

"You blasted fool!" he cried furiously. "Don't you know that you've ruined me? Who in hell's name told you to buy?"

"Mrs. Ashcroft."

"It's a lie! She didn't!"

"I beg your pardon, she did," came Hodges aggrieved remonstrance. "I read the cable to her and she said 'Buy.' In order that there should be no mistake I checked her and she repeated the instruction."

"You must have made some mistake," George snarled. You——"

"George!"

The tide of his fury was suddenly checked. He swung round toward the door. Helen had just returned and was standing inside the room. Her face was white and her eyes seemed dilated with panic.

George, with the receiver still at his ear, shot a terrible glance at her.

"Did you tell Hodges to buy Peruvians?" he demanded.

"Yes," she quavered from her dry lips.

For a moment he stared at her as though he could not believe his ears. Then he abruptly dropped the receiver and sank into a chair without a word.

HELEN, conscience-stricken at the suffering depicted on his face, ran forward and put her arms round him. He repulsed her with a rough movement.

"You idiot!" he cried, losing all self-control. "Didn't I tell you that if the cable read 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' you were to instruct Hodges to sell?"

"I—I must have made a mistake," she faltered.

"Mistake! That's all it means to you, I suppose. Just a mistake. And to me it means ruin! My whole life's achievement gone! D'you understand that? Two hundred and fifty thousand stock that won't be worth the price of their paper before the week's out! That's your morning's work! My God, to think of it!"

The agony in his voice tore at her heart. She made another effort to come close to him, but he pushed her away.

"Forgive me," she entreated, clutching at his sleeve.

He laughed a bitter laugh.

"You think it is as easy as all that!" he said. "What sort of an angel do you imagine I am? Don't talk to me about forgiveness!"

"No, no! You *must* forgive me!" she cried desperately.

"I'd have trusted you with my life," he went on, "and now see what you've done! My worst enemy couldn't have succeeded better! You've doomed me completely! You! My wife! All the years I've slaved, to end like this! It's monstrous!"

She sank down on her knees beside him and tried to force him to take notice of her.

"You'd better go away," he said harshly. "I want to be alone!"

"No, I won't leave you!" She was clutching tightly to his arm.

"I tell you I want to be alone!" he said brutally. "I can't think with you stuck there in front of me! All I can think of is that it's you who has put me back to where I was fifteen years ago. You've made me poor again."

She jumped at this opportunity to remind him of her love.

"You have me, dear," she said with emotion. "Is that nothing? Remember how happy we used to be in the old days, even though we were poor. Think how united we used to be. It hasn't been like that for years and years."

He pushed her away with an impatient gesture.

"George, isn't my love worth something to you?" she entreated. "Yours is all I want in the world!"

"Your love!" he echoed bitterly. "Well, it has cost me pretty dear to-day. D'you think I'm likely to want much more of it on the same terms? You women! You think a man has no other object in life than to spend all his time at the tail of a skirt! Ambition, work, success make up a man's life if he is to be happy and contented. He's too big for love alone to satisfy—that is, if he's worth calling a man!"

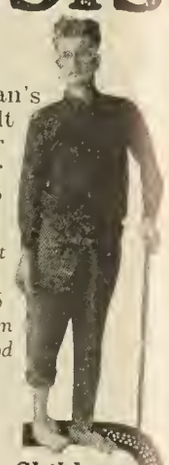
"Are those your real convictions?" Helen asked in a low voice. "Oh, no, it's impossible! I can't believe you think such things in your heart of hearts. You talk as though you were ashamed of love."

"I'll fight shy of such expensive luxury henceforth," he said grimly. "Love can't be trusted not to make mistakes, therefore

Continued on page 87

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

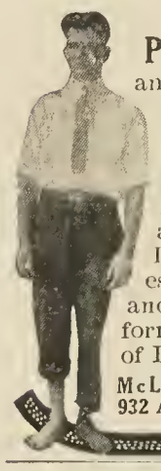
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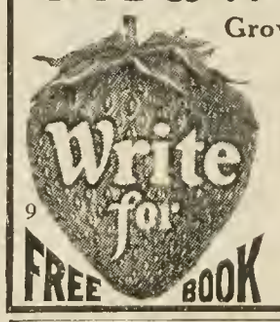
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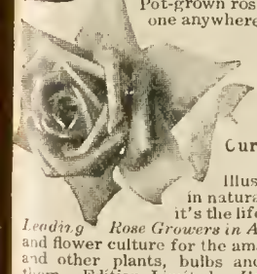
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THE WIFE OF MIDAS

Continued from page 86

a business man's better off without it."

She caught hold of his hands passionately and shook them in her distraction.

"Do you realize what you're saying, George?" she cried in anguish. "Am I to be nothing to you in the future? Do you want to force me to forget that I am your wife?"

He stared at her blankly for a moment.

"D'you think I'm likely to forget to-day's work in a hurry?" he said.

"You shall! You must!" she cried.

"Why?" he inquired coldly.

"Because of my love—our love——"

"So like a woman to believe that a little love will cover a multitude of sins!"

"Sin!" she cried with a start of fear. "It was a mistake, a mistake!"

"Same thing," he replied curtly. "In business there are no worse sins than mistakes."

"But between us it is not a question of business. I'm not a clerk. I'm your wife. Have you no love left for me?"

"If I had, what does it matter now? I've no more time to waste on love. You've seen to that all right. From now on, I've got to work—and work damned hard! Every minute of the day and as much of the night as I can stand for. I've made up my mind. I won't go down over this. I made one pile, and by God I'll make another before I'm done with!"

Cold despair seized Helen as she listened to the words. They rang the knell of all her hopes; they dinned in her ears. "I've no more time to waste on love." She could no longer weep. The misery of her soul seemed to numb all feeling.

SHE was aroused from her stupor by the sound of the telephone bell. Suddenly she remembered Hugh Margrave and she sprang up and seized the receiver before George could get to it.

But it was not Hugh Margrave after all.

"Mr. Hodges wants to speak to you," Helen said, relinquishing the phone.

Through the pall of her deadening thoughts fragments of the telephone conversation penetrated to her consciousness; but she gave them no heed.

"What's that? Yes—go on. Yes, yes, I can hear all right. Read it again. By heaven, then we've swept the board!"

To Helen it seemed ages before George left the phone. He came across to her quivering with excitement.

"Did you hear that?" he cried.

"I wasn't listening," she replied dully.

"It's a miracle!" he exclaimed. "Do you know what you've done? You've saved me! You've made a coup worth a million! And a minute ago I thought we were done for! Helen, say something! Laugh—cheer—get up and dance——"

She remained motionless, her face like a white mask, hardly comprehending his meaning. George began to talk rapidly, unable to get the words out fast enough. Little by little there came to her bewildered intelligence a glimmering of what had happened.

She learned that a long second cable had just been received at the office from McConechy. It began with the code instruction "Increase and multiply." Then followed a brief explanation of the previous cable, which was amplified in a letter received later.

McConechy had been struck down with a touch of fever two days before he had arranged to cable. In his delirium he had continued to shout out: "Cable Ashcroft, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters.' Must sell—" so vigorously that his native servant eventually came to regard it as a vital command. But before doing anything, he sought the advice of the only other white man in the district. This individual appeared extremely interested in the affair and took the trouble to ride over and sit by McConechy's bedside for a while. When he left, he informed the native servant that he himself would carry out the sick man's wishes.

He did so, but not until many hours after

Concluded on page 88

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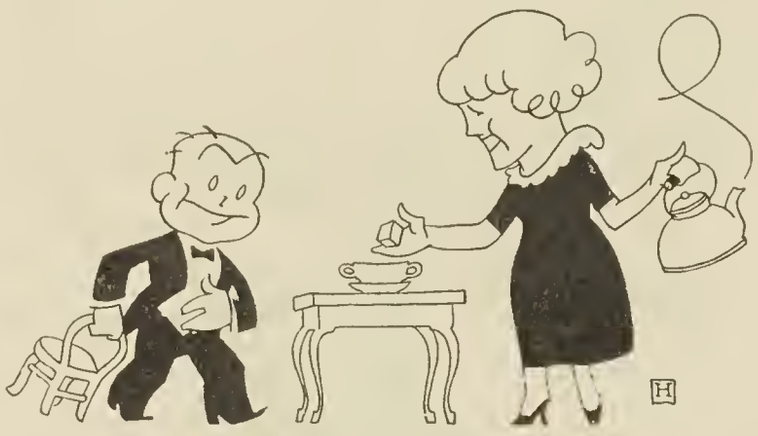
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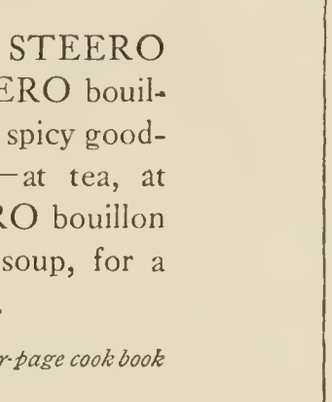


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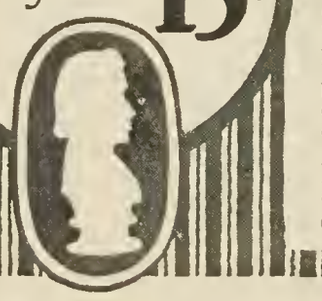
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THE WIFE OF MIDAS

Concluded from page 87

another cable had been sent by him to Morton's office in New York informing them that, according to instructions, he had got on the track of George Ashcroft's expert and discovered that he was about to recommend a wholesale unloading of Peruvian Oils.

The following day McConechy, in a lucid interval, learned from his servant of the stranger's visit and suspected what lay behind it. Sick as he was, he immediately rode ten miles to the nearest telegraph station and handed in the message "Increase and multiply," which he had intended to send as the result of his investigations. Then he fell unconscious across the counter.

These details were not to be fully known to George Ashcroft till McConechy's letter arrived a week later. But the cable contained sufficient information to give him the key to the situation.

He made a strange figure as he stood in his dressing-gown before Helen, unshaven and having shed one slipper in his journey to her from the telephone.

"Just think of it!" he exclaimed gleefully. "You've outwitted Morton. That's a feather in your cap, no mistake!"

SHE could bear the strain no longer. His boyish spirits, the pride in her which was displayed in his every glance, his sheer happiness, thawed through the frozen territory of her soul. Suddenly she burst into tears and flung herself into George's arms.

"Forgive me," she sobbed. "I did wrong!"

In the next few minutes he learned the astounding truth about her "mistake" in Peruvians. He learned also much that was equally astounding to his unsuspecting mind concerning the miserable years she had spent hungering for a few crums of love, until she was driven in desperation to welcome financial ruin in the hope that out of the wreck their mutual love would rise again phenix-like. She told him everything—everything except about Hugh Margrave.

He let her talk on, her face hidden against his shoulder, without interrupting her by a word. The sight of her convulsively sobbing within his arms gave him a queer, choking feeling. He couldn't have spoken if he had wished to.

"You can't think how lonely it has been for me," she ended.

She felt his arms close tighter around her.

"Oh, damn it, there's that confounde telephone again!" he suddenly exclaimed.

The bell had been ringing, in fact, for som time, unheeded by either of them.

George released Helen and picked up th receiver expecting to hear Hodges's voic "Hello— Who is it?"

When the reply came, he paused for second time before turning toward Helen.

"Somebody wants you," he said. "Won' give any name. It's a man's voice."

He eyed her curiously as she took the re ceiver from him and put her lips near th mouthpiece. He stood a few paces behin her listening and watching with a vagu unrest.

"No—it's utterly impossible. Yes; I'v quite made up my mind. It's my ultimat decision. Good-by."

She spoke in a quiet, deliberate tone, with out hurry or emotion. Though George ha no key to the conversation, the words serve to increase his disquiet.

"Who the devil is she talking to? An what is it he wants?" were the questions tha his sudden jealousy began to formulate. Hi mind was making swift decisions.

At last she replaced the receiver and turne toward him with a sad, tired smile. He too her by the hands.

"Before I forgive you," he said, "there something you must do."

"What is it?" she asked in a low voice expecting to hear him cross-examine he about the telephone call.

"I want you to forgive *me*," he replied "I've only to forgive you for a minute o two's pardonable folly, but you've go twelve years sheer lunacy to forgive me I've been a blind fool, but I'm not going to be one any longer."

Tears of happiness suddenly welled up into her eyes.

"Forgive you? Why, of course!" she cried putting her arms around his neck.

"Can you do it so instantaneously? By Jove, you are a brick, Helen! Twelve years forgiven in a moment!"

"It is easy, because I love you," she said simply. "You think love is a small matter— you practically told me so a little while ago— but it is the greatest thing in the world. One can do anything with love."

He looked decidedly shamefaced.

"Perhaps I did talk nonsense," he said "I lost my head for a while. As a matter of fact, I've no clear recollection of what I said—and I don't want to have either. All I know is that you and I have twelve years lost ground to make up, and we're going to start right away. I'll cut out business and we'll go honeymooning. Where shall we go?"

Youth and gaiety seemed to have renewed their existence in Helen.

"Anywhere will do," she laughed. "So long as there isn't a telephone within fifty miles!"

"Right!" said George, in dead earnest. "You shall have the name of that spot before lunch-time to-morrow—if there is such a place!"



MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 13

and asked me what was the matter. I said, "I don't know, except that I am in absolute agony."

By the time I got my cloak on ready to be carried onto the stage the pain had left my knee and gone to my back. I went on and did the "dying scene," and then they had to carry me back to my dressing-room. They called a cab, took me to the hotel and sent for a doctor. By the time he got there the pain had gone to my hand and I was making the most terrible sounds from the agony. I was taken to the hospital the next day with an acute attack of arthritis and there I was for weeks and weeks. I was very lucky to be cured at all. After they removed my tonsils—having found lodged in my throat that terrible germ, streptococcus—I recovered, but not without a great deal of suffering. The arthritis, however, left me with a bad finger. When they took me down to the operating-room, I asked them if I could ever play the piano again, and they said that it would be impossible. This made me feel very awfully—but I can!

I was brought from Cincinnati to the Flower Hospital, in New York City, and while I was there my brother Jack came to see me and to show me a new play his wife had written, called "Clair de Lune." He wanted me to play the *Queen* in it. He had gone to Mr. Hayman about it, and the latter was much interested in the idea of the two Barrymores appearing in a play by Jack's wife.

After such an illness as I had gone through, it was naturally impossible for me to go back to such a heavy rôle as that in "Declassé"—nor could I have traveled. The responsibility of the whole thing would have been too much for me. The part in "Clair de Lune" was short, and I told Jack that if I didn't die I would play it. There was at one time great doubt as to whether I would ever get better. During the last few weeks that I was in the hospital, he came to me with plates for costumes, scenery, etc., and I have never seen him so interested in anything connected with the theater as in these preparations.

Continued on page 89

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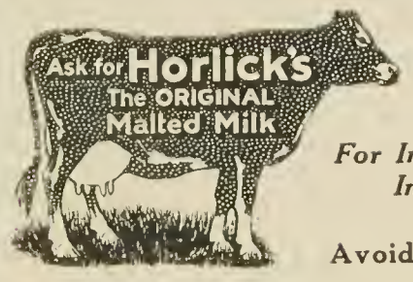
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MY REMINISCENCES

Continued from page 88

As soon as I got out of the hospital, we began rehearsals, and shortly afterward produced the play. The papers and the public were very kind to me about it. I had most beautiful clothes, and looked all right, and I think I was all right—in fact everybody thought so—but I understood afterward that the author didn't think very much of me. She thought I didn't understand the part!

I went to the country that Summer and planned to go on tour the whole of the next season in "Declassé." We were booked all the way to California and back. I would be gone a whole year, so I had to decide the best thing to do for the children. My oldest boy, Sammy, had already been to boarding-school, at Canterbury, Connecticut; and "Sister," my little girl, had been to day-school in New York. I thought the best thing I could possibly do for her was to send her to my old convent, where I had been so many years and where my mother had been. The sisters were all very wonderful to her and she was very happy there. It was a great relief to me, knowing every hour of the day that she was doing exactly what I had done before her. When I went to see her after she was settled at the convent, I found it just the same as it was in the days when I was her age, many of the same sisters being there yet. It didn't seem as if a chair had been moved since I left; the same gong ringing each hour, the same little choir and organ—and I was still "Little Ethel" to the sisters! It was really a very delightful experience.

When I told my youngest son, Jackie, who was then eight, that I was going to send him to boarding-school, he looked up at me with those large brown eyes of his and said, "Oh, I don't think I've got enough sense!" In September, I took him up to the most wonderful school in America for little boys and soon began getting letters from him about football, baseball, geography and arithmetic.

So the children were all well and happy, and off I went on my tour, which lasted from September to June.

IT WAS toward the end of this tour that I decided to leave "Charles Frohman, Incorporated," and join forces with Arthur Hopkins. I thought he produced plays that would interest me more and would probably give me better opportunity to realize my ambition of doing several plays in New York during a season and thus establish a repertoire. First of all, I sent Gilbert Miller, who, since the sudden death of Mr. Hayman, had become general manager, a telegram severing my connection with the Frohman corporation, which was now nothing more nor less than an adjunct of moving-pictures. I saw no future for me there, because they only did plays that had moving-picture possibilities in them, and I was not going to do plays simply because they would be good for moving-pictures! With this policy, "Charles Frohman, Incorporated" had become more or less of a commercial house, and all my sentiments and feeling had passed, first with Mr. Frohman and finally with Mr. Hayman. What I regretted most of all was leaving my kind Empire Theater stage-hands. They were my real friends, of whom I was always very fond and always shall be.

After I had received Gilbert Miller's acceptance of my resignation, I telegraphed Arthur Hopkins. I simply said, "I have severed my connections with 'Charles Frohman, Incorporated.' Don't you think you and I might do some amusing things together?" To which he replied, "I can think of nothing I would like better." And so that is the only contract I ever had with him.

When I returned to New York, I went to see Mr. Hopkins at his office, and he asked me if I had ever read a play by Hauptmann called "Rose Bernd." I had not. He sent it to me and I read it. I thought it was magnificent. I would like very much to be able to read it in the original German,

Concluded on page 90



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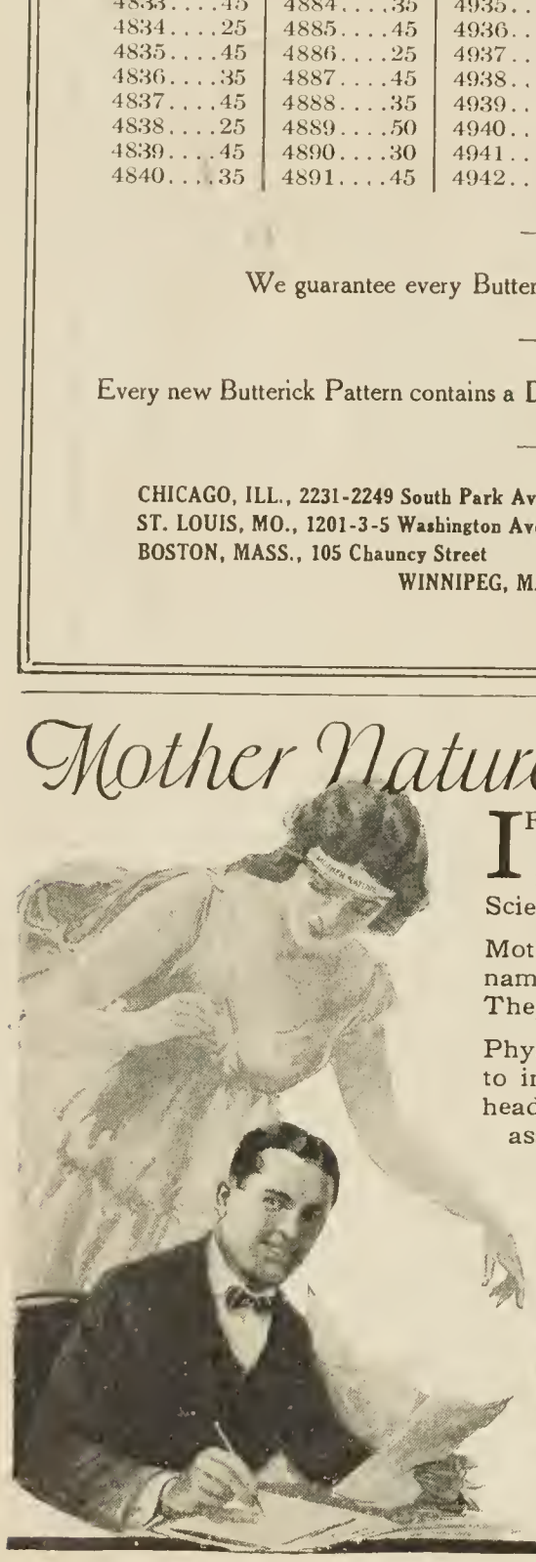
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MY REMINISCENCES

Concluded from page 89

because Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn didn't, I'm sure, do well by it. However, it is very hard to destroy the genius of Hauptmann; Mr. Lewisohn did not succeed in doing that.

We cast and played "Rose Bernd" absolutely in accordance with Hauptmann's original stage directions. Mr. Lewisohn's translation was criticized after the production, to which he replied with various letters scoring the actors and the producer. He was very amusing.

It had been planned that the next play I was to do would be "As You Like It," and I had spent most of the Summer and a good deal of time during the "Rose Bernd" run in studying *Rosalind*. But, for some reason, after my brother's great success in "Hamlet," Mr. Hopkins thought it was more important to do "Romeo and Juliet," which we had planned for the next season. I didn't particularly want to do it, as I was not prepared for it and had been studying the other play. However, I was under his management and did what I was told.

This was not a successful venture. The public took very little interest in it. They didn't like the scenery—they didn't like the company—they didn't like me. It had moments of great beauty and, curiously enough, although it was a real failure night after night, I got the most enormous return from the audience in the way of vibrant appreciation—that incommunicable something which passes between the player and the audience and which no words can express. Many times I felt that they were saying to each other. "I don't know what the critics can mean. This is most beautiful. Why do they say it isn't good?"

I don't believe much in the preconceived theories that people have about great parts. There she is plainly before us, the *Juliet* of Shakespeare, in lights and shades, as clear as day. I am not in the least discouraged by what happened and I shall do it again and often.

A curious thing happened to me while I was playing Juliet. When I was lying on the tomb supposedly dead in the last act, the fact that I had to remain so still seemed to have a hypnotic influence on me and it was with the greatest difficulty and will power that I kept myself from literally becoming unconscious. One night I did for an instant lose consciousness.

The next piece we did was "The Laughing Lady," so different in every way.

THE best thing that I can say about this season is that I had to do three distinct parts, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been played by three quite different actresses. "The Laughing Lady" was the sort of play I had done before, like "Lady Frederick" and "Cousin Kate," and was much harder for me to do than the big rôles. In a play like "The Laughing Lady," if you have done big parts, you have to bring so much into the slender vehicle to keep your self-respect. You are taking the part of a person who is just like every one in the audience. And the fact that you have to be natural is much harder than doing emotional parts. People don't realize this. It is much more difficult to be convincing and fine in a modern comedy, when every woman in the audience thinks she is more or less like the woman you are playing.

The next thing I did was to appear in The Players Club's annual classical revival. The piece was "The School for Scandal," and I was *Lady Teazle*. She, in a way, is a laughing lady, but you have to approach her and play her in an entirely different way. Artificiality of manner, speech and gesture makes it much easier to be good as *Lady Teazle* than as *The Laughing Lady*. The very fact that one has a wig on and is in a different costume helps to make it easier.

The production had a notable cast. It must have been very thrilling to the public to see Walter Hampden playing the part of a servant, Francis Wilson playing another servant and Grant Mitchell another, while Robert Mantel did the small part of *Snake*—just exactly in the spirit of the repertory theater which we all hope for and which I believe will surely come about some time. Everybody was perfectly lovely and we did exactly as we were told at rehearsal. Mr. William Seymour directed us for the first few days and gave us the traditional stage "business"—things he had in his old prompt-books and things he remembered. Nobody objected to anything. Once or twice there were things that people had formerly put into the play, making *Lady Teazle* the important part. We changed this around, as I didn't want to have *Lady Teazle* made the star part, and was happy when they decided to stick to Sheridan's original text and not to the Augustin Daly version. When Mr. Seymour went away, rehearsals were conducted by John Craig, who had put the play on many times with his stock company in Boston. He is a most delightful man. The whole spirit was really very splendid and it was a great pleasure to be in it. I did this as a labor of love and out of it came really the biggest return I have had. It was indeed a reward for virtue.

THIS brings me to the immediate future which I am facing. What I am going to do next only God knows, and He has not given me an inkling. My mind is filled, as always, with big plans, big dreams and big hopes. Who knows if they will ever be realized? I have been on the stage all these years, ceaselessly working, and yet I feel that I have done nothing that I wanted to do. I still feel as if I were just beginning. There is so much yet to accomplish!

I have given a very sketchy glimpse of the years that have passed. I have touched on friends and, I know, because of the tricky way that memory has, I have not mentioned all of them, nor given an idea of how much they have all meant to me at different times.

It is a difficult matter when one is so actively in the midst of the life of the theater to speak with finality about these great things which are in the making. And if I have not ventured to say much regarding the state of acting, the new stage-craft, the possibilities of the revival of repertory companies, it is not because I am not fully aware of their imminency, but because now is not the time to theorize but to do.

I am sure that our repertory companies received a tremendous impetus by the recent visits of the Moscow Art Theater Players. I am certain that there is the same kind of art in America if given the same kind of organization as that which has helped them for a quarter of a century. My own repertoire, where I have not been confined to one part for two or three seasons, as in the old days, convinces me that the actor's salvation is in the assuming of many parts, which gives flexibility, variety and zest to his work.

But why theorize about such things! After all, it is, as I have said, the province of every actor to illustrate by doing, and that is why I face the future always with so much expectancy that some of my dreams may immediately come true.

I look at my little girl, and I see in her a reflection of the portrait of the little girl I tried to picture in my first article. She is absolutely, exactly like me in every way, except that I have been able to make her happy and things have been easier for her. In my own case I am sure that one of the reasons for the loneliness I often felt was because my mother, delightful actress as she was, never attained the sure position of a star, which enables one to be not so continuously on the road and to have more time with one's children.

There is a splendid line in the opening of Hugh Walpole's novel "Fortitude" which is well worth remembering: "'Tisn't life that matters—'tis the courage you bring to it!" I suppose that applies to all professions, but not more so than to the theater, where there are so many exactions, so many deprivations, so many long, tedious details which the public never realize when they see the finished play. But I do not believe that any one writing about the theater and the friendships made can fail to recognize the one great friend without whose loyalty success is impossible—that vast public which has been my friend for so many years and has been part of the life I have lived.

Naturally, I have to leave this portrait unfinished, for I still have my work to do, still have many friends to make. But as I look at my little girl, I inevitably return to the portrait which we did finish, the portrait of myself when I was her age.

THE END



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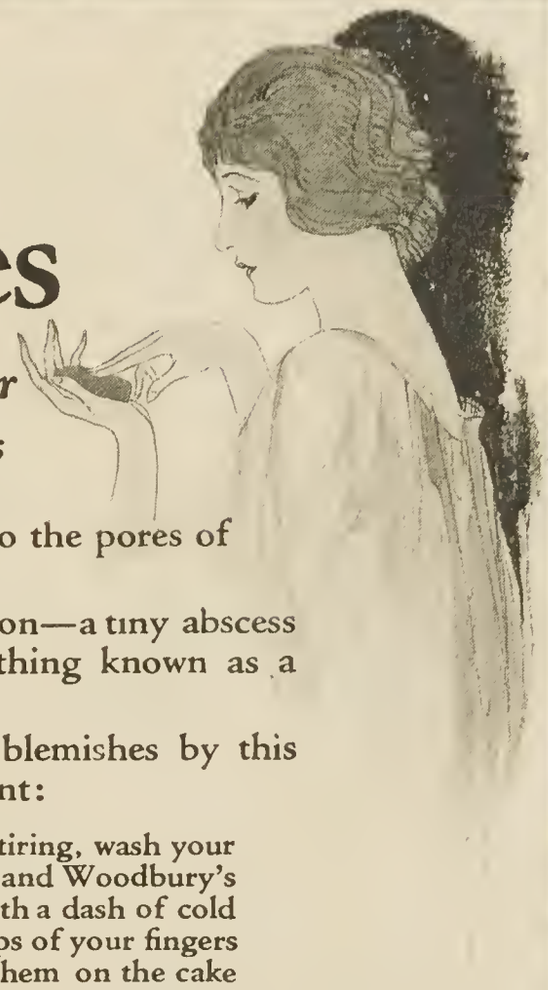
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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

4986—Tier draperies are very new, and the blouse of this two-piece dress in satin crêpe, silk crêpe or moire is also draped. The straight lower part is joined to a long underbody with a choice of a camisole top.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4956—The braid trimming on this one-piece slip-over dress gives weight to the silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine. The dress has a straight lower edge, a casing and elastic at the low waistline and a choice of body lining.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5013—The cape worn with a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge may be worn as an apron. There is an elastic and a casing at a low waistline and a choice of body lining. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or novelty cotton crêpe or cotton voile for the South.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch crêpe satin broché. Lower edge 51 inches.

The costume is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5008—For this one-piece slip-over dress with accordion or side plaitings and a straight lower edge, use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, foulard, etc., all one material, etc.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¾ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5006—A circular flounce lengthens the draped upper part of this dress on the slip-over order. One may omit the capette and the body lining. Use heavy silk crêpe, satin, soft twills, gabardine, soft serge, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch moire silk. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is very smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4960—Satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin make a new slip-over dress. The kimono waist has a loose front and back panel and the straight skirt has a tiered front joined at a low waistline. There may be a long body lining.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4986 4956 5013 5008 5006 4960

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5039—For this one-piece slip-over dress with a tucked lower part, deep hem, a straight lower edge and an elastic and a casing at the low waistline, use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, printed lawn, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, tub silks.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 40-inch cotton voile and 1 yard 40-inch organdy. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is lovely for ladies 34 to 50 bust.

5021—10191—Cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe make a one-piece slip-over dress suitable for Southern wear. It has tiers, a straight lower edge, a yoke and sleeve in one and a casing and elastic at a low waistline. One may use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. The embroidery is attractive.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5038—The hand-made girdle adds the French touch to this one-piece dress for the junior girl. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over her head. Make the dress of cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch cotton crêpe.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5035—10208—Plain or printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, batiste, plain or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette, etc., make a soft and graceful one-piece dress of the slip-over type with a straight lower edge and a choice of body lining. The flower motifs are smart. Work in satin-stitch, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards 35-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5041—4973—10214—The cape may be used as an apron on this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge, etc. Use novelty cotton crêpe or voile, satin crêpe or silk crêpe. The hat has a gored crown. The embroidery is new. Work in outline, etc.

16 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 3⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe and ½ yard 35-inch silk. Lower edge 50 inches.

The costume is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, hat for misses or ladies.

5015—The girdle and flower are very simple to make on a dress of satin crêpe, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. It closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and has a straight skirt which is joined at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

5036—4533—10138—A long slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge of crêpe satin, silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., is worn over a slip. The blouse may be shorter. The embroidery is gay. Work in satin-stitch, etc. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

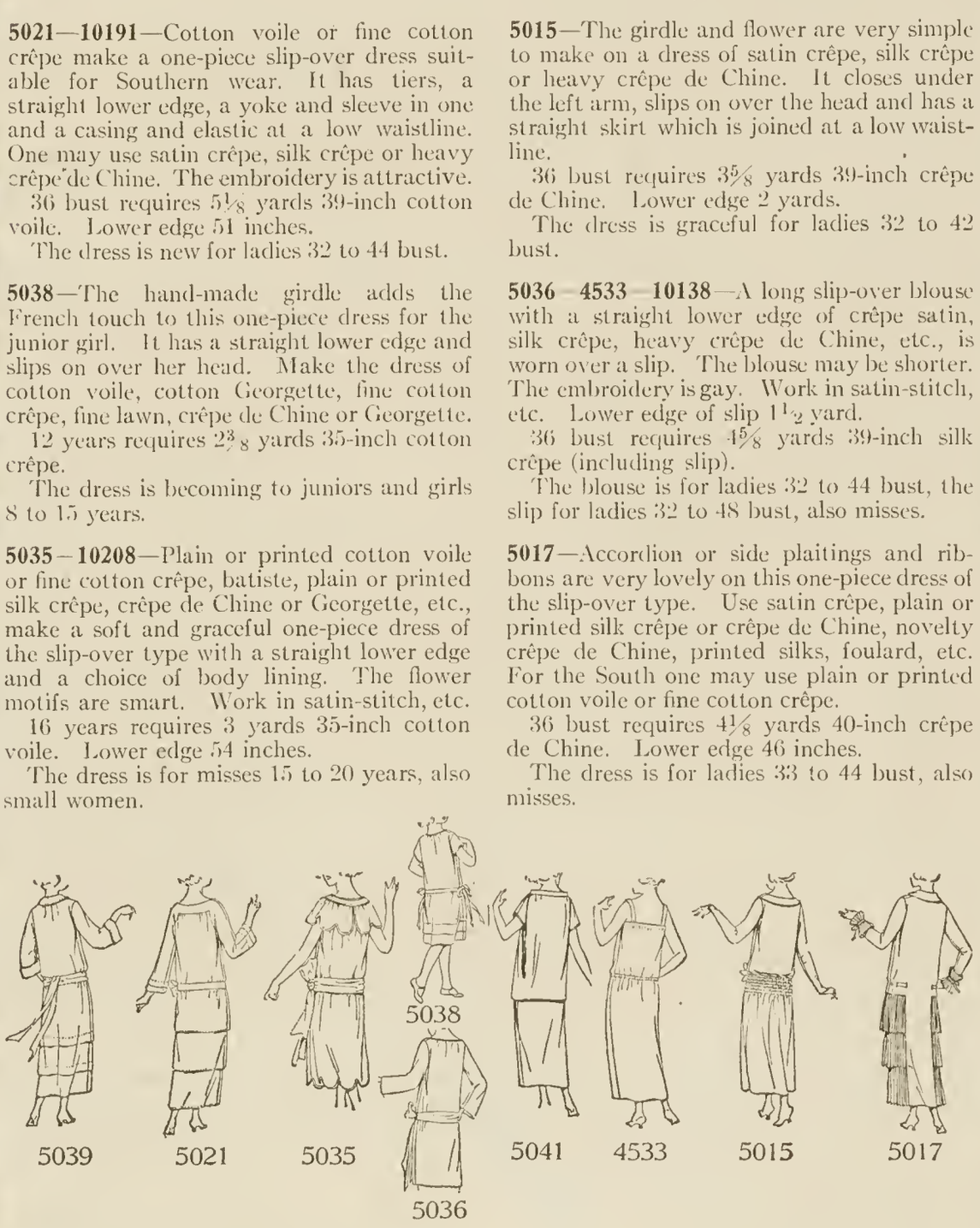
36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (including slip).

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

5017—Accordion or side plaitings and ribbons are very lovely on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, novelty crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard, etc. For the South one may use plain or printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5039 5021 5035 5038 5036 5041 4533 5015 5017

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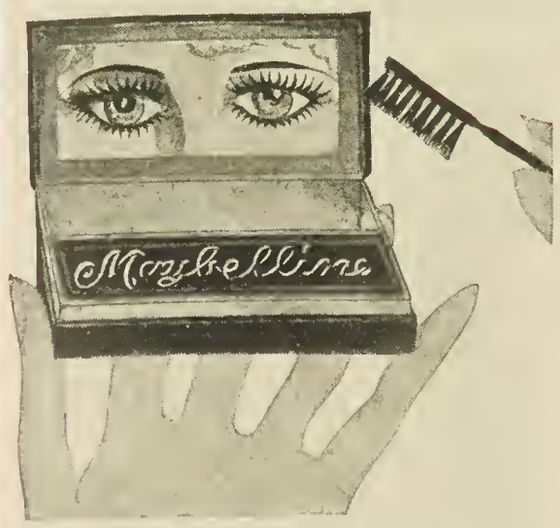
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

4961—A side- or accordion-plaited straight flounce lengthens the straight upper part of this slip-over dress which may omit the bertha. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, Georgette or chiffon.

11 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5016—A slip-over blouse and straight trousers make a suit in wool jersey or silk jersey in two colors; or use two colors of soft linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, madras or pongee.

3 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch linen and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting linen for front and lower part, etc.

The suit is for little boys of 2, 3 and 4 years.

5018—The long body of this slip-over dress in wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, etc., is lengthened by a plaited or gathered straight flounce. The bloomers are separate.

6 years requires 1⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4991—This one-piece slip-over dress in plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or Georgette, printed silks, satin crêpe, etc., may have a scalloped or a straight lower edge.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4955—10592—Crêpe de Chine, pongee, wool jersey, wool crêpe, dimity, pin-check gingham, chambray or cotton crêpe are suitable for a slip-over smocked dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers. The smocking is bright. Work in color.

5 years requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5009—Mother can make the trimming on this slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers of crêpe de Chine, organdy, taffeta, etc.

5 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4989—Hand-made daisies and tiers across the sides trim a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta, organdy, dotted swiss or cotton voile.

12 years requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5012—For a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, pongee, wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, soft serge, novelty cotton crêpes, gingham, etc.

11 years requires 2 yards 35-inch plaid silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4995—Hand-made flowers trim a draped one-piece dress of the slip-over type and with a straight lower edge. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, printed silks, satin crêpe or Georgette, etc.

13 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5005—3157—A slip-over dress of check or plaid wool with a straight plaited skirt joined to a long body, is worn with a box-coat, which may omit sleeves, of plain wool to match the dress or of velveteen. Her tam is becoming.

14 years and 21 inches head measure require 3 yards 44-inch plaid wool and 2¼ yards 35-inch velvet (including tam).

The suit is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years, the tam-o'shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.



4961 5016 5018 4991



4955 5009 4989



5012 4995 5005



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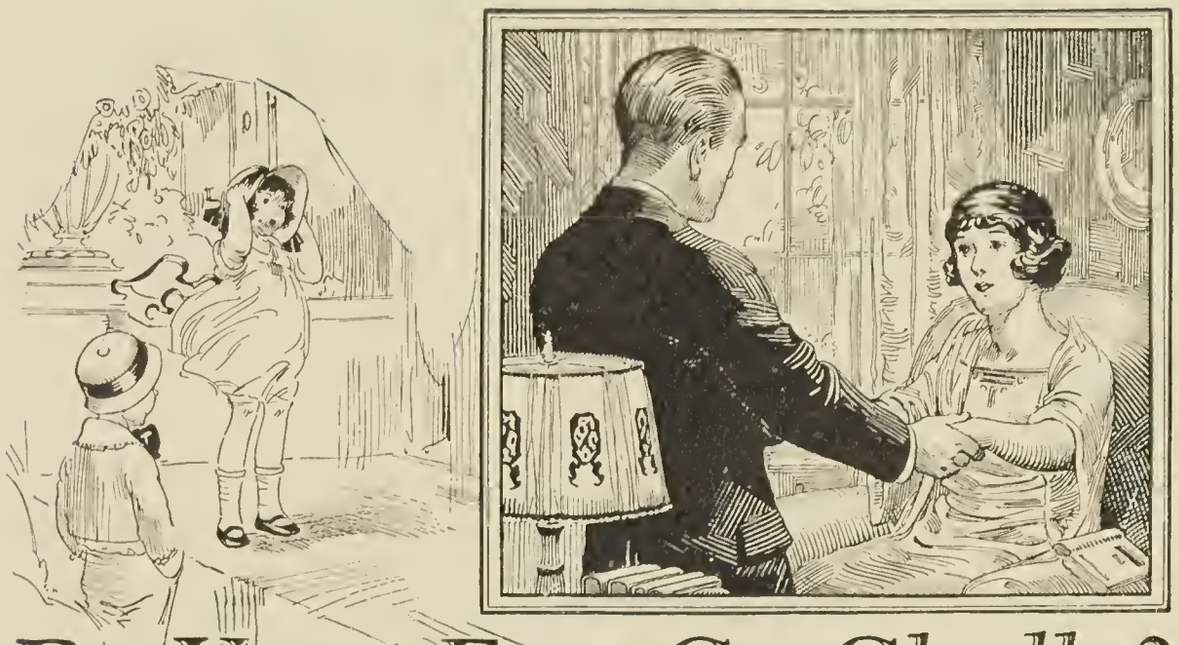
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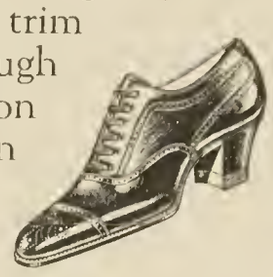
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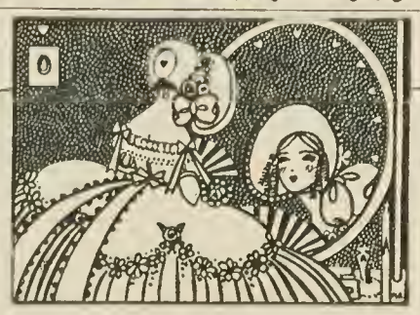
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

5000—This two-piece dress has a slip-over blouse and a straight skirt which is plaited at each side and joined to an underbody. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge with collar and cuffs of pongee, crêpe de Chine, etc.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch serge. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 14 to 20 years, also small women.

4990—**4973**—One may omit the capette and a body lining from this one-piece coat dress of soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge, velveteen or heavy silk crêpe. Her hat with a gored crown may be of velvet, satin, duvetyn, etc. Lower edge 42 inches.

34 bust or 17 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill and ½ yard 35-inch satin for hat.

The coat dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, the hat for misses and ladies.

4992—Young girls like the two-piece dress which has an accordion or side plaited or gathered straight skirt joined to an underbody. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge or heavy silk crêpe, or plaid or check wool with plain blouse to match.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5025—**10208**—The tiered two-piece lower part is joined at a low waistline on this slip-over dress of soft twills, soft wool crêpe, soft serge, heavy silk crêpe or satin crêpe. A single flower trims the dress. Work it in outline. Lower edge 46 inches.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

4963—Velvet, satin, broadcloth or duvetyn in raspberry red, American beauty, sapphire blue, etc., make a straight cape with a yoke which is good style for evening wear.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The cape is for misses 15 to 16 years and 32 bust, also for ladies.

4979—The girdle is charming on this bouffant slip-over dress with a full skirt joined to a long body, a straight or a scalloped lower edge and a choice of body lining with a camisole top. Use taffeta, radium, moire, silk crêpe, satin or velvet.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5023—**10155**—A draped straight skirt joined to a long body which may have a body lining makes this slip-over dress. Use satin crêpe, all one material, combining the dull with the shiny surface, or with a contrasting color body, etc. The embroidery is smart. Work in outline, etc.

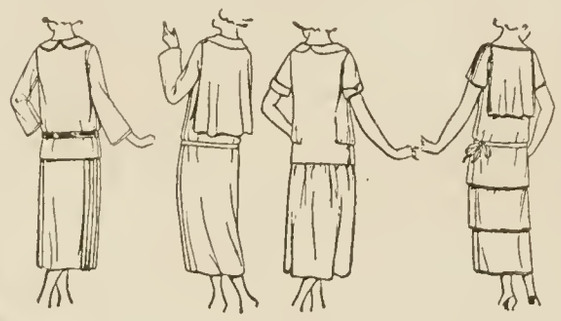
17 years requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4940—Moire, crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe, drapey metallic fabrics or chiffon velvet make a lovely draped dress of the one-piece type. Its sleeves are sewed into a body lining with a camisole top.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch moire silk. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.



5000 4990 4992 5025



4963 4979 5023 4940



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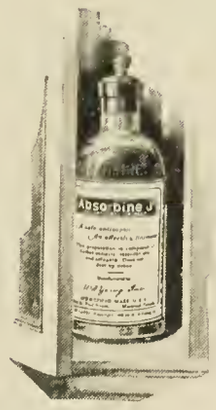
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kept soft, smooth and free from chaps with
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Apply freely at night
Write for free sample
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5004—The capette and a body lining may be omitted from this one-piece coat dress which has a casing and elastic at a low waistline. Make the dress of soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge or heavy silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4987—4886—Graceful drapery and a hand-made ornament are attractive points to a wrap-around one-piece dress of soft twills, wool rep, soft serge or heavy silk crêpe. For the tam-o'-shanter hat use satin, with a double-headed pin or embroidery, etc.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 2⅞ yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin for hat.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 46 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

4978—4973—Heavy silk crêpe, wool crêpe or wool voile are suitable for this one-piece slip-over dress with tiers, a casing and elastic, etc. Use satin, etc., for the hat with a gored crown.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 4¼ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe and ½ yard 39-inch contrasting material, and for hat ⅝ yard 35-inch plaid satin (about a 2½-inch plaid). Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

4970—The tiered two-piece lower part is joined at a low waistline on this dress of the slip-over type. It may have a body lining. Use heavy silk crêpe or satin crêpe, or use soft twills, soft wool crêpe or soft serge.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5002—4973—Wool jersey is used for both the two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and straight skirt and the hat with a gored crown. The skirt has a wide tuck at the left side and a 1¼-inch inside belt. One may use wool crêpe, soft twills, serge with pongee collar and cuffs, etc. Lower edge 47 inches.

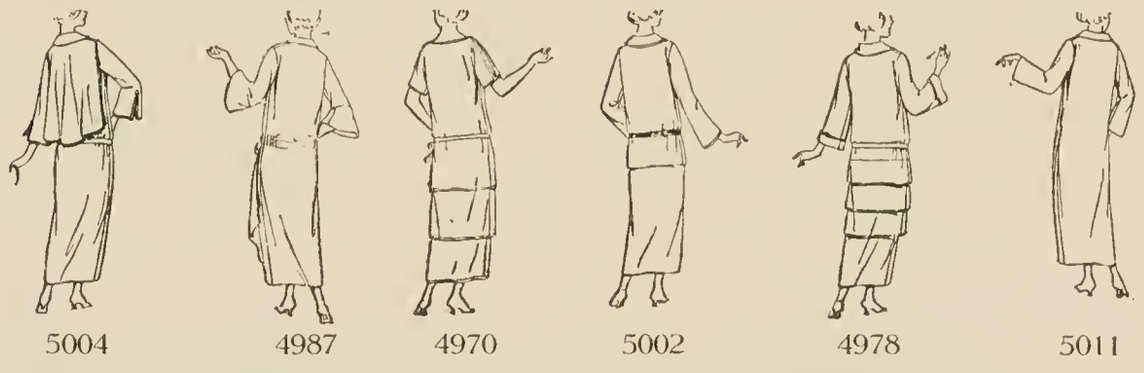
36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3 yards 54-inch wool jersey (including hat).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

5011—10163—The Russian closing may be worn open with the rever effect or closed on this one-piece dress of soft twill, worsteds serge, kasha, heavy wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The embroidery brightens the vest. Work the design in vivid colors, in satin-stitch, outline and one-stitch.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch heavy wool crêpe. Lower edge 18 inches.

The dress is very good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5049—The soft fulness at the neck and graceful tier drapery make a charming dress for lace or satin crêpe, crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, or printed silks. This slip-over dress closes under the left arm and has a two-tiered draped straight skirt joined at a low waistline and a long body lining with a camisole top.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch lace and 3½ yards 19-inch lace flouncing. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5033—Hand-made flowers and insertion trim the young girl's draped one-piece dress of the slip-over type and with a straight lower edge. Use plain or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette, satin crêpe, printed silks, and cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe for the South. Lower edge 50 inches.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 2½ yards 6-inch insertion.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5045—The yoke and sleeve are in one on this dress with a straight lower edge. It may omit the straight band at the bottom, an elastic and casing at the low waistline and a body lining. Use plain or printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, etc., printed with plain, in two shades of one color or the entire dress of one material. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed and 1⅞ yard 39-inch plain cotton voile.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5019—10132—The closing line is new on this straight-line coat dress which may have a body lining. Use linen or linen-finished cottons for Palm Beach; or use soft twills, wool crêpe, gabardine, serge, kasha, plaids or heavy silk crêpe. The embroidery gives an attractive border effect to the skirt. Work the design in outline or couching.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 35-inch linen. Lower edge 46 inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4996—Young girls find a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge useful for Southern sports in soft linen, soft linen-finished cottons, soft pongee, silk jersey, etc.; or if she stays North she uses jersey tubing, soft twills, wool crêpe, soft serge, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. A casing and an elastic draw it in at the sides.

16 years requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch plaid novelty cotton. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4924—The youngest girl will enjoy Wintering South because she has new dresses. This frock may have a scalloped or a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Use dotted voile with plain organdy, organdy, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, or with a straight lower edge use cotton voile or lightweight cotton prints.

7 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch dotted voile.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years.

5027—Straight accordion or side plaited trimming gives a Russian effect to a dress with a draped one-piece upper part which is lengthened by the plaiting. Make the dress of satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain or printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, all one material, printed with plain material, or in two shades of one color.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is very graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5031—3727—A beach costume consists of a slip-over dress with separate bloomers and a sunbonnet. Use cotton prints, gingham or chambray for the costume, or unbleached muslin for dress, and nursery cloth, chintz, cretonne, piqué, etc., for sunbonnet.

4 years and 20 inches head measure require 2¼ yards 35-inch cotton print (including bonnet) and ⅝ yard 36-inch linen (including tie and turned-up part of bonnet).

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years, the sunbonnet for children, girls, misses, ladies.





"ZIP is delightful, actually destroying the growth with the roots, simply and absolutely without any irritation. I recommend ZIP."
IRENE BORDONI.

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Superfluous Hair GONE!

Your happiness, like every woman's, lies in your being attractively beautiful.

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Shaving or pumice take off only the surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive.

Ordinary depilatories remove only surface hair (chemical shave) and throw the strength back into the roots.

Tweezers force the hair out and break it off above the roots, irritating the hair duct.

The electric needle often fails to strike the root and is apt to mar the skin.

Ask Your Mirror

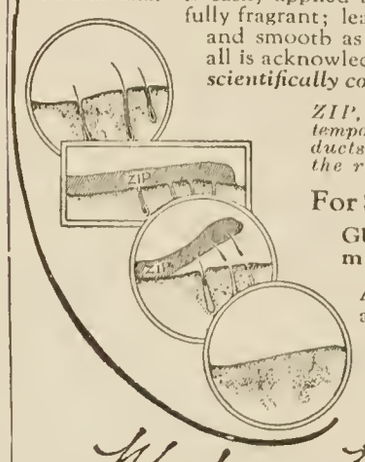
Look in your mirror and ask yourself whether you can afford to ignore these objectionable hairs on your face, arms, underarms, back of neck and limbs, or shaggy brows. Can you longer neglect to use a method which really lifts out the hairs with the roots, gently and painlessly, and thus *destroys the growth?* Such is the action of ZIP and it accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary methods which merely burn off surface hair and leave the roots to thrive.

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You will economize by paying a little more and using a preparation which will actually destroy the growth; one which is guaranteed absolutely harmless to your skin; contains no injurious drugs; is easily applied at home and delightfully fragrant; leaves your skin as soft and smooth as a babe's; and above all is acknowledged by experts as the *scientifically correct* method.



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Presenting a Few Bouquets

The letters that follow were written to us by DELINEATOR readers, chiefly in appreciation of helpful information given them by editorial service departments. They are presented partly for the benefit of new friends who are becoming acquainted with THE DELINEATOR for the first time and partly for readers of longer standing who have not taken advantage of our service facilities. Both, we think, will find the voluntary appreciation of other women more to the point than anything we can say. The contents of the magazine are only a part of what you are entitled to in the way of special advice, suggestions and information about home economics, fashions, embroidery, decoration and furnishing, beauty, health, baby care, child welfare and other concerns of the home-maker and housewife. Why let the rest of the resources open to you as a DELINEATOR reader go unused?

"Please pardon me for being so long in writing you and acknowledging your lovely and encouraging letter and the instructions you sent me. (The reference is to a letter from Mrs. Cole, Beauty Editor.) I have followed your advice and secured an instructor to give me the finishing touches and I find I needed them, although she says in movement and expression I am wonderful—in taking up the work at this time in life. The joke of the thing is—counting the years—I am seventy-three years old. (I see you smiling and I am laughing also.) It seemed so "far-fetched" to tell her so. I pass for sixty-three and she insisted I looked nearer thirty. My children think I am utterly lost and ought to be getting ready to die, but I am only just getting ready to live. They are so orthodox and I am not, for if people only know the history of mind they can do anything they want to do, even to changing their personal or bodily appearance. We as a rule grow old entirely too young. I am sure you will agree with me on that. She is giving me some rather difficult stunts to work on, and while I can't do them like a younger woman, I believe I can do them well enough to show how it ought to be done. My work will be with middle-age and elderly women, women who need limbering up. I have been working rather hard, but I feel better from it. Thanking you again, and if you have the time would be delighted to hear from you any time."—MRS. J. B., California.

"Thank you so much for the wealth of material you sent me concerning exercise, etc. I appreciate your kindness and know that I shall find all your suggestions very helpful."—MRS. C. D. B., Pennsylvania.

"Your letter of September the eight was very much appreciated. Thank you for giving me so freely of your time and knowledge. I am enclosing the clipping which you asked to have returned and hope that it will interest some others as it has interested me."—MISS H. C. V., New York, N. Y.

"As a subscriber to your magazine, I have found all your departments very helpful. I followed your suggestion for the New Year's party and was really surprised myself to find how successful it worked out. My guests all thought it very clever."—MISS G. L., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Please accept my thanks for the many useful suggestions you sent me for our valentine party. It has certainly saved the day and our little girl feels that the success of her party is assured. And so do we."—MRS. E. R. B., Missouri.

"I wish to thank you most sincerely for the suggestions and games you sent me for my Christmas party. They were of great help to me. My party is over now and it was a huge success, due in large measure to you. So I thank you heartily for your kind help which was given so promptly."—MISS M. R. D., Ontario, Canada.

"On looking over old DELINEATORS this morning I found an article which caught my attention. In the April, 1923, number there is an article by Mrs. Sanders on "Brightening the Kitchen" which is, in substance, one of the best I've seen in that line anywhere, for it is less arbitrary than truly suggestive for those who have a grain of originality. I notice, also, that there were preceding articles by the same decorator on living-room, hall, dining-room, bedrooms and nursery, of which you then had reprints to offer readers. Is it possible for me to get copies at this late date? The Sanders suggestions seem so very much better than the usual thing that I am very anxious to see what she has to say of other rooms."—MISS A. L. A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

"I think your article in the October DELINEATOR is just splendid. I am interested in furnishing a small apartment, but I have been able to get very little help from most other magazine articles, as they all are written for those with plenty of money. May I have further information concerning furnishing small apartments?"—MISS MCG., Schenectady, N. Y.

"We are very much impressed with the perfectly splendid work that your publication is doing in behalf of maternal and infant welfare, and it seems highly desirable that we should be able to possess the health articles which you are so frequently printing. Will there be reprints which we can secure? I am sure that all State departments of health not only appreciate the valiant service you are rendering in the great campaign, but will feel the value of possessing these authoritative articles in some convenient form. We shall appreciate any information you can give us."—M. R. N., M. D., Pennsylvania.

"The reason I am subscribing for THE DELINEATOR is because of the very valuable and helpful cooking recipes—please keep them going."—MISS I. F., Texas.

"I am very glad of having the opportunity of writing to tell you just how much I appreciate the patterns THE DELINEATOR publishes. Any time or season I want a new dress I go to THE DELINEATOR, look up a pattern and then I can very easily buy it. The patterns are very easy to cut. I do not have the bother of going all the way down-town to get a pattern, and many times I can't get just what I want. THE DELINEATOR is very helpful to a dressmaker. The children and family can't wait till I buy THE DELINEATOR, and when I get it we all want it at once."—MISS C. B., Lorain, Ohio.

"I have wanted a list of "correct" books for my home library for years, and I shall be so grateful to you for this list. I subscribe to several magazines, but get more real joy and help from THE DELINEATOR. Cordially."—MISS M. R. W., Georgia.

"You are all so perfectly lovely about writing real bona-fide letters in answer to people from very small corners of the earth that I feel like busting in and saying 'What do you think? I found a nest under the mulberry bush, and it had ten eggs in it!' or 'Which color do you think I'd best choose? I have knock-knees and a turned-up nose,' or else tell you that I'm sure little sister is beginning to teethe, because little sisters usually do when they are her age.

"When I was a very little girl, THE DELINEATOR had ladies with trains and bustles and it was smaller than it is now. It was an awfully long stretch, however, between the time THE DELINEATOR came, to the time when it could be cut for paper dolls. I think there was a sheet of paper with many interwoven patterns on it, kind of like a road map, and you traced them off with a little wheel. I know I thought it was a map, so I picked out the uppermost portion for Heaven, declaring, 'There's where God lives.'

"I think we could count the numbers we have not read in all those years from the bustle days, and one thing I like about you now is the fact that you don't announce a story by giving the author's name, age and favorite dessert—for, after all, it's the story people want.—MRS. W. D. T., South Carolina.

"I feel I must write and thank you for your kindness in sending me all that information regarding the treatment of scalp and hair. I assure you it's greatly appreciated, also the list of the different firms and their preparations for the hair. It's so nice when one wants information to know of a reliable person whom one can write to. Thanking you again."—MRS. S., St. Johns, Newfoundland.

"I want to thank you for your very nice letter of the twenty-third in reply to my inquiry for suggestions for our house-warming. Your suggestions are really fine ones and we will no doubt carry out most of them. The menu you gave sounds especially attractive and we shall try our best to make it so. Thanking you again for your kind and prompt advice."—MRS. F. W. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

TO PROFESSIONAL lady agitators who are at a loss for something to agitate during the coming year, we suggest that they set about remedying a horrible injustice to their sex: although living costs have steadily increased since the World War, alimony awarded previous to the great conflict remains at the old level. Here is a trying state of affairs that cries for relief and that could be worked up into a spirited spiel by lady soap-boxers and cart-tail orators ◈◈◈ One of our fair pewholders writes from *Chicago* that the restaurant where she eats displays a sign reading: "Count your calories before leaving." We suspect that she is spoofing us, but we have seen with our own eyes a sign in the cafeteria of one of the largest department stores in *New York* reading: "Please save our floors. Park your gum in the receptacle provided at the cashier's desk" ◈◈◈ The most famous Oriental rug in the world is in the *South Kensington* museum and is valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is known as the *Arbadil* rug, measures thirty-four by seventeen feet, contains thirty million hand-made knots and was sixteen years in the making ◈◈◈ A *St. Cloud, Minnesota*, girl stole a skirt from a department store. On returning home she discovered that there should be a belt to match, but when she went back to the store to steal the belt the unfeeling proprietor turned her over to the police ◈◈◈ *Israel Symmons*, a famous English judge who died recently, was noted for his witty comments in court. Two of his favorite sayings were: "Good housewives and good mothers are sure to have sharp tongues," and "If some women were better cooks, there would be fewer domestic squabbles for courts to settle" ◈◈◈ After returning from the morgue, where she had identified the body of a murdered man as that of her husband, a *Hoboken, New Jersey*, woman fainted when she met him in the flesh at police headquarters. The sentiments that provoked the faint were not reported ◈◈◈ At the convention of the *American Society of Teachers of Dancing*, held recently in *New York*, prizes were announced for a device to be worn by dancers to keep their heads in the proper position and their bodies the correct distance apart ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the anniversary of the inventor of the hairpin, a device that for ages has been a greater boon to women than a jack-knife is to a Boy Scout ◈◈◈ History tells us that the inventor, *Ephraim C. Bunce*, had a wife with an exceptionally heavy head of hair which was constantly finding its way into *Ephraim's* food, attaching itself to his clothing and getting tangled up in the wringer when the lady did the neighbors' washing. These annoyances disturbed *Ephraim's* meditations to such an extent that he wrung the neck of her pet canary and with the wire from its cage made the first set of hairpins. After his spouse learned to make them herself, she accidently dropped one in a fish-ball which strangled the inventor, whose entire fortune was left to the grief-stricken widow ◈◈◈ An English schoolboy who was asked what he knew about *Milton* wrote: "Milton was a great poet who wrote 'Paradise Lost;' then his wife died and he wrote 'Paradise Regained'" ◈◈◈ A veteran telephone engineer tells us that the first telephone operators used to say *Ahoy* instead of *Hello* and that girls were not employed until the management despaired of the idea of training boys to refrain from cussing back at irate subscribers ◈◈◈ The woman in charge of a *New York* library says: "When men want a novel which has been attacked as indecent, they stammer, blush and make some sheepish remark to justify themselves. Women, on the other hand, in clear, unembarrassed tones will ask for some thriller that has been denounced from twenty pulpits" ◈◈◈ When we heard that the new *Butterick Cook-Book* was so interesting that even the printers stopped work to read it, we got hold of a few advance proofs. Now our mind runs constantly toward food, and we are setting out for our favorite restaurant, which delicately lists as *Puppies in the Straw* what is known to the vulgar as "Frankfurters with Sauerkraut." After demolishing that we shall proceed to *Destruction in a Snowstorm*, a heavenly dessert comprising hot mince pie topped with melted cheese and generously dusted with powdered sugar ◈◈◈ If we survive, you will find us here as usual next month.

Don't they look good?

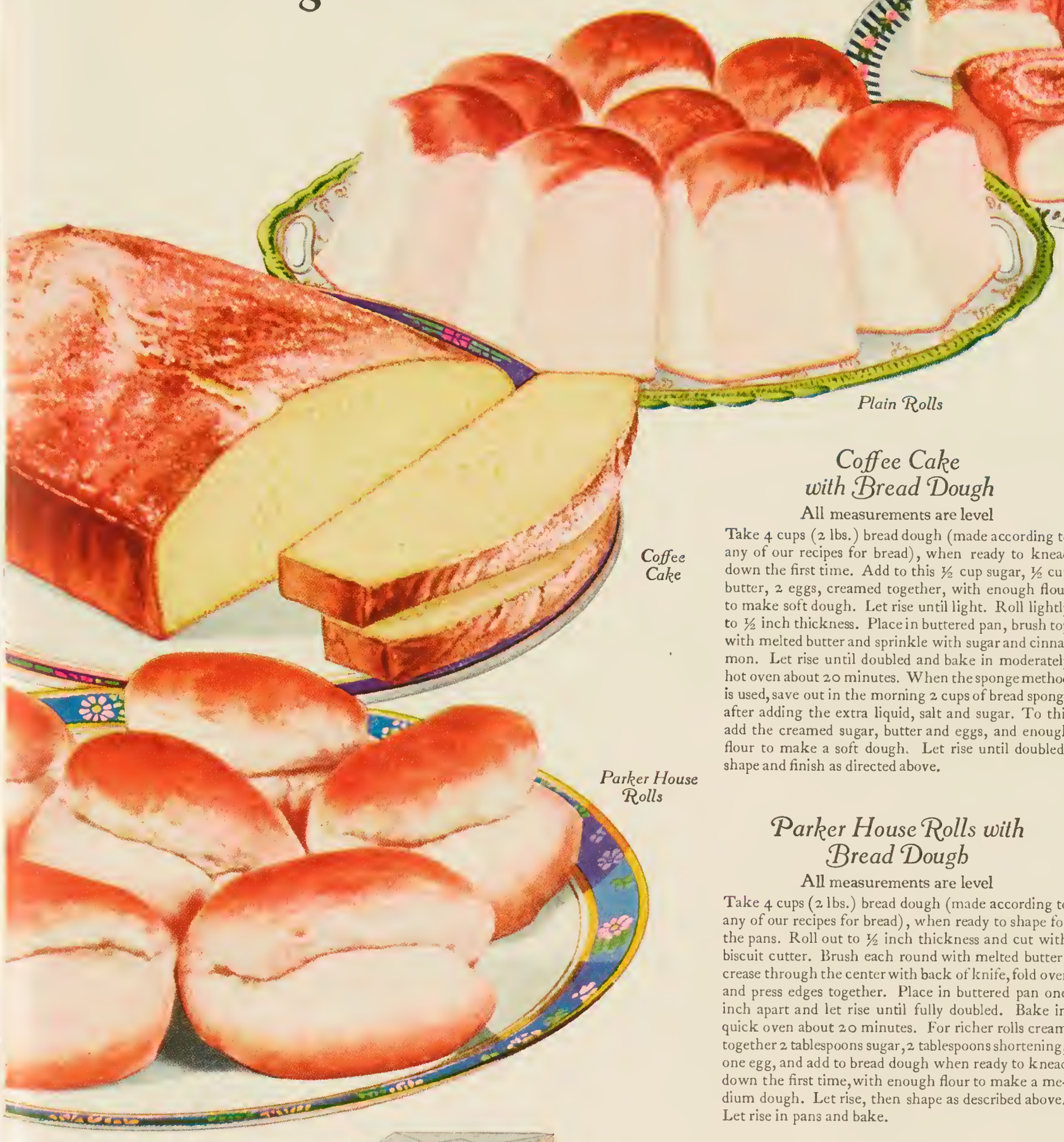
You can make these delightful breads easily on bake day. For rare flavor be sure of a sweet, light bread dough, the kind that's made with Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast.



Raisin Bread

Cinnamon Rolls

©1923 N.Y.Co.



Plain Rolls

Coffee Cake

Parker House Rolls

Raisin Bread

All measurements are level

In the evening break and soak 1 cake Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast 20 minutes in 1 pint lukewarm water. Mix with 1 quart flour to medium sponge. Cover. Let rise in warm place over night. In the morning mix sponge with 1 pint lukewarm water or milk, 3 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup shortening, 2 cups seeded raisins and enough flour (about 2 qts.) to make medium dough. Knead 10 minutes. Let rise until doubled. Knead down. Let rise until doubled again. Mold into 4 loaves. Let rise to double size. Bake about 45 minutes in moderately hot oven. Rolls, buns, etc., may be made by adding sugar and shortening to part of dough.

Coffee Cake with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to knead down the first time. Add to this ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 2 eggs, creamed together, with enough flour to make soft dough. Let rise until light. Roll lightly to ½ inch thickness. Place in buttered pan, brush top with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise until doubled and bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes. When the sponge method is used, save out in the morning 2 cups of bread sponge after adding the extra liquid, salt and sugar. To this add the creamed sugar, butter and eggs, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Let rise until doubled, shape and finish as directed above.

Parker House Rolls with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Roll out to ½ inch thickness and cut with biscuit cutter. Brush each round with melted butter, crease through the center with back of knife, fold over and press edges together. Place in buttered pan one inch apart and let rise until fully doubled. Bake in quick oven about 20 minutes. For richer rolls cream together 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons shortening, one egg, and add to bread dough when ready to knead down the first time, with enough flour to make a medium dough. Let rise, then shape as described above. Let rise in pans and bake.

Cinnamon Rolls with Bread Dough

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Roll into long sheet ½ inch in thickness. Butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut into 18 pieces. Set close together, cut side down, in buttered pan. Let rise until doubled. Butter tops, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake in quick oven about 20 minutes. For richer rolls cream together 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons shortening, one egg, and add to bread dough when ready to knead down the first time, together with 1 cup raisins and enough flour to make a medium dough. Let rise, then shape as described above. Let rise in pans and bake.

Plain Rolls

All measurements are level

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough (made according to any of our recipes for bread), when ready to shape for the pans. Mold into long roll and cut into 12 to 24 pieces. Shape into balls and set close together in buttered pan. Brush tops with melted butter, cover, and let rise until fully doubled and quite light. Bake in quick oven about 20 minutes.

Note—If hot rolls are desired for a later meal place the required quantity in the ice-box as soon as shaped and in the pan. About ½ hour before the meal remove from the ice-box, brush rolls with melted butter and bake in a quick oven about 20 minutes.

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making. Hannah L. Wessling, formerly bread expert, Department of Agriculture, will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc.



Yeast Foam Tablets

A Tonic Food

For Better Health—Selected, whole yeast in easy-to-take form—a dietary corrective to stimulate the appetite, improve digestion and help you get greater strength and energy from your food. Take regularly and see how much better and stronger you feel. At all druggists. Sample *free*.

Send for descriptive circular D-2



Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10c

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY

1732 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Please send yeast cake for baking and free booklet, "The Art of Baking Bread."

☐ Please send me sample Yeast Foam Tablets, a tonic food for health.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____





Painting by Fred Mizen

"—then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'"

"AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mirror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They looked so nice and clean.

"'My!', I exclaimed, 'I wish I could keep them that way'.

"Then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'."

* * *

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream gives you the secret of clean, beautiful teeth. It "washes" and polishes your teeth, without scratching or scouring. It brings out and preserves all the natural beauty of your tooth enamel.

Colgate's is the safe, double-action dentifrice. Its specially prepared non-gritty chalk loosens clinging particles; its pure, mild vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

Because Colgate's cleans teeth the right way, it is recommended by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.* Ask *your* Dentist.

Colgate's is on sale everywhere. Large tube, 25c.

*A Dentist recently wrote: "There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market."

(Name on request)

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 53,
199 Fulton St., New York

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk, They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

MME. CURIE'S BOOK

MME. CURIE, the discoverer of radium, has written a book. It contains the life of her husband, her own autobiography as published in THE DELINEATOR in 1921 and an account of her travels in America.

This book, entitled "Pierre Curie," is a contribution to literature—to life itself. Mme. Curie was very reluctant to write it, and consented only when historians and fellow scientists insisted there was an obligation upon her to make this record. It is told as simply as her own years have been lived.

France has recently celebrated the silver jubilee of the discovery of radium. The French Government authorities have taken up the question of a pension for the little woman who gave this priceless element to the world. This is only one of many tributes paid to Mme. Curie.

The Nobel prize was awarded to her twice. University degrees and scientific societies have given her their highest honors. But the one thing in life she has desired most—next to the welfare of her children—has been a properly outfitted laboratory with radium to work on, so that she might continue her scientific experiments for the relief of suffering humanity.

In 1921 the radium was presented to Mme. Curie by the women of America. Also, some instruments and machines were given by Americans at the same time. But in general equipment the laboratory is still far below the standards of American universities.

In her book Mme. Curie tells of this great need. And, unconscious of the tremendous portent of her words, she explains, with telling simplicity, why she who enriched the world is poor and unable to supply her own laboratory needs. In the closing chapter of her autobiographical notes she says:

"So it is a fortune which we have sacrificed in renouncing the exploitation of our discovery, a fortune that could, after us, have gone to our children. But what is even more to be considered is the objection of many of our friends, who have argued, not without reason, that if we had guaranteed our rights, we could have had the financial means of founding a satisfactory Institute of Radium, without experiencing any of the difficulties that have been such a handicap to both of us and are still a handicap to me. Yet I still believe that we have done right.

"Humanity, surely, needs practical men who make the best of their work for the sake of their own interests, without forgetting the general interest. But it also needs dreamers, for whom the unselfish following of a purpose is so imperative that it becomes impossible for them to devote much attention to their own material benefit. No doubt it could be said that these idealists do not deserve riches, since they do not have the desire for them. It seems, however, that a society well organized ought to assure to these workers the means for efficient labor in a life from which material care is excluded so that this life may be freely devoted to the service of scientific research."

Mme. Curie has been no idle dreamer, unconscious of her power. She has known exactly what she had to give to the world. And, knowing this, she has given freely.

On the night before the reception at the White House, at which President Harding was to present the gram of radium, the deed was brought to Mme. Curie. It was a beautifully engraved scroll, vesting all rights to a gram of radium, the gift of American women, in Mme. Curie.

She read the paper carefully, and then, after a few moments of thought, said: "It is very fine and generous, but it must not be left this way. This gram of radium represents a great deal of money; but more than that, it represents the women of this country. It is not for me; it is for science. I am not well; I may die any day. In such event, this radium would go to my estate to be divided between my daughters. But it is not given for that purpose. This radium must be consecrated for all time to the use of science. Will you have your lawyer draw a paper which will make this very clear?"

She was told that this would be done within the next few days.

"It must be done to-night," she said. "To-morrow I receive the radium, and I might die to-morrow. Too much is at stake."

And so, late as it was that May evening, we secured the services of a lawyer, who prepared the paper from a draft Mme. Curie herself had written. She signed it before starting for Washington.

The document read:

"In the event of my death, I give to the *Institut du Radium*, of Paris, for exclusive use in the *Laboratoire Curie*, the gram of radium which was given to me by the Executive Committee of Women of the Marie Curie Radium Fund, pursuant to an agreement dated the 19th of May, 1921."

This act was consistent with the entire life of the discoverer of radium, with her generous gesture in giving radium to the whole world without taking even the smallest part of commercial profit for her own needs.

"Radium," Mme. Curie has said, "is not to enrich any *one*. It is an element. It is for *all* people."

Read this new book. It is a great love-story, an inspiring tale of discovery and a spiritual challenge.

"HURRY-UP" YOST

MEN working under "Hurry-up" Yost go out into life with slogans which become part of the mold of their characters. "What you get out of the game depends on how much you put into it." "The spirit of 'Let George do it' never wins." "Keep everlastingly on the job." "Be a sport from the core out. The world is full of surface sports. Those who get to the top are clean all the way through."

Fielding H. (Hurry-up) Yost is Director of Athletics and Physical Education in the University of Michigan. His articles on keeping fit appear exclusively, nearly every month, in THE DELINEATOR.

Mr. Yost is much more than merely a director of college athletics. He is as much concerned with the ethics of sport as he is with the success of his own university. He is more interested in the character than in the muscle of his students. His greatest triumphs are in the clean, sturdy, honorable men of character and ability he has helped to prepare for the great battle of life.

This month Mr. Yost has written for THE DELINEATOR an article called "If He Were My Son." Next month we will publish another article by Mr. Yost, "If She Were My Daughter," which, he says, has been influenced by Mrs. Yost. Both these articles have been written out of Mr. Yost's own personal experience. They contain vital messages for every parent; and young people, too, will have enjoyment and profit from reading them.

HOW MANY CHILDREN?

A GROUP of distinguished Belgian educators recently visited the United States. Among them was Dr. Paul Hager, president of the university at Brussels and an authority on biology. Though known the world over for his science, Doctor Hager is loved in Europe for a philosophy which makes the human problems of ordinary folk the big interests of his life.

He was asked how many children he had. He replied, "Three," then smiled understandingly and added: "But that's a man's answer I've just given you. If you ask a man how many children he has, he will say, for instance, 'I have three.' If you ask his wife, she will say, 'I have four. One is dead.' To most fathers, their children are just people—sons and daughters; but to mothers, they are souls, and souls never die."

"THE HOME" IN LOUVAIN

THE burning of the Louvain Library was one of the greatest losses which the world sustained in the Great War. Old records and priceless treasures which can never again be found on earth were destroyed in that fire.

Americans have undertaken to rebuild the library. They are raising funds for the reconstruction of the building and collecting books for its many stacks.

One of the most important collections recently sent to Louvain is a complete library of home economics, selected by Martha Van Rensselaer, founder of the School of Home Economics at Cornell University and Editor of the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR.

Home economics is taught in nearly every high school and woman's college in the United States. Europe is only beginning to give thought to this important subject. It is fitting that Martha Van Rensselaer, who has been elected America's greatest specialist in home economics, should be the pioneer to introduce this essential science to the old world.

THE COST OF CHARM

VARIOUS reformers of one sort or another were recently much exercised when the Treasury Department reported that American women spend an average of seventy million dollars a year on cosmetics.

We hear this plaint—or complaint—annually.

It is the unthinking who take into consideration only the lump sum, seventy million dollars, forgetting the population by whom it is spent. It is a poor nation that can not afford to spend two dollars a feminine head for soaps and scents and beautifiers.

Here's hoping that next year will double the price—and the charm!

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THE HOUSE THAT LIVES

Winner of THE DELINEATOR'S special Better Homes prize

By ELIZABETH B. CANADAY

THE Better Homes Campaign in Montclair, New Jersey, resulted in a demonstration of such striking features that THE DELINEATOR awarded the Montclair committee a special prize of two hundred dollars.

Montclair was faced with a suburban problem which must have been that of many other residence towns. The average home in Montclair went much beyond the price limit suggested by the Advisory Committee of the Better Homes in America Campaign, and yet the community needed a house to set higher standards of taste and comfort even in its expensive homes. "The House That Lives" was the answer to the problem—but it cost too much to be eligible for the regular prizes. It was furnished, however, with such beautiful simplicity that it offered many suggestions for much less pretentious houses, as well as for more elaborate ones.

And there was another reason why a special prize went to Montclair. Mrs. Robert Lee Cleary, chairman of the committee, discovered that one-third of the population of Montclair was living in comparatively crowded quarters and upon small incomes. She therefore went into the foreign district, took over three unsightly rooms in the Montclair community house and transformed them into an attractive, completely furnished model flat at a cost of only four hundred and fifty dollars.

Another factor in the decision regarding the prize was the efficiency of the Montclair organization. In exactly seven days after "The House That Lives" was secured from its owner, the committee had staged a publicity campaign through the local newspapers, schools and churches, had enlisted the cooperation of local industries and had furnished eight of the ten rooms, two of the bathrooms and the basement. In addition the committee had repaired, redecorated and furnished the model flat on just fifty-seven dollars.

The community responded amazingly to these two demonstrations. During the week of June fourth to tenth, fifty-seven thousand people visited them. Some of the spectators came from miles away, and many returned again and again to give more careful study to the details of equipment and furnishings.

One of the invaluable results of this campaign is that the demonstration has become part of the life of Montclair. The school board was so impressed by the educational value of the model flat that it has been taken over by the public schools to be used as a permanent Better Homes demonstration and as a practise apartment for school children.





THE MONTCLAIR, N. J., DEMONSTRATION HOUSE



THROUGH WIDE DOORWAYS YOU CAN GLIMPSE CHARMING VISTAS OF ROOMS ACROSS THE HALL



THERE IS THE DIGNITY OF REAL REPOSE ABOUT THIS BEDROOM

"The House That Lives" is set in a spacious, closely hedged yard and was designed by its architect, C. C. Wendehack, in the English manner, which gives so delightful a sense of privacy and comfort. The front entrance is tucked inconspicuously under the stairway; the porches face to the rear upon a quaint old-fashioned garden with a lily pond and a sundial.

Simplicity and grace are in the sweep of the gables and the dignity of the dormers at the back. The exterior is finished in stucco with trimmings of cypress in natural hue. A hint of vivid green frames the casement windows, and the cedar shingles, in variegated colors, tone into a rich brown, which is accented by the lighter brickwork of the sturdy chimney and by the stone flagging in the walks and doorsteps.

Inside an atmosphere of hospitality and good cheer emanates from the friendly conjunction of the rooms and from the generous lighting. On the first floor the living-room, sun-room and dining-room have double openings into the wide hall, while the French doors, from the sun-room to the hall and the living-room, provide privacy when desired.

Throughout the living-rooms and bedrooms the woodwork is of silver-gray cypress in driftwood finish. The rough-plaster walls vary from dull gold in the lower rooms to deep tans and blues on the upper floors.

During the demonstration, soft Oriental rugs in reds and blues contrasted with the neutral walls in the vestibule and struck a keynote of brightness and warmth in the first moment of one's arrival. A huge green vase of red peonies stood in one corner, sustaining the colors in the rugs.

The furniture in the living-room, hall and dining-room was of two-toned walnut in an English period design, upholstered in tapestry effect. Here the Chinese rugs, with the gray-gold Shantung curtains, helped to contribute a mellow warmth and to knit the lower rooms into a harmonious unit.

The comradely living-room seemed made for cold Winter nights and for the gathering of a circle of friends around its massive gray brick fireplace. Over the mantel a handsome piece of tapestry was flanked by slender antique lamps of brass. Near the window a quaint eight-sided table held a pottery lamp with a fringed shade in deep gold. A library of one hundred volumes, suggested from the Better Homes list, filled the built-in shelves which partitioned the living-room from the hall to a height of about five feet.

In the dining-room the high casement windows gave light from two sides and provided effective furniture spaces beneath. Yellow iris for the centerpiece, candles in the same color on the buffet and pink peonies on the serving-table accomplished the "lived-in" atmosphere. The table was set for four with china and glassware in gold-band design.

For the sun-room the orange of the enameled woodwork, chosen by the owner to bring out the colors of her garden flowers, combined with the black in the baseboard and window-frames to set the color plan. This was developed in the batik curtains, the velvet cushions, the black vase for the yellow flowers, the black porcelain lamp with the orange shade and the dash of black in the light wicker furniture and in the border of the rug.

The kitchen was probably the center of admiration and emulation. (Nine kitchens are known to have been refinished or newly planned in replica.) The three windows were curtained with pale yellow voile, harmonizing

Concluded on page 74



SUCH A "FRIENDLY" LIVING-ROOM, WITH ITS FIREPLACE, ITS COZY, INVITING CHAIRS AND ITS SOFT, WARM COLOR VALUES!



THIS BEDROOM FROM THE MODEL FLAT IS AN OBJECT-LESSON IN THE CONVENIENCE AND ATTRACTIVENESS OF SIMPLE FURNISHINGS



© Bain News Service

GIGLI — Victor Artist

Following in the footsteps of other famous artists, Gigli naturally became a Victor artist to insure perfect reproduction of his voice. Every one of the eighteen records he has made has been personally approved by him before being issued. Among them are:

		Double-faced
Andrea Chénier—Un di all' azzurro spazio Favorita—Spirito gentil	6139	$2.00
Africana—O Paradiso! Faust—Salve, dimora	6138	2.00
Serenade Santa Lucia Luntana	645	1.50



© Mishkin

GALLI-CURCI — Victor Artist

Because the Victrola and Victor Records only are equal to the task of perfectly reproducing her interpretations, Galli-Curci chose to become associated with the other great artists of the world who make records for the Victor. Her fifty-one numbers include:

		Double-faced
Sonnambula—Ah! non credea mirarti Sonnambula—Come per me sereno	6125	$2.00
Traviata—Ah, fors' è lui Rigoletto—Caro nome	6126	2.00
Chanson Indoue Coq d'Or—Hymne au Soleil	631	1.50



ELMAN — Victor Artist

Every one of Elman's seventy-three Victor Records is a reason why he is a Victor artist, for such absolute fidelity of reproduction can be secured through no other medium than the Victrola and Victor Records. Hear these selections from his Victor repertoire:

		Double-faced
Thaïs—Meditation Coq d'Or—Hymn to the Sun	6100	$2.00
Humoresque Serenade—Ständchen	6095	2.00



Victrola No. 100
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 240
$125
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well, and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from $25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.



Your new laundry problem

HOW TO MEET IT:

A FEW years ago nearly everything you wore could go safely into the family wash.

Today the situation is reversed.

What were once cotton garments now are silk or wool—filmy crêpe de chine, cobwebby chiffon, silk blouses so delicate that they can almost be drawn through a finger-ring, fluffy wool sweaters.

Not one of these delicate things should *ever* be subjected to the cruelties of the "family wash." So you have a different washing problem today, and you therefore need different soap and different methods.

In recommending gentle laundering by squeezing luke-warm Ivory Suds through your delicate modern garments, we are supported not only by hundreds of experiments of our own with practically every known kind of material, but by the experiences of literally millions of women who have found this method to be the finest kind of safety insurance.

For Ivory Suds use either Ivory cake soap, or Ivory Flakes, which is Ivory Soap flaked for you and ready for instant use. Ivory in either form is economy, not extravagance. Ivory—so gentle and mild—is as harmless to colors and fabrics as is pure water alone. Silk and woolen garments, washed by the Ivory method, actually last *longer* than cotton garments washed by old-fashioned methods.

PROCTER & GAMBLE





Important washing points

Except for very soiled and very bulky things, you need only a small amount of Ivory Flakes—just whip up the rich Ivory Suds from a teaspoonful of Flakes dissolved in about two gallons of water (see directions on package). Then dip the garment, squeeze the suds through and through it—don't rub hard, don't wring.

* * *

In washing silk or wool, the entire operation should not take more than five minutes.

* * *

For setting colors, see directions on the Ivory Flakes package.

* * *

The best way to dry delicate garments is to spread them on a bath-towel in a dark place, making sure that embroidered portions, if any, are kept clear of the body material.



A conclusive test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes, your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.



Let us send you a

Free sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 17-CF, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY

99 44/100% PURE ~ IT FLOATS

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ROMANCE IN BROWN

Mystery plus youth plus beauty in distress equals——

By EDGAR WALLACE

"ROMANCE? Yes, of a kind. 'Romance brings up the nine-fifteen,' and there is romance in—well, courtship and that sort of thing. But life is fairly humdrum and unexciting. Wars at a distance are immensely stirring, but close at hand look rather like a street accident multiplied by millions. Life is utterly devoid of sensation, and romance is really sensation of a pleasant kind."

James Calcott Berkley sniffed. "I wouldn't have your mind for money," he said, and his senior partner chuckled softly to himself.

He was a stout man and comfortable. You could not imagine him without a stiff collar and a heavy watch-guard. Jim often wondered what he looked like in pajamas. The chances were that he wore a nightshirt, anyway—a silk nightshirt with broad magenta stripes.

"Money doesn't buy experience," said Mr. Calley. "It's years—disappointments—knowing successions of exquisitely featured chorus-girls who look like Athens at its palmiest and talk like the Bowery; it's being looked at with pure limpid eyes, so big and innocent that you get a lump in your throat, and watching them change to granite when they price the little present you've given to their owner."

This time Jim Berkley sighed.

"What a perfectly horrible past you must have, Calley!" he said.

"On the contrary," protested the stout Mr. Calley, "my life has been singularly free from complications. There is a gray which has a purplish tinge—that is the color which most nearly represents the past of Cæsar Calley. We look at the matter from the standpoints of fifty and twenty-seven. You ought to be married," he went on, and Jim closed his eyes wearily. "That statement may make you squirm, but it is a fact. Marriage destroys the icing, but reveals the cake, and you can't live on almond icing any more than you can make a square meal of Turkish Delight. You're well off, you're nice looking, you have descent standards of conduct—in fact, you're a desirable match."

"I have never actually met anybody," said Jim. "There are thousands of girls, of course——"

"But they lack the atmosphere of romance," interrupted the other dryly. "They eat food and they ride to hounds and they are entirely without mystery. You'll never get married if you wait for mystery. There is nothing mysterious about women—they are just men with a different code of honor. They never pay their card debts, but they won't take tea in your rooms unless they bring their aunts."

"*Br-r-r!*" shivered Jim. "Marriage! The wedding-reception—the awful church and the best man and the crowds of people and the rice!"

Mr. Calley put on his gold-rimmed glasses and surveyed his partner dispassionately.

"Even Prince Charming had to go through something of the sort when he wed the Fairy Princess," he said. "And I guess the Fairy Princess sat up half the night worrying whether the bridesmaids ought to wear gray charmeuse or white tulle. There is nothing wholly romantic and nothing wholly sordid. You can't have silk without worms."

Jim Berkley made a hasty exit. Marriage was a subject which irritated and annoyed him. And when Calley said that no woman had mystery——

His watch said twenty minutes past three o'clock and he stood at the window looking down into Wall Street. He was so standing, absorbed in his thoughts, when Calley put his head in at the door.



Drawn by George Gigueere

"IT IS NOTHING," SHE SAID. "I WAS SO ALARMED ABOUT LOSING MY BAG!"

"Hello? Looking for the brown girl?" he asked.

"No!" said Jim loudly.

"Thought you might be; queer bird. I'm off. Sha'n't be up to-morrow—I'm playing in a foursome."

"Good night," said Jim absently.

"As to romance," insisted Calley, "have you ever considered Boccaccio's stories in cold blood? Why, there isn't a Sunday newspaper that doesn't beat the story of *Violante* and *Theodoro*——"

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Jim, and his amiable partner closed the door, grinning.

The bells of Trinity tolled the half-hour, and then James Calcott Berkley reaped the reward of his vigil. The brown girl was walking slowly along the pavement on the opposite side of the street—as she walked every day when the bells of Trinity rang the half-hour after three.

HE TOOK up the pair of field-glasses that were on his desk and, standing back from the window, focused them. She was exquisitely beautiful—he had never seen such loveliness in his life. Invariably she was dressed in brown, but seldom did she wear the same costume twice. Who was she? By the regularity of her appearance he was certain that she was employed somewhere in the neighborhood. Yet she was too well dressed to be an ordinary employee, too young to hold any responsible post. And then—most unaccountable phenomenon of all—there was the little old woman who was always waiting for her and to whom she invariably handed a letter with a smile.

Every day this happened—the little old woman in the plaid shawl hobbled across the street and took the letter, there was a brief exchange of words and the little old woman crossed the street again and the girl passed on out of sight. That happened to-day.

It was Calley who had first seen her and in his prosaic, unimaginative way had christened her "the brown girl." And yet it was a name which Jim liked. "Queer bird!" He shuddered at the grossness of the description. Presently she was out of sight and he turned with a sigh and a sense of bitter resentment to a review of the day's transactions, for Jim was a stock-broker, as his father had been before him.

The arrival of his secretary with letters to sign gave him an idea.

"Thompson, I've often wondered how—well, poor people, without opportunities for meeting socially, get acquainted."

"Yes, sir? Well, they sort of meet," said Thompson vaguely. "You mean young men and young ladies?"

Jim, very hot, nodded, not daring to meet the eyes of his clerk lest his secret be read.

"Generally the girl's got a brother who asks a boy to the house, or they meet at a dance. There are thousands of ways."

Jim coughed as he scribbled his name.

"Yes—but suppose he doesn't know the brother—if there is a brother. Just sees her on the street and—well—falls in love with her and all that sort of thing?"

Thompson was young but experienced.

"That's a bit difficult," he said, "because no lady likes to be picked up, in a manner of speaking. He just finds out who she is and gets somebody to introduce him."

Jim shook his head impatiently.

"But suppose he doesn't know who she is—suppose he just sees her and doesn't know from Adam or Eve what her name is?"

Mr. Thompson considered this weighty problem.

"There are several stunts he can work—such as picking up a handkerchief and saying, 'Excuse me, miss. Is this

Continued on page 70

AFTER EDEN

"Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still"

By CHARLES SAXBY

THE day was hot, and even the girl's slim young pliancy was breathless from the long chase through the forest aisles. But she had found him now, so nothing else mattered.

She peered cautiously from behind a tree trunk. A girl of fifteen, round with the early maturity of the south, her attire a single garment of woven grass bound with a girdle of flowering creeper. Her face was small, golden brown, triangular as a kitten's, lit by eyes startlingly black and alive. Her lips, ripely red, parted in a speech which she strove to make deliberately casual.

"Hello, Dode."

"Hello."

He sat on a bank below her, dabbling his feet in a pool about which the palm-trees went up lush and straight. He was probably a year older than the girl, with a great mop of black hair above a broad, thin, brown face. His body was still flat with youth, his neck columnar, his hands huge. For clothing he wore a frayed wolf-pelt and a complete suit of golden sun tan.

A conceited, unlicked cub he would have looked to an older man, his mind still in that strange jumble of the masculine years of transition. One could almost see him clinging to his boyhood, secretly afraid of the disturbing potencies he found looming in himself.

But to the girl's eyes he was as a god.

"What you doing, Dode?"

"Nothing."

"Where you going?"

"Nowhere."

"Well, what you about anyway?"

"What's that to you?"

So far so good; the ritual was proceeding its proper course and she ventured to sit down. He evidently did not suspect that she had followed him or he would have been off like an arrow to some more secret place, whence he would throw stones if she came near.

Oh, he was truly a god. His presence brought her a mixture of exaltation, ache and a funny sort of superior wisdom. There were so many things that even these young gods seemed not to know. One had to worship and goad and manage them all at the same time, and never, never must one let them suspect what one was about.

They wanted such extraordinary things—such as running off into the forest alone, or racing about with each other, hunting, wrestling or fighting. And there were so many other things, so much more important, that they seemed not to want at all—girls, for instance.

She edged closer, ready to dodge should he fling his club.

"I'm out gathering wood for granny," she offered.

"Wood?" he repeated, his lip taking an added curl. "Any one but a fool girl would know that wood doesn't fall from these palms."

"Oh—doesn't it?" Then came a ripple of enlightenment. "Then that's probably why I couldn't find any, isn't it?"

He wriggled his golden toes in the pool and there followed a sound like "mutt." But he was in uncommonly good humor to-day; so far he had not even bruised her.

"See what I did get, though," she smiled on. "Aren't they pretty?"

"Nothing but a lot of old feathers," he said scornfully.



Drawn by C. R. Chickering

THE GRANDMOTHER STARED. "NOT SCREAM? OH, MY DEAR—OF COURSE YOU MUST SCREAM!"

"I got them off a bird," she whispered mysteriously, and that seemed to enrage him.

"Holy snakes, you don't have to tell me that! Did you s'pos I thought you'd got 'em off a crocodile?"

"Why, no, Dode, of course I didn't. Feathers don't grow on crocodiles."

His face convulsed and turned pale red. He picked up a boulder, but it was only into the pool that he flung it with a jerk of exasperation.

"Oh, mama—now she's telling me that feathers don't grow——"

"But they *don't*, Dode."

He gave a hopeless sigh, his fingers digging for the head under his mass of hair.

"'But they don't, Dode,'" he mimicked in a crude falsetto. "Jumpin' mammoths—what you going to do with a thing like that?"

She looked at him in bright wonder. This was one of those moments which she could never understand. What was he so mad about anyhow? Feathers *don't* grow on— Oh, well— She held the plumes up to the light and went smilingly on:

"The nasty old thing tried to bite me when I pulled these out of its tail."

"Why didn't you kill it first?"

She looked at him in shocked surprise and her mouth tightened primly.

"I couldn't do that. It is one of those 'Birds of Eden,' as granny calls them. She brought them with her from her first place, you know. She says they are sacred and that something awful will happen if anybody hurts them. So I just knocked it down with my catapult and pulled these feathers out and let it go. I'm going to wear them in my hair," she finished.

"Wear them in your hair?" Dode gasped.

"Yes. Quit swishing that water with your feet, I want to look at myself. See—I'll wear them like that——"

She bent over to gaze at her reflection, holding the plumes so that their metallic blue and scarlet curved down the black cascade of her hair. The boy looked at her in a sort of horror.

"But Eva — nobody wears things like that!"

"That's just why I'm going to, silly."

His momentary unease changed back to normal contempt.

"Say, you girls are all kind of crazy, aren't you?"

"Not half so crazy as you boys are."

"Well, you act that way," he grumbled on. "Sticking old feathers in your hair, and chittering about with each other and kissing each other and then going off and saying rotten things about each other, and always hopping off a chariot the wrong way and — why, you don't seem to know anything!"

"You nasty, horrid ——"

She stopped, as from some dim but potent region beyond the reach of her knowledge came the certainty that that was not the way. Even when he was most wrong, he must be allowed to think himself right; and that rightness must never, never be permitted to make any difference to what she was going to have him do. She had never thought of all that before, but here it was, all at once, complete and ready to her hand.

"Of course we aren't strong and clever like you."

"I should say not!" he agreed completely.

That settled that! With careful spontaneity, Eva changed the subject.

"I saw a lot of deer as I came down the slope. It will be full moon to-night and they will be feeding on the flats near granny's cave."

"What of it?"

"I thought perhaps you'd like to run up and get one to-night."

"Zoppollah claims all the hunting on the mountain there," he responded sullenly.

"Oh, so he does. Isn't he the old pig?" Eva shuddered. "I came past his cave about an hour ago and he saw me and grinned and strutted about and threw

mangoes at me—old thing!—as if I'd look at him. I just stuck out my tongue at him and ran away. What do you suppose he meant by it?"

"Meant by what?"

"Why, by what I've just told you; don't you ever listen? By acting so and grinning at me like that."

"Maybe he just thought you looked funny. Who gave him all that hunting, that's what I want to know!"

"Well, he's the richest man in the world, they say," Eva explained. "His cave is just stacked with bearskins and strings on strings of tiger's teeth, and everything."

"Why should he have all that?"

"Why—he's *got* it."

"I know he has," Dode gloomed, bending his black brows in attempted solution. "But how did he get it?"

"If you don't like it, why don't some of you boys go and take it away from him?"

Dode shifted uneasily and his mouth grew petulant.

"He's bigger than any six of us put together. Then he makes presents to the old men and they all back him up. The world's getting too crowded, that's what. Me and Ziph, my chum, we are going to light out of here and find some hunting of our own."

"You — you're going away?"

"Yep — we're going west across the big river," he said, with a flash of enthusiasm. "And when we find good hunting, we'll let everybody come and share it. Only we won't have any old gray-headed crabs around, nor any girls, nor blasted kids either. And we'll just live there and hunt and—well, we'll just live there."

EVA rose, somehow aware that it was time for her to go. The more he talked about it the more set on it he would be. Dode—going away! From within the whirl of her head she heard her own voice, surprisingly gay.

"That will be splendid! But you'll need some meat for your journey. You had better come up and get one of those deer to-night."

"What you so stuck on my coming up there for?" he asked suspiciously. "There's plenty other places to get deer."

"Of course there are, but——"

Casually she thrust the feathers into her girdle. Her brain was a desert, but in some way of its own her voice went on.

"It would be kind of a joke on that silly old Zoppollah if you came up and took one of his deer before you went. All the village would laugh about it for years to come. The old men would sit around the fire and tell how Dode stole Zoppollah's deer."

She laughed herself, and the boy's eyes widened at the picture her words had painted.

"Say, that would be great! I'll get Ziph and——"

"Why not do it all by yourself?" she suggested.

"Maybe I will."

She ached to stay—her hand was simply a pain in its desire to stroke his hair. But that inner something bade her be gone and she turned in a negligent farewell.

"I'll have to be off to granny. So long, Dode."

"So long," he said, and his tone of flat uninterest was as mocking dust to her thirst.

It was nearly dark when she reached the cave. Great trees, luscious and purple, made deep shade about it. Below, the plain stretched in gray vastness, slashed by the steely ribbon of a river. Far to the east a mountain caught the last rays of the sun, holding them aloft as an unavailing banner against the victorious night.

Her grandmother—there were really many "greats" before that title, but how many not even the old woman herself could say; the world was getting so full of people in these days and it was difficult for her to keep track of them as she once had. She stood before the fire, incredibly old, yet with an unconquerable vitality about her as though her being were rooted in the very beginnings of things. Busy with a cooking calabash above the flames, she looked up as Eva bounded in.

"Where's the wood?" she demanded.

"Oh, granny, I simply couldn't find any."

"And how do you suppose I'm going to cook?" the old woman railed. "Perhaps you think I can——"

"For pity's sake, don't begin all that stuff again!" Eva broke in. "I looked and looked, but it isn't my fault if palm-trees don't drop wood, is it?"

"You have been chasing after some boy, that's what you've been doing—making yourself cheap!" her grandmother shrilled at her. "How many times have I told you not——"



Drawn by C. R. Chickering

HE GAZED AT HER DREAMILY. "YOU — YOU'VE GOT PRETTY HAIR"

She stopped as her still keen old eyes caught sight of the catapult hanging at the girl's girdle.

"Where did you get that? It is your grandfather's catapult. How many times have I told you not——"

"But you tell me so many 'nots,'" Eva retorted. "Have a heart! I didn't hurt your old catapult. What is there to eat?"

"Quail stew. Now go and draw some water from the spring. I suppose you can find that."

SILENTLY she watched the girl go mutinously off. Drawn by the vague melancholy of the coming darkness, she looked out on the valley, her figure gaunt against the moon rising huge and yellow. Her lips moved in the garrulous self-communings of age.

"That girl—I don't know what she'll come to! But there, I was the same at first—only it was all so different over there in my lost garden. No pain there, no getting nor having, no bearing nor dying. Just me and the man—ah, a pretty, pretty place—but quiet——"

So she mumbled and nodded, lost in memories, until Eva returned with a gourd of water poised on her head.

"My, it's nothing but work around this dump," she grumbled as she set it down. "Hunt wood, draw water—just one darn thing after another."

"Wait until you are married, my girl," her grandmother said, with a nod of portent.

"Me married?" Eva's laugh broke loudly out. "None of that for mine, thank you!"

"I know; I said it myself," the old woman returned. "But you are going to be married—and this very night, too. It is quite time you were. The man came to me while you were out this afternoon and we arranged it all between us."

Eva sprang up, quivering in alarm, question and a hopeless sort of hope.

"He came while I was out? Oh, granny, who is it—quick—tell me! Was it—Dode?"

"Dode?"

Her grandmother stared back in attempted remembrance.

"Who is—oh, you mean that young pauper with nothing in the world but his club. Certainly not! We may not be as rich as some of these upstarts about here, but we are still the first family of the world. When we came here, it was your grandfather who owned everything. I have arranged a good match for you."

"Yes—but granny—*who?*"

"A FINE match, my dear. Everything a girl can wish."

"Granny—tell me, *who?*"

"Eh—who? Oh, why that Mr. Zoppollah."

"Zoppollah——"

"He is the richest man in the world, they say, and he has no wives at all just now. The last one died on him last week."

"They say he beat her to death," Eva put shudderingly in, but her grandmother brushed it aside.

"Well—he had had her a long time and perhaps she was irritating. There's always some reason. But he will be different with you."

"But granny—" Eva collapsed on a near-by rock, almost shaking its adamant with a tempest of tears. "Have you *seen* him?"

"He has hunting and bearskins and there will always be meat in his cave. As to the rest, it will be all the same in six moons.

"He will come for you as soon as the moon lights the trail to his cave," the old woman went on. "I always think evening weddings so much more convenient. He gave me three bearskins and a string of tiger's teeth—I wish now I'd asked for more. And Eva—when he carries you off, be sure to remember to scream."

Eva sat up, hotly rebellious through her dismay.

"Why should I scream when it is all arranged?"

"Not scream?" The grandmother stared, her shell spoon poised in horror above the stew. "Not scream? Oh, my dear—of course you must scream, or else he will think that you are not a *nice* girl."

Eva sprang to her feet, flinging about like one trapped and seeking escape.

"I won't—I won't! If I must marry, I will marry the one I want!"

"You'll marry the one you can get, the same as I did," the grandmother chuckled. Drawn by their common femininity, the girl drew closer to her.

"Granny, tell me—how did you get grandfather?"

"I waited to be asked of course,—what else could I do?"

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AM I IN LOVE?

The question every woman asks herself some time or other

By CECILE SOREL

ONE day during my visit to the United States a young girl asked to see me. She was a typical American girl, very pretty, full of life, intelligent and interested in what was going on. She had never been to France, but from what she had read about my country and from her acquaintance with French books she had come to the conclusion that in France love was a more dominating force than in America.

"American women know how to flirt," she said, "but do they know anything about love? Take an American girl—take me, for instance. How am I to know whether I am in love or not? I like one man for one reason, another for another. Sometimes I think I'm really in love, and then again I think it can't be possible, because the man has no real place in my thoughts. How can a woman tell whether a man truly cares for her? Of course I know how madly you've been loved," she exclaimed, at last, "but have *you* ever loved? And is love everything in a woman's life? Can a woman be happy if she doesn't know what it means to love? Please tell me—as woman to woman!"

There was something so sincere and appealing in the young girl's questions that I felt quite moved. I sensed in her attitude the incertitude of youth before the great problems of womanhood. The questions she asked were those which every woman some time or other asks herself, and which she is unable to answer out of her own experience when she is young.

It was not the first time that a girl had come to me with those questions. How often, after a performance of one of our great classical plays at the Comédie Française, plays that embody the longings of the human soul and the struggle between duty and love, plays like Corneille's "Cid," Racine's "Andromaque" or Molière's "Misanthrope," girls have come to me, stirred by a strange emotion, and asked me to give them a word of advice!

Sometimes it seems to me that mothers do not know their children, that only we artists know what burns in the adolescent heart. The mother always sees the baby in her children; to her they never grow up. She does not realize that the little girl is already vibrant with a woman's longings, and that a man's heart is throbbing in her boy's breast. She talks to them in terms of childhood when they long for the key to the problems of manhood and womanhood. They feel this difference between what they are and what their mother thinks they are, and a strange timidity seals their lips. They dare not pour their questions about life into their mother's ears, both because they are afraid of hurting her by showing that other ideals than hers are filling their souls and because they think she may misunderstand and laughingly pack them off to childish chores when what they want is to be in touch with the riddles of the universe.

So they turn to the artist, to the woman who, through her familiarity with the great masterpieces of the world, has lived a multiplicity of lives, has suffered with the sorrow of great heroines and lived with their joy. They seek the persons who, in acting the great rôles of literature, have revealed to them their own soul and longings. And so this young American girl was asking me:

"Does love come more than once? Does it always come some time, sooner or later? Must we wait for it or seek it?"



WHEN CECILE SOREL, famous Parisian actress of the Comédie Française, brought her art—and her beauty—to America, she received a welcome second only to that formerly given Sarah Bernhardt. America accepted and approved her reputation as "the most beautiful woman in France and the best-dressed woman in the world."

In Madame Sorel's charmed life—on the stage as impersonator of great romantic and tragic rôles and off the stage as the impersonation herself of feminine loveliness and charm—she has inspired countless "grande passions" in the hearts of kings and princes as well as in the humbler breasts of the gallery nobodies. She has known the base and the noble sides of love.

While Madame Sorel was in the United States, she was approached by an American girl who, in a quandary of love, sought her advice. You have her answer here.

I WANTED to tell this girl that "love" is the most abused word in the language—that, hypocritically, we use it to cover a multitude of impulses and desires that have nothing to do with love. We use the word love to cover up brutal longings in the same way that politicians use righteous phrases to mask the gross cupidity of their ambitions. But just as there are high motives even though politicians only masquerade with them, so there is such a thing as love, even though what we usually meet is only sham.

Love may come once in a lifetime—rarely oftener. It comes you do not know how. You only know that everything has suddenly become infinitely more beautiful, infinitely richer than before.

Love has been defined so many thousand times! I have forgotten the definitions I have heard, for to me love is only one thing: the sentiment that brings out the very best and highest in you and that longs for and calls forth the best and highest in the one you love.

Real love is an ascension, an exchange that enables both man and woman to reach spiritual heights neither could attain alone. It follows, therefore, that love enriches a man's life quite as much as a woman's and that, consequently, it means as much to man's development as to woman's. To man, love gives the impulses which spur him on to great deeds. Inspired by love, he produces masterpieces, surpasses himself. Without love no masterpieces could ever have been created.

As for woman, love deepens her understanding, broadens her mind, enlarges her heart, makes her personality more harmonious and complete. There is a warmth, a sympathy, a softness about the woman who has loved that distinguishes her from the woman whose heart has never been moved.

But it must not be forgotten that only real love—that is to say, the very highest sentiment which two beings can have for one another—ennobles and uplifts. This love is spiritual affinity. Physical possession has nothing to do with it, and physical attraction very little. Physical attraction can serve to awaken love, but only mental and spiritual affinity can develop it and hold it.

Therefore we can know whether the feeling we have for another is love or merely a sham by probing our hearts and asking: "What is it that I like in that man? Do I want him to do great deeds, produce masterpieces, or do I simply want him to center his thoughts and attention on me?" If you want to limit everything to your own person, if you are jealous of his work, of his big ideas, you do not really love him. You want selfishly to be with him. You do not want to call forth the best in him, which is the test of love.

And in the same way you may measure a man's love for you by the desire he has for you to develop and surpass yourself. If a man loves you, he will want you to rise ever higher. But if his influence on you is narrowing, if he does not respect your aims and ambitions, he does not love you in the real sense of the word.

Love has a fundamental basis in admiration and respect. You can not love some one you do not look up to. While physical beauty is often a powerful means of inspiring love, it does not suffice. Beauty without intellect and heart is vapid and dull. What we love in another is personality, individuality. Great men have always been deeply loved because they had great personalities. No silly woman ever held a man's affection for any length of time. Only intelligent women with individuality ever dominated men.

By intelligent women I do not mean bluestockings, but I mean women who know how to think. Examinations and college courses have nothing to do with intelligence. They merely prove that you know how to learn things. Intelligence consists not in absorbing thoughts, but in radiating them.

A woman's personality must show that a mind, an intelligence governs her. A woman who remains silent, motionless, but who *thinks*, attracts and fascinates; while a feather-brained doll, who chatters without knowing what she is saying and bustles around in vain agitation, bores and irritates.

IT IS very essential that women learn to think. Every woman should take from a quarter of an hour to half an hour a day to "visit her soul." During this time she should reflect on her work, on what she wants to accomplish and how she falls short of her ideal. She should make resolutions as to how to overcome her faults. Many women spend precious moments exercising their body upon rising in the morning and before going to bed at night in the hope of becoming beautiful. This is all well and good. But why neglect the mind? Is not mental training far more important than physical beauty?

Secondly, a woman should train her will. Once she knows what she wants and has determined how to proceed in order to reach her goal, she should cultivate her will-power so as to progress in spite of all obstacles. But she must never be stubborn, for stubbornness is the hallmark of small minds.

Concluded on page 74

HE DID AMOUNT TO SOMETHING

Love's answer to the call of the blood

By HAROLD TITUS

FATHER and son were as sharply in contrast as they were out of place in the luxurious cabin of the *Eleanor*.

Cap Wood, gaunt and mean-eyed, iron-gray and grimy, sat fingering the vein welt across the instep of one gnarled foot. He was all age and filth, from the condition of his body to the look in his face. Steve, across the table, was youth and cleanliness. His light hair fell naturally into order, he was shaved, and the faded shirt he wore was scrubbed yesterday. There was freshness in his young face, and the gray eyes, now rather sullen, were very clear.

Those eyes were directed through a brass-ringed port across the flat shoal water to where Summer Island shimmered in the heat-waves. There he could see the patch of white which was the Summer home of Amos Field, Chicago attorney. It was from the dock before the house that the *Eleanor* had sailed nearly a month ago, to shove her pretty hull up on the reef where she now rested. The boy's eyes held there an interval and then came inside, traveling the mahogany-paneled cabin and resting on the food scraps which littered the polished table.

He repeated doggedly: "I'm through, I tell you!"

His voice shook just noticeably and he swallowed dryly. The amazement which had been in his father's face gave way to mounting rage and he stirred.

"Through, eh? You're goin' off an' leave your old father? You don't think you owe me somethin', let alone your not bein' of age?"

"I don't figure I owe you much—nothin'. You never done much for me. It ain't because you're too old or because you can't. You're a good ship carpenter; you're strong enough to work—but you won't. Me—why, I didn't see you since I was so high. What's been done for me was done by ma. She quit you 'cause she was starved an' we kids was starved an' you beat her. I came with you this Spring 'cause I was afraid of you, not 'cause I wanted to. But I ain't any more—afraid!"

Cap leaned across the table and tapped it slowly.

"I ain't good enough for you—is that it?"

"I'm tired bein' talked about as Cap Wood's boy. If you'd do somethin', I wouldn't care. No, goin' on like this, you ain't good enough for me!"

"An' why not?"

The venom in his father's close-thrust face made Steve's gaze waver.

"I want to get ahead. I want to—to amount to somethin'."

Cap leaned back with a shrill laugh.

"Want to get ahead! So do we all, boy! Ain't we gettin' ahead of Field now? Ain't ye livin' in a yacht that cost more money than most men ever *see?* Livin' high, too, on old Field's grub an' scarce turnin' our hands. Mebby I don't amount to much, but I've got a smart man like Field fooled. Didn't I get him to let us live aboard an' feed us until we got her repaired an' floated? It was a week's job, an' it'll last six. Ain't that gettin' ahead? An' come Fall, you can't tell what'll happen." He leaned lower to the table and the tone became wheedling. "You never can tell what'll go ashore atween here an' the Door!"

"I know what you and Guy Meade hope'll happen. I've heard you talkin' when you didn't think I could."

The old man started sharply and whispered, "Well, what of it?"

"It ain't any business for a man to hang around and wait for a rich wreck to pile up on these rocks!"

The other was relieved after his moment of tensity. He grinned and then the grin gave up to a sneer.

"Gettin' high-toned, ain't ye? Gettin' too good to take luck when it comes!"

He rose, plucking at the rope which made a belt for his ragged pants.

"Sit down!" he roared as the boy moved. "One on his feet at a time's enough! I'm goin' to speak my piece, now that you're through!" He bared his tarnished teeth and brandished a black-and-tan forefinger; his eyes flared monstrously and Steve sank back, lips twitching.

"You're my blood an' my bone, ain't ye?"

"You'd starved us if it hadn't been for——"

"Hold your tongue! She took me for better or for worse, didn't she? An' when luck turned ag'in' me, she quit me dead! Never nobody to talk to, never nobody to help me, an' me growin' old. Now I'm claimin' what's due me. You're mine, body an' soul. I need ye an' y're goin' to stay by me, or——"

His face twisted in a terrible threat. He held so a moment, wide-eyed, and then, seeing the fright on his son's face, relaxed and hitched at his belt again and laughed bitterly.

"Wantin' to get ahead!" he jeered. "Wantin' to amount to somethin'! You know what they say about me from Manistique to Menominee? They'll tell you I'm a beach-comber, a thief, that I'd cut my best friend's throat. Take them stories for what they're worth. Ain't ye my blood? Your heart's like mine, ain't it? My luck'll be yours; that was fixed afore ye saw daylight. A man can't beat what's born in him. I couldn't beat my luck; you can't beat yourn!"

He leaned over the boy, lowering his voice.

"Quit me an' I'll foller ye so long as there's breath in my body! I'm tired bein' alone—an' I'd kill anybody—*anybody!*—as quick as I'd grin at 'em!"

He ended in a harsh whisper and saw weakness come into Steve's face, saw fear rise to cover the stubbornness that had been there a moment before. He was the master and knew it, and he drew back and stared at his son an interval, rubbing his palms on his pants, lips moving soundlessly; then he moved toward the companion, stopping at the ladder to look back. Some of the venom was gone from his face and the wheedle had returned to his voice when he spoke.

"Stay by your daddy, boy. It's your duty. An' if we ain't respected or rich, we'll take it easy—we'll take it easy——"

He laughed and started up the ladder. "Never mind washin' them dishes, Stevy. Throw 'em overboard when they get too bad. Field's rich an' th' galley's full of 'em."

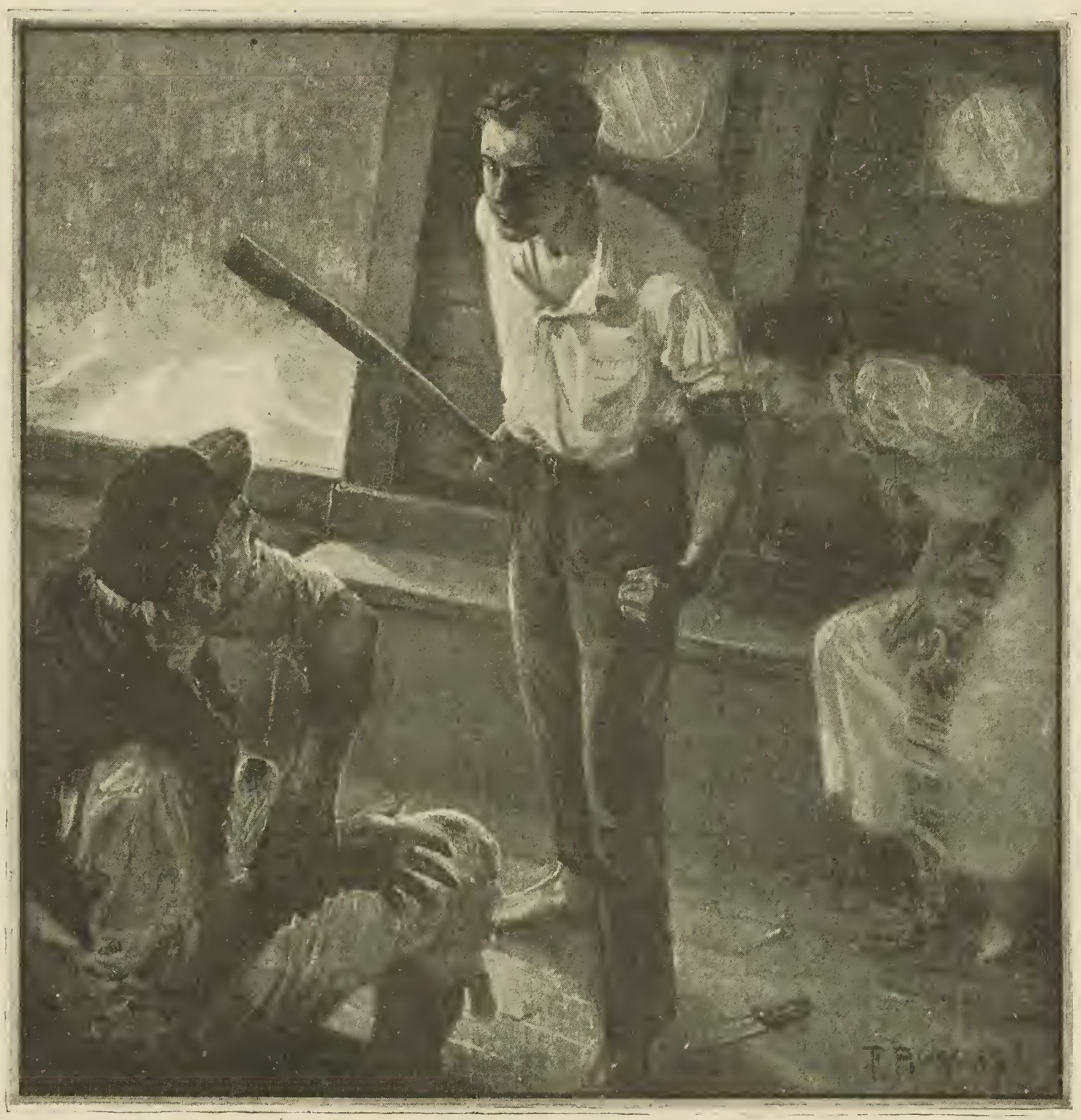
IT WAS late afternoon when Dan Meade's gasoline-boat *Hawk* came to anchor outside the reef and Meade pushed off to row toward the *Eleanor*. Old Cap dangled his feet over the rail and watched the approach, and when Meade climbed aboard the two went below, leaving Steve on deck. The lad could hear their voices, low and cautious, and knew that they were not talking about liberating the stranded craft. But he could not know that they talked of him, and Meade finally said: "They get that way right along. He's big an' strong. Gals like 'em that way. He, now—he wouldn't make a muss, would he?"

"Hell, no! He ain't got th' guts to stick his back up! I know; it's my blood in him, Guy."

"—an' she rows alone every night—an' she's the apple of her daddy's eye!"

Even had Steve been aware that the two discussed him, he would not have been curious. He sat on the deck, hugging his knees, mouth set, that beaten look in his eyes. But before long he saw a skiff, evidently propelled by an outboard motor, making out from Fairport, the fishing village on the mainland, and when he was certain that it bore on the *Eleanor* rather than on Amos Field's dock, he rose and moved purposelessly about, hands unsteady when he began splicing a line.

Being disturbed was a new experience for Steve Wood. He had been a quiet, almost stolid little boy after that early childhood spent in shacks along the beach from Seul Choix to Death's Door, hungry and cold sometimes, frightened by his irascible father



AGAIN THE BRASS TILLER OF THE ABANDONED *ELEANOR* ROSE AND FELL, AND THE KNIFE SPUN FROM THE HAND THAT HELD IT *Drawn by Frances Rogers*

comforted by his courageous mother. When his mother gave up hoping that the flash of manhood which had won her to her husband would ever return and left him, taking Steve and his sister, the boy stayed close to her, helping as she cooked for lumber-camps or the boarding-houses in fishing villages. He gave no demonstration of affection or loyalty other than working for her; he did not play much with other children; people thought him stupid until he did better than most in school.

But beneath that constant exterior the boy knew fear and discomfiture. He was the son of Cap Wood, a man feared by men up and down the lake; boys now and then taunted him with being the old renegade's offspring, and the fact of his father came to rest over the boy like a cloud.

As a growing lad he used to dream that his father was pursuing him, reaching out to touch and defile and imprison him and make him an outlaw, too; and then, in the second Summer of his sister's marriage, when his mother went to live with her and Steve was left alone, working in Escanaba, the dream came true. His father appeared and whined and wheedled until Steve went with him. It was not the promises which lured him to the beaches—it was no filial feeling—it was another thing: the hard glitter behind the smile in the old man's eyes and the grit that came occasionally through the wheedling. Young Steve was afraid, so he went with his father; and fear mingled with loathing in those weeks on the yacht, loathing for his acquiescence—but still he was afraid.

And then he saw Eleanor Field, nineteen and wholly lovely, who had rowed out with her father to the yacht that had been named for her. He watched her stare at him with her brown eyes and then turn them on his father; he saw the incredulous disgust come over her face, and he hated himself and felt his pride come to life. The girl was the most wonderful person he had ever beheld, and she was revolted at sight of his uncouth father and could not believe that Steve was his son. The boy knew those things as well as though she had spoken words to tell him.

FIELD and his daughter came often to the boat those first days, and the owner of the *Eleanor* spent all his time listening to the palaver of old Cap, having it demonstrated convincingly though untruthfully that it would take long to float the sail-boat. And during those times Steve could talk to the girl—after he had reached that point where the beating of his heart would let words through his throat.

"You don't like me," was the first personal thing he said to her, and color rushed into her cheeks and her chin went up.

"No," she retorted, and though he knew she did not mean it, he went cold.

"Why not?"

"You guess!"—and laughed, and his heart rose to the challenge, then sank as he saw her eyes go to where his father stood. Steve felt the muscles of his back tensing. She did not like him, she had said—and did not mean it; but when she looked at his father——

After that first exchange of words, Steve let Eleanor completely alone for days: when she came aboard with her father, he kept very busy; when he happened to go to the island for materials, he spoke to her gravely, with untrained regard and courtesy, but spoke only of his errand. Yet he watched her rowing at evening and realized that she kept her skiff closer to the *Eleanor* than she had before and that, though she did not look toward him, there was something constrained in the posture which kept her head always averted.

But after a time the girl's gesture of indifference broke; curiosity came into her eyes and, aboard the yawl or meeting him on the island, she would talk—rather imperious in her questions, slightly confused when his eyes rested on her face with such frank speculation.

One day Steve was waiting on the wicker-furnished veranda of the Field home for Amos. A table was littered with books and the boy looked them over casually, coming finally to the annual catalog of the university which Eleanor Field attended. Amos did not come for long, but Steve did not notice the passage of time, for he sat leaning over that catalog, brown hand rummaging in his hair, reading rapidly. It was Eleanor who finally interrupted him and he looked up at her with something of a start.

"Dry reading!" she laughed.

He shook his head as he rose, looking down at the book in his hand.

"No, not dry. I think I'll go to that college."

The girl made as if to speak, but only laughed instead, somewhat confused.

"Yes, I've sort of intended to all along," he said, and that confused her the more, because he had detected her incredulity. "I've written for four books like this, but I like what they say here best about getting to be a doctor."

The laughter was entirely gone from the girl's eyes at that, and her amazement passed, too; she eyed young Steve with a sort of curiosity which she had never known before for any man. She looked him over carefully, from his strong, bare feet to his shock of tawny hair, missing nothing, from the patches on his overalls to the steady burning of the light in his eyes. Then she sat down and talked to him and listened when he told her why he wanted to be a doctor: because his mother had nearly died of pneumonia and he had worshiped, as a little boy, the man who drove through upper Michigan snows to pull her through. And when he went away, he took with him the university catalog and other books and left behind a girl who was very grave for an hour.

And after that Eleanor was neither coquettish nor imperious with Steve Wood, but was, instead, frank and sweet and like an old friend—except once——

"If I should go to your university this Fall—you would be there three more years," he said.

"And what has that to do with it?" she challenged.

"Nothing—" face clouding—"nothing much." And he meant it, because that day he had seen the girl looking at his father and back at him, and the boy felt smirched.

Then there was a star-hung night when the girl rowed close and stopped and talked and finally asked Steve to go with her—and the boy pulled stoutly to be out of range of his father's eyes, who sat watching.

Eleanor's hands trailed in the water, white like phosphorus, and her voice was low and sweet and Steve could see the stars in her eyes, like the stars in the sky and the water; but the lights in her eyes were close, not like the stars in the heavens, and they did not heave, like the light points in the water. They were steady as she watched him once and he stopped rowing and leaned forward to see the more closely. She did not draw back; she did not smile; she looked gravely into his grave face, with its parted lips—she, Eleanor Field, the daughter of a powerful man, and Steve Wood, the son of an unashamed thief.

"A long time ago I asked you if you liked me," he said, and his voice shook. "I am asking you again, Eleanor——"

HER hand, which had been in the water, came up to the rail and he saw it grip there. She did not move otherwise, but he thought he heard her breath catch. In the silence came a dull thump from the *Eleanor* and an echo of his father's voice; on that, he thought, he saw her expression change.

He slumped forward on his hip in the skiff's bottom, close to her knees.

"I like you," he said simply. "I like you better than I've ever liked anybody—even my mother. Can you like me?"

"Oh, Steve!"—in a sort of gasp.

"I know," he said. "I guess I know. I'm Cap Wood's boy, and everybody around here thinks I can't amount to anything. I've always *wanted* to amount to something. Since — since you've been here, I've decided to. You can't blame a fellow for his——"

"Steve! Oh, don't, Steve!" She turned her face away as though the truth which he spoke so tenderly had lashed her.

"Please——"

"I don't blame you, Eleanor. You can't think worse of him than I do. He abused my mother awful, and my mother—she's finer than I can tell you about. I've always been afraid of him, but it's the mean part of me that's afraid. My mother wasn't afraid of him, and I'm not going to be afraid any more. I'm going to amount to something!"

He touched her clasped hands and though she did not move he drew his hand away after that one caress.

"Sometimes I don't feel mad at him or afraid of him"—voice very low. "He ain't—*hasn't*—a friend. Everybody calls him bad names, and some days I feel sorry for him. My mother felt sorry, too—but he wouldn't do anything for her. I'd like to have *him* amount to something. That's what you want—folks to amount to something before you like 'em?"

She lowered her face and he rightly took her silence for assent.

"*He* won't, but if—if *I* should amount to something—if I should, Eleanor——"

He grasped the skiff's sides and his voice was very eager.

The girl did not speak, but the tremor which ran through her—which he could feel, for his chest was against her small knees—was answer enough, and he promised lowly:

"I will, Eleanor! I'm *going* to be somebody."

And that is why young Steve went back to the yawl that night with a fever in his blood which challenged his fear of his father, and why Eleanor Field lay in her bed staring out across the lake and hearing not the lap of

Continued on page 82

A MOTHER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

By Carolyn Lisberge

This is the will of a mother.

I leave to my children a heritage more precious than possessions. leave to them a part of myself.

Believing that true motherhood gives more than birth and physical care, and knowing that at any moment the slender thread of life may snap—I hereby leave to my children these bequests, to be held legal and sacred after my death:

I give to my children, first, a rockbottom faith in the genuine worth of people. I pass on to them my knowledge that high-minded, decent men and women far outnumber the petty and the false.

I bequeath to my children tolerance. Let them not hate any individual, but let them fight, if they must, social wrong.

I bequeath to my children a shelf of biography, personal memories of great men and women.

For my baby, I charge that a merry nurse be sought, a buoyant spirit with the gift of song.

For my children's home, I ask only that it be a home with a garden.

For my children's school, it matters little, whether large or small, public or private. But I gravely charge their guardians that my children be taught:

To think straight.

To concentrate upon whatever task they face, and to complete it.

To use their fingers as alertly as their brains.

To find an outlet for imagination, be it in music, literature or any art. Thus I leave to them the key to the door of beauty.

To each of you, dear children, who read your mother's will and testament, I write:

DEAREST ONE:

Do not spurn this, your mother's legacy, as mere words.

My words are of greater worth than gold or silver. For they hold my love to cherish and guard you down the years.

Love is the treasure word of life. I beg of you never let it tarnish, never let it turn into dull self-devotion, never let it fasten upon possessions, husband, wife, children. Rather let love glow and widen until it embraces all humanity.

In thus making my will, I am leaving more than a fortune to my own. I am bequeathing to the next generation the best of all gifts—fine men and women.

The egoist, the self-seeker among you, my children, I disinherit. But to you who accept this heritage, I know that I have not given life fruitlessly.

I am proud to sign myself

Eternally,
YOUR MOTHER.



WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

An essay on American manners

By IRVING BACHELLER

WHEN I was a small boy, a man used to come to our house who had a gold tooth and a glass eye and who wore a diamond in his shirt-front. I was deeply interested in that man because of those singular and unusual possessions, of which I longed to know more. He talked so fast and so incessantly that I never got a chance to ask him for particulars about the glass eye and the gold tooth and the diamond breastpin, although I had once tried and got my hand slapped for my imprudence.

My mother said that he was a gentleman, and so I cherished a mixed notion of the qualities of that kind of a human being. I was a little surprised, on a later day, when the great Judge Tappan came to our house, to observe that he had none of the accessories of the other gentleman and especially that he was willing to let me have a part in the conversation. Later, when my mother told me a gentleman always considered the feelings of other people, I knew that she had made a mistake about the twittering man, for he had deeply wounded me.

As we grow wiser, the superficial qualities of the gentleman are still important but less decisive.

When I was about fourteen, I met a boy, not a year older than I, who confided to me that he was trying to be a gentleman and asked if I knew what a gentleman was. I quoted my mother. This did not seem to satisfy his notion and so he glibly answered himself:

"A gentleman takes off his hat in the presence of a lady, always washes his hands before he goes to the table, eats kind o' slow and deliberate, knows when to say 'excuse me' and never forgets the state of the weather. I want to make myself agreeable so that folks'll like me. I like that word agreeable," he went on. "Learned it yesterday. I carry a little pocket dictionary, and when I hear a word that's new to me, I chalk it down in my memory."

CRUDE as he was, I have often thought that this boy had the spirit of a real gentleman. His desire for self-improvement was an unfailing sign of it. A man who is satisfied with himself can easily be a fool or a prig or a tyrant, but he can not be a gentleman.

Another trait of the boy which indicates that he was on the right road was his wish to be liked. He must have had good parents. One has to begin to learn the art of being a gentleman soon after he learns how to walk. His parents must lay the foundation of the structure which he is to build—and with great care. There must be at least three workmen on the job. The love of men will be the corner-stone.

The thing we call "side"—birth, grandeur, wealth, horses and hounds—will, hereafter, be no essential part of the assets of a gentleman. We have come to a time when we have to be shown; we want to know what things are made of. The gentleman of to-day, like our milk and water and canned goods, must be able to stand analysis. He will be weighed and tested. The word aristocrat must have a new definition or go into evil repute. The true gentleman can no longer live proudly apart and look down upon the crowd out of his conceit and self-approval. He has got to be worthy of our respect.

He must be a gentleman in spirit as well as in manners. He must be a lover of men and a real democrat. In short, the ideal gentleman of the modern world is Abraham Lincoln—a man above narrow prejudice. His love of men was a thing above race or creed or color or social condition.

ONE day when John Burroughs and I were sitting down for rest after a tramp in the woods, we talked of Walt Whitman's democracy.

"In the war-time he was a kind of deputy mother to a host of boys," said Burroughs. "I remember when the victorious armies were passing through the streets of Washington in their last review. Walt and I stood, side by side, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, watching the great procession. Often a boy whom he had nursed in some army hospital would rush out of the ranks and embrace Walt and kiss him and run back to his place in the line with tears streaming from his eyes. This happened not once only, but many times as we stood there. It was an impressive sight."

I had never heard or read of such a tribute to the gentleness of a man. It seemed to me that the author of "Captain, My Captain" must have had the first essential of a gentleman.

His Captain had that and much more. Lincoln had self-restraint and a chivalry that was never out of use. One can not be a gentleman or a true democrat without the spirit of chivalry. Mere equal rights for women will not satisfy him. His respect for them should be deep, inviolable and even aggressive. A man who would not hazard his life, if need be, in defense of a woman's honor is not fit to be called a gentleman.

The lack of chivalry which is to be observed just now in our leading cities is no part of democracy. It is essentially European. I have been astonished to observe how New York has progressed toward Europeanism in the last two years; how the ancient ideals of the American are being trodden upon to the apparent delight of the galleries. I have seen virtue publicly belittled in shallow wit and the sanctity of womanhood turned into a merry jest for the amusement of great crowds. Every play I have seen has openly "knocked" the faith of our fathers, without which, say what else we may of it, America could not have weathered its storms. I resent this base appeal to the new crowd as I would, also, resent any show of disrespect for the religion of the Jew or the Mohammedan. The author who resorts to that kind of pandering would better be digging a ditch.

There never has been a time when gentlemen were more needed in this land of ours. Our cities are overrun with new Americans who require proper leadership. Above all, we need gentlemen to run the theaters and write the plays and plan the movie shows.

"I used to be purty rough," an old farmer once said to me, "but when the babies had come, they kind o' made me over. They was so tender an' little an' there was sech a look in their eyes an' they spoke an' played so cunnin'! It mellered me all up. Gosh, the fust I knew I'd got the habit o' bein' gentle. They jest tuk the swear all out o' me. They filled the house so they wasn't no room in it for hell an' damnation."

Crude as he was, this man was a type of gentleman quite common in America when I was a boy. In studying the life of the changing frontier of the West from 1800 to 1860 I have been stirred by the chivalry of the rough pioneers. Women in lonely cabins were never molested. There were robbers and highwaymen, but even among them a woman's honor was held to be sacred.

I have read the diaries of young women who traveled alone on the plains, night and day, searching for sick husbands or brothers, and who tell of patient help and gentle consideration received from the men they met, some of whom were crude, rough characters. They were always treated with respect, and it should not be forgotten that they were thoroughly respectable.

IF WOMEN are to be respected, they must satisfy the notion of men as to what constitutes a respectable woman. No matter what they pretend, men hate the look of paint and powder on the face of youth. To many it is a bid for insult; to all it is the flag of folly, the signal of insecure foundations. There can be no such thing as chivalry unless women are worthy of it. And it is equally true that there can be no gentlemen without the spirit of chivalry.

So this matter is largely up to the ladies.

A gentleman, no matter what his philosophy, must respect the feelings and have at least some deference for the opinions of other people—and especially for those opinions which have been endorsed by many generations.

I think the most beautiful example of high spirit and self-restraint in my knowledge is that of a Kentucky planter who, discovering a poor neighbor in the act of stealing a ham from his smoke-house, said to the thief:

"Joe, I'm glad you came for that ham. I was going to send it over to your house to-day."

Here is the sublime art of the gentleman.

To the latter many things are sacred and yet he may oppose them all, but his art may use no violence. It must be gentle. Demosthenes was the most persuasive man in history. I wonder if his power came not largely from the fact that he never dropped the tone of the gentleman.

ROSE OF THE WORLD

In which Rosalind begins to wonder *why* women marry

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS

Rosalind Kirby was the loveliest girl in Gates Mill, and in the early days of California her people had been the town's most prominent citizens. But long before Rose was born her Grandfather Tallifer had been thrown from the buggy in which he was riding with J. Wittinger Talbot. From that day "Grandpa Tallifer" had been a child in mind, living always in the past. And "Old Man Talbot," owner of the iron-works, had gone steadily ahead in the career that made him the biggest man in Gates Mill. The death of Rose's father left her the main support of her family—mother, grandfather, younger brother and sisters—all of them lovable but quite irresponsible. She went to work in Talbot's office, and it was here that she met Jack Talbot, who promptly fell in love with her. For the first time in her life Rose was really care-free and happy in her engagement. But it was not for long. Mrs. Talbot used her own serious illness to make Jack break his engagement to Rose. With the help of Edith Rogers, Mrs. Talbot maneuvered things so cleverly that almost before Jack knew it he found himself engaged to Edith. His father's sudden death hastened their marriage—and he woke to the realization that he was married to an entirely selfish woman and that the control of the plant was almost wholly in the hands of Clyde Bainbridge. It was this Clyde Bainbridge to whom "Old Talbot" had left a large share of the stock in the works and who paid determined court to Rose after Jack's marriage. Rose had been crushed at first, but pride had come to her rescue and she had set out valiantly to take up her life again. She was determined to "make something of herself"—and of the family—and she devoted her whole time and energy to work and study. She grew only more lovely with maturity, and she yielded at last to Clyde's pleas and the voice of common sense. She liked Clyde; her marriage with him would help her family; her position in the life of the town would be quite as prominent as it would have been as Jack's wife. So she resolutely shut her heart to the past and married Clyde Bainbridge.



Drawn by George Wright

ROSE WHIRLED IN UPON HER MOTHER AND CECY AND AUDREY AND HER GRANDFATHER AND MRS. CONNOR AND KISSED THEM AND LAUGHED AND CRIED OVER THEM LIKE A MADWOMAN

PART FOUR

MR. AND MRS. CLYDE BAINBRIDGE returned from their honeymoon upon a certain Tuesday in mid-August, slipping quietly into Gates Mill in their own motor-car and taking possession of the Bainbridge house above the old quarry.

They were a little earlier than their schedule had indicated; Clyde had said something to Rosalind's mother about "two weeks," but upon the particular Tuesday of their coming back they had been married not quite ten days.

"Ten wonderful days!" Rosalind said to her husband smilingly when the white walls of the Terry Mills began to take shape. "But what a pity to come home in such a horrible fog!" For one of the rare Summer fogs had poured in upon the wide valley through gaps in the coast range and the town was smothered in its thick folds, chill, mysterious, concealing.

Rose looked at it distressedly; somehow it cooled her happy, idle mood to leave the sunny, lazy south, where they had been so contentedly cruising, and find themselves starting the new life seriously, as man and wife, in this queer dripping, shadowy, cold world.

"But turn this way, Clyde," she reminded him while they were still in the car. "Aren't we going to see mom?"

"Not immediately?" he asked, with a surprised side glance. "Home first with these bags."

"All right, home first," she conceded. But her heart strained almost physically toward Old Mill Lane; it had been her first absence from home, after all, and she had missed her mother and sisters. She knew that she would not feel quite right until they had had their first talk, their first laughing and crying and hugging.

But she and Clyde had turned their back upon the old neighborhood and were immediately safe from observation under the drooping eucalyptus and behind the big, overgrown rough evergreen hedge of the Bainbridge yard. The hedge had been trimmed into a block up to a certain point; above this it bulged with thick stuffy green; below it the woody, dry branches had been exposed. It completely closed the street side of the premises.

The property was almost three acres, heavily wooded with the planted trees that had made for the house only a delicate shelter forty years ago. At one side was a tall fence, shutting off the sharp drop of the cliff that descended to the old quarry; there were a few barns and sheds and a windmill.

On three sides of the house the effect of all this dark, rank growth, especially when, as to-day, it was veiled and dripping silently with fog, was smothering—confining—suffocating. Rosalind found the word "stuffy" in her mind as Minnie Carter opened the front door for them and they walked into a dark, neat hall floored with oilcloth.

But when she crossed a sitting-room she mentally characterized as unspeakable to part clean Nottingham curtains and look out on the quarry side of the house, she found that the cliff had been cut away to a space actually within a few feet of the window and that below her everything fell away abruptly to the empty pits and excavations fifty feet below.

The quarry was abandoned now, perhaps for the obvious reason that a very little more drilling would have brought the Bainbridge house down in a rush of wreckage into State Street. The house was braced with great beams from below, but vines had draped themselves over the ugly beams and Rose already thought that she would like this aspect of the town; it was the poorest residence district, truly, and showed only factories and old docks and piers along the little river, but it was at least alive. And even now she sensed that there would be hours when her new home took on a strangely uncomfortable quality of being something less than living.

The house was stern, narrowly built of brick covered with slate-gray cement. It was in fine preservation and the dark, restricted rooms were all fully and completely and finally furnished. No redeeming touches to be added here, no frivolous stenciled furniture or peacock chintzes. There was nothing to do with the Bainbridge house, Rose thought, between laughter and impatience, except live in it—and hate it!

The parlors had body Brussels carpets from wall to wall; lace curtains, rep curtains, heavy, good furniture in horsehair or rep, with smooth walnut knobs and scrolls everywhere. Back of the parlors—or rather the four square rooms that were parlors, library and study—was a long dining-room crossing the house. This room had a polished yellow-oak wainscot and a polished yellow-oak floor, white half-curtains at the windows, an oak drop-head sewing-machine inconspicuously placed against one wall. There were large still-life paintings: fruit with claret in a glass and a red-fringed napkin, and dead pheasants, dead trout, dead rabbits arranged about an overturned basket.

There was something about the cleanness, the yellowness, the neatness of the dining-room that made Rosalind almost faint. The room had a quality that actually appalled her. In later days she occupied herself with more or less futile plans for almost every other room in the house, but the dining-room seemed to her, even on first inspection, hopeless.

Up-stairs were walnut double beds, flat and white and cool, steel-rodded small grates a size smaller than those down-stairs and quite obviously useless, so many bureaus, so many chairs. The woodwork was dark, the wall-papers dull greenish grays and chocolate browns.

It all had that same quality, so infinitely disturbing to her, of utter order and cleanness. The carpets were speckless, the towels hung evenly, chairs stood against walls; there was not a flower in the place.

ROSE felt a little weary, a little jaded; they had driven almost two hundred miles since breakfast; it was four o'clock in the afternoon. She and Clyde had visited Monterey and Santa Cruz on their trip, Santa Barbara and Santa Maria, and she still felt in her veins the leisure-loving hunger of the traveler, the desire for new roads, new inns, strange bills of fare, strange new dreams while the countryside unrolled like a scroll about her and Clyde watched gauges and meters and speedometer keenly.

Even for her modest wardrobe the narrow little closet with its single row of hooks was inadequate; she lay resting on the flat, hard bed while Clyde moved about unpacking and straightening everything.

"I ought to get up and go and see mom," Rosalind said, as if lazily. Her heart was springing, tearing, hungering toward her mother; no fatigue would have kept her from that first call and that longed-for hour. But Clyde had been insistent that she should rest, and Rosalind was beginning quite unconsciously to think what Clyde's attitude toward any subject might be before she committed herself upon it.

"Won't to-morrow be time enough?" he asked.

"You're joking?" Rosalind laughed.

"Joking?" he echoed. "I hope *you* are!"

"Why, but Clyde," she argued, still smiling, "of course I shall have to see mom to-day!"

"Why of course?" he asked.

"But, my dear—think how hurt they'd be if I didn't!"

"Ah, now you're arguing from their side of it, Rose. If you mean simply that they'd be hurt, you're unreasonable, for they don't yet know you are in town!"

"Yes, but they will know it!"

"Not necessarily. You go in in a day or two——"

"In a *day* or two!"

"Well, to-morrow if you want to," Clyde agreed after a second's pause. "I'm perfectly willing to concede that. But I shall certainly protest if you have any idea of going down there to-day. In the first place, I sent the car over to the garage to be thoroughly cleaned. In——"

"Clyde! Six or seven blocks! When I used to walk a mile to the mills every day!"

"You are worn out, tired and dirty," he pursued inflexibly. "Minnie is heating water for baths. I couldn't *possibly* go with you anyway——"

"Oh, but why not? Just for five minutes?"

"I have all my mail here, Rose; I shall be working almost all night. Telephone your mother if you want to——"

She would not persist. Mom was the least exacting of women, and if mom were satisfied and Clyde satisfied, then it must be Rosalind who was at fault.

"I suppose Minnie hasn't enough food to ask them to come up and have dinner with us?" she suggested suddenly, off guard.

"My *goodness*, Rose!" he exclaimed, genuinely amazed. "Minnie has gotten everything in order and undoubtedly has some special meal under way and you——"

"Yes, I know, of course!" Rose murmured apologetically. She lay quite still with closed eyes until Clyde went down-stairs and Minnie came to the door to say abruptly: "I think you can get hot water now, Mrs. Bainbridge. The cold fasset makes a turrible noise, but Clipper's boys says it won't do no hurt. How's all folks down your way?"

"I should think you would know better than I, Minnie," Rose answered eagerly, sitting up to put her feet on the floor and looking, as Minnie told a friend at the movies that night, "like a young one of about eight with her hair all hanging round."

Minnie expanded. Aggie Parrott's uncle had died, and every one said that Miss Perkins was secretly married——

"Minnie! Where's the tack-hammer?" Clyde shouted from below. Minnie leisurely departed, murmuring "where in tunket—" and Rosalind went to take her bath in a big, boxed zinc tub in the dark wood-paneled bathroom. She fussed at the old-fashioned bureau that already seemed inconvenient after the light-encircled dressing-tables at the big hotels and went down to dinner. Clyde was reading a heap of letters and catalogs as he waited.

Rose felt clean and comfortable, and while she was actually counting the hours until she should see her mother, she was resigned to the delay and sufficiently interested by the novelty of the new situation to be smiling.



Drawn by George Wright

"ROSE, JUST A SUGGESTION—" CLYDE SAID, GLANCING AT HER FROM THE PAGES OF A MACHINISTS' MAGAZINE. "I MERELY WANTED TO ASK THAT YOU DON'T GOSSIP WITH MINNIE"

"Rose, just a suggestion—" Clyde said, glancing at her from the pages of a machinists' magazine.

She eyed him expectantly.

"I merely wanted to ask that you don't gossip with Minnie," Clyde said. "It's bad for her, you know. She's quite sufficiently willing to become slack and familiar as it is. And it isn't—it isn't just the thing that will be expected of you now, you know?"

THE blood came into Rose's face. His thirty-four years had even before this seemed a rather appalling and oppressive overbalancing of her twenty-two, but there had been no occasion for anything so chilling and so authoritative before.

Minnie put on two swaying plates of a rather indeterminate soup, remarking: "All ready!" She passed sliced stale bread. Rosalind looked about the clean yellow room and up at the dead fish and bloody rabbits and out of the thin, tall mullioned windows where the fog loomed and shifted softly, dripping, dripping, dripping, and told herself that she was absurd to feel suddenly so lonely and so weary and so young—so much in need of her mother.

The next morning, when he left for the office, he asked her if she was going out to-day.

"Oh, yes; I'm dressed now! I thought I'd straighten the room and talk to Minnie about meals and then go home!"

"Home?" Clyde repeated, with a straight, steadily smiling look.

"Well, no—of course not! This is home. Of course! But to see mom."

"What time will you be back?

"Why—I don't know, Clyde. I may—yes, I guess I will stay for lunch."

"But you told Minnie to have eggs for lunch——"

"No, I didn't, dear—at least, not exactly. It's simple enough to tell her——"

"Don't upset her routine any more than you have to, Rose, will you?"

Flushed and self-conscious, yet with her eagerness to please him struggling through, Rose answered quickly: "No; of course I won't!"

"All right." Clyde nodded, looked critically at the porch and steps, and shouted, "Minnie!"

"Let me tell her?" Rosalind suggested.

"No, thanks," he said briefly. He stood waiting with an oddly stern and discontented face until Minnie, curious, breathless and wiping her hands on her apron, appeared.

"Minnie," said Clyde then, frowning, "how long has Johnson been leaving that rake out all night?"

Minnie shook her head, sighed, made a tut-tutting sound with her lips, descended with a swoop upon the rake and departed around the corner of the house carrying it.

"You tell Johnson I want to see him!" Clyde shouted after her. He got into his car, pulled on his gloves and without another glance at Rosalind drove away.

BUT Rosalind was but twenty-two—unexacting and unanalytical. She turned into the house interestedly and just half an hour later she whirled in upon her mother and Cecy and Audrey and her grandfather and Mrs. Connor and kissed them and laughed and cried over them like a madwoman.

"You should have let your mother know you were going away, Rose," her grandfather said mildly. "It's an awful thing for a girl like you to run off like that. You weren't married, were you?" old Nat Tallifer questioned her, a little anxious frown between his magnificent old blue eyes. He gathered the full curtain of his beard in one massive old hand and squared the gigantic breadth of his shoulders.

Rose had to spring from her mother's arms to go over and kiss him.

"We had your post-cards. Dory says you went almost a thousand miles," Cecy mumbled, biting Rose's hand softly and repeating "You old darling!" now and then under her breath.

"About eight hundred. Oh, we had a wonderful trip!" Rose assured her. "I wanted you all so! Oh, and mom, we went on the seventeen-mile drive along the ocean shore—you'd love it!"

"And where's Mr. Bainbridge, dear?" Mrs. Kirby, who stood somewhat in awe of her son-in-law, asked interestedly.

"He had to go right to the office, mom, but he told me to give you all his love and all that!" Rose answered readily. And she had an odd little minute of realization.

"Doesn't it seem funny for me to be married to the vice-president of the works?" she thought. In the confusion of the last few weeks at home it had been easy to

Continued on page 86



IF HE WERE MY SON

An idealization of what a boy should be

By FIELDING H. YOST

As the Director of Intercollegiate Athletics in the University of Michigan, "Hurry-up" Yost has guided thousands of boys along the road to manhood

IF HE were my son, I would want him to be trustworthy and honest; I would want him to be independent, courageous and self-reliant; I would want him to be fair in all things, unselfish and loyal; I would want him to be possessed of a keen and alert mind, quick to observe and grasp any situation and to decide how it could best be met, and I would want him to have a strong, agile and sound body.

I select these qualifications not through any abstract philanthropic ideals, but because I am convinced that all worth-while and lasting success is based on honest, courageous and loyal service to one's fellow men. I make no pretense that I would want my son to get less than the best possible out of life for himself. The route to this lies through unselfishness and service. I know that whatever he does to benefit others will in the end benefit him more.

To achieve that which is worth while in life, my son must be fair in all his dealings, truthful in all that he says, honorable in all that he does. Every lie that he tells, every deception that he practises defeats the very ends that he is trying to achieve. A falsehood is a step away from success, a loss of ground that must be recovered. For my son I ask also the development of the trait of acquisitiveness, but with a fine discrimination as to what is worth acquiring and what is not. To my mind, nothing is worth having that can not be acquired fairly and decently, with strict observance of the rules of the game. Just as I would not get any satisfaction from winning a football game in which my team had to resort to unsportsmanlike conduct of any sort, so for my son I would not seek the success that is such in name only, because it would not have been properly earned.

I would have my son selfish—yes, to the extent that I would want him to know the fundamental success which comes with playing the game of life well. That is a prize which can not be bought by trickery and to which there is no short-cut. I would have him so jealous of his self-interests that they could not be sacrificed by stooping to anything mean, or small, or weak. By safeguarding his own interests, he must perforce safeguard those of every one whom his life touches.

IF HE were my son, I would impress upon him the benefits of making the most of his schooldays in order that he may be as well prepared as others to enjoy life to its fullest. I would try to make him understand that school is not just an institution to keep him out of mischief and enforce discipline on him, but a place where he prepares himself to start the real battle of life on the same terms with those against whom he must compete and with whom he will be associated in his leisure. I would have him understand that any boy who neglects to make the most of his chances to get an education is going to start in the race very badly handicapped. I would try to make him see that the educated man has at his command many more means of enjoying life than the uneducated man. I would point out to him the benefits of the associations he forms in school and college and ask him to study boys and men as well as books during his period of preparation for his life's work.

If he were my son, I would want him to cultivate good manners so that he might acquire the charm of unfailing courtesy. Good manners are a priceless asset. I would try to impress upon him that the cold formality of correct social usage is not enough; that he must have the courtesy of the heart as well as the courtesy of the lips.

Some boys make the mistake of thinking that good manners are a sign of effeminacy—that courtesy is the mark of the "sissy." I would point out to my son the fact that really great and powerful men and women are unfailingly courteous. Bad manners must be the sign of one of two things: lack of opportunity to learn good ones, or weakness of character. The bore is often both the bully and the dunce.



THE FATHER, FIELDING H. YOST, MICHIGAN'S WELL-LOVED COACH, AND HIS SON, FIELDING, JUNIOR

How may my son best acquire these characteristics which I ask that he acquire?

Primarily, he may cultivate them in his play life. Here his real self is revealed and developed. It is the boy's real life, for as the boy plays, so the man works. I distinguish between play and work because the words are generally accepted in different senses. There is no real distinction, however, except that work pays its dividends in immediate monetary returns, while play's dividends are in strength and character. Play is the principal occupation of one period of life and work of another. They are based on exactly the same principle: to attain some desired goal through overcoming certain obstacles. The greater the number and difficulty of the obstacles, the greater the intricacy of the game.

Certain games appeal to certain boys and certain forms of work to certain men. The adult who does not enjoy his work is merely playing the wrong game, and the sooner he realizes this and changes the sooner he will begin to render truly efficient service. It does not take the boy long to change his game when he finds that he is unfitted for the one he is playing. In this respect he has the advantage of the man, who has to be governed to some extent by financial expediency.

IF HE were my son, I would attempt to bring about the development of full manhood through his play life. I would encourage him in all athletic games, in the activities of the Boy Scouts and in his creative instincts.

In the early years of a boy's life his games are largely individual and imitative. The "gang instinct" usually manifests itself when he is eleven or twelve years of age and is most marked at the period of adolescence. This instinct is gratified by joining some group whose activities are surrounded by more or less secrecy. This is one of the most critical periods of a boy's life, when he is responsive either to good or to evil influences. Unwise parents attempt to discourage the natural instinct to join a "gang" or group and by failing to direct it into the proper channels permit it to be diverted into improper ones.

The gang instinct is capitalized by the Boy Scouts and similar organizations for a tremendous amount of good. By offering a chance for the development of good influences, they shield the boy from the bad ones. It is inevitable that the boy is going to find some means of expression. Parents who think that he can be suppressed are making a tremendous and costly mistake. The individual grasps the thing that is most readily accessible, and, in the absence of a competitive bid, will cling to it. An abstract program of "don'ts" will never hold a boy away from evil influences so thoroughly as a concrete program of interesting wholesome activities.

Concluded on page 76

A BETTER HOME FOR 1924

Delineator House-Plan Number Six

Designed by DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects

FOR two years THE DELINEATOR has not only presented to its readers the best small houses that a nationally famous architect can design, but has given them the opportunity of obtaining these plans at a very moderate cost and of consulting a home-building service heretofore not approximated by any other magazine.

Beginning with this issue, the Department of Home-Building again offers you this unusual service, and in presenting this seven-room frame dwelling it gives you the privilege of purchasing plans and asking for information concerning this and any other "Better Home" of our two previous series.

As this house is decidedly of the New England farmhouse type, the most appropriate material for its construction is wood. The early settlers of our New England States used only the nearest and most available materials to build a house. Large stones were collected for foundations, oaks and maples were felled for beams and rafters, big pines hewed for interior woodwork, panels and furniture, and sand plaster made for walls. Often the largest and best oaks were taken to the nearest mill to be sawed into great wide boards for the floors. The oak-tree, which has always stood for strength, sturdiness and long life, produced flooring then which has remained through generations—a test which should warrant our careful consideration of genuine oak when selecting materials to-day. Progress since those early days has developed and perfected building materials of great variety. Stucco or brick could be quite as appropriately used in building this house as wood, but to conform to the environment and traditions of the locality from which came the inspiration for its design we will discuss wood, which was most commonly used in building this type of house.

The rigor of a New England Winter makes it necessary always to provide adequate heat, consequently a cellar under the entire house for heating equipment and the storage of fuel is usually considered essential. The question of the foundation material to be used depends largely upon soil conditions. Rock formations naturally would make the building of a stone cellar most economical. Hollow tile, cement and brick are generally used where a loamy or a gravel condition exists. Over this foundation comes the framing lumber, which usually is of Northern spruce, Western fir or long-leaf yellow pine. For the sheathing, Carolina pine or spruce may be used. Wide clapboards made of white pine are best, but if shingles are preferred, a twenty-six-inch hand-split cypress shingle is most satisfactory for this particular type of house. Roofing-shingles, which should be dipped in a shingle stain before using, can be of cedar.

The matter of choosing the interior trim is one upon which the home-builder should be consulted. The architect or contractor should not be left alone to specify. The kind of floors, woodwork and doors are of the greatest importance. Often the sale of a house is dependent upon this, and just as often, through ignorance or lack of interest in choosing, the owner is dissatisfied with his finished home.

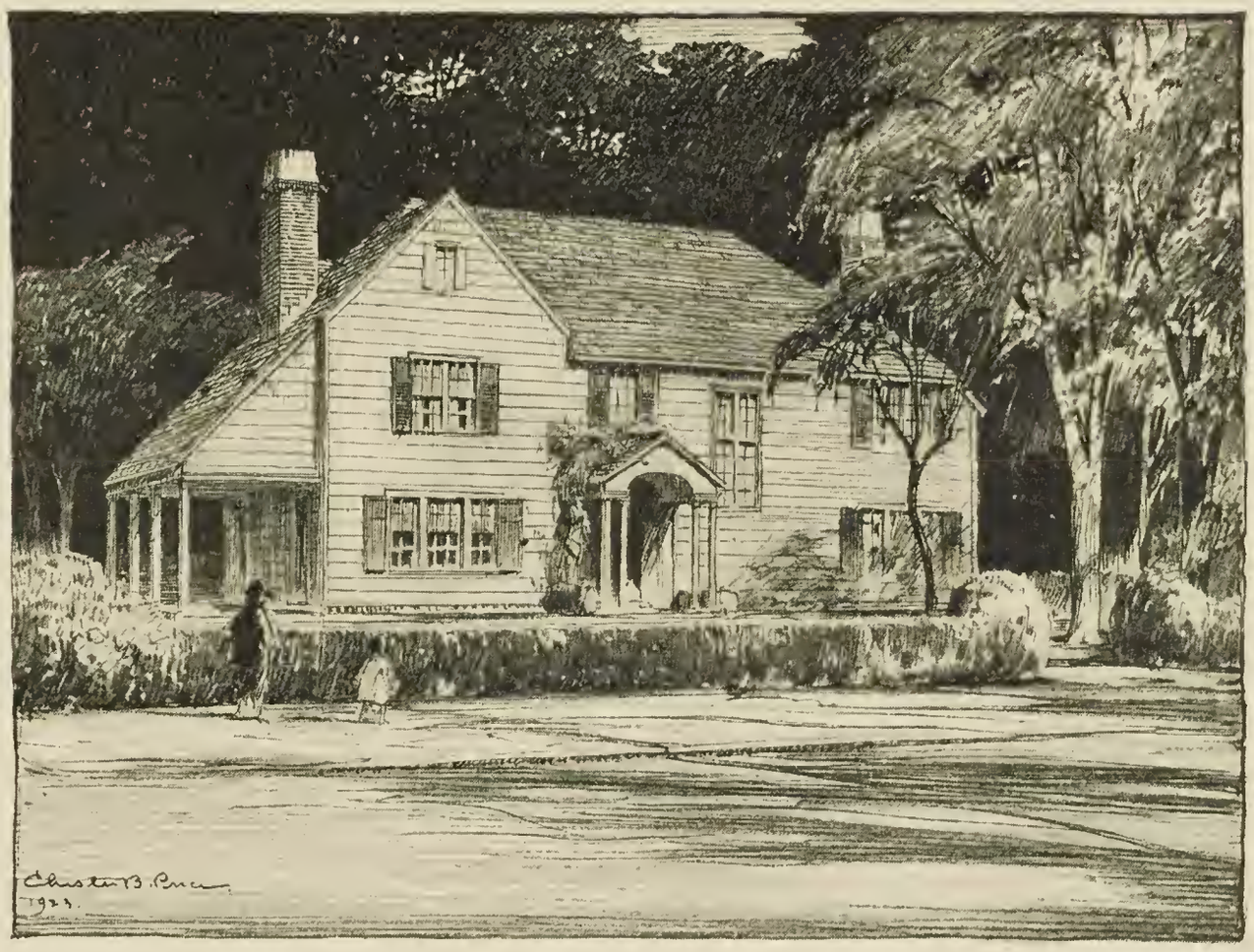
Floors of oak, maple, beech or birch properly dressed and waxed will give lasting satisfaction. Pine floors, linoleum-covered at the time the house is built, are frequently specified for every room in the house. The warmth and softness of a plain-colored linoleum makes it most attractive for use as a permanent floor. For kitchen, laundry and service quarters a composition cement floor is well worth consideration. This may be laid when the house is built, or it may be put on over old floors with equal satisfaction.

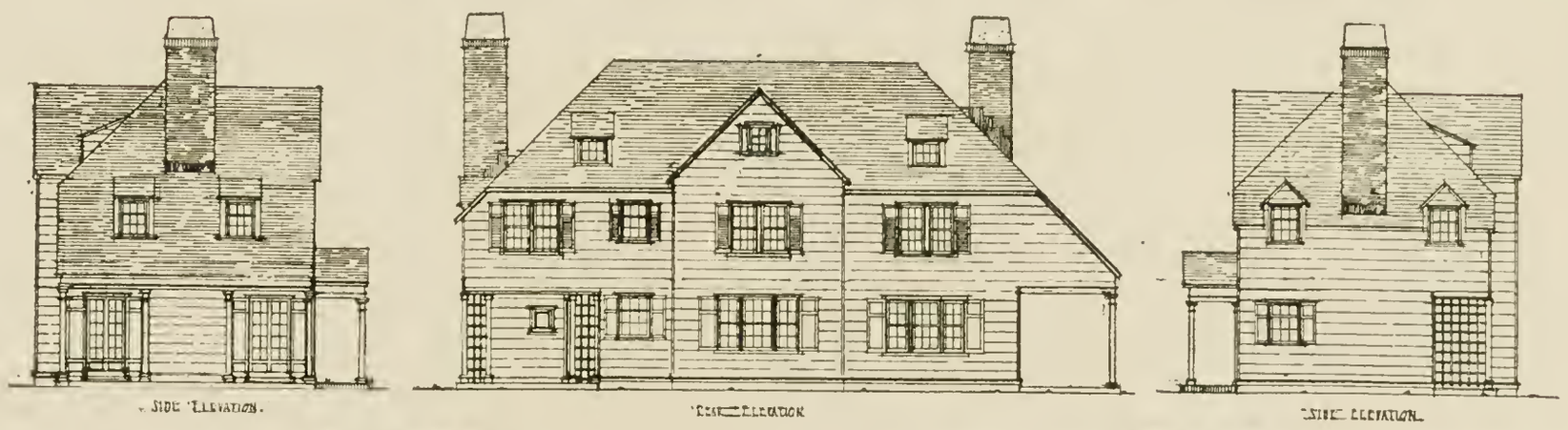
Interior trim, which consists of windows, doors, base, chair and picture-molding, wall-paneling, mantels and built-in features, is usually of pine, poplar, oak or cypress when a painted or natural wood-stain finish is specified. Strange as it may seem, the natural woods, which these are so often stained to represent, are very little more expensive than their substitutes. Genuine mahogany and walnut are quite as available and appropriate in small houses as in large houses, clubs or hotels. Their costs are low in comparison with other less beautiful cabinet-woods and they seem easy to obtain. They are also easy to finish and easy to care for; and as the years go by, time and exposure so deepen and mellow their appearance that they give a distinction and richness to a small house which may well be the envy of many a larger home-owner.

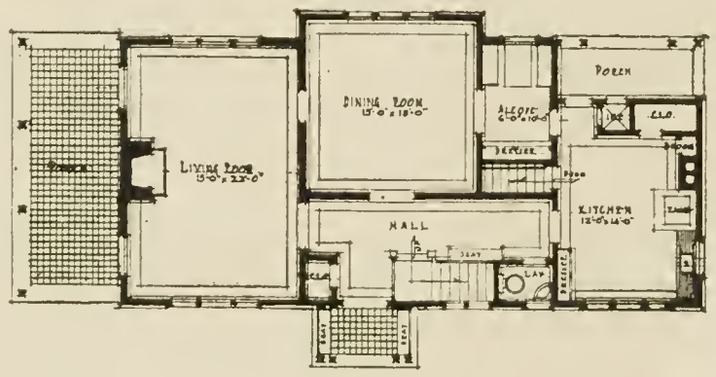
As the modern home-builder no longer considers one bathroom sufficient, the architect has designed not only a lavatory down-stairs but two bathrooms on the second floor. These are mentioned because the choice of bathroom, kitchen and lavatory equipment is very important. Remember that these fixtures go in to stay and that to substitute a second-grade material where a first-grade is needed is poor economy. Buy quality equipment from reputable manufacturers, and then if anything goes wrong within a reasonable space of time—usually six months—the makers will stand back of their product.

THE DELINEATOR
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

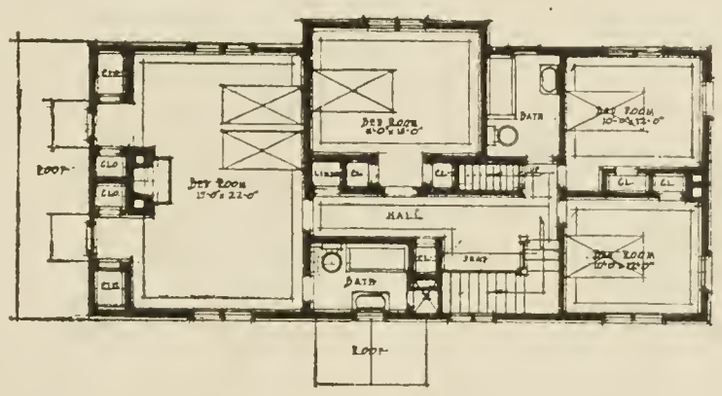
This plan of DELINEATOR House Number Six begins a third series of small houses designed by Mr. Donn Barber, an architect of international repute. For the small fee of one dollar THE DELINEATOR will supply reprints of floor-plans and elevations. From these, your local architect can develop complete working-drawings. Sheets showing all the houses thus far designed by Mr. Barber may be had upon request. Address the Department of Home Building, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.







FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

DR. HOLT'S ADVISERSHIP

There is scarcely a mother in the country who doesn't know Dr. L. Emmett Holt and his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children." This standard baby classic, now in its twenty-ninth printing, has established far and wide Doctor Holt's preeminence as authority on the scientific care of children. THE DELINEATOR feels that it has a great service to offer the mothers of America in Dr. Holt's editorial advisership of its Child Health Department.

Every month a special article written by a baby specialist appears on this page. Preceding articles have covered prenatal care, maternal nursing, the place of sweets in the child's diet and other subjects relative to health education and mental hygiene. Future articles will deal with equally important items. The entire series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific advice of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare.



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

PAMPHLETS ON CHILD HEALTH

The following articles, previously published in THE DELINEATOR, contained such valuable information that a special demand for them has arisen. They have, therefore, been reprinted in convenient pamphlet form and will be mailed on receipt of ten cents for each copy, to cover the cost of printing and postage.

"The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City.

"The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," "Diet Problems of Childhood," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt.

"Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President American Child Hygiene Association.

"The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California.

YOUR CHILD'S EYES

Article twenty-one of the child-health series

By DR. WARD A. HOLDEN

Ophthalmologist, Neurological Institute; Consulting Ophthalmologist, Manhattan State Hospital; Honorary Surgeon, Knapp Memorial Eye Hospital

A QUESTION asked daily of every oculist is: Why do more children wear glasses now than formerly? The answer is: To relieve them of a handicap that makes school work difficult and often prevents their promotion. Some of these children wear glasses to improve their sight and enable them to see clearly the blackboard and the printed page, and others wear glasses to prevent redness and fatigue of the eyes, as well as headache and various symptoms that interfere with their education.

It is proposed in this article to describe briefly, first, the eye defects that require correction with glasses; second, the approved hygienic arrangements for the schoolroom; third, the protection of the eyes with goggles, and, fourth, the removal of foreign particles that have entered the eyes.

The young child has small eyes which are far-sighted, and as he gets older the eyes grow larger and usually become normal-sighted; but often after the strain of a few years of school work the eyes grow too large and become near-sighted, particularly if there is a family tendency to near-sightedness. Besides far-sightedness and near-sightedness there is another defect that may require the wearing of glasses, and that is called astigmatism. Astigmatism is the result of a faulty curvature of the front of the eyeball—the curve from side to side, for example, being greater than the curve up and down. This defect is overcome by a lens curved in one direction only, which corrects the different curvatures of the front of the eye. Far-sightedness is corrected by convex (magnifying) lenses, and near-sightedness by concave (diminishing) lenses.

The young child, as said before, is usually far-sighted. His sight is good for both distance and near, but continued looking at near objects often causes eye-strain. Such children may need glasses for school work for a time and later leave them off. The person with astigmatism has poor sight for both distance and near and is very likely to suffer from eye-strain and headache. Glasses may be necessary for constant wear, and astigmatism does not tend to grow less.

THE visual defect that requires most attention is near-sightedness. This begins between the seventh and the thirteenth year and is likely to progress up to the age of twenty. By this age distant vision may have become very poor and the eyes may be so damaged that they are susceptible to various dangerous diseases. As soon as near-sightedness is discovered, glasses should be worn constantly and needless near use of the eyes should be given up. The near-sighted child sees poorly in the distance but well near by, and if left to himself he will give up outdoor sports and turn to books for recreation. This, in turn, increases his near-sightedness. When correcting glasses are worn, he can see like other children and take part in their games, and if other amusements are substituted for reading and his glasses are checked up every six months, the progress of his near-sightedness can be greatly lessened.

Much trouble would be prevented if the eyes of all children were carefully examined before they start to school, for parents rarely discover visual defects or notice signs of eye-strain, and they are usually resentful when the teacher or school nurse calls attention to them. In many public schools a teacher or nurse tests the vision of each pupil once a year, and if with each eye alone the pupil can not read bold-faced capital letters three-eighths of an inch high at a distance of twenty feet, which is considered normal vision, he is referred to the school oculist, if there is one, or his parents are notified that his eyes should be examined.

SCHOOL hygiene is now better understood and the newer city schools fulfil all the requirements. The older school-buildings, and also private schools in houses not built for the purpose, are defective in many ways.

The chief consideration is proper lighting—enough windows and correct placing of the windows. In order that small print may be read in any part of a schoolroom on cloudy days it has been found that the area of window-space must be one-fifth as great as the area of the floor. Well-arranged window-shades prevent glare on sunny days.

Seats should be so arranged that light comes to them from the left or behind—preferably from the left, so that neither pupils nor teacher need face the windows. With windows in the left wall, the blackboards and wall-charts should be hung on the front and right walls and never between the windows, where they are hard to see.

The ceiling and upper few feet of the walls should be of cream color, which reflects and diffuses the light through the room. The main portion of the walls should be of a fairly light tint of tan, gray or green and the lower few feet that meet the eye should be of a dark shade, preferably brown. When artificial light is required, the so-called semi-indirect lighting causes the least strain.

The desks and seats should be adjustable and arranged specially for each pupil, since faulty postures, due to imperfect adjustment of desk and seat, lead to general fatigue and spinal curvature. Furthermore, the schoolroom must be kept in good condition. Windows must be washed, shades kept in order, worn-out blackboards removed and seats and desks readjusted. All this is obvious, of course; yet inspections of schools in town and country reveal an appalling lack of attention to these details.

Schoolbooks are now mostly well printed on unglazed paper with large type for the younger children. For children under seven the capital letters should be one-quarter inch high (twenty-four point) and for children from nine to twelve they should be one-eighth inch high (twelve point). Many of the books used for home reading in English literature courses, however, are unspeakably bad in paper, presswork and smallness of type.

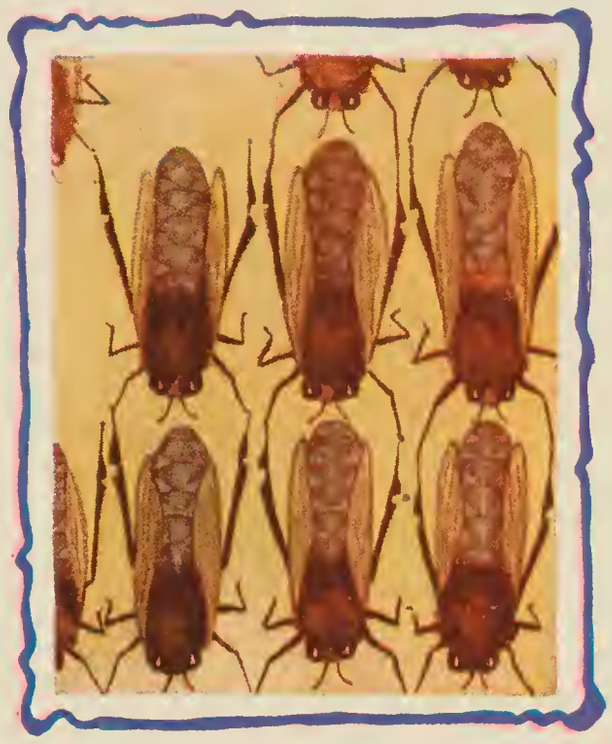
For home work in the evening a reading-light behind and to the left is best, and besides this there should be one or more other lights in the room, preferably higher up, that will give a diffused illumination and break up the dark shadows that exist when a single light is used. Adults propped up in bed on pillows with properly arranged lights do not suffer particularly from eye-strain, but children who read curled up in bed by early morning light or who read too late by twilight are apt to tire their eyes; and reading regularly on trains or cars by anyone is a great source of fatigue and headache. The improved motion-pictures of to-day usually do not tire the eyes much if the sight is normal or has been brought up to normal by glasses. When near work must be continued after the eyes are tired, they should be closed for a moment at short intervals. Much reading during illness or convalescence is bad because near-sightedness is usually increased thereby, and eyes that are not near-sighted become inflamed or sensitive and continue troublesome long after recovery.

Goggles serve three purposes: They protect the eyes mechanically from wind and dust, they cut out the yellow rays of sunlight that cause an annoying sensation of glare, and they cut out the violet rays that cause sunburn of the eyes.

The cheap amber, yellow-green and brown goggles that are on sale everywhere are irritating, annoying and unsatisfactory. Goggles of the proper colors that are restful and cost but little more are sold by all opticians. The good colors are the grayish green, chlorophyl and similar glasses, which are made in several tints, and the Crookes glass, grayish in color and made in three tints. All of these green and gray glasses cut out the yellow and the violet rays and thus lessen glare and prevent sunburn.

The town child when he goes to the country or the seashore in the Summer complains much of his eyes at first. After a few days the eyes, unless very sensitive, become accustomed to the new conditions of sunlight. It is advisable to wear a hat with a protecting brim for a short time. If glasses are worn for distance, the lenses may be ground in tinted glass.

IN CONCLUSION a few words may be said about foreign particles in the eyes. The lashes are the natural protection against these, and if the lashes of the upper lids are thick, long and down-turning, few particles enter the eyes; but if the lashes are sparse and up-turning, particles enter readily. Goggles even of untinted glass are useful in dusty streets on windy days and in motoring in open cars. Particles that are not flushed out at once by the tears catch under the upper lid or become embedded in the eyeball. The first attempt to be made at removing them is to grasp the lashes of the upper lid with the thumb and forefinger and draw the lid down and out. When the lid is released, a particle under the upper lid will often be brushed out by the lashes of the lower lid. Particles caught fast under the upper lid can be removed only by drawing down the lid and turning it back over the blunt point of a pencil. This maneuver is difficult to describe, but can be taught by any physician in a few miutes. When a particle is seen on the eyeball, an attempt may be made to brush it off with the moistened corner of a handkerchief. Often this will not remove the object, or will remove only part of it, the rest remaining embedded in the eyeball. In this case one should see a physician at once, for the use of sharp instruments about the eyes may cause serious injury.



"Why, it's a honey-cell!" cried Tommy.

"Of course," said his bee. "They're making a new comb. But come along if you want to see our new queen start on her wedding-trip. We can only have one queen at a time, so when the new queen was born, the old one flew away. She took some of her people with her so she could start a new hive. Some new queens kill the old queen. But ours didn't."

The worker bee carried Tommy out of the dark hive into the sunshine again. Bees were flying and walking and buzzing about. They seemed very excited—especially the drones.

The new queen was walking up and down in front of the hive. She seemed sorry to go. She looked at everything very hard with her big eyes. She touched everything with her feelers.

"You see," whispered Tommy's bee, "she's trying to remember everything so she won't come back to the wrong hive."

The queen bee began to fly around in a little circle. She came back. She flew around in a bigger circle. She came back again. The drones were getting more and more excited.

"*Bz-z-z-z!*" sang each drone very loud. "*Bz-z-z!* I hope she'll choose me—me-e-e-e, me-e-e-e, m-m-m-m-m-e-e-e-e!"

Suddenly the queen bee flew straight up in the air. Oh, how fast she went! *Whirr!* Straight after her flew the drones, like a cloud.

After a long time Tommy saw the queen again. She flew nearer and nearer. She made circles around the hive. Then she walked in very quietly through the front door.

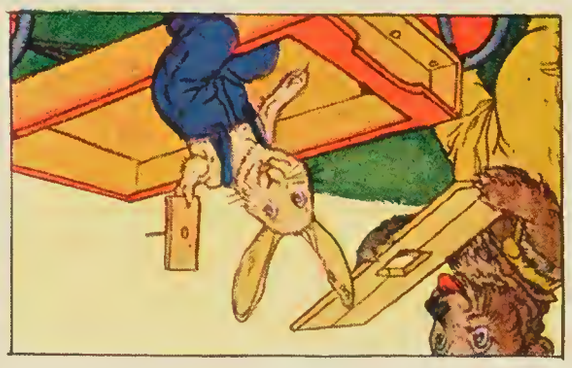
"Why, where's her husband?" asked Tommy.

"Oh, he's dead," answered the worker bee. "Bee husbands always die as soon as the wedding's over. We can't have the lazy fellow hanging around here doing nothing. The queen must spend all her time laying eggs now."

"Poor husband!" said Tommy.

"Poor husband, nothing!" cried the worker bee angrily. "Didn't our queen choose him from all the other drones? You people always think your way is best. We're not people. We're bees! We live our own bee way. It's just as good as your way, only you can't understand it."

"*Bz-z-z-z!*" sang the bee. "*Bz-z-z!*" She pushed Tommy out of her pollen-basket, and—*bing!* he was big again!



They catch the runaway; they nail some boards from side to side, First having cut a hole just right to stick a pole inside.

Tap! To the wagon bottom Deli-rabbit now nails fast A good support beneath the hole to hold their wagon mast.

A sheet for sail from Mother Bear. Pile in, each rabbit kid!
Let's hope it works! Let's hope it sails! Let's hope it doesn't skid!

Make way for Deli's wind express! Make way!
Clang! Clang! Ding, dong!
With all your howls of rage, old March, you only help along!

OLD MARCH WIND WORKS FOR DELI-BEAR



"Hoo-woohl Woo-hoo-ooh!" howls old March wind. So fierce and proud he blows, He nearly knocks our Deli-bear quite off his Deli-toes.

So Deli stops and thinks: "How can I fool this old March day?"
"Hey! Hey!" cries Deli-rabbit-boy. "Your wagon's blown away!"





My Little Page



LAST MONTH'S BIRTHDAY COVER, a big hand-painted one, framed, will be given as a prize for the most helpful letter, explaining *something new* you think we ought to have in "The Little Delineator."

THIS MONTH'S COVER will be given for the most helpful letter telling what you like best in "The Little Delineator" this month, and why. Both contests close March twentieth. You can try for both. Address: Cover Contest, "The Little Delineator," Butterick Building, New York City.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS OF MY CHINA PUP:

Tou-Tou has been whining for months, begging me to tell you about his party.

Of course we asked children, not dogs, but every child had to learn one dog trick. I cut a house with a big door out of red pasteboard, marked it "Dog-House" and every child had to crawl through into the living-room, where the party was. (We let grown people go another way!)



There on the table sat Tou-Tou, wearing a crown of gold. All around him stood little toy dogs. (They came from the candy-store and had candy inside and heads that turned around.) Then Tou-Tou and I had written dog names on slips of paper—Fido, Rover, Rex, Wags, and so on. Each child shut his eyes and chose a name, which he pinned on, and that was his dog name for the afternoon. Any one who called a child by his child name instead of his dog name had to pay a forfeit.

Before anybody could show off his dog trick, he had to put on a big dog-collar and a leash. It looked so funny! One boy lapped water from a saucer. One girl sat up and begged. The littlest boy got down on all fours and said, very loud and solemn: "Bow-wow!"

We hunted for hidden nuts and pinned tails on a big picture of Tou-Tou (blindfolded, of course), then we all sat on the floor—because, you see, we were dogs—and ate ice-cream and little dog ginger cookies.

Tou-Tou is sure you will give a party like his. If you do, please write to Tou-Tou about it and he will answer.

Love from Tou-Tou and your editor,

HARRIET IDE EAGER.





THE LITTLE DELINEATOR



MARCH 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



THERE'S A DOUBLE COVER CONTEST ON PAGE EIGHT. BE SURE TO LOOK FOR IT.



MADAME DOLLY'S OWN BEDROOM

FIRST get a big cigar-box. For the bed, you will need a match-box. Take the inside box of the match-box and cut off an inch all around the top. Now cut the outside piece in two through the narrow sides. The corners are to be the posts. Trim the two pieces until there is only a quarter of an inch left of the narrow sides. Start cutting a quarter of an inch from the corner of one piece and cut up one inch, then across to the other side and down; this makes two legs for the head of the bed. Do the same at the other end, only instead of cutting straight across, make a point for the head of the bed. Do the same with the other piece, only with not so deep a point, for the foot-board. Now paste a piece to each end of the box. There is a real four-poster bed! Make a mattress and bolster-roll of cotton batting and use a small lace-paper doily for a counterpane.

The next most important piece of furniture is the dressing-table, where Madame Dolly can make herself beautiful. Find a box about two by three and one-half inches at one end and cut it off two inches from the end. Start a quarter of an inch from the corner at one side and cut up one and one-half inches and then across and down. Do this for each side till you have a little table. To make the triple mirror, get a square of cardboard the same length as the table. Fold this into three panels, having the center one a little wider than the other two. Cut the side ones off half an inch at the top and bottom. Cut a piece of smooth tinfoil a tiny bit smaller than each panel and paste it on. Then glue the extra piece of the big panel to the back of the table. For lights put match-sticks through two very small Christmas-tree balls, punch holes in the top of the table, one at each side, and stick them in. A small piece of a lace-paper doily makes a lovely dresser scarf.



If you have a worn-out tooth-brush, get daddy to saw or file the handle off and you will have a tiny ivory hair-brush.

For the bench use a small box and cut it as you did for the table, only lower. Cut a piece of cardboard the same size as the top, only an inch longer. Bend up half an inch at each end and paste to the top of the bench for arms.

Find a small box with a square end, about one and three-quarter inches, and cut it off one and one-half inches from the end. Cut it like the table, paste a piece of cardboard on for the back and there is a chair.

Rockers are not very difficult to make. Cut the round end of an oatmeal-box in half. Trim it so there is one-quarter inch of cardboard on each side of the bend. Now glue it to the bottom of the chair legs and trim it off till the rockers are the length you like. Do the same for the other side.

For the sewing-stand get an empty salve-box and with a small nail, punch three holes in the bottom close to the edge evenly spaced. Now punch another hole by the side of each of the three holes about one-eighth of an inch away. Take three strong wire hairpins and put one through each pair of holes. Draw together about half-way down and tie tightly.

Paste the top of a small box to the top of a large spool for the stand. Use a buttonhole twist-spool for the bottom of the lamp. Slip a small Christmas-tree ornament on a match-stick and fasten in the hole of the spool. A piece of colored crape paper makes the shade.

NOTE—*We couldn't squeeze enough room to tell you how to make the window and the screen, so send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the directions. Address Dolly's Bedroom,* THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, *New York City.*





Wedding

TOMMY TIPTOE'S EIGHTH ADVENTURE

Written by your Editor

"Making wax," said Tommy's new friend. "Inside of 'em. First they brought a lot of honey home in their little stomach sacs. Now they're making themselves all hot inside. Whew, it's warm here! Soon the honey will turn to wax. Look!"

Tommy looked at his old friend. Little drops were coming out of her stomach like perspiration. The drops got hard. They turned into wax! The wax came out slowly like thin pieces of paper that somebody was pushing through cracks in the bee's stomach.

The bee picked off the wax with her hind legs. She put it into her mouth. Then she began to pull and chew the wax.

"Just like pulling taffy!" said Tommy.

A bee flew over to Tommy's old friend and took the wax from her mouth. She flew up and pressed it tight against the roof of the hive.

Another bee and another and another flew up with more wax until there was a big lump on the roof.

Then another bee came without wax. She burrowed into the lump with her head. She licked it with her long, hairy tongue. She patted it with her jaws.

"Oh!" cried Tommy. "She's making a hole!"

The first bee stopped. Another bee came and worked a while. Then another bee came and after that another and another. The hole was beginning to have six sides.

The Queen Bee's

THE next day and the next day and the next Tommy waited. Still his bee did not come. Then one day— *Bz-z-z!*" came a noise close to his ear. Bing! bang! there he was, little again! But who was this fat brown stranger with big shiny eyes?

"I'm a drone," buzzed the brown stranger. "Your friend, the worker bee, was busy making wax, so she sent me."

"Thank you, sir," said Tommy politely. He started to climb into the pollen-basket on the drone's hind leg. But there was no hollow place there.

"Oh," said the drone lazily, "we don't have pollen-baskets. Drones never gather pollen. Just climb on my back."

Bz-z-z! off they flew.

"*Bz-z-z!*" buzzed the drone. "I'm all excited to-day. Our new queen is going to choose her husband. *Bz-z-z!* I hope she'll choose me."

Down they flew to the house without windows and through the wide front door. A bee watchman tickled Tommy's face with her feelers.

"Here, you!" yawned the drone. He called a worker bee. "Take this boy over to the wax-works like a good girl, will you?"

So Tommy climbed into the worker bee's pollen-basket. She carried him to the other side of the hive. Dozens and dozens of bees hung down from the roof like ropes. They held on to each other by their feet. He saw his old friend the worker bee.

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER'S PAGE

One of America's twelve greatest women conducts the Home-Makers' Department

WE HAVE studied almost every art and science in this world more than we have studied the fine art of living happily with others. So deplorably little do we know about the fundamentals of this necessary human relationship that the Legal Aid Society of New York, an institution which in the last fifty years has handled over one hundred thousand cases of domestic discord, recently issued a "Decalogue for Wives" and a "Decalogue for Husbands."

These decalogues stress the desirability of an equitable division of funds. Does unhappiness after marriage occur because no one seems to know the legal meaning or the sentiment of the vow, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow?"

No doubt, one of the bonds by which the family is held together is a financial one. This, however, would seem to be a minor consideration.

If a woman marries solely to escape the burden of her own support, she must love luxury tremendously or shun responsibility sadly to let this serve as a sufficient bond for married life. If a man marries to be fed and cared for, he must, indeed, have capitulated to life to have established material comforts as the essentials for marriage. When marriage vows are taken, they state what the two individuals are willing to contribute each to the other—not what they desire to exact.

These decalogues point out the veneer of failure in marriage. Nagging, neglect and even cruelty are often mere gestures. They may, however, become very offensive habits. Then the problem of every wife and husband is to find out what human traits lie back of them—what inner characteristic has found expression in these unhappy forms.

Ultimately, by practise, the most trivial, unkind gestures may develop into a technique of unhappiness that will result in divided lives. Just as strong a technique—and a happier one—may be developed by means of gestures of kindness, cheerfulness and affection.

If the daily association of two people is based upon the principle of reciprocity and each has something to give to make the life of the other worth living, happiness and not divorce will result.

Just as we learn to play scales in order that we may be masters of the technique of music, so we must first learn the symbols of getting along with others. However, we can not improvise or play acceptably if we have not more than the mere technique of music at our command. In marriage, gestures are not enough. There must be depth of feeling and something definite to contribute.

From the commonplace point of view of home-making, woman's most practical contribution to marriage lies in efficiently and successfully running her home.

A justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York has repeatedly said that in the great number of divorces coming before his court he recalls only a few isolated cases where the woman in the case was a really good home-maker and trained manager of the home.

He says he has cultivated the habit in recent years of asking: "Did you ever study home economics? Do you know how to handle a family budget? Did you establish from the beginning of your married life a financial arrangement for paying bills? Have you been careless about charge accounts? Do you know how to cook? Have you set a standard and a routine for your family and tried to make your husband live up to it?"

To go back to the very beginnings of each individual's career, the essentials for happiness in married life are formulated in childhood, when the symbols of happiness are being learned.

The obligation of marital care is not solely one of consideration each for the other, but a civic duty as well. The marriage contract is made with the State, and therefore each marriage is important to society as well as to the individuals it concerns.

Here are the decalogues which the Legal Aid Society has prepared:

Domestic-Relations Decalogue—for Husbands

1. Be generous according to your means. A woman rightly expects liberal support from her husband. She is duly considerate of sincere effort and tolerant of misfortune, but differentiates sharply between ill-fortune and inertia.

2. Do not interfere with a woman in the management of purely domestic affairs. The average wife is far better qualified than her husband to plan for home comfort and to handle economically that portion of his income set aside for household expenses.

3. Be cheerful, even though it sometimes may tax you to the utmost. Nothing reacts more surely on the nerves of a tired woman to engender suspicion and ill-temper than the home-coming of a gloomy, taciturn husband.

4. Be considerate. The average woman is a bundle of highly strung nerves. If she complains, it is rarely for insufficient reasons. Her efforts to make your home clean and comfortable merit appreciation and cooperation.

5. Make love to your wife—continue to be her sweetheart. Neglect begets an indifference that is fatal to married life. Every true wife expects to be a sweetheart, and rightly. More than bitter disappointment follows disillusionment.

6. Do not scold. Sharp words and petty fault-finding eventually react to dampen affection, if not kill it altogether. Also, they will cause misunderstanding and engender a spirit of opposition and retaliation distinctly incompatible with sympathy and cooperation.

7. Establish your own home; if possible, remote from your wife's and your own immediate families. The frequent interference, although probably well meant, of those who by reason of family ties feel competent to inject their opinions into the home of a young couple trying to understand each other seldom does anything but complicate an already delicate situation. Newlyweds usually will arrive at a satisfactory *modus vivendi* if left alone.

8. Do not keep a lodger. The constant presence of an outsider in a home frequently gives rise to ill-founded and unjust suspicion against the wife. She is only human, so don't expect her to be impervious to the direct or indirect influence which such a person may exert—and to the husband's own undoing.

9. Cultivate neatness and personal cleanliness. No woman can help contrasting a well-dressed and neatly turned-out man acquaintance with a slovenly husband. A wife wishes to look up to her husband, to be proud of him and to admire and respect him.

10. Be kind and just to your children. A woman quickly looks with distrust and aversion upon the man who is harsh and cruel to her children.

Domestic-Relations Decalogue—for Wives

1. Do not be extravagant. Upon the proper and careful expenditure of your husband's income depends his willingness to exert himself for the maintenance of your home. Nothing appeals more strongly to a man than the prospect of acquiring that independence of which a bank account is the guarantee.

2. Keep your home clean. Nothing is more refreshing to the eyes of the tired, nerve-racked worker than the sight of a well-tidied home.

3. Do not permit your person to become unattractive. A slovenly wife makes a truant husband.

4. Do not receive attentions from other men. Husbands often are jealous and some are suspicious without cause. Do not apply the cause. Friendly attentions from others may be received in a spirit of perfect innocence, but when reported by the busybody, they become distorted, often criminal, in character.

5. Do not resent reasonable discipline of children by their father. Many mothers assume that all chastisement of a child by its father is severe and unjustifiable. Even just men consider such interference an impertinence. It may easily engender connubial hostilities.

6. Do not spend too much time with your mother. In such case you may easily spend too little at home for the proper administration of your own domestic affairs.

7. Do not accept advice from the neighbors or stress too greatly even that of your own family concerning the management of your domestic affairs. Think for yourself. Have a plan of your own for the solution of home problems. In all cases consult freely with your husband. Much advice of the wrong kind is worse than none.

8. Do not disparage your husband. Your ill-advised opinion of him, uttered in a moment of petulance, may be eagerly seized upon by others as the true measure of his character and abilities. Ideals often become entities.

9. Smile. Be attentive in little things. The smile is an antidote to the toxic effects of ill-humor. Consideration for your husband's feelings makes him respectful of yours. An indifferent wife is often supplanted by an ardent friend.

10. Be tactful. Be feminine. Men, in the last analysis, are but overgrown children. They do not mind coaxing, but they resent coercion. Most men prefer their opposites. Femininity attracts and compels them. By the same token masculinity in the female repels.

We have asked a hundred happily married men and as many women whether these decalogues seem to them to be true and sensible. We believe that the experience of a group of men and women who are happy though married or happy because married may be a better answer to this question than one founded upon the experience of men and women who have found marriage a failure. The next number of THE DELINEATOR promises to record what the successfully married say of these decalogues.

Martha Van Rensselaer



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

DELINEATOR SERVICE

Our universities to-day are dignifying, studying, teaching the science of home-making. The world has come to admit that running a home is a business in itself, requiring the best of the housewife's intelligence and understanding, requiring the best of her effort and willed efficiency.

We know that every housewife has a problem. We know she is confronted with improvements she would like to make—whether it be in improving her kitchen equipment, redecorating the family living-room, instituting a budget, marketing more wisely, feeding the family more appetizingly—or any of the other thousand-and-one details which make up the capable management of a well-ordered home.

These are your problems—and because they are yours, they are ours. We, THE DELINEATOR, have brought together nationally reputed *Specialists* who are prepared to help you in your every need. No matter what troubles you, so long as it is in the province of home-making, write us about it. Let us give you our best suggestion—which in every case will be the best suggestion of the specialist who counsels on the very phase of home-making that troubles you.

These are the DELINEATOR specialists who are at your service:

Department of Home-Building, *Donn Barber*, Fellow of the American Institute of Architects; Home Economics, *Martha Van Rensselaer*, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University; Child Welfare, *L. Emmett Holt*, Physician-in-Chief, the Babies' Hospital, New York City, and author of "The Care and Feeding of Children"; House Decoration and Home-Building, *Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders*, Professional Decorator and Student of New York Woman's School of Applied Art and Design; Etiquette, *Mrs. Robert G. Mead*; Beauty, *Celia Caroline Cole*; Health and Athletics, *Fielding H. Yost*, Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan; Children's Department, *Harriet Ide Eager*; Fashions, *Eleanor Chalmers*; Needlework, *Marie Ashley*.

A GARDEN—YES! BUT WHAT NUTRITION?

By FLORA M. THURSTON

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Specialist in the Extension Service at Cornell University

"Come let us fill our garden-beds
With spinach, chard and cabbage heads,
For were we short of leafy greens
What would we do for vitamins?"

BOB ADAMS.

A GARDEN justifies itself. It needs no defense. If one has learned to love playing with the soil, no urging from the outside is required to turn one's thoughts gardenward in the Spring. However, if the intention of the garden is practical and its objective is to supply food as well as to satisfy the gardening instinct, a little direction of the planting may not be amiss. The purpose of this article is to show how the garden can be budgeted according to nutrition standards.

Seldom does the home gardener ever venture to grow anything that the family will not gladly eat. Still more rarely does he (or she) sit down with pencil and paper to work out what and how much the family needs to be fed adequately twelve months of the year. Yet the fact remains that unless meal-planning and garden-planning are correlated and both of them considered from the standpoint of good nutrition, there is little chance that either will be a complete success.

Although garden space is not always scarce, labor and time are so valuable that they should be spent largely on producing the most practical and nutritious crops. One should first determine which fruits and vegetables give the largest return as food, and then choose from this list a good variety of the crops that can be grown most easily and economically. The next problem is the one of calculating how much of each of these would be consumed fresh from the garden and how much would be put away in jars, cans and bins for the months when fresh foods are not to be had.

It is perhaps not amiss to call attention once more to the modern view that vegetables and fruits should play a larger part than they ordinarily do in the day's meals. If the best standard of nutrition is being considered, then two servings of vegetables in addition to potatoes and two servings of fruit a day are to be decided for the family dietary. Even though this may not always be attainable, it is the ideal and as such should be striven for where health is appreciated. It is the standard set in the budgets outlined here.

In meeting the needs of the average person, one looks to fruits and vegetables for bulk, iron and other minerals, and for vitamins—especially vitamins B and C. This does not mean that fruits and vegetables do not contain other materials, such as starch and protein, but rather that they supply the first substances mentioned in more abundance than do most other foods.

Tomatoes, citrous fruits and almost all vegetables are rich in vitamins B and C. It is important to remember, however, that vitamin C is somewhat destroyed by heat; hence as many fruits and vegetables as possible should be eaten raw, provided they do not contain starch or much coarse fiber. Cabbage is especially valuable uncooked because it is very digestible and nutritious in that condition and because its juicy crisp texture is particularly acceptable during the Winter months when succulence is difficult to obtain.

All the vegetables and fruits listed here have been selected according to type and value, the greatest emphasis being placed upon those which have most food value and are easiest to grow, store and can. A broad variety may be selected from among the different types if the garden-maker and food-conserver desires this extra effort.

For nutrition's sake, however, types should be kept fairly well in mind. Leaves and stems, or the so-called greens—cabbage, celery and onions—should not be replaced by roots. Tomatoes may be replaced by oranges, grapefruit and lemons, but should not yield to other fruits or vegetables.

In studying the tables given here, bear in mind the fact that a garden budget is like an income budget or, for that matter, a commercial dress-pattern: it is made to fill an average need. In some individual cases it may be used without alteration, while in others it must be adapted to specific needs. The amounts of vegetables and fruits recommended here represent what may be considered ideal for the average, healthful family dietary.



NOTE—Ask the Home-Makers' Department about your gardening problems. Two of our leaflets give special help: (1) "Varieties of Vegetables Suggested for the Home Garden," (2) "A Planting Table for a Home Vegetable-Garden." Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

GARDEN SPACE PER CAPITA

The amount of space needed to plant each of the vegetables needed for the equivalent of each grown-up in the family, for one year

KIND	AMOUNT OF VEGETABLE TO BE PRODUCED	AMOUNT OF LAND REQUIRED TO PRODUCE IT
GREENS	35 POUNDS	
IF TRUE SPINACH		250 SQ. FT.
IF NEW ZEALAND SPINACH		75 SQ. FT.
IF CHARD		50 SQ. FT.
CABBAGE	20 POUNDS	17 SQ. FT.
CARROTS	50 POUNDS	65 SQ. FT.
SQUASH OR PUMPKIN	15 POUNDS	5 SQ. FT.
STRING BEANS	15 POUNDS	27 SQ. FT.
ASPARAGUS	5 POUNDS	10 SQ. FT.
PEAS AND GREEN LIMA BEANS	1 BUSHEL	75 SQ. FT.
GREEN CORN	50 EARS	50 SQ. FT.
TURNIPS, RUTABAGAS AND PARSNIPS	35 POUNDS	45 SQ. FT.
ONIONS	37 POUNDS	65 SQ. FT.
BEETS	50 POUNDS	50 SQ. FT.
POTATOES	180 POUNDS	400 SQ. FT.
TOMATOES	75 POUNDS	85 SQ. FT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A GARDEN BUDGET

The amounts of various typical vegetables and fruits to provide for the equivalent of each grown person in the family for one year.

KIND OR TYPE	AMOUNT FOR ONE PERSON FOR A YEAR	NUMBER OF TIMES TO SERVE IN A YEAR
VEGETABLES		
GREENS OF ALL KINDS: SPINACH, LETTUCE, CHARD, WILD GREENS	30 POUNDS	120 TIMES
CABBAGE	20 POUNDS	80 TIMES
CARROTS AND SQUASH, OR PUMPKIN	65 POUNDS	120 TIMES
STRING BEANS	15 POUNDS	60 TIMES
ASPARAGUS	5 POUNDS	20 TIMES
GREEN PEAS AND GREEN LIMA BEANS	1 BUSHEL	50 TIMES
GREEN CORN	50 EARS	50 TIMES
TURNIPS, RUTABAGAS AND PARSNIPS	35 POUNDS	70 TIMES
ONIONS	37 POUNDS	75 TIMES
CELERY	7 POUNDS	15-20 TIMES
BEETS	50 POUNDS	100 TIMES
POTATOES	180 POUNDS	365 TIMES
FRUITS		
TOMATOES*	75 POUNDS	140 TIMES
RHUBARB	25 STALKS	50 TIMES
CHERRIES	14 QUARTS	50 TIMES
BERRIES	½ BUSHEL	70 TIMES
PLUMS	¼ BUSHEL	50 TIMES
PEACHES	¼ BUSHEL	50 TIMES
PEARS	¼ BUSHEL	50 TIMES
MELONS	4 MELONS	20 TIMES
GRAPES	10 BUNCHES	10 TIMES
APPLES	200 APPLES	200 TIMES
PRUNES, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES	10 POUNDS	75 TIMES

**Tomatoes are regarded as a fruit and may be replaced with oranges, grapefruit or lemons.*

Approximate amounts of vegetables and fruits to use fresh, store and can for the equivalent of each grown-up in the family for one year

KIND OR TYPE	AMOUNTS TO BE USED FRESH IN SEASON	AMOUNTS TO STORE, OR CAN FOR USE IN OUT-OF-SEASON MONTHS	
		STORED	CANNED
VEGETABLES			
GREENS	15 POUNDS		15 PINTS
CABBAGE	5 POUNDS	15 POUNDS	
CARROTS AND SQUASH OR PUMPKIN	20 POUNDS	30 POUNDS	7 PINTS
STRINGBEANS	8 POUNDS		8 PINTS
ASPARAGUS	2 POUNDS		3 PINTS
GREEN PEAS AND GREEN LIMA BEANS	½ BUSHEL		6 PINTS
GREEN CORN	30 EARS		4 PINTS
TURNIPS, RUTABAGAS AND PARSNIPS	10 POUNDS	25 POUNDS	
ONIONS	12 POUNDS	25 POUNDS	
CELERY	2 POUNDS	5 POUNDS	
BEETS	15 POUNDS	20 POUNDS	5 PINTS
POTATOES	50 POUNDS	130 POUNDS	
FRUITS			
TOMATOES	25 POUNDS		15 QUARTS
RHUBARB	25 SERVINGS		5 QUARTS
CHERRIES	6 QUARTS		5 QUARTS
BERRIES	10 QUARTS		5 QUARTS
PLUMS	⅛ BUSHEL		5 QUARTS
PEACHES	⅛ BUSHEL		5 QUARTS
PEARS	⅛ BUSHEL		5 QUARTS
MELONS	20 SERVINGS		
GRAPES	10 SERVINGS		
APPLES	50 APPLES	150 APPLES	
PRUNES, RAISINS, FIGS, DATES		10 POUNDS	

A RIGHT TABLE FOR EVERY NEED

Good tables of to-day are heirlooms of to-morrow! Any information concerning types, selection or arrangement of tables for your home will be given upon request. Address all communications to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply



This modern mahogany table, which reflects the art of Duncan Phyfe, America's foremost cabinetmaker, is suitable for a hall, living-room or library



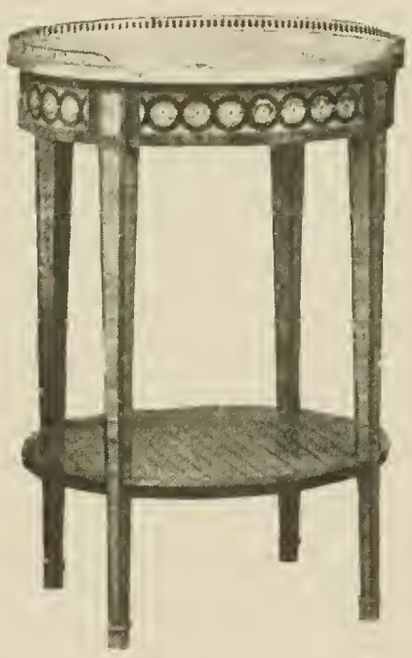
This early-English type of small table is convenient and combines well with many types of furniture



Above—A slight variation in shape from the usual oval gate-leg table lends a novel note to this country living-room. This type of table comes in walnut, mahogany or in painted furniture. It may be used as a breakfast-table, a console or a living-room table and comes well within the means of the beginner who contemplates furnishing a home



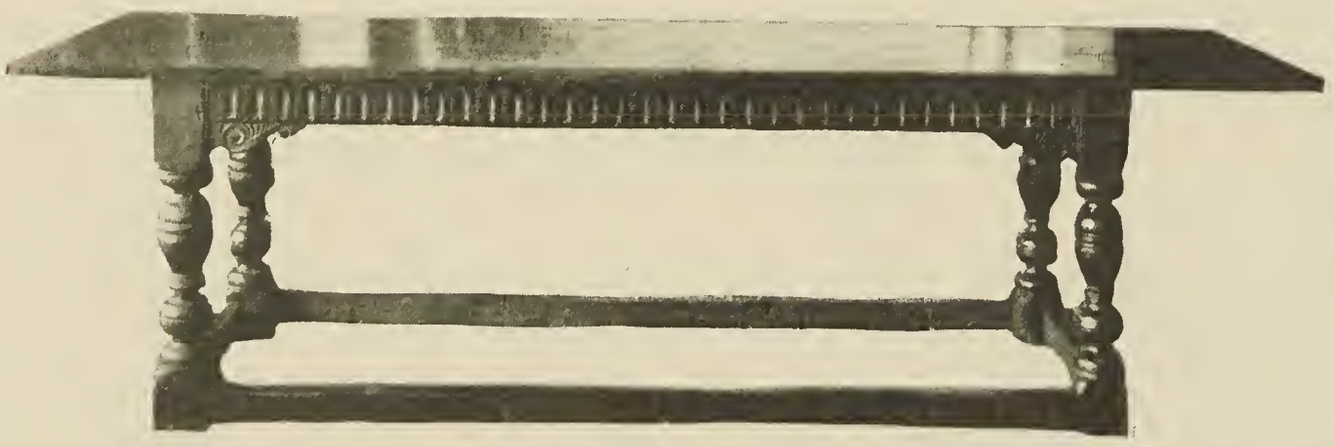
At the left—The beauty of wood and proportion of a dining-table were relied on to make this a distinctive dining-room. Six mahogany chairs to match and a small stool table complete the furnishing



French furniture introduces a variety of small tables with beautiful marquetry designs



The ever convenient and graceful console needs but a chair or two and an interesting mirror or picture hung directly over it to make the grouping a picture in itself



Modern Jacobean refectory tables of mellow oak or walnut have all the earmarks of an antique. They may be used successfully with stools or chairs as a dining table or in a large living-room for lamps and books



"SPRING, WHATEVER HAPPENS!"

By Celia Caroline Cole

Spring! Crescent moons—woods, blossoms—all earth-beauty reawakening! And in the heart of woman a new stir that surges with renascent loveliness to lips, eyes and countenance. Spring, inspiringly interpreted by Mrs. Cole, offers you its palet of clear, fresh colors. There's a message for you in "Spring, Whatever Happens!" For advice on individual questions, send Mrs. Cole your inquiry with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply

ONCE upon a time there was a girl, young and sheltered—devoted parents, brothers and sisters, friends, a charming home leaning against the foot of one of the most picturesque mountains in the world—and in her keeping two gifts more precious than rubies: intelligence and beauty.

But in the soul of this girl there was unrest. All the year round, but especially when April came swinging her golden keys, unlocking the earth and all human hearts, as she strolled along there would drum in the heart and the ears of this maid:

"We must go, go, away from here,
On the other side the world we're overdue."

A gipsy! White and civilized as you or I, she was none the less a gipsy, longing for the "open road," hungry for the push and pulse of new strange countries.

So one year she broke the news to her well-behaved family, weathered the storm of astonishment and fears, and, without knowing a single word of English, bought herself a ticket to America, and came.

But before she came her artist friends in that extremely foreign little city presented her with an album, and each drew or painted a picture in it and wrote a message to her underneath.

One was of a wisp of a girl, wandering; flowers sprang up beneath her feet; pale, green, lacy, little leaves fairly leaped out of the trees; gay, feather-boa little clouds raced across the sky. And underneath, the artist had written in his extremely foreign tongue: "Spring, whatever happens!"

When we read it, a queer, soft lump came into our throat. Here she was in this big, careless New York, tramping the pavement looking for a "job," perhaps a little frightened at the hardness of the world. But all the time beneath her feet flowers were springing and there were lacy trees wherever she walked—you could see them yourself when you looked into her eyes or met her lovely, lighted smile. She had "Spring, whatever happens!" written in her soul!

NOW and then we meet a woman who cares no more for her personal beauty than a jellyfish does about stars. And we always know without getting any better acquainted with her that she wouldn't understand "Spring, whatever happens!" or *Peter Pan* with his "I am youth, eternal youth. I'm the sun rising; I'm poets singing; I'm joy, joy, joy!" or "Not God in gardens, when the eve is cool?"

No, there are ever and ever so many beautiful, life-giving things that the woman who won't bother to be as lovely as she can never will understand.

And now and then we meet a woman who thinks very little about anything else but her personal beauty—her clothes, her grooming, her face, her body. And of course you know what *she'd* do about "Spring, whatever happens!" She'd dye her hair and have her muscles cut to lift her sagging jowls and chin, and at eighty or so simper out of her grotesque face: "You'd never dream that I'm sixty years old, would you? They tell me I don't look a day over forty!"

But even *she* doesn't shake our faith in "Spring, whatever happens!"

Think what it would mean if every woman's face changed in the twinkling of an eye to that lovely, luminous, open, giving, radiant look that comes when there's Spring in the heart! All the hard look that years of dependence and small anxieties have put there, all the disillusionment and defeat melting out and Spring—faith, tenderness, hope, joy—taking their place.

And that's beauty.

But most of the women we know *do* care about their looks in just the measure they should, and such heaps and heaps of them are delightful to look at. Life knocks at their doors. "It's the high moments that make a life," says Ellen Glasgow, the writer, "and the flat ones make *years*."

Colorless women have their high moments, we hope, and know; but how many more would they have if they understood themselves in terms of charm and took the trouble to express it!

WHENEVER we go into any of our pet beauty-salons and watch the lovely, lovely women coming and going—and take a treatment ourself and get just as lovely as we can—we wish with every inch of us that we could take all the women who don't live in New York, or who do and never go into these magic places, and "set them up" to at least one treatment, so that they could *know*.

Our own sister when she comes on to visit us writes ahead: "Don't plan parties for me—let me take treatments instead!" And we do, too!

To get out of the noise and hurry and soil of the street into a shadowy, spacious living-room and then, through that, into a little, soft-toned aloof room, and lie back in silence and comfort, and have a white-capped trained nurse or a pretty gray or white linen girl release every tired nerve in your back with her strong, gentle hands; to have your arms and wrists manipulated until they are perfectly relaxed, your eyes cleansed by a lotion and released by cool little packs on them, your face and neck and shoulders beautifully cleansed and freed from tension. What is time and hurry?—why, they have nothing to do with you! What is duty?—why there isn't such a thing, everybody has grown so beautiful that duty has been washed right out of the world by love. What is noise?—a faint, far-off memory, rapidly vanishing. Life is a poem, written by you, with the fragrance of balsam and gardenia and orange-blossoms and roses floating around you and a goddess of love and beauty bending over you performing a dance with fairy fingers around your eyes, on the drooping corners of your mouth, at the base of your ears——

You sleep.

And then, after a bit, new life surging through you wakes you delightfully. You are being reborn.

At the end of the hour there you are, new and lovely—shining-eyed, scarlet-lipped (yes, that's your own color; that lazy blood of yours has been whipped into activity by hands on your back and neck and face, or a vibrator on your tummy), tired lines gone, skin like velvet, muscles taut and firm.

Spring!

To know what you want out of life and to take it; to know what you want in clothes and to get only those; to know what you need to keep yourself fit and fair and firm. That means a simplified life—and freedom—and so, life itself.

WE DON'T know what you, individually, want out of life and we don't know what you want in clothes, but we know what every woman wants out of these pet salons we've been talking about:

A soft, melty, cleansing cream.

Tissues to wipe it off. (No bother about old soft hankies then!)

A small jar of skin-food for thin faces and to spread around all eyes.

A foundation or vanishing cream to make the powder stay on and to protect against the March winds and soil.

A new milky lotion from a Viennese doctor to banish crow's-feet.

A pore-refining cream and the magic oil that comes along with it as faithfully as little Sirius dogs the fleeing moon.

Soft, fine powder.

Pure rouge. Oh, yes, you do! The "little red box of courage" accents every charm of your face when it's put on properly.

Lip-rouge. Yes, ma'am, just a whiff! And not bright, but dark, and the color of your blood.

Eyelash-brush, to make the eyelashes grow strong and thick. And a bit of mascaro for the high night life!

Eye-lotion. Eyes should be cleansed every morning and every night. And a bottle lasts *years!*

Lotion for the hands to keep the age look away from them and the texture silken and soft.

Packs. Oh, those heavenly packs! They wash your face cleaner than anything in the world. Only always cleanse with cream first, and don't use the pack any oftener than twice a week, unless your skin is quite oily. And the same shop where you get the packs has the most delectable new bath-packs: a wash-cloth and soap and herbs and things all in one. We'd do without our dinner any night if we had to choose between it and the fragrant, lathery, delicious bath that one little pack gives us.

AND the mask! If it seems a bit too drying, just put more skin-food on after the mask is removed. Always wash the face quickly in pure hot water before you put the mask on. Directions come with it, of course.

And then every salon has a little secret of its own. One of them has learned that the best way to lift the drooping mouths of disillusioned women is to make them whistle. All the patrons of the salon are made to whistle every day. And it gets results, it *does!* Try it!

"Think a smile" all the time you are taking a treatment is the secret of an other beauty-salon. And my, but results come swiftly there!

And then, for an emergency, in addition to your deodorant there should be on your dressing-table a pretty little jar of plain baking-soda with a powder-puff setting on top. Wash with warm water first, dry thoroughly and then fluff the soda under your arms.

Then wich-hazel, with a bit of rose-water in it for fragrance. There is no better tonic for the skin, though there are many more delightful ones. If it seems a bit drying, dilute it with water.

Then ice, ice, ice. Only always run it swiftly over face and chin and throat. No good to let the face get numb. Chic, *soignée* women have ice as much a part of their toilet as a tooth-brush.

SPRING, whatever happens! Flowers under your feet, trees along your path, April wind in your eyes, April rain for your breath and all the enchantment and adventure and youth of April for your mouth.

Such a little bit of trouble and time and money! And such exciting, rich results! It's the knowing what to get and how to use it.

We've made out a special list of the best and simplest from each salon, and we'll mail it to you with an April secret all our own—but for every woman, too—if you want us to.

Come on, let's *all* get it into our souls: "Spring, whatever happens!"



Photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York.

Dora Stroeva, one of the most interesting figures in the night life of New York. Mme. Stroeva who has been singing her Tzigane songs at the Music Box Revue, wears a perfect example of a new and highly distinctive type of dress

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

THE NEW BOYISH STYLE

By Evelyn Dodge

THE new silhouette—straight and narrow and flat like a boy's, with dresses buttoned up the front on a coatline, with bosom fronts, with pocket-flap tiers at the sides of narrow frocks.

THE new cape—worn with a straight-cut jacket or with a narrow front-closing dress and having much the look of a boy's ulster of a generation ago.

THE new coiffure—"the wet seal" hair-cut of a boy, cut close to the head behind and worn waved or straight. It is oiled to hold it against the head like a cap. With dark hair and a white face it is interesting and foreign looking. The shingle, which has replaced the bob, is far less trying, looking like a close and particularly neat hair-dressing. It is extremely becoming.

THE new tailleur—a sack coat like a young man's, worn with a waistcoat blouse and trouser-narrow skirt, a man's knitted silk scarf, a gardenia boutonnière, a man's-size handkerchief of printed silk from the hip pocket.

THE new tailored suit materials—men's-wear suitings and cheviot-finished worsteds in the pepper-and-salt grays, hair-line stripes, browns and black.

THE new tailored blouse—the gilet or waistcoat blouse with a front of brocade, matelassé, fancy ratine, heavy embroidered linen in brilliant color—tangerine, orange, imperial yellow, jade, etc.

THE new scarf—like a boy's skating scarf made of the costume material and worn as part of a wool dress, a silk frock or a suit; or of knitted silk and worn with the classical tailored suit.

THE new neck—cut high and worn with flat Buster Brown or Peter Pan collars of heavy linen, piqué, crêpe de Chine, broadcloth, kid or organdy. It is used for straight blouses, two-piece dresses and one-piece frocks of the sports type. Sports dresses with this collar are made in flannel in the new "high" shades of rose, almond, carrot, tomato, beige, powder blue.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS

CONTINUED USE OF TIERS AND FLOUNCES AND THE

AND SLEEVES ARE LONG EXCEPT WHEN THEY VIR-



"Three vertical pinches" mark the low waistline of a straight gown which bears the season's stamp in its absence of belt and sleeve and in the knee-deep flounce with its fulness pushed to the front. Rolande makes use of the two sides of black crêpe satin, the frock itself being made from the dull crêpe, and the front trimming and serpentine bands from the shiny satin

What might be called a windpipe shield is used by Bernard in an obviously half-hearted effort to reinstate the high collar. It has, however, two strings to it which tie in back and hang nearly to the hip. The dress is made of dahlia-red moire with circular sleeves and a circular tunic slit in front to show a narrow underskirt



There have been many versions of the small-boy collar, but none more charming than the one Martial et Armand use on a Spring suit of navy Ottoman silk. The collar is made of white leather edged with red satin and blue silk and worn with a red bow tie. White leather pipes the dress and makes the Chinese motif at the side

For the Riviera Molyneux makes the present-day type of sport-costume of elegant simplicity. Both the coat dress and its cape and the small cloche are of white kasha trimmed with narrow bindings of black leather. The cape this Spring is to play an important rôle. It is used with suits, with street dresses and, in its abreviated capette form, with afternoon and evening frocks

While the classical French tailor-made is as stereotyped as the masculine sack suit from which it is copied, the semi-tailored suit is extremely individualistic. Lucien Lelong makes a three-piece costume of Chinese-blue kasha with collar of white kasha, embroidered with black soutache. The yoke and sleeves of the dress are made of a black and white foulard shawl

ESTABLISHMENT PROPHESY THE PASSING OF THE BELT, THE INCREASING IMPORTANCE OF THE CAPE. SKIRTS ARE SHORT TUALLY DISAPPEAR IN AFTERNOON AND DINNER DRESSES



A frock for a little dinner, the theater or restaurant is made of crêpe or satin and is only differentiated from an afternoon gown by a slight widening and deepening of the neck and sometimes by the use of an evening color. Georgette makes a beltless dress of black satin with circular tiers in front and a red moire bow at the neck

For more formal evening use the décolletage is deeper and the bodice is entirely sleeveless. Lenief makes a delightful dress of black fulgarante with a camisole of shrimp-pink Georgette. A motif of coral, pearls and diamonds holds a pink sash fringed with silver. When black is used for evening it is made brilliant with rhinestones, jade, coral, etc.



Écaille or tortoise shell is one of the new shades that has been added to the lengthening list of brown tones that deepen from beige and burnt bread and cocoa color to chocolate. Alice Bernard makes a coat dress of écaille charmeline draped and tied at the hip and trimmed with self-colored velvet. The close sleeve and double-flared cuffs are smart

An interesting dress from Drecoll is made of beige serge with a triplicate coat closing faced with black satin and forming tiers across the front. It is one of the new beltless styles and the back is flat and unbroken. Three large buttons of black and steel fasten the dress on a slanting line below the hip. There is of course no indication of a waistline

Black satin and beige reps make a costume that might be a coat or a suit but which is in reality a dress. A handkerchief belt of the black satin wraps the hip and the satin reappears in a narrow foundation below a succession of circular tiers. The long close sleeve and circular cuff are used a great deal and are very good style. From Philippe et Gaston



Dress 5105
Embroidery design 10138



Dress 5115



Dress 5090



Dress 5103
Embroidery design 10135



Dress 5008



Costume 5013

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 100

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.



Dress 5066
Hat 4973
Embroidery design 10222

Dress 5064

Dress 5080

Dress 5060

Dress 5021
Embroidery design 10207

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 100

Dress 5074

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Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 101

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

Dress 5017

Dress 5070
Hat 4973

Dress 5078
Tam-o'-shanter
3157

Dress 5082

Dress 5045

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 102

Coat dress and cape 5056
Embroidery design 10189

Dress 5076

Evening dress 5084

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CAPES AND SHOULDER CAPETTES, UNBELTED AND TAILORED LINES APPEAR FOR SPRING

Dress 5062

Dress and cape 5072

Dress 5088

Dress 5027

Dress 5058

Dress 5068
Hat 4886

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 103

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

LINGERIE SETS, CAPETTES AND COLLARS AS A FOIL TO PLAIN LINES



Dress 5086

Dress 5015

Dress 5070

Dress 5093

Dress 5101
Hat 4886

Dress 5002

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 103

THE straight beltless lines of Spring dresses give license to the use of original finishing details which relieve too severe an effect. In dresses of soft twills, rep cloth, worsteds, kasha, plaids or checks and the novelty woolens one often sees the U-shaped neck with a finely plaited chemisette and Peter Pan collar and deep cuffs of linen, batiste, organdy or net in écru or white or a piqué chemisette and collar set. The two-piece dress with a blouse which one pulls over a skirt with a wide tuck to give the wrap-around effect, is a smart style of French origin. To finish such a costume there are collar and cuffs of pongee, crêpe de Chine and natural or white linen and bound slit pockets below the belt. The capette is cutting a swagger in fashionable circles; it is a detachable affair and usually swung from the shoulders of a straight dress with a center front closing marked with buttons. Clusters of plaits are a becoming style for almost any type of figure.

The softer frocks ease their lines with a gathered flounce, a graceful bow and enough "give" across the front to make them most attractive in crêpe satin, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine. Or there may be a deep shirring at the low waistline and a twisted girdle and flower to suggest an exquisite softness.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture and Finishing may be purchased at Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together leading stores throughout the world.



Cape 5116
Dress 5074
Turban 4748





5118

4645

5074

5116

4645

Coat 5118
Dress 4645



5120

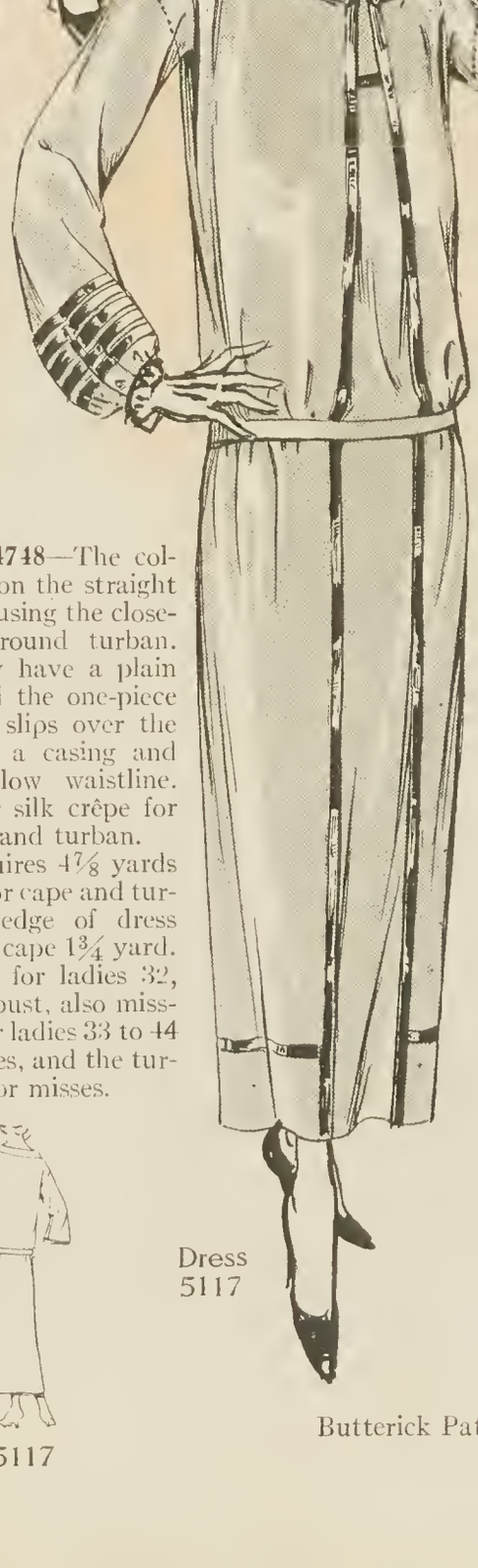
5054

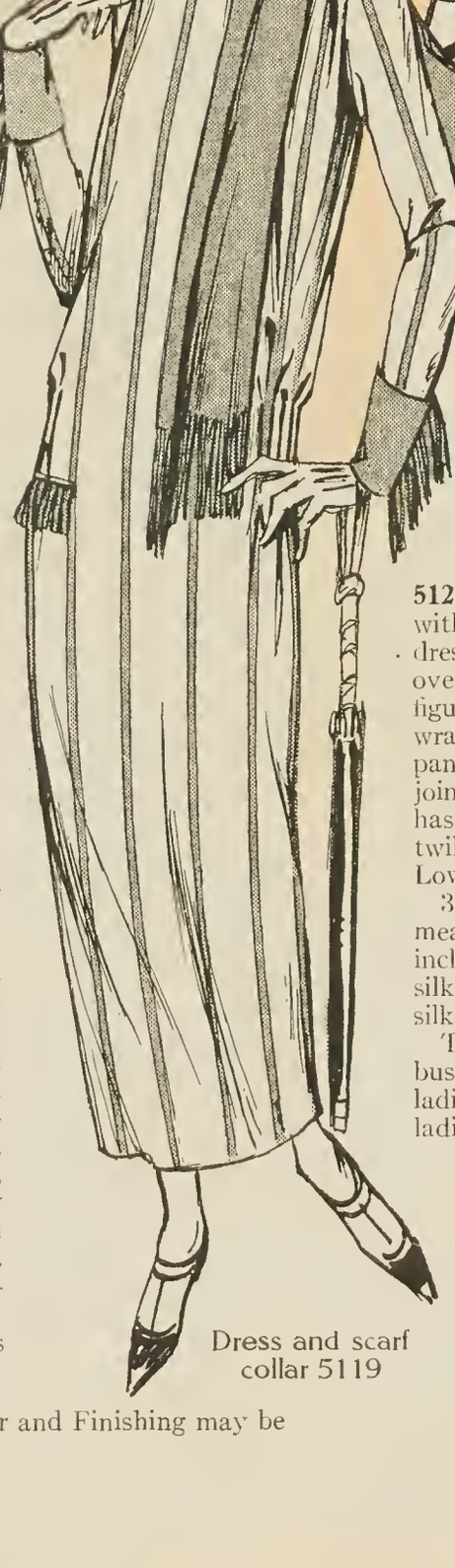


Coat
5120
Dress
4721
Hat
4973

4721

5074





Coat dress 5054
Embroidery design 10132

4721

FRINGED SCARF COLLARS, CAPE-COATS AND STRAIGHT LINES ARE IMPORTANT NOTES

5116—5074—4748—The collar is graceful on the straight cape. Paris is using the close-fitting wrap-around turban. The cape may have a plain interlining and the one-piece dress beneath slips over the head and has a casing and elastic at a low waistline. Use a satin or silk crêpe for both the cape and turban.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards 35-inch satin for cape and turban. Lower edge of dress 49½ inches, of cape 1¾ yard.

The cape is for ladies 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, and the turban for ladies or misses.

5117

Dress
5117

5118—4645—This type of coat is very smart for the coat-and-dress costume. It may have a scarf collar with fringe trimming if one prefers. Use soft twills, rep cloth, etc., for the coat and two-piece skirt of the slip-over dress, and plain silk crêpe in self or contrasting color for the body which joins the skirt in a decorative way.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill and 1⅝ yard 35-inch silk. Lower edge 53 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5117—Trimming conspires with the cut of a slip-over dress to give the straightline effect to new Spring dresses. The trimming gives an open-front effect on the straight skirt which is joined to a long body and a camisole. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe or silk voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (including front part of camisole.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5054—10132—For the street and general wear this straightline coat dress is very new and smart. It has a straight lower edge and a choice of body lining. For certain types of figure and in wide materials the underarm seam may be omitted. Use novelty silk crêpe, twills in fancy weave, novelty wool crêpe, soft twills, rep cloth or kasha. The banding is smart in outline. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The coat dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5119—Scarf collars which are fastened or removable are very new on the one-piece slip-over dress. The fringe which trims both collar and cuffs is easily made. The vertical tucks at each side of the low waistline may be omitted. Use checks, plaids, stripes, novelty wools, sports flannel, soft twills or heavy silk crêpe, all one material or with contrasting. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch sports flannel.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

Dress and scarf collar 5119

5120 — 4721 — 4973 — Coats with a cape are worn over dresses this Spring. The slip-over dress above, which fits the figure closely at the hips, has a wrap-around skirt with a loose panel on the right side and joined to a long body. Her hat has a gored crown. Use soft twills, etc., with silk crêpe body. Lower edge of dress 44½ inches.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 4⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill, 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

5119

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.

Coat dress and cape 5056

Coat 5087

Dress 5112

5089

Coat 5089
Dress 4789

5056

5087

5040

5077

Sack coat 5040
Blouse 5077
Skirt 5042
Hat 4973

5042

4789

5095

Coat 5095
Turban 4748

5112

TAILORED STYLES FOR STREET, MOTORING OR HACKING

5089—4789—Soft twills, rep cloth, etc., can be used for the coat with a straight lower edge and the smart slip-over dress with a two-piece skirt joined in a decorative way to a long body of crêpe satin or silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting material for bands, with 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body of dress. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5112—A smart tailored one-piece dress of the slip-over type has a straight lower edge and elastic and a casing at a low waistline. Use jersey tubing, wool jersey, soft twills, wool crêpe, plaids, sports flannel, stripes, heavy silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5056—Soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsted, novelty wools, plaids, stripes, kasha, sports flannel, etc., make a circular cape and a one-piece coat dress with a casing and elastic across the sides.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress and cape are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5095—4748—One can make a stuffed tubing trimming for this coat with square armholes. Use novelty silk crêpe or satin, soft twills, soft pile fabrics, rep cloth, broadcloth, cashmere, novelty wools, kasha or plaids. Use silk crêpe or satin crêpe for the wrap-around turban.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and for turban 1 yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge in longer length 48 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the turban for ladies or misses.

5087—For traveling, sports or general wear this is a most acceptable coat. It may be made a longer length. Use plaid or stripe coatings, camel's-hair, fleeces or velours.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch novelty wool. Lower edge longer length 1⅞ yard.

The coat is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5040 — 5077 — 5042 — 4973—Use men's-wear suitings, black or brown cheviot-finished woolens for the sack coat and two-piece skirt. The frilled blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette or cotton voile may have a narrow shoulder yoke. Her hat is smart.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards 54-inch men's-wear suiting. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The sack coat, blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip, the hat for ladies and misses.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.



BLOUSES COMBINE WITH SKIRTS TO MAKE SMART COSTUMES

5091—4753—A two-piece costume is achieved by a slip-over blouse with a two-piece skirt joined to a camisole body. Use silk broadcloth, silk jersey, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin, wool jersey or silk-and-wool crêpe for blouse and camel's-hair, tweeds, wool crêpe, wool reps, serge, etc., for skirt. Lower edge 49½ inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey and 1 yard 54-inch men's-wear suiting for skirt on camisole.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

5106—A new arrangement of trimming gives a Russian effect to a slip-over blouse of printed or plain silk crêpe, printed crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, Georgette or crêpe de Chine embroidered or beaded to give body and weight to material. printed cotton voile or printed fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch figured silk.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5085—10138—An attractive collar and a becoming fulness in front will recommend this slip-over blouse of silk jersey, silk broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin, printed silks or wool jersey. The Chinese motif is smart. Work it in satin-stitch and outline in oriental colors.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5108—Hand-hemstitching is simple trimming for the collar and cuffs of this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at the low waistline. Use gingham, striped madras, novelty cotton dress goods with collar, etc., of cotton voile or plain material to match, tub silks with crêpe de Chine collar, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 32-inch chambray. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5109—4533—10155—The slip-over tunic blouse is worn over a slip. The blouse has a Russian closing and a straight lower edge. The embroidery is effective. Work it in contrasting color. Use crêpe satin, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including lower part of slip) and 1¾ yard 36-inch material for upper part of slip. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

5077—4973—The narrow shoulder yoke may be omitted from this blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette or cotton voile. For the hat with a gored crown use satin, faille silk, wool jersey, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

5102—5079—10141—For this slip-over blouse use Georgette, crêpe de Chine or cotton voile, embroidered or beaded, crêpe satin, etc.; and for the one-piece wrap-around straight skirt use satin-faced materials, silk alpaca, plaids, etc. The embroidery is decorative. Work it in cross-stitch.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1½ yard 35-inch silk alpaca for skirt on camisole. Lower edge 48 inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 45 hip.

5104—One can make a tie to trim this blouse of the slip-over order. It is plaited in front and in back. Make it of satin crêpe, or of crêpe de Chine, lightweight or medium silk crepe, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon or cotton voile—plain or printed.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world.



UNBELTED FROCKS, THREE-PIECE COSTUMES AND DRAPERIES FOR YOUNG GIRLS

5051—4742—Soft twills, rep cloth, etc., make a smart suit. The box-coat may have another style of collar and the dress fits closely at the hips, has a wrap-around skirt with a loose panel on the right side and joining a long body which may be of silk crêpe or satin.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 42 inches.

The coat is for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 35 bust, also ladies, the dress for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5062—4973—The new capette is detachable from this one-piece dress with a Russian closing. Use soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsted, novelty wools, plaids, checks, kasha, sports flannel or heavy silk crêpe, and satin or faille silk for the hat with gored crown.

17 years or 34 bust and 21¼ inches head measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch novelty check and ½ yard 35-inch satin for hat. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, the hat for ladies and misses.

5074—The drapery is graceful on this one-piece dress with a casing and elastic at a low waistline and which slips on over the head. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5088—3157—Soft twills, wool crêpe, rep cloth, plaids, checks, heavy silk crêpe or heavy satin crêpe make this one-piece dress. Her tam-o'-shanter may be of broadcloth or flannel, etc. The dress may have a body lining.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch check wool for dress. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5099—10138—She wears the straight cape with her dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body with a choice of a long camisole lining. Use heavy silk crêpe or satin crêpe, with body in contrasting color or of Georgette in self or contrasting color, etc. Embroidery is a smart trimming. Work it in outline, etc.

16 years requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body of dress and 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5052—4664—10197—Use soft twills, rep cloth, kasha, etc., for the box-coat and slip-over dress with a straight lower part joined to a body of heavy silk crêpe at a low waistline. The coat may have a different style collar or omit collar and sleeves. The embroidery is effective. Work the design in one-stitch and beads.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill and 1¼ yard 39-inch material for upper part of dress. Lower edge 52 inches.

The coat is for misses 15 to 18 or 32 to 35 bust, also ladies, the dress for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5066—10961—Hand-made flowers decorate the low waistline of this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and elastic and a casing across the sides. Use crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine and Georgette or silk voile. The embroidery is easy to do. Work in one-stitch and outline, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



Dress 5114
Embroidery design 10954

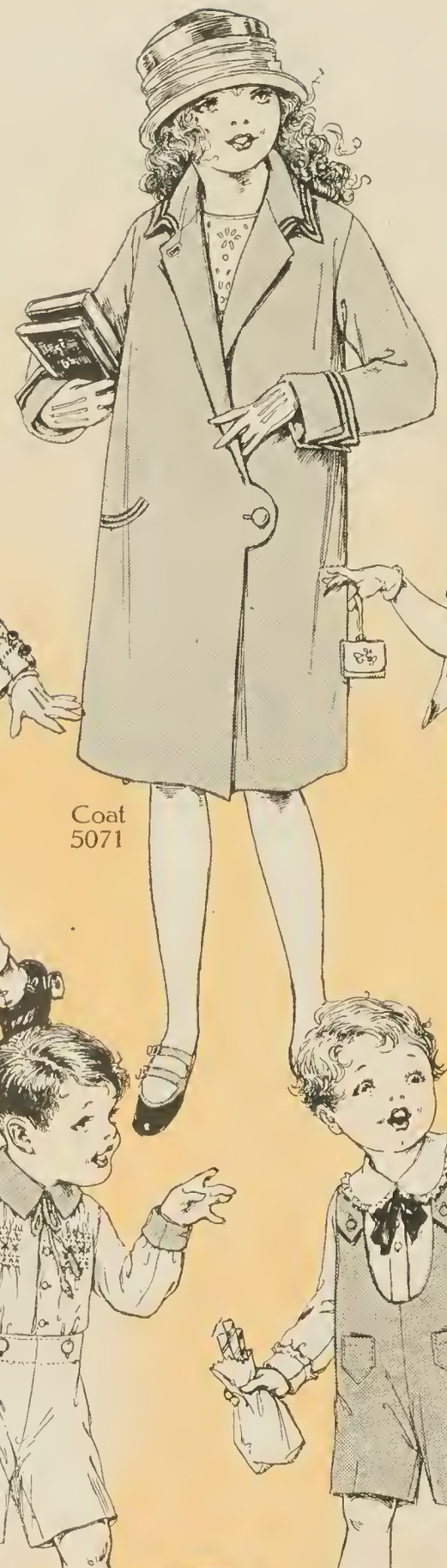
5114

5071



Coat 5075
Hat 4926

5075



Coat
5071

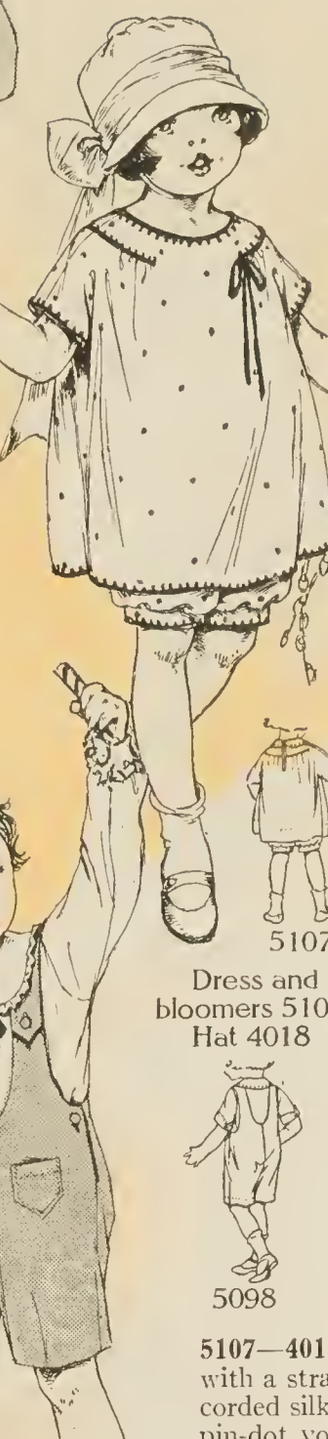


Suit 5028
Smocking
design
10798

5028



Suspender
suit 5098



5107
Dress and
bloomers 5107
Hat 4018

5098



5110



Dress 5110

Sack coat 5111

5111

FESTIVE FROCKS AND SMART COATS FOR EASTER AND A SACK COAT FOR MEN

5114—10954—A new one-piece dress will please the young girl. It has raglan sleeves, straight lower edge and may have a body lining. Use jersey tubing, wool jersey, soft twills, soft wool crêpe, plaids, sports flannel, heavy silk crêpe or silk jersey. Embroidery trims the dress. Work it in color. The dress slips on over her head. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years, also for small women.

5075—4926—This smartly cut coat may be made with a belt at the back, and the hat with a gored crown is very becoming. Use soft pile fabrics for coat and hat. Checks, cheviot, soft twills, camel's-hair or tweeds may be used for the coat and duvetyn, broadcloth or wool jersey for hat.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure require 1¾ yard 54-inch check wool (including hat).

The coat is for little girls 2 to 7 years; the hat for girls 2 to12 years.

5071—A simple coat with a great deal of style buttons on one side in an unusual and attractive manner. It is a very smart coat for Easter. Make it of soft pile fabrics, soft twills, camel's-hair, plaid or checked materials.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch soft twill.

The coat is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5107—4018—An adorable outfit consists of a slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers and a hat of corded silk, satin or taffeta. Use chambray, fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot voile, pin-dot swiss, dimity, pin-check gingham, cotton pongee, crêpe de Chine, taffeta or pongee.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 32-inch pin-dot swiss and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is suitable for little girls 2 to 6 years; the hat for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

5110—The fan trimming at the side of this one-piece dress is very smart, and the drapery sophisticated enough to please the young girl. The dress closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining with a camisole top. Use satin-faced crêpes, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine or moire.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is good style for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5028—10798—Smocking is appropriate trimming for this suit with smocked blouse and straight trousers. Work the smocking in contrasting or self color. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, plain madras, plain gingham or pongee; or use these materials in two colors, satin trousers with a waist of crêpe de Chine or corduroy trousers with a pongee or crêpe de Chine waist.

3 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 4 years.

5098—The suspender suit is a quaint style for little boys. This suit has a waist and straight trousers in one with the suspenders. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee or satin with silk poplin, shantung or corduroy trousers, dimity with poplin or linen trousers, rep with chambray, silk-and-cotton jersey in two colors or a color with white.

3 years requires 1¼ yard 32-inch dimity and ⅞ yard 35-inch poplin.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

5111—A well-tailored sack coat with the right cut is very simple to make. One may use mohair, alpaca, flannel, serge, tweeds, herring-bone, worsted, homespun or cheviot. For sports or Summer, duck, khaki, crash or linen are suitable.

38 breast requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch mohair.

The sack coat is for men or boys 34 to 48 breast.

APRON OR CIRCULAR CAPES, CAPETTES AND PLAITS PLEASE YOUNG GIRLS OR JUNIORS

Costume 5041 Embroidery design 10175

Dress 4995

Dress 4991

Dress 5097 Hat 4926

Dress 5025 Embroidery design 10873

4991

4995

5041

5025

5097

5100

Cape and dress 5100 Tam-o'-shanter 3157

5094

5009

Dress and bloomers 5094 Hat 4894 Embroidery design 10977

Dress and bloomers 5009

5041—10175—The apron-cape has the unqualified approval of the younger set, for it can give the young girl's one-piece dress an entirely new appearance when worn as an apron instead of a cape. The dress has a straight lower edge, slips over the head and has a casing and elastic at a low waistline. Use satin crêpe or silk crêpe. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in braid, outline or couching. Lower edge 50 inches.

17 years requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The costume is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

4991—Easter assumes great importance for the junior girl when a new dress is an occasion for glad rejoicing. She will like this one-piece dress with a scalloped edge. The dress slips on over her head and it may have a straight lower edge. Make the dress of plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, printed silks, satin crêpe, plain or printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe or batiste.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch novelty silk.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4995—Drapery at the sides gives a graceful flutter to a slip-over dress for the junior or younger girl. Both drapery and hand-made flowers trim the one-piece dress which has a straight lower edge. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, printed silks, satin crêpe, Georgette, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe.

12 years requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting material for yoke, cuffs, etc.

The dress is lovely for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5094—4894—10977 — Gingham or light-weight cotton prints with chambray bands, pin-dot swiss or voile with plain color bands to match the dot, dimity with plain lawn or two shades of chambray, etc., make this slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers. The embroidery is gay. Work in appliqué. Her shirred crêpe de Chine hat is adorable.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅛ yard 39-inch contrasting material for bands.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5025—10873—A capette and tiers are smart on the slip-over dress for young girls. The tiered two-piece lower part is joined to a low waistline. The embroidery is effective. Work it in cross-stitch or beads. Use soft twills, soft wool crêpe or soft serge, heavy silk crêpe or satin crêpe for this dress.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5097—4926—The two-piece dress is a smart style for school or travel. It has a smart slip-over blouse and the straight skirt is side or accordion plaited or gathered and joined to an underbody. Make the dress of wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge. Her hat with a gored crown may be of wool jersey, velours, etc.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey (including hat).

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5100—3157—For the variable moods of Spring weather a circular cape to wear over her one-piece dress is most opportune. Soft twills, wool poplin, homespun, flannel, serge, worsteds, plaids or checks are suitable materials for the outfit. A tam-o'-shanter is attractive in broadcloth, flannel, corduroy, etc.

12 years and 21 inches head measure require 2⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for tam.

The cape and dress are smart for girls 8 to 15 years, the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5009—The trimming is easily done on this dainty dress for little girls. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. The bloomers are separate. Use crêpe de Chine, organdy or taffeta. For a dress with a plain lower edge use dimity, fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss, fine cotton prints, pin-check gingham or chambray.

4 years will require 2⅜ yards 35-inch taffeta for this becoming little frock.

The dress is adorable for little girls 2 to 6 years.



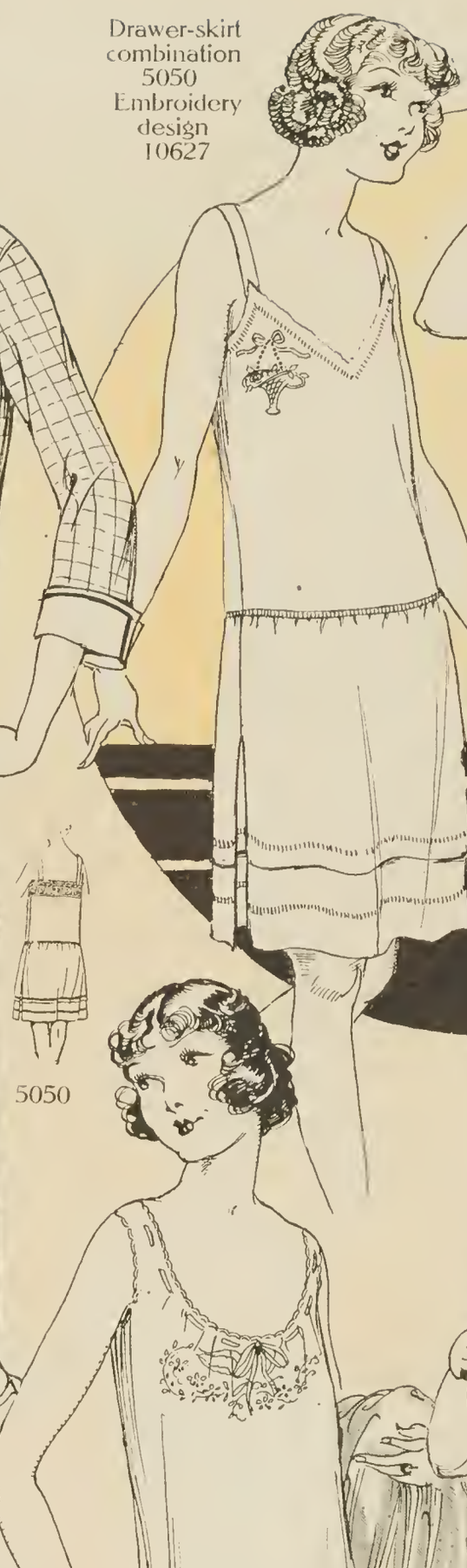
Apron 5096

5043

5096

House dress 5043

Drawer-skirt combination 5050 Embroidery design 10627



5050

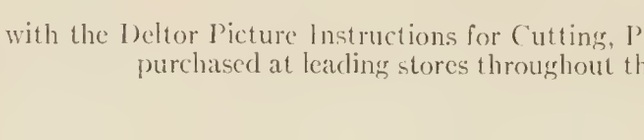


Combination 5030 Embroidery design 10754



5030

View A Dress sleeves 5113



View E

View C

Embroidery design 10141

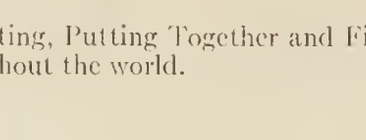
Chemise 5059





Bloomers 5065

Embroidery design 10163



View D

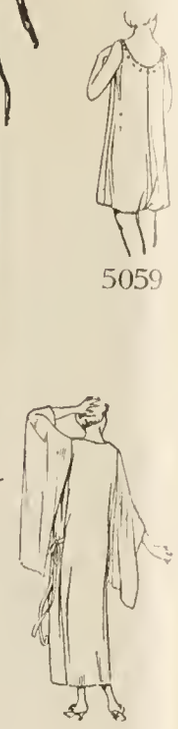
View B





5065

Hostess gown 5044



5059

5044

A HOSTESS GOWN, HOUSE DRESS, ETC., FOR SPRING DRESSMAKING

5096—One may look attractive as well as neat in this new apron. It has a strap at the back which holds the apron together and prevents it from slipping over the shoulders. Use checked or striped gingham, figured percale, fancy cotton crêpe, chintz, chambray or black sateen.

36 bust requires 2 yards 35-inch percale.

The apron is for ladies 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust.

5043—A one-piece house dress which fits comfortably and is in the attractive wrap-around effect is appreciated by busy women. Gingham, chambray, madras, percale, cotton poplin or linen-finished cotton are suitable.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 32-inch gingham and ⅞ yard 32-inch chambray. Lower edge 54 inches.

The house dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5050—10627—Drawer-skirt combinations are new and comfortable garments to wear under the new dresses. Use glove silk tubing, crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe. The motif is dainty trimming. Work it in satin-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The combination is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5059—Hand-hemstitching is an appropriate trimming for this envelope chemise. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, crêpe de Chine, tub silk or tub satin. This garment is very simple to make.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 35-inch batiste.

The chemise is dainty for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5044—For a lovely hostess gown use crêpe satin, printed or brocaded silk crêpe with the sleeves, and a bandeau if desired, of Georgette or chiffon. For certain materials and the medium figure it may be made without an underarm seam on the right side.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch silk and 1¾ yard 39-inch Georgette for sleeves. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The hostess gown is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5030—10754—The step-in combination chemise and drawers is a garment very much used. For this combination nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, tub silks or tub satin are suitable. The embroidery is an exquisite finishing. Work it in satin-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch batiste.

The combination is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5065—Many mothers prefer to use bloomers in place of petticoats for the growing girl. These circular bloomers may be joined to an underbody. Use serge, with lining material for underbody, or use chambray, gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons or cotton poplin with cambric or muslin underbody.

8 years requires 1⅛ yard 44-inch serge and ⅝ yard 36-inch muslin.

The bloomers are practical for girls 2 to 16 years.

5113—10163—10141—These one-seam dress sleeves which may be sewed into a normal armhole are the type for new dresses. For view A use any soft or transparent silk or cotton material; for views B, C and E, plain silk or velvet with Georgette, embroidered net or lace, etc. The embroidery joins the two materials on view C. Work the design in color. A banding is also used on view B. Work it in contrasting color.

The sleeves are for ladies measuring 11 to 15 inches arm.

MANY A MEAL IS MADE ON SOUP

We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.



Soup for health every day!

It used to be so hard to have good vegetable soup!

Say "good vegetable soup" to most people and you say something to their appetite. For vegetable soup is universally liked—it's a favorite with practically everybody.

Yet to make it "just so," with all the many different ingredients selected with care and blended to bring out the most delicious flavor, is no easy task.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is enormously popular because it enables the housewife to serve vegetable soup as often as she pleases, certain that it will be supremely delicious every time.

It contains 15 tempting vegetables—the very pick of the gardens; rich beef broth; substantial cereals; herbs and seasoning. Serve it as first course or as a meal—it is hearty food.

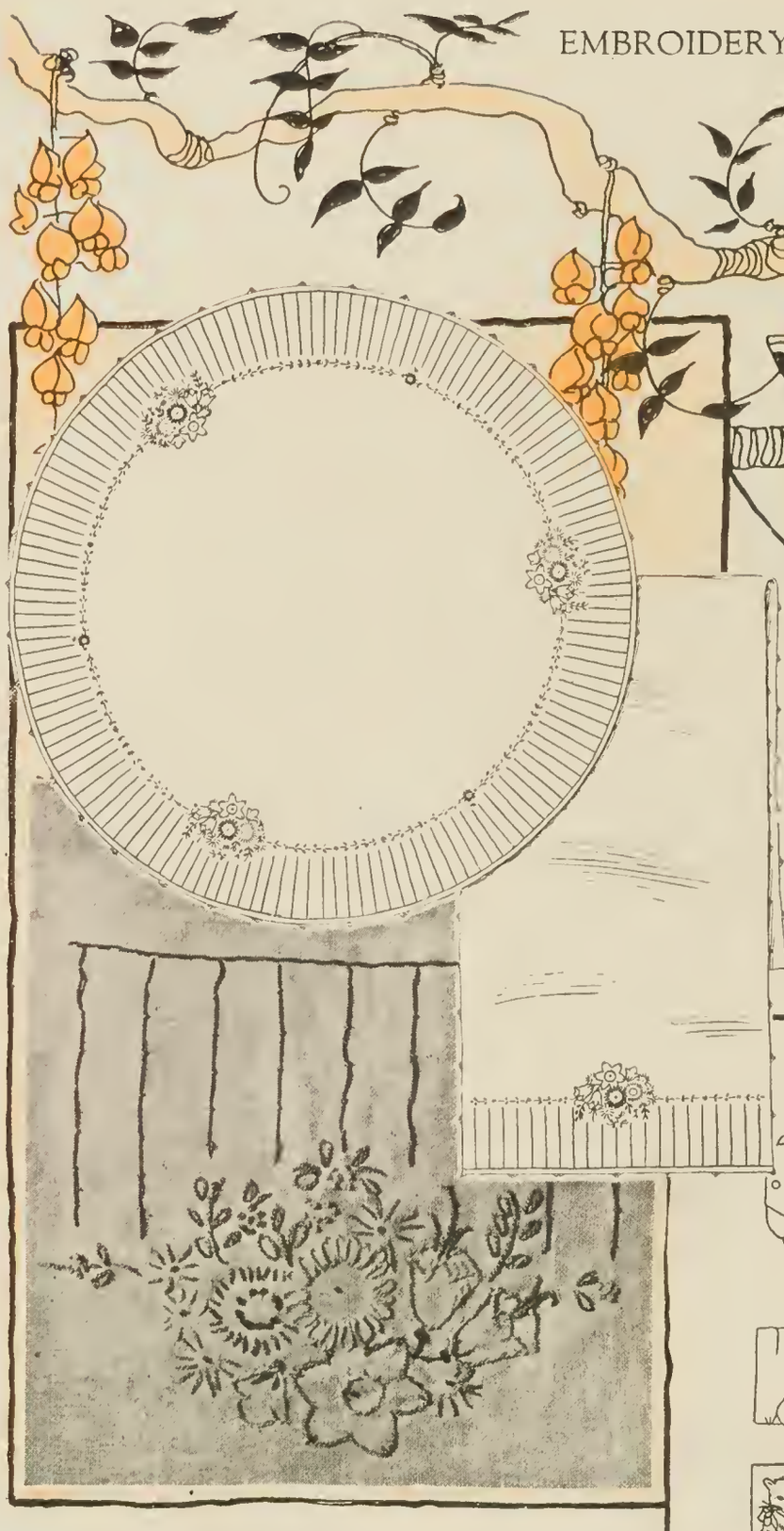


21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

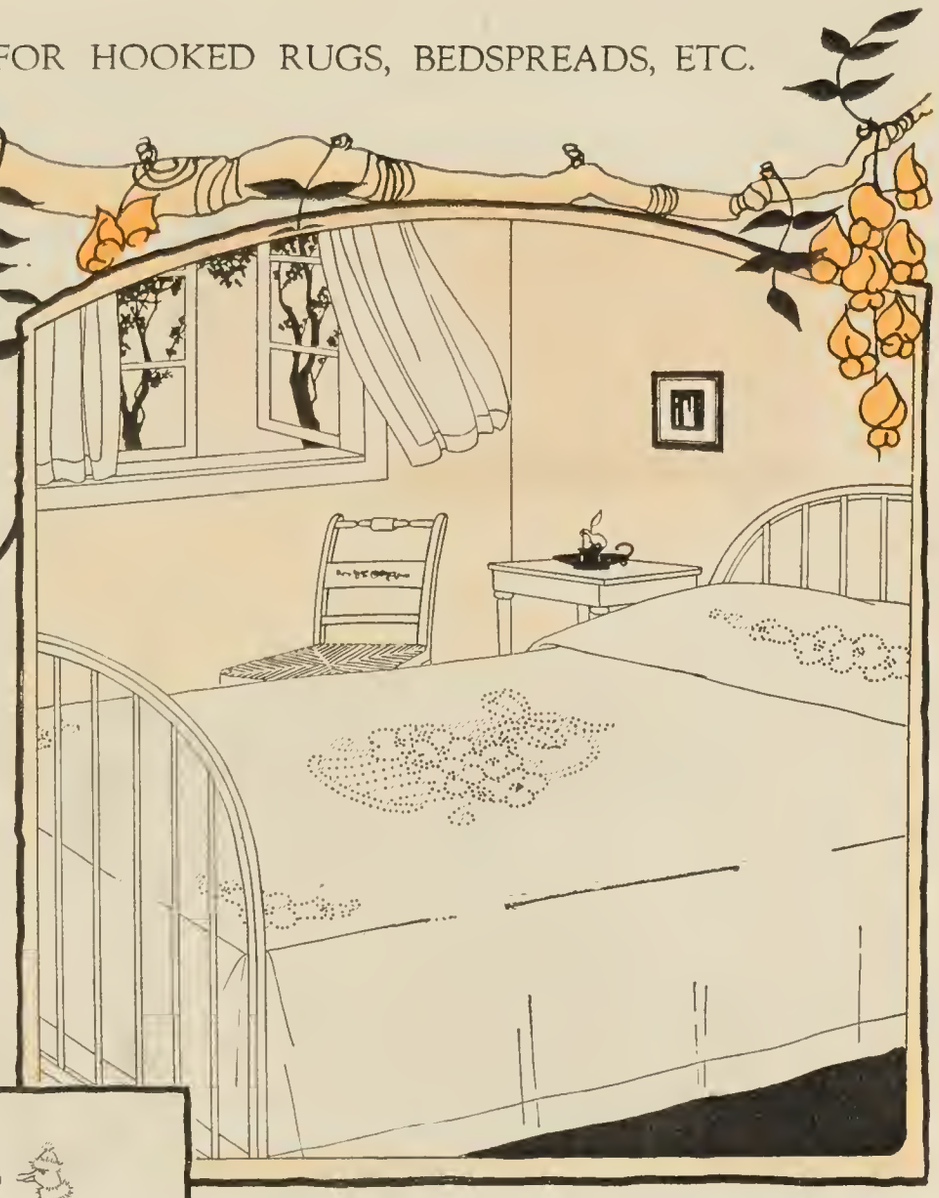
EMBROIDERY HAS REFRESHING IDEAS FOR HOOKED RUGS, BEDSPREADS, ETC.



Embroidery design 10227



Embroidery design 10226



Embroidery design 10224



Embroidery design 10231

10227—For a real home nothing quite takes the place of embroidered linens, for they add the exquisite touch so necessary to new or lived-in rooms. Floral embroideries are popular with needleworkers because the colorings can be combined in a number of effective arrangements. The border of this centerpiece and scarf is most attractive. Linens or linen-finished cottons in white, natural or écru shades may be used for this set and the design may be worked in a combination of outline, one-stitch, lazy-daisy, French knot and satin-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter and two motifs 6 by 17 inches for use on the end of a scarf.

10226—Pockets for children's clothes may be disguised as Peter Rabbit caught under a fence, a hamper of Easter pussies, chicks that have "never scratched yet" and a box of playful puppies. And dressed up in their Sunday clothes, the Bunny, Duck and Pussy tribe make gay decorations for motifs on play aprons, rompers, dresses, etc. For trimming which can be done very quickly, work the motifs or the pockets in one-stitch or outline. They are also attractive in appliqué. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of banding, 54 pocket motifs in eight assorted styles in two sizes and 26 motifs in six assorted styles.

10224—Unbleached muslin takes nicely to bedspreads. It is most inexpensive and comes in widths which one can use for a double bed without piecing the spread. In addition, this material launders nicely so that one's bed will look crisp and fresh whatever the age of the spread. The design for this new bedspread may be used for either a single, a double or a three-quarter bed. The edges of the spread are attractive bound, finished with fringe or finished simply with a hem. This is the sort of design which can be done very quickly in French knots and candle wicking. It can be adapted to a basket measuring 19 by 27 inches, two corners and one long motif.

10231—The smartest coverings for floors just now are the hooked rugs which our Grandmothers used in the hall before the tall Grandfather clocks, or in the rooms with Colonial furniture. Many of these rugs show delectable color combinations—rose, blue and green or brown tones with mixtures of black and burnt orange. Hooked rugs are used a great deal for bedrooms or with Colonial furniture for any room of the small house, with painted furniture or for Summer cottages. The motifs and corners of this design are especially designed for these rugs. The illustration at the left shows a complete rug and also a smaller motif and corners which may be combined for a small rug, the motif in the center and the four corners around it. For a long rug use the smaller motif at each end and with the corners if desired. This design can be adapted to one rug 21½ by 35 inches, two motifs 13½ by 19 inches and four corners to match the motifs.



"I BELIEVE that I am a pioneer in the Yeast-for-Health habit. I was one of those unfortunate youngsters who are neither sick nor well. I had a very poor appetite, and my mother humored me when she discovered that I liked yeast. (This was years ago.) It was not very long before the yeast started to take effect. First of all, I developed a regular appetite. Then I had a desire to play. My body seemed to grow stronger, and my mother said that I was like a new child. I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast ever since, whenever I felt the need of a regulator—a matter of thirteen years."
(*A letter from Miss Laura Banker, Albany, N.Y.*)



"IN a ballroom I managed when possible to hide myself behind a fan. My complexion was an eyesore to others and a heartache to me. . . . But that was last year. As I write, I put my left hand up to my cheek: velvety smoothness—a clear, glowing surface, unmarred by the hundred uglinesses it once knew! And the whole transformation was ridiculously easy: two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for a period of three months!"
(*Miss Nancy Freeman of New York*)



"I DID *not* eat six cakes of Yeast and feel myself improving immediately. In fact for one month I used 3 cakes a day without any visible improvement. But by the middle of August, 1921, my chronic constipation commenced to give way . . . I again consulted our family physician, who told me to use no other remedies but Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Today my stomach troubles have become ancient history, and my skin eruption a thing of the past— thanks to the remarkable effects of Fleischmann's Yeast."
(*A letter from Miss Ruth Rollband of Utica, N.Y.*)

ONE SIMPLE FOOD

and they found the Road to Health



THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all", not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

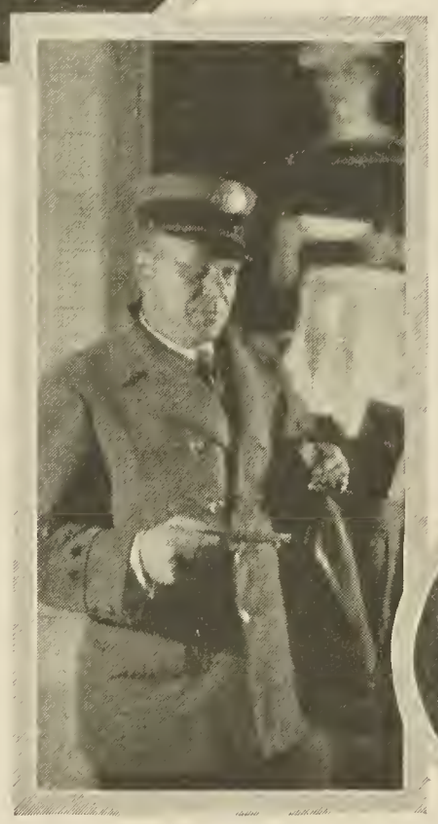
Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day regularly — before or between meals — plain, dissolved in water or milk, or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of warm water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today!

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-2, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.





"STRUGGLING with my dead husband's business, I found each day exacting more energy than I could generate. The end seemed inevitable—breakdown for myself, and institutional care for my boys and girls. I heard someone joking another about eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it. To my surprise I soon felt a sustaining strength which increased as I used the yeast regularly. With better digestion, came improved assimilation resulting in added strength. Every time I buy Fleischmann's Yeast I feel positively ashamed of the trifling price I pay for each of these potent cakes."
(*A letter from Mrs. A. C. Cowling, an Oklahoman.*)



"A COMPLETE nervous breakdown with severe attacks of heart failure—the latter caused by acute indigestion — wrecked me mentally and physically. Vaguely I realized that during my lifelong diet of devitalized food I had been practically digging my own grave with my knife and fork. Then I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast Cakes. That was three years ago, and I am still eating them. My digestion is normal, my brain active and clear, and all those various aches and pains of a lifetime have disappeared."
(*A letter from a New Jersey mechanical engineer, Mr. Frank M. Spencer.*)



"I AM a mail-carrier, and it may sound strange that a man walking twelve miles a day, six days a week, should suffer from constipation. But I did for over three years. Laxatives gave me only temporary relief. Then about eleven months ago, a friend of mine said 'Black, why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' . . . After the first month I noticed a remarkable difference, and when Saturday night came I still had some pep left . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has relieved me completely of constipation, and I feel tip-top all the time."
(*Extract from a letter of Mr. J. F. Blackburn of Oakland, Cal.*)

"I WAS willing to attempt anything to get rid of the terrible pimples on my face and back. Doubting, I ate yeast regularly for one month—and now—no more blues over my complexion—no more a wall flower, but just a healthy college girl who advocates Fleischmann's Yeast to set one right with the world."
(*A letter from Miss Corinne Wiltrout of Logan, Kansas.*)

"I AM a traveling man. Indigestion is a dreaded foe of my fraternity, but I boasted that I had abused my stomach for years. Then Indigestion landed a knockout! . . . I grew moody, discouraged, and my work suffered. . . . When a friend spoke to me of Yeast, I had no faith in it. But its effect was rapid, and one day I ordered a big steak, *and* potatoes, *and* coffee—a wonderful meal, and no bad after-effects! I again eat anything, at any time and any place!"
(*Extract from a letter of Mr. W. L. McGahan of Dallas, Texas.*)

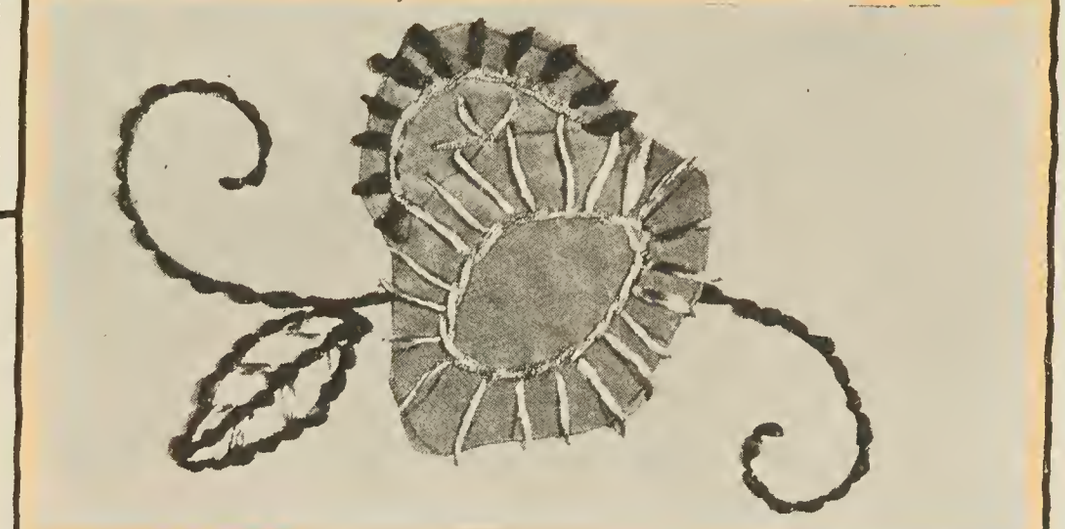


Embroidery design 10229





Embroidery design 10228





FASHION PUTS THE STAMP OF APPROVAL ON MOTIFS AND BANDINGS OF APPLIQUÉ

10229—Embroidery has as firm a hold on the new costumes for Spring as it has always maintained. Many of the new styles need the leavening touch of color and one sees motifs and bandings on the coats. dresses, blouses and the small hats of wool jersey, soft twills, faille silk or satin. This is a design which is very easily and quickly worked in a combination of satin-stitch or outline stitch and one-stitch or beads. In the motif illustrated above, many attractive color combinations may be contrived with the satin-stitch and one-stitch. Both the narrow and wide bandings are most convenient for trimming one's costume. The design can be adapted very easily to 2⅝ yards of banding 5¾ inches wide, 4⅜ yards of banding 2¼ inches wide, 4⅞ yards of edging ⅝ inch wide and 30 motifs in five assorted styles.

10228—The smartest trimming of the season is appliqué. One sees it on dresses in attractive color combinations, in clusters or separate motifs or bandings. As a trimming to give the effect of a neckband and a trimming band about the hemline of a dress or in clusters at the shoulders, the new appliqués are most effective. This new design is very simple to do and it may be used on dresses or skirts. It is also suitable for household linens. The design may be worked in a combination of appliqué or outline or simply in outline embroidery. This design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 21¾ inches wide, 1¾ yard of edging ½ inch wide and 12 motifs in two assorted styles.

10230—An embroidery design which will cover a wide variety of uses is indeed a welcome one! This embroidery is suitable for trimming dresses, blouses, skirts and hats for women or young girls. It can also be used to decorate children's clothes and the various household linens, such as dresser scarfs, laundry bags, shelving, etc. The motifs and bandings may be done in appliqué and outline, or they may be worked in a combination of one-stitch, outline embroidery and French knots if one wishes to do the work quickly. This design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 5 inches wide, 3½ yards of banding 1¼ inch wide, 3⅛ yards of edging 1¼ inch wide and 30 motifs in 7 assorted styles.

10225—There are so many attractive designs in appliqué that it is a simple matter to choose a suitable one. This design is an appropriate trimming for coats, dresses, hats, etc., and it should be worked in a combination of one-stitch and appliqué or outline embroidery. If your material frays very easily, the edges of the design should be buttonholed, but materials like cotton duvetyn, broadcloth or felt can be cut and the edges left free. The edges of all thin materials should be turned in. The design can be adapted to 3½ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 2¼ yards of banding 4¼ inches wide, 4¼ yards of edging ½ inch wide and 10 motifs in three assorted styles.



"A Skin You Love To Touch"
painted by R. F. Schabelitz

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SLEEP—fresh air—the right food—all these help to maintain the general tone of your skin.

But good health alone will not insure a good complexion. Many conditions that seriously detract from the appearance of the skin, such as blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, etc., are of purely local origin.

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Each day your skin is changing

You *can* have a lovely skin, if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this *new* skin special care, you can actually make your complexion over—you can give it a clearness and smoothness it has never had before.

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HOW TO RECOGNIZE PERIOD FURNITURE

The third of a series of articles on better furniture

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

How many times every woman who loves her home has wanted to be able to identify period furniture—to know that this chair is Heppelwhite, the other Sheraton and that elaborate one Louis XVI Contrary to general belief, it is not necessary to be an interior decorator in order to discriminate. THE DELINEATOR *in this article, and others to follow, tells you how to recognize good furniture and identify with certainty and convenience the many varied types. If you wish additional information regarding new or old period furniture, write the Editor of our Department of House Decoration, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for her reply, and she will be glad to advise you.*



Adam daybeds are famous for their beauty and simplicity. The small oval rosette motif and tapering legs identify Adam designs unmistakably

THE ADAM BROTHERS

TOWARD the end of Chippendale's furniture-making career there developed a style of furniture distinctly different in form and structure from any theretofore designed. The Adam brothers, of whom there were four, were directly responsible for this change. It is important to remember that these four men were not furniture-makers, but architects, and that their classic, simple designs not only were used for the furniture built and known as "Adam," but also served as inspiration for most of the furniture designed during the remaining part of the eighteenth century.

The Adam brothers (sometimes referred to as the "Adelphi," a trade mark adopted by them) did the bulk of their creative work in England between the years 1762 and 1792. I mention England because their early years were spent in study in Italy, where the inspiration for all their beautiful works was conceived. In the infinite care which the Adam brothers gave to detail we find one great reason for their success. When designing a house, they considered it their duty to supervise its interior decoration and saw to it that everything down to the smallest detail —even to sofa-cushions—was not only made according to their instructions, but put in its proper place.

As I have mentioned before, the furniture which we commonly know as Adam furniture was made not by the Adam brothers themselves, but by others from their designs. All this furniture was lighter and more graceful than any which had been made up to this time. In the Adam style the curving lines so much favored by Chippendale were practically dropped and the straight, angular design everywhere asserted itself. Much mahogany was used, and the more delicate satinwood and hardwood were introduced. Beautiful panels in doors of chests and in many of the finer pieces were painted and inlaid. Legs on tables, chairs, chests and daybeds were usually straight, but occasionally tapered, with spade feet. Mirror frames, cornices and moldings were exceedingly refined in design and detail, showing a small round or oval motif in corners as a finishing touch.

The well-known Adam urn, with tiny garlands of leaves, is generally seen as a center motif in wood panels or over mirrors, but is most conspicuous of all in the making of knife-boxes, which the Adams placed at either end of their sideboard pedestals. As a rule, if one keeps in mind that the Adelphi drew from Rome and Pompeii for the classic laurel garlands, urns and motifs used in adorning their simple furniture, it will be easy to identify it without further earmarks of ornamentation.

Chairs were square and tapered toward the back and usually had turned or molded feet The most unusual feature of both armchairs and straight chairs was the general lack of stretchers. Sometimes, however, one sees an occasional and odd type of stretcher, which curves back from the front, joining the side and back stretchers instead of the front legs.

For their console tables and beautiful mirrors the Adam brothers will always be gratefully remembered. The Adam urn and plaques of Wedgwood were almost always evident in the designing of these two graceful pieces.

GEORGE HEPPELWHITE

AS THE Adam brothers made no furniture, it fell to the lot of George Heppelwhite, cabinet-maker, not only to make furniture of the Adam style, but to create a style of his own which would lend itself to the delicacy and simplicity of the Adam designs.

In its combination of straight lines and curves, the Heppelwhite style shows both the Adam and the French influences. However, curved lines were more evident than straight in most of Heppelwhite's designs—especially in his chairs, sofas and sideboards is this noticeable. Inlay, carving and color are also consistently to be found in Heppelwhite designs. Wood inlays of tulip, satinwood and rosewood in combination with mahogany gave a decorative and dainty quality to the majority of his furniture, a distinction which has not been attained by any other cabinet-maker.

Heppelwhite made sideboards, sofas, stools, daybeds, tables, chests, desks and bedsteads, but was most famous for his chairs. These not only were beautiful to look upon but were practical and comfortable as well. His chair legs were generally square and tapered somewhat at the foot, which, though usually spade in shape, was often modified by an anklet or "collar" effect. The seats, as a rule, were square with a slight curve outward in front, tapering slightly toward the back between the uprights.

The back of the Heppelwhite chair is the most distinctive feature of the Heppelwhite style of furniture. There remains seldom a shadow of doubt in identifying these after one has mastered their contour and type of design. The uprights were short—really a continuation of the back legs; and generally they supported the back, which was either in the shape of a shield, an oval or an interlacing heart. Sometimes the shield back will be found to have only three upright bars between, but more often there are four and even seven bars in the shield. In the oval-backed chairs one may find either four graceful uprights bound in the center with a band, or the famous Prince of Wales three feathers tied with a bow-knot of ribbon. The interlacing hearts were generally in the form of one big heart-shaped outer band with a large loop in the center, which in turn encircled a fan-shaped design.

THOMAS SHERATON

THE influence of the Adam brothers designs is again seen in the creations of Thomas Sheraton, famous carver and cabinet-maker. Though by trade a furniture-maker, Sheraton devoted much time to teaching design. His book, "Cabinet-maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing-Book," which was published in 1791, has been even to this day a lasting influence for better furniture designs. Sheraton may be termed the last of the great furniture designers of the eighteenth century, since after him an era of ugliness and bad design followed.

Sheraton's inspiration for most of his designs came from the classic French furniture. It is thought that he studied the contemporary French style more closely than any other English cabinet-maker. As far as type and line were concerned, Sheraton's furniture was straight and of the utmost simplicity—extremely so when compared with the curves and carving shown by Chippendale and the Adam brothers.

In all Sheraton furniture one will find a generous amount of line inlay. This usually parallels the contours of the piece of furniture in single or double rows near the edge. Beautiful ovals of inlay on doors and in panels were also a rare bit of Sheraton's art.

In the matter of chair design, Sheraton may be considered almost as famous as Heppelwhite, though instead of using curves and ovals like Heppelwhite, he confined his designs to squares and straight lines. The legs were either square or round, tapering to a slender straight foot, and the seat generally square. The backs, in some instances, had wide latticing across the entire back from top to bottom; in others straight up and down. The barrings were evenly distributed. In his more classic chairs the urn, which first made its appearance in the Adam designs, was emphasized and placed in the center with uprights at either side.

Besides chairs, Sheraton made tables, sofas, sideboards, bookcases, wardrobes, wash-stands, fire-screens, consoles and beds, and among his settees and better chairs may be found cane-work of rare beauty and unusual design.



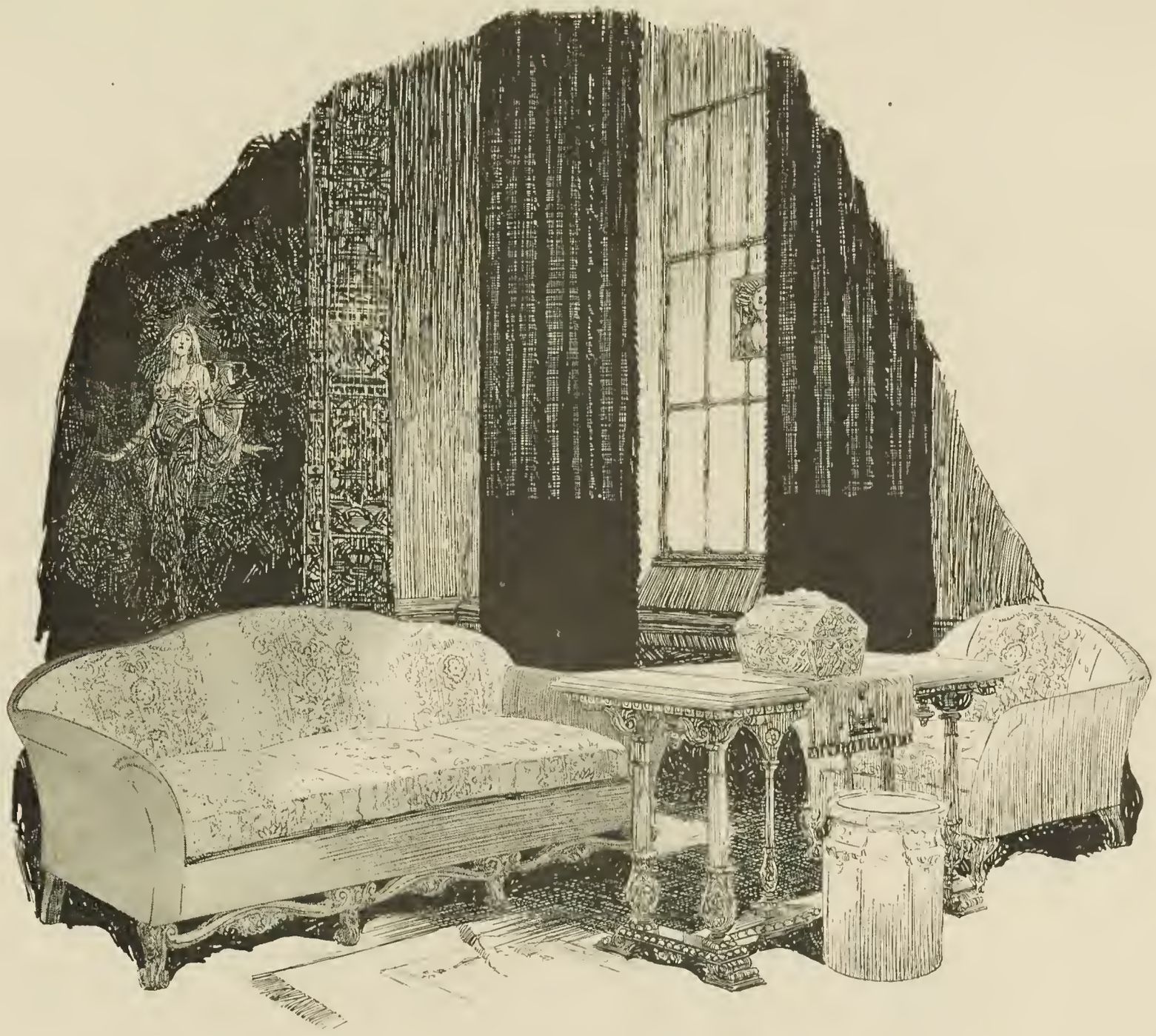
Square-backed chairs of classic design, with an occasional urn motif, are Sheraton's without a doubt



Straight, slender lines paralleled along the edges by a generous amount of fine inlay are typical of Thomas Sheraton's perfectly proportioned furniture. His sideboards are particularly interesting, being equipped with oval brass handles and delicate locks



Hepplewhite's chairs are distinguished by the beauty and individuality of their oval backs



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WHETHER large or small, the living room is the keynote of a home and should set the tone for the more intimate rooms beyond.

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TEN DELICIOUS DESSERTS FROM ONE

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Skinless orange sections combine well with pineapple in a fruit jelly



Jelly with designs of fruit is made by setting the mold on ice and allowing the jelly to solidify in layers



A rapid dip into hot water will allow the inverted mold to be lifted right off

IN MAKING gelatin desserts there are two fundamentals you should have in mind. One is the basic recipe, or the proportions of ingredients to be used for any gelatin dish; and the other is the general method of procedure. In fact, if you have these two essential ideas in mind, you can, with a modicum of initiative and perhaps a suggestion or two from a good cook-book, concoct with gelatin as a basis an endless number of attractive and delicious desserts.

The basic recipe for gelatin is about as follows:

BASIC RECIPE

1 tablespoon or ½ ounce of granulated gelatin, ¼ cup of cold water, 1¾ cups of liquid or pulp, ¼ to ½ cup of sugar and a pinch of salt to make a total of 1 pint of liquid.

These quantities will furnish five or six servings.

Amount of Liquid—The quantity of liquid to be used varies somewhat with the season of the year, with the time you can allow for the mixture to stiffen, with the consistency of the jelly desired and with the acidity of the liquid used. In Summer use a little less liquid (or a little more gelatin) than in Winter. If you are in a hurry or if you want a stiff jelly, use less liquid; if you desire a softer jelly, add a little more liquid. An acid liquid requires proportionately more gelatin. Also if you wish to incorporate large pieces of fruit to make a fruited jelly, it is wise to use a little more gelatin.

Kind of Liquid—Any kind of liquid may be used: milk, coffee, fruit-juice, fruit-pulp or stirred custards made from eggs and milk, from eggs and fruit-juice, or from eggs and fruit-pulp. Combinations of any of these with stiffly beaten egg-whites or with whipped cream may be utilized in varying this basic recipe.

Other Ingredients—The amount of sugar varies with the acidity of the liquid. To be safe in this respect, it is wise to sweeten to suit the taste of the individual or family. The addition of a little lemon-juice to almost any fruit juice or pulp seems to improve and bring out the flavor of the predominating fruit. A pinch of salt also seems to improve the flavor.

Variations—The variations that may be made from this basic recipe are almost endless in number. There are those already mentioned; those using different flavorings, such as caramel, maple, preserved ginger, liquid from maraschino cherries; those made by adding different combinations of fruit, nuts or marshmallows; those effected by change in manipulation, such as the whips which are made by beating the jelly to a froth after it had begun to jelly; those from the addition of stiffly beaten egg-white (these are the sponges); those made by folding in whipped cream (these are the bavarians). Then there are those that may be frozen: the sherbets, ice-creams and mousses.

Manipulation—The first step in making gelatin desserts with granulated gelatin is to soak the gelatin in cold water until the water is absorbed. The second is to soften this gelatin either by heating it over hot water or by mixing it with hot liquid. If the gelatin is melted by heating over hot water and then is added to cold liquid, it will cool and solidify into a jelly in much less time than it would if hot liquid were added. When every other ingredient is very cold, gelatin may be made to set in a few minutes.

In order to facilitate this process of cooling, measure the gelatin into the top of a double boiler which has not yet been set over the bottom part. Add the cold water, and as soon as this water is absorbed—in about fifteen minutes—set the top of the double boiler into the bottom part, which should contain boiling water. Set this over the fire, add the sugar desired and stir until the gelatin is melted and the sugar dissolved. Then add a little cold liquid to thin it, and stir it gradually and carefully into remainder of the cold liquid or pulp. Thorough mixing is necessary to prevent solidification of tiny particles when the melted gelatin strikes the cold liquid.

If one is in a hurry or desires to make either a fruited jelly, a whip, a sponge or a bavarian, it is wise to set the bowl containing the gelatin mixture in a pan of cracked ice or ice-water. This may so hasten the process of hardening that the mixture will set in a few moments.

Another time-saver in this connection is the use of utensils made of aluminum, enamel or agate instead of earthenware or porcelain. And still another suggestion for saving time is to use a large beater for whipping eggs or cream, or in making whips and sponges.

PINEAPPLE JELLY

1 tablespoon gelatin
4 tablespoons cold water (¼ cup)
½ cup orange-juice
1 cup pineapple-pulp (canned)
4 tablespoons lemon-juice (¼ cup)

Measure the gelatin into the top of an aluminum double boiler. Add the cold water and let it stand for about fifteen minutes or until the water is absorbed. There should be no dry lumps of gelatin. Add the sugar, set the container into or over hot water and stir until both sugar and gelatin have melted. Mix the pineapple, orange and lemon-juice, add the melted gelatin and sugar and mix thoroughly. Turn into a mold previously wet with cold water.

The jelly may be poured into individual molds which may be turned out on the dessert-plate before serving or put into sherbet-cups all ready to serve. Jelly hardens more quickly when packed in individual molds and perhaps is more attractive to serve.

To unmold the jelly, dip the mold into boiling water. If the mold is of metal, let it remain in the water only an instant; if it is of earthenware, let it remain in the water long enough to count twelve. Invert the plate on which the jelly is to be served over the top of the mold and then reverse the whole. Be sure to keep the mold in the center of the plate. Garnish with whipped cream, sliced bananas and halves of maraschino cherries.

PINEAPPLE-FRUIT JELLY

Pour a thin layer of the jelly into a wet mold. Set in a pan of cracked ice or a pan of ice-water. When it begins to harden, arrange slices or sections of orange and halves of maraschino cherries in a design on the bottom. Dip pieces of fruit in the gelatin mixture and arrange them around the sides of the pan. When the gelatin hardens, add the remainder of the gelatin and let the mixture harden. If more fruit is desired in the gelatin, add as follows:

When the first layer has hardened, add another layer of pineapple jelly and fruit. Allow this to harden. Repeat until all the gelatin and fruit have been used. Serve on a platter. Fill the center with whipped cream, garnished with chopped maraschino cherries or nuts. For individual fruit jellies, arrange the fruit in a design in the bottom of each mold.

If pineapple-pulp is used, it is not necessary to wait until the jelly hardens before adding the rest, for the weight of the pineapple will hold the fruit in place; but when plain fruit-juice is used, it is necessary to harden it in layers, otherwise the fruit will rise to the top, leaving a layer of clear jelly beneath.

PINEAPPLE WHIP

Set a bowl of soft pineapple jelly in a pan of ice-water or cracked ice. Stir occasionally from the sides and bottom. As soon as the mixture begins to jelly, beat into a foam with an egg-beater. Pile into sherbet-cups and set in the refrigerator. Serve with cold stirred custard or whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE WHIP

Prepare as for pineapple whip. Fold the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs into the whip and pile the whole into a glass bowl. Serve with whipped cream and chopped dates or nuts.

PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE

Line a glass bowl with lady's-fingers or slices of cake cut about the size of lady's-fingers and fill the center with pineapple sponge. Serve with cold stirred custard or with whipped cream mixed with one-fourth cup of marshmallows cut in small pieces. The addition of marshmallows to whipped cream tends to stiffen and hold the cream up and give it a more decorative appearance.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN

For bavarian, use three-quarters of a cup of pineapple and one-fourth of a cup of orange-juice. Prepare as for pineapple whip. Fold in one cup of cream whipped to a stiff froth. If a smooth texture is desired, the jelly should be only slightly stiffened before the cream is added and it should be stirred, not folded in. Pour the mixture in a mold or pile it in a glass serving-dish or in sherbet-cups. Serve with or without whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN WITH RICE

Boil one-fourth of a cup of rice in one quart of water for twenty minutes. Drain the rice thoroughly, add one-half cup of pineapple juice or pulp and cook in the top of a double boiler for fifteen minutes. Season with sugar to taste. Add the prepared gelatin, eight or more dates cut in pieces and two tablespoons of chopped nuts. Mix well and set in a pan of ice-water. When it begins to gelatinize, beat it to a froth and fold in one cup of cream beaten stiff. Pile in a mold and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with cooked stoned prunes stuffed with marshmallows and toasted.

MOCK STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN

Use one-half cup of apple sauce, one-half cup of strawberry or plum jam and the juice and grated rind of half a lemon. Prepare as for pineapple whip. Set in ice-water and when the mixture gelatinizes fold in one cup of sour cream whipped to a froth. Pour into a wet mold and set in a cool place to harden. Serve with cream, decorated with chopped cherries and diced marshmallows.

PINEAPPLE-CUSTARD CREAM

Make a stirred custard of one cup of pineapple and the yolks of two eggs and sweeten to taste. Add the softened gelatin to the hot mixture. Cool and fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place two slices of banana and one date in the bottom of each of six sherbet-cups and fill the cup with the custard mixture. Serve plain or garnished with a spoon of whipped cream, topped by a date stoned and cut in the form of a flower.

PRUNE DELIGHT

Substitute for the pineapple-juice one cup of cooked prunes stoned and cut in small pieces, the juice and grated rind of one orange and of one lemon, and sufficient prune-juice to make up one pint. Serve with whipped cream or soft custard.



What's Become of the "Homely" Girl?

Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be "homely" who has it.

The simple secret

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.

But pay attention to *gently*. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep complexion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

Beauty remains

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c



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Nine months old baby crosses the American desert

WESLEY CHATON THOMPSON, Jr. the young hero of this story, is a real person living today at 679 E. 4th Street, La Verne, California, with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Thompson.

When Wesley was less than a year old his people were obliged to cross the deserts of Nevada and Utah.

Traveling with a young baby is difficult at best. But the problem of artificial feeding under such circumstances is serious enough to make any young mother quake.

But for Mrs. Thompson the hazardous trip had no terrors because she was already using Eagle Brand for her baby with great success.

"Wesley Chaton Thompson never had any other nourishment than Eagle Brand Milk", writes his father.

"We stocked up on Eagle Brand at all the small towns along the trails."

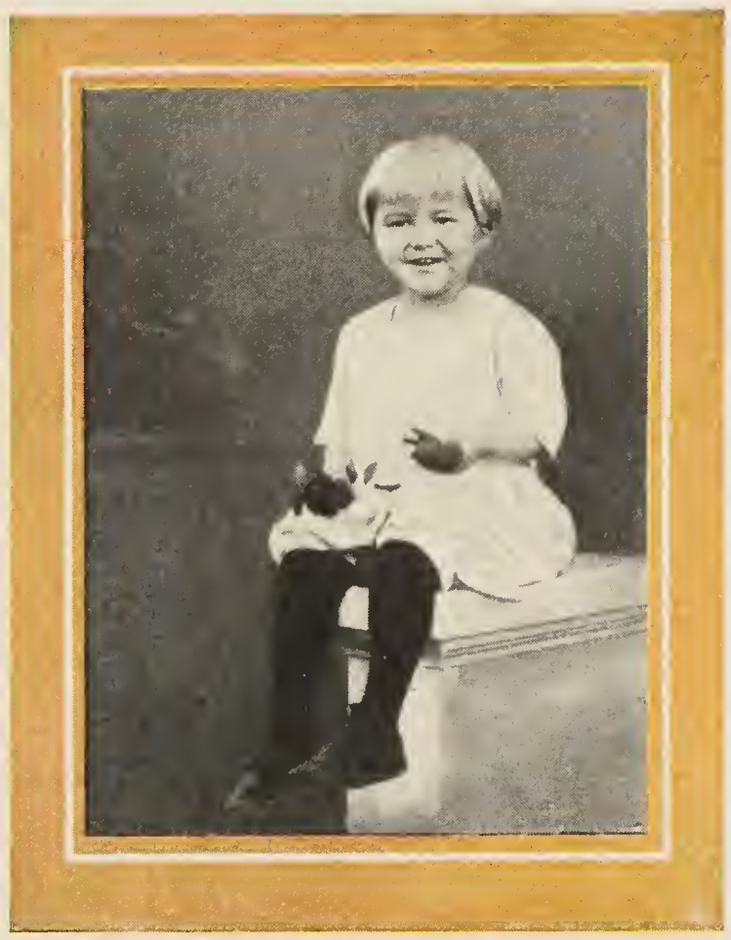
Thus equipped the baby made the trip in perfect safety. His father says further, "he has never known a sick day up to this date (he is now four years old) and is surely a picture of health."

"I can certainly recommend this 'Eagle Brand' to any one for wee small children."

"We stocked up on Eagle Brand at the small towns all along the trails"

Not many mothers are obliged to face the problem Mrs. Thompson solved so easily with Eagle Brand, but almost all of us travel more or less, going on vacations, or home to see "the folks." And this interesting anecdote of the Thompson family's experiences in the desert shows how easily Eagle Brand can be obtained and how satisfactory its use is under the most difficult circumstances.

Eagle Brand is pure cow's milk and cane sugar combined scientifically to give all the elements baby needs in a highly digestible form.



It is a complete food in itself. No difficult formula is needed to prepare it. It is packaged in a safe, sealed and sterilized container which keeps it free from all possible contamination. It is used so universally by American mothers that you can purchase it even in out of the way places like the desert towns Mr. Thompson mentions.

Because of these important facts you will find Eagle Brand more used for infant feeding than all other prepared foods combined.

If you cannot nurse your baby you can depend upon Eagle Brand. Thousands of mothers use it and thousands of doctors recommend its use. It is the safe, sure way when you must use artificial feeding.

Send for your free copy of the useful Borden Baby book *Baby's Welfare.* The Borden Company, 102 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York.

Borden's EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

THE BUGBEAR OF DISHWASHING

Things little and big that make it easier

By Ruth M. Kellogg

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IS DISHWASHING really such a disagreeable task? Or do we think it is so because we work with poor equipment and according to methods that are not really satisfactory?

Before we discuss equipment, let us say a few words about some of the general factors that enter into the dishwashing problem.

Putting pots and pans to soak as soon as they are emptied makes it easier to wash them later on. Also, the scraping and correct stacking of dishes means a much neater job all the way through, as well as a real saving of time and labor. Too often does a woman pick up a random cup from a helter-skelter conglomeration of dishes, wash that, then reach for a saucer, then perhaps a plate, and so on through the list, until eventually all are washed. Meanwhile she has had to reach for and pick up so many dishes that she has changed her motion a number of times, with consequent loss of energy and time. Had she stacked her dishes neatly and conveniently near to her dish-pan, she would have greatly expedited her work.

The right-handed worker will find it easier, as a rule, to have her piles of scraped dishes at the right of the dish-pan and her drainer at the left.

While water may not truly be called a part of the equipment, its importance in this connection is easily recognized. No one can expect to have clean dishes if she attempts dishwashing in the proverbial teaspoon of water. Hot water, and plenty of it, is needed.

If the water is hard, some kind of water-softener is necessary. Borax is one of the milder softeners and is less injurious to the worker's hands than are some others. In the case of very hard water, resort is usually made to some such softener as washing-soda. No more should be used than is needed to "break" the water so that the soap lathers freely.

Probably every woman who bakes her own bread uses the flour-sacks for dish-towels. Other women have been glad to find they can purchase flour-sacks from certain bakeries. If these sacks are ripped open, thoroughly wet, liberally sprinkled with a washing-powder and then rolled up for several hours, the printing usually washes out without any trouble. If, however, the printing proves to be particularly obstinate to remove, a little kerosene may be used.

Sometimes napkins or parts of worn-out table-cloths find their way into the kitchen for this purpose. And, of course, numerous grades of linen and cotton toweling can be bought new in the stores. However, the housewife will find that she needs fewer dish-towels of any variety if she uses a dish-drainer.

Gradually we are learning to say dish "cloth" instead of "rag," as it is a cloth that we are coming to use. The open-mesh dish-cloths now on the market are very desirable. They can easily be kept in a sanitary condition and they have body enough to do good work.

Then, too, there are good string dish-mops. And the copper-wire dish-mops and mits have become well-nigh indispensable now that we have formed the habit of using them. Particularly is this latter true in washing pots and pans.

Dish-pans may be bought in round and oval shapes and of various materials, such as tin, aluminum and enamel.

Now, the dish-drainer, that important labor-saving device, should be strong enough to stand hard usage and should be constructed so as to require but a minimum of effort to stack the dishes in it; also it should hold the dishes in such a position that they can be thoroughly scalded and dried.

Some women like to set their dish-drainers in a second dish-pan. In this case, of course, the drainer must be of a shape that will correspond to the shape of the dish-pan.

Other women who have no drain-boards on their sinks prefer to buy a style of oblong drainer with a fitted pan underneath which can be attached to the sink. This pan is open at the end toward the sink so that the water can drain into the sink.

If we happen to possess a hand-spray dish-washer, we need only scrape our dishes, stack them in a strong drainer of good capacity and wash them right in the drainer with this hand-spray. This equipment consists of rubber tubing on one end of which is a slip-over mouth and chain for easy and sure attachment to the ordinary water-faucet. On the other end there is an aluminum nozzle fitted with a soap-cup which can be left in when soapy water is needed and easily removed when clear water is needed for rinsing. Back of this nozzle is a place that can be grasped easily in the hand while the dishes are being sprayed. To be effective this spray requires from five to ten quarts of water a minute; therefore a plentiful supply of hot water is necessary. When this method is followed, the dishes should be washed as soon as the meal is finished in order to prevent waste of time in soaking and washing off dried particles of food.

Then, while we are considering dish-washing equipment, we must of course remember the big power dish-washers. There are now a number of different varieties on the market. Even the home without electricity or water power may have one, for there is a special type that operates by hand, much in the fashion of a washing-machine.

Power dish-washers are built of good capacity and usually require from one and one-half to two gallons of hot water when in operation. Dishes to be washed in these machines should be as carefully scraped as they would be were they to be washed by hand. If one has a large enough supply of dishes, one can scrape and stack them in the dish-washer after each meal and do the actual washing only once a day.

Washing-powder should be used in the water instead of soap, for soap makes the suds so bubbly that the force with which the water strikes the dishes is badly cut down.

After the dishes have been washed for about ten minutes, the water should be drained off and more hot water then added for rinsing. The machine is operated for only a minute or so this time; then the water is quickly drained off and the machine allowed to stand open so the dishes may dry as in an ordinary drainer. Glasses and silver are dried separately with a towel.

The advantages in this method of washing dishes are that very hot water may be used, since one's hands are not in it; that a considerable number of dishes may be washed at one time; that energy is saved, for the work is done by electricity instead of by human energy; and that time, also, is saved, for while the dish-washer is at work the housewife can be cleaning the pots and pans.

A good dish-washer is not hard to keep clean; nor does it cost much to operate, as the motor requires only a little current. Certain places must be oiled frequently, as in any machine. Just which places these are the housewife will do well to inquire when she is purchasing the washer. And another thing: she should make sure that the motor she is buying is correct for the type of electric current on which she will use it.

Sometimes, if the housewife is definitely located and has a certain place in her kitchen where the dish-washer really fits, she has it connected direct to the plumbing. However, some dish-washers come on smooth-running wheels so that they may be easily wheeled from place to place. They have a way all their own for disposing of the water.

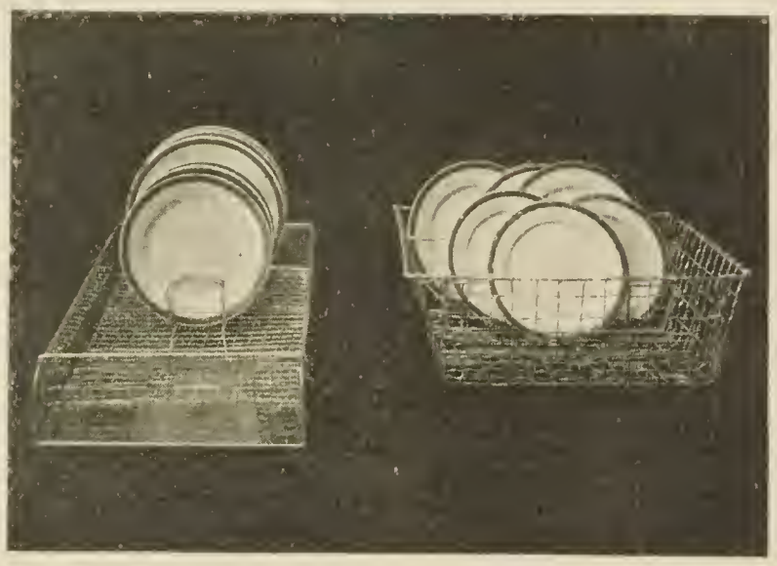
A staunch ally in the dishwashing task is a wheel table or service-wagon equipped with four swivel wheels so that it may be easily turned in any direction.



Electric dish-washers make dishwashing a once-a-day job, thus saving the housewife's time and energy



This hand-spray does the washing with soapy or clear water as needed. You simply stack the dishes in a strong drainer and wash them with the hand-spray



Dish-drainers will do your drying for you. The one at the left has a drain-pan underneath



These are the essentials of a dishwashing outfit. The small devices are inexpensive but very helpful

HOW THEY DO IT IN DIXIE

Recipes that have made money for a Southern woman

By Medora Field Perkerson

"EVERY time I see a rusty, battered, discarded cook-stove I feel like taking it into my arms," says Mrs. S. R. Dull, of Atlanta, Georgia.

For, you see, it was with a cook-stove that Mrs. Dull worked out her salvation twenty-six years ago, when the ambulance stopped outside and they brought her husband into the house, to be an invalid for seven years. There were six small children, and at that precise moment fourteen dollars represented the family fortune.

As a young girl in a plantation home in Pulaski County, Georgia, Mrs. Dull found an irresistible fascination in her grandmother's kitchen, where black Ann reigned supreme. Mammy Ann didn't know that there were such things as vitamins or calories, but she knew how to make appetizing dishes, as you'll agree after trying buttermilk biscuit that melt like snowflakes in your mouth when baked as she taught this ardent pupil; or fried chicken, à la Georgia, crisp and golden brown without, yet juicy within; or waffles, evolved without grease or smoke; or "cracklin' bread, chile"; or — but the list is endless, for Mammy Ann was a genius and her cooking had the flavor that, more than all the poetry about the charm and glamour of that dear, departed day, preserves the essence, the spirit of the old South. In short, the sort of Southern cooking that you hear so much about, yet almost never find. And Mammy Ann, who could not set down her wizardry for the delectation of future generations, thus passed it on by word of mouth and first-hand instruction.

"I took all of the fourteen dollars that I dared," Mrs. Dull confesses, "and bought flour and eggs. Everybody was crazy about white cake then, so I baked some, also some 'nondescripts,' and showed them to the ladies of my church society. They offered to help me get orders. Then one of them gave a large reception, inviting seventy-five guests, and asked me to do the catering. I wasn't very good at making mayonnaise then, and with every stroke of the beating I prayed — yes, literally prayed — that it wouldn't curdle — and it didn't."

This was the beginning of a career of cake-baking and catering that yielded amazing returns, a career that has broadened out into so many other fields that Mrs. Dull herself hardly knows how it all came about, and here are some of the recipes that have helped Mrs. Dull to fame and fortune:

ANGEL PARFAIT

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
1 quart cream, whipped stiff
Whites of 4 eggs
Flavor with fruit or vanilla

Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread. Pour over the beaten whites and continue the beating until cold. Add whipped cream and flavoring, turn into a covered mold and freeze about four hours.

If fruit or nuts are added, crush and sweeten and add when ready to pack in ice.

KISS PUDDING

1 quart milk
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
4 tablespoons corn-starch
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 glass jelly
1⅛ teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar for extra meringue

Heat milk to just below boiling-point. Combine the sugar and corn-starch and add to the hot milk. Cook in double boiler until the mixture thickens. Add the beaten egg-yolks, the jelly and salt, mix thoroughly and turn into a greased baking-dish. Cover with meringue made from the half-cup of sugar and the egg-whites beaten until stiff. Bake in a slow oven (250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) for about twenty-five minutes.

WHITE CAKE

3 cups sifted flour
1½ cups sugar
¾ cup butter
⅔ cup cold water
6 egg-whites
4 teaspoons baking-powder

Cream the butter, add sugar and continue to cream until light and fluffy. Add the egg-whites unbeaten. Mix well, add water and flour in two portions and beat until smooth and free of lumps. Sift in the baking-powder, stir quickly and pour into three layers. Bake on the top rack of the oven for fifteen to twenty minutes in a quick oven. (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit.) Use any desired filling.

CHOCOLATE FILLING

3 cups sugar
1½ cups water
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 squares chocolate
Yolks of 6 eggs

Melt the chocolate. Boil the sugar and water until it spins a thread and pour it slowly over the beaten eggs. Add the melted chocolate and the vanilla. Beat constantly until creamy, then spread between the layers and on top of the cake. This quantity is sufficient for three layers.

FRIED CHICKEN À LA GEORGIA

Cut into pieces for frying a good-sized chicken, about two pounds. Salt and pepper and see that the pieces are damp enough to take a good coating of flour, rolling each piece in the dry flour. Drop the pieces into hot oil or pure lard an inch deep, using a heavy iron or aluminum frying-pan. Cover, reduce the heat and cook ten minutes. Turn the pieces, cover again and cook until a nice brown. Do the last cooking with the pan uncovered, so that the chicken will be crisp.

For cream gravy, remove the chicken and pour off all the grease except two tablespoons, leaving the brown particles in the pan. Add two tablespoons of butter and four of flour. Blend together and brown. Add two cups of sweet milk and cook until smooth and creamy. Serve with dry rice or hot buttermilk biscuit.



Disks of paste, cut out with a saucer as guide and then slashed into fingers and dropped into hot fat, come out "nondescripts"

BUTTERMILK BISCUIT

1 quart flour
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups sour buttermilk
1 teaspoon soda
6 to 8 tablespoons lard

Sift flour, after adding salt and soda. Mix the lard into the sifted flour with tip of fingers or chop with spoon. Have buttermilk cold and mix into a dough of moderate stiffness. Knead lightly and quickly, roll out, cut one-half-inch thick and bake in hot oven ten minutes, or until done.

Use just enough flour to handle and do not knead too much. Different flours call for different quantities of liquid, so be a little careful the first time. One teaspoon of soda is correct for one pint of thick acid buttermilk or clabber.

CHICKEN PIE

Cut one or two chickens of medium size as for frying. Place in saucepan and cover with boiling water. Cook until nearly done. Salt while cooking.

Make a rich pastry and line the baking-pan with strips around the sides. Put in a layer of chicken, dust with flour and pepper, then arrange bits of butter over the chicken. Cover with pieces of pastry cut about as large as the pieces of chicken. Repeat until all is used, leaving a layer of chicken on top. Pour over this the water in which the chicken was cooked, adding enough milk or cream to cover all. Over this put a cover of pastry, with a long cut across it. Stick a fork through the top so that it is full of small holes. Bake until the pastry is brown and crisp and serve in the baking-pan.

Serve with apple jelly.

BARBECUED LAMB

Scrub the outside of a forequarter of lamb, removing all skin and fat. Cut it into several pieces so that it can be handled readily. Put the pieces into boiling water and simmer until tender. Salt when nearly done.

When cooked, place the meat in a baking-pan or the bottom of a roaster. Sprinkle well with flour and toss over the meat several cups of the water in which it was boiled. Season with dry or prepared mustard, plenty of Worcestershire sauce, tomato catchup, onion and about one-half cup of good apple vinegar. Brown under the blaze if a gas-stove is used, or in a hot oven with other stoves. Turn and brown all sides of the meat, basting often with the sauce, adding more of the water if necessary.

Remove some of the grease from the water that was used for boiling the lamb and add to this peeled diced carrots, chopped onions and green peppers; boil tender. When nearly done, add white potatoes.

When the meat is removed from the pan, season the sauce and add a bit of thickening.

Place the lamb in the center of the platter and pile the vegetables around, pouring sauce over all.

This is for home preparation and consumption and is, of course, not the same method as used when meat is barbecued over pits in the ground. It has the flavor, though, and is delicious as well as inexpensive.

DIXIE WAFFLES (GREASELESS AND SMOKELESS)

2 cups flour (pastry)
1 cup buttermilk
½ cup cold water
3 tablespoons cooking-oil
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 egg

Beat the egg lightly, add the milk, oil, sugar, salt and flour; beat smooth and free of lumps and add the water to this batter. Have waffle-irons heating over a slow fire and just after adding the water to the batter grease the irons once only. Sift the baking-powder into the batter, dissolve the soda in a teaspoon of water, add it to the batter, mix well and then do not stir any more. Pour the batter into a pitcher or quart cup and from this into the center of the waffle-iron until half-full. Spread quickly, close and turn the iron. Cook two minutes, turn and cook one minute. Take out the waffle and put in fresh batter.

Waffles should not cook over a very hot fire, as this is partly what causes them to stick. The irons should heat gently fifteen or twenty minutes before beginning to bake. The batter should always be thin and put into the molds sparingly. This quantity will make about ten waffles.

SALLY LUNN

1 pint milk
2 tablespoons butter
½ cake yeast
2 tablespoons sugar
2 eggs
Flour sufficient to make a good thick batter (about 3 or 4 cups)

Scald the milk and while hot add the butter, sugar and salt. Let stand until tepid. Dissolve the yeast in one-fourth cup of cold water. Beat the eggs together until light, add the milk and yeast, then the flour and beat for several minutes so as to have all thoroughly mixed. Set aside and allow the batter to rise, then beat down with a heavy spoon. Let rise again and repeat the beating down. The beating takes the place of kneading and is done three or four times. The vessel should be kept at an even heat, sixty-eight or seventy degrees Fahrenheit. When ready to bake, pour the batter into a greased pan and allow it to rise until it doubles in size. This will require about one hour. Bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) from forty-five minutes to one hour, according to the depth of the loaf. It should be well cooked with a thick crust.

Muffin-molds may be used for individual Sally Lunns, which require about thirty minutes to bake.

ONE-HOUR ROLLS

1 quart flour
4 tablespoons shortening
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup milk and water or enough to take up the quart of flour
3 yeast-cakes dissolved in ⅓ cup of water

Scald the half-cup of milk and add the half-cup of water. To the sifted flour, add salt and sugar and mix in the shortening as for any dough, then mix with the yeast and liquid until you have a good, firm dough. Knead smooth and until "springy," about five minutes. Put in a warm place and in fifteen minutes it will be ready to punch or mash down. Ten minutes afterward it will be ready to make into rolls. Knead just enough to handle and knock out gas, shape into rolls and let double in size. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty to thirty minutes.

The rolls should rise in ten to fifteen minutes. The quickness of this method depends on the temperature in which the dough is kept, which should be about eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, in a warm oven or over a pan of warm water. Quickness in handling, so that the dough will not become too cold, is important. This would, of course, mean only delay and not affect the quality of the rolls. Use sufficient flour to handle. This will make about three dozen rolls.

APPLE FLOAT

1 quart apple sauce, sweetened to taste and very cold
Whites of 3 eggs
6 tablespoons sugar
Nutmeg

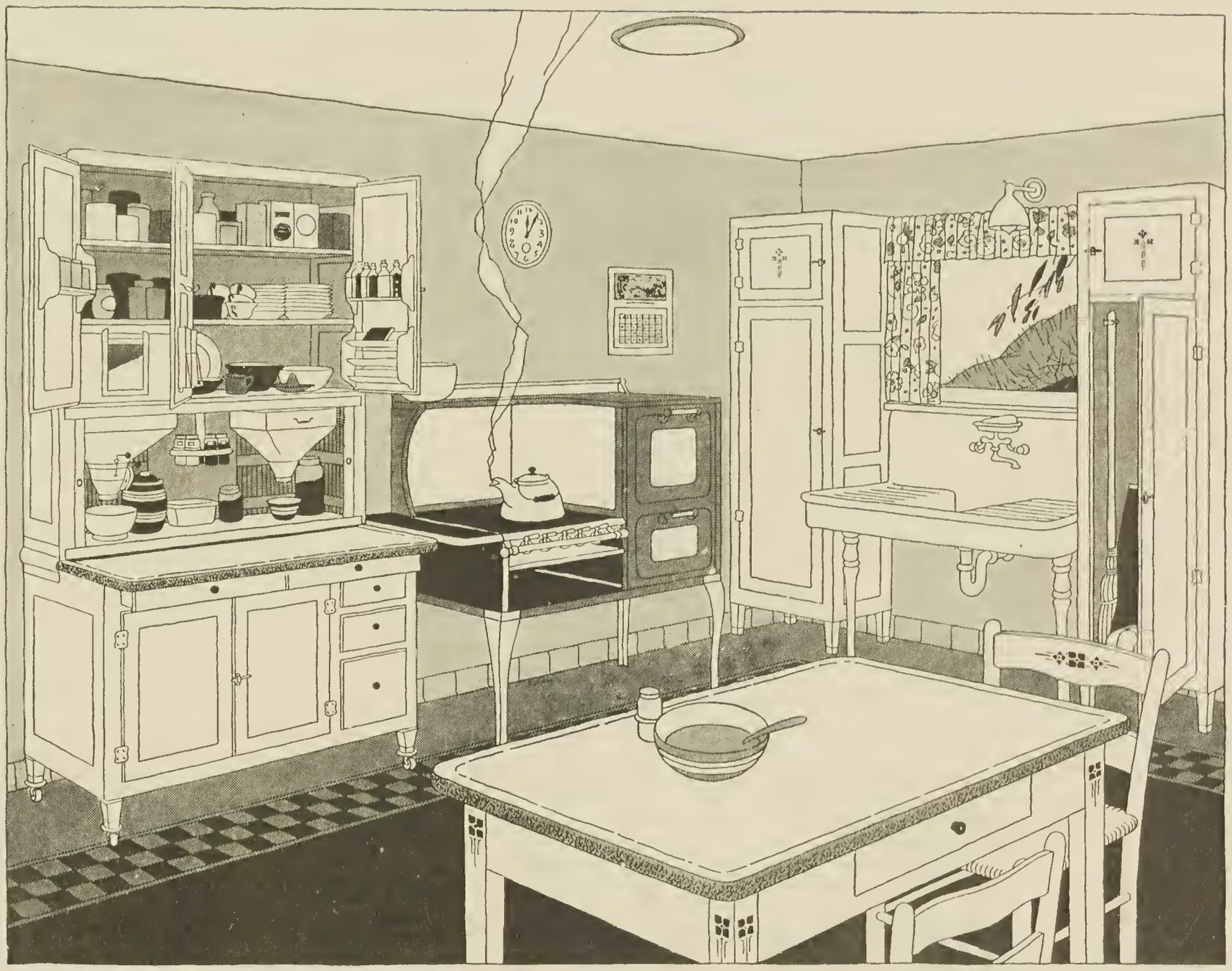
The apple sauce should be free from lumps. Beat egg-whites stiff as for meringue, add sugar slowly and beat until stiff, then beat into apple sauce. Serve with sweet cream, grating the nutmeg over top.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS OR EGG BREAD

1 egg, or more if desired
2 teaspoons baking-powder
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups buttermilk
2 tablespoons melted grease
1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water
2½ cups corn-meal, or enough to make a good batter

Beat the egg until light, add the milk and all the other ingredients except the baking-powder and soda. Beat smooth. Grease pans or muffin-tins and put them in the oven

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HOW TO EQUIP THE MODERN KITCHEN

—making it well ordered and attractive at little cost

By Lois M. Wyse, Director Hoosier Test Kitchens

No longer do women believe that running water and a gas range make a *modern* kitchen. They know that even with these conveniences, it can still be a cheerless drudgery room.

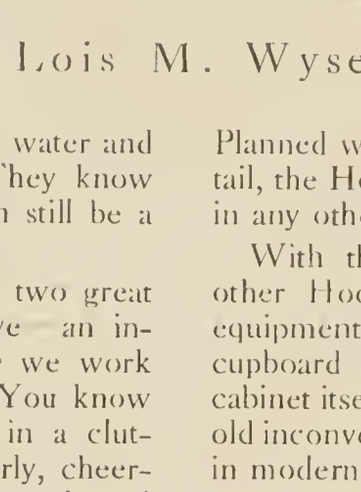
The really modern kitchen must meet two great requirements. First, it must be attractive—an inviting, restful place to work. For *where* we work has so much to do with *how* we work! You know that dismal depression that engulfs you in a cluttered, unsightly kitchen. But in an orderly, cheerful room—how much more happily we work and therefore more easily!

Second, the kitchen must be convenient; *fully, completely furnished!* Of all rooms in the house, the one where you spend the most and hardest working hours, should be *planned* to the last detail. You need adequate equipment to route your work and save much fruitless effort and countless steps.

Now for the new-day kitchen —with Hoosier Kitchen Equipment!

And now you can have such a kitchen—fresh, inviting and efficient—with surprising ease and economy. In the test kitchens of the Hoosier Manufacturing Company at Newcastle, Indiana, domestic science experts have designed equipment that really furnishes your kitchen as completely and attractively as any other room in the house.

The first need to be filled is what no modern kitchen can be without—a working center! To serve this important purpose the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is designed.



HOOSIER DOUBLE CABINET UNIT—*Provides extra storage space which every kitchen needs for utensils, dishes and food supplies. Very convenient for a bathroom cupboard. Also furnished as a single unit*

Planned with scientific regard in every exclusive detail, the Hoosier provides a completeness not possible in any other working center that may be devised.

With the Hoosier Cabinet as the central unit, other Hoosier units are designed to complete the equipment. Every kitchen, of course, needs ample cupboard space in addition to that afforded in the cabinet itself. This added space, once supplied by the old inconvenient butler's pantry, Hoosier now provides in modern movable units, single or double size.

These units may be used in connection with the cabinet on either side or placed in other suitable spaces in the room. With any arrangement you have a complete kitchen suite, matching in finish and design—as uniform as if made to your own special order.

Another attractive Hoosier convenience is the Breakfast set of table and chairs. Daintily finished in white enamel and decorated in bright colors, the table has a fine porceliron top and the chairs have cane seats.

To modernize old kitchens; to make the new complete

Perhaps you are worrying along with an old unsightly, inconvenient kitchen. You have refurnished the other rooms—now it is the kitchen's turn! Here Hoosier equipment ideally answers your needs, with no fuss or expense of remodeling. It is simply "out with the old; in with the new"—handsome and efficient!

If you are planning a new house, of course you want your kitchen in keeping with your other rooms. You can make it so, more completely, more easily and inexpensively with Hoosier Kitchen Equipment than with any of your own devising and building. Ask your architect to figure on the Hoosier size and style for your kitchen.



HOOSIER SINGLE CABINET UNIT—*Fitted to hold brooms, mops, vacuum, brushes and a score of little cleaning day necessities. May also be had in a double unit with the cupboard unit*

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We have just published a new book on modern kitchens giving many plans and ideas which you can apply to your own kitchen. This book is free to every woman who is interested in making a better home for her family. We hope you will send for it and also visit the Hoosier store in your town to see the complete Hoosier equipment. Fill out the coupon and we will mail the booklet at once.

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Try These Recipes

FIG PUDDING

2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon allspice, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1½ cups chopped figs, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted fat.

Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and spices. Add figs, molasses, milk, melted fat, stirring constantly. When mixed, pour into a greased mold, cover and steam at least two hours. Serve hot with hard or liquid sauce flavored with lemon.

PEACH TAPIOCA

2 cups Stewed Dried Peaches.

½ cup granulated tapioca, 4 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks.

Cut peaches in quarters. Cook tapioca in milk until clear; beat in egg yolks, add sugar, salt and drained peaches. Pour into a wet mold or individual molds, set in a cool place until firm, turn out and serve with the syrup from the peaches, sweetened to taste. Flavors or spices may be added. An especially good dish for the children.

Send for Free Recipe Book showing many ways of using these famous fruits in your menus.



Keep Your System Regulated



HOW THEY DO IT IN DIXIE

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to heat. While this is being done, sift in the baking-powder, dissolve the soda in the water, mix it into the batter and beat well. Fill the pans three-fourths full, bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen or twenty minutes until brown. If desired, the batter may be put into a flat greased pan and cooked the same length of time. Cut into squares and serve hot.

Have all pans hot enough to hiss and the batter will not stick.

Corn bread or muffins split open and toasted are delicious.

GEORGIA PONE

2 cups corn-meal
1 teaspoon salt
Water sufficient to make into moist dough.

Make into small pones and bake in a hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit).

TURNIP GREENS, SOUTHERN STYLE

Pick tender, fresh leaves and wash thoroughly. Boil a piece of white bacon for half an hour in enough water to cover the greens. Add the greens, bring to the boiling-point and continue to boil slowly for one or two hours. The water should be reduced to just about one teacup. Take up the greens, drain and chop them, and serve with corn muffins or breadsticks. If the leaves are not young and tender, they should be parboiled for half an hour, drained and then boiled with the meat. This takes out the bitter taste.

RICE CROQUETTES

2 cups cold boiled rice
1 cup white sauce
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup cracker-crums
Salt and pepper to taste
1 egg
1 tablespoon cold water

Mix all together and roll into balls, covering with crums. Mix egg and water together, roll the croquettes in this and then in crums again. Fry in deep fat. This will make one dozen croquettes.

The rice, milk and butter may be cooked together if there is no left-over rice, using one-half cup of rice, two cups of milk, one tablespoon of butter, and salt and pepper to taste.

For variety, when shaping, put a teaspoon of green peas in the center, roll the rice into a ball, cover with egg and crums and fry.

CORN-MEAL SOUFFLÉ

1 pint sweet milk
¾ cup corn-meal
3 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter

Heat the milk in a double boiler. Pour the meal in slowly and let it cook until thick. Take it from the fire, add the salt and butter and let cool. Separate the eggs and beat the whites stiff. By this time the mixture will be cool enough to add the yolks. Then pour the mixture over the whites and fold in. Pour into a buttered baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for twenty-five minutes, or until well done.

TRIFLE

Stale sponge-cake or lady's-fingers
1 pint cold boiled custard
1 cup white grape-juice
1 cup blanched almonds
1 cup cream whipped stiff
1 small bottle maraschino cherries or crystallized cherries

Chop half the almonds. Slice the cake and put a layer in the bottom of a glass dish. Pour over cake half of the grape-juice, a sprinkling of the chopped nuts and half of the custard. Place the other layer of cake on top and treat in the same manner, topping the whole with whipped cream. Dot the cream with the almonds and cherries. The bowl should be full to look well. This is served at table by the hostess.

Orange-juice may be used instead of grape-juice.

GRATED SWEET-POTATO PUDDING

4 cups grated sweet potato
1 cup cane-sirup
½ cup sugar
1 cup sweet milk
½ cup butter
1 cup raisins
½ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon each allspice and cinnamon
3 eggs
½ cup chopped nutmeats

Melt the butter in a heavy iron skillet. Mix all the ingredients together, adding the beaten eggs last. Pour the mixture into the hot pan with the butter, stirring until heated, then place the skillet in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) to bake. When crusted around the edge and top, turn under and let another crust form. Do this twice, allowing the last to remain on the top and edges. The time required for cooking is about forty minutes. Serve with sweet cream, flavored to taste.

TOMATO MAYONNAISE

1 cup grated tomatoes
1 cup mayonnaise
Salt and pepper

Select very red tomatoes, peel and grate, beginning at the blossom end. Mix with the mayonnaise, which will produce a custard-like mixture. Freeze as you would ice-cream. Serve over hearts of lettuce. Season well with red pepper and salt.

CRACKLIN' BREAD

2 cups meal
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cracklings
Sufficient hot water to make into a dough stiff enough to shape into small loaves

Cracklings of leaf fat are best. Break into small pieces and then mix with the meal after the salt has been added. Mix this with hot water. Shape into small loaves and bake in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) for about forty-five minutes. Serve with sweet milk.

ANGEL-FOOD CAKE

Whites of twelve eggs
1⅓ cups sugar
1 cup flour, sifted before measuring
1½ teaspoons cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat the egg-whites until foamy, sift in the cream of tartar and salt and beat until stiff but not dry. Fold in the sugar, then the flour sifted, add the vanilla and put the batter into a bright ungreased pan. Bake for forty-five minutes, the first thirty very slowly (250 to 300 degrees Fahrenheit), then in a quick or hot oven (400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for fifteen minutes. Invert the pan until perfectly cold, placing a screen or some small blocks to keep the pan from the table. Run a knife around the edge to loosen the sides, invert the pan again, knock it hard on the table and the cake will drop out.

ANGEL-FOOD ROLLS

(To be served when sweet peas are used for decoration)

Bake an angel-cake as above, using a pan eight inches square. When the cake is done, cut it in half, which will give two bricks four inches square. Remove all the brown. Cut the cake in slices one-quarter inch thick by four inches square. Ice the squares with a soft icing, having some pink, some green, blue, lavender or other pastel tints. Then roll two opposite corners together, leaving the other two corners flat, and pile the rolls.

If iced with white and rolled as a cornucopia, with a bit of crystallized pineapple in the open end and a bit of angelica at the closed end, you have a perfect calla lilly.

NONDESCRIPTS

Yolks of 4 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
Enough flour to make stiff dough

Roll dough on a well-floured board until thin as paper, using flour to prevent the dough from sticking. When this is finished, cut in circles. Fold each circle in half, then fold the half to make a quarter circle. Slash half toward the center, leaving an inch in the center uncut. Lift up by the center and shake once or twice to loosen the "fingers," then drop into fat, which should be hot enough to cook but not hot enough to brown. Shake the pan constantly so that the fingers will curl. Remove from the fat and sprinkle at once with confectioners' or powdered sugar. Have the fat deep enough to float the "nondescripts," and to allow the fingers to curl.



The Tudor Sedan

Not even a chilly all-day rain need upset the plans of the woman who has a Ford closed car at her disposal. Knowing it to be reliable and comfortable in all weathers, she goes out whenever inclination suggests or duty dictates.

The car is so easy to drive that it constantly suggests thoughtful services to her friends. She can call for them without effort and share pleasantly their companionship.

All remark upon the graceful outward appearance of her car, its convenient and attractive interior, and its cosy comfort. And she prides herself upon having obtained so desirable a car for so low a price.

TUDOR SEDAN, $590 FORDOR SEDAN, $685 COUPE, $525 (All prices f. o. b. Detroit)

Ford

CLOSED CARS



SUN-MAID RAISIN-APPLE PIE—*¾ cup water, ½ cup sugar, 4 apples, 1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins, ½ cup walnut meats, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon butter. Cut apples in eighths and cook with water and sugar until transparent; then drain. Add raisins, walnuts, lemon and butter. Bake with strips of pastry across the top*



RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use

From a rare recipe, a new pie – inimitable!

UNTIL now, only certain hotels and restaurants, famous for their cuisines, have served it. Among home cooks, none but a fortunate few have known the recipe.

But now any woman can make it according to directions given above.

Any woman can now delight her family with a wonderful, wholly *new* goodness—never before tasted in a pie.

Magic from the sunny vineyards

In this new pie—so full yet delicate in flavor, so rich without a hint of heaviness—one meets again that rare, transforming goodness of Sun-Maid Raisins.

Here is the stored-up sunshine and the full, fine flavor of the choicest table grapes—

Grapes changed by the warm and mellow California sunshine into Sun-Maid Raisins—large and plump and flavory.

So easy, this way, to make foods tempting

Here, indeed, is magic from the sunny vineyards—magic fruitiness and flavor that makes desserts more tempting, that gives so many of the old, familiar foods *new* goodness.

To the foods of every day—like good wheat bread, oatmeal and other cereals, rice and bread puddings—you can give a new appeal to your family's appetite, and the variety they crave—simply by adding raisins!



DELICIOUS rolls are made with Sun-Maid Raisins, by bakers everywhere. And Wednesday brings a special baking

Use lots of raisins—you can do it inexpensively, for they are cheap this year. Use them, not only for their goodness, but for their healthfulness and nourishment. Sun-Maids are rich in elements the body needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

Send for free recipe book

Don't fail to try the recipe, given above, for Sun-Maid Raisin-apple Pie! And for the easiest and surest way of preparing many other tempting dishes, new and old, send for the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Simply fill in the coupon and mail.

* * *

NOTE: Sun-Maid Raisins are grown by some 16,000 individual growers with vineyards averaging only 20 acres each. Twelve years of effort in producing only the best, most perfect raisins under the Sun-Maid name has resulted in their supplying 85 per cent of all the raisins now used in this country.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-203, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters

THE HOT-SANDWICH MEAL

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

WHETHER the idea of hot savory sandwiches substantial enough for a whole meal in themselves originated in the tea-rooms and migrated to the home kitchen or vice versa doesn't matter. The hot sandwich is a popular solution of the luncheon or supper problem whether one dines at home or abroad. It may even find a place of usefulness at the breakfast table or offer a variation from the usual form of dessert.

It is not so long ago that the well-known club sandwich was practically the only hot sandwich on the tea-room menu; and if one ever tried a sandwich meal at home, it was almost sure to consist of that time-tried combination of chicken, bacon, tomato, toast and mayonnaise. This was probably because the club sandwich had hit upon the right combination for the satisfactory meal of this type: a bit of meat, a fresh vegetable and crisp toast.

As soon as the ingenuity of woman caught the idea that here was a way of serving a meal and eliminating the extra service of bread, butter and separate meat and vegetable dishes, a whole flock of hot sandwiches came to the front of that unwritten cook-book which lies in the mind of every good cook. More are still coming and will continue to come, for the sandwich meal has come to stay.



The interior furnishings of this hot sandwich are tomato, minced bacon, cream cheese and mayonnaise. Its framework is hot buttered baking-powder biscuit

Already there are types and classes of these sandwiches. There are those in which the framework of the sandwich is toast, others in which it is sautéd slices of bread, French-fried toast or fresh slices of bread baked with the sandwich-filling, and still others in which hot baking-powder biscuit or crisp toasted crackers are used.

Then besides the regulation kind—a filling between two slices of breadstuff—there is the open-face kind, which really isn't a sandwich at all, because the top slice is left off and a garnish of cut parsley, pickle, olive or grated cheese is used instead of the covering slice.

And, lastly, there is a third and novel type of sandwich, in which the outer structure is of meat. This is cut in thin slices, dipped in fritter batter and fried in fat, and then placed about a filling of vegetables.

Many of the regulation meat sandwiches are already combined with vegetables. With others a crisp, succulent salad of cabbage, apple, celery or beets is served to complete the meal. While with still others a glass of milk, a cup of hot beverage or a serving of hot vegetable makes a well-balanced combination. There are even hot vegetable sandwiches for those wishing a strictly vegetarian diet; and for those liking sweets a fruit dessert sandwich may be the real mainstay of the meal.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that in some form of the hot sandwich the housewife has an ideal way of renewing the usefulness of those ever-present kitchen standbys—the left-overs.

Only a few specific recipes for sandwiches can be given here; but from these suggestions each person may work out her own ideas for this new chapter in cooking.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOT SANDWICHES

Chipped beef frizzled in butter and served between slices of buttered toast with horseradish sauce and tomato catchup.

Different kinds of cold meat chopped and mixed together, moistened with mayonnaise dressing and horseradish sauce, and served with crisp whole-wheat toast.

Left-over corned beef, tabasco sauce and minced onion heated in butter and served on buttered bread with French dressing and cucumbers.

Fried or creamed oysters with toast.

Baked beans and Worcestershire sauce on slices of hot brown bread.

Creamed fish and peas on slices of whole-wheat toast, with minced olives and celery garnish.

American or Cheddar cheese between slices of bread, sautéd in butter and served with currant jelly.

CHATTY SANDWICHES

1 cup chopped tongue
1 egg
1 teaspoon onion-juice
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons mayonnaise dressing

Mix the tongue with the onion-juice and the mayonnaise and spread it on thin slices of unbuttered bread. Press the slices together and cut in two diagonally. Beat the egg, add the milk and dip the sandwiches in this mixture. Brown them in a small amount of butter, first on one side and then on the other. Garnish with parsley and serve at once on a hot platter.

For an entire meal, serve with buttered string-beans and a salad of head lettuce with French dressing.

COUNTRY-CLUB SANDWICH

Butter slices of bread. On each slice lay thin cuts of cooked sausage. Cover with a well-seasoned tomato sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese. Lay a strip of bacon on each sandwich and bake in a hot oven until the bacon is crisp. This sandwich may be served with a potato or mixed vegetable salad.

TURKISH SANDWICH

1 cup cooked chicken cut in small pieces
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup stock
¼ cup cream
1 tablespoon flour
Salt
1 teaspoon onion-juice
¼ cup English-walnut meats
Paprika
Thin slices of toasted bread

Make a sauce of the stock, cream and butter. Add the other ingredients and heat thoroughly. Place on slices of toast. Brush with melted butter and garnish with thin rings cut from stuffed olives.

TENDERLOIN SANDWICH

Cut pork tenderloin in medium-thin slices. Roll the slices in flour seasoned with salt and pepper and dip in beaten egg to which three tablespoons of milk have been added. Roll

Concluded on page 56

Who is the Average American?

YOU may have heard the remark, that coffee is good for the "average American."

But—*Who* is the "average American?"

Of 5,835,000 young men—the flower of American manhood—examined for service in the world war, only 3,680,000 were found fit for duty. This would indicate that nearly half the adult male population of the United States is physically lacking.

It is a well known fact that health depends, among other things, on what we eat and drink—also, that coffee is a contributing factor in such conditions as nervousness, headache, sleeplessness and stomach trouble. So, whether you consider yourself "average" or "above average," isn't it quite possible that coffee is not good for you?

Why not find out? Drink Postum for thirty days.

Postum is a pure cereal beverage—delicious, satisfying and wholesome. The chances are, once you've made it your mealtime drink, like thousands of others, you'll stay on the Road to Wellville, with Postum.

"There's a Reason"



Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boilingwater. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The cost of Postum is about one-half cent a cup.



Bake hot biscuits for supper SUNDAY

. . . in 10 minutes!

Enjoy your guests' delight, your husband's pride when you serve a big plateful of delicious hot biscuits for supper next Sunday! Delicious hot biscuits are very easily prepared—they need not be the bothersome thing so many women think. Just follow this easy way of making them.

TAKE a few minutes Saturday morning to mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the ice-box or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready by the time the table is set!

Make your biscuits any way your family likes best—you can depend on Royal Baking Powder to give you beautifully raised, delicious biscuits every time!

Because two leavening agents are combined in Royal your biscuits begin to rise as soon as the dough is mixed. Then a second rising takes place when the biscuits are put into the oven. This double-acting quality makes it possible for you to bake Royal biscuits immediately or to keep the biscuit dough ready mixed for several days.

See the delighted faces when you serve a plateful of piping hot biscuits for supper next Sunday! Send for the new Royal booklet on biscuit-making—free. The Royal Baking Powder Co., 124 East 41st Street, New York City.

Biscuit recipe

All measurements level. 2 cups flour; 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; 2 tablespoons shortening; ½ teaspoon salt; ¾ cup milk or half milk and half water. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add liquid slowly to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured board to about one inch in thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on greased pan and bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

Contains no alum *Leaves no bitter taste*

THE HOT-SANDWICH MEAL

Concluded from page 55

them in fine bread or cracker crums and fry until the slices are a golden-brown color. Place on toasted slices of bread. Make a plain brown sauce from the fat in the pan where the tenderloin was cooked. Pour the sauce around the sandwiches and serve with a border of French-fried potatoes.

SWEETBREAD SANDWICH

1 cup parboiled sweetbreads cut in dice
1 cup French peas
1½ cups white sauce
1 egg
1 cup milk
Thin slices of bread

Parboil, drain and dice the sweetbreads. Drain the peas. Add the sweetbreads and the peas to the well-seasoned white sauce. Dip the slices of bread in the beaten egg and milk. Sauté quickly to a rich brown on both sides in a small amount of fat. Lay the slices on a hot platter and cover with the creamed mixture.

This sandwich makes a good luncheon or supper combination when it is served with a salad made from thinly sliced crisp cabbage and minced green peppers mixed with Russian dressing.

HAM SWEET SANDWICH

For each sandwich allow two medium-thin slices of cold boiled ham. Lay the ham in French dressing for a few minutes. Drain and dip in a plain fritter batter. Fry in deep fat and drain on soft paper. Place one of the slices of ham on a hot plate, add lettuce and cover with another slice of the fried ham. Pour orange-raisin sauce over the sandwich and serve at once.

ORANGE-RAISIN SAUCE

1 cup boiling water
Juice and grated rind of one orange
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon butter
⅓ cup seeded raisins

Mix the dry ingredients, add boiling water and cook until clear. Add the raisins and butter.

HOT-BISCUIT SANDWICH

Make plain baking-powder biscuits. Bake until the crust is crisp on both top and bottom. Break—do not cut—the biscuits apart, and butter the halves. On one side place a thick slice of tomato, spread a layer of mayonnaise dressing and then one of minced bacon. Cover with the other half of the biscuit, press lightly together and serve at once.

APPLE-DESSERT SANDWICH

Wash and core medium-size tart apples and without paring cut in slices about one-fourth inch in thickness. Heat bacon fat or butter in a frying-pan. Add a layer of apple rings and sprinkle with sugar. Add a little salt and cook the apple rings with the pan covered until they are brown on both sides. Place the apple rings on hot slices of thin buttered whole-wheat toast, adding an apple ring on the top of each sandwich. Sprinkle lightly with chopped nuts and serve with maple sauce.

MAPLE SAUCE

1 cup maple sirup
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup cold water

Heat the sirup. Mix the flour with the cold water and add it to the sirup. Cook until clear, then add the butter and vanilla.

PEACH-CRACKER SANDWICH

Dip Boston or other thick round crackers in boiling water. Split in halves and brush each half with melted butter. Bake until brown and crisp. Place a spoon of sliced preserved peaches on each half and pour loganberry sauce over all.

LOGANBERRY SAUCE

1 cup loganberry-juice
½ cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
⅔ cup sugar
Grated rind and juice of ½ lemon

Mix the dry ingredients, add boiling water and cook until clear. Add the other ingredients, heat thoroughly and serve.

SAVORY SANDWICH

Spread slices of whole-wheat or Graham bread with butter. Over these place slices of crisply cooked bacon. Sprinkle generously with chopped pickle and horseradish. Serve with sliced tomatoes.

SARDINE-AND-TOAST SANDWICHES

1 cup sardines
Lettuce
Onion-juice
Mayonnaise
Lemon-juice
Graham bread

Sardines that have been prepared in oil are to be preferred for these sandwiches. Drain the sardines, tear them in pieces, add a few drops of lemon-juice, onion-juice and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Toast medium-thin slices of Graham bread and spread with butter creamed with a few drops of lemon-juice. Cover with lettuce and add the sardines and another slice of toast. Serve with a garnish of lemon.

HAM-AND-CHEESE SANDWICH

Butter slices of toasted bread. Cover with a thin slice of boiled ham, spread with mustard and cover with a layer of thinly sliced or grated cheese. Place the slices in the oven until the cheese is melted. Garnish with minced parsley and serve at once.

PEANUT-CHILLI SANDWICHES

Mix peanut butter with chilli sauce to form a paste. Spread slices of hot brown bread or toasted Graham bread with butter, add the mixture and put the slices together with crisp lettuce leaves between. Garnish with slices of dill pickles.

MAPLE SWEET SANDWICHES

There is nothing simpler and easier to prepare than this form of dessert. It consists simply of cutting slices of fresh bread about an inch thick into smaller pieces about two by three inches, trimming off the crusts and covering generously with either fresh shaved or stirred maple sugar. All that is then needed is to pour over thin cream and the dessert is ready to serve. Slices of slightly stale sponge-cake may be used instead of bread if desired, but the bread is really better, as it offsets the sweetness of the sugar just enough to give the right balance of flavor.

DEVILED TOMATOES ON TOAST

6 tomatoes
1 cup bread-crums
4 slices bacon
Salt
Pepper
1 cup ground boiled ham
1 tablespoon French mustard
6 slices bread

Cut slice from stem end of tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and bits of bacon. Bake until the tomatoes are tender. Serve on slices of hot buttered toast spread with the ground ham mixed with the mustard.

BREAKFAST SANDWICHES

The breakfast sandwich has long existed, but it has only recently been recognized by this term. After all, what is a poached egg on toast but an open-face sandwich of a sort? The familiar bacon may come to the breakfast table in the same service with the rolls if the rolls are split, toasted and buttered and the broiled tender bacon placed between them. Bacon is especially delicious when served between crisply toasted slices of corn bread that have been well buttered.

Creamed oysters on toast, scrambled eggs on buttered toast spread with anchovy paste, creamed codfish between two slices of buttered toast are all in the breakfast category of sandwiches. A variation of French toast that takes it out of the sweet and puts it in the meat class is made by spreading buttered slices of bread with deviled ham, putting the slices together in twos, dipping them in a mixture of egg and milk in the proportion of two eggs to one cup of milk and then sautéing the slices in butter until they are nicely brown on both sides.

Even those breakfast standbys of the old days—pancakes—have their own possibilities. The old-fashioned country sausage may be cut in rounds of pancake size, fried a delicate brown and served between hot, savory pancakes. Another pancake sandwich is made by placing thinly sliced apples on top of the pancake batter as it is poured on the griddle, covering with another layer of the batter and frying in the usual manner. This addition of a bit of fruit is a healthful addition to the pancake mixture.



My, but they're good!

It's wonderful how much better baked potatoes taste if you pour in a tablespoonful of Carnation Milk, undiluted, then season with salt and paprika. Try next time and see. For sauces, gravies, creaming vegetables and making salad dressings there's nothing better than Carnation Milk. Just pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness and sterilized, it gives a savor to foods that sends plates back for more. Wouldn't you like a Carnation Cook Book? It has more than 100 tested recipes you will approve. Yours for the asking.

Better Cows—Better Milk—The Holstein-Friesian is the greatest milk producer of all cows. On the renowned Carnation Milk Farms are the most famous Blue Ribbon Holsteins in the world, including Segis Pietertje Prospect, the world's champion cow. This high milk-producing strain is constantly being introduced into dairy herds which supply Carnation at the source.

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You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk



Six timely suggestions

Perhaps the outstanding problem of the majority of housewives is to keep the meals from becoming monotonous. And my problem is to help them keep the various members of their families in wondering interest as to "what mother will serve next." The six following recipes, for example, are not in the least revolutionary — yet they are different and distinctive enough to turn an otherwise ordinary meal into an unusual and delightful repast. Vegetable soup for instance, made from meat stock, is a wholesome though ordinary dish. But *Cream* of Vegetable Soup, made with Carnation Milk as suggested here, is decidedly an *extraordinary* delight. And the same is true of these other recipes too:

Cream of Vegetable Soup

⅓ cup carrot, ⅓ cup turnip, ⅓ cup celery, 1 cup potatoes, slice onion, 2 tbsp. flour, 2 tbsp. butter, 1½ tsp. salt, 3 cups water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 tsp. parsley. Wash and pare vegetables; put through food chopper or cut in small cubes, cook in 2 cupfuls water, seasoned with 2 tsp. salt, until tender. When done beat with fork to break vegetables and add to sauce made by melting butter, adding the flour, then milk, diluted with water, and cook 5 minutes. Add seasonings and parsley. This recipe serves six people.

Creamed Chipped Beef

¼ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. butter, ⅓ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 2 tbsp. flour, ¼ tsp. pepper, ¼ lb. chipped beef. Melt butter, add flour, stirring constantly until thoroughly blended. Add the liquid, salt and pepper. Let boil until thickened, stirring occasionally. Add beef and continue cooking until beef is heated through. Turn onto a hot platter and garnish with toast points. This recipe will serve four people.

Fish Croquettes

2 cups cold cooked fish, 1 cup Thick White Sauce, salt, pepper. Pull fish apart in small pieces, using a fork. Season with salt and pepper and add to Thick White Sauce, then put on plate to cool. Shape, roll in crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg and again in bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Drain and garnish with parsley. This recipe serves six people.

No Egg Mayonnaise Dressing

½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, ½ cup oil, ⅛ tsp. paprika, 1 tbsp. lemon juice or vinegar. Put salt and paprika in a bowl, add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly, add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. Makes ⅔ cup salad dressing.

Creamed Salmon

2 cups salmon, 2 cups Thin White Sauce. Flake the fish, add to hot Thin White Sauce and serve on toast. This recipe serves six people.

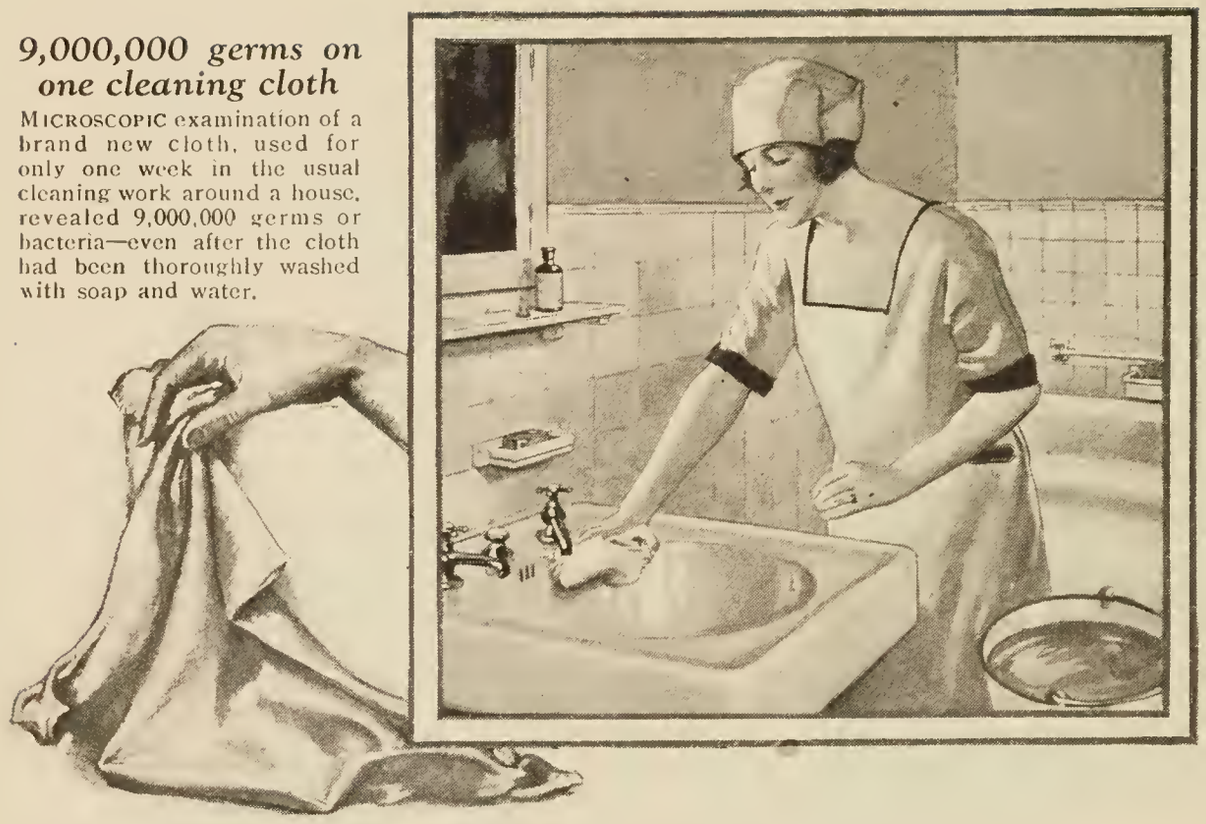
White Sauce

2 tbsp. flour, 2 tbsp. butter, ½ tsp. salt, ⅔ cup water, ⅓ cup Carnation Milk. Melt butter or butter substitute, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed. Add the milk and cook about five minutes or until the mixture thickens, and add seasonings. This recipe makes one cup of Thin Sauce. To make a **Thick White Sauce**, double the quantity of flour and add another ½ tbsp. butter.

Mary Blake
Domestic Science Dept.
Carnation Milk Products Company

9,000,000 germs on one cleaning cloth

MICROSCOPIC examination of a brand new cloth, used for only one week in the usual cleaning work around a house, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria—even after the cloth had been thoroughly washed with soap and water.



Germ-free cleanliness
in every part of your home

IF THE cleaning cloths, the brooms or the brushes which you use around *your* home were placed under the microscope, you would be startled at the army of germs that would be revealed.

These countless germs are a perpetual threat to the health of your family. In normal health the system can resist their attacks but whenever the vitality becomes lowered, illness quickly results.

Positive sanitary safeguards demand *germ-free cleanliness in every part of your home.* Soap and water cannot destroy germs. Only in one way can they be destroyed—by the use of an effective disinfectant.

Put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water *every time and everywhere you clean.* Dip your cloth or brush or broom into this solution. Then you will be keeping your home not only clean, but safe and healthful throughout.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear, transparent solution, every drop of which is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" is the disinfectant used by hospitals—endorsed by physicians—sold by all drug stores. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

"Lysol" is also the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene. Write for booklet which gives complete information and directions for the many household and personal uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant.



Use "Lysol" in all your cleaning water

Washing: floors, woodwork, staircases, clothes closets, linen closets, laundry hampers, all dark, out-of-the-way corners.

Wiping with damp cloth: carpets, rugs, bath mats, door mats.

Disinfecting: bed frames and springs, mattresses, finger marked door knobs.

Cleansing: wash basins, sinks and drains, underneath the plumbing, the refrigerator waste pipe.

Hygienically cleansing: the bathroom, the sickroom.

Renovating: cellar, garret, storeroom.

Sterilizing: combs, hair brushes, clothes brushes, nail brushes.

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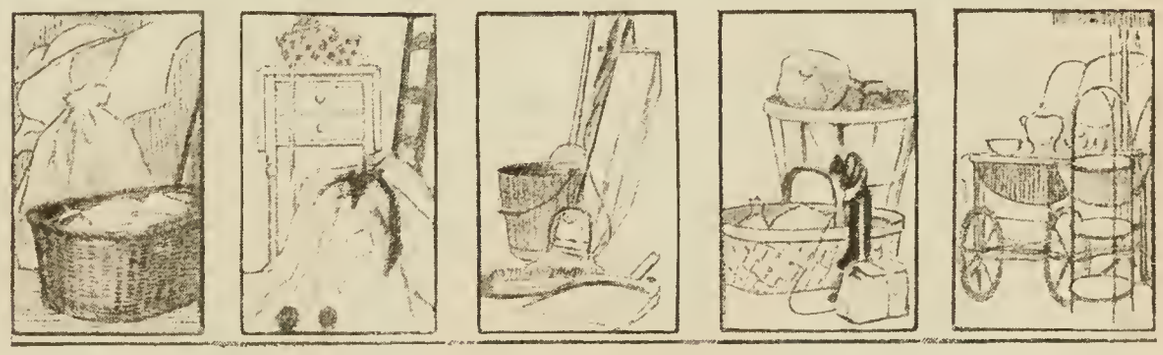
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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Disinfectant

For household and personal use

SAVE A DOLLAR

The thrifty use of good things makes a better home

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received is now withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

SAVE ENERGY AT MEALTIME

My best labor-saving device is my tea-cart. At breakfast it stands at the head of the table, and as the fruit and cereal are used the dishes are passed to the tea-wagon. After breakfast it is loaded with dishes and silver for dinner and rolled into a corner of the breakfast-room. When the table is set from it at noon, it is rolled back into the kitchen and the entire meal is placed on it, including the dessert, unless it is a frozen one. The cart then takes its stand by my chair and from it I can serve the meal in a very few minutes. In Summer the salad and sandwiches for supper are served from the tea-cart, and in Winter it does service in front of the fireplace for many informal suppers.—MRS. O. A. P. OAKLEY, Rogers, Ark.

SAVE TIME IN COOKING

When cooking squash or pumpkin, wash the vegetable, remove a piece from one end and scoop out the seeds and pulp. Then put half a cup of water in an ordinary tube cake-tin and place the pumpkin or squash in it to bake, with the cavity of the vegetable over the tube. This method of cooking squash and pumpkin conveys heat and steam through the vegetable, thereby cooking it quickly. The skin can then be peeled off.—MRS. C. VAN WIE, Woodland, Mich.

SAVE LIGHT

The darkness of closets that have no windows is greatly relieved by painting the walls and woodwork white.—MRS. M. C. O'CONNELL, Boone, Iowa.

SAVE LOSS OF PATTERNS

To keep patterns together, we have provided a large box. In this box, besides the patterns, we keep a red marking-pencil. When a new pattern is added, we mark each piece with very large numbers corresponding to the number of the pattern. If a piece is mislaid, it is easily found and replaced in the right envelope.—DOROTHY CRAIG, Antigo, Wis.

SAVE TIME BY PLANNING

The greatest help in my housework is a schedule, which I typewrite for my children and helper when school starts, showing just what each person has to do. There are eight members in my family, and since I am employed outside the home during school hours I have to engage a helper five hours a day. The children and I do what she has not time to do. Everything runs like clockwork, and I know just who to hold responsible for a task that is not done properly. The children know that after the work is done the time left is for play.—MRS. BERTHA E. JONES, Kewanee, Ill.

SAVE TIME IN RELINING

When relining a coat, cut down the seam in the middle of the back and remove one half of the lining, but do not disturb the other half. Then cut along the seams of the half of the lining that has been removed and use the pieces as a pattern. When ready to sew in the new lining, consult the lining left in the coat if you are uncertain. If there are several pieces of nearly the same size and shape, you may prevent confusion by pinning them over the respective parts of the old lining which is still in the coat and in that way determine where they belong.—FLORENCE DOUBET, Clearfield, Iowa.

SAVE YOUR RUGS

My dining-room rug has been saved from many spots by placing a large square of dark oilcloth under the baby's high-chair. I hemmed the ends of this cloth and through each hem ran a stick so that the oilcloth could be rolled easily and put away when not in use.—MRS. J. O. EUDY, Eupora, Miss.

SAVE RAVELING OF BUTTONHOLES

In cutting buttonholes in heavy material I use a safety-razor blade. I mark the place to be cut, then place the material over an old magazine, and cut right down to the paper. The result is a clean, sharp-edged, perfectly straight buttonhole. And I find it does not ravel as easily as when cut with scissors.—MRS. A. L. LONG, Springfield, Ill.

SAVE FOR PATCHING

When making children's dresses, I sew a good-sized piece of the material in a seam of the dress. In case of a tear I then have a patch which has been washed as many times as the dress.—MRS. F. W. MILTON, Birmingham, Ala.

SAVE TIME ON BUTTONHOLES

Buttonholes on a baby's dress may be cut off in a strip when the dress is worn out and sewed under a tuck in little girls' blouses. The buttonholes in little boys' trousers are made in bands of durable material and can be ripped out and sewed into other garments when the trousers are discarded. Also the buttonholes in men's shirts may be ripped off and sewed under a tuck in children's aprons.—MRS. FRANCESCA POSEY SHIRAS, Mountain Home, Ark.

SAVE HEALTH

I am a farmwoman but do not belong to the overworked class, even though I have always done my own housework and have reared seven children. I attribute my good health to the fact that for years it has been my custom to take a warm bath in the afternoon, lie down for one hour, close my eyes and forget all about the duties that wait for me, relaxing completely in mind and body. Another practise I indulge in is keeping roses growing just outside my kitchen window where I can look at them while washing my dishes.—MRS. D. H. RUST, Pelican, La.

SAVE ON LAUNDERING

Attractive luncheon-sets for the family may be made of checked oilcloth and the edge finished by cutting out every other check. These doilies have saved much washing and ironing.—MRS. A. M. HAZEN, Bide-a-Wee, Mount Vernon, N. H.

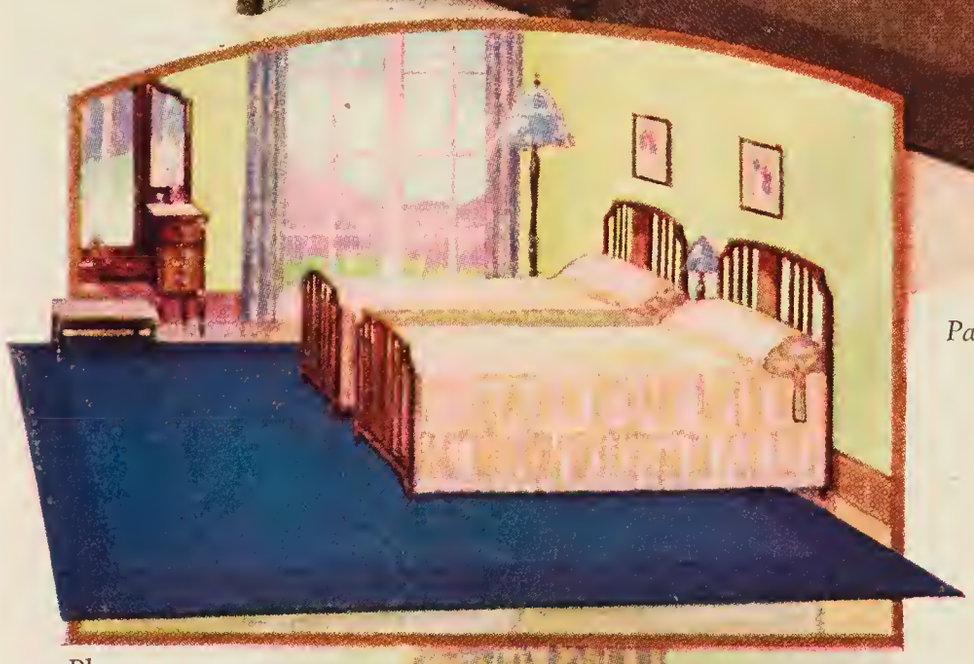
The New OLSON RUGS

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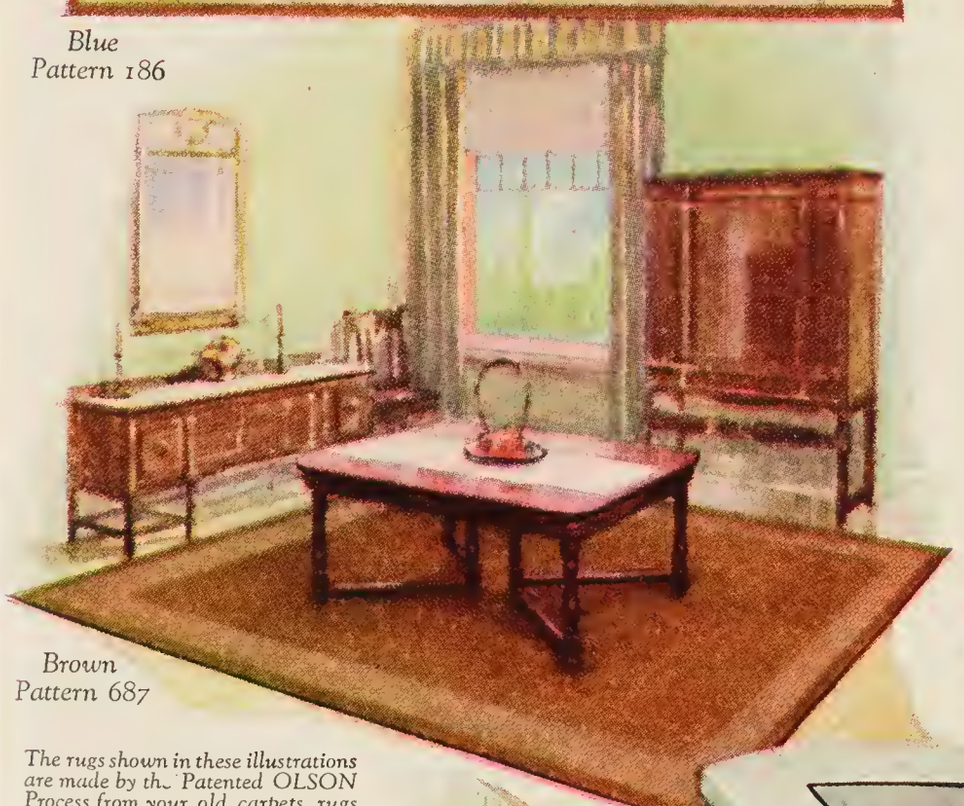


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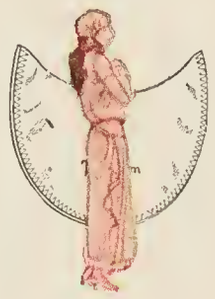
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Every gown in her trousseau is protected by the suitable Kleinert's Dress Shields



THERE is no time when you so appreciate the cleverness of Kleinert's designers as when you choose Dress Shields for a trousseau, a wardrobe for a trip abroad, or a supply of frocks for going-away-to-school. Here are costumes for every occasion, from the morning gallop to the evening's theatre party or dance—and Kleinert's have planned dress shields suitable for every one of them!

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CRESCENT

If your gown has *wide* armholes or for any other reason is hard to equip with shields, ask for Kleinert's slip-over *Guimpe*. This is made of fine net—either black or white—with shields stitched in just the right position. To launder, just whisk it up and down a few times in warm water and white soap. For sleeveless gowns and décolleté, Kleinert's have designed camisoles equipped with body shields, and with or without shoulder straps.



GUIMPE



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Kleinert's slip-over *Brassierette* has also achieved instant popularity. The dainty net bands—front and back—shirred over elastic, cling smoothly to the figure and hold the shields in place with the aid of shoulder straps and narrow elastics over the arm. For the woman who prefers a garment fastening in front, we make the *Shirlastic Garment Shield*.

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WHY NOT SALT-RISING BREAD?

By Grace G. Babbitt

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

SOME people don't like salt-rising bread because their mothers never liked it, though they admit that they, personally, have never tasted it. Other people have heard of the unappetizing odor of the sponge during the process of rising and are sure they would not like it. (It is to be remembered, nevertheless, that 'tis said, "The worse the smell the better the bread!") And there are still other people who have eaten poor salt-rising bread—sour, heavy, tough—and with these people I thoroughly sympathize.

But good salt-rising bread—delectable, tender, light, with its inimitable flavor mingled with the sweetness of the wheat—really, there is nothing like it. It changes ordinary bread and milk into food for the gods and makes an invalid diet of milk-toast or egg-on-toast a matter to be prolonged indefinitely.

As a young girl I learned to make this bread, and was proud of my accomplishment. My loaves were regularly awarded first prizes at our county fair, where they competed with those of housewives who had been making salt-rising bread for years.

Continually I have been asked, "How do you make it?" "Isn't it hard to make?"

The answer is not to be told in one word. Salt-rising bread is tricky. I have had sad failures to which I can attribute no cause. On the other hand, it ordinarily seems simple. However, conditions must be right. The materials must be of the best, the utensils must be perfectly clean and the bread must not be chilled at any stage.

The first step is in "setting the rising." The quickest action is to be had with unsifted Graham flour. The recipe for the rising flour or leaven is:

⅔ cup hot water
1/16 teaspoon soda, or a "pinch"
1/5 teaspoon salt
Thicken with Graham flour

Use a large cup or small bowl, scald thoroughly and pour into it the hot water (not scalding). Into this put the salt and the soda and stir thick with Graham flour. This mixture, stirred at night preferably, must be kept warm about twelve hours, or until fermented and light.

This can be done in various ways. A fireless cooker is simplest. Place the dish of rising into another dish containing hot water (not scalding), and the cooker will hold the heat satisfactorily. Or if you prefer, the dish of rising can be placed in water in the top of a double boiler, with hotter water in the lower section of the boiler, and then be kept warm on the back of a coal-range or on a steam-radiator.

When the rising is light, the bread should be set at once or the rising will lose its power.

Here is a recipe for three loaves.

1 pint of whole fresh milk
Flour for thick batter
1 pint of cold water
½ teaspoon salt
1/16 teaspoon soda

Scald the milk and pour it into a large sterilized mixing-bowl. Add the water, sift in the bread flour to a thick batter, add the salt, soda and rising. Beat thoroughly, cover and put in a warm place to rise. The warming-oven of a coal-range is good for this purpose; or if you are using a gas-stove, it can be kept in the oven with very low heat; or it can be placed on a radiator or register. Care must be taken to keep an even heat and not scald the sponge around the edges. If conditions are right, within two hours' time the mixture will be light and twice its original bulk. Then stir down again, add one-half teaspoon of salt and one-sixteenth teaspoon of soda, with just enough flour to make it possible to handle and divide into loaves. The dough should be very soft, the very softest one would attempt to handle on a kneading-board. The tins must be well greased with butter. Keep the loaves at the same warm temperature until they are light.

One must bear in mind that because of the soft dough the loaves will not round up like yeast bread; the top will be almost flat. Care must be taken not to jar the loaves before baking, for in that case the bread may fall.

The loaves should be ready for the oven in about one and one-half hours. The oven should be hot and kept at a steady temperature during the baking, which should take about thirty to forty-five minutes, according to the size of the loaves.

Biscuits made of the same dough are very tasty. Take a portion half the size of a loaf of bread, knead into it two tablespoons of melted butter, cut in biscuit forms, dip in butter, place on tins and proceed as with the bread. The biscuits will need a longer time for rising but will bake faster.

FOODS FOR A MARCH APPETITE

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THIS month sees the end of grapefruit. No matter! Canned grapefruit sections are now to be had that will very well take the place of the fresh fruit in fruit-cups and salads. For these dishes the canned preparation may be welcome even in the grapefruit season, for the task of removing the thin white membranes from the grapefruit sections has long been an irksome one.

Then apples will soon be done; and another breakfast delicacy, the baked apple, will pass for a time. To prevent this misfortune, baked apples may be canned in the home. Plenty of empty jars will be available at this season. The process is easy: simply bake the apples as usual, pack them in clean hot sterile jars, fill the jars with a thin hot sirup and seal. Take some care that the apples are kept as whole as possible. Rhode Island Greenings and Baldwins are good varieties for baking.

Perhaps you've had some turnips or onions in the cellar? If they have felt the coming of Spring and have put forth tender, green young sprouts, cut them off and use them in salads.

In cooking stewed prunes you probably improve them by adding a dash of lemon-juice or a slice of lemon. Just for a change, try a bit of tart apple instead of the lemon. It's merely that a sharp flavor is needed to offset the mild and natural sweetness of the prune. However, with lemon or without, with apples or rhubarb or alone, don't, with the passing of Winter and the coming of the fresh fruits, neglect prunes. They still have a mission to perform in your food life.

Are you already looking forward to the maple season, and have you planned your favorite maple desserts to serve the family? Sometime when you are just "too tired" to fuss with an elaborate dessert, try giving them a piece of fresh bread cut about an inch thick and two or three inches square, covered generously with fresh stirred or shaved maple sugar and served with thin cream. It will satisfy the family as well as yourself.

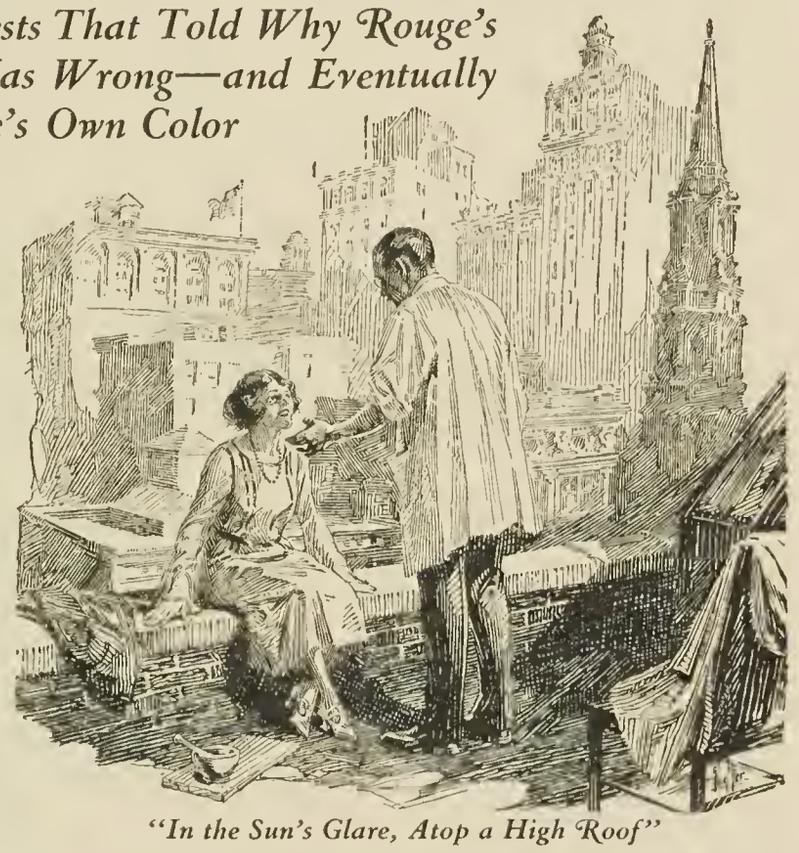
Spring lamb is one of the delicacies of this season. Why so few people really care for mint sauce with lamb is often the talk of the table. It may be because dried mint is often used instead of fresh mint, which should be available at every good butcher-shop. Two tablespoons of the fresh chopped mint, a tablespoon of sugar, two of vinegar and six of water heated (never boiled) until the sugar is dissolved make a good mint sauce.

This is a good month to put the canning equipment in shape, order new supplies and plan the Summer's canning.

As soon as the first daffodils appear have some for breakfast. A few in a low bowl as a table decoration, of course. But even though not edible, they will have a tonic effect on the well-known jaded appetite of Spring.

How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color



"In the Sun's Glare, Atop a High Roof"

MOST women now have heard of and ask for the new natural Princess Pat Tint which is fast replacing the unsatisfactory, old-fashioned purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery.

How many know that it is one of the few things that cannot be successfully imitated. A secret ingredient causes Princess Pat to *actually change* color, whereas others only approximate a "blend."

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—even one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that's a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone—and we accept it without thought of how it came to be. Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexions a divine and perfectly natural mantle of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance, two years' ceaseless experiment—over two-hundred failures and eventual success.

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths, and to the roof of a city's tall skyscraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In the sun's glare—atop a high roof. In the streets below—where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night, trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlovely purplish red.



"Beneath Trying Artificial Light"

On a patient assistant's cheeks, shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then, suddenly it happened!

The Tint That Finally Triumphed!

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory—scarcely one to be thought of in connection with rouge. But he idly applied the unknown hue—a strange orange—on his assistant's cheeks, *and instantly a startling change took place.*

The peculiar orange tint altered subtly to the true tone of the skin beneath. Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint to any complexion—under all conditions—in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight.

The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room—where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a coloring that appeared Nature's own. The same day preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create. Now this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof!

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired; a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within reach of all; an entirely new process *has rendered it absolutely water-proof!*

Even a morning in the surf will not streak it! Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening throughl Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream or use of soap.

Avoid Imitations

The success of Princess Pat Tint has called forth many so-called "orange rouges." But these lack the secret which causes Princess Pat Tint to change color when applied, and without this secret Nature cannot blend the color to exactly meet the requirements of your individual need.

On any complexion, remember, there is need for only *one shade.* There is no uncertainty of matching; for the one tint is instantaneously transformed to suit any type, blonde, medium, or brunette; and this tint may be applied as lightly or as full and deep as you choose with the same perfection of result.



Princess Pat

The New, Natural Tint : Always Ask for It by Name
PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Princess Pat Tint Ice Astringent Creams Almond Base Powder Lip Stick Princess Pat Perfume

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge.

NOTE:—Princess Pat Lip Stick gives natural color to the lips—just as Tint does to the cheeks. It exactly harmonizes with any complexion, any coloring and any light. Cannot be detected as artificial.

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HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS

A NEW VITAMIN—IN EGGS?

By Flora Rose

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THESE are times when our knowledge of foods seems to undergo some rapid changes. The scientist comes to us almost overnight with valuable new advice as to which particular foods should make up "our daily bread."

Already he has, we hope, convinced us that a quart of milk a day is necessary for each of our children if they are to grow to their healthiest, and that an equal amount is desirable for us grown-ups if we are to remain young in body as well as spirit.

He has many of us committed to a belief in the magic of vegetables. He has set up fruits in active competition with the rouge-pot to supply roses in our cheeks.

When, therefore, he comes to us with a message which at once places eggs in the milk, fruit and vegetable class, we listen seriously and receptively to what he has to say.

Once more the story is about a vitamin—though not about one of the three which popular literature has made familiar under the names vitamins A, B and C. Eggs owe their admission to the food aristocracy to the more recent discovery of what seems to be a possible fourth vitamin. It has already joined the alphabet family and is being referred to as vitamin D. It is also known as the anti-rachitic vitamin, for its part is to aid in preventing a disorder known as rickets.

For some time child-health specialists have had their attention directed toward the prevalence, particularly in babies and little children, of a poor growth condition of bones, known as rickets. In spite of an abundant supply of milk, many babies—even breast-fed babies—seem to have been affected by this disorder.

The story is a long one and not to be recounted here. But the gist of it is that, providing other things are right, rickets may be prevented and in its early stages cured by including in an otherwise correct diet those particular foods which contain the anti-rachitic vitamin. Cod-liver oil in its crude form has been the leader in this field for some time. Now it is a comfort to know that it has at least a partial competitor in a form so pleasant to take as the egg. Cod-liver oil should still be used for the baby in quantities of five to thirty-five drops in each bottle. But for young children, for the expectant mother and for the mother nursing her baby, an egg or two a day should now become a regular portion.

For grown-ups there may not be danger of rickets; but certainly all the causes of poor teeth have not yet been discovered. If it so happens that the same condition which causes rickets in growing children results in weakened tissues in the adult, it certainly will pay us to play safe with that egg a day. And there is no better time than now to begin.

A word of warning! If children are to be fed eggs for the first time, they should be given very little at the start, the amount being increased gradually to an egg a day. Furthermore, the egg should be cooked enough to change all the white from clear to opaque form, as insufficient cooking sometimes makes a child dislike eggs.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Answers to questions asked by home-makers

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

QUESTION: How can one be sure of having an attractive and appetizing salad?

Answer: 1. Select lettuce and other salad vegetables that are tender and crisp—such as endive, escarole, watercress and dandelion. If they are not crisp, they should be soaked in cold water for half an hour.

2. Clean them thoroughly in cold water and put into a covered dish until time for using.

3. Never cut lettuce until immediately before serving.

4. Never mix the salad greens with the dressing until ready to serve.

5. Always serve salad cold on cold plates.

6. Always drain salad greens thoroughly and, if necessary, wipe them dry on soft, clean cheese-cloth before adding the dressing.

7. If cooked meats or vegetables are to be used in salads, cut them in uniform pieces.

8. Marinate vegetables, meats or fish that are to be used for salads—that is, mix them lightly with a mixture of two parts of oil and one of vinegar, seasoned with salt and pepper, and let them stand for half an hour before the time of serving. This gives the salad a better flavor.

9. Use waxy potatoes instead of mealy potatoes. The waxy potato keeps its shape when cut into dice.

10. When fruit, either fresh or canned, is used for a salad, drain carefully before mixing with the dressing.

11. In mixing the salad, care should be taken not to break the greens or "mess" the other ingredients.

12. Arrange the salad to form a picture. The lettuce, which should in no case extend beyond the rim of the plate, is the background and the salad mixture the foreground of the picture.

Question: Why will soaking whole cereals for an hour or so beforehand in cold water shorten the needed time for cooking?

Answer: When whole cereals are soaked in cold water before cooking, they absorb water. This causes the starch granules to swell and tends to soften the cellulose or fiber. This in turn hastens the cooking process.

Question: What are the proportions for making an ordinary white sauce?

Answer: 1. For a thin white sauce—that is, one which is suitable for use as a basis for cream soups or as a sauce for starchy vegetables or other foods, such as macaroni or spaghetti—use the following proportions for every cup of milk used:

½ to 1½ tablespoons fat
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ to 1½ tablespoons flour

2. For a medium white sauce which may be used for creaming and scalloping more juicy vegetables, use the following for every cup of milk used:

2 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

3. For the thick white sauce that is used in making soufflés and croquettes, use the following to every cup of milk used:

3 to 6 tablespoons fat
3 to 6 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

The amount of flour to be used varies according to the dryness or juiciness of the vegetables or other ingredients in the croquettes. Less fat than flour may be used if desired; but in that case it is better to scald the milk and then add gradually and with constant stirring the flour which has been made into a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Season with salt and pepper, and last of all, beat in the butter or other fat bit by bit.

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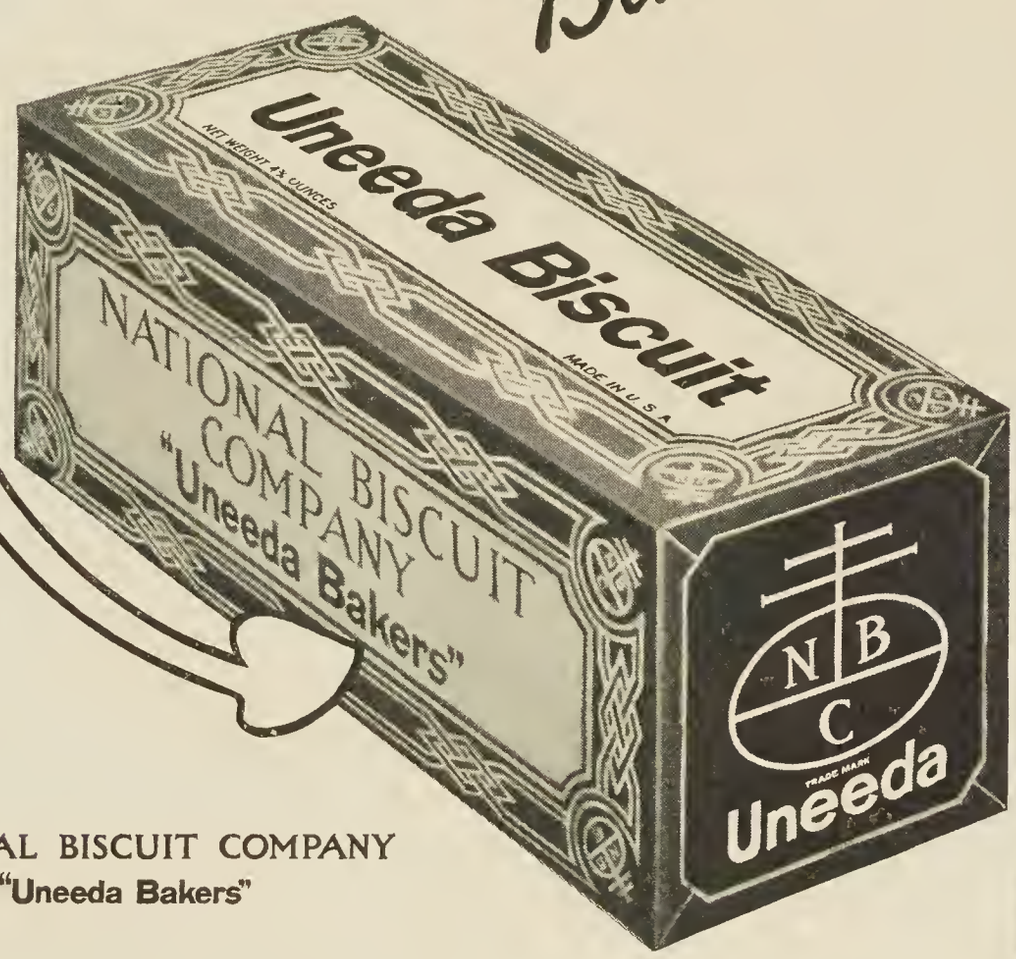
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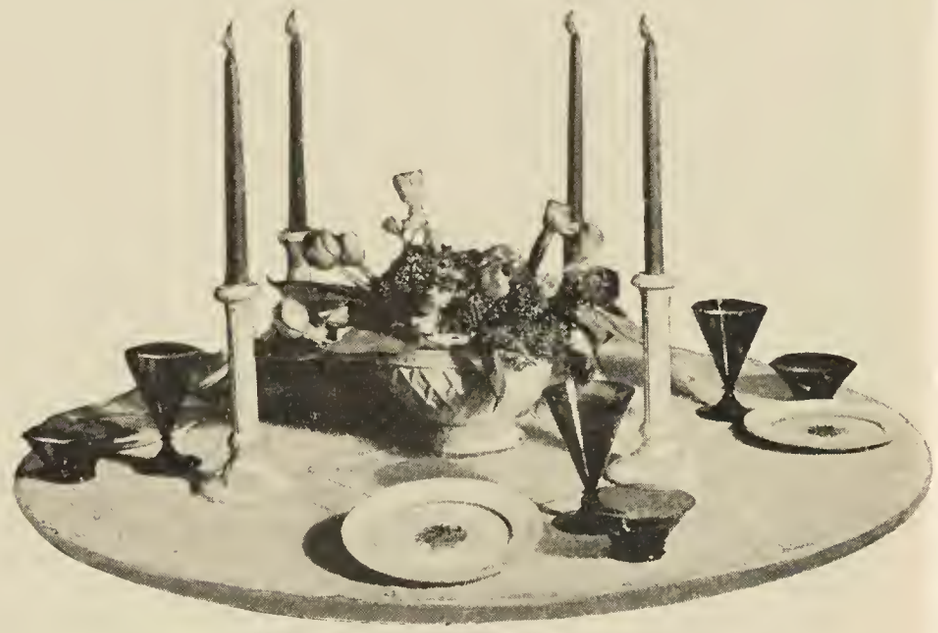
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
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SPRING—IN TABLE-SETTINGS!

Are you going to have a luncheon or dinner party, birthday, wedding or other anniversary—soon? Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration, will send you suggestions for attractive table-settings if you will write her and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope



Wedgwood China and amethyst glassware give this table an almost classic distinction. The candles may either harmonize or contrast with the glassware, while the flowers add even more color value. There's an embroidered linen cloth underneath



There's refreshing simplicity about this breakfast table. Chinese porringers and plates rest placidly on hand-drawn place-mats of delicate green, permitting the breakfasters to feast their eyes on the vivid rose, mauve and yellow tulips of the centerpiece



Ordinary yellow earthen pie-plates are here used as "best china." Grass mats for doilies and a generous assortment of Spring flowers give the table a most seasonable appearance



You'll have to picture in your mind's eye the color daintiness of this luncheon setting: place-doilies of pale-yellow linen crocheted in white, plates of white and gold china, white tumblers, and individual flower-holders with a gay Spring blossom in each

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It's a special DEL MONTE convenience every woman ought to know.

—and a very real *food-economy,* as well.

Under this one dependable brand you may buy most varieties of fruits—in large, medium or small cans. (The cans reproduced on this page are actual size.)

Each size can contains a sufficient number of pieces of fruit to make a practical, economical service. All have the same splendid flavor, for all are DEL MONTE. Only the finest tree-ripened fruits are packed under the DEL MONTE Brand—varying only in dimension to fit the container, but alike in flavor and quality—and packed in the same heavy sirup.

Insist on DEL MONTE—in the size that fits your need. Then you are sure of getting Nature's choicest fruit products with all their natural flavor and delicacy—ready to serve, simply and economically, the whole year round. Order by the dozen cans and keep your pantry stocked.

(No. 2)

No. 2½ can (large)—fancy, selected, large fruit—ample for the average family even when guests drop in.

No. 2 can (medium)—fancy, selected medium-sized fruit, same DEL MONTE quality—an economical size for most occasions.

No. 1 can (small)—fancy, selected fruit, smaller in size, but DEL MONTE quality—just the thing for small families.

(No. 2½)

(No. 1)

SEND FOR THIS BOOK "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." It contains over 500 thrifty ways to serve DEL MONTE Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Food Specialties. And it's free. Address Department 28, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Order by the dozen cans—the convenient way

Peaches
(sliced or halved)
Pears
Apricots
Pineapple
(sliced or crushed)
Plums
Cherries
Berries
Etc.

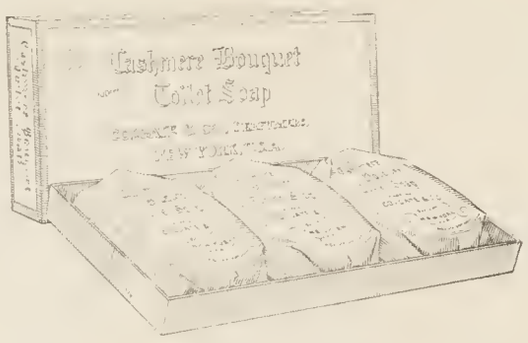
~but be sure you say DEL MONTE



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

Cashmere Bouquet Soap traces its ancestry to days when quality was the foremost thing to be considered —when a cake was used to scent one's linens or treasures, or permitted for use upon rare and very special occasions—so highly was it regarded.

Whether you choose your soap for its lasting qualities; for the absolute purity of its ingredients; or for its delicate odor that suggests the woodlands after a spring rain—your choice will rest on Cashmere Bouquet.



Colgate & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1806
New York-London-Paris

ARTISTRY IN HARDWARE

With usefulness considered, too

By Estelle H. Ries



This nationally famous Better Home boasts knocker, lock and handle of brass and picturesque wrought-iron lanterns

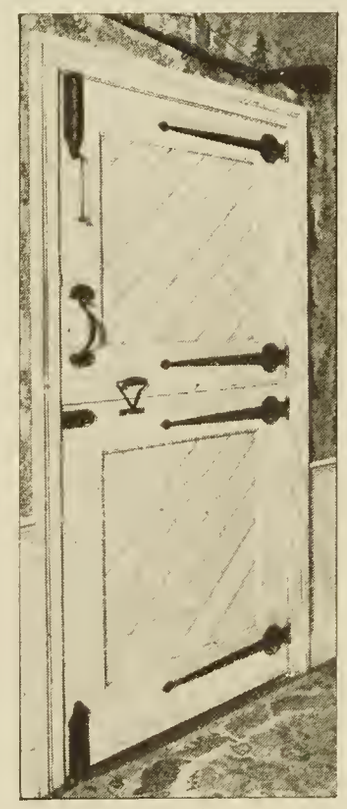
EDITOR'S NOTE—*Hardware need not be severely plain and unattractive. Besides fulfilling its destiny of usefulness, it can really contribute an appreciable amount of quaintness and charm. If you wish information concerning sturdy, appropriate and good-looking hardware, write to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.*

IN THE early Colonial era, hardware for the house consisted chiefly of iron or wood thumb-latches on doors, hinges cut out of old boot-tops, and heavy oak bars on the inside of entrance doors—simple and serviceable, like most of the necessities of those old days.

But as our sturdy forefathers became increasingly successful in meeting their bare needs, they grew to require greater refinements and more comforts than they had time to develop at the outset. This change came in hardware just as it did in the construction of better buildings and finer furniture.

An important influence in the development of hardware was the growing use of wrought iron. Many of the honored old New England dwellings still spared to us are equipped with fine types of wrought-iron hardware designed with characteristic pride of craftsmanship. Buildings of the Colonial type erected to-day are, with good effect, supplied with modern door-handles reproducing Revolutionary designs, and Colonial knockers are often employed to give the final touch of artistic completeness.

The mechanism of the home is involved in its hardware. Every time a door is opened or closed, or a window raised or lowered, the hardware comes into use. With many little things, it shares the obloquy of being considered insignificant; but inasmuch as it usually lasts as long as the house in which it is installed, it should be selected to serve its varied purposes in the best possible way.



A Colonial door fitted with early-American wrought-iron hardware

For exterior doors security is the first essential and locks must be selected with this in mind. Rear and basement doors should be as well guarded as the front entrance. In certain types of locks it is possible to have the key to the front door open all the other exterior doors, while the key to the rear or side entrance will open only the lock for which it is furnished. This enables the householder to enter at any door, while it restricts the servants to their own quarters.

Inside locks are used for privacy rather than security, and there is not, therefore, the same need for strength or resistance as in the case of exterior ones. It is usually an advantage to have all the keys alike so that if one is lost any other inside door-key may be used.

For bathroom locks, which are in constant use, a type with a thumbpiece on the inside is generally best. It can not be lost, and it works more easily and less noisily than a detachable key. All bathroom locks should have working parts of brass or bronze, inasmuch as these metals are not affected by steam or moisture.

On exterior doors the locks, butts and hinges should be of non-rusting brass or bronze. Steel and iron are undesirable because they not only rust, but squeak and groan as well. On heavy doors the butts should be strong enough to prevent sagging. Butts with ball bearings are recommended for this purpose. Indurated fiber washers between the knuckles also successfully reduce noise and wear. In some types retainers prevent the pins from working upward. On outward-swinging doors it is best to use fast-joint butts, for if loose-pin butts are used it is a simple

Concluded on page 68



The quickest and easiest way to have beautiful floors

THE most beautiful way to finish your floors has always been to wax them with Old English Wax—as interior decorators know.

Here is the wax which above all others is to be preferred. It goes farther, lasts longer. It gives the softest of lustres, the hardest of surfaces, and costs but a third of other finishes. And as time goes on, an occasional touching up on the walk-spots is all that is necessary.

Saves time
Saves work

And use it with the Old English Waxer-Polisher by all means! It has taken the work out of waxing for hundreds of thousands of users. It obviates bending or kneeling. It glides easily as a carpet-sweeper, and wherever it glides a glowing beautiful surface appears. It both waxes and polishes. There is nothing else like it on the market. It's low in cost. It's easy to use.

FREE TO YOU

You will receive a can of Old English Wax free if you buy an Old English Waxer-Polisher now. This new labor-saving device does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax, but merely polishes. Lasts a lifetime. If your dealer can't supply you, take advantage of our short-time offer. Mail the coupon below.

Matchless for lustre

But whether you use this proved Waxer-Polisher or a soft cloth, as many do, you will find Old English Wax matchless for lustre, matchless for beauty, and quite unequalled in the economies it always effects.

Sold at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing, and department stores.

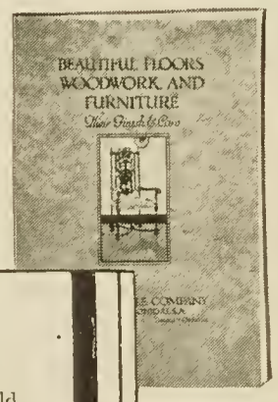
THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, OHIO. CANADIAN FACTORY: TORONTO

Old English Wax

FOR FLOORS, LINOLEUM, WOODWORK, FURNITURE, DANCING
PASTE LIQUID POWDER

Send for this Valuable Book—*Free*

It is full of home-beauty secrets and authoritative information on how to beautify and care for floors, linoleum, woodwork, furniture, etc.—all, in fact, that we have learned in twenty-eight years, condensed into easy reading. A valuable reference book. Mail the coupon.



THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 1112 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☐ **Check here for free book only**

Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."

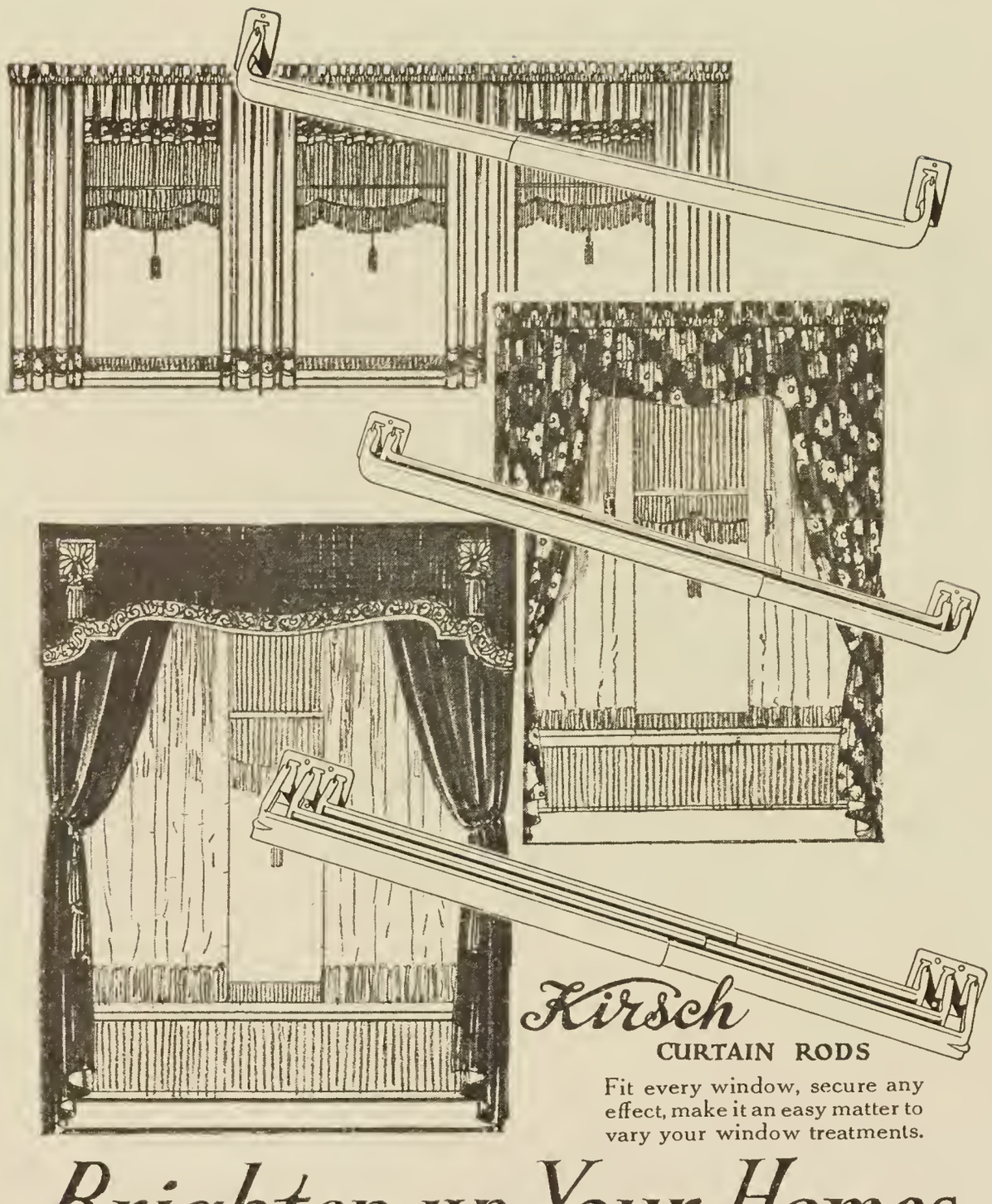
☐ **Check here for Waxer-Polisher**

Send me, all charges paid, an Old English Waxer-Polisher with a can of Wax Free at the special time-limited price of **$3.90** (Denver and West, $4.25; Canada, $4.50; Winnipeg and West, $5.00), which I enclose.

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Address .....

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Kirsch
CURTAIN RODS

Fit every window, secure any effect, make it an easy matter to vary your window treatments.

Brighten up Your Homes with New Window Draperies

Add New Charm to Every Room

Particularly at this season of the year, you find yourself longing for new things in the home. It isn't always possible to indulge in new furniture, floor coverings or wall decorations. But you can, at modest expense, have new window drapings to beautify and brighten the whole house.

Kirsch Rods provide a simple solution for every window draping problem. There's a rod or combination of rods for every draping treatment. The rods come single, double, or triple—extension style or cut-to-length—in lasting Kirsch Velvetone Brass or Velvetone White finish.

You'll be surprised how easily Kirsch Rods take care of what may seem a difficult draping treatment—for instance: an extra wide window, or series of windows, a bay window, French doors, casement windows. There's a Swinging Kirsch Rod in two sections, each part swings back for window washing or ventilation. Fine for bedrooms!

The Kirsch FLAT shape eliminates sagging, holds headings erect, insures neat hanging.

The Kirsch Bracket has no equal for simplicity, practicability and utility. Put up without defacing woodwork. The rods go on or come off brackets by just tilting. So easy; yet never come down accidentally.

Would you like assistance in planning your window draperies? Send for the Kirsch Rod and Window Draping Book or write and tell us the effect you want, or describe the window you have to drape. Our Interior Decoration Service Department will gladly help you.



free

Book of window drapings illustrated in color

Real, practical help in planning your window treatments for every room. The window draping pictures are accompanied by information as to materials, colors, rods, etc. Our 8th Annual Book. Very complete and authoritative. Mailed free.

Sold by better stores everywhere.
Look for the trade mark name "Kirsch" on the carton.

KIRSCH MFG. CO., 140 Prospect Ave., Sturgis, Mich.

Manufacturers of Kirsch Curtain Rods and everything best in window draping accessories

Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., 201 Tecumseh Street, Woodstock, Ontario

Ask for and See that You Get-
Kirsch Curtain Rods

ARTISTRY IN HARDWARE

Concluded from page 67

matter for an intruder to remove the pins and lift the door from its hinges.

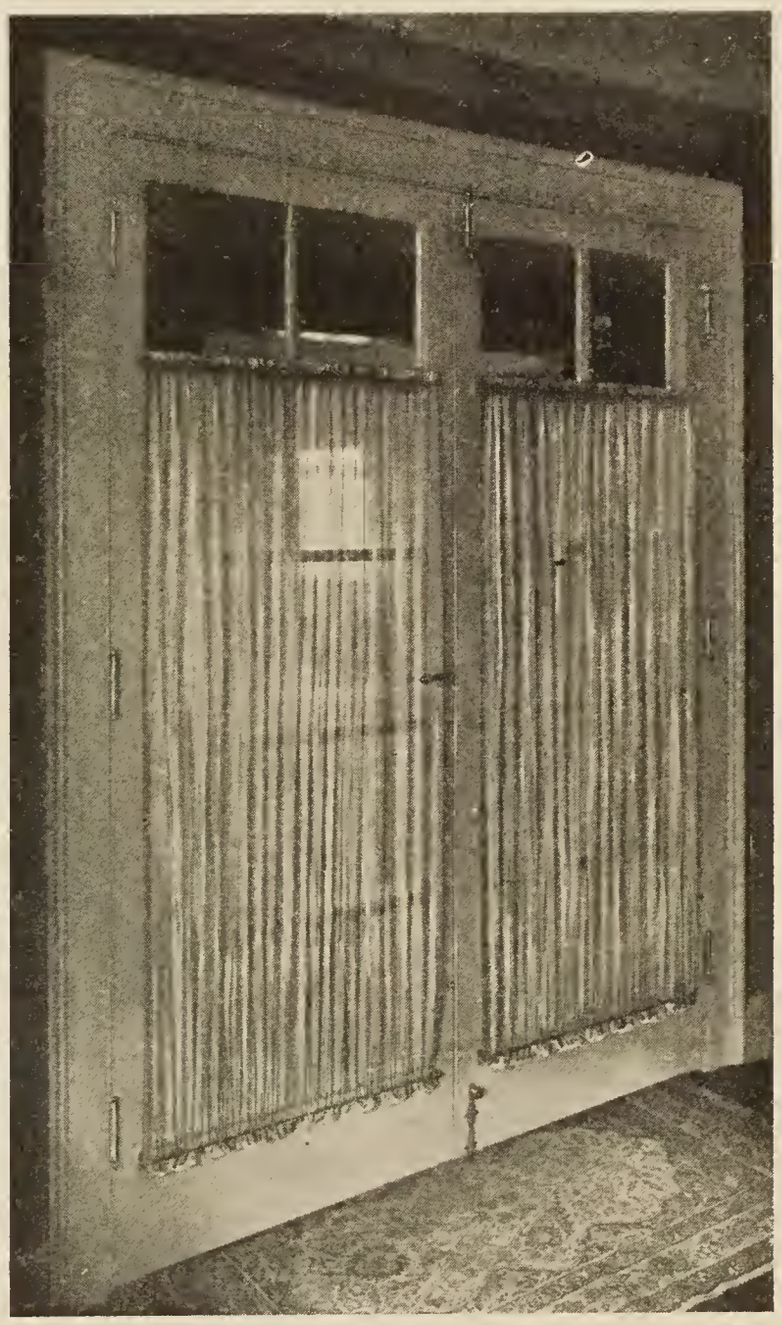
Door-checks are a useful addition to the hardware of the house. They eliminate banging and prevent double swinging doors—such as those between dining-room and pantry—from passing the center. Such doors, swinging freely without a check, are often sources of accident and injury. Other places where door-checks serve a good purpose are on screen doors to prevent banging, on the butler's-pantry door to expedite quiet service, on mirror doors of closets to prevent slamming and possible breakage, and on front and rear hall doors to eliminate drafts. Door-checks may be had in two types: one attached to the top of the door and the other sunk in the floor. Both may be bought with the adjustable feature which permits the door to be held in a desired position until released by hand or foot according to the location of the check.



The quaint H-hinges on the cupboard doors are in keeping with the old-style fireplace equipment

Drawer trimmings on built-in closets and cabinets are worth consideration. If pulls are used, they should allow enough space for the hand, particularly if the drawers are large and heavy when filled. Handles should match the other hardware in the room. Closet doors require the same equipment as other inside doors, with the possible difference that the inside may have a small knob instead of one equal in size to the outside knob of the closet. The practise of dispensing with a knob inside of closet doors has been abandoned because of the danger of accidentally imprisoning some one.

Sash-pulleys should be carefully selected and a strong kind chosen, with wheels that revolve freely and without undue wear on the bearings. A large part of the inconvenience of sticking windows, breaking cords and slipping sashes is caused by poor pulleys. If the owner can not afford pulleys with roller or ball bearings and bronze or brass wheels, he should at least have those with axles of good size running in generously proportioned bushings. Adjustable window-stops prevent rattling and exclude drafts and are therefore desirable equipment.



To hang properly and be thoroughly usable, French doors demand brass or bronze fixtures

The success of casement windows is largely determined by the hardware attachments, of which many good types are available. Fastening devices should be had that draw the sash firmly into the casing, thereby eliminating drafts. An adjuster that will keep the sash open at desired points is indispensable.

It is not unusual for hardware to be an important factor in the artistic harmony of a room or house. The architectural and decorative scheme of the house should most certainly be considered when the style of hardware is selected. While it is possible to use neutral designs that fit any scheme of decoration, to do so indicates indifference for the nice refinements. The whole artistic effect of a dwelling is so much improved by consistent adherence to period in details that it is a loss to ignore the opportunity.

The relative cost of good hardware is usually about three per cent. of the cost of the house. It is false economy to attempt stinting in this detail. One does not want sagging doors, sticking windows, rattling glass, insecure locks or the other troubles that are incident to cheap hardware. Good hardware is inseparable from a high-priced house, and in a less expensive house it is one of the features that may be used with telling effect to add dignity and comfort.



Physicians agree that when a baby cries it is often because his diapers are rough and scratchy from washing with strong soap

Won't cause diaper rash ~

Use it for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin

More babies are born in March than in any other month of the year. This page is written especially for mothers of these new babies. It has been approved by one of the best known baby specialists in the United States.

NOTHING in the world is as sensitive as a little baby's skin. The least roughness irritates and inflames it.

Physicians agree that when a baby cries or is fretful it is often just because his diapers are rough and scratchy from washing with strong soap, or his little band has shrunk and binds his tender abdomen.

Alkali irritates and inflames

The diaper rash that is the source of such severe suffering to babies is usually traceable to this very cause—washing diapers with harsh soap—soap containing free alkali. Alkali is almost impossible to rinse out. It clings to little garments in a fine white powder that is cruelly irritating to sensitive skins.

Lux won't cause diaper rash. There is no free alkali in it—no harmful ingredient of any kind. It is bland and pure—absolutely safe for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin. Use it always for his soft woolen shirts and bands, his diapers and dresses, petticoats and little socks. Get Lux today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., makers of baby's woolens, says—"We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts and bands in Lux."

SIMON ASCHER & CO., makers of infants' and children's outer knit goods, say: "Lux is ideal for woolens. It is so pure it cannot injure the sensitive wool fiber."

How to wash diapers

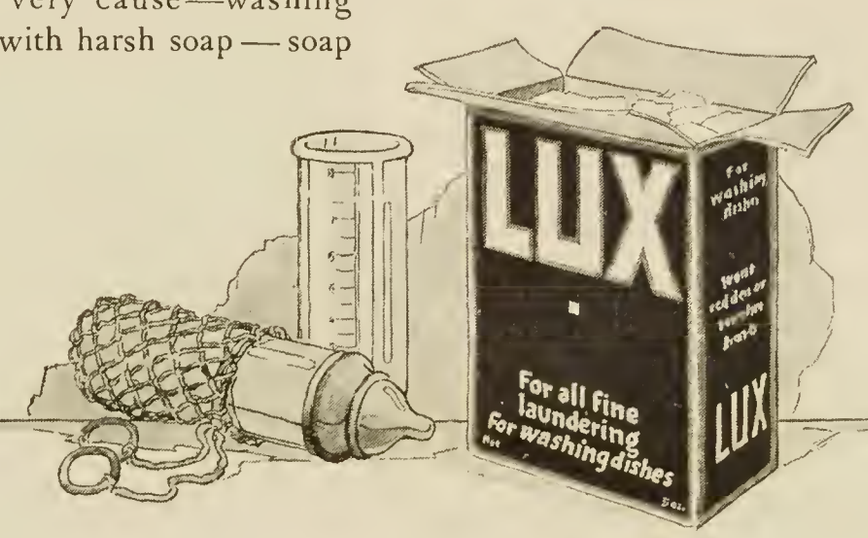
Soiled diapers should have all solid matter removed immediately and then be put to soak in cold water. If diapers are simply wet place them in a covered pail and let them soak in cold water until you are ready to wash them.

Then whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through them. If suds die down add more Lux. Rinse in at least three waters. Boil diapers once a week using one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Rinse thoroughly.

To keep woolens unshrunken

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best. Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.



IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Babies' Milk Bottles	Porcelain
Dishes	Rugs
Linoleum	Automobiles
Paint	Shampoo



The Price They Pay

For prettier teeth is simply combating film

WHEN you see pearly teeth—teeth which add so much to beauty—please remember this.

They come from combating dingy film which hides the luster of most teeth. Millions now employ the method. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how much it means.

The method is at your call. This offers you a ten-day test. Send the coupon for it.

Just fight the film

Teeth are clouded by a film—that viscous film you feel. Under old brushing methods, much of it clings and stays. Soon it becomes discolored, then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film is the teeth's great enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So one great problem in modern dental science has been to fight that film.

After long research, two effective ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created and you may apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Today careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Many new effects

Pepsodent brings many new effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

Watch its results for a few days. They will amaze and delight you.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will gain a new conception of what clean teeth mean. And you will never return to methods of the past. Cut out coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

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10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 674, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada



ROMANCE IN BROWN

Continued from page 5

yours?' or he can follow her home and make inquiries, or he can pretend that he's met her before——"

"None of which methods appeal to me," said Jim sharply, and went a fiery red under Thompson's suspicious scrutiny.

He went back to his apartment on Gramercy Park, his mind wholly occupied by the brown girl, her mystery, her glorious beauty. That night he dreamed of her.

Calley was away next morning and he was glad, because he had determined to follow Thompson's advice—with modifications. He must discover who she was. The uncertainty was worrying him—spoiling his days and disturbing his nights.

At three-thirty, when the clock of Trinity struck, he was waiting in the doorway of his office. He saw the little old woman come into Wall Street from the Broadway end and take up her station.

And then he saw the brown girl. Nearer at hand, she was more radiantly lovely than ever. Looking neither to left nor to right, she came slowly on and the little woman in the plaid shawl crossed the street to meet her. There was a brief colloquy, the invariable flash of the brown girl's smile and then the little old woman recrossed the street, clutching tightly at the white envelope. The brown girl resumed her walk, and Jim, with a flutter at his heart, followed her boldly.

She turned into Broadway, with Jim a dozen paces behind her. Her costume *was* expensive; her feet were daintily shod, her stockings of silk—he knew this much of woman's mystery.

SUDDENLY, to his surprise, she stopped by the side of a limousine that was drawn up by the curb, opened the door and stepped in. He could only stand still, paralyzed with astonishment. The car was on the move when the door opened and the girl stepped out. The reason for this reckless action was not at first apparent, for Jim did not see the bag she had dropped until after he had sprung forward and lifted her from where she lay.

"It is nothing. I'm sorry to have troubled you. I tapped on the window, but Bennett did not hear me—I was so alarmed about losing my bag——"

Nevertheless she limped as she walked to where the bag lay. Jim snatched it up for her.

"Are you sure you aren't hurt?" he asked, and in his agitation his voice sounded as though it belonged to somebody else.

"No—really—it was stupid of me."

"Can't I take you somewhere—to a doctor's?" he asked as he helped her into the car. The crowd that every such occurrence attracts had gathered.

"No—yes, please come in with me," she said hurriedly, and when he followed her and the machine moved on: "I'm really not hurt, but I didn't wish to argue with you before all those people. I really am quite well. You won't mind if I drop you at Park Row? I am awfully grateful to you."

She was also a little incoherent.

Jim sat by her side, bolt upright, hardly daring to breathe. He was dazed and bewildered and had not recovered when, in response to her signal, the car pulled up.

"I feel I'm being very rude in turning you out," she said, and her smile was adorable, "but—I don't want mother to know that I have been down-town."

That night he thought of her. He found time to have dinner and read the evening newspapers, but these were the briefest interruptions to his thoughts.

Calley was boisterously cheerful next morning. He and his partner had unexpectedly beaten the club champions.

"My putting was a little short of marvelous," he said immodestly. "I'll show you one shot I did. Now suppose this paperweight is the ball——"

"And by the way, Jim," he said when he had finished his demonstration, "I want to be away all next Thursday. I'll look in in the morning, but I want to go almost immediately. I'm playing Jack Anderson and we've got a side bet of fifty dollars. Will you remember that? Somebody must be at the office to deal with Balter's account—he's buying now and he's a techy devil."

"I'll be here," said Jim, "though it is deplorable that a man of your age and substance should spend his days chasing an inoffensive ball."

"You don't know what golf is to an intellectual man," said Calley.

He went away after lunch and Jim was thankful. Ordinarily golf talk mildly interested him; to-day it was torture.

At three-thirty the brown girl came into Wall Street. He was watching her from the shadow of the doorway and, waiting until the little drama had been played out and the woman in the plaid shawl had left her, he quickened his pace and overtook her as she turned the corner of the street.

"Forgive me the unpardonable liberty," he stammered, hat in hand, "but I was worried—I wondered if your ankle was better?"

For a second she looked at him distrustfully.

"Yes, it is quite well. It is kind of you to ask."

HE WAS at a loss to find an excuse to continue the conversation, but he was desperate.

"There is something I should like to say to you, Miss——"

He saw alarm in her eyes and cursed himself for being the cause.

"Jones—Ella Jones. My name isn't Jones, really, but I can't tell you," she said. "I'm afraid I can't wait—I have an appointment. You aren't Signor Vallassini, are you?"

The question took him aback.

"No," he said; "I'm not. I'm—not Signor—I didn't catch the name?"

"It doesn't matter—besides, I ought to have known that you weren't Italian. Oh!"

She was frightened now, looking at him with wide-opened eyes.

"You're—a detective!" she gasped.

He hadn't the presence of mind nor yet the power of speech to deny the charge.

"Will you come with me, please?" she asked hurriedly, and he accompanied her in silence to the waiting car. She gave some instructions to the driver and then stepped in. Jim followed, his heart beating wildly.

A detective? What had she to fear and who was Signor Whatever-his-name-was? Into what tangle of trouble had this beautiful girl strayed?

"I won't ask you who you are, but I have a feeling that you have been watching me."

She waited for him to speak.

"Yes," he hesitated. "I have been——"

"For long?"

He nodded miserably.

"And you have seen me give the envelope to the agent?"

"To the old lady," he said, and she bit her lower lip.

"I meant 'old lady,'" she said. "You think it is strange, but I can not explain. There are others involved—it is not my secret."

"I'm sure it isn't," said Jim. "My name, by the way, is Jim."

"Don't tell me!" she begged earnestly. "I don't think it would be fair to you. You are doing your duty, and it is hateful of me even to suggest that you can be bought——"

"I'm not a detective," said Jim. "Believe me, Miss Jones, I'm *not* a detective. I'm a very prosaic stock-broker, but if there is anything in the world I can do for you, I'd—I'd die to serve you!"

There was no mistaking his sincerity. Startled as she was by his passionate declaration, she recognized the earnestness of the man by her side. She went red and white and then:

"I wonder if I can trust you?" she asked in a low voice.

Jim Berkley could only nod rapidly. He was incapable of speech.

"I can't tell you the whole story," she said, "but briefly it is this: My father as a young man lived in Italy and became, half in fun, half for the adventure of the thing, a member of a secret society. When he left Italy he thought the matter was ended, and indeed for many years the Milani—that was the name of the gang—left him alone. He became rich and married. A year ago he received a summons from the Milani, calling on him to assassinate —— ——."

She mentioned a man revered in certain

Concluded on page 73



Is this health and happiness in your family?

HAPPY is the mother who sees her family buoyant with health. For health is essential to happiness. The healthy person is promised a life complete in usefulness and enjoyment.

The health of your children, husband and yourself is dependent upon *internal cleanliness*—proper elimination of food waste. From a clogged intestinal system to chronic disease is only a step, says a famous medical authority. There are intermediate periods with minor accompanying disorders. But only a short time carries a person from the first attacks of intestinal clogging, with its resultant poisoning of the body, to serious, even vital diseases.

Guard Your Children

The mother must take systematic measures to prevent intestinal clogging in her children. Headache, fretfulness, loss of appetite, coated tongue, etc., all indicate that clogging is present and that poisons are saturating the body. Vital resistance is lowered and the child is prey to contagious diseases.

Value of Internal Cleanliness

Physical and mental well-being are the rewards of internal cleanliness. Parents and children alike can establish sound health by acquiring this priceless habit through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol maintains internal cleanliness by *lubrication*. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste and hastens its passage through and out of the body. It thus prevents the formation of dangerous poisons in the intestine. Physicians recommend Nujol not only as the best method for overcoming intestinal clogging, but as the most effective means of preventing it.

Make health and happiness easy. Have your family take Nujol as regularly as they wash their faces or brush their teeth. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Keep a bottle of Nujol always in the bathroom cabinet. For sale by all druggists.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

A noted medical authority states that intestinal clogging is not so much a disease but a fruitful soil in which diseases grow. Faulty elimination is not only the cause of lesser ills, headaches, bilious attacks, sleeplessness, etc., that impair bodily and mental efficiency, but it is also the source of most of those serious organic diseases which break down the body and shorten life.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says an intestinal specialist, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition, and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Complexion Troubles. Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol should be taken regularly for the complexion. Nujol overcomes and prevents intestinal sluggishness. It thus keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is woman's most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People. In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement out of the body. In advanced years this lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years. Nujol softens the waste, thus enabling the intestinal muscles to move it along and out of the body

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Nujol, Room 802-A, 7 Hanover Square, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.) Write name and address in margin.



"Regular as Clockwork"

"A year ago his schoolmates taunted him about his clothes—

"To-day new clothes, well cut, well tailored, have made a different child of him"—

writes a woman in Illinois

"MY SMALL son was failing in his work and seemed to hate school—all because his playmates taunted him about the suit I had made him. He begged for 'boughten' clothes, but we simply could not afford them. To-day, in well cut and tailored clothes, he is a different child, happy, interested, well up in his class. I made his new suit and coat myself—but this time I used the Deltor!"

Those problems of tailoring, so difficult to solve without expert guidance, are all answered for you in the Deltor. Swiftly, easily, you cut out and put together the smart little coats and jackets, so necessary to the happiness of small boys and their sisters.

First of all you have a cutting layout for your pattern, in exactly that size and view laid out on the very width material you are using. This enables you to cut from a surprisingly small amount of material. The saving means more clothes for your children.

The pictures show you just how to put together the wee clothes to give them the lines and style that are so important.

Shoulders, belt, notched collar, set-in pockets —every detail of the finishing is given you.

Good clothes are an advantage every mother longs to give her children. The Deltor makes just as much difference in the way your children's clothes look as it does in your own. It gives you complete guidance. No other pattern gives you this service. Butterick, New York, Paris, London.



Eventually no woman will use a pattern at any price that does not give this service

1. A cutting layout for *your* size laid on *your* width material to save you money.
2. Professional methods of putting together.
3. The expert method of finishing and trimming.
4. Best materials for the design.
5. The newest color combinations.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



ROMANCE IN BROWN

Concluded from page 70

political circles, detested in others, and Jim gasped.

"Alternatively he was to pay a certain sum of money every day. They refused to accept a lump sum, wishing to give him a daily reminder of his obligations to the gang. Every day I come to Wall Street, where I am met by one of their emissaries——"

"That old woman?"

"That old woman," nodded the girl. "Poor dear, I'm sure she doesn't realize the dreadful character of her errand or the kind of people she is working for. The head of the movement is a villain named Vallassini."

"But why doesn't your father inform the police?"

"He would be shot dead to-morrow," said the girl. "No, that isn't the way out. I have thought of a dozen."

"If you can tell me in what way I can help," said the fervent Jim, "I'll do anything!"

THE car was passing through Union Square. They might have been running along the top of the great wall of China for all that Jim noticed. He was conscious only of one vital and blessed fact: he was alone with the brown girl.

"There is one thing you could do," she said. "but it would involve such risks that I hardly dare ask you. You have been a soldier?"

"Yes—who hasn't?" said Jim, daring to smile for the first time. "And please do not worry about risks. There is nothing on earth I wouldn't face——"

"I'm sure," she said hastily. "But this is no ordinary risk. I want to know where these people live—especially the Italian."

"Vaselini?" asked Jim. "I can remember his name by thinking of cold-cream."

"Vallassini," corrected the girl. "The woman goes to him every day. Follow her. Yet I hate asking you—these people are desperate——"

Jim drew a long breath.

"So am I," he said. "I'm desperately anxious to help you!"

She dropped him at the end of Gramercy Park. It was a coincidence that she chose this spot, and this time he held her hand a moment.

"You will see me to-morrow. After the old woman has left me, follow her. I will meet you—where?"

"Why not right here?" he suggested, and to this she agreed.

It required a little maneuvering to get away from the office next day. Calley was in one of his rare working moods.

"Going home?" he said in surprise, and looked up at the clock. "Well, perhaps you're right—I've a good mind to go myself. I'll walk with you."

"Don't trouble," said Jim in haste. "I'm—I'm meeting somebody quite close at hand."

"Somebody romantic, I hope," said Calley, crudely sarcastic.

Jim did not trouble to reply. Again he watched the meeting, but this time he followed the little old woman. He saw the girl pause at the corner of Broadway and look back; he sensed approval and gratitude in that glance and his heart swelled with pride.

The woman in the plaid shawl made her slow way east toward the river. Finally she boarded the elevated and Jim followed.

At eight o'clock that night he met the girl at the appointed rendezvous.

"Your old woman's name is Murphy. She has a fruit-stall near Chatham Square and she lives at 47 Mulberry Street—she has one room," he reported. "She has twice been in the hands of the police for violent assaults on other ladies of her calling, but of late years, owing to infirmity and her conversion to the temperance movement, she has lived a fairly uneventful life."

"And Vallassini?"

Jim shook his head.

"Nobody knows him; the old woman has no visitors so far as I can discover."

They were pacing together the deserted pavement around Gramercy Park. It was very dark and once when her foot slipped she caught Jim's arm and did not let it go.

"I want to ask you something," said Jim huskily after they had walked to and fro for a quarter of an hour, mainly in silence. "I want to ask you something."

She inclined her head.

"I love you," said Jim.

He felt the arm in his shiver, but she did not take it away.

"I love you dearly—I have loved you ever since I first saw you. You are my dream girl—the mystery I have worshiped——"

"Oh, please!" she whispered imploringly. "I can't——"

"I want you to marry me. I am—well known—I mean, I'm not—I mean, I can give you a position."

"Oh, Jim!" she murmured, and he stooped and kissed her.

"My father will be furious," she said in a muffled voice. He was holding her very tightly at the time. "But I do love you—and I don't know your name even, except Jim—and I hate the thought of marriage and all the fuss that people make."

"I loathe it too, darling. I want to run away to some quiet registry office——"

"That's just how I feel—but we'll have to tell father."

"I suppose so," said Jim. "Of course we must tell him. Why not now?"

She did not answer at once.

"Mother will be horrified," she said, "and father will hate you. He has always wanted me to marry a rich man. Are you rich?"

Jim laughed and kissed her again. He needed very little excuse.

"I'm not poor," he said. "Who was the man?"

"An awful person. I've never met him, but he must be a terrible prig. He thinks women are commonplace and he says he'll not marry until he meets the ideal woman. I hate being trotted out for inspection, like a prize horse that has to impress the purchaser, so the only time he came to dinner I went to bed."

"The brute!" said Jim. "Do I know him?"

"You may. He's well known in the city—James Calcott Berkley."

"Eh?" said Jim Berkley hollowly.

"Do you know him? You must. Daddy has always poked fun at me because I am romantic. I love romance and all that is colorful in life. I love all that is out of the beaten ways. At first daddy's story thrilled me—then it frightened me. When he asked me to help him, I was glad—because he is a dear, even though he sneers at things that are precious to me. He always says I'll never find romance in this humdrum city—but he's wrong!"

She squeezed his arm and he kissed her again. He was calm now.

"What is your father's name, darling?" he asked softly.

"Cæsar Calley—of Berkley & Calley."

"Cæsar Calley!" repeated Jim. "Do you mind if we don't tell your father, Ella? Do you mind if I get a license to-morrow and we're married secretly the next day—that will be Thursday?"

She put up her face to his.

"Yes—I have an idea that father is playing golf on Thursday."

"I have an idea that he isn't," said Jim Berkley.

So on Thursday morning they were married and Cæsar Calley, with his golf-clubs propped against his desk, waited impatiently for the arrival of his junior partner to release him for his match. In a sense the day was spoiled for Mr. Cæsar Calley. In another sense it was the happiest day of his life.

When the telegram came, he sat back and smiled and did not stop smiling all day.

As the bells of Trinity chimed the half-hour after three, he went down into Wall Street and interviewed the old apple-woman in the plaid shawl.

"The young lady hasn't come, sir," she said.

"No, and she won't come any more, Mrs. Murphy," said Cæsar Calley as he opened his bill-fold. "You'll miss the little money I sent you every day, but here is sufficient to last you for a year."

The little old woman took the bills and slid them into her skirt pocket.

"Five dollars a day you used to send me," she quavered, "and I never earned money easier. Not quite right in her head, you said, sir?" she asked.

"She's recovered now," said the shameless Calley. "Quite recovered!"

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Whenever you meet people, guard your breath. There are nearly always odors which offend.

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Consider what a spring-like breath adds to all other charms. And how a bad breath destroys them.

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Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them. They eat a tablet whenever needed, and in every contact they are safe.

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Start now to end this grave offense.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.



One tablet
Before dancing kills the odor of cigars.



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Let a May Breath tablet guard against offense.



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Fashion Period 1890 after an old Tintype *Drawing by Edward A. Wilson*

After Mother Married

Even in the prosperous nineties, spending the family income was a serious matter. When Mother bought silks, she chose Belding's because she knew they would wear well and reflect not only her good taste but her good judgment.

The *enduring beauty* of Belding's Silks is a tradition maintained by infinite care in the selection of the raw silk, the use of only the purest dyes, and the employment of highly skilled weavers.

It is very easy for you to be sure you are buying genuine Belding's Silks—you have only to find the name Belding's woven in the selvage. Look for it whenever you want the most satisfactory silks for gowns, linings, or lingerie.

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Belding's

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THE HOUSE THAT LIVES

Concluded from page 2

with the yellow walls and cream woodwork and softening the contrast to the black baseboard and black-and-white linoleum. The range, almost entirely of white enamel, was equipped with all the late attachments, while the built-in cabinet over the drain-boards and porcelain sink boasted the new smoked-glass doors.

Opening out of the kitchen the breakfast-room carried out the same color scheme, with cream walls, yellow silk curtains and an English china breakfast-set in yellow and black.

In the basement there were largely attended demonstrations of the perfectly equipped laundry and of cooking-utensils such as the pressure cooker. Here the steam-heating plant was also of interest because of its high standard of efficiency.

ON THE second floor there were three bedrooms. The master's bedroom, serving also as a studio, was done in blue and gray, the gray tone of the woodwork and the fireplace carrying over into the furniture and the blue secured in the English chintz curtains, the Dolly Madison counterpane and the taffeta comforter.

Opening from this bedroom was a bathroom in blue and white with an attractive, though slightly bizarre, black-and-white tiled floor.

A color development in tan and gold, distinctly out of the ordinary, made the "daughter's room" a refreshing haven for the most world-weary little flapper.

The nursery, too, had its share of popularity. Here in a setting of "walls blue and yellow like the sky," ivory wicker and gay cretonne, two life-sized baby dolls were at home to lingering throngs, one of them flat on his back in his tiny bed, foot aloft in true infant fashion to flaunt a wee stocking. This room was complete—from the baby wardrobe, chifforobe, clothestree, high-chair, crib and bed, to the two complete layettes.

QUITE as eagerly visited as "The House That Lives" was the three-room model flat in the community house. These rooms, transformed in just a week into a miracle of cleanliness and good taste, were thronged by prospective brides and grooms.

The combination living-room and bedroom had pearl-gray walls and cream-colored woodwork. The bed and chiffonier in soft gray, with chairs of painted gray wicker and a fiber rug in two tones of gray, made a restful background for the rose-and-black cretonne overdrapes and chair-cushions, the comforter of rose silkoline and the rose candles in the crystal candlesticks on the old black marble mantel.

The dining-room had rug and walls of gray, woodwork and built-in shelves of white and white voile curtains. Against this the painted dull-blue furniture and the yellow-and-blue set of English china made a colorful picture. A yellow breakfast cloth of fringed cotton crêpe was spread, with napkins to match, and the table set for two.

Again it was the kitchen which found the biggest response in the hearts of the home-keepers. The blue walls, white woodwork, white cabinet and chairs and the shining porcelain sink and drain-board repeatedly brought forth the exclamation—especially from the little prospective home-makers—"How clean it is!" The immaculate blue and whiteness of this model kitchen has reacted in many homes, perhaps even more directly than that of the kitchen in "The House That Lives." Painters and plumbers of Montclair have constant requests to "make us a kitchen like the one in the community-house apartment."

The model flat and "The House That Lives" have become a very real influence in Montclair. The board of education has passed a motion and appointed a committee to install a three-room model apartment in every high school in Montclair. In the case of the new $436,000 high school, the construction plans were changed for the specific purpose of including such a model flat, to be run in connection with Better Homes work. All this is a direct result of the Better Homes in America campaign.

AM I IN LOVE?

Concluded from page 8

Finally, a woman should train her soul by studying the works of great writers and artists. By analyzing the plays, poems or pictures that have laid bare the human soul, by trying to point out the beauty in them, you broaden your vision, awaken your ear and eye, stir your spirit to beauty. You can not but acquire some of the luminous force of the great ideals you study. And invariably your soul becomes attractive. I defy you to point to any great actress, for instance, who sought to attain the very summits of her art and gave herself up to it who did not exert a profound influence not only on the people she came in contact with personally but even on those who saw her only on the stage. We can not all be great artists, but we can all try to appreciate high ideals and bring them as much as possible into our lives. This may sound pretentious, but, really, it is not. We must approach great works in a spirit of humility, trying to understand the message they bear, never in a spirit of superiority. The woman who prides herself on her culture and tries to flaunt it like a banner is not big enough to revere art.

A WOMAN who has personality, who has developed her intellect through meditation, her will-power by persistence and her spirit by a search for perfection can not help but attract and fascinate. And yet a woman must not try to fascinate for the sake of winning hearts. She must exert her power of attraction only in the hope of finding some one to love. It means absolutely nothing to be loved. It may be a satisfaction for one's pride. But it is only the love we *feel* that stimulates and ennobles us.

We should all aspire to become "complete" human beings. The "complete" man or woman is the one in whose character and personality we find the résumé of all men or women. The great man unconsciously incarnates many men; and the same is true of a great woman. That is why they attract. We are not all so richly endowed by nature, but we can all strive to approach as near as possible the ideal of the "complete" woman, and, in our lives, according to our mission, inspire and feel love.

FOR there are two types of women in the world—mothers, both of them, but so different: on the one hand the women who bear children, and on the other the women who create souls.

A mother gives her child food and shelter, tends him, brings him up. But there comes a time when she no longer suffices, when she must hand him on to another woman, a stranger, who suddenly infuses his manhood's soul into him. The women who by their work or by the ideals they incarnate inspire men, reveal them to themselves and show them the summits they can reach, these women are the *"animatrices,"* the women who create souls as other women create bodies. The boy reveres and admires his mother, but he loves the woman who reveals to him his soul.

The world needs both types of women. It is just as necessary to give birth to souls as to bodies. The woman who does not meet one man whom she can love and with whom she can found a family need not feel that her life is barren or wasted. Through the influence of her personality, by the radiance of her idealism, by her work and by the nobility of her way of thinking she can be a spiritual mother who sets men's brains working and, by the spark of her ideals, creates men's souls, thus lighting the torch of truth and beauty in the world.

Natural continuous cleaning —not merely occasional brushing

This tooth paste increases the natural protective fluids of the mouth—the surest way to keep your teeth clean

The glands of the mouth furnish natural protective cleansing for the mouth and teeth.

Brushing the teeth, even though you do it thoroughly several times a day, gives only a temporary cleansing. The acids of decay start forming again as soon as you hang up your toothbrush.

But the mouth glands neutralize the acids as fast as they form—flushing the mouth and teeth thoroughly all the time. This is the safest and surest cleansing your teeth can have, for it is the method nature provided.

It is necessary, however, to give the glands help. Our soft modern diet does not require sufficient chewing to exercise the glands and keep them working.

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Pebeco does more than clean the teeth temporarily. It gently stimulates the mouth glands so that they work normally. As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from the salivary glands begin to flow more freely.

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If everyone knew how quickly a delicious breakfast can be prepared with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, pancakes would soon become the national breakfast.

First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats, add water or milk to Pillsbury's, and you have a rich, smooth, creamy batter. Grease your hot pan a bit and pour it in. Let the heat brown the batter into fluffy cakes and, six minutes in all, they're ready to serve.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour contains only highest-grade Pillsbury-standard ingredients mixed and sifted to powder fineness by the Pillsbury process. Light-textured and tender as they are, Pillsbury Pancakes are wholesome, substantial.

Have these delicious pancakes for breakfast tomorrow.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

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Eat More Wheat

Make This Test Yourself
Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.



Pillsbury's
Pancake Flour
One of the family



IF HE WERE MY SON

Concluded from page 14

With the gang instinct comes the desire for group games, in which the individual is merged in the team. By this time the boy is not satisfied with individual play but desires to be a part of a unit. The function of competitive games at this stage of his career is invaluable. Group games properly directed serve better than any other agency to develop the qualities that make for good citizenship and fine manhood. They teach dependability, loyalty and unselfishness. The boy learns to see a situation and act upon it without delay. He acquires an appreciation of the importance of cooperation, or teamwork, and a respect for the abilities of others. He is robbed of some of his conceit by seeing others more proficient than he, but at the same time is inspired to improve his own performance that he may be the equal of any. He comes to realize that life is a matter of give and take and that no man can become entirely independent of his fellows.

Formal gymnastics or calisthenics have very little place in my program for the development of the normal growing boy. In special cases they undoubtedly are of value, but spontaneous games are much better for the average youngster. These games give him all the exercise that he would get through calisthenics and they are free from the tedium and monotony of the more formal systems. Calisthenics and "chores" mean about the same thing to a normal boy. When he plays, he wants to follow his own natural instincts to some extent, instead of being confined to a rigid program.

Competition awakens the desire to excel, and one of the world's crying needs to-day is for men who are imbued with that desire. Everywhere we see those who do not cultivate thoroughness but are content with mediocrity. If they can merely "get by," they are satisfied. The boy who has the right spirit wants to win in his games. He is willing to work hard and to make sacrifices in order to achieve victory. No boy ever starts a game with the idea that he will do just well enough to hold his place on the team. If games did nothing else than to prove to him that only his very best will be productive of substantial results, they would be well worth while.

THE founders of the Boy Scout movement had all these considerations, and many others, in mind when they laid the foundations for their organization. In my opinion no other organization ever formed does so much for the development of all-around fine manhood as the Scouts. With amazing foresight, the leaders in the movement supplied just the influences most needed in boy life and presented them in such a fashion as to be most appealing to a boy's natural instincts and desires. If he were my son, he most certainly would be a Boy Scout. I know no better philosophy for a boy than that found in the oath taken by every Scout:

"On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country and to obey the Scout Law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally alert and morally straight."

The Scout Law which each boy promises to do his best to observe includes twelve points:

1. A Scout is Trustworthy. A Scout's honor is to be trusted. If he were to violate his honor by telling a lie, or by cheating, or by not doing exactly a given task when trusted on his honor, he may be directed to hand over his Scout badge.

2. A Scout is Loyal. He is loyal to all to whom loyalty is due; his Scout leader, his home and parents and country.

3. A Scout is Helpful. He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons and share the home duties. He must do at least one good turn for somebody every day.

4. A Scout is Friendly. He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout.

5. A Scout is Courteous. He is polite to all, especially to women, children, old people and the weak and helpless.

6. A Scout is Kind. He is a friend to animals. He will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

7. A Scout is Obedient. He obeys his parents, Scout-master, patrol leader and all other duly constituted authorities.

8. A Scout is Cheerful. He smiles whenever he can. His obedience to orders is prompt and cheery. He never shirks nor grumbles at hardships.

9. A Scout is Thrifty. He does not wantonly destroy property. He works faithfully, wastes nothing and makes the best use of his opportunities. He saves his money so that he may pay his own way, be generous to those in need and helpful to worthy objects. He may work for pay but must not receive tips for courtesies or good turns.

10. A Scout is Brave. He has the courage to face danger in spite of fear and to stand up for the right against the coaxings of friends or the jeers or threats of enemies, and defeat does not down him.

11. A Scout is Clean. He keeps clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits and travels with a clean crowd.

12. A Scout is Reverent. He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

THE founders of the Boy Scouts knew boy nature. They knew how to teach lessons of health, religion, morals and citizenship without preaching. Their appeals are all positive, not negative. There is not a single "don't" in the entire creed, and that is one of its strongest features. The Scout program fills a boy's leisure time with purposeful recreation that grips his interest and supplies his cravings. It directs his energies into socially productive channels at a time when the powers of evil are reaching out to enlist him in the ranks of the wasters and the vicious.

Good habits build good character, and good citizenship is based on service to others. The secret of the Scout movement's success is that it brings good influences to bear on the boy from within the "gang." The pressure is in the direction of keeping him strong and true, instead of against all his better instincts.

If he were my son, I would employ Boy Scout methods in my dealings with him. I would make myself his companion. As I could not expect him to meet me in my own field, I would meet him in his. I would have a real interest in all his activities. I would let him know that his every success made me happy and that he had my sympathy in every failure. I would be reasonable and tolerant, measuring him not by the standards of grown men, but by those of boys of his own age. I would try to remember that he could not be expected to know at his age all the things that I had learned in my longer life. If he had trouble solving his problems, I would be patient with him and try to see what the underlying cause might be, instead of jumping to the conclusion that he was indolent, indifferent or stupid. I would weigh his work on the scales of his own ability; I would play his own games with him and counsel with him from his own point of view.

And the best part of the whole program is that it would do me as much good as it would do my son. It would solve the problem of where the real fountain of youth is located, a problem that has puzzled the world since long before Ponce de Leon set forth to find it in the New World. I should be more alive, more human and a better citizen the closer I kept to my son.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Another article by Mr. Yost, "If She Were My Daughter," will appear in the April DELINEATOR. *It will sketch—from the man's point of view—an ideal type of American girl.*

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AFTER EDEN

Continued from page 7

"Yes, but—while you were waiting——"

"If you were not a bad, wicked girl, you would thank me for placing you so well in the world," the old woman scolded. Then an impulse of tenderness came upon her and she drew the girl to her side. "Oh, my dear, I know—I know. All the hopes and fears—but it isn't so bad. That is all you can say of it: it isn't so bad. And it is better after *they* begin to come. *He* doesn't matter so much after that. You just cuddle them and dream over them and stand between them and *him*. No—it isn't so bad."

The veils of her memory came between them and she moved away, muttering to herself.

"Not so bad—though not so good as it was over in the garden. And they say that I made it what it is! How was I to know—little innocent thing—that that deceiver wasn't just as nice as any one? All I wanted was for the man to make something of himself—it didn't seem right for him to be sitting about so comfortably all the time. Ah, a pretty place—but quiet——"

Like one who had known all things and forgotten them again, she mumbled herself off and into the cave. By the fire Eva spun on the whirling wheel of her own emotions.

Marry Zoppollah! But, then, those bearskins—she could wear them whenever she went to the village. Of course it was the hot season now— So much the better; no one had ever thought of wearing bearskins in hot weather before! But then again—Zoppollah——

AND meanwhile the mountain's shadow slipped inexorably down the slope. Already the moon must have topped the ridge as a signal for him to start on the trail.

This afternoon—years and years away now—and Dode——

She screamed as a step rustled the underbrush. Then hope leaped again, for it was Dode himself. Then it died as he came forward in his sulky, boyish self-centeredness. Life held only horror and ache after all.

"I'm going up the mountain after that deer," he announced.

The deer—what had she hoped for when she dropped that thought into his mind? Whatever it had been, it was only ashes now.

"You had better keep away from the mountain! Zoppollah is coming down the trail to-night," she said dully.

He considered it with some unease.

"Gee—is he?"

Since it had to be, then she would at least squeeze from it all the glory she could. She adopted a new manner, preening herself consciously before his unimpressed gaze.

"I am to be married to Mr. Zoppollah to-night."

"Wha-a-at?"

That was sheer jeering and Eva's manner heightened.

"He is the richest man in the world, and as his wife I sha'n't have any time for kids like you."

"Who are you calling kid?" he demanded.

"You—that's all you are," she sneered. "Just a kid sneaking around to steal deer and then running away because you are afraid of the man who owns them!"

"Why, it was you yourself who put me up to— See here—I'll go up that mountain if I want to, so there!"

He stood in the firelight, a young column of rebellious, utterly desirable life. If only she could stop wanting him so! There came a picture of him smashed and bloody. Her voice chilled with fear.

"Dode, don't go!"

He strode jauntily off, not to be turned, and she followed.

"Oh—if you must go—with only that silly club—take this catapult——"

He swung it appreciatively in his hand.

"That's a good sling. Well, see you later."

"Dode——"

"Aw, shut up!"

Continued on page 78



An "old fashioned" recipe for health

There are many "dear old ladies" in their sprightly seventies who can tell you more about prunes than we can. There is nothing new about prunes—or what they will do. The wonder of it is that many people are just discovering for themselves what their grandmothers and grandfathers found out years ago—

That a daily dish of prunes is a fine recipe for *health* because it's a recipe for *regularity*. It's an open secret: prunes are Nature's own *laxative*. Nature has singled them out for this purpose. That's why, down through the years, prunes have proved themselves the *essential* fruit-food.

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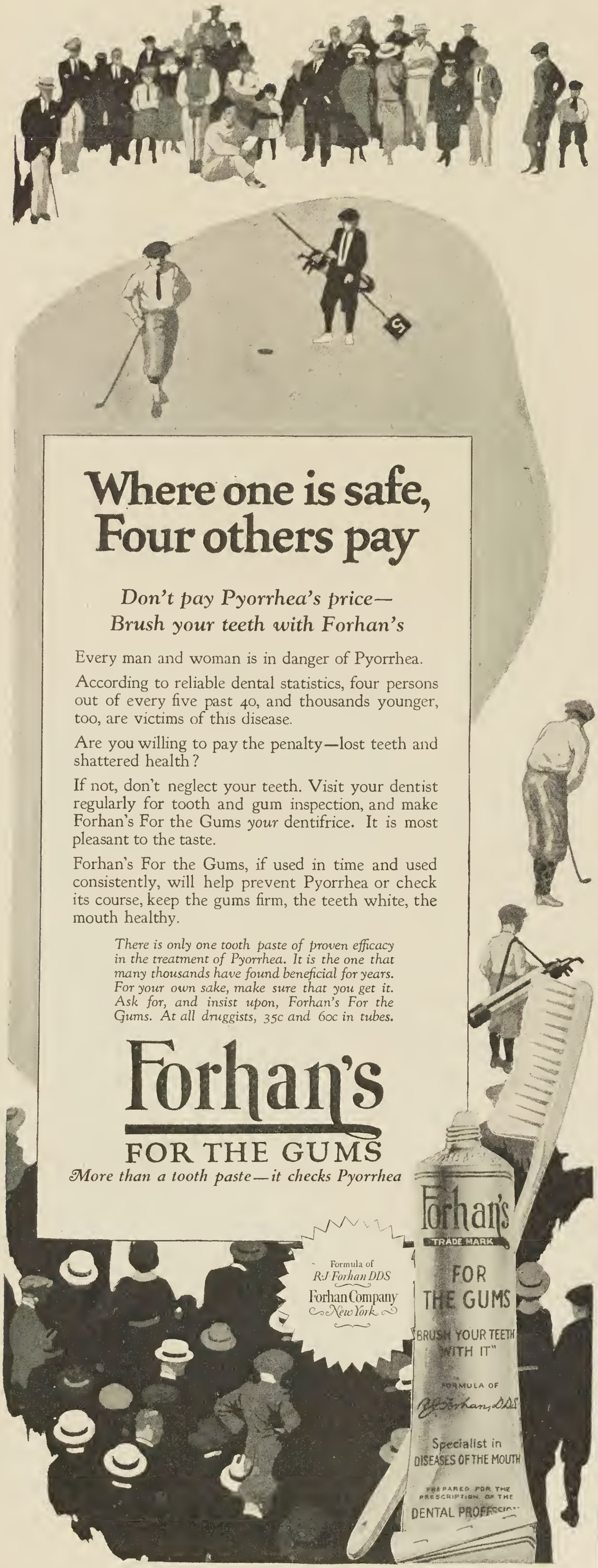
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DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
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AFTER EDEN

Continued from page 77

A push sent her reeling back and there were only the noises of his passage through the brush. Soon even they died away. In terrible splendor the moon lifted above the ridge, there came a blue peace on the face of the world and all tempest and pain seemed thrust back into her own heart.

There was nothing to do but wait. Interminably the moments dragged by, each a measureless age of fear; yet she would have held them as being probably better than what their passing would bring.

A far off roar, like that of a distant bull, then silence—horrible unrevealing silence, and that false blue peace, not a leaf stirring.

It was ages since she had breathed. Only her ears were still alive, one cavernous with dread, the other a tiny channel through which ran a trickle of hope.

But how could she possibly hope? Dode—and that vast hulk of a man, stamping like a mad elephant—stamping—on *what?*

Yet surely that was a cry—shrill, breaking a little like the crowings of some young rooster. No hairy chest ever produced a sound like that. She bounded to the cave, almost overturning her grandmother.

"Please let me pass, granny!"

"Where are you going?"

"I suppose I can change my dress for my wedding, can't I? I tore this one all up getting that darned old wood for you."

She could be heard dancing about in the cave; her voice came in eager petulance.

"Granny, where's my banana-leaf skirt?"

"Where did you leave it?"

"In here, of course."

"Yes, right where it fell, the same as you leave everything. I hung it up so the caterpillars couldn't get at it."

HUDDLED above the fire, the grandmother lost herself in misty remembrances. That girl—but she had been the same, always teasing the man for new clothes. A year or two one reigned, then, what with babies and work, one soon faded—a hard world—and yet——

A figure came bursting from the bushes, a boyish figure, blood-dabbled from a great gash across its forehead—a figure shaky with excitement, but with something of a newborn man behind its surprised eyes. Peering doubtfully, the grandmother spoke:

"Who can it be—my son, Cain, come again? Or, no—oh, I see—you are that young Dode, aren't you?"

"I—I guess so," he answered, with a shaky laugh, looking at the blood on his hands in a mixture of disgust and pride.

Eva came from the cave, hardly recognizable in her festal array. A billowing skirt of fresh banana leaves, shimmering green and silver in the moonlight; necklace on necklace of shells and flowers, and in her hair the sweeping plumes filched from the sacred bird.

"Do I look all right, granny? Or do you think—" She stopped in complete surprise. "Oh, hello, Dode—back again?"

Dode was still quivering, but his words came with unexpected firmness.

"I'm back."

It was Eva's voice that broke as she asked her next question.

"Did you get your deer? Oh—you are all bloody! What——"

"I killed Zoppollah!"

Eva's breath left her in a scream and she sank down in a turmoil of laughter and sobs. Dode gazed in gathering dismay and the old woman busied herself in ministrations.

"You little fool!" she whispered in Eva's ear. "You will drive him away. Stop it!"

Eva rose again, smiling wanly.

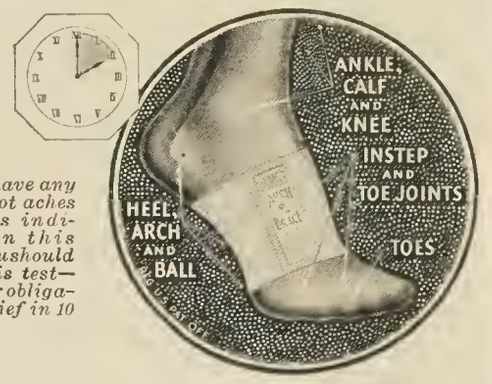
"It was such a shock—but just fancy, Dode, *you* k-k-killing Zoppollah! How splendid for you—but, oh, your head—I must wash that cut for you."

"That's nothing," he evaded, as if afraid that she might burst out again. "I'll get on down to the village now."

Continued on page 79

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AFTER EDEN

Continued from page 78

"You must let me bathe it first," Eva babbled on. "See, granny is bringing water—sit down here. You killed Zoppollah! Why, he's three times as big as you! How brave you are!"

The water was soothing, so was her admiration, and his tongue unlocked the things he really ached to tell.

"It was that catapult that did it. He came on me suddenly and gave a roar and swung his club, but I had a stone in the sling and let him have it between the eyes and he went down. He gave me this lick as he fell, but I rushed in and let him have it. Gosh, but it feels queer to cave in a guy's bean—like smashing a roc's egg: all hard outside and squashy inside and it spurts out and—gee——"

"You will be the hero of the village now," Eva gurgled. "The boy who killed the biggest man in the world. And the hunting and the bearskins and everything will be all yours now!"

"Why, so they are," he breathed. "I never thought of that. Say, I must get on down and tell the boys about it."

"Oh, don't go yet," Eva begged.

"What's there to stick around here for?" he asked.

There was anger in Eva's eyes now, but a quaver from her grandmother checked the retort on her lips.

"Eva, my dear, help me up. None of that," she mouthed as the girl ran to her. "Keep him here. If he gets down to the village, some hussy will get him sure. Be sweet—and feed him."

"Are you all right now, granny, dearest?" Eva cooed, as she set the old woman on the way to the cave. "But Dode, you mustn't go without some supper; I'm sure you must be hungry." She stirred the pot, smiling up at him. "Quail stew—I made it myself."

"That does smell good," he sniffed.

"Sit right down and let me give you some."

HE SAT down, digging his fingers into the calabash she handed him. She hovered above him, wrapping him in an atmosphere of his triumph.

"And now that you have all that hunting and things, I suppose you will share it with the other boys?" she suggested.

"What's that?" he asked through a stuffed mouth.

"You said this afternoon——"

"This afternoon—" He brushed the dead past aside and went contemptuously on. "Those bums make me sick, sitting around and beefing about no more opportunities! If they want things, let 'em go get 'em, the same's I did. Of course I'll give Ziph something. He'll go over to the cave and live with me."

"What a good time you'll have! Ready for more stew?"

She bent to take the calabash from his brown knees. A tress of her hair, perfumed with crushed orange-flowers, fell softly across his face. He blew at it with much sputtering.

"Say—mind your darn thatch, will you!"

She gathered it hastily up, flinging it over her shoulder.

"Excuse me; I didn't realize that my hair was so offensive."

"I just didn't want it in the stew, that was all."

He raised the calabash, his red tongue licking the gravy from its edge. And she—oh, she knew that this was not the right way, but she could not help it. It was more than flesh could bear to see him sitting there so untouched. Blowing at her hair—he—he actually didn't want her! The bolts on her speech gave way.

"You nasty, mean pig!"

"What have I done now?" he demanded.

"'Didn't want it in the stew!'" she mocked furiously. "Oh, go—go away to your lumbering Ziph!"

"I'm going all right," he said, rising. "Ziph may get stuffy sometimes, but he

Continued on page 80

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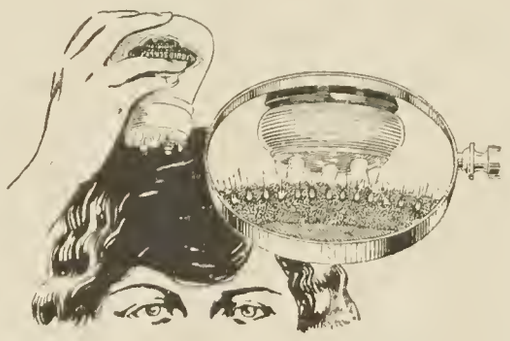
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FAIRY SOAP



AFTER EDEN

Continued from page 79

don't ball a guy out like that because you tell him to quit shoving his hair in your mouth."

"You—you story!" Eva screamed. "I didn't! It was quite accidental!"

He looked at her in a recovered, deadly sort of good nature. "You're crazy all right," was his verdict. "Well, so long!"

That quiet grin on his face was like a dash of cold water. She knew that it was the most dangerous of all, because the most impervious. There rose in her all the instinctive feminine hatred of humor; yet it must be met, so her laugh rang brilliantly out.

"There, I fooled you that time. You thought I was really mad, didn't you? Sit down and finish your supper."

His suspicions rose again at the suggestion of being fooled and he glanced sulkily about.

"Got anything more to eat?"

"There's piles of dates up in the cave."

"Dates—" His nose wrinkled contemptuously.

"And there's antelope milk cooling in the spring."

"D'you think I'm a baby?"

She smiled on, but behind was again that ashen hopelessness. How strange life was! An hour ago just to save him had been the only cry; now he was saved and yet all was as barren as ever.

THEN from out that bleak void struck a ray. It took all her daring and even more, yet she knew that she would do it. She found herself smiling at him in mysterious promise.

"You don't know what else there is up in the cave." She drew closer, whispering in delicious secret:

"Hush—it is something of granny's. She brought it from her first place; she said she wasn't sure if it grew out here or not. She has it all hidden away, but I found it one day and she beat me up."

"What is it?" he whispered back, afire with curiosity.

"I'll see if I can get it. I believe she's asleep."

With hot fingers interlaced, they tiptoed to the cave, like two children to some spot delicious with forbiddance. The moonlight poured its blighting radiance and behind a veil of creepers the cave loomed blackly. A sound of snoring came from its recesses. It was only the grandmother of course, but it brought a charming shiver like the sound of some hidden wild beast. With a sign for silence, Eva parted the creepers and stole inside.

It was some moments before she came breathlessly out again. Not until they were back at the fire, laughing softly, did she open her hands to show what they held.

Merely an apple lying on the pink palms. But in the mingled moonlight and glow from the embers it seemed to shine with its own radiance, redly gold under a frosting of silver.

A fragrance stole from it and with that fragrance came longing. It was almost a pain, like a thirsting for things unknown—things which the world had forgotten, ached for, groped after in strange ways—things unreachable, yet hovering tormentingly near.

"Wha-at is it?" Dode wondered.

"I don't know. But granny said it was sacred."

"Is it good to eat?"

"She said something awful would happen if any one ate it."

"Shux—what's the good of it, then?"

He turned in disgust to leave, but Eva twinkled with mirth.

"Granny has lots of funny notions, you know; old people do. Like those birds of Eden: she said something awful would happen—but I told you about that one this afternoon, and nothing awful has happened yet—except to Zoppollah!"

They laughed together at that, hushing the sound with glances at the cave.

"It looks good enough to eat," Eva suggested.

"Y-es," he admitted. With her increasing boldness came caution on his part. "I guess we hadn't better."

"I knew I was safe in showing it to you, Dode, or else I would never have brought it out."

"What d'you mean—safe in showing it to me?"

"I knew that you are too good and nice a boy to do things they tell us not to."

Her smile was of admiration for his innate virtue, but for some reason it merely infuriated him.

"I think it's splendid of you to be that way," she went on, her eyes glazed with the light she kept usually for the temple alone. "I wouldn't have dared to let any of the other boys see it; but you——"

"I wasn't too good and nice to make buzzard meat out of old Zoppollah, was I?" he growled.

"You mustn't blame yourself for that," she told him piously. "That was really a good deed."

For some unknown reason Dode began to dance up and down in excess of emotion.

"A good deed! Holy crocodiles—listen to her! I'd eat that damn' thing if I wanted to, so there!"

"But it is not *wanting* to do wrong that is so splendid," Eva enthused. "Everybody says that you are the model of the village."

Dode's war-dance stopped; he bristled at her, brooding, redly ominous as though she were uttering the most hideous calumnies.

"They do, do they? I'll show 'em." His hand shot suddenly out and seized the apple. "I'm going to eat it."

"But Dode, granny said it wasn't good to eat."

"No, she didn't!"

"But she said something awful——"

"So she did about those birds."

"Oh—what shall I do!"

SHE was genuinely pleading now and real tears were trickling down her cheeks. It was surprising how genuine it all was; somehow it had to be or she could not have done it. With a grunt of disgust, he thrust the apple back in her hand.

"Oh, if you are going to carry on like that— You girls give me a pain. Take the darned old thing, then."

"There, I knew you didn't want to eat it really," she triumphed.

"Do you think I'm afraid of it?"

"No—not afraid exactly, but—well—there *is* something about it, isn't there?"

"What in time are you up to?" he wondered suspiciously. "Anybody'd think you were trying to make me eat it."

"I'm trying to stop you, that's what I'm doing," she retorted. "And I notice that I've succeeded, too."

"I just don't want the thing!" he shouted at her, and once more she faced him in that maddening, completely mistaken comprehension.

"I understand, Dode; I feel that way about it too. Yet, do you know, sometimes I think we miss the best things in life just from sheer cowardice."

"What—you calling me——"

His eyes blazed and she ran in a real alarm. In an instant he was upon her, twisting her hands apart and taking the apple from their grasp. Then he sprang away to the top of a rock, jeeringly dangling his prize.

"Now watch me!"

His white teeth carved a slice from the shining fruit; there followed a grunt of satisfaction.

"Gee, that's good! Have some."

"No—no," she quavered. "I couldn't—really——"

He held it against her lips as she faintly struggled.

"Aw, go on; it won't hurt you."

Concluded on page 81

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PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK



AFTER EDEN

Concluded from page 80

"But, Dode—remember now, if anything happens——"

"Nothing is going to happen, silly."

"Well—if it does—remember it was you who made me do it!"

They sat down on a rock, munching slowly.

"When are you going to move over to the cave?" Eva asked.

"Right away, I guess."

"What a good time you and Ziph will have——"

"Ziph—" he repeated flatly. "Oh, I suppose so."

"But I thought you and he were such friends."

"Oh, he's all right, but—I don't know—I'm not so keen on Ziph as I used to be."

"That's funny. Give me another bite—eat fair now."

She leaned across him and again a tress of her hair fell over his shoulder. Instantly she gathered it up.

"Excuse me; I forgot you didn't like my hair."

He gazed at her dreamily, as one far off and struggling to be nearer.

"That's all right—I don't mind it. You—you've got pretty hair!"

"Silly! Anybody'd think you had never seen it before."

He put out a slow hand and stroked it, still with that new dreaminess.

"I don't know, but it never looked quite like this before."

"Well, I won't let it try you too much."

SHE gathered her hair away and went brightly on.

"Tell me what you and Ziph——"

"Hang Ziph!" he burst angrily in. "What you want to talk about him all the time for? Great clumsy lubber!"

An ocean of speech beat at her lips, her hands twitched in their desire to stroke those delicious curls at the back of his neck. But again that strange instinct so far beyond herself kept her silent; still as the night she sat there. At her side the man gazed, his eyes filling with a luminous mist.

"I—I guess it's true what they say," he murmured.

She ached to ask him what that was, but the grip of that silence was still upon her. She merely sat, smiling faintly, almost mystic. Then he murmured on about the things he saw floating in that mist in his eyes.

"About girls—women, I mean. How they lead us on to—to be good—and things like that."

"Eva—" he whispered, after a long breathless sort of pause.

"Yes?" she answered, and the sound of it was like Summer breath in far-off trees.

"I'm going to—to—k-kiss you."

"Don't you dare!"

He pounced and kissed, landing it mainly on her ear. Her response was a ringing slap as she sprang up and away.

"You horrid, rude *thing!*"

She turned her back on him, standing with patting foot, flashing, breathing, gathering up her ruffled hair. For a moment nothing more happened and she stole a look over her shoulder to see him hovering about, baffled, uneasy. She wondered if this was where she should scream.

He must have drawn closer without her knowing it, for his breath was hot on her cheek and she felt herself seized and swung aloft.

"I'm going to take you—I want you—the cave—keep you always——"

It was what she had wanted so, dreamed of and yet it seemed she must struggle. A panic was on her, her fists beating unavailingly about his head and chest as her screams rent the air.

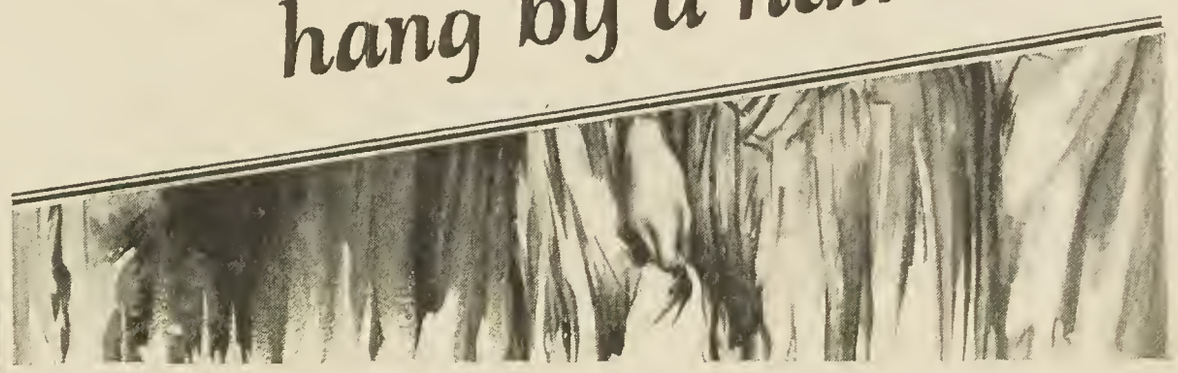
Then came a shake that jarred her very teeth.

"Hush your damn' row!"

She was being carried off—her head slipped to his shoulder—everything was suddenly all right.



Does your romance hang by a hair?



IT IS thrilling to have so handsome an escort. And he is proud of you—from your fragrant tresses to the sole of your pretty slippers.

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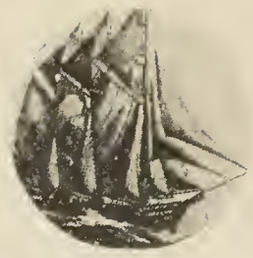
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Name..... *City*..... *State*.....



HE DID AMOUNT TO SOMETHING

Continued from page 10

water on rocks, but the promising voice of the son of a terrible old man.

And also that was why Steve told Cap the following noon that he was through, that he was going away; and that explains, as well, why he went white when the scarecrow of of a man stood over him and threatened death. It was not the fear of his father which blanched the boy's face; it was the realization that he was still afraid, that blood was telling, that his destiny was in those soiled old hands.

So, in late afternoon, apprehensively he watched the motor-driven skiff come toward the stranded yawl, Eleanor in the bow, Amos Field in the stern, cigar clamped between savage teeth, a detail which Steve saw when the motor stopped and the girl brought the skiff gently alongside. The girl's greeting was constrained; her father did not so much as nod at Steve, but when he stepped aboard he asked sharply:

"Where's your father?"

"Below," Steve said, and rose.

Field went down the companionway. The boy held out his hand to the girl to help her aboard, but she shrank back. All of that: *shrank* back, and before Steve could question her he heard Amos Field's voice:

"So you've played me for an easy mark, Wood! You've boasted in Fairport that I'd keep you and your lazy son in grub all Summer! I guess I *have* been easy, but that's over— No, don't you talk! This was a week's job, and it's gone on past three. I'll give you until Saturday to finish, and if you don't you don't get a dollar for what you have done. That's final. Saturday night!"

He came on deck then, face beneath the Panama hat dark with rage, and flung his cigar overboard and turned on the boy.

"If you didn't hear, your father'll tell you. It goes for both of you!"

SOME of the confusion left Steve and a flush swept into the bronze of his cheeks. Eleanor's eyes were on him, with mingled hope and fright. He spoke:

"You don't need to talk like that to me, sir. I know what's been going on, and I'm—I'm——"

His manner had been assured at first and his eyes squarely on the man's, but he felt the pull of another pair of eyes and his voice faltered as his gaze shifted toward the companionway. His father was standing there, a challenge to the boy's very soul in his every feature.

And Steve faltered. He tried to go on, but he could not with Eleanor staring at him and Field staring at him, waiting, his wrath shaken by the boy's quiet defiance—and Cap Wood staring at him, dominating with his superior will.

Field was the first to move. He looked at Cap; he looked again at Steve, a breath of disgust whiffed from him and he went over the side into the skiff.

Clear of the stranded boat, the motor running, he looked at his daughter and said gruffly:

"I thought for a minute he had something in him."

"So did I," she said faintly, "for a—minute."

On board the *Eleanor* father confronted son.

"You!" he muttered. "You skunk! You would, eh? No, you wouldn't! It ain't in you! An' you'll see who's sharpest, Field or me! He won't pay, eh? I'll bleed him white—'fore God, I'll bleed him dry!"

Then he looked at the departing skiff and turned to Meade, emerging from the cabin. "By Saturday, Dan. That makes it sooner," he said enigmatically.

Steve went below and sat down weakly. For a long time he did not move, and then he began fondling the books that Eleanor had loaned him. He opened them one after

Continued on page 83



Mrs. Ella Carpenter, New Orleans, La.

"I Weighed 170 Seven Weeks Ago!"

Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs. in about as many days! That's exactly what Mrs. Carpenter did—through a method anyone can use!



"I weigh just 129 today—by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170!" This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallace about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

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"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a businesswoman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter—then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so I *started*.

"Fifteen minutes each evening, I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: *I lost 6½ lbs. the first week!*

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Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll *know* how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are *guaranteed*.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and *can* weigh:

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60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	145	153	159
70	145	147	156	163

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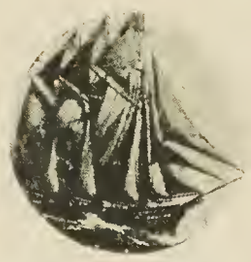
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Fragrant Lotion





HE DID AMOUNT TO SOMETHING

Continued from page 82

another and studied her name, written in a girlish hand on the fly leaves, and the beaten look in his eyes was unmistakable. He had tried to tear free from the blood that bound him, and he had failed. He had stood between his father, who was all that could be objectionable, and Amos Field, who represented all that he had hoped to be, for his own sake and for the sake of the girl who had looked on and watched him choose—and he had obeyed the call of his blood!

On the deck Cap and Meade talked in low voices.

"—every night," Wood said, "she rows alone. . . . Not a dollar, eh? I'll bleed him *dry*!"

THAT was Wednesday, and Thursday and Friday the three men labored to free the yawl, now repaired and dry. Cap handled the motor, Meade steered the *Hawk* and, moving like an automaton, Steve handled the lines on the yacht as she was dragged, inches at a time, toward deep water.

The heat grew more intense, but on Friday a fitful wind stirred from the southwest. At sundown they stopped work, though another hour of effort would have floated the *Eleanor*, and after they ate, Meade and Cap went back to the tug in the one skiff, leaving Steve alone. He sat, numb and disconsolate, staring across to where the lamps of the Field home showed dully. Lightning flickered occasionally in the south; the night felt squally——

He thought it was the skiff coming back from the *Hawk*, until he could make her out, emerging from the darkness toward him. He rose to his feet.

"Eleanor?" he called softly, trying to choke the hope that rose.

She stopped rowing and drifted close, while the boy's heart pelted his ribs.

"I came for my books," she said, and he detected only the chill, not the telltale unsteadiness, in her voice. After a moment he went below and came back, the volumes in his arms.

The girl was holding her boat against the side of the yawl. She took the books without a word, placing them in the skiff's bottom deliberately, arranging them with precision so she might remain bent over and foil his troubled scrutiny. It was that scrutiny which wrung words from her: "I thought you were—going to amount to something!"

"I—I——"

She looked up and her skepticism made it impossible for him to go on. "I am!" he managed to blurt.

"It didn't look much like it to-day!" Disappointment rather than anger pitched her voice high. "You haven't even been—honest!" He moved sharply. "Not even honest!" she cried. "You had your chance to choose to-day, and you did. Maybe they're right—everybody who says you can't amount to anything!"

"Eleanor!" he cried. "Eleanor!" There was dismay and heart-break, pleading and protest in the way he called her name.

"Don't speak to me again!" she cried. "Don't even *think* of me!" And he could hear her crying as she pulled away into the darkness.

How long he stood there, breath hoarse in his throat, he did not know. Something was stirring in him, a mighty rage, a righteous rage, downing fear, overwhelming his restraint, seething through his veins. His father had done this thing! His father, who could be decent if he chose, who could be honest and respected, had smirched him and the smirch had killed this sweet thing that had come into his life!

He lifted his clenched fists and shook them at the darkened sky and tears were on his cheeks.

"You wouldn't for my mother!" he choked. "You wouldn't for me until now—but you

Continued on page 84



The Invisible Charm
—and the clue to it

EVEN more alluring than the visible charm of features, dress or manner is the invisible charm of perfume—when the perfume has been chosen, not merely for its fragrance, but because it breathes your own personality.

Florient, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, harmonizes with widely varying types of beauty—seeming to change its individuality with each wearer.

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"The Highest Quality for Health"

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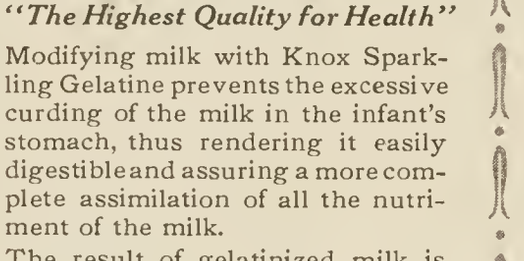
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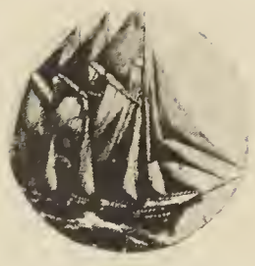
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HE DID AMOUNT TO SOMETHING

Continued from page 83

will! You will, Cap Wood! I've done as you said I'd do; now you'll do as *I* say! I'm through bein' ashamed of you if it takes my last heart-beat!"

He stopped and relaxed and grasped a stay for support—and then he was brought suddenly alive by the veriest fragment of sound. The eccentric wind died and for a moment there was no noise but the smart slap of riffles. Then he heard something else, oars, working rapidly, too rapidly for casual errand And while he strained to hear and see, the wind came again, but not before that other sound: a muffled cry, a cry of a light, sweet voice——

He was rigid and trembling when a flash of lightning came—a brief white flicker—and he saw the *Hawk* swinging at anchor and a skiff carrying three people moving toward it. For a split second only he could see, but he knew that Meade pulled the oars desperately, that his father sat in the stern, that he held the third occupant in the bottom. And he saw more: saw a slender white arm lash upward, heard once more that cry——

And then he was coming up from his long, fine dive, swimming vigorously. He heard the skiff bump the tug, heard other sounds and raised his face to see Meade and his father lifting that other aboard. Again the lightning, a white skirt fluttered——

So that was it! This was the pressure to bleed Amos Field dry! It was abduction, at night, with a squall coming, and by men who knew that water to its last fathom!

The motor gave its first cough and he swam even faster. He heard the rattle of an anchor-chain on deck and with the next glare from the coming squall saw Meade lifting the kedge aboard and his father standing on the stern. He threw up an arm and shouted. They heard and saw and cried out, one to the other.

The tug was free, falling away before the wind. He shouted again: "Don't do that!"

Eleanor's white face appeared at a window. Meade skipped into the pilot-house. The free running of the motor stopped as the wheel took hold; the boat resisted the wind; she gathered way, coming toward him, swinging off as the wheel went over——

"Stop!" he cried again hoarsely. "Stop or I'll——"

HE WAS close and his father was on the stern with something in one hand, drawing back that arm.

"Stop, dad!" he heard his voice crying.

His father's arm shot out and something heavy struck the water, just grazing Steve's shoulder, and the boat was swinging past, gathering her speed, while old Cap shook his fist and laughed in wild triumph.

Panic came and passed; the *Hawk* was swallowed in the first scud of spray as the squall broke and Steve was alone, treading water, shaking his head and shouting incoherently. He began to swim through the froth, toward the first object of which he could think, the *Eleanor*, without a plan, with only desperation in his heart.

He looked up and the yacht was there before him. He put out a hand and touched the white hull and it glided away. The boat was free, adrift, with the wind that had liberated her screaming in the rigging!

The solid deck beneath his feet brought reason to the boy's spinning mind.

He was a mile from Field's dock, and in that shelter was nothing larger than a skiff, nothing faster than that skiff with its tiny motor. On the mainland, three miles away, were fishing-boats, steam and gasoline driven; but to go there meant time, time to give the alarm, time to prepare for the chase——

While he reasoned so, he strained at the halyards, running the mainsail up, reefing it to a rag. The yawl stood into the wind, luffing and filling. He raised the jib and took the tiller and felt her heel and gather way, slipping swiftly through that lathered water. He jibbed her and let the sheets run out and felt her leap through the scud that stung him as the blast hurled it aboard. Ah, she was quick, she was fleet! In a prolonged flare of lightning he could see the gasoline boat, holding on the passage between Little Summer and the mainland, just visible in the spray.

The hollow beat of thunder steeled him. He was there, he was within sight, it required no delay for him to take up the chase—and he flattened his canvas, held the yawl up, felt her heel and leap and speed, hard on the wake of the *Hawk*, the preying thing, so well named!

He could see them, then, in each flash from the clouds until rain came; that hid everything, but he held the boat on her course, lee rail awash, canvas singing.

Rain passed and the weather settled to a screeching blow; the lake was white; the sky was white with lightning against swirling clouds. He could see the other craft, holding close to Little Summer, taking the south channel, which he dared not risk. He let the *Eleanor* off a bit and struck across toward the mainland. She scuttled like a swift pony under the whip, leaping, bounding, sending sheets of foam from her clean bow. He held his breath during one awful interval because he knew he was over rocks, in water that the Survey says is not navigable. And then he knew he was past that danger, close in to the mainland, with plenty of water—and with the *Hawk* beyond and to windward.

He was trembling, not from cold, but from the stirring thing in him, the new determination, the fresh purpose, and he said between shut teeth:

"If I get you out of this—never again, damn you!"

THEY cleared the shelter of Little Summer and the full fury of the blow, sweeping down the length of Green Bay, caught him. The yawl heeled even farther, so far off keel that Steve had to brace himself to stand erect, and he could see, when the heavens flared, the craft he chased rising and falling, rolling, pitching, shedding water from the top of her housing.

Those others saw him coming and altered their course, forcing him even closer into the blow, and for a time he lost distance. Then he threw her off and surged away and came about and bore through the mounting seas on the other tack. He gained—but so slowly!

Lightning became less frequent, though the blow held steady. For a time the boy stormed blindly forward with the boat he pursued out of sight, and then he saw her, away to leeward, on a new course, and threw his boat off and felt her leap with new life as her rags of canvas took the full fury of the wind.

Now to the northward, now up the bay, now rolling drunkenly, now meeting the shocking swells head on, climbing, slipping, pitching, rolling, the *Hawk* led in that crazy game of tag. Length by length the *Eleanor* came closer. Twice, thrice, the tug was invisible, but gradually Steve worked down the lead until he could make out the patch of foam he pursued even when the black storm held close about them. And after a time he could hear the bang of the laboring motor.

They were ahead of him only five lengths and a bit down wind, with Meade on the stern, boat-hook in his hands. The *Hawk* swung off and then changed again, turning back completely, making a circle; but that was dangerous, for she rolled so desperately that Meade dropped the boat-hook and clung for life. And even by such maneuvering they could not shake the yawl for long. The tug swung out finally and held her ugly nose into the seas, wallowing, slowing a bit as water made in her hulk.

And down upon her like the lance of a clean-hearted knight bore the trim bowsprit of the *Eleanor*, rising, falling, but holding true, eating the margin so steadily, so surely——

Steve let the tiller go and she luffed sharply. He held her off again and with trembling fingers unscrewed the nut which held the tiller fast. He worked down the slanting footing until he steered from the lee side. He held her so until Meade, on the stern, actually ducked as the bowsprit lunged at him when the yawl boiled down a hill of water.

The boy was alongside, letting her up. Meade was cringing back, eyes wide and feet wide, too, waiting for the crash, clinging to his boat-hook and screaming curses. Steve let the tiller go, pulling it free from the post. He stepped to her rising rail as she luffed

Concluded on page 85

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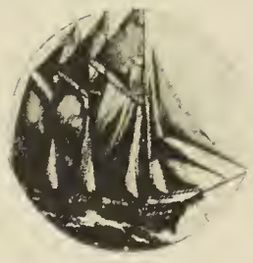
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SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*



HE DID AMOUNT TO SOMETHING

Concluded from page 84

sharply, swirling her pretty stern in against the heavy tub of a gas-boat. There was a bump, a list, a splintering of wood as rail met rail and young Steve, brass tiller in his hands, leaped from *Eleanor* to *Hawk*, weapon upraised, and flung himself at Meade.

The boat-hook thrust out and spun the lad about, but he kept on; a curse, a sliding scuffle, the brass tiller flashed in the lightning as it swung—and Meade, senseless limbs beneath senseless body, tumbled down the companionway.

Inside was a faint glow from the bulb over the compass. That was all, but it showed the ragged teeth of old Cap bared in a snarl; it showed, too, the knife-blade as he whipped it from his shirt. And to the older man, it showed a white face, a set mouth, wide gray eyes, as his son, his flesh and blood, stormed past the motor to meet him.

"Put it down!"

"Stay back or I'll cut your heart——"

Again the brass tiller of the abandoned *Eleanor* rose and fell and the knife spun from the hand that held it. A scream from old Cap, a girlish scream from abaft the motor, a curse from Steve as he stood over his father who, nursing his numb wrist, sank weakly to a locker.

THE boy had the wheel, face against the glass. He turned the *Hawk* about, bracing as she rolled monstrously, and, with the seas kicking her squarely in the stern, he held the wheel with one hand and faced his father.

The old man looked up and for a moment their gaze locked. Then the boy spoke, voice sharp and steady above the bang of motor and riot of wind and water.

"If I get you out of this," he said, "you'll never make a crooked move so long as I live! If I get you out of this, I'll never be ashamed of you again so long as I live—and nobody'll he ashamed of me so long as I live because of you or because of anything! You'll amount to somethin'—for yourself an' for me—or, before Heaven itself, I'll hound you to the end of the world!"

He paused, breathing rapidly.

"You beat me once, an' it's the last time. It hurt—but I'm beginnin' over again—and you with me. You with me!"

He had not seen the girl, gathering her torn blouse over her shoulders, steadying herself by a hand against the housing, coming slowly forward. Her face was as white as the crests of seas outside, her eyes dark pools against the pallor. She stopped moving when the boy stopped talking. She looked from him to his cringing father, cringing from the scorn in his boy's eyes, and when she raised her eyes, Steve was staring at her, lips twitching.

She lifted one hand weakly and let it drop to her side. She tried to speak, but could not; she shook her head and tried again. Words came:

"Don't begin all over—again. Not all over. Go back, just a little—and keep on, like we—were going——"

She moved on then until she could steady herself by a hand on his arm.

"Not that," he said huskily. "I don't know yet—that I ever can amount to anything."

She put up the other hand at that and shook him.

"I do, Steve," she said quietly. "I know—you *have!*"

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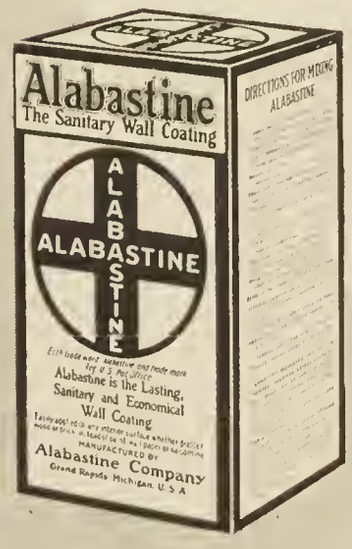
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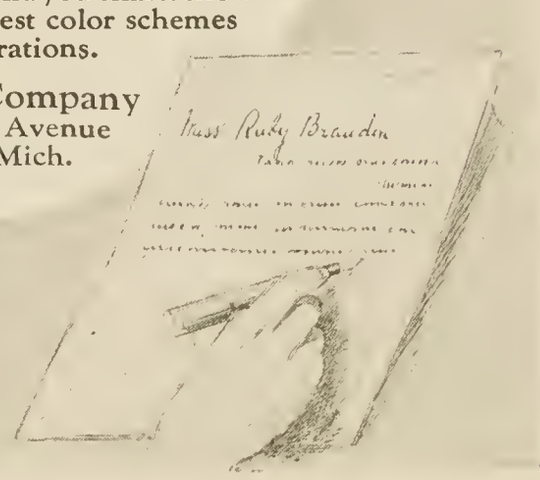
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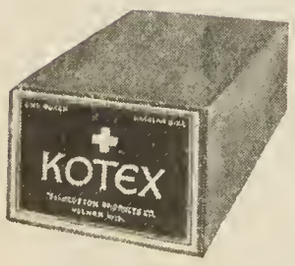
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 13

forget this, and during the past ten days she had been so completely out of the home atmosphere as almost to feel herself another woman.

Aloud, the conversation went on joyfully, and Rose looked strangely at the nicked and scorched brown dish in which her mother was making an apple-tapioca pudding, and at Cecy in the worn-out dotted red waist that had been Rose's for three years, and at Audrey with the big teeth pushing each other crooked in her wide little smiling mouth.

"Are we going to have lunch in the kitchen or in the dining-room?" she asked when Ned came in at half-past eleven to rumple her hair affectionately and tell her that to have some one down-town ask if his sister, "Mrs. Bainbridge," was back was "Hot dog!"

"Oh, my gracious, you'll be too grand to eat here in my dirty old kitchen, my married daughter, with a rich husband and a big house and a car!" her mother protested.

Rose protested in return: Mom, *please*, wasn't to talk as if there was any difference! But the words gave her a pleasant little thrill nevertheless.

"Why didn't she ring up yesterday?" Ned presently asked the others, evidently pursuing some previously discussed topic.

"Oh, mom, darling, did you know we got home yesterday!" Rosalind asked, her gay stream of talk instantly arrested and her guilty eyes on her mother. She had more than half-implied a late evening return.

"They saw you drive past the flour-mills," Cecy told her, "and Bozzy telephoned me! Heavens, Ned," she added to her brother witheringly, "you are a babbling Bess!"

"I understood, of course, you were both tired and dusty—get another loaf of bread, Audrey!" Mrs. Kirby said lovingly. "Why, my darling, do you suppose we didn't know you wanted to be with us the first instant you could?"

PERHAPS Rose was already contrasting this attitude with some other, perhaps she had already begun to learn to appreciate what was merely kind, uncritical, self-effacing and what she had taken for granted for years in her mother. She put her arms about her mother and kissed her as she never had kissed her in their lives before. The gentle, gray, mildly inefficient woman in the purple gingham looked at her with eyes through which shone nothing but anxiety to make her and all the children happy.

"Mother, do you know that you are the most wonderful person alive?" Rose asked, laughing through tears. "And it's so good to be home again!"

"Strange thing that particular office should burn that particular day!" her grandfather said to her significantly. "I suppose your sister told you my office and all my papers were burned?" he added. "Molly, why didn't you tell this very lovely young lady that we had quite a fire in River Street?" he added sociably.

"I'm terribly sorry, grandpa, dear," Rose said sympathetically. "Jam, Ned," she added, in an aside.

"You aren't interested in machinery," the old man rambled on, watching anxiously Audrey's greedy helping of jam. "But we've got a little specialty here in Gates Mill—the 'Centipede.' Heard of it?"

"The farm-tractor? I should say I have!" Rose assured him warmly. "Mom, did Ag's uncle finally die?"

"Say, listen, this is what I heard last night at the concert," Cecy began. Audrey departed squawking into the yard, Ned disappeared, Kate Connor cleared an end of the table for her pressing and the women composed themselves for a long talk. "Rose, it seems as if it was all a dream, your getting married and all!" Cecy said, with one more embrace. "Rose, is it fun?"

"Cecy!" her mother reproved her. But Rose laughed.

"Well, that feeling that you are walking on

Continued on page 87



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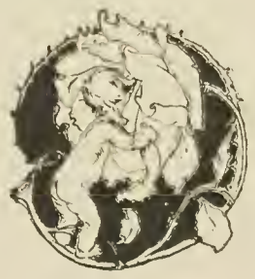


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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 86

air, and as if you were just too happy to live—that don't last, Rose," the widow Connor said thoughtfully. "I'll never forget when Mart Connor and I took a three-room house—it wasn't nothing but a shanty really—in Marysville. There were roses all over the door and we had ham and eggs for our first ten meals, I guess, for that was all I could cook! Finally I says, 'Mart, I guess you're getting pretty sick of ham and eggs, aren't you?' And he says—he says—'Why, you go on cookin' 'em better and better, Kate——'"

She flung herself down at the table, weeping, and Cecy put a comforting hand upon her shoulder.

"He was just a saint, and I knew all along that we were too happy!" the dressmaker said. "I had been so lonely as a girl, and somehow to have Mart, so kind and so generous, taking care of Ellie and me——"

"Well, that was the way with Mr. Kirby," said his widow, with sympathetic tears moistening her own eyes. "He never lost that goodness—thinking of me first and—I don't know—so companionable! Seems like we couldn't walk down to River Street but we wouldn't get laughing, and many a night we'd sit at the table until eleven o'clock——"

"Well, I want to be the first to congratulate you two on the cheerful conversation you select for a bride!" Cecy said, looking from one tearful woman to the other.

Both began to laugh, and Rose laughed, too. But she remembered the conversation many times afterward without laughter.

MARRIAGE, from her standpoint, was indeed no laughing matter. It had its good qualities, its hard qualities, but it was nothing like what she had fancied it would be, good or bad. She never cried, but there were days when she did not laugh.

It was increasingly and eternally amazing to find herself in the dark house of carpets and curtains, of dreary windows opening into dank shrubbery, married. She would have speculated gaily enough over the situation a few years, hardly more than a few months, ago—but she had been Rose Kirby then.

Now she was Mrs. Clyde Bainbridge. She had a husband—a prosperous, respected, nice-looking man, clean and faithful and responsible, a man who never looked at another woman and who never would, who paid all his bills promptly, drove a nice car and stood something more than well before his community. Clyde was exceptionally successful, unusually admired.

There was her house, her good servant, her substantial pretty clothes, her undeniable youth and beauty; and this was her home town where everybody knew and loved her.

She and Clyde shared one of the enormous flat walnut beds in one of the dark up-stairs rooms. They got up at seven and while they dressed he usually talked pleasantly of business affairs or of some small household matter. They descended a half-hour later to coffee and stewed fruit and baker's-bread toast, and then Clyde went away.

Then Rose usually said to Minnie: "How about dinner?"

And Minnie usually replied: "He said the mutton."

Rose might then say: "You can manage everything?"

"Oh, sure," Minnie would reply easily. "He's sort of fussy, Mr. Bainbridge," Minnie sometimes added loyally, "but he certainly does appreciate what you do for him!"

Rose would then go quietly up-stairs to make her bed and do such straightening, dusting or darning as seemed good. Once a week Minnie came up-stairs for a thorough cleaning, which she quite soberly described as "raring and tearing."

Thus Rose's domestic responsibilities were light. At ten she would walk down-town; four times a week she lunched with her mother.

These were her happiest times, times of such exquisite freedom that it was inevitable

Continued on page 88



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THE preliminary to the Cutex manicure is the shaping of the nails. For this Cutex has fine emery boards. File the nail to the length you like with long strokes from the corner of the nail to the tip. Then with the Cutex emery board shape the tip and smooth away any rough places. Either round it evenly like the finger tip or make a delicate point at the very center.



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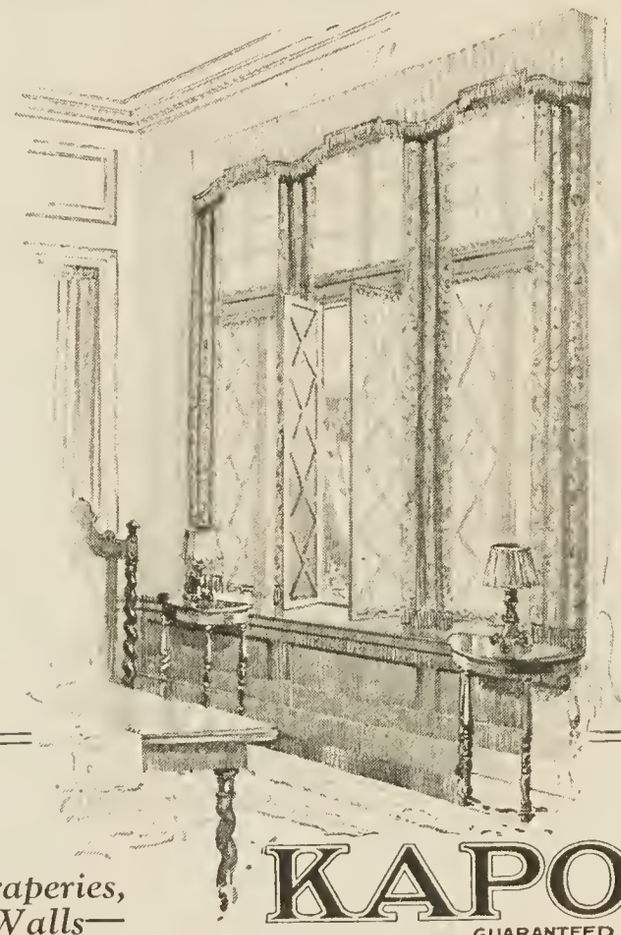
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 87

that Rose should presently quite innocently find herself saying: "Ah, mom, I never knew how wonderful home was, nor how I love you all!"

She would walk home at four o'clock; Clyde came in at about half-past five. Rosalind might be busily working with her French lesson. She would follow him up-stairs, with wifely concern for his fatigue or his worries. They would presently come down, to talk amiably and quietly over their dinner. Then Clyde usually worked and Rosalind sewed contentedly enough, or read Dickens and Thackeray, whose works with many others filled the old bookcases in the library.

"Sleepy?" he would ask her pleasantly when she laid down her book or yawned. Sometimes he asked her to wait for him, and thanked her for her graciousness as they went, chilly and weary, up-stairs, snapping off lights as they went. Often she went up-stairs alone.

But there were occasionally halcyon nights when Clyde worked at the office and Rosalind then fled home for dinner, laughed and chattered over the family dinner table and took Cecy and Ned, and perhaps her mother and Audrey, to whatever entertainment the town offered.

"Pretty smooth, having all the money you want to spend," Ned commented more than once. Rosalind found it gratifying herself to break five-dollar bills so easily, to take Cecy the little waist from Bond's window for which she thirsted, to have absolutely no uneasiness on the score of expenses. She did not know what her own household expenses were, but whatever they were, they were safe. Clyde never questioned her about her allowance. And presently he himself suggested that she send her mother a new lawn-mower as a gift. But he watched money matters with a closeness that astonished her; even in the Kirby house nickels and dimes flowed with an easier grace than in the Bainbridge mansion. Clyde never wasted and never lost control; anything might be worth its price to him, as witness the lawn-mower and the motor-car he drove, but he never lost sight of the price.

WHEN, a few weeks after their return home, she talked to him of alterations in the house, of white woodwork and Colonial chintzes, he listened attentively, if without enthusiasm, and then advised her to find out about what all these changes would cost. The walnut furniture would bring in practically nothing, and if she changed one room in the house she would surely want to change all.

"Besides, it's all solid and good, Rose; you can't buy furniture like it, and in another ten years it will all come into fashion again," he prophesied. "Somehow the house itself doesn't seem fitted to decoration!"

Rose had to admit that he was right. Not only the house, but the garden must have been torn out bodily before daintiness and freshness could come in. The carpets must come up, the curtains down, paperers must scrape and tear for weeks, floors must be relaid, all the woodwork coated three times with cream paint, and even then they would have a mere shell without one article of suitable furniture, and a shell whose unchangeable shape was not promising for any scheme of decoration.

"I suppose it would cost a thousand dollars?" she mused wistfully.

"A thousand! Get some estimates, Rose, and see what you'd have left of ten thousand!" Clyde said not unsympathetically.

This was final. Ten thousand dollars was a fortune; it would be actually wicked to squander it so. Rose resigned the immediate prospect of remaking the house, regretting most that it robbed her of a great outlet for her unspent energies and a delightful occupation for her spare time.

Other things struck deeper. Clyde was perfectly definite about such hospitality as was expected from Rose by her family. Certainly she was to ask them to dinner, Cecy, Ned, her mother, her grandfather, little Audrey. What night?

"Well, I hadn't thought of it in exactly that way, I suppose. I thought of them—sort of coming in whenever they wanted to——"

"As *what?*" he asked as she hesitated.

"As nothing!" she said, laughing and rousing from a half-formed dream in which Ned, Cecy, mom and grandpa were incessantly coming and going in the house in Santa Clara Street. Of course that wouldn't do—she was married now—every one said that this family question was a pitfall for domestic happiness. She would have liked to share everything she had with them. No matter; all this would adjust itself. Clyde hated slipshod entertaining: "Putting on an extra place," "Taking pot luck."

One of the weaknesses of her character, now suddenly discovered, was that she could not face controversy. She wanted mom to like Clyde, and Clyde to like her family, and everything to be harmonious and pleasant. So she immediately constituted herself a buffer between their different temperaments and achieved diplomacy almost overnight.

She formed the habit of lingering in her mother's kitchen in the Winter afternoons. Ned and Cecy began to expect to find her there, and sometimes the atmosphere of merriment and congeniality was so enthralling that Rose hated to leave, to run through dark Old Mill Lane, arriving breathless in her own cedar-scented dark garden only ten or fifteen minutes before Clyde got home.

IT WAS on one of these nights, a night just before Christmas, when Cecy was deep in present-making and Audrey penciling long lists for Santa Claus, and when the old house fairly hummed with homely warmth and young life, that she found herself for the first time formulating the astonishing question: "Why?"

Why had she married—and, marrying, why Clyde? What were the motives that had actuated her in taking so extraordinary a step? She had forgotten them entirely.

Women married. But why? She had known absolutely nothing about him; most girls knew nothing about the men they married. She had not been carried away; it was all logical and reasonable enough.

It had all been, perhaps, too reasonable. And it was reasonable still. Clyde was never unkind to her—indeed, he was almost always extremely kind. He planned for her, thought for her, gave her presents, was undoubtedly proud of her. He maintained a comfortable if ugly home, paid a good servant, and there were many times when he and Rosalind talked along comfortably on various subjects, perhaps took their luncheon and the car and spent a Sunday in the hills or went to a Gates Mill festivity: "Young Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge, and aren't they stunning together?"

But Rosalind had only to be her real self for five minutes to anger and antagonize him into a cold sort of fury that she early learned to anticipate and avoid. If she wanted Cecy to go with them, if she wanted to stop on the way home and see mom, he froze at once.

Her young voice raised in a shop infuriated him by "making him conspicuous." She came to hate the phrase. Rosalind asking young Jim Cudworth, in the garage, how his baby was was "making Clyde conspicuous." Almost any plan of hers was impracticable.

One day she moved into new positions the furniture in the down-stairs rooms where they usually spent their evenings, with his crowded yet orderly desk, her sewing, the lamps and the air-tight stove. But before he would sit there he moved everything back to exactly its own position again and asked her kindly to make no more changes.

Continued on page 89

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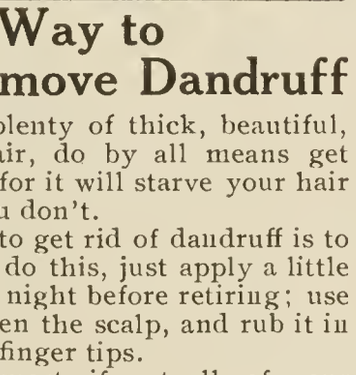
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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 88

"But Clyde, *dear*, I always feel as if I had a new room when things are all shifted about!"

"Please, Rose, as a special favor to me?"

She conceded it gracefully. And Clyde in turn was gracious and kind, chatting with her about affairs at the office, interested in her progress in French and with a plan for the next holiday. He could be interesting, and he had moods of being extremely fond of her, commenting upon her pretty hair, her good sense, her superiority to other women. They read the Gates Mill *Republican* and discussed it, and delicious food pleased him; he liked her to go out and cook dinner on Thursday nights when Minnie was away.

But sometimes she wondered why they had done it.

A pleasanter phase of the new state of affairs was her own improved position in Gates Mill. The little town of five thousand persons was Rose Bainbridge's whole world, and it was gratifying to find herself, at a bound, an important personage therein.

She liked, for one thing, occasionally to drive to the iron-works and pick Clyde up, to bring him home in the late afternoon. It was pleasant to go in and get respectful and kindly glances on all sides; pleasant to approach Clyde's guarded door and hear Simms's "You can go right in, Mrs. Bainbridge," and pleasant to catch Clyde's grave, approving smile over his work and sit quietly and shyly smiling at Lizzie Weeds while she awaited him.

Clyde had the offices of the old founder of the business, and Jack Talbot's office was now where Clyde's had once been, round the corner and up a flight of outdoor stairs, and Rose almost never saw him in these days. Clyde gave her the impression that young Talbot was an ass about the business, and the two men, she well knew, were utterly uncongenial. Rose never mentioned him.

WITH a swiftness only possible to her pliable sweet youth Rose changed. She grew more silent, somewhat constrained, unsure of herself. By total and complete self-surrender, self-abnegation, she could make Clyde happy for perhaps seven-eighths of the time.

Rose herself had no idea of what it cost her. She did not even know that she was nervous, anxious, apprehensive a greater part of the time about trifles that should never have concerned her at all. She only knew that for reasons impossible to recall she and Clyde Bainbridge had rather suddenly, yet quite deliberately, married each other, and that she had no choice but to make him as good a wife as was possible and herself a successful and contented woman, if that might be.

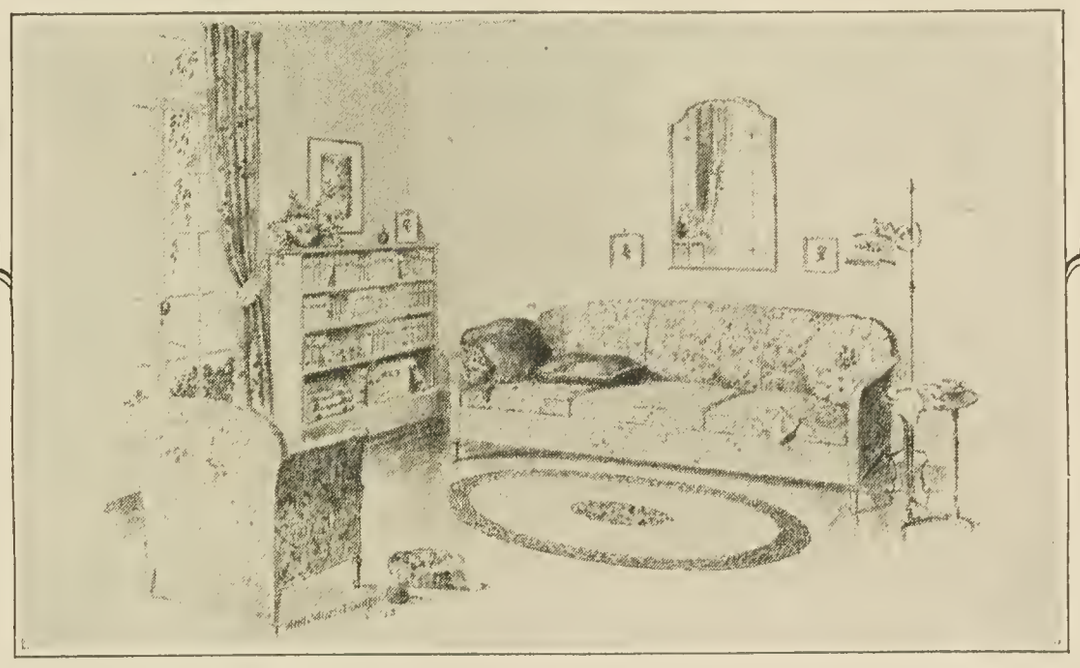
The young Rogerses and the old Rogerses, the Raymonds, the Terrys and Barkers, Doctor and Mrs. Newman and the Pottles all gave the Bainbridges dinner-parties, and they were asked to join the "Old-Timers Five Hundred Club." And Rosalind found all this unbelievably exciting and bewilderingly gratifying. She had the right gowns and she had a handsome husband who was immensely respected by all these respectable persons.

The first of the formal entertainments was in October, when Rose had been married about six weeks. The evening was suffocatingly hot and she wore a very simple organdy gown decorated only by knowing little scallops of the material itself, and the thin silk stockings and slippers that matched its elusive peach color. Excitement gave her a brilliant color, and as she came into the Pearsalls' big sitting-room, where half a dozen other guests were already assembled, her beauty was so startlingly evident that several of the women later agreed that it was easy to see why any man should marry her.

She had told Clyde that she was a little nervous and he kindly remained beside her as the others, in their lemon satins and flower-decorated gowns, gathered about her. Jack and Edith were not at this affair, but a week later they gave a dinner on their own account.

Continued on page 90

The DAVENPORT BED
SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



IN THESE DAYS OF COMPACT LIVING

"We do seem pretty snug here, don't we? Last time you visited us we were still in the old home on Elm Street. It rambled all over the lot and Martha, my dear, what a care that big house was.

"This little place seems to suit my age and inclinations perfectly. Instead of several we only have one guest room now. But here's a secret, this davenport has a bed in it; you'd never guess it, would you? The bed part is really separate, with regular bed springs and a real mattress. Comfortable? Well, when Paul and Mary come back from college there's always a battle to see who gets to sleep here.

"So you see we have two guest rooms although only one of them is visible in daytime. I'm going to put you here tonight, for the Martins are driving over later on so that we'll all be together and ready for an early start in the morning."

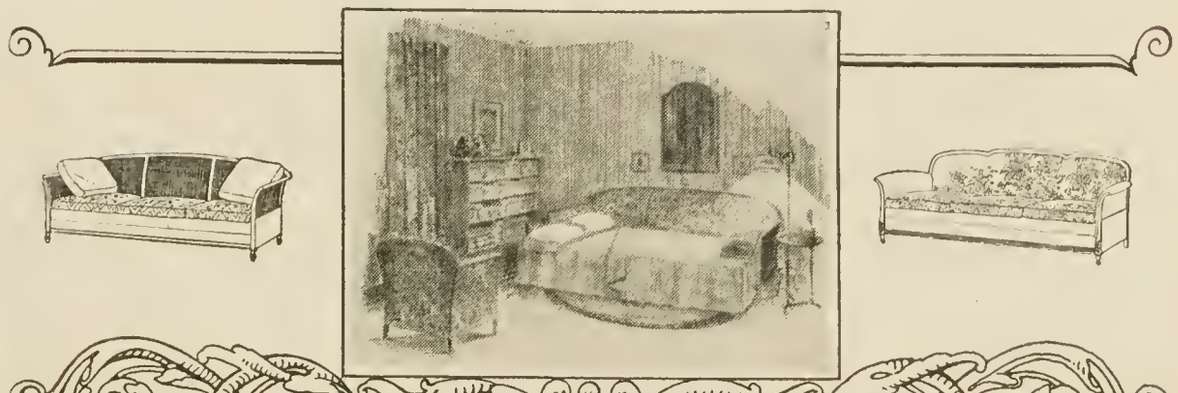
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 89

This was a wet, wild Autumn evening and branches were swishing and creaking in the old garden as Clyde raced his laughing wife from the motor-car to the lighted porch.

"You got wet, I'm afraid?" Edith said hospitably from the drawing-room doorway after the maid had sent Rose up-stairs to leave her wraps upon Edith's beautifully draped twin bed and Rose had come somewhat shyly down again.

"Oh, not a bit!" The damp weather had curled her hair, her cheeks glowed splendidly, her blue eyes shone like stars. "Hello, Jack," she said to her host, giving him her hand as he left the group by the fire and came out to greet her.

"Hel-*lo!*" Jack exclaimed delightedly and loudly. "A great deal is said about the weather, but I notice nothing is done! Hello, Clyde—how's everything? Say, isn't this fearful? Awfully glad to have you people under our roof at last! Rose, you know the Fred Rogerses, and my mother? Mother, this is Mrs. Bainbridge."

"I don't call anybody who looks like a little girl of ten *Mrs.* Anything!" Jack's mother said whimsically. "I'm going to call you Rose!"

"Oh, I wish you *would!*" Rose said fervently and smilingly. "Clyde, you know Mrs. Terry? How is the darling little grandson, Mrs. Terry? I remember Mr. Terry bringing his picture to the office—he was taken on his kiddy-car——"

"My dear, she's going to have another!" Mrs. Terry said intimately. "Well, I don't care—we're all married folks!" she defended herself a little apologetically, as there was a general gasp of protest. Rose felt herself included, excited, happy.

"All right, Gusta," the elder Mrs. Talbot said.

"Just a minute, Mother Talbot!" Edith interrupted prettily. "We'll wait for Mr. Fred, Gusta."

"Oh, I do beg your pardon, Edith; I thought we were all here," said her husband's mother. Edith gave her a flicker of a smile, gave Jack a slow, significant look, and said coolly: "Oh, that's all right!"

YOU'RE next to me, Rose, and the other animals follow us into the ark," Jack said. Rose wondered why he seemed so nervous and was so talkative—so almost silly. She had never seen him in his own group before. She longed for some sort of quiet word—he had never been like this.

He looked rather badly, she thought: his color not wholesome and his eyes weary and restless. He chattered too much—perhaps that was the duty of the host.

Well, here she was seated at the Talbot table, where she had so often longed to be. The frail gown of black lace was exquisitely becoming; she knew she had never looked better in her life. All the men were astonishingly kind to her, and the women, too. The latter came as a surprising discovery. Instinctively she had always feared the women.

But her friendliness, her youth and sweetness and strangeness made an instant appeal to them all. Hers was a fresh voice among their too-familiar voices; she made them laugh, she was really interested in their views, really anxious to win them, and one after another they succumbed.

After dinner she found herself at a hilarious card-table with Bozzy Terry, Juliet Barker and Jack. But Jack kept jumping up to arrange lights, sharpen pencils, close or open windows, answer the telephone and attend to other matters touching the comfort of his guests, and when at last he sat down to deal the first hand, Edith called him and whispered smilingly to him from where she was sitting playing bridge with Clyde and some older persons.

Immediately he came back, bringing young Mrs. Newman, who had just come down-stairs after telephoning home about her baby, and it appeared that she was to

Continued on page 91

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved



I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

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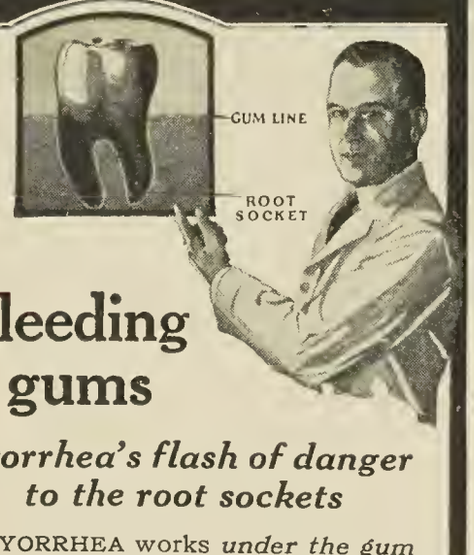
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The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

For Coughs

PINEX



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 90

play, and that Jack would later "cut in."

He went off to the fireplace to talk to one or two extra men who were lounging and smoking there, and presently one of the men, Edith's uncle, Joe Cole, came over and played at Rose's table, and then the other man, a newcomer from the East named Thorpe.

The five hundred game became extremely merry; Rose moved her shining eyes reproachfully to her partner.

"Oh, but what a frightfully rash bid! Shouldn't you have had the joker to bid that way?"

Bozzy Terry had laughed joyously, shamelessly, and had pleaded with her with tears of mirth in his eyes.

"Oh, please don't ask me what I *should* have had, Mrs. Bainbridge, or you'll make me feel like a dog!"

Truman Thorpe looked at this small-town bride critically for the tenth time. Who was she? he had been asking the men. Did Gates Mill realize how beautiful she was?

"Well, now you've got a very different sort of partner, Mrs Bainbridge," he assured her. "You and I'll wipe this smart young man off the map!"

"Go ahead!" said Juliet, watching now. And go ahead they did, so effectually that Rose presently carried home the first prize, a pair of little Canton candlesticks.

"Thank you so much for coming!" said Edith in the doorway at quarter to one. She had just been cross with Jack over the last hand at bridge and had lost twenty-one dollars to Clyde. Rosalind felt oddly baffled and blank; her first dinner-party in the Talbot house had proved to be rather flat and wearying.

"That girl hates me!" Clyde said amusedly, driving home.

"Who—Edith?"

"Edith. The old lady—his mother—hates me, too. But the girl would put a knife into me!" Clyde added.

"Oh, Clyde, but why do you say that?"

"Well, my place in the business annoys her and frets her. Jack practically takes my orders—and they like to think that it's the Talbots first and every one else in town afterward, you know! And then her father is getting properly respectful toward me, and she resents that."

"I thought Jack was really concentrating and grasping some of the business at last?"

"Well, he is, in a way. Paul Long was saying so anyway. But his wife and mother resent that he ever had to let any of the authority slip. Have a good time to-night?"

"Those men were nice to me—every one was, in fact. Yes, I had a nice time—I guess."

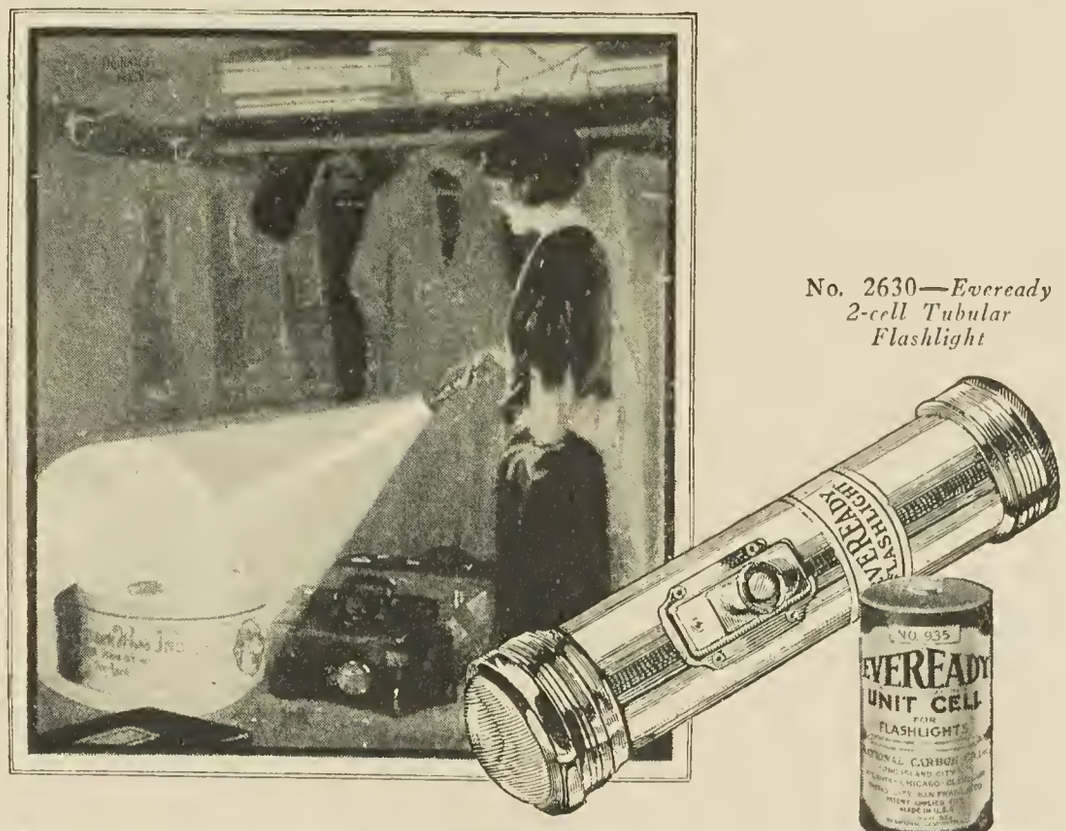
"Never saw you look better!" Clyde said, and Rosalind was dependent enough already upon his opinion to be made happy by the little compliment.

SO THE months went by, with a good deal of bewildered silence and readjustment on her part, but no resentment at the change that marriage had brought into her life and mind—into her very soul—and very rarely anything that even approached analysis. Rose was sometimes lonely in the long wet months, but the Spring came early and a rather frightening touch of bronchial trouble on her mother's part gave her an excuse for long days in the old home.

Then came a change. It was in late March that Clyde began to advise his mother-in-law to sell the old house that had been the Tallifer mansion and one of the village boasts fifty years ago.

Clyde's idea was that with the three or four thousand clear that the sale would bring, Rose's mother and the younger children should move out to one of the new, clean, practical cottages being built at Union Junction beyond Terry's Mills, three miles out of town. Ned and Cecy could finish their schooling there and eventually find themselves ready for employment either in

Continued on page 92



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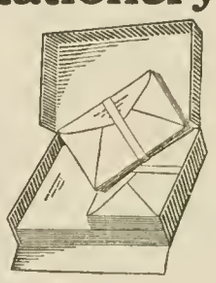
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B-3



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 91

the mills or in the large and flourishing county-seat of Alta Loma, three miles farther away.

Cecy and Ned were youthfully enthusiastic about this plan, and grandpa and Audrey as eager as children for the change. To Rose's surprise her mother was also willing to consider it.

River Street and the encroaching backs of office-buildings and apartments had long been a trial, it appeared, to Mrs. Kirby, and boarding Mrs. Connor and her sister was becoming a good deal of a burden. Clyde drove her out one day to see the "Homestead Bungalows" at the junction and she was delighted with the young trees, standing like carriage-whips along the the muddy roads, and the bright enameled sinks and the hard-wood floors, a sitting-room, three bedrooms, a charming bare little dining-room flooded with sunshine through paint and plaster-flecked windows, and splendid closets, splendid storage-room everywhere. There was even a small garage, with a pooled drive already cut in the meadow grass upon which it stood.

Rose alone was dubious, a little silent, a little sad about these new plans. "You'll be so far away from me, mom?"

"Not with the trolley going to town every twenty minutes, dear," Mrs. Kirby said. And Clyde made her heart stand still with one of his disapproving looks.

It was decided that if not less than a certain sum were offered for the old house, Mrs. Kirby would sell, and this sum and a trifle more was immediately offered by a building firm, which proposed to put six five-room apartments on the site and call them the "Tallifer Arms." And in mid-April the move was made, and laborers began ruthlessly to tear down the walls and floors of the old house, exposing its shabby papers and worn woodwork shamelessly, and after that the short length of Old Mill Lane was so altered that Rose never cared to go there or felt any especial emotion of memory when she did.

SHE felt lonely and strange, coming down to River Street in the warming Spring mornings in her trim tailor-made with the immaculate frill. Only a year ago she had been getting ready for Golden West Week, but Clyde did not want her to be Liberty this year. He said that it was a little undignified in a bride—she didn't see Edith Talbot or Amy Rogers getting themselves up on top of floats——

Her quick color and a rush of inward resentment utterly disagreed with him; she made no protest. But in her honest, unspoiled heart she knew that he was wrong, that this simple friendly sharing of the community's pleasure belonged to a more generous code than he would ever know.

Two years ago she and Jack Talbot had been sweethearts. Rosalind never thought of Jack as being even a friend of hers now. Life had carried them away from each other; Edith had come home from school and he had been unkind to Rosalind and she had said that she hated him. But she did not feel that she hated him now; she merely felt a little surprise sometimes that it should all have come out as it had, and sometimes she wondered if all marriages were like her own and if all women suffered the same bewildering metamorphosis during the first few months of married life.

She had dreamed only a few short months ago of some triumphant step by which she should crush Jack Talbot, force him to see what beauty and youth and devotion he had thrown away.

But since her marriage her own problem had too painfully and too completely absorbed her. For Rose had not been married six months before she realized, as hundreds of women realize every day, that she must find her self-expression in life, her contentment, her satisfaction against, rather than with, any cooperation or sympathy from her husband.

Their natures were utterly and exactly opposed. Where she was gay, casual and friendly he was rigid and formal; to the formal and ostentatious display that he liked, every fiber of her simplicity objected. Small mishaps and inconveniences and events made her laugh joyously and filled him with anger and resentment.

A late meal, an unexpected delay or the friendly approach and greeting of some indifferent person in River Street merely interested Rose. Her tears, her concern were for suffering Russian babies, for boys sent to prison in their teens, or perhaps for mom, with a hateful burn on her finger. Clyde took no interest in anything that did not touch the narrow groove in which he lived and moved.

If it concerned the office, the Talbots, his own house or car, his dignity, his reputation. he was instantly in arms.

"What makes you think you have to go and see your mother?" he would ask.

"Well, of course I don't have to go to see her. It's just that I really want to."

"You *think* you want to!"

Silence.

"You have simply deceived yourself into thinking that you ought to see her every day or two, and consequently you make a slave of yourself doing it! I thought this was the day of Amy Terry's bridge-party?"

"It is. I'm going in later. But I can't play bridge with those sharks, you know!"

"Terry and I are associated in business, so I presume that is reason enough for you to be casual with his wife!"

Silence again.

"Could you pick me up at the Terrys' at about half-past five, Clyde?

"Not to-night. Telephone for a taxi."

"Oh, no—no! Mrs. Newman will bring me home. She goes right past our lane."

Silence. Silence. Sometimes there seemed to Rose to be safety only in silence.

IN THE second week of June there was a small and select picnic to Kirby's Dam. Only the members of the "Old-Timers'" card-club were expected to participate, taking about six motor-cars, with all the handsomely fitted little picnic-boxes filled with salads and vacuum bottles for the lunch.

Rose had found herself unaccountably depressed of late, nervous and sensitive and with impaired appetite and broken sleep. Perhaps actuated by an undefined desire to share with the little sister the worldly goods that had cost her so dear, she had half-wanted Cecy to come on this picnic.

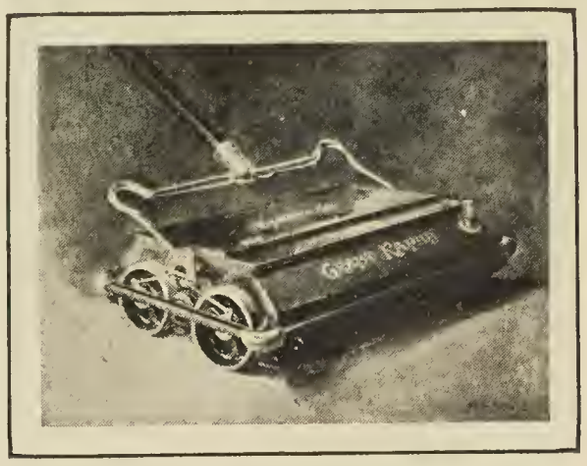
But somewhat to her relief, after she had argued and pleaded the matter with Clyde and it had been agreed that Cecy should be asked but not urged to come, Cecy declined.

"It'd be different if Dory Barker was home," Cecy said over the telephone. "But he doesn't get home until the twenty-sixth. And it's my geometry exam, and I don't dare to skip it!"

So the Bainbridges drove to the scene of the festivities alone in their clean little car with a neat box of food stored behind them. Clyde had been especially nice this morning, helping Rose make sandwiches and enthusiastic over Minnie's chocolate cake.

As Rose and Clyde drove along to the quiet jingle-jingle of tire-chains, the trees, richly dressed in new bright-green foliage, were whipping about in heavy, erratic winds and little currents were blown into the coffee-brown surface of wayside pools. Buttercups in the fields bowed their heads as to a reaper, and when the sun shone fitfully, colors everywhere on orchards, forests and vineyards were spectacularly bright, and majestic

Continued on page 93



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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 92

cloud-shadows drove cross the clear purple-blue of the great mountains.

They were not the first at the dam, and immediately entered upon the chorus of lamentations and laughing complaints and into the group that was spreading a long table where the sun would find them, if it came out, and where overhanging branches could not sweep them with cold washes of water.

Cool winds swept the grove and sometimes steel-dark shadows from clouds overhead put the whole group into semi-darkness for a few chilly minutes. The women wore their coats and there was much loud appreciation of the smoking coffee when it was finally poured.

"I'm glad we did it—I think this is fun—we don't have to stay late!" they all said.

But after lunch the sun really did come out, as if it meant to stay, and the whole affair brightened into real noise and gaiety at last. The picnickers sat long about the littered board, the men smoking, the women gossiping and laughing.

Jack, Rosalind noted, was rather silent and unresponsive and very quickly and quietly efficient when there was work to be done. She was quiet herself, but for reason.

She listened, smiled, left her food almost untasted. The queer, uncertain day seemed to have found a stormy, sunny, bewildered reflection in her own soul. She breathed the deep, delicious odor of wet oak woods; she caught a whiff of golden, fragrant wind from off the buttercup fields when the sun shone; she was Rosalind Kirby, picnicking at the dam with all these friendly persons, who were unaware of her very existence a year ago.

AFTER a while, when the men were trying jumps, throws, shots, physical contests of various sorts, she had a few sentences in an aside with old Mrs. Terry. Rosalind liked this soft, kind woman better than the others.

The grandmother listened alertly.

"Well, I guess you're elected, dear!" she said, with a good motherly look of interest and pleasure.

"I would have asked my own mother," Rosalind confessed, "but when I've seen her the last two times my little sisters have been there——"

"You'd be glad, wouldn't you, if it were so?"

"Glad, yes. But it makes me a little—frightened. It seems such a responsibility——"

"You go right ahead and have your baby; he'll pay his own way!" Mrs. Terry advised her comfortably, completely misunderstanding her apprehension.

"Thank you!" Rose responded, so simply and sweetly that the older woman from that hour was her admiring friend.

And for the first time that day Rose thought of her baby as a reality, and of his claim on her, and hers on him. A baby, a real live little creature of flesh and blood—and hers.

Solemnity, reverence suffused her being. She always would remember this day as the one upon which she gravely, and in a mood of high exaltation and reverence, dedicated her life to this creature dearer than herself.

Trembling sunshine upon saturated grass, wet branches moving slowly overhead, the Terrys and Rogerses and Raymonds wandering about the dells and glens of the dam, and Rosalind Kirby married and going to have a baby. After a while she walked alone about the dam to the headwaters, where the creek came in.

The wide sheet of water, struck into brilliance by the sun, was below her feet. It looked infinitely calm and peaceful in the light of the stormy Spring afternoon, and Rose found herself wondering what she had ever had to worry about before she was married, what it would be like to feel silly, lighthearted, free again.

A wriggling yellow-bellied water-dog slipped from a log and drifted rather than

Continued on page 94



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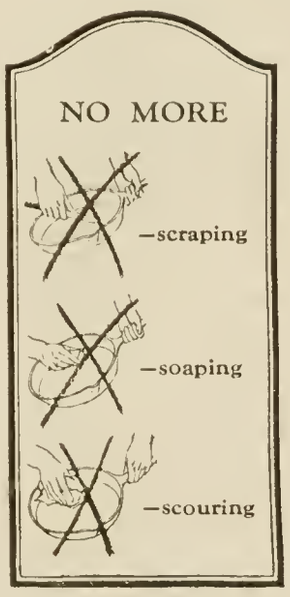
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 93

swam through the muddy depths. A cool wind swished reed and branches with the long sound of falling waves and the sun went under a heavy cloud.

"Hello!" said Jack Talbot, suddenly beside her. "What are you thinking about, Rose? You look terribly serious."

"I was just thinking—" They were standing, staring down at the dam now, side by side. "I was just thinking how wonderful it is!" Rose said thoughtfully, turning upon him the grave blue of her beautiful blue eyes. She dropped them again to the water and he noted the rich sooty curve of their lashes against the velvet of her cheek. "I'd like to come up here a whole day alone," she said.

Jack did not answer, but as they turned to make their way slowly down the wide, irregular path that encircled the water, he said suddenly:

"You must miss your mother and Cecy terribly, don't you?"

It was the first word of sympathy she had had. Rose paused again, looked down at the water and was surprised to feel her eyes stinging and her throat thickening as she glanced up at him again.

"You poor kid!" Jack said affectionately.

"It all seems—so different," she said, smiling gravely, but with some little difficulty and watering eyes.

"And you were all so crazy about each other!"

"Ah, *weren't* we?"

SUDDENLY the big man standing there beside her seemed to change his identity, or perhaps assume his own, after a change, and become Jack Talbot again, the man whose kindness, whose friendliness, whose moods of gaiety, of passionate admiration for herself, of boyish ambition and fitful conscientiousness had once made all her world. Rose felt herself trembling a little in the realization that he had come back, in this hour of vague fears and loneliness, this strange hour when she felt herself embarking upon such new and frightening waters.

He had been a stranger to her for almost two years. But now they were suddenly friends again, liking the sound of each other's voices, picking up all the interest and sympathy that had united them as closely as ever had young passion two years ago.

They were married now, each had his own problem; Rose's life indeed seemed all problems. But the shadow that had been Jack Talbot had turned into the living, kindly, valued friend again.

If she felt this, without quite sensing what she felt, Jack's emotions were of a slightly more definite type. He saw beside him on the shores of the dam this slender, exquisitely beautiful woman in whose mind and soul he could well read a beauty and a goodness that eclipsed that of her face. She seemed a little grave and dignified in these days, and was thus made only the more charming, more utterly different from everybody else.

He heard all his circle acclaiming her beauty at first sight and beginning now to praise her voice, her manner, her ready sweet interest in anybody and anything. When she turned her attention to him, soberly and kindly, when she said "Jack" casually, in greeting or parting, he knew that he might remember when that attention was always radiantly and fully his for the asking and when that "Jack" was followed by the laughing and eager "darling" that brought her, fragrant and young and deliciously yielding, into his arms.

He did not remember these things, out of loyalty to Edith, but he could not prevent the sudden bitter ache of loss that went through him as he stood beside Rosalind at the dam to-day and noted the little rough stocking, the sensible striped homespun skirt, the big brown coat that enveloped her slim figure and the golden hair that was blown up against her hat in rings and

Continued on page 95



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ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 94

tendrils of burnt-gold. So friendly, so womanly, so simple and sympathetic, just asking that the world be happy and kindly and good—and lost to him forever.

It had begun to rain, slow, soft, uncertain drops that struck the smooth surface of the dam into interlocking rings and circles; the air was chill and restless and they went in silence back to the cars and separated for the drive home.

Clyde and Rosalind had some serious talk as they drove slowly along in the rain to the jingling of the tire-chains. The rain had ended the picnic at three o'clock and Clyde had decided to go back to the office for a few hours' hard work. Rosalind really dreaded the return to her dark, silent, tree-shrouded house and asked him to drop her at Miss Cartier's for a French lesson.

She had half-decided to tell Clyde this afternoon, but somehow she felt chilled and weary and unwilling to open the subject.

They rolled along carefully between the quiet farms, smitten silent and lifeless under the quiet, sunless afternoon. Rose thought of the big barns full of sweet dry hay where children were playing and wondered how many wives were unhappy——

But she was not unhappy—she was not unhappy. There was a great deal that was fine about Clyde; he was a good husband. Only life was a little difficult sometimes——

"Do you know what I mean when I speak of the 'Centipede'?" he asked her suddenly.

To this question from almost anybody else in the world Rose would have returned a burst of laughter and a scornful "What do you think I am—a half-wit? Do you suppose that there's a person in Gates Mill who doesn't know all about the Talbot 'Centipede'?"

But no one addressed Clyde in this fashion, not even his wife.

"The farm-tractor? Of course!" she said.

Clyde was silent and again Rose looked at the farms and the little farm-gardens with fuchsias and lilacs and young trees in them.

AN HOUR ago the rain had stopped; now the west was clear and the clouds were moving away in great masses toward the south Sinking sunshine fell in long shafts across the world and through the wet trees, and the pools were full of red light.

"Do you remember telling me a year ago that you hoped life would give you a chance to square accounts with Jack Talbot?" Clyde asked abruptly.

She did not think of Jack, nor Edith, nor all the others who had been unkind to her then. But Rose thought instantly of her child and that he must be protected from anything like hate.

"I forgive him," she said briefly. "I suppose a man might feel in conscience bound not to marry a woman for whom he had ceased to care," she added slowly.

"You didn't talk that way a year ago!" Clyde said, almost with disapproval.

"No," she said. And she seemed almost tangibly to hold close to her heart the small, sleepy, wrapped form of a baby as she did so. A boy with fair hair and blue eyes—ah, what company he would be! How he would fill his mother's life!

"Suppose I told you," Clyde was saying measuredly, "that you may have it in your power, one of these days—*we* may have it in our power—to put the Talbot family, once and for all, under an enormous obligation?"

Sheer surprise roused her from her dream and she looked at him in bewilderment.

"You mean through the business?"

"Through the 'Centipede'."

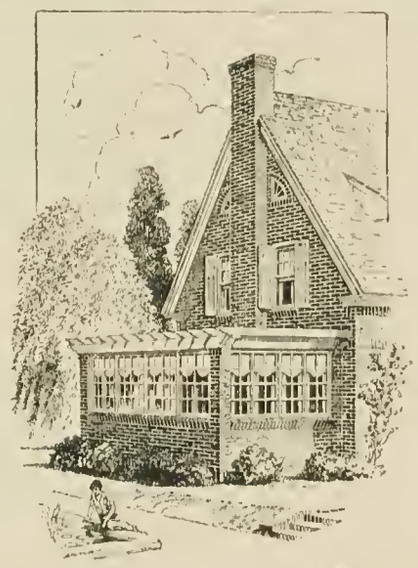
"Clyde, are things going badly at the iron-works?"

"On the contrary."

"Well, but how, then?" Rosalind demanded after a pause in which she had twisted about on the seat to stare into his face.

"You remember old Talbot's death, almost

Continued on page 96



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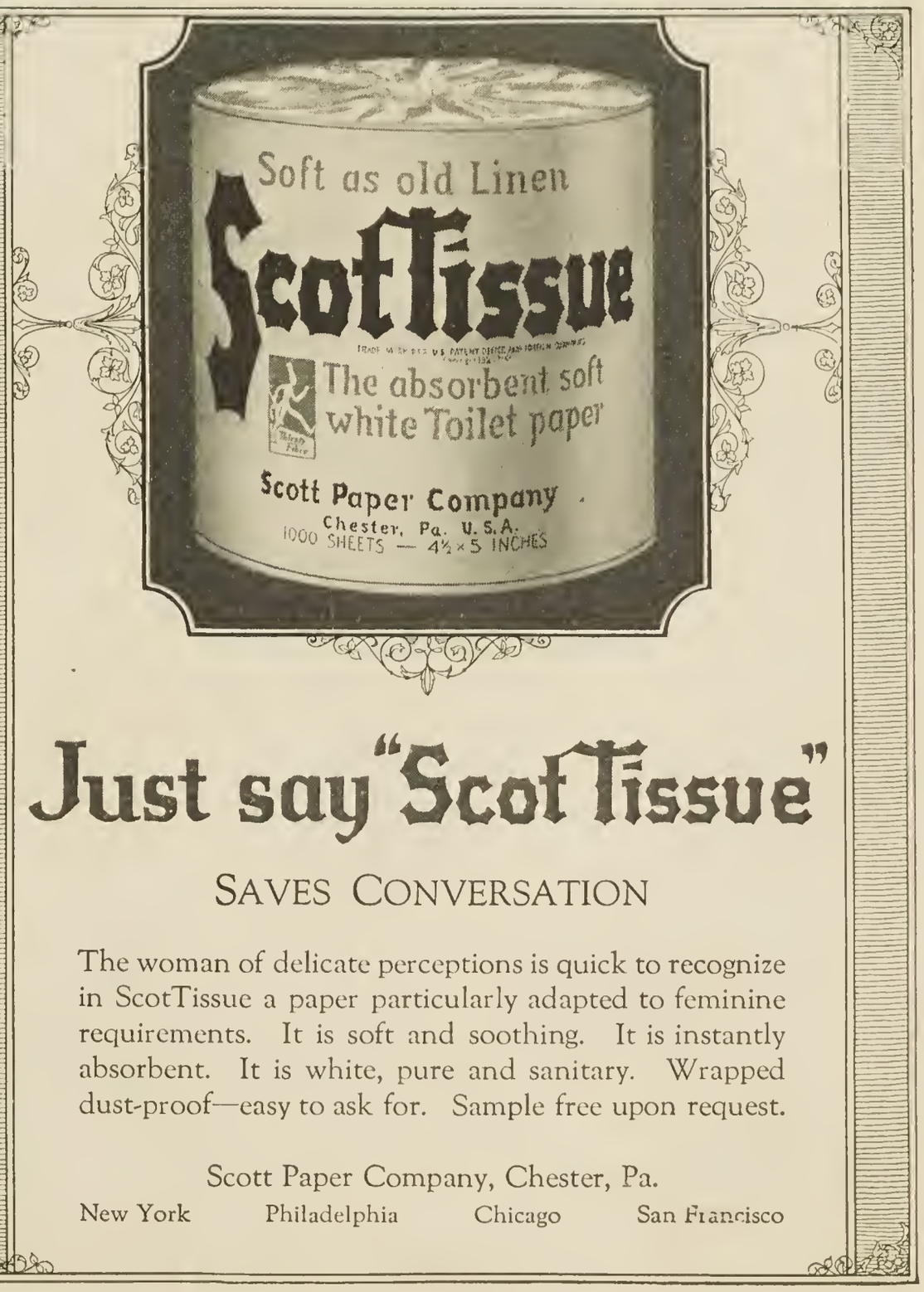
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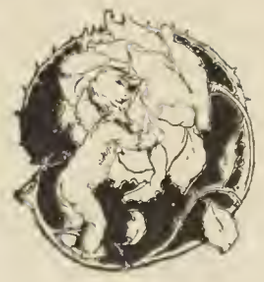
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ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 95

two years ago?" Clyde began. "I don't know whether you knew it or not, but he sent for me when he knew he was dying."

"I think I remember that."

"Has it ever occurred to you, Rose, to think where old Talbot got the design for the 'Centipede'?" Clyde asked significantly.

"The design? No."

"The design is, of course, the whole thing," Clyde told her.

"I suppose so. But—but what do you mean, Clyde? I don't understand you. What about it?"

"Did you ever know that your grandfather made that design?" Clyde asked with the same oddly deliberate manner.

"My— You don't mean grandpa?"

"Certainly. He was a mechanical engineer, and a genius at his profession, as far as I can make out."

"Grandpa!" Rose said proudly. "The old darling! And did he sell this design to Mr. Talbot?"

"No; that was what old Talbot told me on his deathbed. He entered into partnership with Talbot—*entered into partnership.*"

"The darling!" Rose mused fondly. "He would probably have been a rich man, if it hadn't been for that horrible accident!"

"Exactly. He supplied the design for the 'Centipede,' and old Talbot had just put five or six hundred dollars into a small foundry—the beginning of the iron-works."

"Five or six hundred thousand, you mean, don't you?"

"Five or six hundred. This was forty years ago, Rose, when Gates Mill was just a sort of overnight stop on the way to the mines."

"You don't mean that the Talbot fortune was built on five or six hundred dollars!"

"That's all it was. Your grandfather didn't put any money in, it seems; but the 'Centipede' is *his* invention."

"Did he patent it?"

"He designed it and Talbot began to experiment in manufacturing it, and they drew up a rough agreement that your grandfather was to have a share in the business."

"Grandpa was!"

CLYDE was surprised that she showed no more excitement. But after all, Rose had been hearing similar stories of her own people all her life.

"I wish he had it now!" she said wistfully.

"Why do you say that?" her husband asked, watching her.

"Well, for several reasons, Clyde. It isn't only the money. But I would feel so much safer about Cecy if she could be sent to that Berkeley school where Dorothy Rogers goes, or to the Sisters in San Rafael. And it would be so delicious to have mom have a good servant—she isn't so young as she was. And then there's Ned, to say nothing of how proud grandpa would be to have one of his boasts come true—darling old grandpa, who has always been talking about his papers and the fire! And then it *would* be a satisfaction, Clyde," Rosalind confessed honestly, "to have Edith and Mrs. Talbot, and some of the others, realize that it was only chance that made them so rich and all the rest of us so poor! You know they talk as if they had their money and position by divine right——"

"You can do all that, perhaps," he told her clearly as she paused.

"Clyde Bainbridge!" Rosalind stammered, astounded.

"You can do all that, and more too, if you can somehow manage to find that old contract, Rose," the man said.

"The old contract! But wasn't it outgrown, or outlawed, or whatever it is, years ago? Grandpa must have sold it, or cancelled it, or something!"

"It was signed a week before the fire, Rose, and only two before the accident."

"No, but the accident came first, Clyde, and it was while grandpa was up at

Continued on page 97

! betrayed

Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

So many people overlook this one matter of fastidiousness. And do so in spite of the fact that in conversation the teeth are the one most noticeable thing about you.

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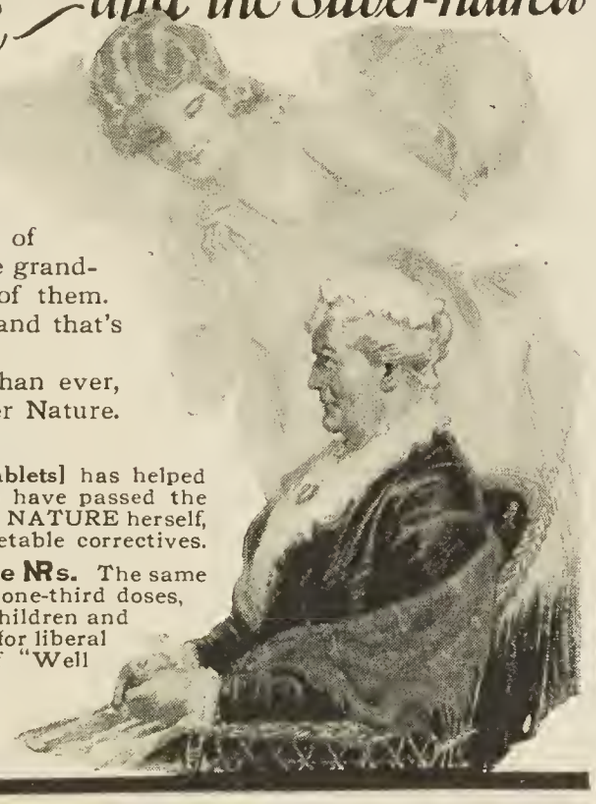
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 96

Hendersons, when they were trying to cure him, that the fire happened!"

"Are you sure of that?"

"Oh, positive! I've heard mom talk about it a thousand times."

"Does it strike you as odd, Rose, that there should have been a fire just there, just then?"

Light dawned in her bewildered eyes.

"But—but that makes old Mr. Talbot——"

"A common thief—certainly!" Clyde said.

"You don't mean that he took advantage of grandpa's being unable to remember anything——?"

"That's exactly what he did!"

"And never paid grandpa a cent of his percentage on the 'Centipede'?" Color flamed in her cheeks. "He *did* pay grandpa's doctor and hospital bills, but mom always thought it was because they were driving behind old Mr. Talbot's stallion when they had the runaway! Clyde, you can't be sure of this," she began again, almost pleadingly.

"Talbot told me so himself!"

"But he was ill—he must have been raving. Why should he tell you?"

"Because he was afraid that that old contract might turn up, Rose, and Jack have to pay the piper! He told me if it did, not to fight, to buy them off, at their own price——"

"Them?"

"Well, you. It amounts to that. That percentage would be yours, if we could find the old paper."

Rose's blue eyes fairly flamed.

"BUT, Clyde, to be comfortably rich! To have mom living up in Harrison Street, to have her able to travel with Cecy!" Her voice dropped. "But wasn't it—it was probably burned!" she said hopelessly.

"Talbot feared that it wasn't. He said your grandfather's offices were gutted by the fire——"

"He hadn't anything to do with the fire?"

"He didn't admit it. His story was this: that he had put a little money into the works and your grandfather a little brain. Nobody could dream that the 'Centipede' would catch on as it did, or even that California was going to be a State of small farms. I suppose five hundred dollars would have bought your grandfather's rights any time in the first five years. Talbot had hard times—they nearly went under in '93; it was only about twenty or twenty-five years ago that they began to make money. He said that he always intended, if your grandfather continued insane——"

"I couldn't believe this, Clyde, if he hadn't told you himself!"

"Well, it knocked me cold, I can tell you. He destroyed his copy of the contract, of course, and the witnesses died years and years ago. There is absolutely nobody who knows about it. He said that sometimes he felt perfectly safe and at others he was simply in a panic of fear. He wasn't at all sure that it was in your grandfather's office. And he said that only about a year ago your grandfather walked out to his office and for about five minutes talked as rationally as a sane man could about it, asking if the business was on a firm footing yet and saying in so many words that he had mislaid the old agreement, but that he would presently bring it in and read it over. That scared old Talbot, and when he had his stroke he sent for me."

"Jack doesn't know anything about it?"

"Nobody knows anything about it! Old Talbot said that he kept meaning to send for your father, and then, when he died, for you. You were left absolutely in control of everything, weren't you?"

"But it didn't amount to anything. Mom had all her interest put into my hands; she hates business. But grandpa, before ever she was married, made a will leaving everything he had to her and she passed it on to me."

Continued on page 98

1874 Golden Anniversary 1924





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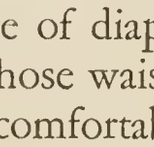
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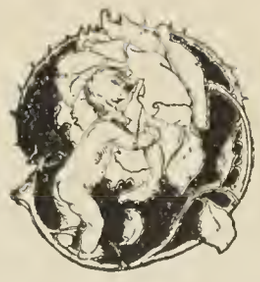
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 97

"Well, then, you've only to find that paper, Rose, to have the—" Clyde had been about to finish, "the Talbots exactly where you want them!" But a glance at her thoughtful face, a little pale and weary to-day and with a new earnestness in the blue eyes, arrested him. "To be able to do anything you want to for your mother and the girls!" he finished shrewdly.

"But grandpa hasn't a shred of paper that we haven't all been over a thousand times!"

"Hasn't, eh?" he asked, as if disappointed.

"No. You know the more useless a thing is the more he hoards it! You couldn't just go to Jack?"

"Without a scrap of evidence? He wouldn't believe me and I couldn't blame him!"

"But some day grandpa may talk rationally again?"

"What he says would have no weight whatever. Even admitting that there had been this contract, what would prove that he had not sold it, or canceled it, or destroyed it?"

"Clyde—" her thoughts were wandering again—"how much money would it mean?"

"Ah, that we would have to work out!"

"Well, if it was ten per cent. Would that mean thousands?"

"Oh, yes, probably."

"But who patented it?" she asked suddenly, after an interval in which her eyes shone with what he well knew was anticipatory generosity toward the mother and sisters she so loved.

"Talbot did. Unless we had evidence, Jack could make that point. But he did not patent it until two months after your grandfather's accident!"

"Clyde," she said dreamily, "it's like a story. I wonder if it could be among any of those old books mom stored down-town when they moved?" she asked. "There were two or three hundred of them."

"NO, YOUR grandfather and Ned and I shook and opened every one."

"You did?" she asked, amazed.

"Yes; the day before the move. Your grandfather was talking about his old documents, and we ransacked everything. And I told the men who tore the house down to bring me anything of that sort that they found."

"One might have found it and taken it to Jack?"

"Might."

They had stopped the car now at the corner of Miss Cartier's humble little street. Rose was staring into space, a faint half-frown between the clean-cut arches of her brows. "Clyde," she began, her heart starting a harder beat, "this has been such a queer day to me. I've been thinking of something all day, and you have. What you've told me seems to have changed everything! And now I want to tell you what my little bit of news is——"

He looked at his wrist.

"Well—make it some other time, Rosé. I've *got* to get to the office!"

She roused, glanced at him quickly and immediately got out of the car, giving him only a rather strained nod and smile in good-by as he turned away. A chill, a deep fatigue and discouragement, seemed to come over her.

She brought her mind resolutely to her lesson: they were reading *La Neuvaine de Colette* now, and Rosalind had penciled a long list of words for memorizing. But immediately a yellow-haired little boy in a blue romper seemed to be running before her down the path, hoping, not in vain, that his mother would run after him and pick him up and kiss him.

And when she entered the musty little crowded cottage and greeted the lean, oily haired elderly woman who rose in pleased surprise to admit her, Rose was smiling.

Continued in the April DELINEATOR

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BETTER HOMES

THE DELINEATOR is the General Headquarters and Bureau of Information of the "Better Homes in America" movement. A plan book, telling the scope of this work, how to organize a local campaign, conduct a Demonstration Week and outfit a demonstration house, will be sent for ten cents.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared leaflets that the home-maker will find helpful in the management of her household. New subjects are added from time to time. If interested, send for a list of subjects.

A new booklet describing modern methods and devices for economically heating the house is twenty-five cents, including postage.

BUILDING AND DECORATION

When You Write to this department, make your problems clear by listing your questions and by giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. Five printed bulletins, entitled "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Pictures," price twenty-five cents each, fully cover decoration problems in their respective fields. Any *one* letter addressed to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor, Department of House Decoration, should not ask more than five questions or advice about the furnishing and decoration of not more than two rooms.

Illustrations of Donn Barber's house-plans may be had for the asking; and blue-prints may then be ordered from these. This department will gladly advise on building or remodeling.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour: The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in forming good reading habits. Ask, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

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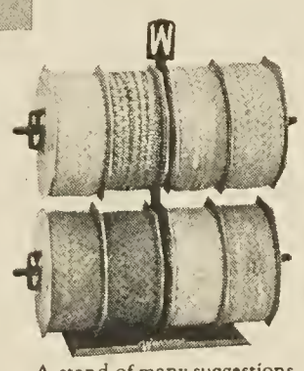
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5105—10138—The narrow upstanding collar gives a rather unusual appearance to the neck of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. The capette is detachable. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, rep cloth, novelty wools, plaids, large checks. heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, kasha in sports colors or flannel for sports. The embroidery gives a new effect. Work in color. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5115—The yoke effect and coolie collar are new and attractive. For this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at the low waistline, use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, printed with plain, etc. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch figured silk and 1⅞ yard 35-inch plain silk.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

5013—Satin crêpe or silk crêpe is used for the costume composed of an apron-cape and a one-piece dress. The dress has a straight lower edge, a casing and elastic at a low waistline and slips on over the head. It may have a body lining. The apron-cape is often worn in front to give the apron effect.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The costume is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5090—The bosom front, Peter-Pan collar and undersleeves of a separate guimpe give a boyish appearance to this dress on the slip-over order. The upper part is in one-piece style and there is a circular flounce. Make it of soft twills, broadcloth, heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin with batiste, organdy or net for collar, front, etc., of a lawn or net guimpe.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill and 1⅛ yard 36-inch lawn. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is new and attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5103—10135—Embroidery marks the Russian closing of a new Spring dress. Work the design in one-stitch. A circular flounce lengthens the one-piece upper part and there may be a body lining. Make the dress of heavy silk crêpe, crêpe satin or soft twills.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

5008—Accordion or side plaits in a capette, sleeve-cuffs and flounces trim this one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, foulard, etc., all one material, etc.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¾ yards.

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5105 5115 5090 5103 5013 5008

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5066—4973—10222—Appliqué is one of the smartest trimmings for dresses this Spring. This design is most attractive on the one-piece slip-over dress. It has a straight lower edge and elastic and a casing at the low waistline. Use crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. Her hat has a gored crown. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3 yards 39-inch satin crêpe and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

5064—For formal wear or a dinner gown this is a smart draped dress. It is the one-piece type and slips on over the head. Georgette, crêpe de Chine, light-weight silk crêpe or satin crêpe are good materials to use. The girdle is very French and easily made.

36 bust requires 5 yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 50½ inches.

The dress is very lovely for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5080—The ornament gives the smart touch to this one-piece draped dress. It closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining with a camisole top. Use satin-faced crêpes, silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine or moire.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is very becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5060—The circular capette buttons to the sleeves of the slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body. The dress may have a camisole lining. Use plaid or striped wool with plain to match, soft twills, rep cloth, novelty wools or corded wool crêpe with body of crêpe satin or silk crêpe in self or contrasting color, or use heavy silk crêpe, all one color or with body in contrast, or of Georgette in self or contrasting color, etc. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch plain wool and 1¾ yard 54-inch novelty wool.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5021—10207—The three tiers and the yoke and sleeve in one are new notes in the one-piece slip-over dress of satin crêpe, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. It has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at a low waistline. The embroidered motifs are effective. Work in color. Lower edge 51 inches.

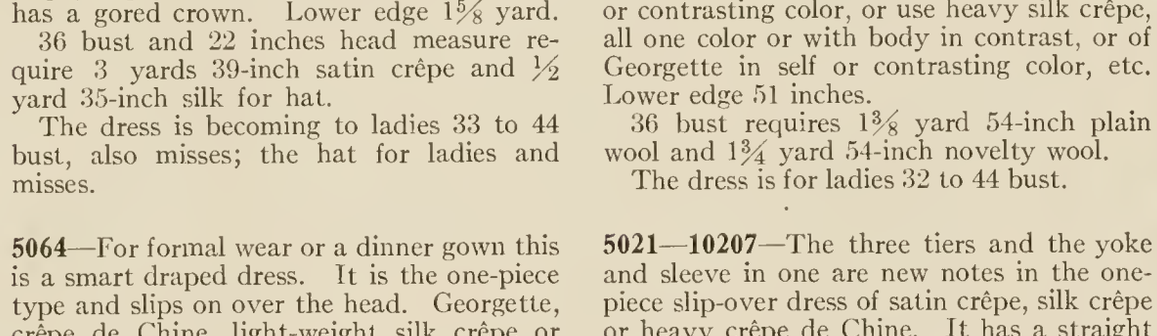
36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (with lining material under the tiers).

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5074—A very simple draped dress to make and a lovely one to wear is this one-piece slip-over dress with elastic and a casing at a low waistline. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or velvet brocade on a transparent ground.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch novelty silk. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5066 5064 5080 5021 5060 5074

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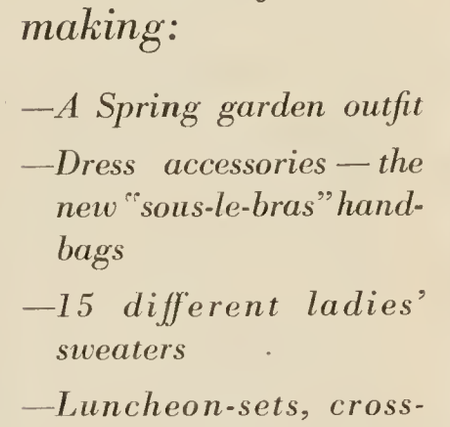
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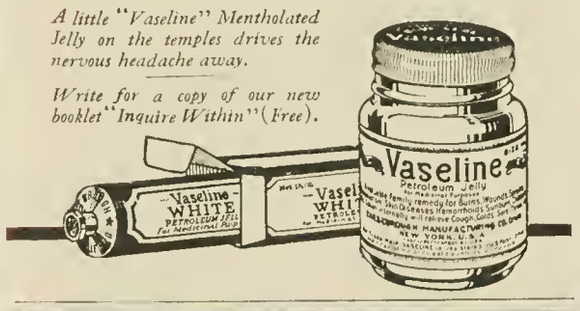
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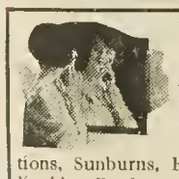
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5063—4898—For this one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge and detachable collar and cuffs if desired, use soft twill, plaid wool, wool jersey, serge, wool crêpe, etc. Use velvet or satin for tam-o'-shanter.

10 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses, ladies.

5083—4761—10215—Wool jersey, serge, crêpe de Chine, etc., makes the separate bloomers and slip-over dress with a long body and a plaited or gathered straight flounce. Her hat is smart and the embroidery is effective. Work the design in color.

6 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 14 years.

5092—This slip-over dress has a tiered straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Make it of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, taffeta, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe.

14 years requires 3¼ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5069—4759—10207—Embroidery trims the Russian closing of the one-piece dress and the hat with gored crown. Work it in one-stitch. Use twills or serge for dress and hat or wool crêpe, linen, etc., for dress.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch soft twill for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, the hat for girls 2 to 14 years.

5073—Use pongee, silk broadcloth or crêpe de Chine for waist and satin for the straight trousers; or use poplin or madras with serge or silk poplin trousers, linen in two colors, etc.

4 years requires 1 yard 35-inch linen for waist and ⅞ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

5061—4926—Soft plaid, soft twills or soft serge make a becoming dress with a vestee and a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use wool jersey for hat with gored crown.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch soft plaid, ½ yard 35-inch plain wool for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5067—4894—10592—If desired, smocking may trim this slip-over dress with straight lower edge. Work in contrasting or self color. Her shirred taffeta hat is quaint. Use crêpe de Chine, batiste, etc., for dress.

6 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12.

5057—10934—Chambray, pin-check gingham, heavy cotton prints, linen-finished cottons, pongee, cashmere, challis, wool crêpe or serge are good materials for this slip-over dress and separate bloomers. The pocket motifs are adorable. Work them in appliqué.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

4999—For this lovely slip-over dress use unbleached muslin, gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, linen, heavy cotton prints, pongee, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge.

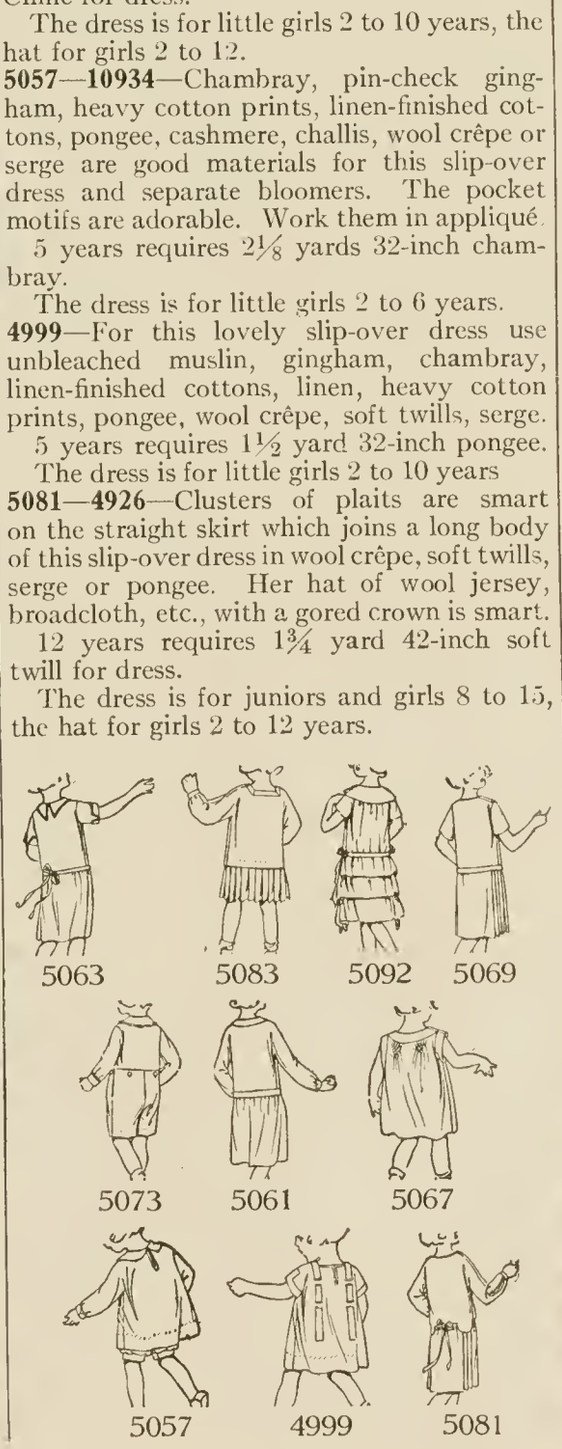
5 years requires 1½ yard 32-inch pongee.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10 years

5081—4926—Clusters of plaits are smart on the straight skirt which joins a long body of this slip-over dress in wool crêpe, soft twills, serge or pongee. Her hat of wool jersey, broadcloth, etc., with a gored crown is smart.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 42-inch soft twill for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.





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NOTHING ACTS LIKE

ANALAX

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5017—Accordion or side plaitings make a soft effect on the skirt of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order with a choice of body lining. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, novelty crêpe de Chine, printed silks or foulard.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 18 years, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5070—4973—The capette is detachable on this one-piece dress with a casing and elastic at the low waistline. Her satin hat has a gored crown. Use soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsteds, novelty wools, plaids, checks, kasha, flannel or heavy silk crêpe for dress.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies, the hat for misses and ladies.

5082—One of the new boyish styles is the two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a straight skirt joined to an underbody and with a wide tuck at the left side. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge with pongee or crêpe de Chine collar and cuffs.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch twill. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5078—3157—Use plaids, large checks, soft twills, rep cloth, wool crêpe, cashmere, etc., for this slip-over dress with a straight or bias-tiered skirt joined at a low waistline and a choice of body lining. Her tam-o'-shanter of satin, broadcloth, flannel, etc., is smart.

17 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women, the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5045—The yoke and sleeves are in one on this one-piece slip-over dress with a choice of casing and elastic at the low waistline or a body lining. One may omit the straight band at the bottom. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch printed and 1⅞ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The dress is suitable for misses 16 to 18 years, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5056—10189—A circular cape is a smart accompaniment to the one-piece coat dress with the elastic and a casing at a low waistline across the sides. Use soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsted, novelty wools, checks, stripes, kasha, etc. The motifs are a smart trimming. Work them on cape and dress.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch rep cloth. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The coat dress and cape are for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5076—A full straight skirt to her slip-over dress is the type chosen by the young girl. The dress closes under the left arm, has a body lining with a camisole top and the skirt is joined at a slightly low waistline. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, moire or satin.

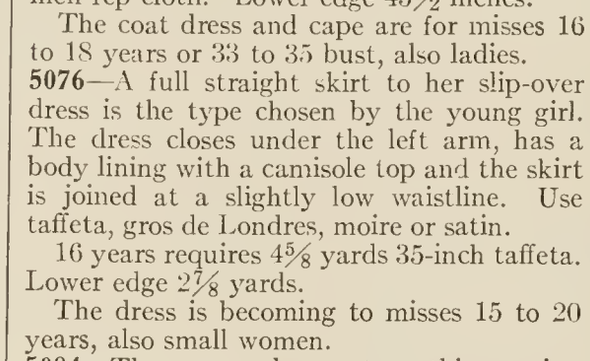
16 years requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

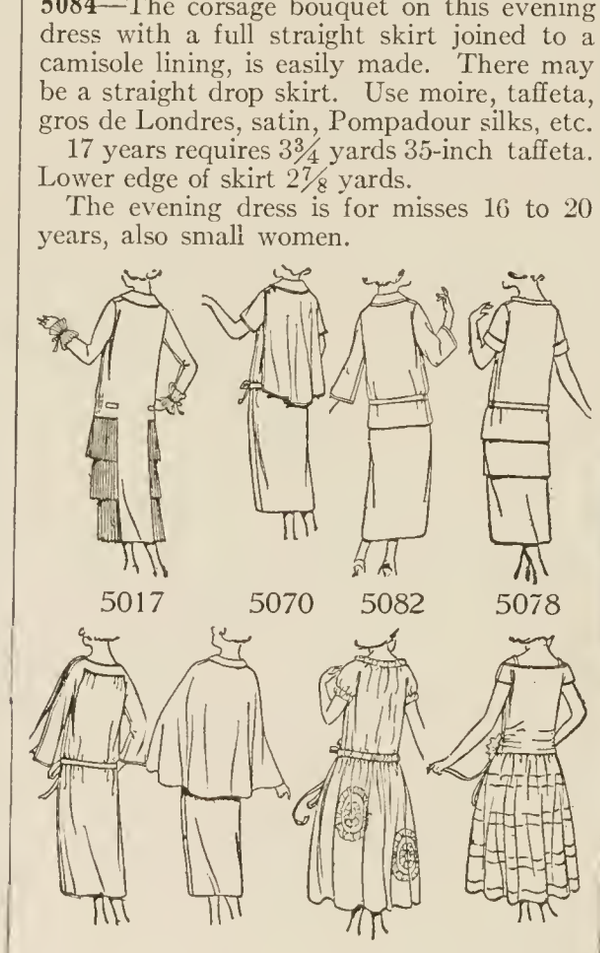
5084—The corsage bouquet on this evening dress with a full straight skirt joined to a camisole lining, is easily made. There may be a straight drop skirt. Use moire, taffeta, gros de Londres, satin, Pompadour silks, etc.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards.

The evening dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.



5017 5070 5082 5078



5045 5056 5076 5084



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5062—The capette helps one to secure the correct straight, flat-back appearance. The capette is detachable on this one-piece dress with its Russian closing. There may be a body lining. Use soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsteds, novelty wools, plaids, checks, kasha or sports flannel.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5072—A very smart type of three-piece costume combines a straight cape and a dress. Satin crêpe, all one side of the material or with the body of the dress of the reverse side, in self or a contrasting color, may be used; or use heavy silk crêpe all one color or with a contrasting body. The straight skirt is joined to a long body with a choice of body lining. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch figured crêpe and 4⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress and cape are becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5088—A row of buttons at the center front is a very new way of marking the closing of the beltless straight frock. This one-piece dress may have a body lining if desired. Make it of soft twills, wool crêpe, rep cloth, plaids, checks, or of heavy silk crêpe or heavy satin crêpe.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5027—Straight accordion or side plaitings give a Russian effect to this dress with a draped one-piece upper part. There may be a body lining. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, all one material, printed with plain or in two shades of one color.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is very smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5058—One may attain the two-piece dress effect by a straight skirt joined to a blouse above the lower edge. The dress slips on over the head, has clusters of plaits on the skirt, and a casing and elastic at the low waistline. Use wool jersey, wool voile, soft wool crêpe, soft twills, light-weight flannel, silk jersey, heavy silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

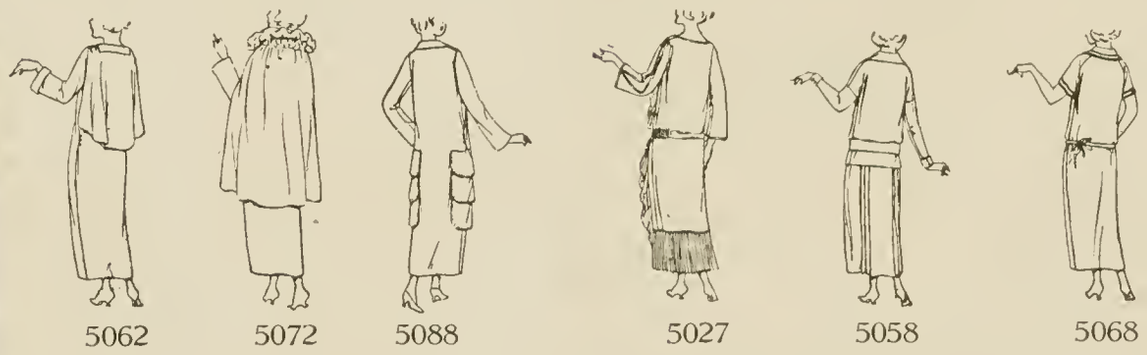
36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5068—4886—Jersey tubing, wool jersey, soft twills, soft wool crêpe, plaids, sports flannel, heavy silk crêpe or silk jersey make an attractive one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge and raglan sleeves. Her satin tam-o'-shanter hat is most becoming.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 2½ yards 54-inch wool jersey and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin for hat. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.



5062 5072 5088 5027 5058 5068

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5093—A straight gathered flounce and a graceful bow are very French points to a dress which closes under the left arm, has a draped upper part and sleeves sewed into a body lining. Use crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, brocaded chiffon. For a sleeveless evening gown one may use lace for the entire dress.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

5086—The U-shaped neck is very becoming on a beltless one-piece frock of the slip-over type with a chemisette, collar and cuffs of linen, piqué, batiste, organdy or net in écru or white with a separate guimpe of lawn or net. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, rep cloth, broadcloth, worsteds, kasha, plaids, checks, heavy silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅞ yard 35-inch handkerchief linen for collar, cuffs and chemisette.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5015—A soft and graceful dress has lace at the neck and sleeves. The girdle and flower ornaments are easily made. The dress closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. It may have a long body lining. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine for the dress. The sleeve may be long and close-fitting if one prefers.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge of this dress measures 2 yards.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

5070—For the very new one-piece dress with a center front closing and a detachable capette, use soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsteds, novelty wools, plaids, checks, kasha, flannel or heavy silk crêpe. It has elastic in a casing at a low waistline and it may have a body lining.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch novelty wool. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

5002—Collar and cuffs of pongee, crêpe de Chine, natural or white linen are smart on the slip-over blouse of the two-piece dress. The straight skirt has a wide tuck at the left side to give the wrap-around effect and a 1¼-inch inside belt. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge; or use silk alpaca or heavy silk crêpe with collar and cuffs of linen with organdy and cotton soutache, etc.

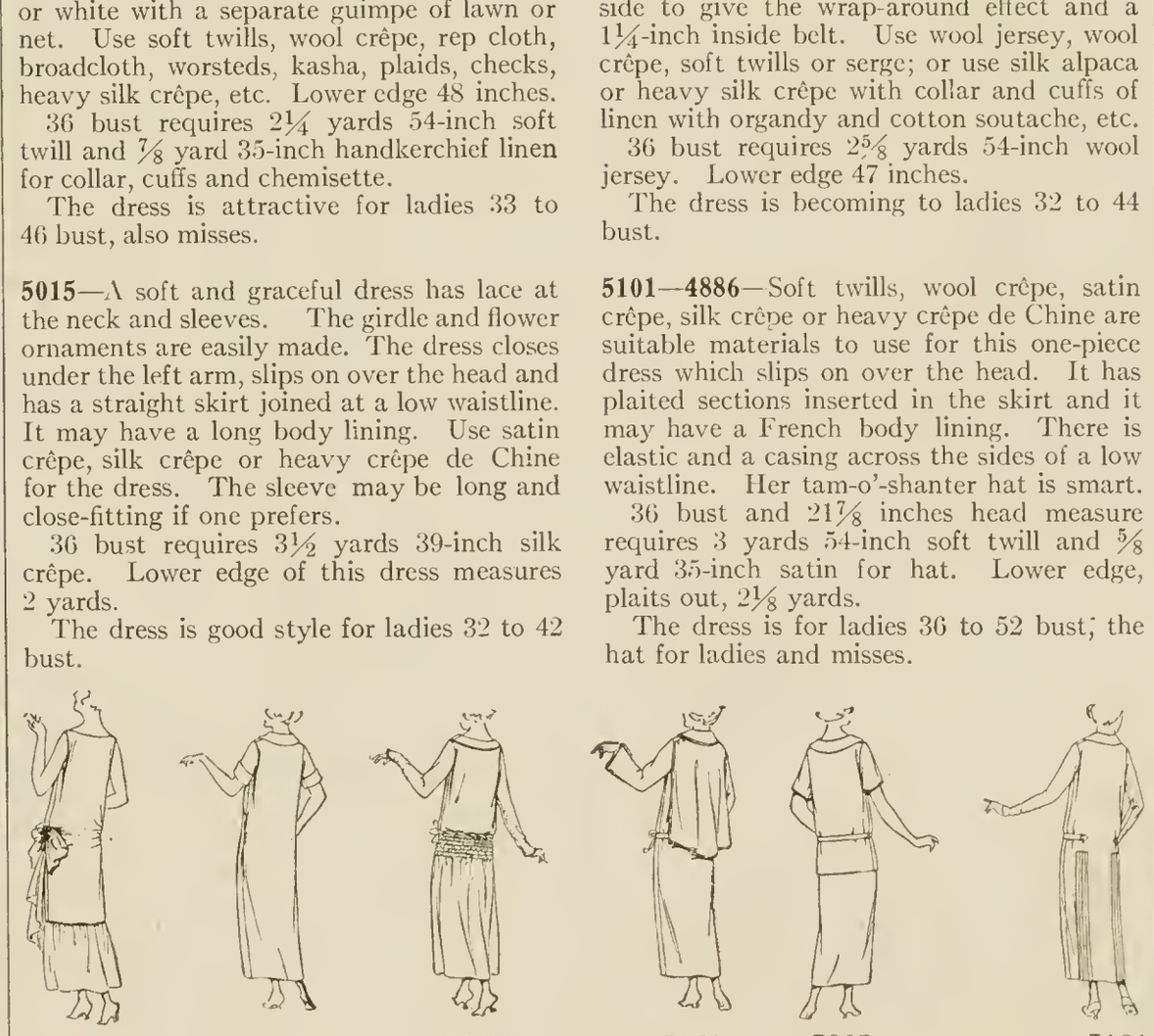
36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5101—4886—Soft twills, wool crêpe, satin crêpe, silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine are suitable materials to use for this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. It has plaited sections inserted in the skirt and it may have a French body lining. There is elastic and a casing across the sides of a low waistline. Her tam-o'-shanter hat is smart.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin for hat. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.



5093 5086 5015 5070 5002 5101

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Beauty as a Handicap

To be known as the most beautiful woman on the American stage, says Jane Cowl, is a most impossible standard to have to live up to; it simply cannot be done. In the April issue of THE DELINEATOR Miss Cowl will tell why her beauty has been a handicap rather than an asset during her stage career. "The One I Know Best" is the title of her reminiscences, which go back to the time when as a child she and her mother were constant theatergoers, and concludes with some hitherto unpublished anecdotes about her success in "Romeo and Juliet," which, with Miss Cowl as *Juliet*, enjoyed such a phenomenal run on Broadway. Readers who followed the fascinating autobiography of Ethel Barrymore in THE DELINEATOR will recall that Miss Barrymore confessed to having stage-fright every time she appeared in a new rôle. Miss Cowl again helps to shatter the popular misconception of a star as an actress who faces an audience without a tremor. As a schoolgirl she fainted from fright when expected to play a piano solo, was too nervous to read her valedictory essay and even when she became a star, supported by the experiences and resources of years before the footlights, she postponed playing her most successful rôle for three years before she could nerve herself to face the music. Her story is a very human narrative of early poverty, hard knocks, self-education and final triumph in a profession that is always fruitful of interesting anecdotes.

A List of Best Short Stories

For several years past one American literary critic has made it an annual practise to publish a list of the best short stories that have appeared in the magazines for the previous year. He is Mr. Edward T. O'Brien, of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. Mr. O'Brien follows the work of fiction-writers with unflagging enthusiasm and is the only reviewer we know of who even attempts to read all of the short stories appearing in all the periodicals published in the United States. His latest selection covers the period from October, 1922, to September, 1923. Ten stories, or about one-third of the total number printed in THE DELINEATOR during that time, have been marked by Mr. O'Brien as distinctive. We append a list of his selections so our readers can compare his choice of significant and distinctive short stories with their own recollections:

"The Bell," by Richard Pryce—January.
"A Long-Ago Affair," by John Galsworthy—May.
"Four-o'-Clocks," by Frances Gilchrist Wood—February.
"Courage of a Quitter," by Frances Gilchrist Wood—August.
"What He Wanted," by M. L. C. Pickthall—January.
"A Winter's Tale," by Zona Gale—March.
"Red Sand and Pickety-Rough," by Ellis Parker Butler—May.
"The Fear-Healer," by Perceval Gibbon—July.
"Two Ways," by M. L. C. Pickthall—August.
"The Gentleman Who Pays the Rent," by Perceval Gibbon—September.

The Food of the Gods

Women, it appears, played an important part in popularizing chocolate when it was first brought from Mexico by the Spaniards. Over in Europe they have been celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of "the food of the gods" into the continental dietary, and its observance has been the occasion for unearthing some quaint stories about the early history of the beverage. One Joseph Acosta, writing in 1604, said: "The chief use of this cocoa is in a drink which they call chocolate, whereof they make great account, foolishly and without reason, for it is loathsome to such as are not acquainted with it."

To understand Acosta's honest distaste, the modern chocolate drinker must remember that at first Europeans did not know how to make the cocoa-bean palatable. They used the paste or powder as a rather disagreeable medicine until the nuns of Guanaca substituted sugar for the chili peppers that the Mexicans favored. Thereafter the taste for it was rapidly acquired. Another early writer found it so popular with the Spanish women at Chiapa that when their bishop forbade them to sup it in church, they changed their place of worship and, in revenge poisoned the bishop. When Louis XIII of France took a Spanish bride, she brought her favorite drink across the mountains with her and laid the foundation for its immense popularity when an even more famous chocolate devotee, Maria Theresa, wife of Louis XIV, made it the favorite beverage of the French court. England's chocolate-shops preceded her coffee-houses, the first one being credited to an enterprising Frenchman. That was about 1656. A few years later the forerunners of our present-day prohibitionists were demanding the suppression of chocolate along with foreign brandy, rum and tea because these beverages cut down the consumption of brews made from home-grown barley.

A Significant Sale of Manuscripts

A great compliment was paid to an author popular with DELINEATOR readers when sensational prices were paid for the original manuscripts of several stories by Joseph Conrad. The sale took place in New York in November and comprised what is known to book collectors as Part One of the Quinn collection. The manuscript of "Victory" brought $8,100; "Under Western Eyes," $6,900, and "Chance," $6,600. As the items were sold at public auction and the prices forced up by spirited competitive bidding, these extraordinary figures indicate the value placed on Conrad's work by shrewd collectors.

A New Club for Girl Scouts

The national demonstration house of the Better Homes movement in Washington, described in THE DELINEATOR last month by Miss Lida Hafford, who was chairman of the committee that furnished it, is to be preserved intact as a Girl Scouts club. This beautiful model house, built from Mr. Donn Barber's DELINEATOR plans and inspired by the home of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," is thus to remain as a permanent architectural adornment of the nation's capital and an easily accessible object-lesson in modern home furnishing and equipment. The site is opposite the historic home of Dolly Madison, a house designed by Thomas Jefferson and now the headquarters of the American Institute of Architects. Across the street is the famous Corcoran Art Gallery. The house was moved to its present location in January and opened with a public reception. The cost of maintenance for three years has been guaranteed by Mrs. Herbert Hoover, who will be aided, if necessary, by voluntary gifts from several public-spirited women. After that time it is expected that the house will be self-supporting. The Girl Scout organization will continue featuring the house as a Better Homes demonstration house in addition to using it as a club for visiting Scouts from all over the country.

When Mme. Sorel Steps Out

Among the innumerable "items of interest to women" collected by the mere man who packs them into the last column of this page is a fashion note about a ball-gown worn by Madame Sorel, author of "Am I in Love?" in this issue. The original news item is in the form of a foreign press dispatch to American newspapers, and from it our mere man contributor infers that when dazzling *La Sorel* steps out she gives the onlookers an eyeful. The dispatch follows:

PARIS, July 20.—It was a costume of Louis XV that Madame Cecile Sorel—you remember Sorel in Ameriea?—chose for the Ball of the Grand Prix: eloth of gold formed the petticoat and panniers, great panniers coverecl with eoral-eolored ostrieh plumes. It was worth seeing Madame Sorel descend the great black velvet stair, with all the queenly bearing, the grace and dignity with whieh the favorites of the Grand Monareh used to show when they put their pretty feet in high heels on the three steps of pink marble. Her hair, dressed by Lewis, with a headdress of diamonds and pearls, surmounted by yellow feathers, the very highest ones tinted with eoral pink, and preeeded by the dancer Stowitz, eseorted by negroes, who were also dressed in gold and eoral pink, she appeared like the supreme divinity of the Orient, wherc they say that everything is gold—the sky, the heavens, the lakes, the temples and the gods, the pagodas, the lotus blossoms—even the reflections which fall into the lakes from the eenturies which parade about their borders.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man Editor

SPECIFICATIONS for the *ideal husband* have been drawn up by coed members of the sociology class at the *University of Minnesota* ◈◈◈ They have decided he must be: Moderately good-looking; athletically inclined; morally clean; respectful toward religion; healthy; appreciative of the good and beautiful things of life; well trained socially; optimistic and good natured; chivalrous ◈◈◈ If we *had* to pull the wool over the eyes of some unknown soldier, we too should prefer just such a candidate ◈◈◈ A recent shipment of *Chinese* eggs received in this country was estimated to be worth $5,000,000. There were 9,460,000 pounds of frozen eggs and 1,600,000 pounds of dried eggs, the total representing a year's work for 1,500,000 hens ◈◈◈ A *New York* lumberman defending a suit for separation brought by his wife alleges that besides dissipating a fortune of $500,000 since 1918, "between sixteen and eighteen permanent homes which he established during their married life have been broken up, discontinued and destroyed through the wanton disobedience and extravagant conduct of the plaintiff" ◈◈◈ He is neck and neck in the race for a handsome pewter medal with the *Minneapolis* wife who testified in her recent divorce action that her husband, a wealthy physician, had saved up a trunkful of worn socks against the day when he should have a wife to darn them ◈◈◈ Her humiliation became unbearable, she averred, when he appeared one evening on the piazza of an exclusive hotel where they were honeymooning and proceeded to sew buttons on his undies ◈◈◈ *Mrs. Archie McLean*, playing the *Senneville* Golf Course, near *Montreal*, noticed a squirrel carrying a golf-ball to his nest. She followed and found sixty-eight balls, which she replaced with nuts ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the anniversary of *Alonzo B. Hansdoodle*, inventor of the safety-pin ◈◈◈ It seems that *Alonzo* was the more or less proud parent of a thriving brood of active youngsters whose apparel required frequent pinning, a source of constant irritation to their rest-loving sire, especially during the long working-days while *Mme. Hansdoodle* was out scrubbing stoops ◈◈◈ After many experiments, *Alonzo* developed a practicable safety-pin. A sharp one pricked him eventually and caused his death from blood poisoning. His widow sold the business at a handsome profit, was introduced at court, married off her daughters to scions of the nobility and lived to a ripe old age ◈◈◈ *United States Treasury* reports show that the total sales of chewing-gum last year amounted to $100,000,000 and that in the same period American women spent $150,000,000 a year for hair-nets ◈◈◈ Italy is seeking a super-Solomon to decide which of three women claimants is the mother of a shell-shocked deaf-mute war veteran who is unable to identify his parent ◈◈◈ No judicial authority can be found who considers himself competent to decide the case ◈◈◈ Our own modest suggestion to the Italian War Department is to declare that after an appointed date the young man will be deprived of all pensions, bonuses, etc., paid to disabled soldiers. This ought to result in the prompt withdrawal of at least two of the claimants ◈◈◈ *Louis H. Chalif*, dean of *New York* dancing-masters, says that jazz music hastened the fall of ancient Rome. What is of more immediate interest to our fair pewholders is *Mr. Chalif's* statement that "in these execrable post-war dances, though you might not believe it, the man is the shyer of the two, and it is the girl whose leaning proclivity brings matters to a clinch" ◈◈◈ When *Scott Lawrence* first met his wife, he was a writer of ragtime ballads. They separated four years ago. Recently Mrs. Lawrence heard a new hymn, "He Loves Even Me," which she discovered to be a composition by her husband. She decided that the composer of hymns must be a changed man, looked him up, and soon after joined him on a second honeymoon ◈◈◈ Frequent statements to the effect that Americans marry late in life seem to be ill-founded in the light of statistics published by the *New York* State Board of Health. For four years the largest number of marriages in the State were contracted between men ranging in age from twenty-one to twenty-four years and girls of from eighteen to twenty-three ◈◈◈ If all brides of this age would only determine to mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers, their permanent happiness would be virtually assured.



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THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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OUR GUARANTEE. We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

MR. HOOVER'S LETTER

WOMEN are born to serve. And by that token a woman's magazine is a service journal. THE DELINEATOR has been a service magazine for fifty years. It has helped millions of home-makers, and it has been privileged to serve humanity in big ways. For half a century it has been a servant of the American nation.

On this page we publish a letter about "Better Homes" which the Honorable Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, addressed to George W. Wilder, President of the Butterick Publishing Company.

To understand the significance of this letter, DELINEATOR readers will recall two distinct facts: that the Butterick Publishing Company publishes THE DELINEATOR; and that it was THE DELINEATOR which in 1921 initiated, and for two years thereafter supported, the campaign for Better Homes in America.

THE DELINEATOR has now relinquished its official claim to this movement, which at the beginning of the year was incorporated as a public service. However, THE DELINEATOR will continue to support this great work in its editorial pages.

Better Homes is only one of the many important services which THE DELINEATOR has rendered to the homes and home-makers of America. The list which follows is a summary of the movements which have been organized and carried on by THE DELINEATOR.

1907—1910. THE DELINEATOR created and promoted a child-rescue campaign and found homes for thirteen thousand children. It placed the child without a home in the home without a child.

1916—1917. A national census taken about this time showed that six out of every seven babies escaped infant mortality, but that the seventh baby died. THE DELINEATOR launched "the seventh-baby campaign," which made a nation-wide survey of infant mortality and inaugurated a fight to save babies. The good results of this effort are still being actively evidenced throughout the country.

1916. THE DELINEATOR developed a plan for a Junior Red Cross, which in 1917 was finally taken up throughout the country and made into a national organization.

1918. THE DELINEATOR adopted Landres et St. Georges, a devastated town adjoining the Argonne Cemetery, where thirty-seven thousand American soldiers sleep. We helped those neighbors of our silent army to survive—those French peasants who had pledged themselves to keep green the graves of our American dead and who had made it their duty to observe our national days in that far-off cemetery.

1919. THE DELINEATOR loaned its Editor to conduct a national campaign for the benefit of Mme. Marie Curie, the discoverer of radium and the greatest living woman scientist. Enough money was collected to purchase a gram of radium, then valued at one hundred and ten thousand dollars, and to obtain other materials which Mme. Curie needed in order to continue her experimental work in the interest of humanity. Also a fund was created which provided a pension of twenty-five hundred dollars a year while Mme. Curie lives. After her death, this fund will be used for the education of American students.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
WASHINGTON

December 22, 1923

Mr. G. W. Wilder
The Butterick Publishing Co.,
Butterick Building
New York City

Dear Mr. Wilder :

Following our last conference on the subject, and in accord with our understanding, the movement for Better Homes in America inaugurated by Mrs. William Brown Meloney and financed by your house has been taken over by an organization formed as a public service corporation.

On behalf of the Advisory Council of that organization, I want to take occasion to thank you and your associates in The Butterick Company for the public service you have rendered through this movement.

Many people talked "Better Homes in America". It remained for Mrs. Meloney to crystalize indefinite talk into definite action. Under her inspiration and your guidance and support through The Delineator, the movement has grown into a nation-wide force for a better America. From having eleven members it has developed into thousands of workers spread over every state in more than a thousand cities. Its value as a public service has become recognized to a degree warranting the encouragement and support which the above mentioned organization will give it.

It is significant that in this day an ever increasing number of great industries and corporations recognize that an enduring progress is best secured through an honest spirit of service to the public.

Yours faithfully,

Herbert Hoover

HH.KA

1921. THE DELINEATOR founded and financed the Better Homes in America movement. It began with a small group of experts assembled in THE DELINEATOR office and grew by leaps and bounds into a definite constructive program.

When we realized that this movement had become a great national service and that the people of the United States had come to depend upon it, we offered to yield our claim to its ownership and to give to an advisory council all our data and material.

Thus, under the laws of the State of Delaware, "Better Homes in America" was incorporated as a public-service organization—as a non-profitmaking body. Headquarters were established at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. The Honorable Herbert Hoover was elected president, and Dr. James Ford, of Harvard University, director.

Dr. Ford has been professor of social ethics at Harvard and is well known as an authority on economics. He was chairman of the building commission of the Council of National Defense during the war. Harvard University has loaned him to the Better Homes organization for three years.

Generous financial support has been pledged to the new movement. The first large contributor, the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, has awarded one hundred thousand dollars a year toward the maintenance of the organization.

The campaign henceforth will be carried on with a broader scope, but will still be based upon the standards and ideals set up and followed by THE DELINEATOR.

We urge the readers of THE DELINEATOR to give even stronger support to this new organization than they did to our administration. Those who are interested should write to the new headquarters at Washington; or they may still write THE DELINEATOR and we will gladly furnish the required information or forward their inquiries.

IN CONCLUSION we want to say that THE DELINEATOR is dedicated to serve you, our readers, knowing that you represent the best of the American public and that you have never failed to support us in any public service we have undertaken.

With the exception of the above-mentioned relief work for the little French town, every one of the national campaigns carried on by THE DELINEATOR has found its inspiration in the every-day needs of every-day American women like you whose eyes have fallen on this page.

1 9

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 00

"BETTER HOMES FOR BETTER BOYS AND GIRLS"

Being the story of the Port Huron model house

WE DID not write that title. It was written for us by a group of triumphant young Americans at Port Huron, Michigan. It was the slogan they rooted for, the slogan they worked for, the slogan they turned into an actual reality during their Better Homes in America campaign. And now it is a worthy title to this story, which tells how Port Huron first realized an ambition of the Better Homes in America movement: to have connected with every high school in the country a model home in which home-making can be practically and realistically taught.

DELINEATOR readers will remember that this movement for Better Homes in America was launched by THE DELINEATOR in 1921, its purpose being to bring constructive thought to the problem of home-making, to show the way to more comfortable, better-equipped houses, and to set up higher standards of living. Now this movement has been incorporated as a national public service, under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover, and established in its own headquarters in Washington, D. C.

In the 1923 campaign, over a thousand cities, scattered the length and breadth of the U. S. A., participated. THE DELINEATOR offered prizes which were to be awarded by a special board of judges consisting of many nationally prominent citizens. It was a difficult matter to decide which city had done the best civic job, which city had by its Better Homes demonstration excited the greatest community interest and done most to reach the hearts and homes of its people. But finally the palm was given to Port Huron.

And then the story of a remarkable demonstration began to be told. The entire Better Homes campaign in that city was conducted by boy and girl students of the Washington Junior High School, who undertook it in a spirit of general good and with the guiding thought that above all else the highest expression of American citizenship is found in community service.

Working under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Carlisle, Director of the Department of Civics, these students mapped out a complete project to plan, build, equip and sell a "model home for an industrial worker." In addition they conducted a publicity campaign on the value of home-ownership.

They besieged the public library, requisitioned books on home-building, discussed modern improvements and efficiency helps. Preliminary plans were drawn up and carefully revised so as to build a house which would not cost more than $5,500. It took five months to work out all the details, but only eight weeks to have the house constructed, to furnish it completely, to landscape the grounds and start a garden of early vegetables.

Then they were ready for the public demonstration. During Better Homes Week, from June fourth to tenth, over eight thousand people visited this model home and found it to be not only a better house with better kitchen arrangements and labor-saving devices, but with better pictures, better music, better books—better conditions in every detail that makes for physical and mental happiness and contentment.

On the last day the house was auctioned off. Bidding was both heavy and high, for a number of residents wanted to own and live in this ideal home. It went for $5,800 to a young man who bought it so that he might have the honor of presenting it to his mother.



PORT HURON STUDENTS ARE EQUIPPING THIS PRACTISE HOUSE

And now we come to what the future holds for these young citizens of Port Huron. Their 1923 campaign aroused in them a tremendous enthusiasm for actual accomplishment in community service. They had the joy of seeing their ideals come true. They received practical experience in an educative project which will stand them in good stead when, as mature citizens, they begin to build and equip their own homes.

But an appreciation of the value of this campaign was very vitally brought home to the parents and elders of these young students, who found that in many ways these youngsters had pointed the better way. And so the board of education of Port Huron voted unanimously that in 1924 a model practise home, a real Colonial house, be constructed on the campus of the Washington Junior High School, to be used as a laboratory for the home-economics department and other departments.

The way in which this new practise home will work in harmony with the regular school activities is almost beyond the dreams of the most practical of educators.

Every department of the school is having an opportunity to cooperate. Sixty boys in the manual-training classes are working in squads of ten and doing the actual construction work under the supervision of a competent construction foreman. Other groups in the workshops are designing and making furniture, lamps and other bits of equipment. A committee on house-wiring is anxiously awaiting appointment.

In the home-economics department, where enthusiasm runs high, the girls are busy making rugs and curtains, preparing linen-chests and putting up fruits and jellies for the model fruit cellar. The commercial department is keeping records of expenditures. A modest library is being selected by the ninth-year English students. Even the school nurse has plans, by no means the least practical, for giving the girls instruction in the care and feeding of babies and younger children.

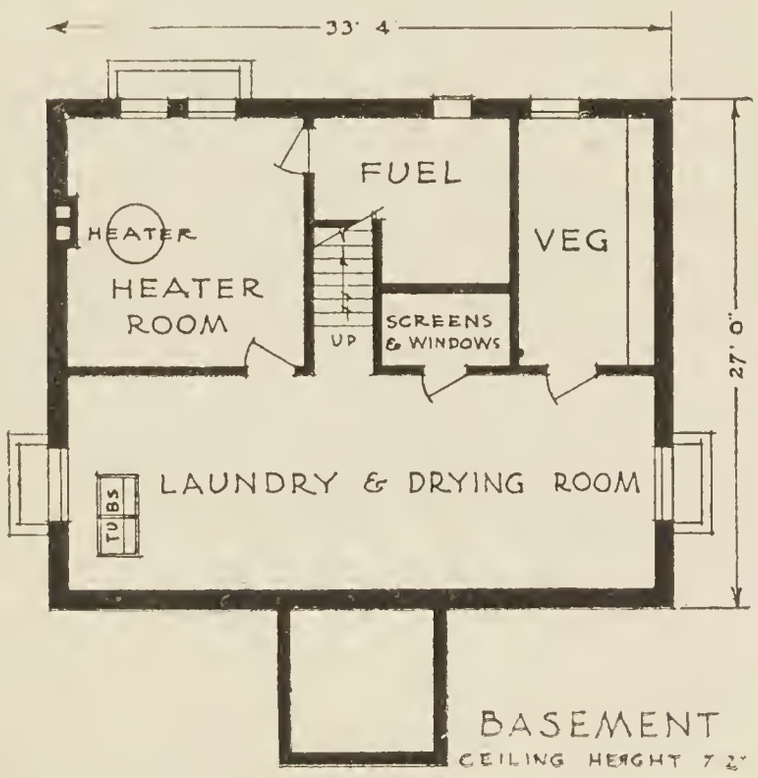
When this new model home is finished it is to be used as a meeting-place for friendly gatherings of the various high-school clubs. Its fireplace will glow with the warm hospitality of a real home. The girls will often take possession of the kitchen and its breakfast-alcove and have an opportunity to cook and serve meals under what will be truly home conditions.

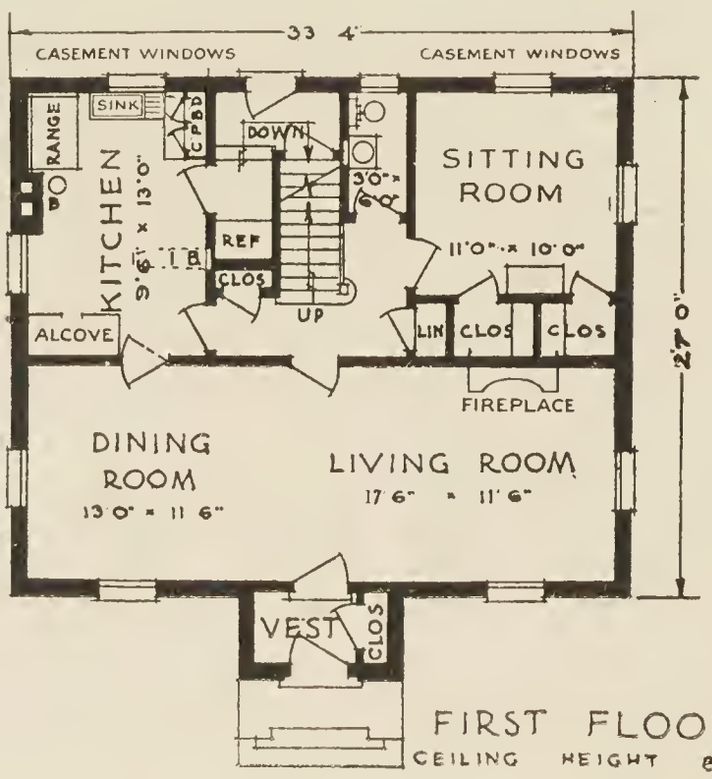
As yet there is no end to the plans being made for this Port Huron model house. Whatever promises the greatest development of the students, whatever promises the greatest good to the community as a whole will be worked out lovingly and painstakingly by these triumphant young Americans and their inspiring instructor, Miss Elizabeth Carlisle. Without her supervision and without the sanction and cooperation of Mr. Harlan A. Davis, Superintendent of Schools, this amazing demonstration of public spirit could never have been realized.

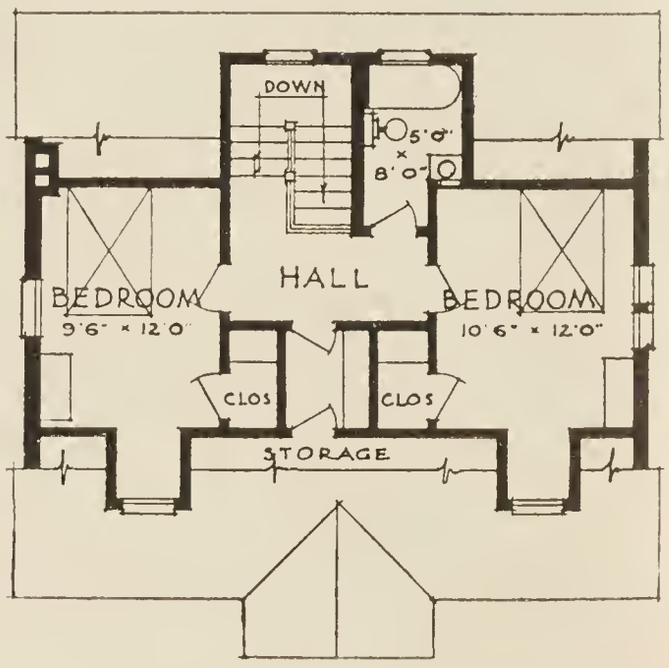
Certainly the Port Huron achievement shows beyond question what this Better Homes in America campaign can do to spread instruction in better standards of living. It has an educational value which promises for it a great future as a permanent national movement.

President Coolidge has said: "I have been glad to lend my name and my influence to the movement for Better Homes in America."

Committees and individuals who are interested in this constructive work may write the Honorable Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; or THE DELINEATOR will be glad to forward inquiries or furnish information.









© Kubey-Rembrandt

CHALIAPIN
Victor Artist

The same high standard which Chaliapin maintains in his public performances, he also demands for his record "appearances"—and his interpretations are given adequate expression only through the medium of the Victrola and Victor records. Among the fifteen records he has made are:

	Double-faced	
Song of the Volga Boatmen The Prophet	6058	$2.00
Two Grenadiers Midnight Review	6059	2.00



Victrola No. 260
$150
Mahogany or walnut



© Bain News Service

JERITZA
Victor Artist

One of the greatest artists in the world today—and her Victor Records are equally great. To hear Jeritza on the Victrola is both to appreciate her art and to know why she chose the Victor to reproduce it. Her repertoire includes:

	Double-faced	
Lohengrin—Elsas Traum Tannhäuser—Elisabeths Gebet	6172	$2.00
Tosca—Vissi d'arte Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete	687	1.50



Victrola No. 210
$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut



© Mishkin

SCOTTI
Victor Artist

Scotti's reputation as one of the most gifted artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company is amply attested by his Victor Records. They are Scotti to the very life—approved by Scotti himself. Some of his nineteen records are listed below:

	Double-faced	
Don Giovanni—Serenata (2) Falstaff —Quand' ero paggio Otello—Brindisi	6283	$2.00
Maria, Mari Pagliacci—Prologo	6282	2.00
Forza del Destino—Solenne in quest ora (with Caruso) Bohême—Ah, Mimi, (with Caruso)	8000	2.50



Victrola No. 405
$250
Electric, $290
Walnut

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Airplane view of the city of Miami, Fla.
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The home of Huckleberry Finn, Mark Twain's famous hero

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HANNIBAL, Mo., is famous the world over as the home of Mark Twain and his two immortal boy heroes, Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. It is situated on the high banks of the Mississippi, in the center of a thriving agricultural district. The accompanying sketch is taken from a photograph of the old swimming hole where Tom and Huck disported themselves many years ago.

MONEY will buy nice clothes, handsome table-linens, crisp white sheets. But only care and intelligence can keep them *looking* nice. And nothing is so vital to their preservation as proper laundering.

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And no wonder!

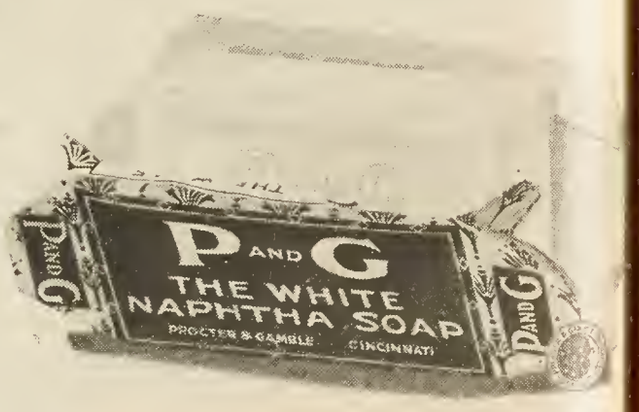
Because P and G has such amazing ability to keep nice things looking nice, it has become the largest selling laundry soap in Miami, in Hannibal, in all of America.

What a waste, what a humiliation to the clothes themselves, to subject them to soaps that leave them dingy, and faded, when P and G—so safe, so easy on colors and fabrics, so economical of time and energy—can be had at any grocery store!

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PROCTER & GAMBLE



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Drawing by J. Scott Williams

RUTH, STANDING BESIDE THE SQUAW, SMILED AS IF SOMETHING AMUSED HER

FIGHTING BLOOD

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

Author of "Judith of the Godless Valley," "The Enchanted Canyon," etc.

IT IS bred in the bone of a Quaker to be non-resistant. This basic element of his faith has made the history of the Quaker one of heroic contradictions. Colonial Massachusetts passed a law specifying that the first time a Quaker preached within the confines of that liberty-loving colony, said Quaker would have his right ear amputated; on the second offense, the left ear; on the third, the tongue pierced with a red-hot iron; on the fourth, the offender would be hanged. Whereupon, as if at special invitation, the Quakers moved into Massachusetts and four of them, three men and one woman, duly were hung.

Non-resistance? Perhaps—superficially! One may suspect, though, that this form of passivity might in the long run prove to be a most potent form of warfare. Also, it seems as if one must be born with the temperament which will permit one to be a Quaker. They are an admirable people; slow to anger, patient, far-seeing, benevolent beyond the common understanding. But they must be born; they can not be made. That is why they are so comparatively few in number.

One would have thought that Ruth Seymour possessed all the attributes required of a Quaker missionary to the Indians. She was twenty-six—deliberate, thoughtful, with the gentleness that so often accompanies great physical strength. She looked like a Murillo Madonna, if Murillo had ever painted an Anglo-Saxon Madonna.

The members of the committee of Quakers who not long ago began to turn their giving hands a little less often to reconstruction in France and rather more often toward their hereditary charity, the American Indian, felt that Ruth was the perfect choice for going to the aid of the trachoma-ridden remnant of the Deerfoot tribe of Wyoming. They had known Ruth since her birth and her Quaker father before her. He had been a man of saintlike sweetness of character. Ruth, too, was saintlike.

The members were not wrong in their judgment of her, and yet they were not wholly right. For they neglected to consider Ruth's mother, who had died at Ruth's birth. This mother had been the daughter of an Indian-fighter, one of Crook's scouts, who had fringed his belt with Apache scalps. And a fighting strain in the blood can be counted on to make trouble at least once in a lifetime.

So, after a decent rest from her labors in France, Ruth went into the northern Rockies, into Deerfoot country. Of that going, of that arrival at the Deerfoot reservation, with its five hundred miserable Indians scattered through the forests, Indians half-blind with trachoma, eaten by tuberculosis and venereal disease, we will not pause to tell. Yet it had its dramatic side, for the Indian agent did not like Quakers. He was afraid of them.

Nor is it necessary to tell of the ranching country adjacent to the reservation, with its post-office and tavern set against the purple wall of a cañon down which dropped a waterfall—dropped in a thousand violet tints into a lake of still, black waters where a hundred thousand salmon trout wove back and forth like silver threads. Yet the women who lived in the tavern were important, because they held Ruth in contempt. They interpreted her Quaker meekness as stupidity, her Quaker pacifism as cowardice.

All these quiet facts contributed to making gaunt drama in a setting of gigantic beauty: mountains whose sheer violet flanks dwarfed to flea dimensions the emotions of the humans who homesteaded them; forests of heaven-kissing blue spruce; lakes of measureless black depths set in cañons of unthinkable heights—a thousand nuances of beauty and of beastliness that for a year drove Ruth more and more into loneliness, culminating at last in a single day that epitomized all the three hundred and sixty-five days before.

At midnight a coyote pack had found a maverick steer near the spring above Ruth's cabin. Their yelping ceased only with the dawn, and the stillness wakened Ruth. She lay for a time staring at the kitchen stove as it slowly emerged from the darkness. When she could distinguish the kettle, waiting cold on the front lid, she slid from under the blankets, pulled a sheepskin mackinaw over her woolen nightdress and built the fire. Then she dressed herself. She was deliberate in all her movements and very sure of them. When she put up her hair, she wrapped the wide brown braids around her head with slow, sure grace, never shifting the position of a hairpin once she had thrust it into place. When, in gray blouse and skirt, she opened the door to throw out her wash water, she seemed to fling out the water and to hang the basin on the nail beside the door with a single wide sweep of her arm. Then she stood staring.

HER little house was located three miles up from the town on a shoulder of the mountain whose south side was clothed by the forests of the Indian reserve. The gray log cabin was not two hundred feet from the green edge of the woods. As Ruth hung the basin on its nail, a figure that might have been a coyote dragging a pelt crept from an aisle of columnar pines into the pink, flushed snow of Ruth's clearing. Ruth started on a slow run from the door up the snow-packed trail toward the crawling figure.

It was an old squaw on all fours. She was emaciated and hideously wrinkled, and bronze brown against the rose drifts. She had tied pelts, coyote, rabbit, lynx cat, wolverine, as best she could about her nakedness, yet patches of brown parchment skin on back and breast and skeleton thigh lay open to the zero wind that swept through the trees behind her. She was, quite incidentally, a ward of that nation which has volunteered to undertake the moral leadership of the world.

"Susy!" cried Ruth. "Are you hurt?"

The squaw raised great black eyes—bloodshot, cavernous eyes with race tragedy in their depths—to Ruth's eyes of Anglo-Saxon blue.

"Hungry!" she croaked. "Cold!"

Ruth stooped and with little apparent effort lifted the squaw to her feet and so, half-carrying her, brought her into the gray cabin. She wrapped a red blanket about her shaking old body and seated her in a chair close to the glowing stove. She heated some rabbit stew and fed it to the ravenous old woman, then stood smiling as Susy's trembling lessened.

"How is your husband, Susy?" she asked.

"Old Tom in trouble," replied the squaw.

"Are his eyes bad again, or is he more nearly starved than you are?"

Susy shook her gray head. "He in trouble about raisin-jack."

Ruth touched the old woman's shoulder with a tender hand. "Tell me about it," she urged.

Susy held her palsied hands to the fire. "Gertrude Topping and her mother make raisin-jack in cellar of tavern all Winter. You know?"

Ruth shook her head. But she did not show surprise. In the log tavern which was set like a gray lichen against the entrancing beauty of the violet cañon wall, Mrs. Topping and her daughter debauched the bodies and souls of the men of the valley.

Susy went on: "Jim Acton, Gertrude Topping want him carry raisin-jack out to railroad on mail stage. Jim Acton, he won't. He make Old Tom do it."

"Are you sure, Susy? Jim Acton was a brave soldier in France. He owns a big ranch here. Why should he make Old Tom do that?"

The squaw answered with a simple sort of conviction. "Because when Gertrude Topping get white man in tavern, she make him do anything. Mail stage always have stay all night at tavern."

Ruth slowly flushed. "But Jim Acton, Susy! He's not like the rest of them."

Susy smiled like an old sibyl. "Jim Acton is man. It heap lonely in this valley. He like all men, Injun or white."

Ruth looked from Susy out the window where a mighty snow-clad peak flared in liquid red against the deep-blue sky. Her splendid body was not tired, but her soul was weary to its very depths. Disillusionment grows no easier with the years.

Ruth clenched and unclenched her strong fingers, then turned back to Susy. "And how did he handle Old Tom, Susy? I thought the Indians were afraid to run raisin-jack."

"Jim Acton tell Old Tom he have to. You know Jim Acton: everybody do what he say. Old Tom, he starving, like me. After he tell Jim Acton he run raisin-jack, Jim Acton give him bellyful of beef. Keep him full of beef all time he run raisin-jack."

"Why didn't Old Tom share with you?"

"Oh, he not come to cabin many weeks," explained Susy. "Me, I live on fish till ice gets so thick, so cold, so far no can do. Yesterday word come Old Tom in trouble. Me, I come to you. Quaker friend of Deerfoot."

"What is the trouble, Susy?"—very patiently.

Susy, her eyes holding the depths of those black waters whose fish had failed her, warmed her hands in silence before she went on.

"Susy work for you last Summer. She see your eyes when Jim Acton go by. You make Jim Acton save Old Tom."

The brilliant color in Ruth's Madonna face turned to white. She stared at the old sibyl in consternation.

Susy nodded. "Jim Acton and you not know you love. But Susy know all about love. Gertrude Topping, she get him. Quaker woman afraid to love."

"Susy"—very slowly—"I'm not afraid of anything in the world."

"Afraid to love," insisted the Indian woman. "Afraid to go get man. All there is for women, love. Only get that when young. You better hurry."

There was silence in the cabin. The sun suddenly blinded Ruth's eyes with a glory that blotted out the old woman.

Destiny, which youth refuses to acknowledge, destiny which Ruth's iron will and Quaker training never had considered, destiny, crossed with heredity, is as ruthless to our purposes as the German march across Belgium. In the face of its onslaught, our little house of hopes, builded on character and habit, goes down in dust.

A DOG baying hot on the scent broke the silence. A moment later there was a bark at the door. Ruth locked the door and then opened the window. A brown-and-white beagle hound growled at her and wagged his tail, but before Ruth could speak to him a man on a blue roan galloped down the narrow trail from the pines. He drew up before the window, his horse steaming in the intense cold. He was about thirty, with a clean-cut, aquiline face and clear gray eyes.

"Hello, Ruth! Is Old Tom's Susy in here?"

"Yes, Jim. What do you want of her?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe her whole doggone scalp. Let me talk to her."

"If I let you in, will you promise not to do anything to her without my consent?"

Jim dismounted. He was tall and slender, a soldierly looking man even in his sheep-lined mackinaw. "I'll promise nothing. Let me in, Ruth; this is serious."

Ruth, serene face lovely in the morning light, did not move toward the door. "I was afraid it might be. You must promise me."

Jim dropped the reins over the blue roan's head and with a movement of startling rapidity vaulted through the window into the room. "Just to save a Quaker argument," he said. "Hello, Susy! Where is Old Tom?"

The Indian woman did not lift her starved old face. Ruth closed the window and came over to stand by the squaw. "Just what has happened, Jim? I know you and the Toppings are in trouble about raisin-jack."

Jim gave her a keen glance. "Will you keep your knowledge to yourself?"

"I can't promise blindly, Jim. But you know that Susy can tell me what you won't. And I might help you."

Jim nodded. "Old Tom got held up by a revenue man, gave up a lot of whisky and beat it. I want to get to him before the revenue man does. He's a crook, Carter Smith, and mean to handle."

"Old Tom was working for you, wasn't he, Jim?" Ruth looked at the tall rancher with eyes as pellucid as the sky that now gleamed sapphire through the window.

Jim returned the look. His face was tense. "Certainly he was working for me. But he'd agreed not to say so."

"Old Tom not really work for you," the Indian woman broke in. "He work for Gertrude Topping. She pay him. Why you friend to her when you know Ruth Seymour?"

"Susy, be quiet!" Ruth's voice was unembarrassed. "Jim, if you had only stuck to the ranch this Winter—though no one admires more than I what you've done in showing this footless valley that the mail route could be kept open——"

Jim's voice was impatient. "Did you have anything to do with getting the revenue man in here, Ruth?"

"No! My business is with the Indians!"

Jim grinned. It was a boyish grin, despite the anxiety in his gray eyes. "Why didn't you keep Old Tom out of trouble, then?"

"What chance would I have had against you and Gertrude Topping?" For the first time Ruth's voice suggested pain.

Jim Acton eyed her wonderingly, as if the pain touched some unfamiliar chord within himself.

The old squaw cackled. "Gertrude Topping, she couldn't have Jim Acton easy if Quaker would fight! Huh! If Quaker was Injun woman——"

"Wait a moment, Susy!" protested Ruth. "Let's get back to Old Tom."

The impatience and anxiety in Jim Acton's face gave way to eager interest.

"Let Susy have her say, Ruth! What makes you think the Quaker woman ought to fight, Susy?"

"Don't listen to her foolishness, Jim!"

"I'm not sure it is foolishness! You'd have a lot more influence in this valley, Ruth, if the folks thought you'd fight."

Ruth looked at him sadly. How could she talk against force to this man who had given his body to his country's uses in the Great War? She believed her faith to be right, and yet——

"Let's keep to Old Tom," she insisted. "What will you do to him when you find him?"

Jim's voice became grim. "I'll see to it that he keeps his mouth shut!"

Ruth's color deepened. "But—but that's the sort of thing a man doesn't do!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean the white man's attitude toward the Indians. Your attitude toward Old Tom is typical. It's disgusting. It's like Kipling says: the thing no man can do."

The man's eyes flashed. "I'd knock a fellow down who said as much as you have to me!"

"I'm telling you the truth, Jim. You are on the wrong track in every way. It's bad for a man in government employ to wink at breaking the law, but it's worse for a man who has won the *Croix de Guerre* to force another man to take punishment for him!"

A slow burning red crept from Jim's throat to his eyes. But before he could speak, the thud of hoofs again sounded without, the beagle uttered a silvery note and Ruth opened the door. A very pretty girl in a beaver coat and cap trotted up on a bay mare.

"Hello, Ruth Seymour! Is Jim Acton here?"

"Yes, Gertrude. Will you come in?"

"I sure will!" The girl slid quietly from the uneasy horse, pulled the reins over his head and entered the cabin. She was smaller than Ruth, with beautiful brown eyes and drooping red lips. She gave old Susy a glance of contempt and turned to Jim Acton.

"Have you located Old Tom?"

Jim, looking from one woman to the other, shook his head.

"Shucks!" Gertrude turned to the squaw. "Where is Old Tom, Susy?"

Susy's eyes were blank. She gave an Indian grunt and pulled the red blanket over her naked shoulder with an insolent modesty. Ruth, standing beside the squaw, smiled as if something amused her.

Anger twisted Gertrude's red lips. "I suppose you're saving this lousy Indian's soul, Ruth, and incidentally helping Old Tom to get away. Let me warn you, if that's your racket, you are a bigger fool than usual, because I'll run you out the valley for it. Or rather, I'll get the Indian agent to. Jim, Carter Smith is at the tavern. I think mother can fix him, but you never can tell about a crook. You've got to find Old Tom!"

"I'll have a talk with Carter Smith myself. Ruth, can you hold Susy till I get back?"

Ruth shrugged her shoulders.

"I'll stay on the job here while you're gone," volunteered Gertrude.

"No, you won't," Ruth's voice held an unexpected edge. "You'll go when Jim does."

"You haven't the nerve to make me!" Gertrude tossed her head. "Try it on!"

RUTH walked over to the door and opened it, then stood waiting. She looked very tall and very handsome. Jim strode through the door and to his horse. Gertrude tossed her head again and caught Ruth's glance, but there was something curiously and amazingly cold in that glance, and Gertrude could not hold it. She twisted her mouth to an expression of high disdain and marched out of the door, the very flip of her coat expressing contempt. Jim was sitting his horse, watching the pantomime with interest, but he said nothing. Gertrude scrambled aboard the bay mare and set off down the valley, Jim following in behind her.

Ruth closed the door. She and Susy stared at each other.

"How'd Susy tell you?" grunted the squaw. "Quaker woman won't fight for her buck!"

There was sudden naked desolation in Ruth's voice. "He's not mine, Susy."

The squaw hissed disparagingly. "Any man belong to woman that go after him. You take him, he be good white man; you no take him, Gertrude Topping make him bad man."

Ruth paced up and down beside the stove. "He's weak—weak! Father in heaven, that I should come to this!"

The old face lifted with patient tragedy that exceeded the younger woman's. "He like all men. You go fight for him. Save him. Then he save Old Tom."

Ruth pressed her knuckles against her lips. She knew how to be patient; she did not know how to burst the bonds of her patience, to express the wild longing that somewhere surged within her. She knew how to serve others to the last ounce of her great strength; she did not know how to serve that despairing, hungry self that lay deep hidden beneath her daily consciousness. She knew how to give of herself—devotion, loyalty, pain, love; she did not know how to take that for which every race desire within her soul pleaded. So do habit and character forge our containing bonds.

After a time she paused beside the squaw. "At least they shall not sacrifice Old Tom. Where is he, Susy?"

The old woman's eyes flared. "You know spring where you and Susy make camp last Summer? You know cave up back of spring by lone cedar? Old Tom, he keep traps there. He there."

Ruth nodded and began to pull a pair of arctics over her high laced boots. "You stay here, Susy. Eat all you want."

"Maybe stay; maybe better go," replied the squaw.

Again Ruth nodded and buttoned her sheep-lined coat high above her ears. Then she went to the corral for her horse. It was stiff work saddling in the bitter cold, but she managed cleverly enough and shortly she was trotting up the trail into the forest reserve. There was a deer trail in the snow, widened by coyote tracks that led for several miles along a brook. Ruth followed this through the trees—blue spruce against blue snow, with glimpses of a bluer sky—until the stream turned abruptly south. Then she spurred her horse on westward through trackless drifts. She and Susy had blazed the trees the Summer before.

BY NOON she had worked up into a narrow valley, belly-deep to the horse in snow. Here, for the first time since leaving the cabin, she glimpsed the colossal peaks to the north. Snow spirals were twisting upward from their crests to form tissuelike clouds that sailed toward the sun. High on either side of the narrow valley rose the spruce-clad slopes of the reserve, line on line of black trunks, endless marching regiments of trees.

She had traveled perhaps two miles up the valley when the horse slipped on ice beneath the snow. She turned him abruptly to the right and urged him up the slope. As she gave a last glance at the peaks before she plunged among the trees, she saw that the snow clouds had reached the sun and veiled it. The trees were very thick here and there was less snow beneath the mighty wing sweep of the spruce.

The slope became acute. The horse's shoulders were quivering with fatigue when Ruth tied him and crept upward alone. The twisted bronze roots of the spruce now buttressed the mountainside, and Ruth made her way from one to another above until the sound of water beneath ice brought her to pause on a ledgelike projection beneath a dead spruce. Green ice like crystal lava spread in soft curves from the spruce roots downward until it lost itself in the dappled green shadows below. The gentle murmur of water boiling up through sand mingled with the tinkle of water dripping beneath ice.

Ruth perched on a root to rest before the final spurt to the cave. As she paused thus, a chain clanked faintly. The sound came from among the trees beyond the spring. After a moment Ruth followed the sound. Some distance on, among the roots, lay the skeleton carcass of a steer. Here Old Tom had set several traps and three of them had been sprung. The chain clanked again, and Ruth gasped with amazement. A lynx cat, a brown-and-yellow shadow, leaped and fell back with a snarl, paws across the body of another cat, which lay quiescent, yellow eyes burning. As the first cat fell back, a coyote, a tawny gray shadow, crept from the haunches of the skeleton steer toward the recumbent lynx. The first cat, hind leg stretched back taut by a steel trap chained to a stake beneath the skeleton head, struck venomously at the creeping coyote with alternate forepaws and the coyote fell back to the limit of a trap chain attached to its leg.

Ruth moved closer. The fighting cat was a female. The injured cat for which she fought, held round the fore shoulder by a huge steel trap, was a male. He showed no sign of life save in his flaming eyes. The battle must have raged for many hours. There were ruts in the ground worn by the chains of the combatants. As regularly as the rise and break of a wave, the lynx cat jumped, drove the coyote back and was brought down in

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THE DREAM HOUSE

The "new youth" is not so new, after all

By ALICE GARLAND STEELE



HAZEL and I went housekeeping last Thursday! You may think five days isn't much of a tryout for one of the most important happenings of your married life, and that neither Hazel nor I is competent to give our ideas on the subject, but, holy smoke! you can't attach a time-clock to sensations, and we've had those by the cart-load.

Besides, it's like being married. When Hazel and I had been married five days, we were perfectly used to each other. Of course on our wedding-day we'd both been up in the air. Naturally one's wedding-day is a strain, but being married is really a simple matter. We've had six months of it now, so I guess I'm qualified to judge.

Of course if you're not dead sure of one another's affections and never know how your wife is going to take the change that is bound to occur, it's a different matter. For instance, I used to take her a two-pound box of candy as much as three times a week and spread myself generally to the limit of my salary on taxicabs and orchids. You can't do that when you are having personal relations with a brand new ice-man and a toughened old coal-dealer who are both sizing you up. But fortunately for Hazel, down in our company they raffle off candy on Saturday at a quarter a chance, and I've been lucky enough to pick a winning number several times, and Hazel has been just as pleased as if I paid cash across a counter.

The thing is to have your wife enough in love with you to stand anything. Hazel has been crazy about me ever since she went to dancing-school, and I've always thought a lot of her, and showed it, as I said, by taxying her to football games and, when I happened to be in funds, saying it with flowers. Besides, our parents had accepted the idea right off the bat. The mater was awfully hard to please on girls, but she loved Hazel because she was up-to-date without being a shock to the other generation's feelings; and as for the governor, he fell for Hazel on the spot, which you might call a seven spot, because it happened when the cute kid was just seven years old. To be perfectly frank, the only thing they had against us was our age—I mean our youth—but as I told the governor, there's no use in waiting till all your feelings are dried up; besides, Hazel being so desperately in love sort of put it up to me as a man not to disappoint her.

The governor said: "I guess, young man, it's six of Hazel and a good assorted half-dozen of yourself." So I knew he was melting.

Anyway, he was awfully decent about it, and Hazel and I got married six months ago and after our honeymoon came back to her people, who have a ripping big house and were simply delighted to have a little up-to-date life come into it. Of course Hazel's mother is really not a back number—she goes in for women's clubs and is a fiend at winning bridge prizes and that sort of thing, and tries in other ways to cling to her youth. She would feel perfectly awful if she knew how Hazel and I look at people of forty-five. But in many ways, though it was convenient and they let us have Welsh-rabbit parties as often as we wanted, Hazel kept wanting a place of our own. She said all our wedding-presents were getting mixed up, and a lot of the cut glass in the china-closet really belonged to us, and it was a shame to have to take all her girl friends up into the storeroom to see the Jacobean dining-room set her Aunt Martha had given us to go housekeeping with. Well, I talked to her in a business-like way and was perfectly frank about my salary down at the office with the governor, and so we put the whole thing off until the governor himself got busy and lit into me about a month ago. The governor is like that. He is usually a tractable person, but if he gets an idea into his head—good night! You might as well lie down and die if you are not ready to see it his way!

WELL, he sent old Michaels out for me to come into the inner office, and when I got through my entries in our day-ledger I sauntered in and greeted him cordially. I said, "Hello, dad!"

He was going over some papers and he waited about five minutes before he got onto the subject. He does that even with prominent people, so we are all quite used to it. Then, without a word of warning, he pitched right into the idea of my cutting away from him and getting into the Consolidated Trust!

I said, trying to speak easily: "Do you realize what you will be up against, doing without me?" And then I outlined to him rapidly the things I did: checking up a lot of old-timers who have gotten into the plodding habit, and generally handing out useful ideas to Michaels, who is my father's manager and who is pure bedrock when it comes to moving him. Also I spoke of my work on the books.

He was awfully decent about it. He said he knew all that, but his idea was that I was about ripe for a heartless corporation. He said that if I got into one, I'd have more chance of turning out a one-hundred-per-cent. efficiency, and that, of course, he was thinking all through it not of himself, but of my future. He said he had spoken to J. C. Ballard, the president, and that they'd consented to give me a tryout. He said old J. C. was the best weeder-out of superfluous talent he'd ever met in the business world and would be sure to shoot me ahead if I deserved it and send me back to him if I didn't. He said: "Henry, my boy, I want you to go."

Of course I knew this was real sacrifice on the governor's part, since, naturally, a man likes to be in daily touch with his only son. I told him that I hated to cut and run like that and leave him up against all the problems he had to tackle at his age. He said not to bother about his age because *he* wasn't worrying about it yet, and that it would be better for me to get into an office where I'd have to mark time at 9 A.M. and have no family court of appeals. This hurt me a little, as I knew he was referring to my being late once or twice and asking to get off early a few times in order to take Hazel to the World Series, but I saw he was taking my future to heart, so I told him I'd take a whack at the Consolidated.

He said he was sure J. C. Ballard would appreciate my being willing to give them a try, and then suddenly he turned about in the old swivel-chair he used and looked me straight in the eyes. He said: "Man to man, my boy, when are you going to quit side-stepping your wife's family?"

I didn't get the idea, and I told him so frankly.

"I mean, Henry," he explained, "when are you going to do what I did for your mother when I married her—put that little girl of yours in a home of her own?"

I said that it was a thing we often talked about, and that just as soon as I was on a sound financial basis——

Well, he talked to me for about thirty minutes, which is more time than he ever spends on anybody all at once, and he said a man's financial basis didn't mean a darned thing, because it was always, like the hay tied to the donkey's nose, a step ahead of him all the time. He said a financial basis was all right for a bank or a business house or a corner grocery, but that for the private individual there was only one basis, and that was the ground a man happened to be on at the time, and that it was only as valuable as the stand he took. And then he went on to say that I'd taken a stand when I married Hazel, and that I'd let myself in for a whole lot of things besides a possible family, and that one of them was honor and another just plain grit.

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Drawing by Herman Pfeifer

WITH MY EYES SET STRAIGHT AHEAD I FOLLOWED J. C. THROUGH THOSE AWFUL PORTIÈRES



THEIR VOICES LOWERED, BECAME INDISTINCT AND MURMUROUS



THE NAME FORBIDDEN

By HARRY A. KNIFFEN

MASSILIA scintillated in the Spring sunshine, throbbed with the life of many races. Ships from every quarter filled her harbor; the olive-clad hills above reflected the luster of marble villas. A Roman galley, its hundred oars dipping into the blue waters, its white sail bellied by the breeze, threaded its way through the maze of anchored vessels. At the pier-head slaves and freedmen swarmed at their tasks of loading and unloading. In the crowded streets men of many nationalities met in the heat of barter, scurrying aside when an oncoming chariot threatened to override them. Then, as now, Marseilles was renowned for its activity in commerce.

From the portico of his marble villa the procurator gazed down upon the harbor and at the Mediterranean beyond, where ships from Antioch and distant Ophir plied their way on the business of Rome. Pigeons wheeled in the blue overhead and alighted on the roof of the portico. Their soft cooing sounded a peaceful note in the ears of the Roman.

A pleasant place to govern, this Massilia. Here, in these new surroundings, could be found rest from strife, with the dead past buried. Yes, buried deep, never to rise and face him.

ON THE outskirts of Massilia, some distance from his place of business, lived Callinus, a dealer in wool from the interior. His home, like himself, was unpretentious: a small two-story building surrounded by a garden, and that, in turn, protected by a stone wall the height of a man's shoulder.

The garden was a favorite spot with Naida, the motherless daughter of Callinus. Under the shade of a gnarled old olive she spent quiet hours at her weaving or answering the questions of Drusus, her small brother. Her innocent dark eyes often wandered to the villas on the hills above her. That on the right was the home of the tribune, Plautus. More palatial still appeared the residence of one whose name she must never mention—the procurator sent by Rome to govern Massilia.

On this particular Spring morning Drusus leaned against her knee and plied her with questions.

"If the tribune, Plautus, should marry you, Naida——"

"Hush!" She gazed down at him, her eyes overshadowed. "The noble tribune has no thoughts of marriage with a daughter of the people."

"But I heard him swear by Venus that you were the most beautiful creature in Massilia."

Naida's face slightly paled, but she answered with composure: "It is a way the patricians have of speaking."

Nevertheless she recalled many signs of the tribune's awakened interest. The last had been given her two days before, when they had accidentally met in the city, she on foot, he in his chariot. With a strong pull at the reins, he had leaned down to speak to her. She could feel again his eyes upon her, see in them the warmth of his desire.

"Some day, I think," persisted Drusus, "he will come and take you to his villa."

"That may not be." She spoke with quiet conviction. "Rome has laws to protect its citizens, and a procurator to enforce them."

The boy looked up questioningly. "Then why did Marius tremble when I spoke of these things yesterday?"

"Marius?" A faint flush stole to her cheeks, her warm lips curved in a tender expression. "Ah, Drusus, when one loves greatly, one is always fearful."

"It is not so with Plautus."

Naida slowly shook her head. "These are matters beyond your understanding. The tribune's love is not true love; it is a baser passion."

"Still, the gods——"

"Hush, Drusus! There are no gods but Christus, who is the One all-powerful."

"More powerful than Cæsar?" The boy gazed at her, awed, unbelieving.

She nodded. "He will rule the world when Cæsar and his false gods are forgotten."

Drusus wrinkled his brow in perplexity. "But why, if Christus is the only God, do we not worship Him openly?"

The same question was being asked by many youthful converts. The new religion was spreading fast, by devious ways and underground channels. For Paul was rising like a flame, flaring out in the night of spiritual darkness. Sailing-ship and lonely caravan carried the torch to the ends of the empire. Even so, the pagan priests jealously guarded their power, and on the throne of the Cæsars at Rome ruled a madman named Caligula.

Naida was about to explain these matters, when her attention was caught by a moving, fuzzy object above the wall. In appearance it resembled the top of a woolen cap.

"Go, Drusus," she whispered, "and see who is listening at the portal."

THE boy ran off and came wonderingly back with an old man dressed in worn and dusty garments. His beard was long and unkempt, his eyes small and exceedingly bright. He approached slowly, rubbing his thin hands together ingratiatingly.

"Peace be with you, gentle worshiper of the true God," he said, with an unctuous writhe intended for a bow.

Naida regarded him questioningly. "And to you peace. But who are you that you linger by the wall?"

"A Greek whom they call Licydes." He continued to rub his hands.

She eyed him doubtfully. How much had he overheard? And was he to be trusted? Both vital questions in that age, when life itself depended upon a tongue closely guarded.

"You gave me a singular greeting," she said at last. "Please explain its meaning."

He covertly smiled and, with his staff, made in the earth a crude drawing of a fish.

She rose quickly, at once reassured by the symbol. "So you, too, are a Christian. Pray seat yourself here and rest."

"Nay, I have rested as much as I may." He waved aside her offer. "I am come a long distance and must hasten on to Massilia. For a moment I paused in the shadow of the wall and overheard you say there were no gods but Christus. Ah, wonderful words! Blessed words!" He stroked his beard and regarded her slyly.

She raised her eyes reverently; hospitably she spoke: "Tarry a moment and I will bring refreshments."

Unheeding his mild protest, she sped to the house, leaving him alone with Drusus.

Licydes seated himself comfortably, then turned his gimlet eyes upon the boy.

"Your sister?" he asked.

Drusus nodded.

"One so gentle and beautiful must have many admirers."

"Two," volunteered the boy proudly. "Marius and the tribune, Plautus."

"Ah!" Licydes stroked his beard. "The tribune doubtless will wed her."

"No; she is of the people." Drusus, parrotlike, imparted his knowledge. "And Plautus dare not touch her, for the procurator and the laws of Rome protect her."

"Who is the procurator of Massilia?"

Drusus glanced anxiously over his shoulder, then leaned forward and whispered.

"So?" The Greek appeared startled. He picked up a small vase from the table and examined it absently. "And where lives the tribune, Plautus?"

"In that villa on the right." The boy eagerly pointed. "But he is often to be found at the quarters of his legion in the city."

"And Marius?"

Admiration glowed in the eyes of Drusus. "He is young and handsome and much in love with Naida——"

The arrival of the girl with honey and milk and wheaten wafers interrupted the catechism.

Licydes looked up. "Your brother has just told me the name of your new procurator."

Naida started. "He should not have done that, though he has not taken the vow. The sect swore a solemn oath never to mention it."

The Greek nodded. "It is fitting that it be shrouded in oblivion."

They seated themselves at the table.

Licydes gave pious thanks to the Lord for the food set before them. He ate his fill contentedly, then broached the subject of the Church in Massilia. How many members had they? And did they not find it



Drawings by Joseph Simont

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE: HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE"

JOHN, XI, 25



A FEW WORDS FROM THE GOVERNOR AND THE MATTER WAS SETTLED

necessary to worship in secret? They were wise, for he had heard that the Christians were rapidly growing in disfavor at Rome.

Presently he rose, thanked them and gave them his blessing. At the gate he turned, his small eyes glittering, and passed through the portals, his steps quickening as he hurried toward the city.

PEACEFULLY the afternoon wore on. Bees came like the late visitor, supped from flowers and departed. A ship from the East rounded the mole and dropped anchor in the harbor. Slowly a misty blue softened distant objects; the hill-tops turned a salmon pink, a smoky rose.

A step sounded beyond the wall and a voice called eagerly: "Naida, are you there? It is I, Marius. Come, open and hear the news."

Her cheeks flushed as she flew to the gate and swung it wide. An impetuous youth entered and took her in his arms.

"What is the news, Marius?"

He gazed down into her upturned eyes, his lips curved in a smile. "Why, it is that I love you!"

She reached up a small hand to push him away. "That is an old story, Marius—old as the hills."

"Older," he said, his fine eyes filled with sudden fire. "Before the hills came into being, before God planned the world, I loved you!"

"Beloved Marius!" She clung to him, resting her head against his shoulder. "You could not have brought me better word."

He stooped and passionately kissed her. Then slowly they crossed the garden to the gnarled olive, seating themselves beneath it.

"And did you come, Marius, just to—to tell me what you did?"

He smiled and shook his head. "Not entirely, beloved. Do you know what day to-morrow is?"

She nodded. "Easter."

"Five years"—he spoke reverently—"since the resurrection. My father has called a meeting for to-night. And, wonderful to relate, there arrived by ship this afternoon a Jew who knew Christus. He is to worship with us."

"Not really *knew* Him, Marius?" Her dark eyes expressed her wonderment.

He nodded. "Christus, I believe, performed a miracle upon him."

Their voices lowered, became indistinct and murmurous in the growing dusk.

Marius started at sight of the setting sun. "The hours take wing in your presence, beloved." He sighed and rose reluctantly. "I must hasten and spread the word among the members of the sect. You and your father will be at the meeting?"

"*Be there*, Marius?" The light in her eyes was a sufficient answer.

More murmurs, tender and impassioned, before he finally took leave of her.

Naida lingered, dreaming beneath the tree. Deepening shadows gathered about her. The first pale star shone forth. Her upturned eyes were wells of quiet happiness.

A loud knocking at the gate roused her. A gruff voice beyond sounded the command:

"Open, in the name of Cæsar!"

Startled, her hand flew to her breast.

Again the knocking, peremptory, insistent.

Drusus came running from the house.

"Naida, what is it?" He clung to her.

"Open"—the tone was impatient—"else we break down the door!"

Naida rose, trembling. "Tarry here while I see what means this disturbance."

Drusus, unheeding, followed her to the gate. Fumbling, she opened it.

Two soldiers of the legion entered; the waning light reflected from helmet, shield and breastplate.

"We seek the daughter of Callinus," said one. "Is she here?"

"I am she," answered Naida faintly. "What would you with me?"

"We are come to take you into custody."

"On what charge?"

"Treason against the empire."

She gave a frightened gasp. "There is some mistake. Under whose orders are you?"

"The tribune, Plautus."

Her slender body quivered. Drusus came and put his hand in hers. She bent above him, her lips barely moving. "Follow where they lead me, then seek Marius and inform him."

She turned pathetic eyes to the soldiers. "I am ready." The words came tremulously.

The legionaries shouldered their spears. With the frightened girl between them, they passed through the gate—down the road to Massilia.

BESIDE a pallet of straw Naida knelt, her tear-dimmed eyes raised to the grated window. Beyond gleamed the stars, their faint rays softening the shadows about her. At the rasp of a key in the wooden lock she shrank back, dreading the coming of Plautus.

A soldier entered with food and water. A link-bearer thrust his frowsy head around the opened door.

"By Castor," he exclaimed, leering at her, "she *is* a beauty! Would that the gods favored me as they favor the noble tribune!"

"Silence!" The guard turned on him. "If she is to be his concubine, her beauty may win her power. Displease her now and later she may send you to the galleys."

The link-bearer quickly withdrew his head, the wise soldier following him out.

Naida flushed with shame.

Again she lived over in her mind the harrowing hours since her arrest. Drusus had followed in the star-lit dusk, and at the gate of the citadel he had signed to her that he would go in search of Marius. Then had followed a dreary wait in the cell and the journey up the hill to the villa of the procurator.

Trembling, she stood before the man whose name she had vowed not to utter. A big man he was, with a domelike head and a weak, pleasure-loving chin. Selfishness and love of power were depicted in the lines about his mouth, though good-humored tolerance lurked in his eyes—when events shaped themselves to his liking.

His glance traveled from her innocent face to the two brawny soldiers beside her.

"Why," he demanded sternly, "is this maiden brought before me? Can Massilia produce no greater offenders than this girl not out of her teens?"

Naida raised her eyes gratefully to his; remembering his identity, she lowered them and shuddered.

The soldiers shifted uneasily and muttered that they were under orders of the tribune.

Footfalls sounded on the marble pavement behind her and Plautus strode arrogantly by them and took his place before the governor. Confidence was in his manner, triumph in his eyes.

The procurator returned his greeting, then repeated his former question.

Plautus answered: "The prisoner is guilty of treason against Rome."

"A weighty charge." The governor eyed the tribune cynically. "What interest have you in the matter?"

Plautus shrugged. "If the charge be weighty, the evidence is likewise, as you'll agree when you hear my witness." He turned and beckoned peremptorily.

Naida stared, rooted to the spot.

From the shadows shuffled Licydes, rubbing his hands and bowing servilely.

Horrified, bewildered, she felt the hall, with its marble pillars, its statues and rich furnishings, contracting, closing in upon her. A Christian, a Judas, had come to betray her!

As in a dream she heard the Greek repeat her remarks overheard at the wall. His garbled account made much of the phrase that her God would rule the world when Cæsar and his false gods were forgotten.

The procurator followed the recital attentively. At the end his intelligent face was thoughtful; the tolerant expression ruled.

"You have convicted the girl of religious fervor," he said, "not of treason."

Plautus stirred uneasily. Licydes looked crestfallen, then quickly recovered.

"Nay, more than that," he answered, "if you consider the character of their religion." Bitterly he railed at the Christians, accusing them of sacrificing young children upon their altars, of employing black arts and strange

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JANE COWL'S STORY

Intimate glimpses into the career of this popular actress

By JANE COWL

You remember her—perhaps you saw her in her first successes: "The Gamblers," 1910, "Within the Law," 1913, "Common Clay," 1915. She was a stirring heroine in "Lilac Time," her own war play of 1917. "Smilin' Through," 1919, gave her a sad, sweet rôle. And "Romeo and Juliet," with "Pelleas and Melisande," in 1923, established her reputation as one of America's greatest actresses of classic drama



IN "LILAC TIME," THE WAR PLAY OF WHICH JANE COWL WAS COAUTHOR



THIS IS THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD MIMIC OF THE FALL RIVER BOAT INCIDENT



AS *MELISANDE* IN MAETERLINCK'S TRAGEDY OF LOVE, "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

I WAS born in Boston. My early childhood was spent with a mother who was exceedingly beautiful, exceedingly vibrant and who was mad about the theater. From the time I was four years old I was taken to matinées, and found myself in the theater at an age when other children are playing in the park with their nurses. It made no difference what kind of play it was, it made no difference how many times a week it was, I was simply steeped in the theater, because my mother could not keep away. She had a passion for it which I am sure is partly responsible for my own career. One of my earliest remembrances is the glow of the footlights, the lowered curtain just before its rising, the music of the orchestra and the feeling of expectancy that thrilled through me.

My mother had a very beautiful singing voice, and she often sang at symphony concerts in Boston. But after I came she gave it up entirely. She was a very rare and beautiful creature, a kind of combination in looks of Lina Cavalieri and Zélie de Lussan. She was born in Albany, but lived all her youth in New England. My father's brother-in-law had one of the first big agricultural country estates near Lowell, Massachusetts, and the first pear-trees that were planted in New England were to be found on his place. All my holidays were spent in that part of the country. So I may say that we were of the New England tradition. I think that my mother's training as a singer gave her a rare kind of diction, and from her I suppose I learned to escape what is called the New England accent.

Though born in Boston, I was brought up in New York, where we went to live when I was only three years old. I have been in New York ever since.

We were poor. We were always poor, very poor—not just polite poor, but terribly so—the kind of poor that you don't want to be. That saddened my early childhood, chiefly for the reason that I knew my mother was unhappy about it, because there was no possibility for her to do the things she had been used to doing in the past and that she wanted then to do for me. However, mother always contrived to have me beautifully dressed; and I remember that I was brought up on broadcloth and fur. But one thing which I do not remember, though I can well imagine it, is the constant sacrifice she must have made on her part to give these things to me.

One funny incident in connection with my childhood comes to my mind. We were going to Boston, which we did periodically when some kind friends went away and invited us to use their house in their absence, knowing that thus we would be temporarily relieved of expense. We were making the trip on the Fall River boat. There was some trouble about the stateroom and my mother had to stand in line at the purser's office. I was very small, and the purser's office window was very high; and while she was talking above me, things were very boring below. So I wandered off. When my mother discovered that I was missing, she was terrified and rushed frantically about trying to find me. As a last resort, she looked in the big saloon.



CRITICS PROCLAIMED JANE COWL TO BE THE FINEST *JULIET* OF THE CENTURY

There was an enormous crowd gathered in a corner, looking down at something. Instinct must have told her that that something was me, for she edged in through the crowd to find me the center of an admiring group. I was holding a gentleman's hat full of money, which I had gathered during the short time since mother and I had parted company.

How I collected it was in this fashion: When I wandered away from her, I saw an old gentleman walking along the corridors with his hands clasped behind his back. Every now and then he coughed a most horrible cough. I fell into line immediately behind him, imitating his walk and his deplorable cough. Some of the passengers who saw me laughed heartily and asked me to do it again. Here was an opportunity which my child wit grasped. I declared that I would be glad to do so for a penny. So the money rolled in rapidly. Thus at the age of four I started collecting money for a performance!

My mother was chagrined. She apologized most abjectly to the admiring crowd and began returning the pennies wherever she could locate the generous contributors.

This instinct for managerial success was further evident during one Christmas when, among my presents, I received a magic lantern. With the lantern came a block of tickets. These I promptly sold, and filled the house one day for several performances.

I WAS not a very interesting child; I seem to have lived entirely for what was going to happen in the future. One trouble was that I was endowed with an extraordinary complex against doing anything in public. And yet I was always put in the position where I had to. I studied the piano, and probably played better than the average girl. I remember once at school I was selected to play a march for the children. Very much against my will, I got on the piano-stool and then promptly fell

off in a dead faint. I was the valedictorian of my class at school, but was too nervous to read my valedictory address.

During these early days we had many interesting friends. In fact, mother had a great many visitors who were entirely out of the ordinary run. I recall especially a large number of foreigners who used to come to see us—friends from the Japanese Embassy, and Turks, too, who when they came brought us the most fascinating Turkish goodies. There was quite an atmosphere of the East in my childhood, and most of the presents given to me when I was a youngster were curious things from other countries.

A very charming young Japanese was a constant caller at our house, and apparently fell in love with me. No matter if I *was* young and wild and small; in his country they married at an early age. So he spoke to my mother, with the idea of marrying me as soon as I was old enough. Though his suit was not successful, he took a photograph of me back to Japan with him, and I am told that he has it still.

I was the worst tomboy that ever was. the captain of my neighborhood gang—never a stocking on me that was whole. I was able to do anything that a boy could do, and was forever getting hurt, so that sometimes I was completely swathed in bandages.

It was while I was at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn that we had our worst monetary times, mother and I. We were in such terrible straits that something had to be done—and speedily. My mother was ill and faced an operation. She never recovered from her illness. I lost her when I was about fourteen, just at the time I went on the stage.

A FRIEND of mother's gave me a letter to David Belasco, and it was from him that I received my first encouragement. He engaged me as an extra in "The Rose of the Rancho." At this same time, in order to try to overcome my timidity, I thought it best to get a little training at a dramatic school. I also tried to eke out my education, which suddenly had been cut short. In those early days—while I was sowing my stage wild oats, so to speak—I did as much studying as I possibly could. I had a very definite feeling that no one has any right to be in the world without education; so I took courses at Columbia under Professor Thorndyke and Professor Brander Matthews.

Mr. Belasco used to call me "The girl all eyes, who never takes them off me," because I had a habit of watching very intently everything he did. I suppose he thought I must be getting something out of it all. I was given two lines in the play, which I almost had taken away from me, because when the time came to speak them I was almost inaudible.

On the opening night in Boston a very funny thing happened to me. I was dressed in a gay costume, with a big Spanish comb in my hair, dangling earrings and a



IT WAS A PICTURESQUE RÔLE THAT JANE COWL PLAYED IN "SMILIN' THROUGH"

beautiful fan. The time came to go on. My entrance was to be made on a bronco, with another girl. The three of us had rehearsed the entrance patiently, but I suppose the excitement of the evening affected the temperament of the horse. Just as we were about to go on he sent me bounding gaily over his head, and I landed partly on a stack of guns which were to be used in the last act and partly on the back of Mr. Belasco. At that time I weighed one hundred and fifty pounds—a plump, solid individual. No wonder that my Spanish comb was broken into bits and that I found my slippers coming off—in fact, nearly everything else coming off, too! But I was up in an instant. The fright had raised my courage, and I declared that no pinto would prevent me from making my entrance. I went on in spite of the disapproval of Mr. Belasco.

My next experience was in "The Music-Master," where I spent most of my time watching the interesting methods of David Warfield. There was nothing notable about my own advance at this time, for at one moment I was cast in the rôle of an old woman and at another in the part of one of the silly girls whom the music-master taught.

I believe it was in "The Easiest Way" that Mr. Belasco first began to see possibilities in me. For I remember I had two voices off stage, and was required also to play the piano. In the first act I was the voice of a society woman and in the second act the raucous voice of the boarding-house keeper. It was the difference in the quality of these two voices that led Mr. Belasco to choose me for the leading woman's rôle in "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

I remember, still with bitter feeling, a remark that I heard dropped by some one while we were at rehearsal on the play. The speaker was referring to me. "Oh, she'll get on because of her looks, but she has nothing inside," he said, tapping his own inconsequential head. There is a completely wrong idea harbored by most people that good looks cover everything. I really regret having any good looks at all. Some misguided press-agent once stated, while I was playing in "The Gamblers," that I was the most beautiful woman on the American stage. Since then I have had that thing to live up to; and it can not be done! If one could only be the ugliest woman on the stage, with a certain amount of intellect conceded, the way would be much easier.

DURING these initial years I was not making much money; yet I had to live. So I tried to write stories. I took these manuscripts to the New York *Times* to see if they could be used. There it was I met Mr. Adolph Klauber, whom I afterward married. In some way or other he placed the stories, which I believe were pretty fair, and I was given an interview or two to do for the paper. In this way my earnings at the theater were increased.

In a way the work I did in Charles Klein's play, "The Gamblers," gave me my first opportunity to show my friends that I had something other than mere stage presence. It also brought out in me a certain independence, which I have always had to have if I was to do anything worth while. I am always glad of criticism, but have never been able to reach results through heckling at rehearsal. In "The Gamblers," the rehearsals of which Mr. Klein himself conducted, I found myself hedged in on all sides. While they believed in me, they

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THE DEATH SCENE IN JANE COWL'S PRESENTATION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET." ROLLO PETERS AS *ROMEO*

ROSE OF THE WORLD

In which Rose learns that "love knoweth no laws"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS

Rosalind Kirby was the loveliest girl in Gates Mill, and in the early days of the town her people had been its most prominent citizens. But long before Rose was born her Grandfather Tallifer had been thrown from the buggy in which he was riding with J. Wittinger Talbot. From that day "Grandpa Tallifer" had been a child in mind, living always in the past, and "Old Man Talbot," owner of the iron-works, had gone steadily ahead in the career that made him the biggest man in Gates Mill. The death of Rose's father left her the main support of her family—mother, grandfather, younger brother and sisters—all of them lovable, but quite irresponsible. She went to work in Talbot's office, and it was here that she met Jack Talbot, who promptly fell in love with her. But Mrs. Talbot used her own serious illness to make Jack break his engagement to Rose, and with the help of Edith Rogers maneuvered things so cleverly that almost before he knew it he found himself engaged to Edith. His father's sudden death hastened their marriage—and he woke to the realization that he was married to an entirely selfish woman and that the control of the plant was almost wholly in the hands of Clyde Bainbridge. It was this Clyde Bainbridge to whom old Talbot had left a large share of the stock in the works, and who paid determined court to Rose after Jack's marriage. Rose had been crushed at first, but pride came to the rescue and she set out valiantly to take up her life again. She liked Clyde and she yielded at last to his pleas, and the voice of common sense.

This marriage gave Rose an enviable position in the social life of Gates Mill, material comfort and the opportunity to help her family—but not happiness. She very soon discovered that Clyde was a most unreasonable and difficult person to live with. These qualities grew only more marked as time went on, and life for Rose became more and more restricted and unsatisfying. In her new position she was brought into contact again with Jack Talbot, and they found that maturity and suffering had given to them both new understanding and sympathy which formed a very real bond between them.

PART FIVE

CECILIA KIRBY, coming in the gate of the Bainbridge house between the rigidly square hedge of evergreens that were draped with dusty cobwebs in the hot Summer shade, was disgusted to discover herself experiencing the usual strange sinking of the heart. She always felt it when she came to Rose's house. There was something chilling, repressive, unfriendly about the bay-windowed house on the cliff above the quarry. It was as if it partook of the character of its owner, Cecy sometimes thought. Nothing gay, noisy, human seemed able to exist in its tree-shrouded, lifeless atmosphere.

Cecilia knew that Santa Clara Street was only a hundred feet away, and beyond that the beauty and humanness of Upper River Street, but when she stepped into the green, unwholesome shade of Rose's garden she always felt that the simple, pleasant things of life were put far behind her, that she was in the neighborhood of frightening and depressing elements.

To-day she mounted the neat wooden steps of the front porch; these and the balustrade were painted a stone gray and speckled with black in some long-ago painter's idea of imitation marble. Cecy hated to be so formal as to have to ring at Rose's house, but there was no help for it, and she duly rang the bell.

After a while a Japanese boy in his shirt-sleeves came to the door, and Cecy was admitted to the cool, orderly, lifeless hall, with oilcloth on the floor and closed doors on both sides.

"In the garden?" asked Cecy.

The Japanese nodded, and she went out through a side passage and followed a familiar path between dragging ropes of willows. The house and garden were placed upon the very edge of the cliff that descended a sharp hundred feet to the deserted quarry, the drawing-room windows looking straight down the precipitous descent. But the quarry side of the back yard had been safely fenced, and a stretch of grass, apple-trees, a table, benches and Rose's own favorite little ventures in gardening were prettily established within its bounds.

Here Cecy found her sister, and of course the irresistible Mary, this afternoon. Rose was sewing, Mary was toddling about in all the ecstatic dignity of two-and-a-half-years in the possession of its first little green tin watering-pot. Rose jumped up with a delighted cry as Cecy appeared, came over to put one arm about her and give her the loving look that had come to have so much that was maternal in it during the last few years.

Rose was twenty-six now, and she had been four years a wife. Yet there was something more childish, more bewildered and questioning than ever in her exquisite blue eyes. If her manner had gained in a certain definiteness and there was a new ripeness and wisdom in her quiet voice, there was still something so pure, so young and so fresh in her aspect that she might have been growing younger rather than older during these hard years.

Her glorious burnt-gold hair, rippling and waving about her white temples, was swept back simply from her face and to-day was almost hidden under a broad-brimmed straw hat. For the hundredth time Cecy thought how matchlessly beautiful her sister was: not only in the clear cream of her skin, the suggestion of width between the eyes, the hint of a classic leanness in the modeling of cheek-bones and jaw—not only in the dusky, thick, up-curving lashes and the scarlet of her lovely, firmly governed mouth, but in some spiritual quality that sat strangely upon her youth and beauty. One knew that these eyes had wept, that this mouth had trembled, that this gentle, disciplined woman had prayed, had struggled and had grown strong.

Cecy herself was charming, warmly gipsylike in coloring, smaller than Rose, full of glow and vivacity and brilliance. At twenty-two she was the most popular girl in Gates Mill.

"Cecy, you darling!" Rose greeted her affectionately. "How does this come about?"

"Rose, it's the Terry tea, to-day!" her sister reminded her. She caught the baby up, kissed the soft little hand and the back of her little neck and the square little bare leg under the sunburned knee and suddenly set the child down again, rumpled and breathless. "Yes, I see it—and it's beautiful! Who buyed the beautiful baby that?" she asked enthusiastically, of the green watering-pot.

"I got it for her yesterday," Rose explained. "Don't water Aunt Cecy's shoes, Sweet."

"If — ever — anybody — committed the crime of cannibalism," Cecy began, in measured tones.

"Well, couldn't you?" Rose said, with the exquisite expression her eyes always had when they looked at



"IF—" CECY'S VOICE THICKENED A LITTLE —"IF YOU WERE HAPPIER, SIS!" *Drawing by George Wright*

Mary. "Do you know that she's your double? Her nature's like yours, too," Rose added. "She's happy-go-lucky, she's friendly—like dad."

Her eyes filled suddenly, but Cecy paid no attention and in a few seconds took charge of the conversation by stretching out a brown slim hand and saying abruptly:

"Look, sis!"

Rose looked at the diamond ring, looked at Cecy. "My darling!" she said. For this was all part of wonderful new plans for Cecilia, whose engagement had been announced only a few weeks ago.

"Happy?" Cecy repeated, for the hundredth time, after half an hour in which Charles Boswell Terry had been the exclusive subject of conversation. "Rose—I'm *too* happy! There's only one thing in the whole world that I would have different. if I could."

"And what's that, dear? You ought to have nothing but happiness now."

Cecy laid her hand over Rose's and looked half-daringly, half-timidly, into her face.

"If—" Cecy's voice thickened and she smiled through a sudden mist—"if you were happier, sis."

The glorious color flooded Rose's face "My darling, I'm not unhappy," she said.

"Ah, but Clyde's so—so cruel to you!"

"I don't think he always—means to be. It's just that strange, cold nature of his, Cecy."

"Oh, Rose, don't defend him! Every one—every one *hates* him. Minnie Carter——"

"She was only a servant, Cecy."

"Well, I don't have to quote any one. I see—everybody sees—the change in you. Why, you're afraid to call your soul your own—you can't move a chair in your own house! You almost never see mom——"

"Yes, I know," Rose conceded in a low tone as the other paused. "But—I have compensations." Her eyes went to Mary, who had found a knot-hole in the fence and was enthusiastically watering the quarry far below.

"But Rose, you're so young and so pretty, dear! And to have every one—*every one!*—saying how unsociable he is, and how jealous he is——"

"That, Cecy, isn't every one's affair," Rose reminded her quietly, in a silence.

"But listen, sis, now that I'm going to be married and am older and all, if you had it to do over again— Only tell me that it wasn't at all for mom's sake, or for us younger ones, that you married, Rose——"

"My dear," Rose answered, smiling, "I *will talk* to you now, because I don't want you to do what I did. I married, Cecy, and I think thousands of women do, largely because there seemed to be no good reason why I shouldn't."

She stopped, and Cecy looked at her expectantly.

"Well, go on," the younger woman urged.

"That's all, Cecy. There was no passion, no force, no irresistible current carrying me to it. It was just a sort of, 'Why not?' I don't say this in any disloyalty," Rose added. "It was as much my fault as his."

"*Disloyalty?* Oh, Rose, how extraordinary you are! Disloyal—*you!* I don't know any other woman in the world who would put up with it. I'd rather have a man beat me than treat me with that quiet, cold, impersonal —I don't know what to call it! Sometimes I think he hates you."

Rose gave her a glance almost fearful.

"Cecy, what makes you think so?" she asked quickly.

"Well—" Cecy answered, in a somewhat modified tone, as if the effect of her words had been more than she intended, "I can't see how he can treat you as he does——"

"I don't think he *ever* loved me, Cecy. That was the fatal thing."

"Oh, nonsense, Rose! He asked you."

"Yes—but— Cecy, will you promise me never to repeat this? My happiness might depend upon your being discreet here," Rose surprised her sister by saying, anxiously. And when Cecy, awed, had given the requisite promise, she went on: "You never knew it, Cecy, but years and years ago grandpa entered into a contract with old Mr. Talbot—Jack's father—about the 'Centipede.' Did you know that grandpa had invented that?"

"*What?*" Cecy exclaimed, round-eyed.

"The point is, Cecy, this particular contract was never cancelled. Clyde believes it to be valid to-day. Old Talbot told him of it on his death-bed. And I think part of Clyde's peculiarity during these last few years and his terrific attention to the business and his bad headaches come from nothing but his determination to find that paper, if it's in existence. And I think," she finished unguardedly, "he expected that either grandpa or I would perhaps be able to help him—and we haven't been. It has become a sort of disease with him—a sort of mania——"

"Then you think, Rose," Cecy inferred, with a keen look as the other paused, "you think that Clyde had that in mind when he married you?"

Rose had not intended to admit so much—she was reluctant to admit it even to her own thoughts—but she was fairly caught, and it was with a rather forlorn attempt at a smile that she looked bravely at her sister.

"Well, perhaps I flattered myself that there were other reasons, too!" she assured her whimsically.

Cecy looked at her, beautiful, young, exquisite, with all the goodness and sweetness, the courage and unselfishness and intelligence that she knew were Rose's looking out of her blue eyes, and a sudden thickness came into the loyal little sister's throat.

"Rosalind, you're the most wonderful person in the world," she said, laughing a little huskily.

"Ah, well, that's a nice thing for you to tell me," Rose said, smiling, but also a little stirred.

"It's not only me," Cecy began warmly. "Every one in this town says the same thing. Why, the very salesmen in the shops are crazy about you, and the Terrys just think you're an angel! Juliet Forbes says that they're all perfectly crazy to get you to come to things, and here you stick in this—this mausoleum!—with a—a man who does nothing but snub you and separate you from your family and just—just breaks your heart! Why, do you suppose," Cecy sputtered on, wiping her eyes openly now, "do you suppose that I would be engaged to Bozzy, and having them all make a fuss about me, if it hadn't been for all you've done for me?"

"Oh, Cecy, Cecy, don't!" Rose interrupted, half-laughing and half-crying. "If I really have done anything for you and mom and Ned, that makes everything worth while!"

"Rose," Cecy said suddenly, "must it always be like this—this death in life? Isn't there—I don't necessarily mean divorce!—but isn't there such a thing as a separation—you and Mary in one of those little pink Spanish plaster houses out near mom——?"

Rose had risen and was standing with her back half-turned to her sister, her gaze far away across the fences, across the unlovely jumble of State Street, across the sluggish river and upon the far purple line of the encircling hills that were like transparent lavender tissue to-day.

Did she think, as she stood there, of what it would mean to take her baby in her arms and leave this house of suffering and loneliness forever, to find herself in bright, small rooms with flowers blooming all about and family and neighbors near? What it would mean to eat what she liked, to say what she liked, to read and dream in her own way, forbidden now these many years?

Perhaps it was at this exact moment that the thought came to Rose, the definite, weary, rebellious thought that separated her and her child once and for all from Clyde.

But if it did, she gave no sign to the uneasily watchful Cecy when she presently spoke.

"I've thought of that, Cecy, believe me!" she said. "Not—not in any sense as a reflection on Clyde, or in revenge—not just because he is as unhappy as—as he can be, of course! But Clyde would never consent."

"But why not?" Cecy asked impatiently.

"Oh, his self-respect, my dear! His standing before the community. To have his wife and child leave him! He is passionately ambitious. And then besides—he might find the old contract, you know, and then where would he be! And Cecy, while I have Mary, nothing else matters. I'm almost glad, sometimes, that my life is so—so empty and so hard and so lonely, because it gives her more to me. Every breath she draws, every little garment and meal and nap, is *mine*. She and I have roomed together since she was so ill last Winter. I would do it all again, I would have it twice as hard—for her."

AN HOUR later, with the baby toddling between them, they went out into the comparative openness of Santa Clara Street and Upper River Street, and Cecy at last drew a long breath of relief. The trees were friendly



Drawing by George Wright

"JACK," ROSE SAID, IN A VOICE DRAINED OF EVERYTHING BUT UTTER FEAR, "WHAT CAN WE DO?"

here, affording long glimpses of pleasant barns and blooming gardens through their great branches. The Rogers' house and the Terrys' house, all the aristocratic houses of Gates Mill, were grouped here, and Rose experienced a sudden great emotion of real delight thinking of Cecy as established here and rejoicing that her beloved little sister's life had fallen into such ideal lines.

Bozzy was fat and he was not clever, but he was a sweet, simple fellow, generous and kind, and Cecy was not so smart that she would leave him behind her as the years went by. This afternoon Mrs. Terry had formally asked the neighborhood in "to meet Miss Cecilia Kirby." Everybody knew Cecy Kirby, of course, and everybody knew exactly what her name penned upon old Mrs. Terry's card in this fashion meant. Cecy and Rosalind were aware of parked cars, fluttering Summer gowns and an air of great festivity about the comfortable old wooden house with its porches and its magnificent gardens as they came on.

Cecy had on her prettiest frock of pink crêpe de Chine and a white hat with pink roses on it was pressed against her soft dark hair; she looked shy, young, radiant, standing beside the older women as good wishes and congratulations were showered upon her. It was one of the great days of Cecy's life. Rose was secretly pleased to find the bride-elect and her promised husband concealed in the pantry, late in the afternoon, eating macaroons, talking absorbedly and lost to everything but each other's company.

"Gosh, wasn't it fierce, Rose?" Bozzy asked fervently.

And Cecy said positively: "We have decided never to be engaged again, sis. Once is enough!"

"No spoiling, no budding snobbishness there!" Rose thought thankfully as she left them to their cakes and went upon her way to find her baby, who had been confided to the agreeable company of the Terry grandchildren.

Crossing the side lawn in the long shadows of the dying day, she met the older Mrs. Talbot with Jack and Edith. Rose's heart always gave a little twist of pleasure when she saw Jack. It did not happen often, for she rarely went to the office, and for the past two or three years her trips to market and long, quiet afternoons with her mother had been the chief of Rose's reasons for leaving her house at all. The big figure was dressed in white flannels to-day—Rose knew just the tilt of the straw hat and the touch of the lean, strong hand in greeting. But Jack at thirty-two was older; there was gray in his heavy shock of fair hair, and his expression had lost something of its old boyish serenity.

Edith was just the same; she was one of those attractively slim young girls who seem to harden at seventeen or eighteen into a very mold of characterless adolescence. She had always been colorless, flat-chested, sleek-haired, complacently ignorant and undeveloped, and she always would be—priding herself upon mediocre attainments, satisfied with catch-phrases for the vital things of life, unable to see, feel or understand anything that did not immediately affect herself.

She was furious to-day for two reasons—or at least for two causes that seemed reasons to her. Her first reason was that for several weeks she had been aware of a disquieting suspicion that had grown stronger and stronger, terminating with the definite knowledge that she was to have a child. Edith had always spoken of this possibility casually. "If we have a kiddie" was, indeed, a favorite expression with her.

But now, after five years of marriage, nature had taken her unawares, and Edith resented it bitterly. She had never been ill, and she felt sick and wretched and miserable now almost all the time, and she resented that, too. It had been a favorite hallucination of hers that she could experience motherhood "without knowing it."

The crowning indignity was when Newman, the doctor whose word was law in all the nurseries of Gates Mill, forbade dancing, diving, tennis and horseback-riding. Edith listened to him sullenly, quoted him with hot scorn and assured the anxious Jack that she hadn't the remotest notion of obeying the poor old mollie.

In the second place, Edith bitterly resented the fuss that all her world had been making of late over Cecy Kirby's engagement to Bozzy Terry.

Edith had had all this pleasant adulation once and had accepted it complacently as her due. Five years ago, at eighteen, it had been her pleasant privilege to draw Jack Talbot away from his silly infatuation for Rose Kirby and prettily to accept dinner-parties, engagement-cups and all the admiration and honor of making a brilliant match.

Now Cecy had captured the richest boy in town, and a nice boy, too—if one didn't mind Bozzy's being fat and rather silly. Old Mrs. Terry, who seemed to have no usual maternal jealousies or resentment, had taken the girl to her heart, and everybody, Edith supposed wearily and scornfully, would have to follow suit. It was all so sickeningly tiresome!

To add to her annoyance, Rose, the slighted older sister, had married Clyde Bainbridge, Jack's partner and adviser and a stockholder in the Talbot iron-works. So that these obnoxious Kirbys——

"Hello, Rose," Edith said smilingly. "Nice to see you!"

"Hello, Edith—how do you do, Mrs. Talbot?" Rose raised her eyes to the quietly watching man and with a little deepening of her smile she added: "Jack!"

"Proud of your little sister?—but I know you are!" he said, looking down at her affectionately.

"Glad she's so happy," Rose amended.

"I didn't think Cecy would marry at all," Edith contributed in her quick, smooth voice. "Of course she's not very *old*——"

Rose merely smiled at her, and Jack thought of the quick, indignant defense that would have flashed forth six years ago and told himself that he knew in what school Rose had learned this hard lesson of silence.

She stood, smiling pleasantly at the two women of his household, beautiful, little friendly Rose, who looked like a child to-day, in a white mull frock, with a blue lining to her white Summer hat. He noted the kindness of the wonderful eyes that just matched the hat, and the exquisite glow on the velvet-smooth cheeks. Edith and his mother had been quarreling—not bitterly or loudly, but in icy undertones and suppressed asides, and in contrast Rose's radiant happiness in her sister's happiness seemed heart-warming.

His mother had had a small apartment in Gates Mill for a time, but loneliness and resourcelessness had driven her back for one of her periodic visits to her own old house. The house would have sheltered a score of mothers and wives, but was too small for these two women, who each had to have at least one private interview with Jack daily to "simply explain" some misunderstanding or to ask his "unbiased opinion" about some altercation between them.

"Aren't you coming in, Jack?" Edith said impatiently. "We're late enough now, I should think!"

"Come see me, Rose, and bring that dear baby!" the elder Mrs. Talbot said, partly because she really was lonely and not very well, and partly with an instinctive willingness to annoy Edith. "Beautiful girl!" she added admiringly as the three parted from Rose, who went upon her way toward the sound of children's voices.

"Jack thinks so!" Edith agreed viciously. Jack made no comment.

Cecy's question of earlier in the afternoon was still thrilling in Rose's thoughts as she went on. A little cottage, a little garden and peace of mind—and Mary. How wonderful that might be! But for Mary, she knew that she must have sought this peace, this little cottage long ago. Not, ran her thoughts now, not to defraud Clyde. Clyde, granting that they ever found the old contract, might have all the property interests, and welcome! Cecy would be a rich woman now, and Ned, at nineteen, was working his way through the agricultural college at Davis and promised to make a fine, good man, like his father and grandfather before him.

"And to think," Rose mused, with a rueful smile, "that the money end of it ever seemed important!"

Ah, what would she not give for one hour of the old impecunious gaiety, the pressed little draggled gowns, the scrambled, hot, delicious meals, the chatter, the laughter, the great hopes and dreams!

She turned a corner by the old windmill; the children were having a little tea-party of their own. There were five of them: a small Rogers, three small Terrys and Mary, the youngest of all.

Rose had been so rarely separated, even for hours, from her baby that she experienced a delightful thrill upon rediscovering her—her little happy, busy Mary, so pleased to find herself among these strange gods and goddesses who were four and five, and even seven!

The cocoa and sponge-cake were things of the past; Mary was now rapturously sucking, eying and sucking again a somewhat slimy lump of taffy. Rose, with the assistance of the windmill faucet and the sympathetic old nurse, washed the blooming little face and the brown baby hands. Then they said good-by to this world of delights and walked out of the side gate into a deep lane that was laced by streams of low sunlight through elms and eucalyptus.

Presently Mary's little dangling hand was caught by a big brown one, into which she clasped it confidingly. Rose looked up to see that Jack had joined them.

"Oh, you didn't see Cecy?"

"Oh, but I did. Mother and Edith couldn't stay long. I took them home, and Edith sent me back for her beaded bag."

He displayed it, dropped it again into his pocket.

"Don't you love this bit of lane?" Rose asked.

"Always have."

"Jack, how beautiful the world could be—if we were only simpler! If worries and things didn't keep us from seeing it!"

"I was thinking that," he said. "Yesterday I had to go up and look at a little piece of property up above the dam—my father took it on a bad debt years ago—I suppose the three acres wouldn't bring twenty dollars at auction! But there's a two-room cabin there; it's been empty for years, but it's solid, and winds and rain have cleaned it out like a shell. There's a view over the valley, and trees, and all that; the old fellow who lived there had a little out-of-doors fireplace. My Lord, it was peaceful and sweet up there! The creek runs about ten feet from the door, and I suppose I saw a thousand quail! It's all smooth grassy slopes under oaks—Rose, I wonder if we couldn't all take our lunch up there some day? Could you do that some Saturday afternoon or Sunday?"

She smiled sympathetically, slowly shaking her head.

"But it sounds like paradise, Jack!"

He stopped short in the lane.

"Clyde wouldn't—no, I suppose he wouldn't."

"He doesn't care for that sort of thing, you know."

"You couldn't—I suppose you couldn't go without him?"

She could laugh at him quite naturally.

"I could not."

"Rose," Jack diverged suddenly, "did it ever occur to you that he—he isn't quite—well, what shall I say? I work in the office with him, you know, and I give you my word that there are days when he doesn't seem——"

"Quite normal?" she asked simply. "Oh, yes; I think that after one of his frightful headaches, when he has been using those pills and then has to stop for a day or two, he is suffering such nervous—such nervous agonies that he hardly knows what he is doing or saying."

"Well," Jack persisted, "he oughtn't to take that stuff. You know, sometimes I have to carry on the whole thing at the works," he finished apologetically. "And Clyde hates that. He locks up papers in the safe——"

"Yes, I know. It's too bad he is leaving it so much to you, Jack," Rose said as he paused.

"Oh, no; that part of it's fine! I'm tickled to death to get the hang of the whole thing; I should have done it years ago. But it's on—your account, Rose. It doesn't seem right to let Clyde go on getting more and more—nervous."

"He may get over these headaches. Anyway, Newman gave him the pills, and I suppose thousands and thousands of people are taking them all the time," she answered, so mildly and so thoughtfully that Jack felt a sudden great rush of pity for the kind and generous heart that life had treated so harshly.

"Rose," he said, in a tone she had not heard for years, the tone through which a conversation suddenly becomes personal, even intimate, "life hasn't been what we thought it was going to be, has it?"

Continued on page 99



AN EASTER GARDEN

I know a garden filled with crocuses
On a green slope of this beloved earth;
And here the jocund April brings her mirth
With the first rapture of the budding trees.
Here swarm, in Summer, the bright bandit bees
When the rose lifts its velvet-hooded head,
And here the prayer of Beauty is softly said
In the light wind's incessant litanies.

If men build spires and altars, and upraise
Cathedrals for the worship of their God,
Shall they not likewise mould this place for praise,
And draw this wonder from the common sod?
Beauty packed still on Beauty, tenfold strong,
Till silent spaces sing with flowery song!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

IF SHE WERE MY DAUGHTER

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

The old-fashioned girl is gone. The flapper, slowly but surely, is evolving into a new type. "Hurry-up" Yost, who as Director of Athletics in the University of Michigan is close to the hearts of thousands of men, tells what his sex wants to find in the woman of to-day

IF SHE were my daughter, I would want her wholesome; not too good for human nature's daily food, but buoyant, sincere, appreciative of family and friends. I would want her to learn self-control, that most fundamental of all lessons, early in life.

I should want my daughter to learn the homely domestic accomplishments, such as cooking and sewing, even if she never had to use her talents in this direction. I should have her learn how to manage her house so that there might be a maximum of comfort and a minimum of waste and inefficiency.

If she were my daughter, I would want her to have a very definite purpose in life. Much unhappiness and many real calamities can be traced to the fact that girls too often are just living for a "good time" or waiting for some eligible young man to propose to them. There is no harder nor more futile work in the world than chasing a "good time." Only a shallow girl would be satisfied to live such a butterfly existence. She would be much happier if she had a real hobby of some sort, whether she had to earn her own living or not.

The truest happiness is the happiness of real achievement. The study of music, painting or any other subject that occupies the mind and calls for honest effort is well worth while. I do not mean that I would have my daughter take up something for which she had neither taste nor talent merely because I wanted her to occupy her mind. But I would search diligently for something that would interest her and in which she could make fair progress.

I would not have my daughter do things to make herself popular, unless those things had something more substantial to recommend them than merely their ability to catch the fancy of the moment. The pursuit of popularity seldom wins the desired reward and often brings severe penalties. Better a wallflower for a time than an unhappy girl forever because she had paid too big a price to attract "friends." Real friends are those who are attracted by real worth. The things that make a girl popular to-day may make her unpopular to-morrow, for the pendulum of habits and customs is always on the swing: to-day it is far over on the side of freedom for girls; to-morrow it may be as far the other way. But wherever it swings, the fundamental good qualities always are admired by worth-while people.

IF SHE were my daughter, I would wish her qualities to be evident to the most casual observer, because true culture of the heart as well as of the intellect leaves its impress upon face and manner. And above all, I would ask that she have that feminine requisite—charm. I would not go to Barrie's length and say that a woman might as well be dead as be without it. But it is to her what fragrance is to the flower.

While I do not admire the masculine or the strictly athletic type of girl, if she were my daughter I would want her to indulge, within moderation, in all the athletic sports suited to the feminine temperament and the female body. The old maxim, "A strong mind in a strong body," applies to the girl as well as to the boy. No girl who is not healthy can be truly attractive and charming.

The sports that I particularly recommend for girls are swimming, rowing, canoeing, hiking, horseback-riding, basket-ball, field-hockey, golf, tennis and skating. In all of these moderation is important, but particularly so in those of a competitive nature. Under the stimulation of excitement and the desire to win, a girl will often play much longer than is good for her. The safest rule is to stop any sport, game or exercise as soon as she is conscious of fatigue. Pursued beyond this point, the benefit is lost and harm often results.



MRS. FIELDING H. YOST, WHO INFLUENCED MR. YOST IN THE WRITING OF THIS ARTICLE

In competitive games, I would want my daughter to remember that the mind as well as the body is being trained. I would want her to learn the spirit of sacrifice and service which comes with subordinating the individual to the team, the spirit of fair-play, which recognizes the rights of opponents, and self-control, which is proof against the vicissitudes of defeat. Women are naturally violently partisan—a quality which, perhaps, has been one of the biggest contributors to civilization. In competitive games they may learn to see things a little more from the other side's point of view, and still not sacrifice any fundamental loyalty to their own.

I would not care to develop my daughter into a great star in any one game. I would want her to be able to take part in games with a feeling that she would not have to apologize for her lack of skill. If she became imbued with the idea that she had to win all the time or that sports were the end and aim of existence, I believe that I would prove a "wet blanket" to her ambitions.

If no competitive games or mass athletics were available, I would have her do a few simple callisthenics at home, insisting, however, that she be faithful in their performance. Exercise to be beneficial must be done on a schedule and not in a hit-or-miss manner. Any girl can keep her body in good condition by a very simple program of gymnastics. An excellent list of exercises was printed recently in THE DELINEATOR—exercises requiring no apparatus and taking very little time. They should be done in loose clothing and in a room where there is a current of fresh air.

Under proper chaperonage, and with due regard to the unwritten laws of courtesy and propriety, dancing is a beneficial pastime; but I would want to know with whom my daughter was dancing. It is dangerous for her to select her friends at random and to go to dances and take automobile rides with boys who have not been introduced to her family. In fact, I believe I would want to know the boy very well indeed before I should let my daughter go out alone with him.

UNFORTUNATELY, many parents fail to awaken early enough to the responsibilities that their children bring them. None of us is totally without blame in this matter. We can not, for example, teach our children self-control without possessing it ourselves. Parents very often wreck their hopes and the well-being of their children upon the shoals of instability. If a mother cements the bond of sympathy between her daughter and herself, she can more successfully guide her through the period of her life when she is most in need of wise counsel. Good books, right friends and wholesome thoughts are essential. Unwise choices may wreck a girl's whole life.

Finally, I would want my daughter to be one of those women to whom belongs the right to endow and bring forth human life.

INSULIN, A REMEDY FOR DIABETES

Twenty-second of a series of articles on child health

By DR. HENRY RAWLE GEYELIN

Assistant Professor, Clinical Medicine, Columbia University

NO MEDICAL discovery of the past fifty years, and perhaps few medical discoveries in history, compare with insulin in its importance to the welfare of humanity. At last we have been given an effective weapon with which to combat diabetes, a disease which, in children at least, is one of humanity's greatest scourges.

It is just about two years ago that Doctor Banting, working at Toronto University with the assistance of Mr. Best, a medical student, first succeeded in isolating insulin from the pancreas of a dog. It is only a little over one year since insulin prepared from the pancreas of hogs and cows has been successfully used in the treatment of diabetes in human beings. Yet this simple statement of fact does not begin to describe to the average lay reader the importance and momentousness of Banting's discovery.

Diabetes occurs throughout the civilized world; no race is immune to it. People of all ages are affected. But in contrast to older people, in whom it is usually mild, children always contract diabetes in its most severe form. Before the discovery of insulin the development of diabetes in a child meant, with rare exceptions, his death; although life could be prolonged for months and sometimes for many years with skilful treatment, very few affected children lived to grow up.

Prior to the discovery of insulin, the method of treatment given for diabetes was one that depended entirely on dietary restriction. There was a necessary curtailment of food, chiefly of sugars and starches, which usually led to great weakness, emaciation and failure to grow and develop. In many instances it led to a complete transformation of the child's disposition, causing a happy, honest, cheerful child to become fretful, peevish, deceitful and unhappy. These were physical and mental changes that one might expect as the result of slow and long-drawn-out starvation.

The alternative for slow starvation was liberal or even unrestricted diet. This, however, invariably resulted in death from diabetic coma. But many parents who demanded that the doctor put before them the truth regarding the final outcome deliberately chose to let their children eat as they pleased, thus hastening the dreaded termination of this fatal disease but avoiding months or years of slow starvation.

Most doctors have striven to prolong life, with its attendant miseries, in the hope that medical science would some day find a way of relieving mankind of the terrors of the disease. That day has arrived, and to Doctor Banting all honor and praise are due. The lives of thousands of children have been saved. Happiness has been brought to many homes where before 1922 there was only hopeless suffering.

IN ORDER to understand the great change that has been wrought in the life of the unfortunate children suffering from diabetes, it is necessary to pause a moment to consider the nature of the disease. Unless we do this we will not appreciate the manner in which insulin converts the disease from a rapidly fatal malady into a mild chronic affliction which does not impair or interfere with a normal, active existence.

The cause of diabetes is unknown. Long-continued overeating of sugars and starches undoubtedly plays an important rôle in the production of the disease, and for this reason excessive indulgence in sweets and sugar in childhood should be definitely avoided. Diabetes is also known to come on very suddenly during or after various acute infectious diseases, as, for example, influenza (the "flu"), tonsillitis, pneumonia, sinus trouble and other similar conditions. There is, therefore, another probable factor which plays some part in producing the disease.

But, though we are still in the dark as to the cause of diabetes, we have a very clear understanding of its nature and of the part of the body that it affects. The nature of the disease is an inability of the body to burn, or use up, sugars and starches. (These foods are known as carbohydrates. Sugar, for example, is one hundred per cent. carbohydrate, while starch is ninety per cent.) This results in the appearance in the blood of an excess of sugar, which subsequently is excreted in the urine, thereby entailing the loss of a corresponding amount of food that otherwise would have gone to supply energy and nourishment.

The seat of this disorder of food combustion is in the pancreas, commonly known as the "sweetbread," which is situated just below the stomach. It connects by means of a duct with the intestine. Among the various functions that the pancreas performs to keep us healthy is the secretion into the blood-stream of a substance which causes sugars and starches (carbohydrates) to be burned or used up. When this power of the pancreas is lost, partly or wholly, diabetes is the result.

There are, of course, mild forms of the disease, such as one finds most frequently in older people, where the loss of this substance from the pancreas is only slight; but in children the loss of the pancreatic power is either complete or nearly so, and therefore diabetes in children is much more severe.

FOR many years we had known of the existence of the sugar-burning substance which the pancreas supplies to normal people, but we had never been able to isolate it in pure form. It was just this that Doctor Banting was able to do; and the substance which he isolated he named "Insulin."

Originally Doctor Banting isolated insulin from the pancreas of a dog. However, it can be procured in greater quantities from the pancreas of hogs and cows; and therefore it is from these animals that we now obtain the preparation of insulin which is used for the treatment of diabetes in human beings.

Unfortunately, certain of the digestive juices in the stomach and in the intestines destroy insulin when it is given by mouth, so that up to the present we have been forced to give it just under the skin by hypodermic injection. In some cases this has to be done three times a day, in others twice a day, and once in a while we find a child who requires only one injection a day. Careful supervision of the diet, especially the starches and sugars, is still necessary when insulin is being given every day; but the difference is that with the daily injection of insulin to burn up the sugars and starches, it is possible to feed diabetics much more of these foods, and they are able, therefore, to satisfy their hunger.

Children whose weight, growth and development had been stopped because of this disease now gain weight and height and develop at the same rate as normal children. Mental stagnation, bodily misery and weakness have been replaced by happiness and health.

In fact, the rapidity with which insulin restores mental and bodily vigor to pathetically weak and undernourished diabetic children is often amazing. The transformation takes place sometimes within a week after insulin is first given, but always within the first three to four weeks. One instance is worth describing:

A boy ten years old who had had the disease for four years weighed only twenty-seven pounds at the time insulin treatment was begun. He could not feed himself and was so weak that without help he could not raise his head from the bed. Within three weeks after insulin was administered he was able to walk around the ward and had gained over five pounds in weight; in six months he had gained thirty pounds in weight and four inches in height; now, except for the fact that he is still rather short for his age, he is in all other respects a normal child again. Insulin is given daily and he continues to need it as much as ever. The omission of insulin for one day results in the return of his former symptoms.

The object of the dietary restrictions formerly placed on diabetics was to keep the urine free from sugar and the blood free from excess sugar. When a severe case came under treatment, the curtailment of starchy and sugary food (carbohydrates) was necessarily extreme in order to prevent the appearance of sugar in the urine. This, of course, indicated that the child's own pancreas had lost nearly all its own natural supply of insulin and that what was left would cause the burning up of only about one-twentieth to one-thirtieth of the total amount of starch and sugar foods that the child would be able to burn were it in normal health. When, however, we artificially supply the insulin from a hog's pancreas to the same child, the amount of carbohydrate that can be burned or stored is increased ten to twenty fold

Concluded on page 98



"The world is mine"

Recently an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in Trenton, Missouri. About the same time, THE DELINEATOR (in its issue of January, 1924) published an authoritative article on diphtheria, written by Dr. William H. Park, the eminent and renowned bacteriologist. Out in Trenton the Red Cross public-health nurse read this article and immediately wrote for a thousand reprints, saying: "It is needed in every home here now." We shipped them to her at once—and with our compliments.

THE DELINEATOR is glad to have been able to serve this community. It is the ambition of THE DELINEATOR always to have its pages filled with the kind of information and advice that is practically and genuinely helpful.

Every month this Happy Child page prints an article on a definite aspect of child hygiene. Every month that article is prepared, conscientiously and painstakingly, by a distinguished specialist in the subject. The editorial adviser of the series is Dr. L. Emmett Holt, well known to every mother in the country as the author of that standard baby book, "The Care and Feeding of Children."

The Happy Child series began with articles on "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," "The General Care of the Baby" and allied subjects and gradually has led up to the consideration of problems of children of school age. It constitutes the most up-to-date scientific advice obtainable on baby care and child welfare. These articles are available in pamphlet form at the small cost of ten cents each, which amount is fixed to cover cost of printing and postage. The following have been in particular demand:

"The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City.

"The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt.

"Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President American Child Hygiene Association.

"The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California.

"The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, former Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

"The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director, Rochester Dental Dispensary, Rochester, N. Y.

"Malignant Diseases: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park) Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)."

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

APRIL 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAFF



IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG "RAINY DAYSY" PICTURE LIKE THIS,
LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT

OUR LITTLE DELINEATOR POST-OFFICE



MY DEAR MISS HARRIET: Last Saturday morning it was raining—hard. All my friends were sick with measles, so I couldn't go to see them, and my little sister was sick, too. I was tired of playing with my dolls by myself, and cook was cross and wouldn't let me come in the kitchen and help. I was standing by the window, looking at the water running down the garden paths and feeling cross when I heard the postman's whistle. I ran down-stairs and looked in the mail-box. There was the Big DELINEATOR.

By this time I had forgotten that there were such things as being lonesome. I clipped out THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, folded it, and read it from cover to cover. I laughed when I saw the funny doll pictures. When I read how to make the doll-room, I set to work to make one for myself. By the time I had finished, it was time for luncheon. As I was eating my dessert, some stray sunbeams slipped in the window and made the glassware on the table sparkle. Mama said that as it had stopped raining, I might go and show the little girl next door my doll-room. My little neighbor was delighted, so I promised to lend her my LITTLE DELINEATOR so she could make a room of her own.

Your little unknown friend,
LUCILE YANCEY.



DEAR AUNT HARRIET: I am a boy ten years old. I live on the farm. When I get THE DELINEATOR, I turn so straight to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR that you can follow it with an arrow shot from a bow. I don't know what I would do if it would stop.

You make it so funny and interesting. I hope the rest of the children like it as I do. I hope the sunshine will shine on you and keep you from getting old in heart so that you can know what children like.

With lots and lots of love from your LITTLE D. R.,
JOHN OLDHAM.

DEAR AUNT HARRIET: I was named for Woodrow Wilson, but if I could name myself over I would name myself for THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.

Each Christmas I look and long for Santa Claus, but now I don't have to wait until Christmas, for Santa Claus comes each month now. (THE LITTLE DELINEATOR!) Isn't that grand?



WOODROW BRANAN.

WIN THE "RAINY DAYSY" COVER

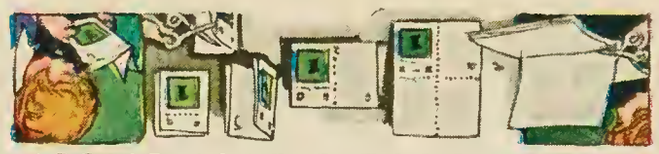
The most helpful letter to your editor, telling what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why, will win a big framed picture like the "Rainy Daysy" cover. Letters must be here not later than April twentieth. Address April Cover Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

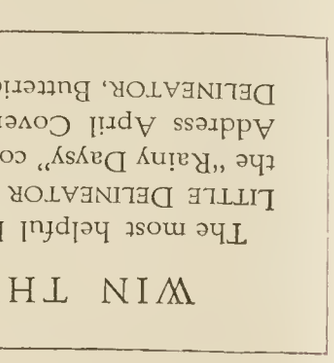
DON'T FORGET

When you try for the contests, will you remember to write on your letter and on the envelope you send it in "March Cover Contest" or "April Cover Contest," or whatever month it is. And please write distinctly.

AND DON'T FORGET THIS EITHER

Whenever you write to your editor or the cover man or any LITTLE DELINEATOR person, please be sure to address the letters to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York.





MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR EASTER BUNNIES: Last Easter you were chick-chick-chickadees, so I thought maybe this year you'd like long ears and pink eyes and wiggly noses. Just listen to what some of you call me:

Dear Mr. Harriet, Dear Grandma, Dear Harry, Dear Think-of-Everything, Dear Eager Heart, Dear Funny Lady, Dear Sir!

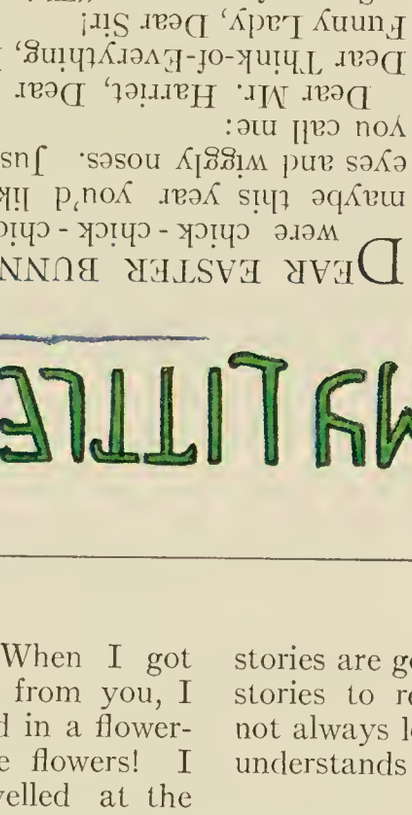
Some of you say: "This is the first time I have written. I was afraid to write before."

Well, great jumping grasshoppers! (as our friend the water-skater would say), am I a green-monster, or an ogress, or a Hallowe'en witch, or a nightmare that you should be afraid of me? I won't EAT you, honestly, so please, all of you who have been "afraid" before, sit down now and write me a letter all about yourself and your school and your friends and everything. I promise to answer and tell you some good Easter games to play. Only I must ask you to send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Happy Easter!

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

DEAR HARRIET: When I got my first real letter from you, I was so excited I stepped in a flower-bed and smashed some flowers! I ran in the house and yelled at the top of my voice, "I've got a letter! I've got a letter!" My mother and sister came running to see what was the matter. I told them that I'd gotten a letter. Mother asked me if I had never gotten a letter before. Then I told her all and sat down and read my letter over a dozen times.

Closing with love,
LUCY HEIM.



DEAR MISS EAGER: Here I am in bed with a bilious attack and THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. You can guess which one I like best.

Your loving reader,
RUTH E. LARIMORE.

DEAR MISS EAGER: I like Deli-bear the best, because he is like a Boy Scout. He does a kind deed every day.

RALPH JOHNSON (*age* 8).



DEAR EDITOR: I like "My Little Page" best of all. The stories are good, but there are always stories to read in other books, but not always letters from some one who understands us. IDELL DURETT.

DEAR HARRIET: I think THE LITTLE DELINEATOR will grow and grow and grow till it is as large as the Big DELINEATOR, don't you? Now I am going to try to cheer you up. Let's imagine we're queens and are sisters. You are the Queen of England and I am the Queen of Spain. Let's pretend we're going to a ball to-night and wear our silver outfits. Now we are there. Now we are back home again.

Oh, I must step out of our dreams.

LYRA BISHOP.

DEAR MISS EAGER: I am a boy of twelve but am so large most people take me for sixteen. I even wear long trousers. I like THE LITTLE DELINEATOR just the same, and most of all the stories of Deli-bear.

Hoping this is in the right order, I remain, a reader,
JAMES AULTZ.

P. S.—My name is James, but I'd like to be called Jimmie. Hot as ever, J. M. A.





TOMMY TIPTOE'S DREAM

His ninth and last adventure

Written by Your Editor

THAT night Tommy Tiptoe dreamed a dream. He was lying in soft grass. Suddenly he heard a buzzing far, far away. The buzzing came nearer. Things were flying and hopping through the air. The things came nearer, nearer, nearer.

"*Bz-z-z!*" sang the things.

Tommy looked. There were all his insect friends! *Whiff!* they clasped legs in a circle and began to dance.

"*Bz-z-z!*" sang the insects and *whirr!* they flew, round and round.

The red ladybug held the green katydid by the leg, and the green katydid held the beautiful dragon-fly, and the beautiful dragon-fly held the funny water-skater, and the funny water-skater held the thin walking-stick, and the thin walking-stick held the fat brown bee, and "*Bz-z-z!*" they sang and *whirr!* they flew, round and round.

"Tommy Tiptoe!" said a voice. The voice seemed to come from high in the sky and low on the earth and it sounded like trees rustling and water rippling, and it was very far away and very beautiful.

"Tommy Tiptoe!" said the voice. "You have learned the secrets of my little children. Do you want to learn more secrets, Tommy Tiptoe?"

"Yes, ma'am—sir!" yelled Tommy, very loud.

"Then," sang the beautiful voice, "out-of-doors with you, Tommy Tiptoe, and keep your eyes open! When you play in the sunshine, keep your eyes open. When you walk in the dark woods, keep your eyes open. When you wade in the little brooks, keep your eyes open. Out-of-doors with you, Tommy Tiptoe, and keep your eyes open!"

"*Bz-z-z!*" sang the insects and *whirr!* they flew, round and round. "*Bz-z-z! Bz-z-zzzzz!*" they sang, louder and louder and louder. *Whirr! Whirr!* they flew round and round, faster, faster, faster! *Whirr! whirr! whirr! whirr! whirr! whirr-r-r-r-r!* until——

Bing! Tommy woke up.

It was morning. The sun warmed his little white bed. The birds sang. A breeze blew the little white curtains at the windows.

Up jumped Tommy Tiptoe.

"Out-of-doors, out-of-doors!" he sang to himself as he dressed. "Eyes open, open, open, open! Secrets, secrets, secrets!" he sang to himself.

Then, *whiff!* out into the sunshine on his tip tiptoes ran Tommy Tiptoe.

NEXT MONTH begins "Tommy Tiptoe's Insect Theater"—little dance-plays for children to act. The first will be "Ladybug, Ladybug." Then there will be a Tommy Tiptoe surprise and a Tommy Tiptoe contest. Just wait and see!



"EASTER"

Painted by one of our readers

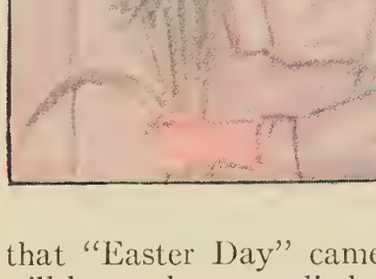
THIS pretty Easter picture was drawn by Janet Smedley, a LITTLE DELINEATOR reader who is "nearly thirteen." She sent it for an Easter cover, but as the size wasn't quite right, we used it on this page instead. Then your editor wrote a poem and the picture editor drew a bunny and a chicken to fit the second verse. Perhaps you would like to learn this poem by heart to speak in school or Sunday-school. If you do, please tell people that "Easter Day" came from THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, so other children will learn about our little magazine.

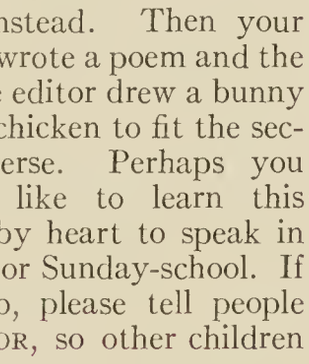
EASTER DAY

We go to church on Easter day,
The people sing, the people pray,
The windows shine all holy-bright,
The lilies stand so cool and white,
Too good to whisper or to nod,
Like angels round the throne of God.

But out beneath the laughing sun
The yellow chickies cheep and run,
And common flowers wink and dance
And funny bunnies whisk and prance!
They are not good like you and me —
Nobody taught them how to be.

But God, I think, smiles like the sun
And calls us babies, every one.



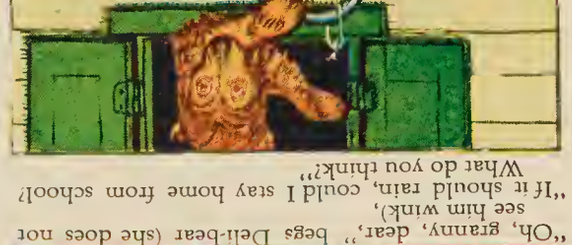




So off that bear-boy rascal sneaks with impish Delgrin
And hooks the garden hose above the room that granny's in.



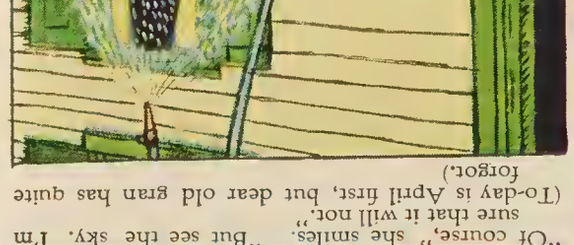
"Oh, granny, dear," begs Deli-bear (she does not see him wink),
"If it should rain, could I stay home from school?
What do you think?"



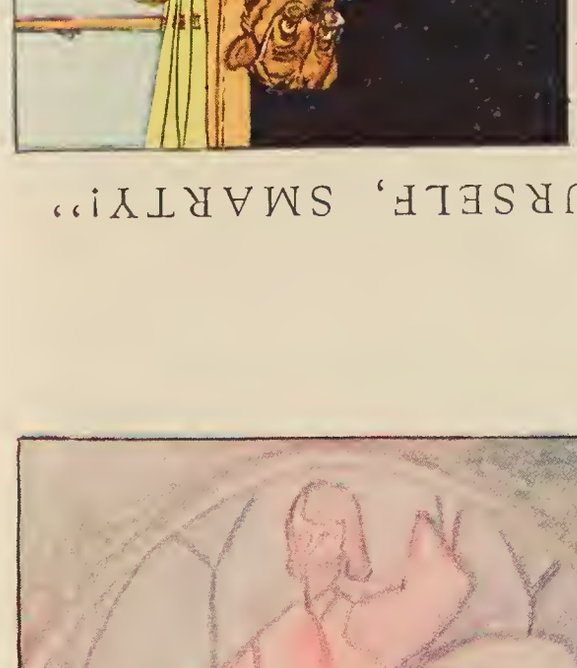
"The rain! For mercy's sake!" cries gran. "That boy can't go to school."
And laughing till his buttons pop, "that boy" cries:
"April fool!"



"Of course," she smiles. "But see the sky. I'm sure that it will not."
(To-day is April first, but dear old gran has quite forgot.)



Gran frowns. "Be off to school, young man, but mind you come home quick.
"You'll wash those windows with your 'rain,' and that's my April trick!"



Ha, ha! He turns the faucet on. Splash, splatter drops the rain,
A sprinkling most surprisingly against the window-pane!

"APRIL FOOL YOURSELF, SMARTY!"

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER'S PAGE

One of America's twelve greatest women conducts the Home-Makers' Department

LAST month there were printed on this page two decalogues compiled by the Legal Aid Society of New York City, one for wives and one for husbands. These decalogues, based on the society's study of thousands of unhappy marriages, professed to show the way to avoid marital failure.

In the intervening month I took it upon myself to ask certain happily married couples to give me their ideas of the fundamentals of a happy marriage. The decalogues that might have been compiled from their answers would not have been far different from those published here last month. They, too, would have hedged marriage about with rules.

However, one striking fact stands out: practically every happily married man and woman emphasized in his or her reply the definite and positive need for education in home-making. What this education in home-making should be we will consider here.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the adult women and men of every generation assume the responsibilities of home-making. The household, therefore, is the object of tremendous expenditure of money. It is at this point that training for housekeeping and home-making enters as an important remedy for the ills of unhappy homes.

Although I have a rooted objection to using the term home-maker as referring to the woman alone, for I feel that the man of the family has a right to be regarded as more than merely the provider of the income, nevertheless I shall here use this word, as is commonly done, to mean the woman and housekeeper.

Sixteen to twenty million home-makers in this country are to-day buying and using countless millions of products for the comfort of themselves, their husbands and their children. After them another generation will succeed to the same occupation of deciding how a large part of the nation's resources shall be used. We should busy ourselves with the training of this coming generation of home-makers.

Marriage is inextricably dependent upon an income. Whether this income is adequate or inadequate depends largely upon the capacity of the family to manage with it. No doubt the quality of life can be developed without riches, but good management of the existing income is necessary in order that there may not be a financial intrusion upon the nervous tone of the home.

A declaration of wifely duties includes these things: that a wife know how much money is available for household expenses; that she know how much should be spent on personal needs; that she acquire a knowledge of what is good food for her family, and of the best way, as well as of the best place, to secure it; that she know what good housing and good furnishings include, and that when the reasonable comforts of life have been assured, she put savings aside as an insurance against a dependent old age. This is a large order, but once a knowledge of rational living is established, non-essentials will be eliminated and more comfortable clothing and housing and more wholesome food will be assured, and family efficiency will then be on the upward trend.

Another point raised by those happily married people whom I consulted took the form of a strong plea for actual training for marriage and parenthood, a training designed to give people a better understanding of each other and of their children. This, they feel, should be required for boys and girls alike. We now, they observed, build and equip expensive schools to secure for our children preparatory training for all experiences of life except those which are the most difficult—well-balanced human relationships.

Those who are happily married would include as a fundamental part of the instruction we give our young people right ideals of the basic family relationships. They would have us believe this training is necessary if we are to develop the best attitudes toward family responsibilities, without which no man or woman can support, rear, care for and develop the family to its fullest. They tell us this training should include a recognition of the rights of others; that in some homes the rights of only the children are observed, in others the rights of only the parents, and that such a lack of recognition of the rights of all the members of the family leads to destructive despotism.

These are the words of the happily married. How



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

much more intensely must the unhappily married feel on this same subject! The job of delicate human adjustments has been so difficult that they have had to resign it.

From my own personal experience as head of a college department of home economics, I have gathered some very decided opinions about essential points which need to be emphasized in training people to live together harmoniously, effectively and happily. A number of years' observation of a little practise house where a domestic-science instructor, a baby and students in groups of five live together for weeks at a time has shown me which are the most important problems to be considered in making a home.

In this practise house these young women have all the wide variety of practical experiences that go with managing a household. They must select, buy, prepare and serve food. They must keep the house clean, warm and comfortable. They must care for and feed a child, as well as four or five adults. They must create an atmosphere of cheerfulness and harmony. Finally, they must train the child.

These last two lessons are the ones on which the ultimate happiness of the group depends. No group is ever considered more than a mere household until it has made itself into a consciously cooperating unit, working together for the general good and for that of the child in particular. Then it becomes a home.

Group after group passes through this little house, and if the students have learned their lesson well, they always pay a tribute to their experience in some such expression as this: "The greatest things which the practise house did for me were, first, to teach me to get along with others, and, second, to make me realize the necessity for definite, intelligent training in family living, even for very little babies."

HOME-MAKING FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Every article listed here has been published by THE DELINEATOR because home-makers have demanded information on the subject of which it treats. Individual inquiries about any phase of home-making will be gladly answered by our department editors.

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And yet the practical lessons which the students learn in the daily routine of managing this practise house are not to be neglected, for a smooth-running household has its vitally important side. This is the picture of the general achievement I see when I think of this particular house:

In the beginning, there was just the house; dull in color inside and out, inconvenient in its floor arrangement, unattractive in appearance. A class in domestic architecture made a plan for remodeling it to the extent of placing the first-floor rooms all on the same level, arranging anew the working-spaces and enlarging the windows. The students of household-furnishing were given the problem of furnishing the house, with a very limited amount of money indeed to secure the maximum of good taste and comfort. They improved its dark walls by coverings of cheerful and unobtrusive tones; they removed the drab paint from the floors so as to reveal the beauty of the natural wood. Rugs and curtains were objects of attention by a class in textiles. Students of household sanitation studied the heating, lighting and cleaning problems of the house. A class in household management determined the process by law for renting or purchasing the house and the legal rights of tenant and landlord. Taxes and insurance were introduced as practical problems in administering the household. Finally, the cost of maintaining the house and its six members was studied from every angle, a system of household accounting was set up and the budgeting determined.

ENTERTAINING is a part of the program. There are formal and informal dinners, high teas and teas of the ordinary variety. The hostesses do their own shopping, basket on arm; they prepare and cook the food, receive their guests, preside at the function, or in turn do the serving, wash the dishes and clean the house.

No meal is prepared that has not first been estimated as to cost and nutrition. An indulgence of rare food to-day may mean a less expensive meal to-morrow. It is demanded that the family be well nourished and the food daintily prepared. Each student takes her turn in carving and serving.

The telephone and door-bell ring just as often in this practise house as they will ring later on in the real homes of the students. There is just as much to disturb the housekeeper here as there is in the average house. She gets just as tired and even more worried than the experienced housekeeper, for the housekeeper can permit outside community activities to claim her free time, while the student has to carry on her outside class work.

This house for some years lacked a baby. We remembered what the sociologist said: "A childless home is a failure from the point of view of society." We also remembered what a former student, now happily married and the mother of two adopted children, said: "If heaven does not send children, adopt them. They are the best guarantee to a complete home."

This was our solution of the lack in the practise house. We adopted a baby. The first was three weeks old when he came to us. There was a great deal of comment and conjecture on the nature of the experiment and the possible effect on both baby and students. The students took it harder than the baby. If the particular student designated to take care of the child had not been accustomed to younger brothers or sisters, she usually experienced some dread of the experience and leaned hard on the guidance of the instructor. Sometimes she confessed that she lay awake at night and listened for the breathing of the child to be sure he was still alive.

Certain girls who insisted that they would not enjoy the care of children proved to be the most unhappy ones when their time in the practise house expired and they had to leave. One student, blessed with means of her own, adopted a baby to care for.

The first practise-house baby grew to be vigorous, handsome and well behaved. There have since been Dickies and Bobbies, Joans and Edna Mays, some normal in health, some rachitic or otherwise below par physically. But always, when leaving at the end of a year to go and fill a real place in a childless home, they have been in prime condition. They demonstrate amply well at least one successful aspect of an efficiently and happily run home: They show that home-making *can* be taught.

Martha Van Rensselaer

YOU NEED NOT COUNT CALORIES

Here is a simple plan for testing your family's diet

By FLORA M. THURSTON

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Specialist in the Extension Service at Cornell University

PLANNING three meals a day is such an ever-present task that one often hears the remark, "I wouldn't mind *cooking* the meals, if some one would only *plan* them." To secure a variety from day to day, especially when one's time is already full and one's purse slim, is no simple problem. And the family must not only be fed, but satisfied. There is the rub.

Why, then, add another burden to the home-maker's busy life by insisting that different members of the family have different needs as well as tastes, and that these needs must be considered three times a day? Isn't it enough to prepare clean, nutritious food that the family enjoys and that after all seems to keep them in at least average health?

All arguments in favor of letting well enough alone fail utterly in the face of the strikingly successful results of scientific feeding. No home-maker who sees in the selection of food for her family an opportunity to create sturdy citizens will fail to take advantage of facts that prove the importance of food in the life of the individual. The preparation and serving of food will take on a new meaning when she appreciates the fact that food makes the body, poorly or well, according to the kind and amount she provides, and that of all the factors that maintain health, food is the most important.

Few home-makers have the time, even if they have the skill, to work out in detail the needs of each member of the family from day to day; and yet a conscientious mother longs for the satisfaction of knowing that she is feeding her family as it should be fed. She may express her desire for a balanced ration that is at least as scientific as the ones prepared for stock and poultry. She certainly is seriously interested in a plan that is sound and that will give her a basis on which to plan her meals.

Breakfast, dinner, supper—every day in the year! Over a thousand meals each time the calendar changes! Is there not some way to plan them by the wholesale, since they count up after all to wholesale figures?

Fortunately, the right way in meal-planning, as in anything else, is the simplest in the long run. When once a system which provides for individual needs is established, a home-maker finds herself following it automatically, much to the advantage of the family health and of her own time and effort. The most satisfactory meal-planning is done by the day, rather than by the single meal. If a well-rounded diet is chosen each day, it is of minor importance at which meal the different foods are consumed.

NO STUDY is more interesting than a study of ourselves and our families. No test is more illuminating than the one we apply to ourselves or those for whom we are responsible. The food-selection score-card provides opportunities for doing both these things and also serves as a daily guide for food selection. It does not attempt to represent a perfect or a complete diet, but aims to suggest the kinds and amounts of food that should make up the bulk of the daily diet.

Score yourself first if you are a home-maker, and see what standard you are setting for your family. Then help the other members of your family score themselves, and see how closely they follow. If a score is between sixty and eighty, it is only fair; if below sixty, it is poor and quite unsafe. The basis of a score should be the habits of food selection followed most of the year. Infrequent practise, good or bad, should not be considered. In each case the larger number given on the score-card represents a good standard, the smaller number a fair standard. In estimating your personal rating, use the larger number if your food habits in that particular item are good, and the smaller number if they are fair. Use one of the two numbers or none at all. And do not divide the numbers.

Milk includes whole milk for children, skim milk or buttermilk for adults. Count milk that is cooked in food or taken as a beverage.

Vegetables include all foods commonly known as vegetables, except tomatoes.

Fruits include all foods commonly known as fruits, and tomatoes.

Whole cereals include most dark-colored breads, breakfast foods and other cereal products. In order to determine the score for cereals, count up the servings of whole and refined cereals, such as a slice of bread or a serving of breakfast cereal.

Greens include all dark-green leaves, raw cabbage and lettuce. Extra credit is given for these because of their special value.

Water includes liquid in milk, tea, coffee or any beverage or soup in addition to plain water.

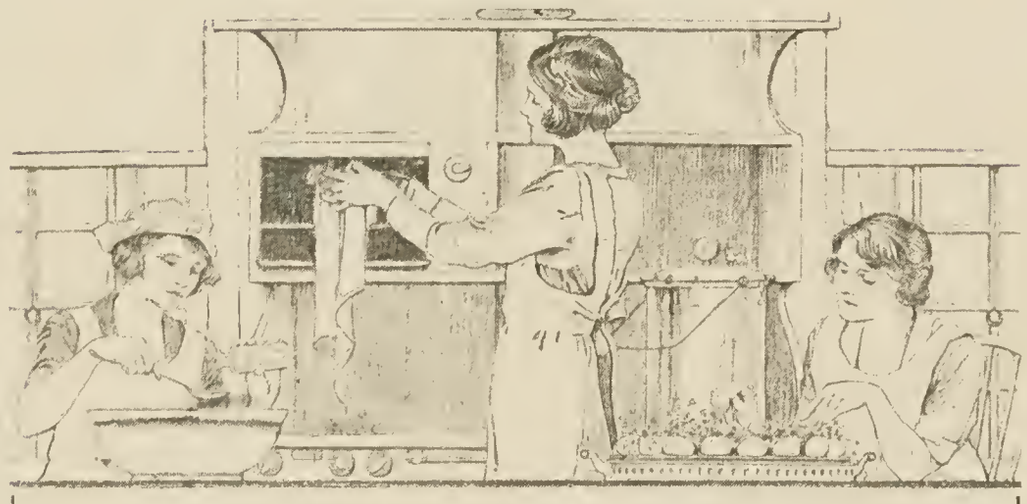
Sweets include all confections, cake and rich cookies.

Meat in the sense of this score-card does not include bacon or salt pork.

AFTER each person in the family has been graded on his food-selection habits, a family council should be held to discuss the status of the group. If the parents find themselves below the mark in any of the necessary foods, they should lead the family in reform. If the children alone are the backsliders, competition among them may be started. Whatever the case may be, the score-card should find its way to a conspicuous place in the family kitchen where it can exert a proper influence on the daily meals. Every month the family may be scored to determine how well each member is living up to the standard.

While the family scores are being made, it is important as well as significant to check each person in regard to good health. The interest of using the score-card over a period of several months is greatly increased by noting improvements in health. It is particularly important to watch the weight, because this indicates fairly well whether the person is receiving insufficient or too much food. Other personal factors, such as physical defects and absorption of food, may influence the weight; but on the whole, a person who receives too much food will be overweight and one who receives too little will be underweight. For an adult over thirty years, the following guide may be used to determine normal weight: consider one hundred and ten to one hundred and fifteen pounds as normal for a person five feet tall, and add five to five and one-half pounds more for each inch over five feet. Average weights of persons over thirty years are greater than the normal weights. The normal weight at thirty is the most desirable standard to maintain throughout the rest of life. For children's weights, there is a definite height, weight and age table which may be obtained by writing the Homemakers' Department of THE DELINEATOR and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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MEASURE THE DAILY FOOD HABITS OF YOUR FAMILY BY THIS SCORE-CARD

	PERFECT SCORE	GOOD SCORE
Milk		
One quart daily for children under twenty years One pint daily for adults over twenty years	20	
One pint daily for children under twenty years Three-fourths pint daily for adults over twenty years		15
Vegetables *(in addition to potatoes)*		
Two or more servings daily	15	
One serving daily		10
If two or more servings weekly are greens, add	5	5
Fruit		
Two or more servings daily	15	
One serving daily		10
If one or more servings daily are fresh fruit or tomatoes (canned or fresh), add	5	5
Cereals *(including bread, breakfast cereals and flours)*		
One-half or more of all cereals in the form of whole cereal	15	
At least one-third of all the cereals in the form of whole cereal		10
Cheese, Eggs, Meat *(including fish and poultry)*		
One serving of any two of the above daily	15	
One serving of any one of the above daily		10
Water		
One and one-half quarts or more of liquid daily	10	
One quart of liquid daily		5
Total credits		
For each of the following undesirable habits deduct five: Tea or coffee for children; over two cups of tea or coffee or both for adults daily; eating sweets between meals		
Total deductions		
Total score		

To the above list should be added moderate amounts of fats, including butter, cream and other animal and vegetable fats and oils; and sweets, including sugar, honey, molasses and sirups. The amount of these foods as well as of the cereals in the diet should be determined by the individual's digestive power and by his need for fuel. Persons who are underweight should take generous amounts of these foods and those who are overweight should reduce these foods first of all.

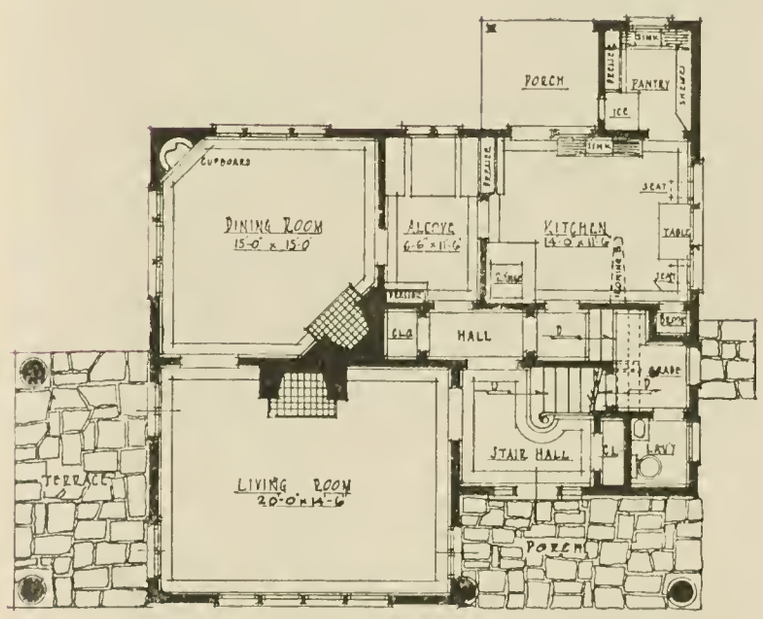
Is your family's health in accord with its food habits?

A BETTER HOME OF STUCCO

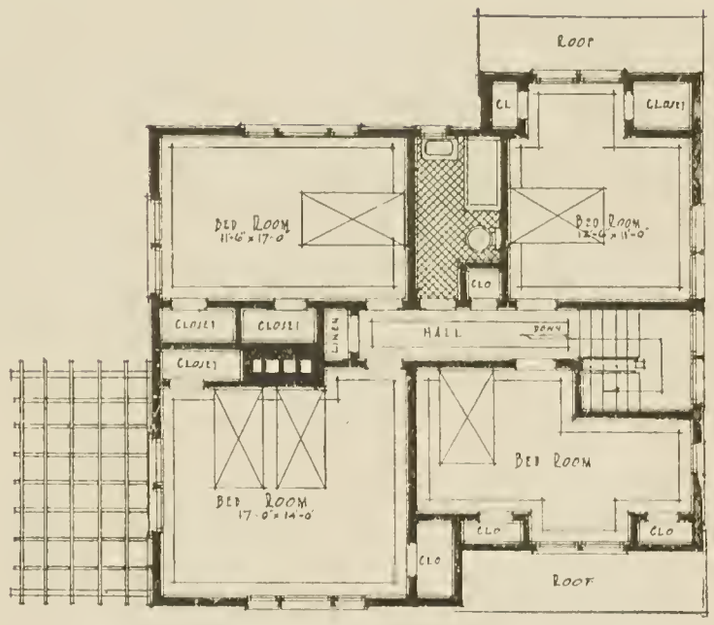
Delineator House-Plan Number Seven

Designed by DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and Architect of the Hall of Justice at Washington, D. C.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

This month an attractive seven-room stucco house continues THE DELINEATOR'S *third series of house-plans, designed by Donn Barber, an architect of national repute. Sheets showing the houses already presented may be had upon request. And for the small fee of one dollar,* THE DELINEATOR *will supply blue-prints of floor-plans and elevations with working figures from which complete working drawings may be made. Address the Home-Building Editor*





IN PRESENTING this attractive seven-room house, the architect has cleverly and interestingly done three things at once: he has designed a house that is adaptable to a sloping lot or hillside, interpreted it in an architectural style particularly suited to the Middle West, and specified for its facing a material that is both durable and reasonably priced.

Cement block and stucco have been designated as building-materials for this house, first, because many of the most interesting Old World houses are stucco types, and secondly, because stucco affords the architect a medium in which he can express—at lower cost than would be possible with any other material—that sense of informality and ease usually associated with small houses.

Broken wall surfaces and irregular wall textures are especially effective in obtaining this feeling of informality. With stucco, there are six types of exterior finish possible, all interesting and suitable to the average small house. It is entirely a matter of choice whether the owners desire the smooth or troweled finish, or a sand-float, spatter-dash, stippled, sponge or pebble-dash finish. Rough textural treatments require less effort on the part of the mechanic and can usually be obtained at a cost considerably lower than that of the less attractive smooth surfaces which formerly were considered characteristic of stucco.

Stucco may be successfully applied over metal lath, terra-cotta tile, cement block or concrete brick. In considering stucco as a construction material, no special consideration need be given to the finish of the masonry wall that forms the base. With any appreciable amount of the foundation of a house showing, it is most important to leave enough space between the house foundation and the contemplated walk for planting. Nothing helps to give a more livable appearance than a mixture of evergreens and Summer flowers, planted at the time the house is being finished. They add to the market value of the house and to the happiness of ownership and at a very small extra cost.

In our belief a real service might be rendered the prospective builder, especially in the Middle West, if the local architect or contractor were to specify stock wood trim for interiors and exterior. These consist of stairs, doors, windows, built-in features and other wood parts, which may be substituted for details shown on the accompanying floor-plan and which may be readily secured at less expense. Any of these suggested built-in features may also be installed after a house has been completed.



With this type of construction it is well to consider the merits of an asbestos or fire-proof-composition shingle for all roof surfaces. This type of shingle, which now comes in beautiful soft colors or in tapestry combinations, gives warmth in Winter and coolness in Summer to the roof of a dwelling and covers it with a lasting, fireproof, indestructible material. Specially prepared exterior paints for use on stucco side walls enable the owner to create any color scheme that pleases her in blending the roof and side walls or in making charming and distinctive contrasts.

As the heating plant is one of the most important pieces of permanent house equipment, the home-builder should interest herself in the system which is most economical to run and which will give the greatest satisfaction in her particular house. The respective merits of hot-water, steam, hot-air, vapor and pipeless furnaces should be thoroughly discussed with the architect or contractor before a decision is made as to the type best suited to the given conditions. Some of the smaller furnaces, which are both efficient and easy to run, come in simple, pleasing designs and colors which permit their being installed in the kitchen or an adjoining room, if that be preferable to a cellar installation.

For the servantless house an automatic control that regulates the steam or hot-water type of furnace is almost indispensable. This simple device regulates the temperature of the house by shutting or opening the drafts. It may be installed up-stairs or in any place where it will be most convenient.

Radiator disguises, if not specified by contractor or architect, should also be considered. A most sightly method is to install radiators under the floor, leaving only a grating flush with the flooring to permit the heat to escape. In the dining-room or pantry hot-plate racks can be installed over and about the radiator and may be painted or stained to match the woodwork or furniture of the room. A true home-maker loves every nook and corner in her home; and properly disguised radiators make either comfortable window-seats, console-tables, book-shelves or cabinets for toys or china.



Drawing by C. R. Chickering

THE ATMOSPHERE OF YOU

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

Call it atmosphere—personality—aura—or anything else you choose, there is an intangible "something" about each of us that makes us different from every one else. It may be the difference between a blighted bud and a full-blown flower—between a stormy sky and a heaven of radiant sunshine. But whatever it is, it is the essence of "you," and Mrs. Cole wants you to cultivate it. She asks you not to hesitate to ask her any personal question that may rise to your mind as you read this article

ONCE upon a time I met a very great person. I was in college, in company with a lot of other thrilled, wide-eyed young things. We were presented to her.

And not then and never since have I been able to think of her in terms of hair or eyes or clothes or things like that. She was arrayed in stars, so far as I remember. And she wasn't exactly a person: she was a feeling—inspiration and mystery, delight and fulfilment. And in every line and movement and tone of her there was something for which I had no name then; but now I know that it was "atmosphere."

And a strange and powerful thing it is, this atmosphere.

We buy a picture because it gives atmosphere to our room or wakes in us a mood that is beautiful or strong. Lamps in a house are for atmosphere; when they give only light, they fail in their purpose. The atmosphere of a book or a play is the thing about it that makes us hate or love it. Whether we are conscious of it or not, color moves us into peace or violence, joy or melancholy; creates in us and about us an atmosphere. (Think how carefully you should select the colors in your clothes. They are the outer circle of your atmosphere, the first thing people feel as they come in contact with you—an impression of harmony when your clothes are "right," of discord when they are "wrong.")

The great people in history created and left an atmosphere of beautiful, broad living, of thrill, of potential perfection. "Eliminate the great people from our race," says one of our most famous psychologists, "and we'd still be tattooing our skins and calling it painting."

The atmosphere of ignorance or of learning, of open, beautiful living or of hidden, sordid existence—it's as palpable as a perfume and just as surely floats about you. One person enters a room, and at once you feel "lift" and interest. Another person comes in, and you dismiss her from your consideration with the thought: "She has no atmosphere!" She has, though. Everybody has. Her atmosphere is simply the negative kind: dull, commonplace, no high notes. Like Topsy, it has just "growed."

As a matter of fact, that's what every atmosphere does: it just grows. It's like a garden: you're the soil and it grows up out of you. You may never consciously "tend" it, but you do tend the soil. You fight bad habits and tendencies and ignorance in yourself. And all that care grows out in your atmosphere as flowers.

Personally, I find it more diverting to say to a bad thought or impulse: "You nasty weed! Choking out all my larkspur!" And then I yank it out with all my might and keep on yanking until it doesn't try to come back any more.

But however you do it, weeding out the destructive and obstructing things in your "make-up" is cultivating your atmosphere.

First of all, as always, there must be cleanliness, that beautiful, crisp, "lifting" atmosphere of cleanliness—physical cleanliness—which comes from outer clothes being *regularly* washed or dry-cleaned or aired on the line in the sunlight; shoes aired and sunned and cleansed; "underlings" always as fresh and softly clean as an early June morning; plenty of cleansing-cream, a weekly mask or pack, a face tonic and ice for your face; an unfailing bath a day for your body; shining, cared-for topknots and all twenty nails; clean teeth and intestines and nostrils and throat. Everything in you that's physical simply breathing out cleanliness. Let there be one little neglected spot in you, and you can't send out that unmistakable atmosphere of cleanliness.

AND then that inner cleanliness which means open, honest living. No silly little pretenses, no mean, unworthy makeshifts, no secret resentments and envies, no grasping, no mad hurrying—just the rhythmic, sunlit, open living that was meant to be when the great, glad Maker created man.

And somewhere in between there is a strange, unaccounted-for sign, not wholly physical, not wholly spiritual. Whence it cometh, no man knows; where it goeth, no man knows. But when it comes, a new soul appears upon the earth. It is called breath.

Just as the atmosphere of you tells the tale of you—your habits, mental and physical, your thoughts and impulses, your training and your experience—just so does your breath reveal the hidden things of that inner physical you.

And just as we, in our stubborn optimism, hate frightfully to believe that in this whole nice world there is anybody with a really bad atmosphere, just so we resist to the death the fact that there could be anybody at all pleasant to know going around with a bad breath.

But of course there is. And it must be talked about. And by beauty-editors. Because one could be as beautiful as the morning star and as brilliant as Bernard Shaw and as well dressed as a rose and as delightful as children's eyes when they look at Christmas trees, and still, if she had an unpleasant breath, she would be as futile in this world of charm and romance as a silly speckled hen sitting emptily on a silly china egg.

An offensive breath means exile and expatriation in the world of beauty; it is the murderer of charm; it is the symbol of life masking itself in the garments of death.

And so I went to a dentist, to a nose-and-throat specialist and to a doctor and learned from all three of them everything they could tell me about breaths that don't behave.

The dentist—a wonderful one he was, too, and looked like a beautiful young priest—said: "Fifty per cent. of bad breaths come from pyorrhea." And when I asked, "And where does that come from?" he said just what I said a minute ago about breath: "It's like the wind: it cometh whence it doth and bloweth where it listeth."

But you can tell pyorrhea by the fact that it makes your gums bleed easily and look a sort of reddish purple instead of pink. You may have it on only one tooth or on all of them. But there's one thing sure: the moment you find the slightest sign of it, just you hop off like likkety-split to a dentist—the best in your town—and let him help you fight it. It begins with bad breath and ends with no teeth, so it is one of the worst enemies beauty ever had!

Tartar forms on the teeth. Possibly there's too much acid in your system, or the water in your town has some minerals in it that aren't friendly to teeth, or what not. Anyway, you find your teeth looking sort of crumbly and dull, instead of white and glistening. This tartar forms where the gum meets the tooth, and if it chooses to work in instead of out it destroys the tissues of the gums and teeth and sends out an offensive odor on your breath. And that's pyorrhea.

Here, then, are the precautions which the dentist suggested taking if you would, really, fight bad breath: Brush your teeth at least twice a day; you should do it after each meal, but you probably won't. There are some perfect preventative cleansers on the market. (I'll send you those privately if you'll write and ask me.) Use one each time you brush. Then use a good mouth-wash two or three times a day, especially if you don't brush after each meal; there are excellent ones to be had. A mouth-wash is desirable because it gets down into hidden, remote places which are sometimes difficult to reach with a brush. Use dental floss, too. And have your teeth looked at, without fail, every six months. A good dentist can detect pyorrhea about as soon as it starts to get born. And remember it comes without reason—like the wind, or melancholy in a child, or love. And it always means bad breath. And death to romance.

Then, staggering under all this knowledge of good 'n' evil garnered from the dentist, I tottered off to see my nose-and-throat man. He said that almost all the bad breaths in the world, so far as he knew, were caused by tonsils—diseased tonsils, or very often just by débris that had been caught in the tonsils and was undergoing putrefaction. You can have a bad breath from that very thing and not be conscious of anything wrong with your tonsils at all. Getting rid of this débris, and so of the offensive breath, is as simple as squeezing water out of a sponge. In fact, that is all he does: reaches in and squeezes the tonsils a bit and that horrid old débris comes right out.

Catarrh will cause bad breath; so will a diseased sinus, or a badly formed nose that is difficult to keep cleansed. Use a spray with a good antiseptic for the nose and a

Concluded on page 98



An interesting photograph of Miss Violet Heming, who has been playing in "Spring Cleaning" in New York this season

Photo by Nickolas Muray, New York

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE

ON THE STREET—Women looking supremely smart, elegant and slender in the new and much-heralded O'Rossen tailor-mades, a suit of black, cinnamon or covert colored cheviot with a sack coat and narrow skirt, a flower on the lapel, a diamond fob ornament on the breast pocket, a bright neckerchief worn stock fashion.

IN THE SHOP-WINDOWS—Dresses of wool jersey smocked delightfully in gay peasant colors—turquoise, china blue and violet on almond green; orange, emerald green and purple on powder blue; almond green, yellow and rose on beige, etc.

AT LUNCHEON AT SHERRY'S—The long sleeveless, beltless blouse reaching to within a few inches of the skirt edge, of sand-color rep embroidered in black and silver at the neck and armholes and worn over a black satin slip.

AT THE LIDO—Young girls in dancing dresses with bodices of white taffeta and full skirts of black tulle or of delicate blond lace over flesh-colored satin trimmed with daisies of straw color and absinthe.

ON THE GANG-PLANK OF THE *MAJESTIC*—A traveling costume of tortoise and chocolate brown plaid with an almost long tube coat, and an equally long blouse of dark-brown wool over a narrow skirt of the plaid.

AT THE LADIES' HABERDASHERS—Bosom front blouses; large monograms embroidered on sports blouses and scarfs and on the pockets of sports dresses; narrow leather belts and Peter Pan collars and cuffs of linen or piqué for boyish dresses; waistcoat blouses for the new O'Rossen tailor-made; bright colored squares to be used as hip-pocket handkerchiefs or as neckerchiefs; nude, peach or banana colored chiffon stockings with suède gloves to match, to be worn with plain patent-leather pumps in the daytime and silver, black, bronze or colored satin slippers in the evening.

EVERYWHERE—Skirts decidedly shorter in all daytime costumes, but ankle length for evening; many beltless frocks and blouses; the short cape with dresses and suits; afternoon dresses of black crêpe satin with white satin or combined with its dull side; hair either cut short or dressed close to the head to resemble the shingled bob.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS PUTS ITSELF AT EASE



A French frock sure to be popular in America has a touch of Scotch in the plaid beading that follows the square armhole and heads the circular flounce. The gown itself is of silver shot with royal blue, over blue velvet. From Premet

A perfect example of the smart evening silhouette of the Winter is a sleeveless, beltless tubular gown with the new circular flounce drawn upward by the drapery at the hip. A cluster of rose, mauve, cerise and green flowers add their colors to the brilliant turquoise, orange and rose of the brocade. From Premet

A coat, which, with its passionate colors, might be called "Flaming Youth" or "Three Weeks" is made by Lanvin in orange velveteen with a collar and cuffs of tiger skin. Lanvin's love of fulness shows itself in the cut and sewing of the circular skirt



Ivory Milan lace and black Chantilly are employed in a frock which signs itself "Jenny" with its belt of colored beads sewed to gilt braid. A band of black satin defines the narrow limits of the slip, but the greatest originality of the frock lies in its sleeves which have been neither seen nor heard of for evening for several seasons

The latter-day blouse does not seem to know when to stop. In many cases it is practically an overdress. Jenny's blouse of cashmere printed crêpe de Chine is almost as long as the straight-hanging coat of the suit of almond-green charmeline

ESTABLISHMENT INDICATE THAT THE STRAIGHT LINE

WITH PLAITS AND GODETS



Characteristic of Renée both in its restraint and in the enriching of the material until it appears like some new and lovely fabric, is a gown of pistache-green chiffon velvet worked with bottle-green glass beads over a perforated design that has the effect of cut work. In spite of fulness of the tablier front the lines of the dress are very straight

A Renée gown, called "The Black Butterfly," from the wing-like cut and mouvement of the flared tunic, is made of black satin trimmed sparingly with jet buttons. Satin is to be very smart this Spring and the long close sleeve is used for the formal afternoon frock. The irregular hem temporizes with the question of skirt lengths

Sleeves are either very long or very short irrespective of the material and the mode—the long, close sleeve for example in the silk afternoon gown, the very short sleeve in Doeuillet's simple frock of navy serge trimmed with red serge and red buttons

The boyish collar and the bosom front with its plaits and tab are used by Worth for a shirt front of white piqué with cuffs of the same fabric. The dress is of seal-brown alpaca with a hip-band belt of cire braid

Persian in the pattern of its brocade and the draping of its sheath-like skirt is an evening gown from Chernit with a flared front held by a jeweled belt and ornament of gold cloth sewn with pearls. For evening skirts are ankle-length

CAMOUFLAGES FOR YOKES, OPENINGS AND WAISTLINES IN TRIMMING



Dress 5117
Embroidery design
10961



Dress 5175



Dress 5179



Dress
5130

Dress 5064

Dress 5163
Embroidery design
10189

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 110

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing ma
purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 104.



Dress 5137

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 110

Dress 5158

Dress 5093

Dress 4462



Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 111

Dress 5126

Dress 5110

Dress 5157

Dress 5143
Hat 4973

Tunic blouse and slip 5147
Embroidery design 10229

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 112

Dress 5122

Dress 5135
Tam-o'-shanter 3157
Embroidery design 10544

Dress with cape 5139

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Dress 5128
Turban 4748

Dress 5153
Embroidery
design 10138

Dress 5141
Hat 4886

Dress 5130

Dress 5149

Tunic blouse and slip 5136
Embroidery design 10214

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 113

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KNEE FLOUNCES AND TIERS, CAPETTES AND DRAPERY DISTINGUISH PARIS STYLES



Dress 5159
Embroidery design 10189



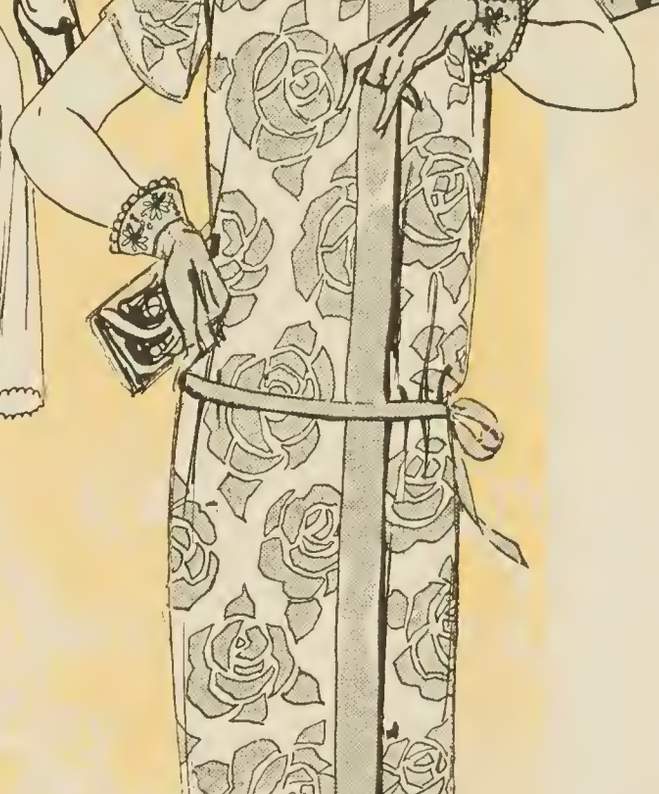
Dress 5171
Embroidery design 10138

Dress 5105
Embroidery design 10233



Dress 5177
Embroidery design 10186

Dress 5137



Dress 5103

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 113

KNEES are an opportune place to draw an end to straight lines, says Fashion, and accordingly gives the new dresses knee flounces, tiers beginning at that line or a wide embroidered banding. The dress at the left is very new in two shades of one color in satin crêpe or heavy silk crêpe, and the same formula may be used for the dress at the right if one prefers it in place of the printed materials. The new beltless dresses are often drawn in at the sides with buttons and the capette keeps the line straight in back. A very new and very smart dress of French origin extends its plaitings below the hem and places large flowers of self material at the low waistline. These flowers may be embroidered in a contrasting or a self color.

Drapery is always graceful for a certain type of dress which one can wear for formal afternoon engagements. This dress is also very good style for evening since the sleeves, which are sewed to a body lining, may be omitted.

Coat 5185
Dress 4613
Embroidery design
10175



4613



Coat 5181



Coat 5182

Coat 5134
Blouse 5106
Skirt 5079



5106
5079



Coat 5183

5185—4613—10175—Silk alpaca makes a smart costume with a straight-cut coat and slip-over dress with a straight lower part joined to the body. Braiding is an attractive trimming. Lower edge 53 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch silk alpaca and 1⅝ yard 39-inch material for body of dress.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses, the dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5181—Striped coatings are used effectively in this coat in the long body and the straight lower part. It may be full length and have an inside pocket. Use novelty silk crêpe with a satin lower part, tan and brick-dust camel's hair, or entire coat of soft twills, satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch striped coating. Lower edge in longer length 48½ inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5182—In wide materials and for certain types of figure this straight-line coat may omit an underarm seam. It has a straight lower edge, an inside or outside pocket and may be a shorter length. Use plain or novelty silk crêpe, faille silk, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch satin. Lower edge in longer length, 50 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5134—5106—5079—Rep cloth, soft twills or wool crêpe make a Spring suit with a coat and one-piece wrap-around straight skirt worn with a printed silk crêpe slip-over blouse.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¾ yards 54-inch wool rep for coat and skirt on a camisole body. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat and skirt are for ladies 33 to 44 bust and 35 to 45 hip, the coat also for misses, and the blouse for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5183—Plaid, large check, striped or novelty coatings are very much worn for this type of straight-line coat with a straight lower edge and inside or outside pocket. For certain types of figure in wide materials it may omit an underarm seam, and it may be a longer length.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch novelty coating. Lower edge in longer length 47 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5184—10723—The bosom front and short sleeve are new for a one-piece slip-over dress of tub silks, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, striped flannel, striped pongee, etc. The monogram is smart. It may be worked in contrasting color.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch tub silk.

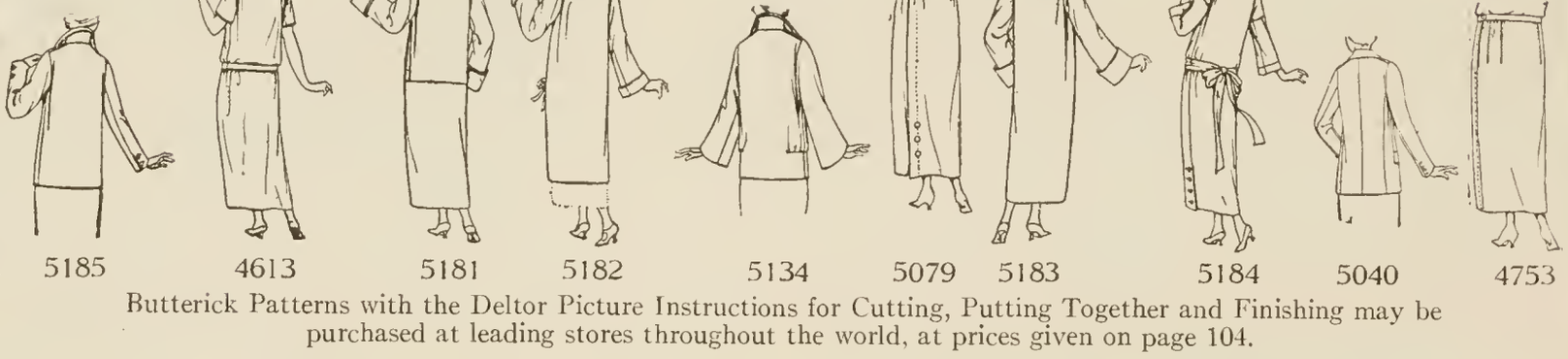
The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses. Lower edge 53 inches.

5040—4753—4973—This is the new O'Rossen type of French suit for Spring, made of cheviot-finished worsted, grayish mixtures, etc. The slightly fitted sack coat and the two-piece skirt are worn with the *cloche* hat with a gored crown.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards 54-inch men's wear suiting for coat and skirt. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The sack coat and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust, 35 to 52 hip, hat for ladies and misses.

Dress 5184
Embroidery design
10723



5185 4613 5181 5182 5134 5079 5183 5184 5040 4753

Sack coat 5040
Skirt 4753
Hat 4973

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SPRING BLOUSES SELECT *GILET* FRONTS, BOYISH COLLARS, LACINGS, ETC.



5154—5125—10130—A slip-over blouse of heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe satin, etc., and a three-piece skirt compose a smart costume. The monogram is a new trimming. Work it in color.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch soft twill for skirt on a camsole body. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

5164—The diagonal line has a new and smart ending at each side of this blouse. Make it of plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe, silk broadcloth or printed cotton voile.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The blouse is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

5176—Blouses in the new boyish effect now have a great vogue. For this blouse with a Russian closing use silk alpaca, printed or plain heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe, silk broadcloth, pongee or flannel.

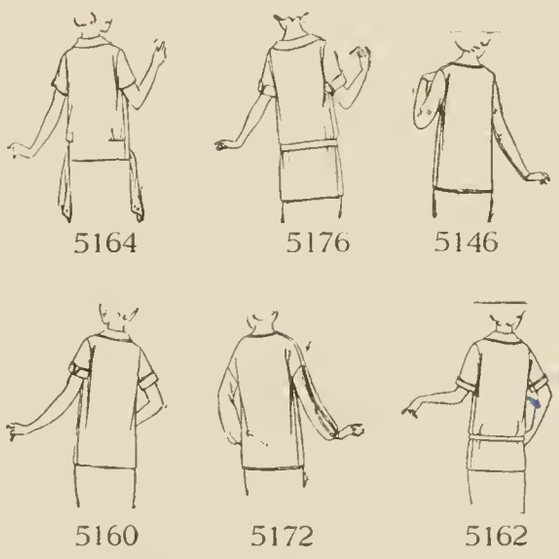
36 bust requires 2½ yards 35-inch silk alpaca.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

5160—The *gilet* effect, whether square or round outline, in the new slip-over blouses is one of the new boyish styles. Use crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, pongee, radium or flannel for this slip-over blouse.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch radium and ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5146—A straight lower edge makes this blouse especially suited to stripes, plaids or novelty materials, though one may use silk jersey, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, printed silk crêpe, silk crêpes, silk broadcloth, novelty jersey, etc.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch novelty silk.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5133—4251—Lacings trim a slip-over blouse which is worn with an accordion or side plaited straight skirt. Use heavy crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin for the costume or plain or printed silk crêpe, knitted silks, etc., for blouse.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (skirt joined to camsole body). Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 42 bust, 35 to 42½ hip.

5162—Collar and cuffs in boyish style trim this blouse of silk alpaca, knitted silks, silk broadcloth, crêpe satin, plain or printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, flannel, etc. It slips on over the head.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 27-inch flannel.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

5172—10970—A slip-over blouse of plain or printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe, knitted silks, silk broadcloth, etc., has the new very short sleeve. The embroidered motif is effective. Work it in color.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 35-inch silk crêpe.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

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THE CAPES, SCARFS, COATS AND FROCKS PARIS WEARS THIS SPRING

Dress 5086

Coat 5118
Skirt 4630
Hat 4449
Initial design
10787

Dress 5145
Hat 4886
Embroidery
design 10238

Coat 5095
Hat 4973

5086

5161



Dress 5161



5132



4630



5118

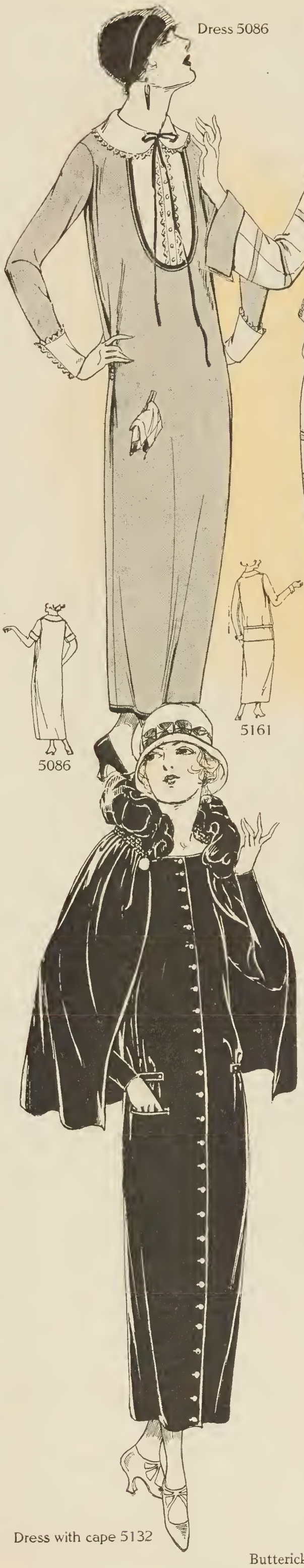
5145



5155



5095



Dress with cape 5132



Tunic blouse
and slip 5155
Embroidery
design 10233

5118—4630—4449—10787—Checks, stripes, plaids, camel's-hair or sports flannel make a smart suit with a coat with the scarf or another type of collar and a three-piece skirt. The monogram is smart on the scarf and hat.

36 bust, 38 hip and 22 inches head measure require 3 yards 54-inch novelty wool and ⅝ yard 54-inch plain wool (including hat). Lower edge 50 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the skirt for ladies 35 to 52 hip, and hat for ladies, misses, girls and children.

5086—The bosom front is one of the new boyish styles. For the chemisette, collar and cuffs of the separate lawn or net guimpe of this beltless one-piece slip-over dress use piqué, linen, batiste, etc. Use soft twills, plaids, checks, novelty woolens, heavy or a novelty silk crêpe, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch rep cloth and ⅞ yard 35-inch linen.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5161—An effective use of stripes is possible in this dress which has a straight skirt joined to a long body. Use striped flannel, striped wools for the whole dress or with a plain body; soft twills, wool crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch novelty soft twill. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5132—The one-piece dress and straight cape of matching material make a very elegant costume. The dress has a straight lower edge and an elastic and a casing across the sides of a low waistline. Use satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, all one material, etc.

36 bust requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress and cape are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5145—4886—10238—Soft twills, wool crêpe, homespun, plaids, stripes, checks, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, tub silks, etc., may be used for this one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge. The tam-o'-shanter hat is smart. The embroidery is new. Work in color.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool crêpe for dress. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses, the hat for ladies and misses.

5095—4973—The tubular coat with stuffed tubing trimming and square armholes is smart in soft twills, soft pile fabrics, etc., worn with the *cloche* hat with gored crown.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill for coat. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

5155—10233—The slip-over long tunic blouse and the separate one-piece slip may be made of soft twills, rep cloth, novelty wool or novelty silk crêpe, all one material, etc. The motifs are effective. Work in contrast.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill (including lower part of slip). Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

The tunic blouse and slip are for ladies, 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



Cape 5116



5116



Dress with cape 5139

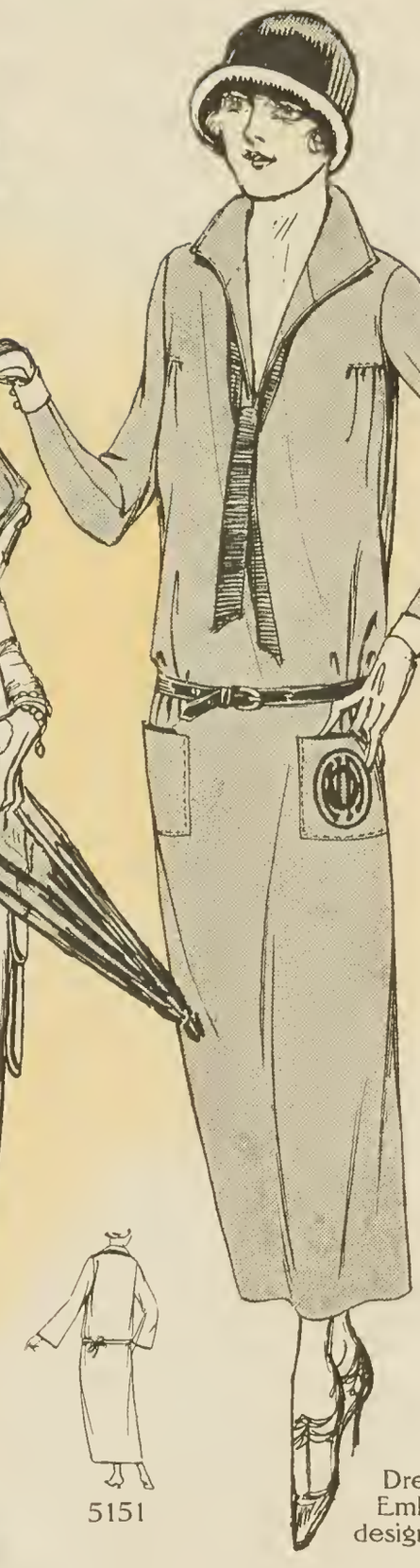
5139

Dress 5167





Dress 5088



5151

Dress 5151
Embroidery design 10130

DRAWN-WORK OR MOTIFS, A CAPE, SCARF COLLAR OR TIERS FOR BELTLESS LINES

5116—The collar of this smart straight cape makes a soft and lovely frame for the face. The cape may have a plain interlining if one prefers. Use satin, silk crêpes, moire, faille silk, duvetyn, etc.; or for an evening cape use velvet in brilliant colors, raspberry red, American Beauty, sapphire blue, Chinese blue, royal blue, jade, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The cape is for ladies 32, 36, 40 and 44 bust, also misses.

5139—Trimming bands of the reverse side of crêpe satin are very smart on the detachable cape and one-piece dress with a Russian closing. One may use heavy silk crêpe trimmed with bands of self, kasha, soft twills or plain flannel trimmed with braid, novelty wools or striped flannel.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (including bands). Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress and cape are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5147—4973—10155—The long sleeveless tunic blouse which is worn over a separate one-piece slip and the *cloche* hat with a gored crown compose this smart costume. The motifs are effective trimming. Work them in one-stitch, etc. Use soft twills, rep cloth, novelty wool, with black satin slip or all one material, etc. Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch cloth and 1½ yard 35-inch satin for sleeves, facings and lower part of slip.

The blouse and slip are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.



5167



5147

Tunic blouse and slip 5147
Hat 4973
Embroidery design 10155



5088



5119

Dress with scarf collar 5119

5167—Hand drawn-work is a very smart way to trim a beltless one-piece dress on the slip-over order. The threads pull easily in wool crêpe, but are more difficult to draw in heavy crêpe de Chine. Without the drawn-work use heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, striped or plaid silks, novelty wool crêpe, striped flannel, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch heavy crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5088—Pocket-flap tiers trim the beltless one-piece dress which has the new center-front closing. It may have a body lining. Make the dress of soft twills, wool crêpe, rep cloth, plaids, checks, heavy silk crêpe or heavy satin crêpe. Satin, usually black, with white satin collar and cuffs, is much talked of for Spring.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5151—10130—This is the type of one-piece slip-over dress which is so suitable for jersey tubing or wool jersey. It has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at the low waistline. The pocket monogram is smart. Work in satin-stitch. One may use silk jersey, silk crêpe, pongee or heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5119—When she walks on the avenue or in the park, the removable scarf collar is a smart accompaniment to the one-piece dress of checks, plaids, stripes, novelty wools, sports flannel, soft twills or heavy silk crêpe. This slip-over dress may have tucks at a low waistline at each side.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch novelty and ½ yard 54-inch plain wool. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

THE YOUNG GIRL REPLENISHES HER WARDROBE WITH THE CAPE DRESS, A TUNIC BLOUSE AND BOUFFANT FROCKS



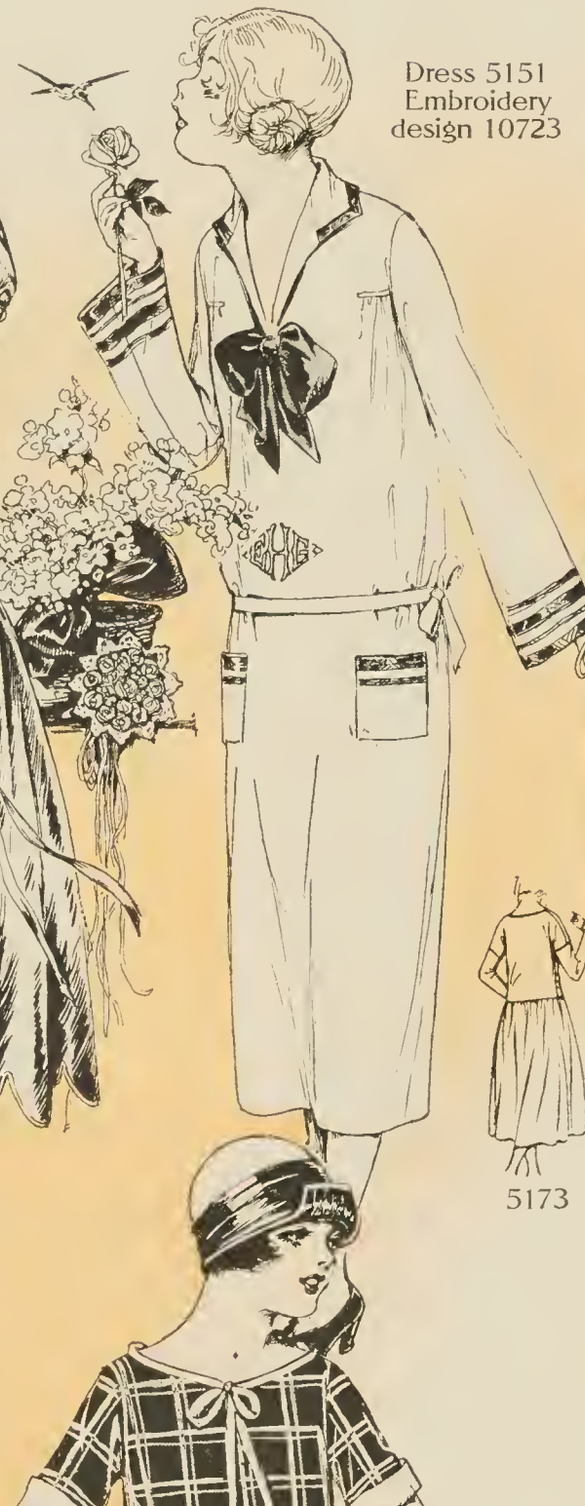
Dress 5141
Hat 4973



Dress 5167



Dress 5076



Dress 5151
Embroidery design 10723



Dress 5173

5141



5076



5173

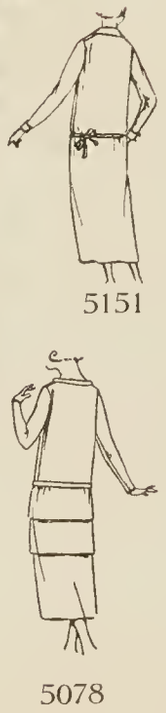


5167



5099

5155



5151

5078

5141—4973—This one-piece slip-over dress and straight cape are especially designed for stripes, plaids, checks, novelty wools or for soft twills, kasha, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The dress has a straight lower edge, the cape is removable and her hat has a gored crown. Lower edge 45 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch novelty stripe.

The dress and cape are for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; hat for misses and ladies.

5167—The young girl adores the beltless one-piece slip-over frock with drawn-work trimming. Wool crêpe in which the threads pull easily, crêpe de Chine in which they are more difficult to draw, or heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, striped or plaid silks, novelty wool crêpe, etc., may be used.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5076—For the formal dances or parties, the bouffant dress of satin or moire is her favorite choice. The dress closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and has a body lining with a camisole top. The full straight skirt is joined at a slightly low waistline. Lower edge 2⅞ yards.

16 years requires 3¾ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5099—10175—The very short sleeve is new under a straight cape in a dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body. The motif is smart trimming. Work in outline. Use satin crêpe with body of reverse side or Georgette in self or contrasting color, heavy silk crêpe with body in contrast, etc. Lower edge 50½ inches.

17 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body and 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress and cape are for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5151—10723—A straight one-piece dress of this type is good style for jersey tubing, wool jersey, silk jersey, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc. It has a straight lower edge, a casing and elastic at a low waistline and slips on over the head. The monogram is smart. Work in black or color.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5173—Like her peasant cousin, the young girl looks adorable in the dress with a laced-in bodice effect. The full straight skirt is joined to a long body and the dress slips on over the head. Use plain or printed silk crêpe, taffeta, radium, moire or satin.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5078—For her morning promenade nothing could be smarter than the slip-over dress trimmed with straight or bias tiers and with a skirt joined at a low waistline. It is new in plaids, large checks, soft twills, rep cloth, wool crêpe or cashmere, or the shiny side of crêpe satin with tiers of the dull side, in moire, crêpe satin or medium-weight silk crêpe.

17 years requires 3½ yards 36-inch novelty plaid. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5155—10239—Another exponent of straight lines is the long slip-over tunic blouse which is worn with the separate one-piece slip. Use soft twills, rep cloth, novelty wool, novelty silk crêpe of one material or with black satin slip, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work it in beads, one-stitch, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill (including lower part of slip). Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

The tunic blouse and slip are for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

Dress with cape 5099
Embroidery design 10175

Tunic Blouse and Slip 5155
Embroidery design 10239

Dress 5078

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YOUNG GIRLS ENDORSE THE BOYISH STYLES IN TWO-PIECE, BELTLESS OR CAPE DRESSES AND TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE NEW SUITS



5136—10977—Satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, all one material, printed with plain or in two colors are smart combinations for the long tunic blouse which slips over a separate one-piece slip. The embroidery is attractive. Work the clusters in outline. Lower edge of slip 45½ inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (including lower part of slip) and 1 yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The tunic blouse and slip are for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5070—4973—One of the new boyish styles is composed of a one-piece dress and a detachable capette of soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsteds, novelty wools, plaids, checks, kasha, flannel or heavy silk crêpe. For the hat with a gored crown use satin, faille silk, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep for dress. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses and ladies.

5145—4449—10858—The navy and white combination may be used in this costume composed of a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge and the hat of suède kid, satin, etc. The monogram is very new. Use heavy silk crêpe, tub silks, soft twills, wool crêpe, homespun, plaids, stripes or checks.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill for dress. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses, girls, children, ladies.

5159—10208—A series of tiers at the lower part of this one-piece slip-over dress are a smart contrast to the long beltless upper part. The flower motifs are easily done. Work them in color. Use heavy silk crêpe in two shades of one color, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for tiers. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5114—10215—For the classroom, the street or almost any ordinary occasion this one-piece dress with raglan sleeves is very smart. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Embroidery trims the sleeves and pocket. Work in color. Use jersey tubing, wool jersey, soft twills, soft wool crêpe, plaids, sports flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk jersey or cotton ratine or cotton homespun for Summer.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is suitable for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5082—The two-piece dress of wool jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills or serge with collar and cuffs of natural or white linen is another new boyish style. The blouse slips over a straight skirt with a wide tuck at the left side and joined to an underbody. One may use silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe with collar and cuffs of linen with organdy, etc.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5120—4983—4886—A smart tailored suit of soft twills, worsteds, rep cloth, checks, plaids, stripes, etc., and a satin tam-o'-shanter hat should be included in the young girl's wardrobe. The coat may have a cape and the skirt is the two-piece type. Lower edge 50 inches.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep for suit.

The coat is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the skirt for misses 16 to 20, also small women, and the hat for misses and ladies.

5165—For the afternoon engagements of the young girl this draped one-piece dress is most appropriate. It closes under the left arm and slips on over the head. For evening wear the sleeves, which are sewed into a body lining, may be omitted. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

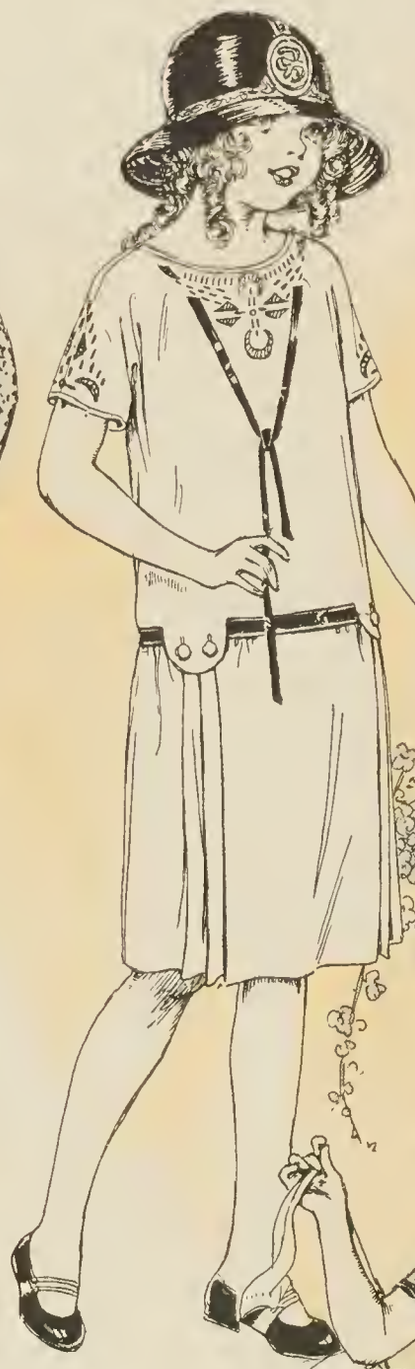
The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

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Coat 5170
Tam-o'-shanter 4898

Dress 5081
Embroidery design
10945





Dress 5092



Dress 5178



Coat 5071
Hat 4451
Embroidery design 10155



Dress and bloomers 5150
Embroidery design 10954



5170



5071

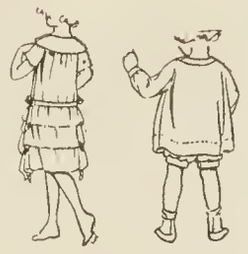


5131

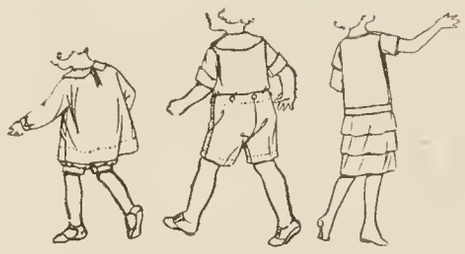


5081

5131



5092 5150



5057 5166 5178

YOUNGER GIRLS DELIGHT IN NEW COATS, HATS AND FROCKS

5170—4898—The boyish lines of this coat are very smart and her tam-o'-shanter is attractive in satin, duvetyn, etc. Use cheviot, soft twills, heavy serge, camel's-hair or plaid coating, homespun, checks or tweeds for the coat.

10 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch camel's-hair for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses and ladies.

5081—10945—The junior delights in a new slip-over dress of wool crêpe, soft twills, serge or pongee. Clusters of plaits trim the straight skirt which is joined to a long body. The embroidery is an attractive trimming. Work it in bright colors.

11 years requires 1⅝ yard 42-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5092—Tiers and fabric flowers adorn an Easter frock for younger girls. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, taffeta, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe.

12 years requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5178—Plaids or checks of one material or with the body of plain to match are smart for this dress with a Russian closing and a tiered skirt which is joined to the body. One may use soft twills, rep cloth, wool crêpe, cashmere or serge, all one material or with printed silk crêpe body or plain silk crêpe in contrasting color.

12 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch plaid.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5071—4451—10155—A new coat of soft pile fabrics, soft twills, camel's-hair, plaids or checks and a hat of velours or duvetyn with a softly rolled bias brim and a gored crown make a smart Easter costume. A narrow embroidered banding trims the coat. Work in color.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch soft twill for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5150—10954—Cross-stitch gives the effect of a bosom front to this slip-over dress with separate bloomers. Work the design in peasant colors. Use chambray, linen-finished cottons, pin-check gingham, heavy cotton crêpe, heavy cotton prints, pongee, cashmere, challis, wool crêpe or serge.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch pongee.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5131—10900—An adorable dress with a straight lower edge is embroidered in floral design. It goes easily. Use nainsook, batiste, lawn, dimity, plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss or crêpe de Chine for this dress.

2 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch batiste.

The dress is for children ½ to 3 years.

5166—10890—Poplin for the slip-over blouse and wool jersey for the straight trousers make a quaint suit for little boys; or use dimity or piqué with trousers of chambray, poplin or linen, pongee in two colors, etc. The motif is appropriate trimming. Work it in color.

3 years requires 1 yard 32-inch dimity and ¾ yard 35-inch poplin.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

5057—10934—Pocket motifs in appliqué decorate this slip-over dress with separate bloomers. Use bright colors for the flowers. Make the dress of chambray, linen-finished cottons, pin-check gingham, heavy cotton prints, pongee or of cashmere, challis, wool crêpe or serge.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.



FASHION SUGGESTS HATS, A CIRCULAR CAPE AND FROCKS FOR GIRLS

5083—10890—The plaited or gathered straight flounce and the long body of this slip-over dress with separate bloomers gives an effect of a two-piece dress. The appliqué is smart. Work it in colors. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, soft twills, crêpe de Chine, chambray, cotton crêpe, etc.

5 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5180—Ribbons and rosebuds are a dainty hand-made trimming for this slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, organdy, cotton Georgette, batiste or fine lawn, of one material or with frills of Val lace edging, ribbon ends and contrasting-color flowers, etc.

10 years requires 2 yards 35-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5152—The junior will adore this tucked dress for Spring parties and for wear later in the Summer. It has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline and slips on over the head. Use plain cotton voile or cotton Georgette, plain organdy or fine lawn, batiste, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

12 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch voile.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5168—A bertha, repeating the outline of the tiered straight skirt, and the hand-made flowers trim a graceful slip-over dress of silk crêpe, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, organdy or batiste, or use taffeta with lace flouncing, etc. The skirt is joined at a low waistline.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5067—4894—10592—One feels in the Easter spirit in a new slip-over dress of cotton voile, cotton Georgette, dotted swiss, batiste, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or pongee and a shirred hat of crêpe de Chine or taffeta. Smocking trims the dress with straight lower edge. Work in self or contrasting color.

8 years requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch pongee and ⅜ yard 35-inch contrasting material for the dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

4939—Cotton crêpe, plain lawn, dimity, chambray or pin-check gingham makes an adorable slip-over dress in raglan effect and with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. One may use wool jersey, crêpe de Chine or pongee.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch cotton print and ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5100—3157—This junior is smart in her front-closing one-piece dress and a circular cape of soft twills, wool poplin, homespun, flannel, serge, worsteds, plaids or checks. Her satin tam-o'-shanter is becoming.

12 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch serge for dress and cape.

The cape and dress are for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses, children, ladies.

5121—4761—The little girl steps out in a well-cut coat and hat of soft twills or soft pile fabrics. One may use camel's-hair, cheviot, checks or tweeds for the coat, and duvetyn, serge or gabardine for the hat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure required 1¼ yard 54-inch twill and ⅝ yard 36-inch satin for hat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 6 years, the hat for girls 2 to 14 years.

5069—4926—10233—The short sleeve and plaits give a French air to a one-piece dress with a Russian closing. Use twills, wool crêpe or serge for the dress and wool jersey or broadcloth for the hat with gored crown. The embroidery is effective. Work it in outline.

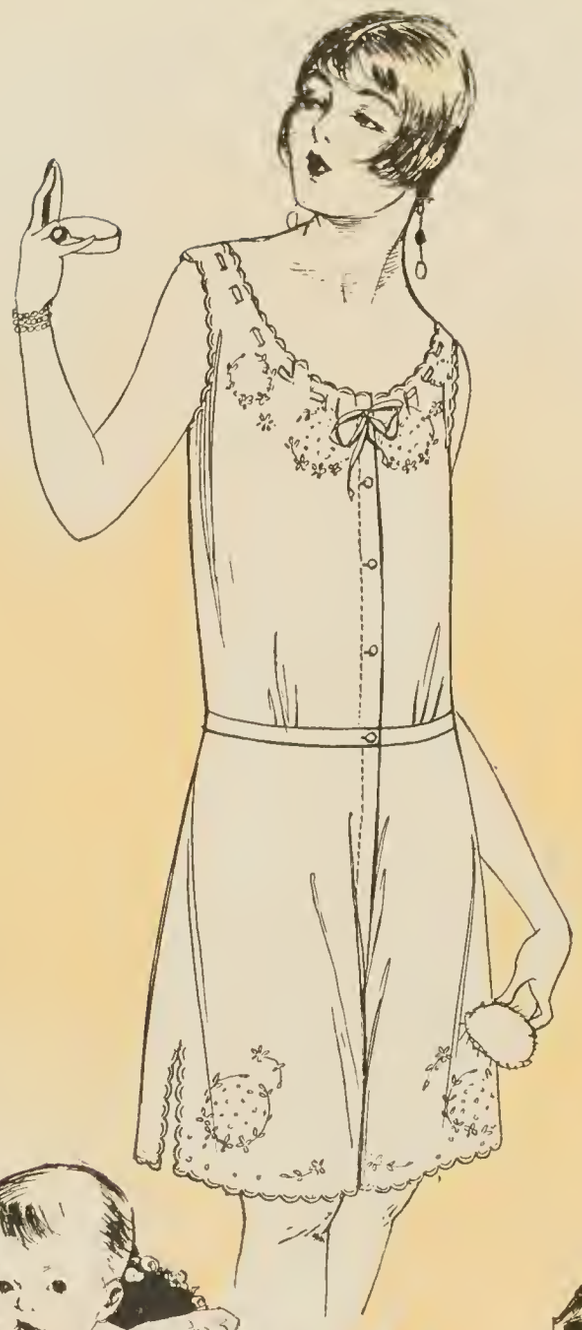
12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool crêpe for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 104.



5156 Apron 5156



Dress and slip 5123
Embroidery design
10825



Cami-knickers 5124
Embroidery
10978



Envelope chemise 5059



Dress 5169



Outing shirt 5174



5174



5059



Bloomers 5065

5169

5156—For a becoming slip-over apron use check or striped gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, percale or black sateen, all one material or novelty with plain. It has a straight skirt which is joined at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 35-inch figured and 2⅛ yards 35-inch plain cotton crêpe. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The apron is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5124—10978—Cami-knickers combine the useful qualities of a camisole and knickers. Use longcloth, batiste, nainsook, handkerchief linen or crêpe de Chine. The embroidery is easily done. Work in satin-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch batiste.

The cami-knickers are for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5059—Hand-hemstitching is a dainty trimming for this envelope chemise of nainsook, longcloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, crêpe de Chine, tub silks or tub satin.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The chemise is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5169—One can wear this slip-over dress in the house or to market. It has a straight skirt joined to a long body. Use novelty or plain gingham, plain or striped chambray, cotton crêpe, novelty cottons, percales, novelty with plain, all one material, or striped cottons or tub silks. Lower edge 58½ inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray and 2¼ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



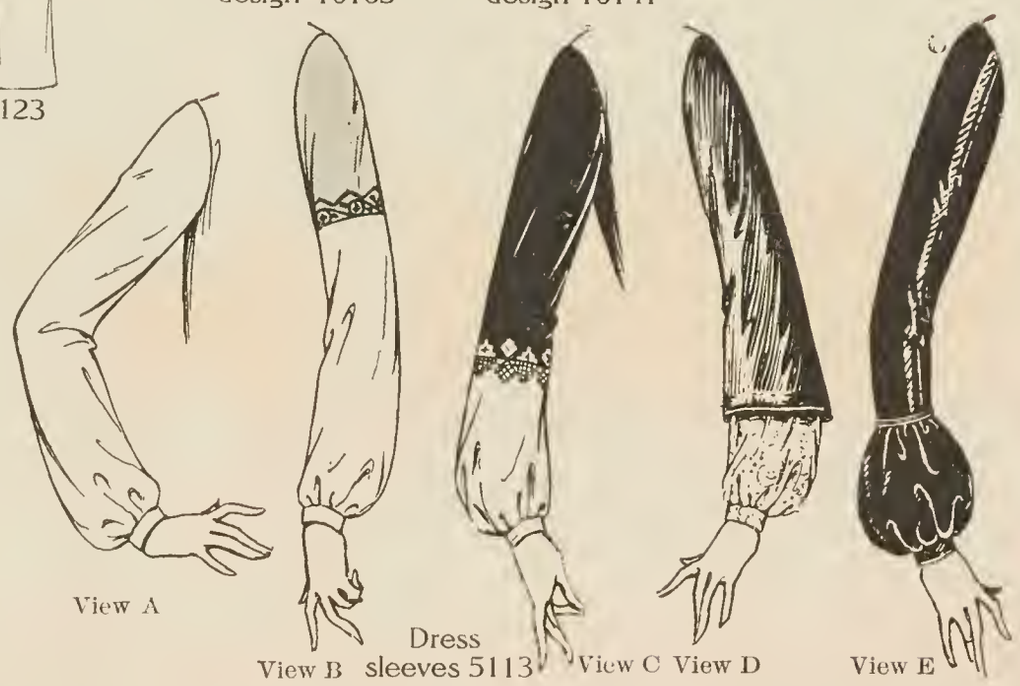
5123 5124



5123 5123

USEFUL HINTS IN HOUSE DRESSES, OUTING SHIRTS, ETC.

Embroidery design 10163 Embroidery design 10141



View A View B Dress sleeves 5113 View C View D View E

5123—10825—Batiste, lawn or handkerchief linen makes a dainty dress with a short or full-length sleeve, inverted plaited fulness under the arm and a straight lower edge or a gored underarm seam. It is 25 inches long. The gertrude slip buttons or ties on the shoulder. The embroidery is effective trimming.

The dress requires 1½ yard 35-inch nainsook.

The dress is dainty for infants.

5174—When men play golf, motor or indulge in sports, they find this type of outing shirt or underjacket very good looking in flannel or woolen shirtings, khaki or cotton shirtings.

15½ inches neck measure requires 3¼ yards 27-inch flannel shirting.

The outing shirt is practical for men 14 to 19 inches neck.

5065—Circular bloomers of serge with an underbody of lining material may be worn in place of a petticoat. One may use chambray, gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons or cotton poplin, with cambric or muslin for underbody.

6 years requires ⅞ yard 44-inch serge for bloomers.

The bloomers are for girls 2 to 16.

5113—10163—10141—View A of these one-seam dress sleeves for a normal armhole may be made of any soft or transparent silk or cotton materials. The embroidery on view B is effective. The two materials on View C are joined by embroidery. Work in color. For views B, C, D and E use plain silk or satin with Georgette, embroidered net or lace, etc.

The dress sleeves are for ladies 11 to 15 inches arm measure.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 104.

I take the lead with flashing speed
I'm famous for my hustle.
I get my zeal from Campbell's meal—
It gives me pep and muscle!





Soup for health—
every day!





Just what a good meal should contain!

The iron of the green vegetables
The valuable mineral salts
The nourishment of cereals
The invigoration of beef broth
An invitation to your appetite
A satisfaction to your hunger

21 kinds 12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EASTER BLOOMINGS OF EMBROIDERY IN OUTLINE BEADS OR SPRAYS



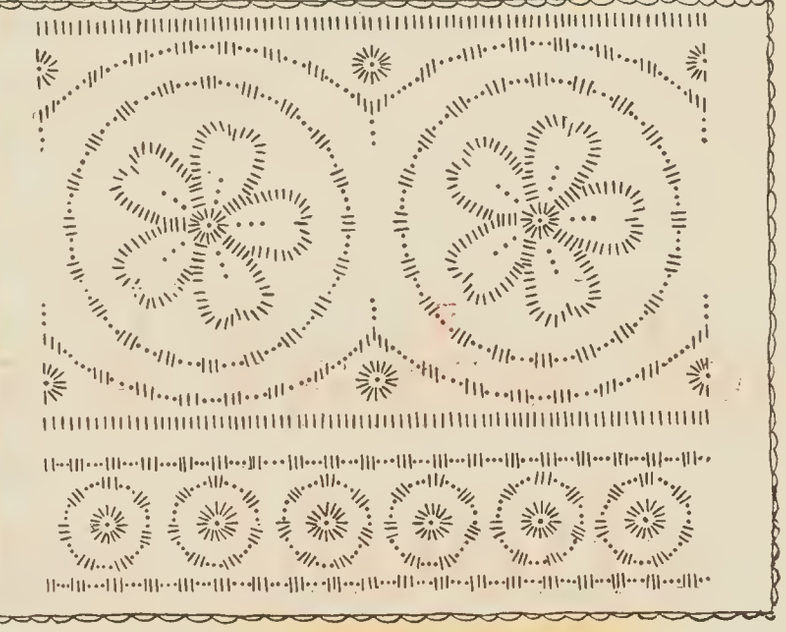


Embroidery design 10238

Embroidery design 10233

10233—Scroll designs compose the motifs and bandings of one of the newest embroidery designs. These bandings are very smart for trimming the side or Russian closings of the new dresses. A single narrow banding may be used down the center front of a beltless dress to give the effect of a front closing and the wide banding used to give the wide border effect at the hem of a dress. The motifs are attractive on the small hats or on dresses. This design goes very quickly when it is worked in outline or chain-stitch embroidery. It may also be done in a combination of outline and satin-stitch. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 5½ inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, 5¼ yards of edging 1⅛ inch wide and 63 motifs in 8 assorted styles.

10239—Beading is the smart trimming for dresses destined to shine at night, crystal or rhinestone beads on silk crêpe or transparent Georgette dresses. Blouses, too, are the smart medium for this type of trimming. The motifs and narrow banding of this new design are suitable for Georgette, chiffon, silk crêpe or silk blouses. Brilliant color effects are possible, jade and rose colored beads on blue, brown on beige, or bronze on brown. This design may be worked in a combination of beads or French knots, one-stitch, outline or chain-stitch. It can be adapted very easily to 2⅜ yards of banding 7½ inches wide, 2½ yards of banding 2½ inches wide and 33 motifs in 5 assorted styles.



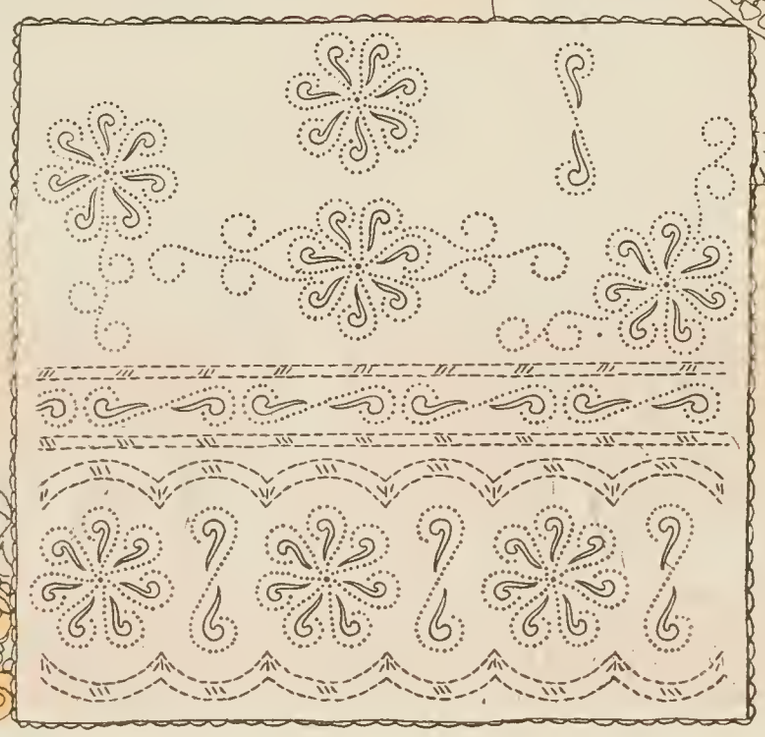
Embroidery design 10238

10238—The outlines of this new beading design are so simple to follow that the beading will go very quickly and with the minimum of work. At the same time it is an effective design and with enough beads to lend a scintillating brilliance to one's costume. It contains a very wide banding which one can use for dresses. coats or skirts, and a narrower banding for blouses, hats, etc. If one does not want to work them in beading and one-stitch, French knots may be substituted for the beads. The design can be adapted to 3⅞ yards of banding 9⅜ inches wide and 3¾ yards of banding 3⅛ inches wide.

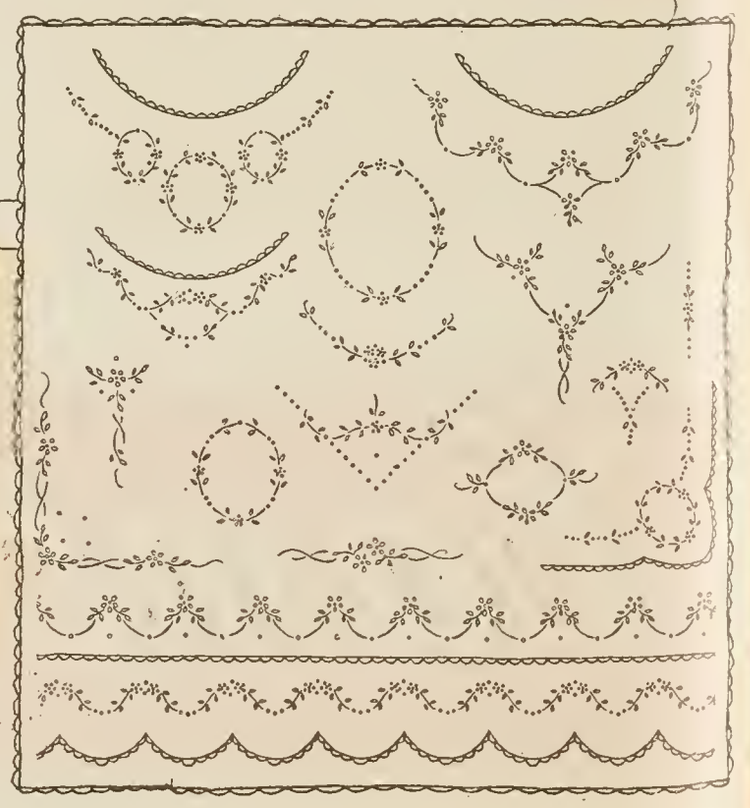
10232—A little bit of trimming for everybody is contained in a new embroidery design with sprays of flowers and scallops. The neck outlines offer a dainty way to trim the fine baby dresses and slips or children's frocks. The floral motifs and scalloping may be used on combinations, step-ins, nightgowns or on household linens—towels, dresser scarfs, etc. This embroidery should be worked in eyelets, satin-stitch, French knots, buttonholing and French stemming in white or the delicate pastel colors for linens. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of banding 1¾ inch wide, 1⅝ yard of banding 2⅛ inches wide, three neck outlines and 39 assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10239



Embroidery design 10232





The Simple Art of *Getting* Well and *Keeping* Well





THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and the general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health is yours once more.*



"I KNEW my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopy. 'I like what yeast does for me' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I acted on this suggestion and began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."
(*A letter from Mrs. Mabelle Conomikes of Marathon, N. Y.*)



"FIVE years ago I had a serious breakdown due to strenuous war work, irregular food, loss of sleep, etc. I was a physical and nervous wreck. Then I saw Fleischmann's Yeast cakes advertised for loss of strength and energy and decided to try them. I started with four a day taken regularly with my meals. I liked the taste. In a short time my headaches disappeared, I slept better, my bowels functioned regularly, my flesh took on a healthy appearance. In a few months I felt like a new woman."
(*A letter from Mrs. Edith Beamer of Detroit*)



"I AM office manager for a large mercantile corporation. Two years ago I began to develop "nerves," stomach trouble, insomnia, and worst of all to me, an irritable disposition towards those under me. Chatting with a friend I spoke of always feeling so rotten that life was hardly worth living. My friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast, attributing his own excellent health to its daily use. At the end of a week I was eating it with a relish, and feeling a great deal improved. Now a day never passes that I don't eat at least three cakes—using them as a between-meal snack—with the result that I am in the best of health with an eager zest for my work."
(*Extract from letter of Mr. G. A. Dempsey of Winnipeg, Canada*)

"I WATCHED her crumble the crisp cake into the milk. We drifted into conversation. She sang of the magic of Fleischmann's Yeast. Many months before, her doctor had recommended it and she confessed she owed the clearness of her complexion to its use.

"I was persuaded to try the yeast in milk, and prepared to swallow an obnoxious dose. I was pleasantly surprised. It proved a delightfully palatable drink.

"Fleischmann's Yeast waged a successful battle against the canker sores, dried up the existing ones and cured the stomach condition which was causing them. I faced my winter's work with enthusiasm, and came through triumphant."
(*Extract from a letter of Miss Grace S. Baumann of Philadelphia*)



"TWO years ago I was a sufferer from an affliction of every kind of boil imaginable. At one time I had nine. Imagine playing football with a great boil on the back of your hand, or attending a dance with one right beside your nose.

"I gave up candy and pastry—but the boils continued. Then a friend—you bet he was a friend—suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it dubiously, but it did the trick! The boils ceased. Since that time I have never gone without my occasional cake of Fleischmann's Yeast."
(*A letter from Charles F. Weiler of Flemington, N. J.*)

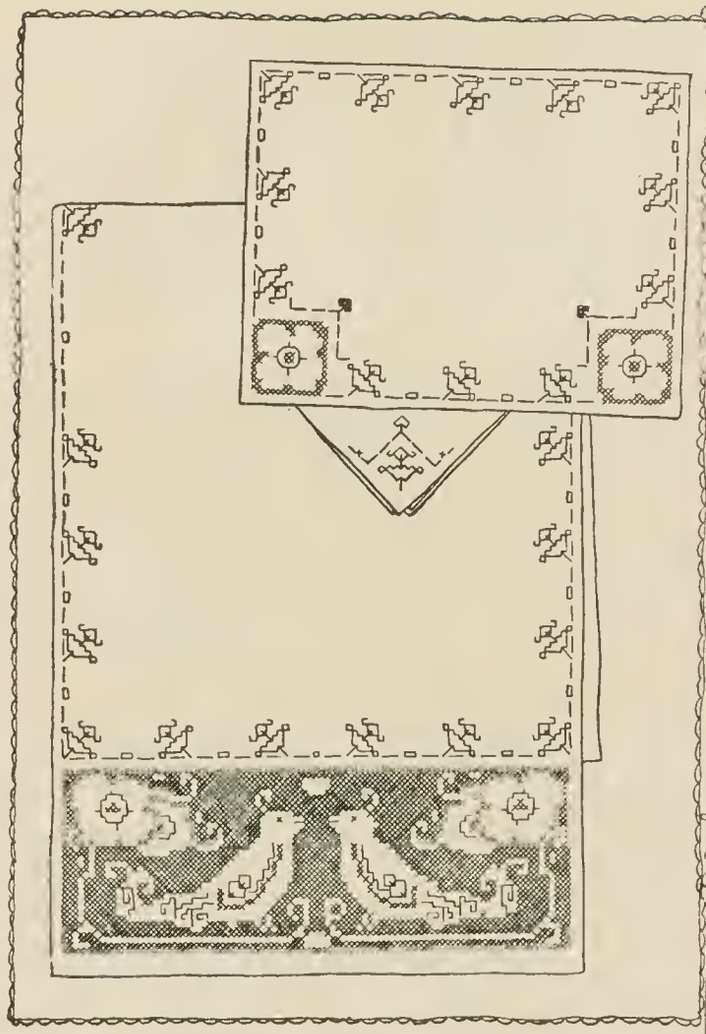
Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. For Constipation yeast is most effective when taken this way.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! And write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-3, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.





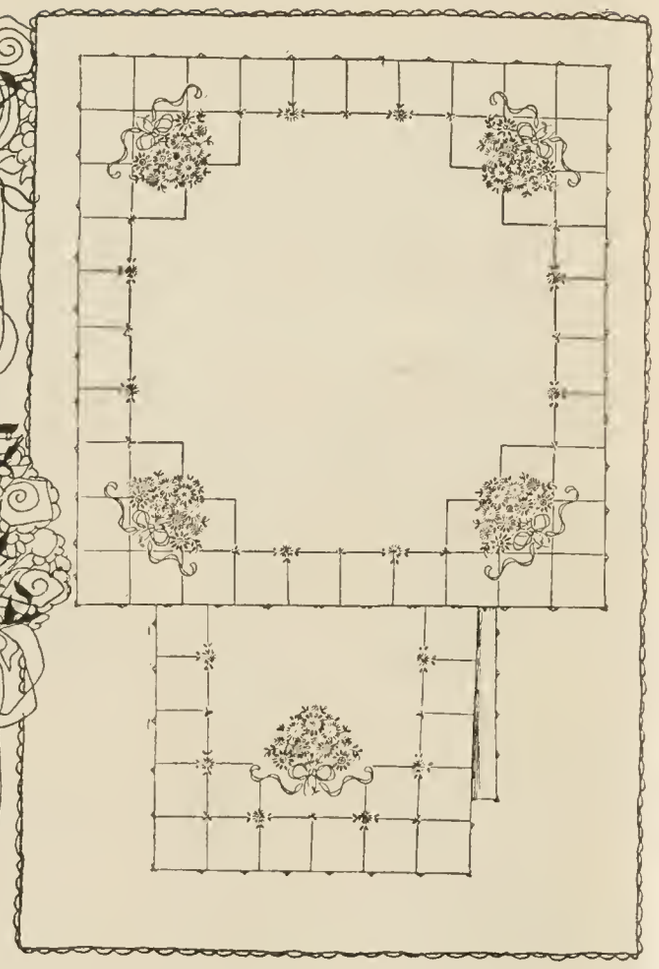
Embroidery design 10235

SPRING IS REFLECTED IN FLOWER AND BIRD DESIGNS

10235—The social register of needlework does not hold any smarter entry than this new luncheon-set decorated with a Spring *motif* of birds and flowers. It is a set which can be made very quickly for the design is done in cross-stitch and one-stitch embroidery. The result is an effect quite similar to the old Italian embroideries, but this design is much more easily and quickly worked. Both luncheon-set and doilies are oblong in shape. One may use linen or linen-finished cotton in white, Delft blue or maize. The design can be adapted to one scarf 15¾ by 38 inches, six doilies 10 by 13 inches and six corners for napkins.



Embroidery design 10234



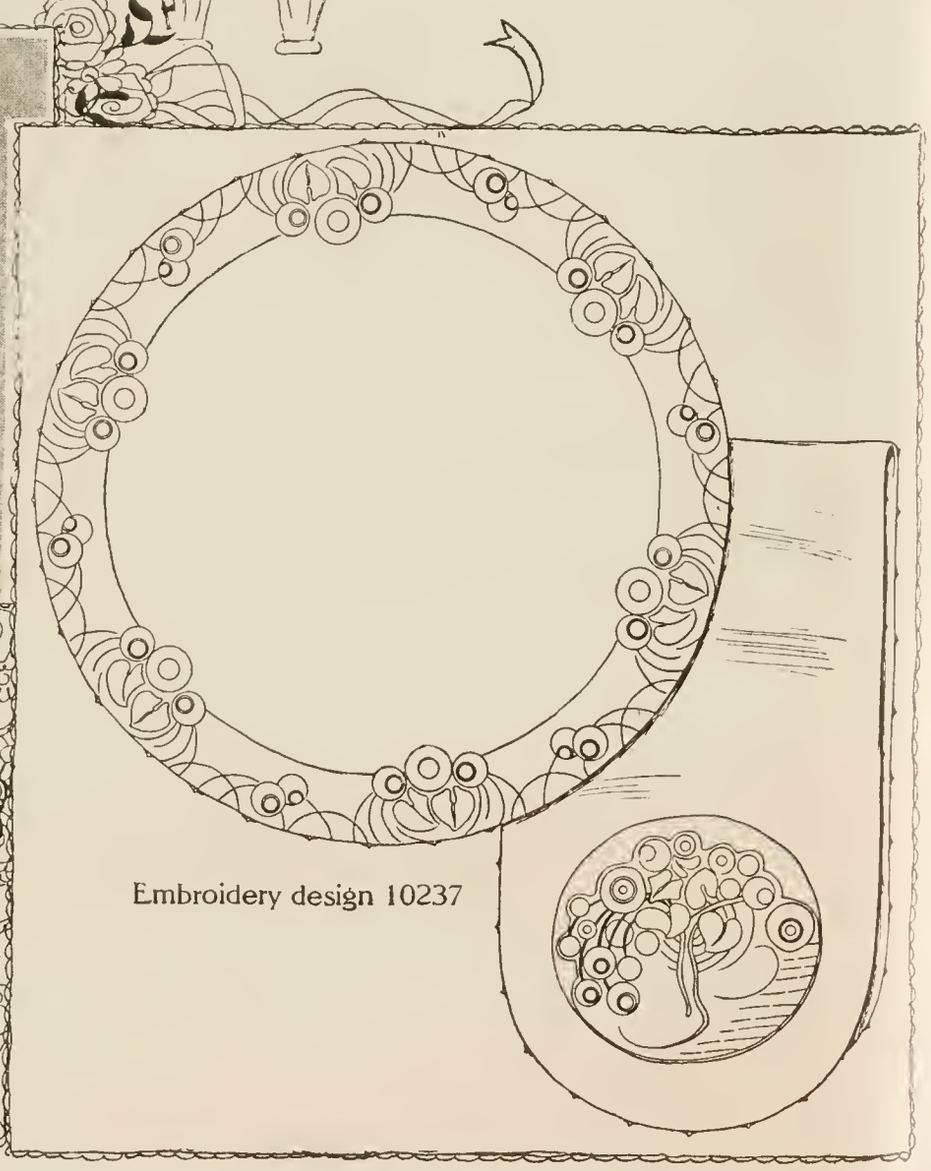
Embroidery design 10236

10236—The lattice and flower effect is a light and lovely design for linens. The bright colors of the flowers themselves make an attractive contrast to the lattice work in green or in black. The square centerpiece, which is rather newer than the round shape, and the motifs for a scarf may be worked in outline, lazy-daisy, satin-stitch and French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 30 inches square and two motifs 18 by 14½ inches for use on the end of a scarf or on a sofa cushion.

10234—Vanity is justified if one possesses the lovely appointments for beauty rites. Exquisitely embroidered doilies and motifs will make the vanity dressing-table, the chiffonier or bureau appear as dainty as one could wish. This design should be worked in a combination of lazy-daisy, outline, French-knot and one-stitch embroidery. It can be adapted to two doilies 14 by 20¼ inches for the center of a vanity dresser and two doilies 10 by 14 inches for each side, two motifs 20¼ inches wide for each end of a scarf and six assorted motifs.



10237—New faces on old belongings can give new interest to familiar places; a new centerpiece, scarf or cushion will give the room a different appearance. If materials suitable for appliqué are used, the circles and leaves of this design can be worked in appliqué and outline; or one may work the centerpiece and the three ovals in outline and chain-stitch embroidery. Whatever the medium of the embroidery, brilliant color effects are possible with such a design. It can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter and three ovals 12¾ by 14 inches, for use on a cushion or on the end of a scarf.



Embroidery design 10237

"I never dreamed

there could be such a difference"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of the Nation. No. 1



A WELL-KNOWN literary woman of New York was visiting her niece in Norwood, Ohio.

Of course, a number of social events had been planned in honor of the "famous relative," but she requested that they be cancelled.

"I simply can't enjoy that sort of thing any more," she said. "I must be getting old. Walking or standing wears me out completely. Even an hour or so on my feet leaves me exhausted."

"But I had counted so much on having my friends meet you," pleaded the niece. "Couldn't we have just one luncheon? You wouldn't be on your feet much."

"Oh, I do hate it so. But perhaps, if you insist."

The affair was simple, and everything was done to insure comfort for the guest of honor, but it was plain that she did not enjoy herself. "I simply don't know what I'm going to do," she said to her niece, when they were alone again. "My feet are terrible."

The younger woman was sincerely sympathetic. "I know what you can do," she exclaimed. "Try on a pair of my shoes. I believe they'd fit you, and, oh, if they'd only do for you what they did for me."

"But it isn't shoes, my dear. It's my feet. They're worn out. I've tried dozens of kinds of shoes. I've had them made special for me. And I've had the best chiropodists in New York treat my feet."

"My feet used to hurt, too, and I had begun to feel that I couldn't do a thing with any pleasure. Then I got these shoes and I haven't had to think of my feet since."

"Yes, I can understand that. But you are young. I'm past fifty. It's one of the penalties of getting old."

"Pooh! Pooh! You're not old. What's fifty-three? Why, when I get that old I'm going to begin enjoying life."

The aunt laughed. "I wish I had your youth, little girl. I'd rather have it than to write a dozen successful books."

"But I just believe these shoes will make you feel young again, and I'm going to make you try them on."

The older woman was plainly wearied by the discussion, and to end the argument she allowed her niece to put the shoes on her feet. They fitted exactly.



Then she stood up in them. She took one step, and amazed delight flashed over her face. Another step, and she turned to her niece: "Oh, they *do* feel good. Why, I can't believe it."

She walked around the room several times, almost girlishly happy.

"They really do just what you said they would," she exclaimed excitedly. "I feel as if I could walk clear to New York."

"Oh, I'm so glad, I knew they'd help you."

"But I can't understand it. I don't see why these shoes should be so different. They look like other stylish shoes, and I haven't dared try to wear a smart shoe for so long."

"That's the fine thing about the Arch Preserver Shoe," explained the niece. "It looks just like a regular shoe, but it is different. There is a bridge in the arch. That keeps the foot from sagging."

"Yes, I see how it would work for you, perhaps. But my arches have always seemed so strong."

"But that doesn't make any difference." The younger woman was talking enthusiastically. "Your feet were made to bear the weight of your body, but they also were planned to be supported. The dealer explained this by showing how the foot rests flat on the ground when you are barefooted. And he made me understand that the heel lifted the back of the foot and left the arch without any support at all. The bridge in these shoes gives this support."

"But my feet feel so good all over. Just the bridge thing you speak about couldn't affect my whole foot this way."

"But the Arch Preserver Shoe has more than the bridge. The inside of the sole is flat. That lets your foot rest easily, without pinching the nerves and blood vessels. Nature planned your foot to spread out just a little when weight is placed on it."

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The aunt held up her hands in surrender. "Oh, you don't need to say another word about these shoes. They're wonderful. I can hardly keep from going out and running around the block." Then she looked down at them meditatively, "I understand now why they are so easy on my feet. But I never dreamed there could be such a difference."

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This is a true story, but not an unusual one. Back of practically every sale of Arch Preserver Shoes there is such a story. Women have learned about these shoes; they have been astonished; they have been delighted—and then they have demanded Arch Preserver Shoes. "The Shoe that has Changed the Ideas of the Nation"—because it has provided comfort and style, because it has done what no other shoe ever did before.



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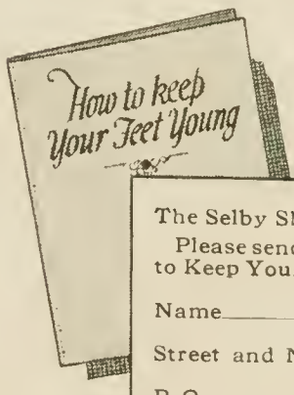
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OF WHAT PERIOD IS YOUR FURNITURE?

Fourth of a series of articles on better furniture

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration



Wreaths or festoons of roses identify this piece as belonging to Louis XVI

NOTE—*Mrs. Sanders says: "Furniture of to-day is being made almost entirely after the old classic models. When a home-maker goes into a shop to buy, she simply has to know the different periods, or she may purchase a mixture of odd pieces that will never look well together. It is to help women avoid such mistakes that I have written this series of articles. This month I tell how to distinguish the styles of Louis XIV, XV and XVI, which are so frequently confused." Mrs. Sanders wants to assist every* DELINEATOR *reader in any doubt or inquiry she may have about any kind of furniture. Always enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.*



Oval backs of Louis XVI chairs are supported by a continuation of the back legs



Here cabriole legs with the cloven foot (or *pied-de-biche*) support a typically elaborate Louis XIV marble-top console-table

DUE to the fact that in the last four years French furniture, and particularly that of the style built during the reigns of Louis XIV, XV and XVI, has become so much the vogue not only abroad but here as well, a résumé of their characteristic earmarks is important at this time. "What France does to-day the rest of the world will do to-morrow" applies not only to setting the mode for wearing apparel but for house-furnishings as well.

LOUIS XIV AND XV

THE furniture designed and built during the reigns of Louis XIV (*Quatorze*) and Louis XV (*Quinze*), from about 1643 to 1774, is considered among the most magnificent ever made. The one most important difference between Louis XIV and XV furniture is that the structural lines of the former were invariably straight, or with a very slight curve, while in Louis XV furniture the structural lines are decidedly curved.

Louis XIV chairs, commodes (chests of drawers), and consoles (wall tables) had legs which were either straight or slightly cabriole (bandy-legged). The straight legs usually extended into straight feet which were joined by X-shaped stretchers. Both legs and stretchers were, in general, elaborately carved. When the slight cabriole leg is visible in Louis XIV furniture, the knee comes in for its share of adornment with carvings of either the leaf, shell or dolphin-head motifs, all of which are typical of the Louis XIV period. The feet of these cabriole legs, especially on consoles, were often a cloven hoof, or *pied-de-biche*, as the French call it. The arms of the chairs were usually long, with seats and backs either caned or upholstered. Chair tops were for a long time perfectly straight; but during the end of the reign they became curved and arched a little in the middle.

Louis XV chairs, tables, cabinets and, in fact, all the furniture pieces of this later period may be easily identified by their elaborateness. Cabriole legs on chairs and tables assumed stronger curves, leaf and dolphin-head feet took the place of *pied-de-biche* and stretchers disappeared. Arms of chairs became short, flaring toward the back; the backs and seats were broad and all the framing much carved and curved at the top. Commodes, chests, tables and consoles were designed and built in large numbers. The *bombé* or swell-front commodes and the serpentine marble tops on tables and consoles are unmistakable characteristics of the Louis XV period. The word *rococo*, which is so often used in speaking of French furniture, applies to that elaborate type of Louis XV ornamentation which was characterized by deep bold curves and carvings of shells, feathers and leaves.

Walnut, ebony and mahogany, inlaid with tortoise-shell and brass, were the materials commonly used for the construction of furniture, while only the richest materials were used in upholstering. Much tapestry and needlework were used. The patterns and fabrics themselves were made especially for the king by the Gobelin and the Beauvais factories. It was indeed a period of great luxury in its use of superb draperies, hand-painted fabrics for wall-panels and satins and velvets for upholstery.



This beautifully proportioned velvet-upholstered sofa shows the carvings, flaring arms and cabriole legs that are characteristic of the Louis XV period



This Louis XV chair may be said to be *rococo*, meaning "exceedingly showy"

LOUIS XVI (*SEIZE*)

IN THE closing years of the Louis XV régime, the style for straight lines returned to favor. In Louis XVI furniture no longer do curves and carving run riot. There was, in this reign, a well-defined effort to simplify that ornamentation and decoration which had run to the very limits of extravagance in the reign of the preceding Louis.

Marie-Antoinette, Louis XIV's queen, exerted a definite influence on the furniture as well as on the fashions of this period. Fortunately for the trend of the style, her tastes were fairly simple. Her fondness for roses is revealed in wood-carvings and in painted and woven fabrics, where festoons of roses may be clearly identified.

Louis XVI chairs, which of all French chairs are generally considered the most beautiful in contour and proportion, were both carved and upholstered. They were designed with either straight top rails and uprights, making a square back, or with a raised arched top, making a wholly oval or round, graceful back. The legs of chairs, tables and stools were straight and round, tapering toward the feet, and were either fluted, reeded or turned. In all the Louis XVI ornamentation one constantly sees floral wreaths, ribbons, baskets of flowers, musical emblems, oak leaves, small heads or busts of human figures and the well-defined thistle leaf.

The fabrics with which Louis XVI furnishings were upholstered and curtained have just as definite designs as have the structural parts of the furniture. In these fabrics, which are petit point, satins, taffetas and damasks, one finds stripes intermingled with flowers, winding ribbons, medallions, columns and lyres, and in many cases small roses sprinkled through pale-green, rose or biscuit-colored silks. Some of them are made to-day in as lovely colors as the original fabrics and can be used for covering small chairs and stools and for making dressing-table flounces, bedspreads and sofa-cushions.



All photos by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Straight top rails and slender tapering feet give Louis XVI chairs a classic beauty and simplicity



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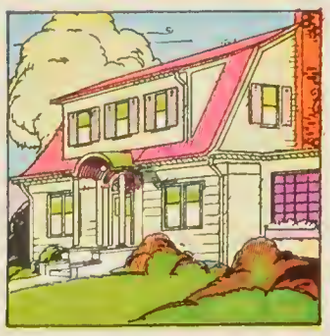
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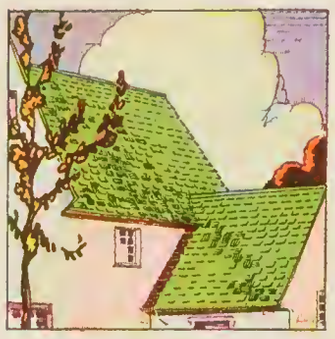
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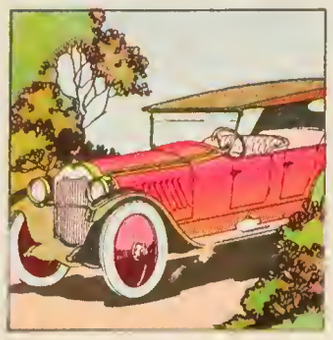
For permanence and beauty



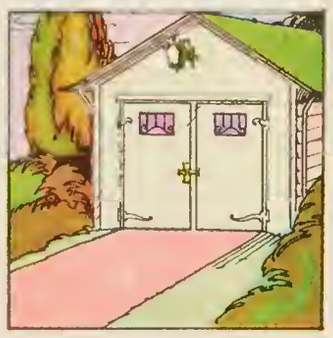
To protect its beauty



To "insure" your roof



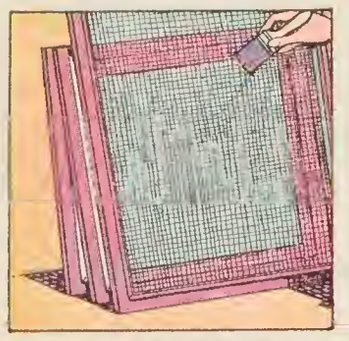
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AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	*S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing*			
BRICK	*SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss *S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* dull finish			*Old Dutch Enamel:* full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* for woodwork only; such as beamed ceilings, etc.	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* Penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood *Floorlac:* varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting, for porch ceilings, etc.	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	*S-W Concrete Wall Finish:* a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Scar-Not Varnish:* gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries to a dull finish without rubbing	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined *S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting spar varnish	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory For interior and exterior use
FENCES	*SWP House Paint:* *Metalastic* (iron or wire only) *S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* for rough work		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain*	
FLOORS, Interior (wood)	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* water resisting, heel-proof	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
Concrete	*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* wears well; washes well			*S-W Concrete Floor Finish:* high-gloss, durable
Porch	*S-W Porch and Deck Paint:*			
FURNITURE, Indoors	*Enameloid:* the decorative enamel	*Scar-Not Varnish:* stands hard usage	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
Porch	*Enameloid:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Oil Stain:* for new wood	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	*SWP House Paint:*	*Rexpar Varnish:* weather resisting	*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	*Old Dutch Enamel:* enduring gloss
LINOLEUM	*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* stands repeated scrubbing	*Mar-Not Varnish:* protects the pattern		*S-W Inside Floor Paint:* the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS	*Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint *S-W Aluminum* or *Gold Paint*			*Enameloid:* assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	*S-W Roof and Bridge Paint:* *Metalastic:* *Ebonol:* black coal tar paint		*S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:*	
SCREENS	*S-W Screen Enamel:*			*S-W Screen Enamel*
TOYS	*S-W Family Paint:* assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:*	*Floorlac:* (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	*Enameloid:* assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone:* the washable, flat oil paint *SWP House Paint:* a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; gloss or rubbed effect *Enameloid:* assorted colors
WICKER	*Enameloid:* high gloss assorted colors	*Rexpar Varnish:* durable elastic	*Floorlac:* a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior	*SWP House Paint:* gloss *Flat-Tone:* flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish:* high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044:* dries dull without rubbing	*S-W Handcraft Stain:* penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood *S-W Oil Stain:* for new soft wood *Floorlac:* for new or old wood; a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel:* white, gray, ivory; dull or gloss; aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects *Enameloid:* assorted colors

NOTE: *Best results can be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels.*

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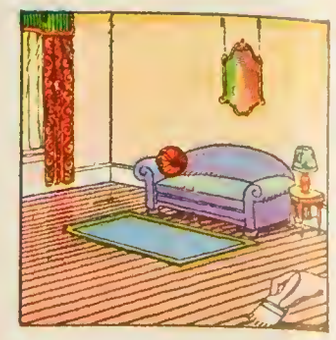
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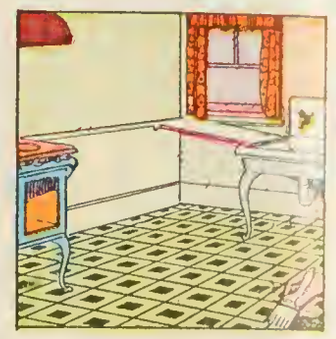
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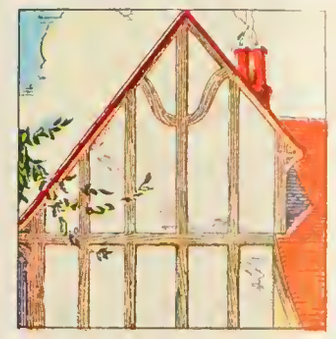
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For cheerful satisfactory walls



To keep linoleum like new



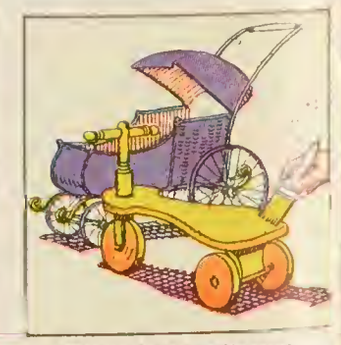
For stucco



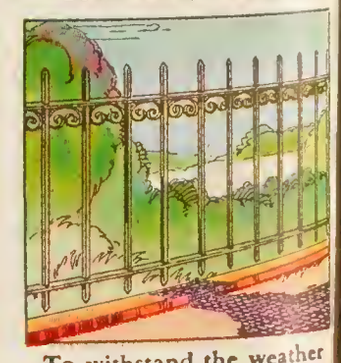
To properly finish woodwork



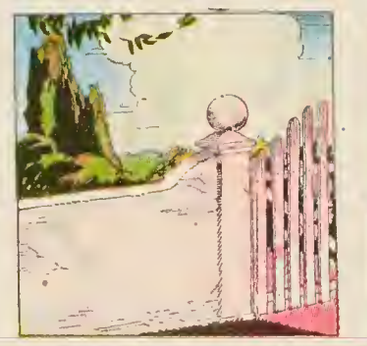
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To make toys "new"



To withstand the weather



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IS YOURS A BACK YARD OR A GARDEN SPOT?

By Mrs. Garret Smith



Three years ago this pleasant lawn, ending in the rose-garden with its border trellises of ramblers, was the home of plantain, dandelions and thistles



A rustic cedar pergola separates the lawn from the service yard and ends in a combination garage and Summer-house of similar construction

WHAT right has a kitchen to dominate a whole back yard? Isn't it possible to plan any back yard so as to provide necessary outdoor space for carrying on the household work and at the same time keep the rug-beating, the washing, the garbage and ashes all within their proper bounds, and more or less secluded?

That triumvirate of the kitchen—the broom, the clothes-line and the garbage-can has, for many a year, held an army of householders in its relentless grip. Consequently, in both city and country, most efforts at beautifying the premises have been spent upon the front yard, and at best the unloveliness of back yards had done no more than elicit apologies.

But a front doorway must always be, in the last analysis, only a greeting-place; while the back yard may become a charmed spot secluded from the stranger, a quiet home of bird and flower, where one may refresh both mind and body, in sunlight or in starlight, with others or in solitude.

Such a back yard is not like Topsy. It does not "just grow." It has to be planned and developed according to the desires of the individual owner. That is why a back yard is interesting.

It almost invariably expresses the owner at her best or worst. Does the triumvirate rule and is there but little evidence of beauty? Then be it handkerchief-size or ten-acre lot, that back yard *seems* just full of brooms, clothes-lines, wheelbarrows, old tires, rubbish and what not.

The kitchen broom, the clothes-line and the garbage-can have, of course, a perfect right to *part* of the back yard; but active resistance to their complete conquest of *all* the space can be successfully carried on.

THREE years ago we purchased a neglected old place on a corner plot in one of New York's suburbs. The house is picturesque. The whole yard, however, was originally open to the view of the passerby. Fortunately, many years ago some one planted a privet hedge along the two sides bordered by the street. This hedge was coaxed and tended to a height that now shelters the back yard from the public thoroughfare. The whole plot at the rear of the dwelling is about sixty-five by seventy-five feet. Apparently the triumvirate of broom, clothes-line and garbage-can always ruled here, for ash-heaps made high dots at intervals and a large pile of old tin cans, broken dishes, wire and glass lay in the middle distance.

We immediately began a peaceful revolution, which ended in the complete overthrow of the old back-yard traditions, but at the same time conceded a just share of space for household activities dependent upon the kitchen door. A kitchen yard or service space about twenty-five by forty-five feet was practically isolated from the rest of the lawn.

The rear of the house faces north. In the northeast corner of the grounds, a combination garage and Summer-house was built, about twelve by thirty feet over all. The work was done under contract by a builder; but the same result could be achieved, at only the cost of the materials, by any man who possessed a little skill at carpentering. The walls were made of planed boards, set upright; and over each joining was nailed a half cedar with the bark left on. The slightly pitched roof was low enough to be out of view from the lawn, and the "overhang" was made of the rough cedar, so the garage proper seems enclosed in a rustic pergola. Roses and wisteria clamber over it.

The garage proper, not including the Summer-house then formed the northern boundary of the kitchen yard, while the privet hedge along the street bounded it on the east and the dwelling-house on the south. Yet, even with these barriers, what could prevent the old triumvirate from again overrunning the remaining space? Could we enjoy the small Summer-house and the little rose-garden, by this time established in the northwest corner of the lot, without being constantly aware of the kitchen yard? Could it be still further isolated? Many different "thinking-caps" were tried and discarded. At last the right inspiration came.

A rustic cedar pergola eight by forty feet was built, following the same style as the garage and Summer-house. This extended from the garden door to the Summer-house The west side of the pergola, which was left open, stood along the northern section of a rockery, built a little earlier in the season. The rocks that were used for this came from an old deserted and partly destroyed building in the neighborhood. The agent was glad to give them to any one who would carry them off. A truckman was hired to bring them over and a man employed by the hour to lay them. Here, again, the work could be done by a member of the family.

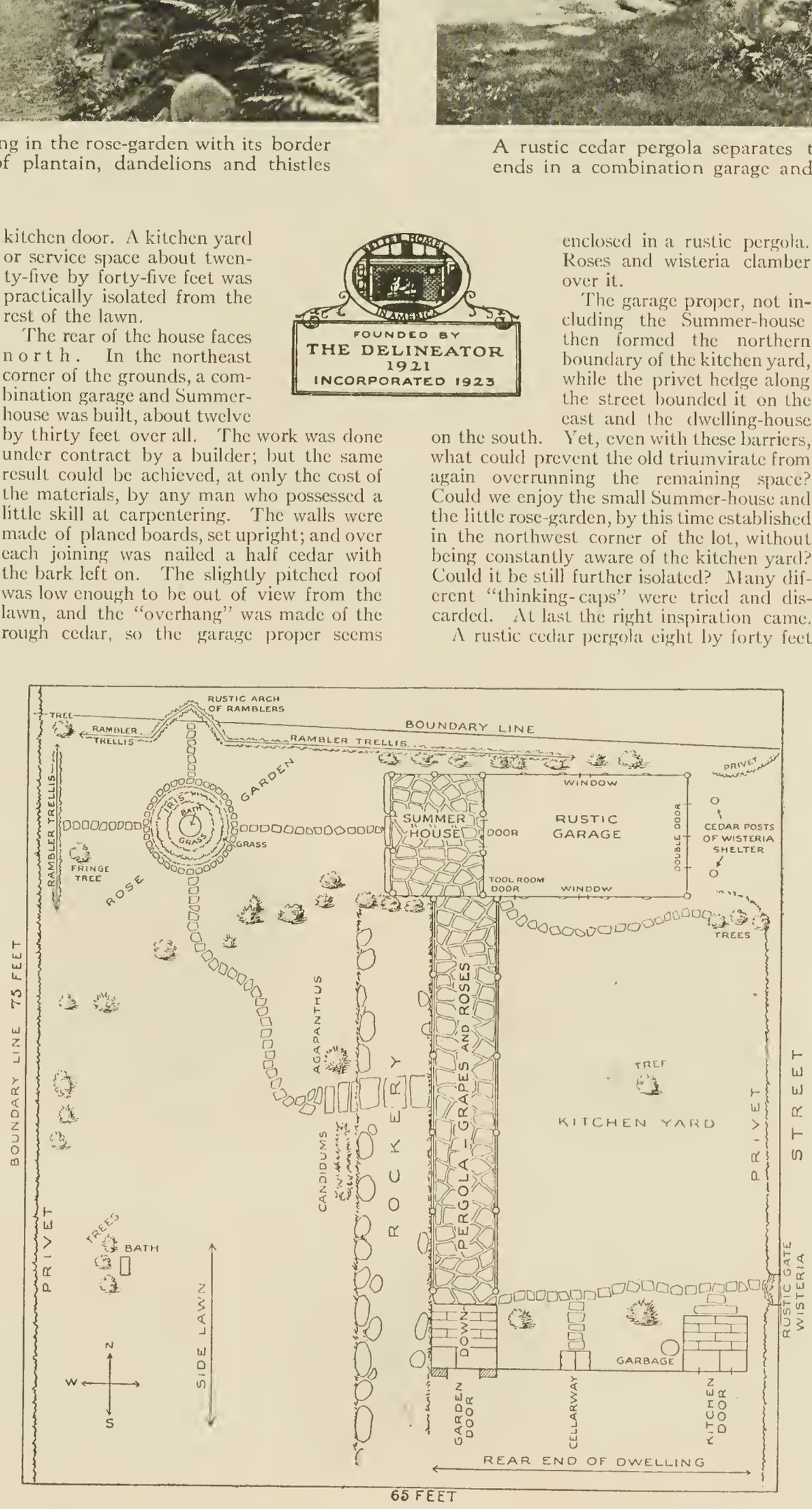
The east side of the pergola, next to the kitchen yard, established a more formal boundary than that on the rockery side, for incorporated with the pergola, but of much lighter-weight wood, a cedar fence was built about three feet high, marking a definite dividing-line.

That pergola proved to be the master key to the success of the back-yard plan. The path through it to the Summer-house is broken flag set in washed pebbles. One neighbor across the street was having a new concrete walk laid and was glad to give us the discarded flagstones. A man was hired to bring these across and break them with a sledge-hammer into irregular pieces. Several bags of washed pebbles were secured from a building-supplies company. The broken flags were laid at irregular intervals like stepping-stones, throughout the length of the pergola, and the washed pebbles were scattered among them to make a compact walk.

Half-way down one may cross the eight-foot-wide rockery and find on a slightly lower level a pleasant sweep of lawn with a small rose-garden at the northern end.

The Summer-house has become a Summer dining-room and restful rendezvous. From here there is a pleasant vista southward through the rustic pergola, now draped with grape-vines and climbing-roses. The rose-garden at the west and the bird-bath, circled with iris and a constant haven of birds, add their share to the atmosphere of rustic and natural beauty. Above all, privacy has been attained, without sacrificing the necessary kitchen-yard space. There is ample room for this, but the kitchen yard no longer obtrudes. It has taken its proper efficient place in the background.

FEW back yards could offer more difficulties than this one originally presented, but the results obtained in three years seem to prove that the pleasures derived from a back yard depend largely upon careful study and a just allotment of space. When the proper space scale has been determined, tranquillity, privacy and beauty are procurable in any back yard.



GETTING THE BEST OUT OF CANNED VEGETABLES

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

VEGETABLES are an important factor in maintaining the good health of your family. They are an exceedingly valuable source of those mineral salts that regulate the body processes, keep the blood pure and the complexion clear. They are also a source of roughage, which helps to prevent the accumulation of waste in the digestive tract, and a source of the vitamins that stimulate the appetite, maintain health and produce growth.

At this season of the year, when only a few of the fresh green vegetables are coming into the Spring market and the remnants of the Winter stock have lost much of their original freshness, crispness and flavor, the main source of vegetable supply is the canned variety.

Canned vegetables are not always adequately appreciated. When properly prepared, their nutritive value is in many respects equal to that of fresh vegetables. But, unfortunately, lack of care and improper methods of preparation often make them sadly lacking in flavor and unattractive in appearance.

This disregard of flavor and appearance is one of the most serious charges against American cookery. Every woman should educate herself in the use of flavors, sauces and garnishes. A judicious use of these can transform a tasteless dish into quite a masterpiece; and all that is necessary to effect this transformation is the observance of a few simple rules.

One of the first of these rules is that canned vegetables should be properly aerated. Canned goods have a flat taste when first opened. This is due to the fact that practically all air was expelled from the can during the process of canning. Therefore, when canned goods are opened, they should be turned into a wide bowl and allowed to come in contact with the air for from fifteen to thirty minutes.

A second rule is that the vegetables should be heated thoroughly in the water in which they were canned. In the case of vegetables of delicate flavor it is wise to do this in a shallow, uncovered saucepan. If the water is allowed to evaporate completely, not only is the flavor retained, but none of the nutritive value is lost.

Third, the vegetables should be thoroughly drained—unless one is fond of watery vegetables. In the latter case, the water may be retained and will serve either as a part of the sauce or as a diluent of the sauce. If, on the other hand, the vegetables are drained. the water, which contains a definite nutritive value, should never be thrown away but should be utilized for soups and sauces.

Fourth, season the vegetables well. This matter of flavor is a very important factor in making vegetables more acceptable to the average palate.

SAUCES

If the family prefers dishes mild in flavor, one of the simplest methods of improving the flavor—especially of beans and peas—is to aerate them, and then heat in a shallow pan. In the case of peas add a teaspoon of sugar or a sprig of mint, or both. (The French sometimes add other spices, such as a little bay-leaf, thyme or ginger.) Drain and reheat, with pepper, salt and butter, and with cream if desired. Serve hot.

Another way for those desiring mild flavors is to heat the vegetables in their own juices, drain thoroughly and then mix with a well-seasoned white sauce. For well-drained starchy vegetables, such as potatoes, carrots and Lima beans, use a thin white sauce; for watery vegetables, such as onions and cabbage, or for starchy vegetables that are not drained, a medium white sauce is used.

The vegetables and the white sauce may be put into a buttered casserole in alternate layers, covered with buttered crums and baked in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until the food is heated through and the crums are browned. For these scalloped dishes allow about one cup of white sauce to two cups of vegetables. If the vegetables are dry, a little more white sauce may be used.

If the family preference is for highly seasoned food, vegetables may be dressed with a variety of sauces, such as Béchamel, tomato, *maître d'hôtel*, creole, poulette and vinaigrette.



The acids, vinegar, lemon and tomato juice; the flavor vegetables, celery, onions and peppers; and cheese, butter and savory fats are all good to combine with canned vegetables

FLAVORINGS

Cheese. Grated cheese may be added to white sauce either for creaming or for scalloped dishes; or it may be spread over the top of a scalloped dish and put into the oven just long enough for the cheese to melt. Allow one-fourth to one-half cup of grated cheese to one cup of white sauce.

Acid. Among the acids that may be employed in varying the flavor of vegetables, lemon-juice, vinegar and tomato-juice are of most importance. Lemon-juice improves the flavor of spinach. The spinach should be aerated, cooked in a shallow pan until all or nearly all of the water has evaporated, thoroughly drained and then well seasoned with salt, pepper, plenty of butter or bacon fat and the juice of half a lemon or a little horseradish. Vinegar with buttered beets gives piquancy of flavor. Tomato goes especially well with corn or succotash.

Other Flavorings. In preparing buttered vegetables, a more pronounced flavor is obtained by the simple means of browning the butter before the hot vegetable is added. A variation of this is to add a tablespoon of minced onion or chopped green or red pepper to the butter and cook slowly for five minutes, with occasional stirring before adding the vegetables.

Bacon fat or bacon cut in small pieces and fried out adds both crispness and flavor to vegetables.

Slices of salt pork may be cut in dice and fried until the scraps are crisp and brown. These brown scraps and the hot fat (no thickening is needed) make an excellent gravy to serve with plain boiled vegetables such as carrots, rutabagas, turnips, parsnips and potatoes.

Both fats and acids should be utilized to flavor salads made from canned vegetables. Drain the vegetables thoroughly, mix with French dressing and allow them to stand one-half hour. Only enough of the dressing should be used to cover each piece. If more has been added, drain off before mixing the vegetables with the mayonnaise dressing.

FLAVOR VEGETABLES

Celery, either raw or cooked, is a welcome addition to the menu at all seasons of the year. It adds both crispness and flavor. It is especially good diced raw and added to vegetable salads. The leaves or outer stalks may be cooked in a small quantity of water and the water used to flavor white sauces (not more than one-half as much celery-water as milk should be used) or in making buttered vegetables. A clove of garlic rubbed over the inside of the bowl in which the salad is to be mixed or the dish in which the vegetable is to be cooked adds piquancy of flavor.

The onion furnishes one of our cheapest and most universally used flavors. It may be diced and used raw in salads or cooked, as in sauces. If a more elusive flavor is desired, only the juice should be used.

Green and red peppers and pimiento are excellent in white sauces used in scalloped dishes. They are also excellent in salads, with corn or tomatoes, and in fact with almost any meat or vegetable dish. Allow one or two tablespoons of minced pepper to one pint of white sauce.

The tomato is another vegetable used almost universally for its flavor, as well as for its color and food value, in salads with other vegetables.

HERBS AND SEASONINGS

No housewife who prides herself on her ability to present well-seasoned dishes to her family and guests should fail to have her cupboard stocked with such seasonings as bay-leaf, thyme, sweet marjoram, curry-powder, peppercorns, cloves, mace, kitchen bouquet, celery and onion salt, and mustard. Only a little of each is needed, and if put up in tightly stoppered bottles, they keep a long time.

Curry-powder is one of the best seasonings to use with vegetables, but it needs thorough cooking to produce the best results. An excellent sauce to use with such vegetables as onions, carrots or beans is one in which curry is used. Melt two tablespoons of butter, add a medium-size onion cut in small pieces and cook for five minutes. Stir in two teaspoons of curry-powder. Add one cup of stock or one cup of hot water in which two bouillon cubes have been dissolved and let cook for fifteen or twenty minutes. Reheat the vegetables in this. It is not necessary to drain them. If there is too much water, just continue cooking in an uncovered saucepan until the desired consistency is reached.

A bit of bay-leaf, a clove and a peppercorn enhance the flavor of tomatoes or of any dish containing tomatoes. In making vegetable soups, add a bit of bay-leaf about the size of a dime for each quart of soup.

Onion-salt, celery-salt, mustard, sweet marjoram and thyme may be added occasionally to give flavor. In adding these seasonings it should be borne in mind that the charm of a well-seasoned dish lies not in the predominance of any one flavor, but in the elusiveness brought about by the careful blending of several flavors.

A thrifty housewife should have a pot each of chives, mint, thyme, sweet marjoram and parsley growing in her kitchen windows during the Winter and Spring, to be used as occasion requires.

MEAT EXTRACTS AND BOUILLON CUBES

Another method of improving the flavor of vegetables is to heat them in meat broth or with meat extract or a bouillon cube. Most of the water should be evaporated; then butter, pepper and salt should be added.

METHODS OF COOKING

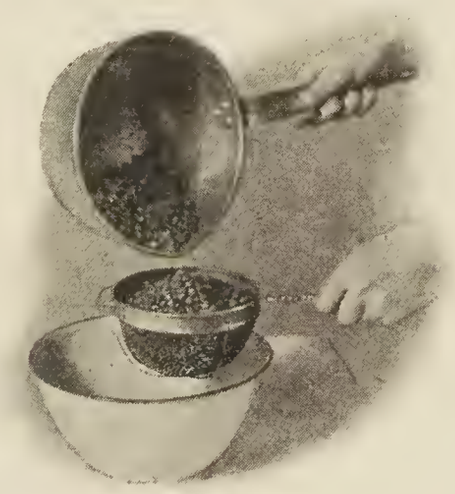
The method of cooking may have much to do with the flavor of vegetables. Such vegetables as carrots or parsnips may be boiled, drained, cooled, cut in slices, dipped in eggs, then in bread-crums and fried in deep fat at 365 degrees Fahrenheit. This adds both to the appearance and to the flavor.

These and other vegetables may be dipped in fritter batter and dropped by spoonfuls in deep fat of the same temperature. Or they may be dipped in flour and sautéd in butter or other fat.

Canned vegetables may be made into delicious soufflés. Allow one cup of thick white sauce and three eggs to one cup of diced or mashed cooked vegetables. Add the egg-yolks one at a time to the hot white sauce beating the mixture well. Add the vegetables and fold in the beaten whites. Fill a buttered mold half-full. Cook in the oven for thirty minutes at 300 degrees Fahrenheit and five minutes at 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Serve at once. Soufflé may also be made by stirring egg-yolks into the mashed vegetable and folding in the egg-whites.

Toasted buttered squares or triangles of bread served as a garnish add to the flavor and appearance of vegetables.







As soon as a can of vegetables is opened, pour the contents into a shallow dish and let stand uncovered for fifteen minutes or longer. In this way the air, which was practically exhausted during the canning process, is returned to the vegetables. After this aerating, turn the vegetables into a saucepan and heat directly over the fire. Then, unless you are fond of watery vegetables, drain off the juice. Since the juice contains valuable nutrition, do not throw it away, but use it in soups and sauces



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"THE TREASURE CHEST"

How Miss Allen improved the cooking in her skyscraper kitchen



OUR friend Miss Allen has one of the oddest kitchens you could ever imagine. It is on the top floor of a skyscraper overlooking the business section of a great city. Miss Allen's kitchen is really a business laboratory for her work is to advise manufacturers who make food products.

If you were to chat with Miss Allen about cooking matters, she would almost surely bring the conversation around to Crisco. First she would probably explain Crisco's manufacture, showing you why its rich creaminess is the natural result of the pure sweet oils of growing plants from which it is made. Then she would be apt to stress Crisco's versatility, explaining how Crisco *alone* answers every shortening purpose: for frying, for cake-making, for pastry, biscuits and muffins.

Yes, Miss Allen is a Crisco enthusiast for during the last two years she has made hundreds of tests of Crisco in comparison with every other shortening and under every conceivable condition.

Once she made digestibility tests of 37 different shortenings gathered from all parts of the United States. (Doctors, you know, tell us that a low melting point is essential to a fat's ready digestibility.) Miss Allen found that none of these fats had so low a melting point as Crisco.

How Miss Allen surprised 10 husbands

One day, when Miss Allen was requested to cater for the private luncheon of a small group of business men, she decided to use these men as subjects for an experiment she had long wanted to make.

So she colored and salted some Crisco and "buttered" bread with it. Not a single one of the ten men but thought he was eating butter! The purpose of this odd test was simply to prove Crisco's delicacy—Crisco has no "taste" and that is why its use permits the fine, natural flavor of ingredients to come out in cooking.

One of these same men boasted that he could always tell a "butter" cake. So the next time Miss Allen catered she served a butter cake and a Crisco cake and asked all the men to guess which was which. Well, that very man whose boast caused the experiment guessed that the Crisco cake was the butter cake!

Her sister discovers Crisco's versatility

Miss Allen's sister, also a very fine cook, hesitated to buy Crisco, saying that all her cooking training had been with another shortening. So finally Miss Allen asked her to try Crisco as a personal favor and now she is entirely dependent on Crisco. She will tell you that her Crisco pie crusts are the flakiest she has ever made and that her Crisco fried foods have a crisp, brown outside and a tender, fine-flavored inside.

Wherever we go over the whole United States we find the same gratifying friendliness for Crisco. In over 2,000,000 homes the wives and mothers find that Crisco adds new convenience to the cooking of foods and new delight to the eating.

Crisco, in fact, is the largest selling brand of shortening in America today. We suggest that you keep a can on your kitchen shelf (Crisco stays sweet indefinitely without icebox help) and use it in your favorite recipes without changing the method in any way. Or try it in the recipe on this page.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes—together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Address Section F-4, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MISS ALLEN'S GRAHAM CRACKER CAKE

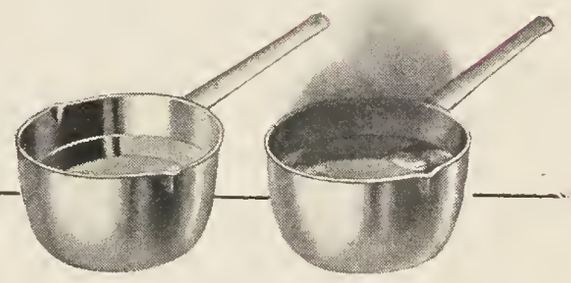
½ cupful Crisco
1 cupful granulated sugar
3 eggs
1 scant cupful milk
23 Graham crackers
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful chopped nuts
¼ teaspoonful salt

Cream Crisco and sugar together, beat the yolks of eggs till light and add to this. Then add the milk. Roll the crackers fine. Mix baking powder with cracker crumbs, add this to the other mixture together with salt and chopped nuts. Last add the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers.

Filling

2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
Yolk of 1 egg
3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar

Beat the egg light and cream the Crisco and sugar. Mix with the egg and flavor with vanilla.



Avoid Smoke and Unpleasant Odor

By using this fat you can keep your whole house fresh and charmingly free from odor yet still enjoy French fried potatoes, doughnuts, and all the delicious foods which require deep-frying.



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PLENTY OF EGGS NOW—AND CHEAP, TOO

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University.—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

DURING March and the succeeding months, April, May and June, eggs are plentiful, cheap and good. Hence this is the time for the housewife to put down her next Winter's supply.

There are several methods of preserving eggs for Winter use. Perhaps the easiest and most successful is the water-glass, or sodium-silicate, method.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVATION OF EGGS IN WATER-GLASS

In the first place, put down eggs as soon as possible after they are laid. In the second place, select only clean eggs for this purpose, since the shell of a freshly laid egg is covered with a protective film which should not be washed off.

Allow one quart of water-glass (silicate of soda) for nine to twelve quarts of water. Boil the water, add the water-glass, mix thoroughly and let the mixture cool. Pack the eggs in layers in a clean earthen crock. Pour the water-glass mixture over them until the top layer is submerged at least two inches. Cover the crock with cheese-cloth and a plate and keep it in a cool place. If the water evaporates during the Winter, add more. Eggs should not be left in the preservative for more than one year, nor should the water-glass mixture be used a second time.

When eggs are removed from water-glass, they should be rinsed in cold water. If the preserved eggs are to be cooked in the shell, the shell should be pricked with a needle before putting the eggs into the water, otherwise the shell will burst during the cooking process.

Eggs that are in good condition when removed from the water-glass will stay good for at least two weeks longer if kept in a clean, cool place.

Not only is this the time for storing eggs for Winter use, but it is also the time for increasing the number of eggs used in the family dietary. Eggs are one of our most valuable foods, first, in that they are an almost perfect food, and, second, in that they combine well with many other foods.

Eggs may form the basis of a great variety of dishes. Yet these dishes are all variations of a few basic recipes. A knowledge of these simple formulas, plus imagination and ingenuity, is all that is required to enable any cook to prepare egg dishes that are appetizing, attractive and different.

EGGS COOKED IN THE SHELL

The simplest method of preparing eggs is to cook them in the shells. But even in this method there is a right and a wrong way, the right way producing an egg of delicate texture and the wrong a tough, leathery product.

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING EGGS EITHER HARD OR SOFT

Immerse the eggs in boiling water. Cover the saucepan and remove from direct heat. For soft-cooked eggs, allow the eggs to stand in the water from six to eight minutes. For hard boiled eggs to be used in preparing deviled eggs, scallops and similar dishes, allow them to stand forty to forty-five minutes. The temperature of the water should not fall below 170 degrees Fahrenheit during this process. The top of a double boiler is suitable for this purpose, since it may be set into hot water, thus preventing the water on the eggs from cooling before the eggs are done. Hard-cooked eggs which are to be used in preparation of other dishes should be plunged into cold water to facilitate the removal of the shells. Following are three dishes containing hard-cooked eggs:

EGGS À LA KING

2 tablespoons fat
¼ cup canned pimientos cut in strips
½ cup mushrooms
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups cream or rich milk
6 hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters or slices
2 egg-yolks

Melt the fat and add the pimientos and mushrooms. Sauté this preparation. Add the flour, and cook, stirring constantly. Add the cream gradually, stirring constantly until the mixture comes to a boil. Arrange the hard-boiled eggs on slices of toast. Add salt and beaten egg-yolk to the sauce. Stir for a few minutes and then pour it over the egg and toast.



The requisites for preserving eggs by the water-glass method are an earthen jar, silicate of soda, water, a fold of cheese-cloth and a plate

EGG CROQUETTES

1 cup thick white sauce
2 cups hard-cooked eggs cut in dice
1 tablespoon capers
1 teaspoon onion-juice
1 tablespoon pimiento
1 tablespoon tomato catchup

Mix all together. Form into croquettes the size and shape of an egg. Dip in egg, then in bread-crums, and fry in deep fat at 365 degrees Fahrenheit. Serve with tomato sauce and green peas.

STUFFED EGGS FRIED

6 hard-cooked eggs
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
½ cup minced ham

Cut the eggs in half lengthwise. Remove the yolks. Mash the yolks and mix with ham, mustard, lemon-juice and enough beaten egg to moisten. Stuff the halves of the whites with the yolk mixture; smooth off; brush each half with egg-white and stick the halves together. Join with a toothpick. Roll in egg, then in bread-crums and fry in deep fat at 365 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove toothpicks. Serve with celery sauce.

SHIRRED EGGS

Butter individual baking-dishes. Break one or two eggs into each dish. Place them in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) until the white has set. Sprinkle with butter, pepper, salt and chopped parsley and serve at once.

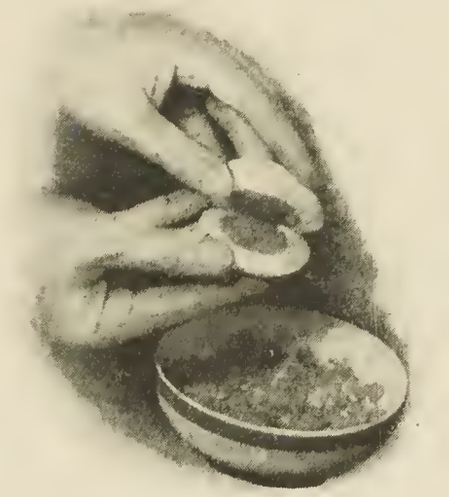
POACHED EGGS

Grease a shallow iron frying-pan and fill it two-thirds full with water. (The water should be deep enough to float the eggs.) Add one tablespoon of salt for each two quarts of water. Bring the water to the boiling-point. Break each egg into a saucer and slip it gently into the water. Cover the pan and reduce the heat. Leave the eggs in the water until they are of the desired consistency. Remove with a perforated skimmer. Allow the egg to drain thoroughly.

Poached eggs may be served on toast, on flat croquettes or on slices of broiled ham, on vegetables or on hash with or without any suitable sauce, such as tomato, cheese, celery or Béchamel.



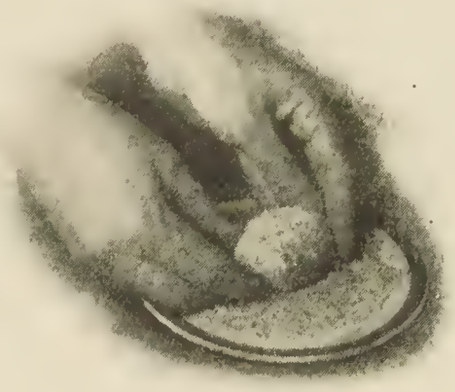
Stuff each half of the hard-cooked white with the prepared yolks



Brush each half with uncooked egg-white and stick them together



Fasten them together by running a toothpick through diagonally



Prepare for frying by rolling in beaten egg and then in crums

Another method of poaching eggs is as follows:

Separate the white and yolk of the egg, add a pinch of salt to the white and beat until it is stiff. Put this into a glass or a small buttered earthenware dish. Drop the yolk into the center of the beaten white. Set the dish on a cloth in a pan of hot water (about 185 degrees Fahrenheit), and let it stand until the white is cooked. Add a bit of butter. Sprinkle with salt and paprika and serve at once.

OMELETS

There are two varieties of omelets: the puffy omelet of spongy texture and delicate flavor, with or without a starchy foundation, and the French omelet, made in a slightly different way.

BASIC RECIPE AND DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING PUFFY OMELET

3 eggs
3 tablespoons milk or water
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Separate the yolks and whites. Beat the whites until stiff and dry. Beat the yolks until stiff and the color of a lemon. Add the liquid, salt and pepper and mix well. Cut and fold the whites into the yolk mixture. Turn into a hot, well-greased iron frying-pan, cover and cook over a moderate flame until it is brown on the bottom. Remove to a hot oven. When a knife pressed to the top of the omelet shows no trace of egg, the omelet is done.

To remove the omelet from the pan to the platter, grasp the handle in the left hand and cut two slits, one in each side of the omelet, at right angles to the handle. With a knife, fold the omelet, lifting the edge next the handle over to the other. Slip on to a hot platter. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

If it is desirable to make an omelet that will stand without falling, it is necessary to add a white sauce or other starchy foundation to hold up the egg mixture.

The following is the basic recipe for an omelet with a starchy foundation:

½ cup well-seasoned medium white sauce
3 eggs

Separate the whites and yolks. Beat the yolks and add to the white sauce. Mix well. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour the mixture into a well-greased omelet-pan and cook as for puffy omelet.

BASIC RECIPE AND DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING FRENCH OMELET

3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Mix the ingredients and beat only until well mixed. Melt a tablespoon of butter in a hot frying-pan. Add the egg mixture. Lower the heat. Shake the pan continually, occasionally lifting the mixture from the sides so that the uncooked mixture on top will run to the bottom and the whole cook evenly. When it has cooked to the desired consistency, fold and slip on to a hot platter.

BASIC RECIPE FOR SCRAMBLED EGGS

2 eggs
4 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and pepper

Break eggs into a bowl and beat well. Add milk, salt and pepper. Melt butter in top of double boiler or in saucepan. Add other ingredients and cook over hot water or over very low heat. Stir occasionally as egg begins to cook. Remove from heat and serve at once.

The consistency of the egg should be like jelly, not hard.

NOTE—*If you would like directions for some sauces suitable for serving with eggs, and suggestions for variations from the basic egg recipes given here, write to the Home-Makers' Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply.*



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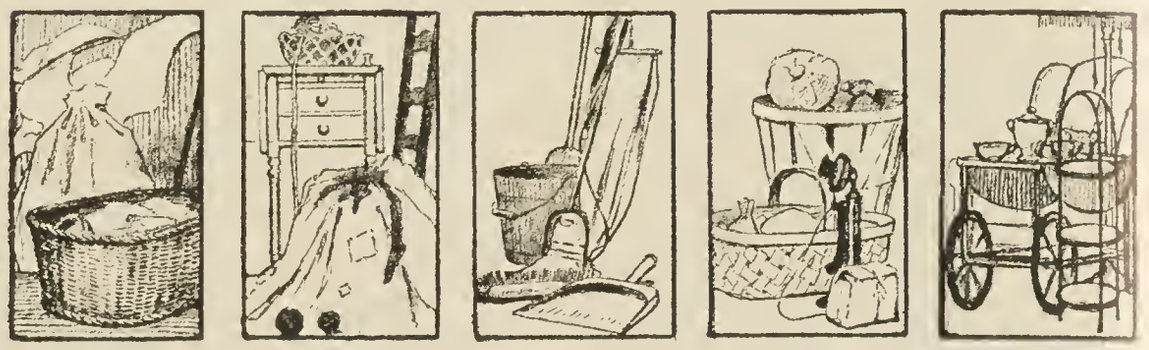
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SAVE STEPS IN TIDYING-UP

My save-a-step apron has been a great time and work saver. It is a small apron made of black sateen and has a pocket in front twelve inches wide and twelve inches deep, with a small pocket on either side. The apron hangs in a certain place in the kitchen, and as I come to things which must be taken up-stairs I put them into the pockets so as to carry them to the next floor when I go up there for some other purpose.

Every morning after the breakfast dishes are washed I put on my save-a-step apron and begin the task of putting my house in order. All small articles that are out of place are put in the pockets of the apron and carried until I am in the room where they belong.

In one of the small pockets I keep a coin-purse with enough change in it to pay the laundryman or grocer. In the other pocket is a small memorandum-pad and a pencil, and when I think of something that I should like to remember later I write it down then and there. This pad helps me to remember that John needs a new tube of tooth-paste and that his suit has to go to the cleaner's or that there is a slow leak in the bathroom plumbing.—MRS. JENNIE R. CAZARIE, San Rafael, Calif.

SAVE TIME IN CLEANING PANS

When poaching or scrambling eggs, grease the pan before the egg is added or before the water is added for the poached egg, and the eggs will not stick to the bottom of the pan.—MRS. JAMES H. INMAN, Knox City, Mo.

SAVE TEARS WHEN HANDLING ONIONS

Every housekeeper knows that if onions are peeled under water they do not cause the eyes to smart. But does every housekeeper know that if the onions are placed on a wet cloth when they are being cut into pieces the result is quite as satisfactory? This method is a great help when dicing onions or cutting them into small pieces to be usd as a seasoning. I am only fifteen years old, but I surely love to cook.—DOROTHY HOLCOMB, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAVE ON IRONING

The housekeeper who washes and irons at home can reduce the amount of ironing very greatly by running the flat pieces through the wringer of her electric washing-machine. The wringer should be tightened before running the pieces through. Towels, dish-towels, sheets and pillow-cases and other similar flat pieces may be ironed in this way, and while they are not quite as smooth as when mangled at the commercial laundry, they are very satisfactory.—MRS. G. A. JONES, Puyallup, Wash.

SAVE CONFUSION WHEN THE CHILDREN START FOR SCHOOL

On ironing-days it is an excellent plan to slip a freshly ironed handkerchief into the pocket of each little dress or waist so that when the children start off for school the mother will not have to remind them to get a handkerchief before they leave home.—MRS. EDWARD WEBB, Chicago, Ill.

SAVE ON CLOTHES-HANGERS

When traveling, if the supply of clothes-hangers is insufficient, very satisfactory ones can be made by rolling a newspaper or magazine and tieing a string around the center, leaving a loop in the string by which this home-made hanger can be hung.—LOUISE RENORK, Maplewood, Mo.

SAVE LIFTING THE SCRUB-PAIL

Put the scrub-pail on roller-skates and save the trouble of lifting it about the room. An old pair of roller-skates should be fastened to a square board on which the bucket of water is placed. The bucket is then easily rolled from one place to another.—P. TUFFIN, Hutchinson, Kans.

SAVE EFFORT WITH A CHILD'S GARDEN-RAKE

One of my most useful kitchen utensils is a very small garden-rake with which I can draw the hot pies, baked potatoes and other hot baked dishes from the oven, thus saving my arms many a burn. It is useful also in reaching fruit-jars and certain other dishes stored away on high shelves. Occasionally various things will roll under the kitchen cabinet and the little garden-rake is quite the best help in getting them out.—MRS. J. O. NEWCOMB, Lakewood, Ohio.

SAVE ON KINDLING

I should like to pass on a suggestion which has saved me considerable money. In a convenient spot in the kitchen I keep an empty cereal-box into which I drop used matches, nut-shells, empty spools, milk-caps and other scraps. A box of such kindling is sufficient to start the fire in the fireplace, and two or three of them are sufficient to start the fire in the furnace.—OLIVE M. WHITE, Montclair, N. J.

SAVE ON WALL-PAPER

When bits of wall-paper have been scraped off, a little paint or crayon the color of the paper will make the white spots on the wall much less noticeable.—K. SHELOR, Roanoke, Va.

SAVE THE STOVE FROM RUST

The work of caring for a large gas-range is an unpleasant part of housework. To keep it shiny and free from rust and stains requires much time. As an experiment, I used furniture-wax on the stove wherever it had been polished, including the white-enameled doors, then rubbed it down as I would treat furniture. Since then, some three months ago, the polish has been unaffected by heat, and wiping the stove with soft paper is sufficient to keep it in good condition.—A. B. LAWTON, Jackson Heights, N. Y.



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This car enables her to conserve minutes, to expedite her affairs, to widen the scope of her activities. Its low first cost, long life and inexpensive operation and upkeep convince her that it is a sound investment value.

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The Clever Breakfasts *that Millions of Women Serve*

Their Reasons Why

MILLIONS of women serve their children and their menfolks with luscious prunes each morning. They call them "Prime Prune Breakfasts." And they are *clever* breakfasts, in this way:

They are clever in the *deliciousness* that these women give them by cooking the prunes in a certain manner—suggested elsewhere on this page.

And they are clever because of the *good* they do.

These clever breakfasts furnish hard-worked men and strenuous children with energizing nutriment—nourishment which is digestible in one-tenth the time that some other foods require. So people feel the quick effects.

They are clever also because, among the fruits and vegetables, prunes are one of the best eight iron foods; and natural iron like this makes for robust constitutions.

Clever, too, in that they provide two types of needed vitamines, without an adequate supply of which children, especially, do not properly develop.

They are clever in that prunes are a *saving* dish.

Nine doctors in ten will advocate prunes for your breakfasts because they know the benefits. They know the value of the fruit-salts and the pulp of prunes. So well, in fact, that 60,000 of them—investigation shows—start their own breakfasts every morning in this way.

So here you have the reasons why millions of women and thousands of professional men who study foods, all swear by prunes.

Delicious prunes make clever breakfasts because they help in the development of healthier, abler, cleverer men and children.

When a food, so luscious and delightful, is both so good and good *for* you isn't it worth making that fruit the *breakfast-habit* in your home?

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Mail coupon for handy packet containing 45 selected recipes. Clip the coupon so you won't forget.

Best Way To Cook Breakfast Prunes

First, soak them over night or for several hours at least. Second, cook *slowly* until tender in the water in which they were soaked. Third, use plenty of water so the fruit will be "loose." Fourth, do not cook them too long as they will become too soft. Flavor with cinnamon, sliced lemon, or orange juice. Sugar to taste.



The handy 2-pound carton.

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Fish croquettes, like those made of other foods, must be dipped into beaten egg and rolled in crums to make a compact coating

FISH DISHES FOR LENT

Or for any season of the year

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

CANNED fish and left-over fish, as well as fish fresh from the market, can be used to concoct dishes for every course from the cocktail down to the salad.

Not only can all the left-over fish be utilized, but the fish trimmings—head, tails and fins, usually left at the market—can be used for fish stock. We consider it wasteful to throw away the trimmings of meat. Those of fish are quite as valuable.

Fish may be divided into two classes: the white and the fat fish. The white fish are those in which all the fat is found in the liver of the fish. The fat fish are those which have their fat distributed throughout the flesh. The white fish are somewhat dry and need to be cooked with extra fat or served with rich sauces. Fish should always be well seasoned.

FISH STOCK

Put all the fish trimmings, bones, head and fins, also any bones or scraps from left-over cooked fish, into a saucepan. Cover them with cold water and bring to the boiling-point. Set the saucepan on the simmerer or on the back of the stove and let it simmer until the fish falls from the bones. (This usually requires about two hours.) Add onion, carrots cut in dice and parsley chopped fine. Add salt, allowing one teaspoon of salt for each quart of stock. Let it simmer for another hour, strain and use for fish soups or sauces. This stock may be used also as part of the liquid in making cream-of vegetable soups.

FISH SOUP

1 cup of cold boiled or baked fish, boned and flaked very fine
1 quart thin white sauce made with 1 pint of milk and 1 pint of stock. (The liquid may be all milk if fish stock is not available.)
1 teaspoon onion-juice
1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley

Add the fish and onion-juice to the hot white sauce and bring to the boiling-point. Serve at once. Add a tablespoon of salted whipped cream and sprinkle with the chopped parsley.

If a more highly seasoned soup is desired, add one teaspoon of Worcestershire, one tablespoon of tomato catchup, a little anchovy essence, or three or four tablespoons of grated cheese.

FISH WITH CURRY SAUCE

2 cups flaked and boned cooked fish
2 tablespoons fat
1 onion, diced
2 teaspoons curry-powder
1 cup of fish or meat stock

Melt the fat, add the onion and cook until golden brown. Add the curry-powder and the stock and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Add the fish and allow it to heat in the sauce. Add salt if needed. Serve in a border of boiled rice or macaroni.

FISH WITH MACARONI AND TOMATO SAUCE

1 cup macaroni cooked in boiling salted water until tender (about 20 minutes)
1 tablespoon fat
1 small onion, diced
1 chopped green pepper
1 can tomato soup
1 cup water
1 cup cooked fish

Melt the fat, add the onion and green pepper and cook slowly for a few minutes. Add the soup and water; cook, stirring until it bubbles. Heat the fish in this and pour over the hot macaroni.

CREAMED FISH IN ROLLS

Allow as many dinner-rolls as there are persons to serve. Cut a slice from the top of each and remove the centers, reserving them for other uses. Fry the rolls in deep fat at 365 degrees Fahrenheit. Drain on paper and arrange on platter. Fill with creamed fish or oysters.

FISH FILLETS

Cut and trim left-over cooked fish into pieces suitable for individual servings. Season with salt and pepper. Dip each piece in egg which has been beaten slightly and diluted with two tablespoons of water. Coat with bread-crums. Place in a frying-basket and fry in deep fat at a temperature of 365 degrees Fahrenheit. Arrange on rounds of toasted or fried bread. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked egg or with slices of lemon and rings of green pepper. Serve with diced cucumbers tossed in French dressing or with sauce tartare.

VARIATION

Arrange the toast and fish around the edge of the platter and fill the center with

Concluded on page 58



The cooked croquettes should be turned out on to absorbent paper

The LUXOR Pattern



THE ageless art of Egypt inspired this striking design, which takes its name from the town of Luxor, near which was found the tomb of the Pharaoh, Tut-Ankh-Amen.

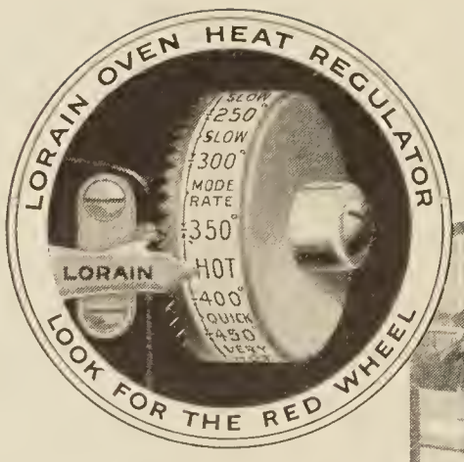
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So, just to prove to herself that the new gas range would do what the Direction Book said it would, the owner killed the big tough chicken and baked him in the oven, exactly as explained in the Book.

And Lo and Behold! The whole family, from granddaddy with his false teeth to Betty Jane who didn't even have all of her first set, proclaimed the big tough chicken to be the best meat they'd ever enjoyed.

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- ☐ DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.

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FISH DISHES FOR LENT

Concluded from page 57

boiled onions. Pass Hollandaise sauce.

Small bits of left-over fish may be utilized in making savory pies, scallops, croquettes, cakes or salads.

FISH PIE

1½ cups cooked and flaked fish
1 cup oysters (may be omitted)
1 cup cream
1 tablespoon fat
1 tablespoon flour
½ teaspoon salt

Make the cream, fat, flour and salt into a white sauce. Put a layer of fish on the bottom of a casserole. Add a layer of oysters and cover with white sauce. Continue adding alternate layers of fish and oysters. Cover with the remainder of the white sauce. Cover the whole with a layer of pastry and bake in a hot oven (about 425 degrees Fahrenheit) until the crust is brown. Brush over the top with beaten egg-white thinned with two tablespoons of milk and return to the oven long enough to glaze.

VARIATIONS

1. Line the casserole with mashed potatoes. Allow about three cups of mashed potato for this amount of fish and lessen the white sauce to one-half cup. Fill with fish or with oysters and white sauce and cover with a crust of thin mashed potato. Brush with butter. Brown in the oven.

2. Put a layer of cooked macaroni in the bottom of a buttered baking-dish. Fill with fish and white sauce. Add a layer of macaroni. Cover with buttered bread-crums and sprinkle with grated cheese. Put in an oven of about 350 degrees Fahrenheit long enough to heat the dish throughout. Raise the temperature to 425 degrees long enough to brown the crums.

3. Add to the cream sauce one cup of celery cut in julienne strips cooked as follows: Cut the celery in julienne strips about one inch in length; add a little water and cook in an uncovered saucepan until the celery is tender. Allow the water to evaporate. Add a tablespoon of fat and brown the celery. It is now ready to add to the cream sauce. Celery cooked in this way is also a pleasing addition to rice.

When fish is served in a casserole with a crust of pastry, potato or macaroni, we call it a pie. When it is cooked without the cover and topped only with buttered crums, it is a scallop.

SCALLOPED FISH

2 cups cooked, flaked and boned fish
1½ cups medium white sauce, made either with milk or part milk and fish stock
½ cup buttered crums

Fill a buttered casserole with alternate layers of the fish and white sauce and cover with the buttered crums. Cook in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) for about fifteen minutes, or long enough to heat the fish and brown the crums.

This is the basic recipe for scalloped fish. It may be varied by the addition of two tablespoons of chopped pimiento or capers to the white sauce; or of one-half cup of cooked celery cut julienne; or two tablespoons of diced onion may be cooked with the fat before adding the flour when preparing the white sauce.

If a scallop of dricr consistency is desirable, omit the white sauce and use equal parts of cooked rice and fish. The flavor of the rice is improved if it is mixed with melted fat, using two tablespoons of the fat to one cup of rice. It is even better if an onion is minced and added to the fat and cooked until brown before adding the rice. Still another way is to add a can of tomato soup to the rice.

Another way to utilize small bits of left-over fish is in timbales. A timbale is simply a baked custard with the sugar omitted and seasoned with salt. One-half cup of milk and one-half cup of fish are allowed for each egg.

FISH TIMBALES

(Eight timbales or servings)

4 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups milk
2 cups cooked, boned and minced fish

Beat the eggs slightly; add the salt, pepper and milk and mix well. Add the fish and mix. Fill well-greased custard-cups or timbale-molds two-thirds full. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) for about one hour, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Run a knife around the edge of the timbale and turn out on a hot platter. Fill the center of the platter with any of the following sauces: pimiento, creole, white, curry or tomato.

The timbales may be varied by substituting green peas or finely chopped carrots or other vegetables for one-half the fish.

FISH CROQUETTES—No. 1

2 cups flaked, cooked fish seasoned to taste
1 cup thick white sauce
1 teaspoon lemon-juice
1 tablespoon finely minced onion, pimiento, green or red pepper

Mix well. Shape into croquettes, dip in egg prepared as for fillets, then in crums, and fry in deep fat at 365 degrees Fahrenheit. Serve with tomato sauce.

FISH CROQUETTES—No. 2

1 pint duchesse or mashed potatoes
1 teaspoon onion-juice
1 cup flaked fish seasoned to taste with salt and pepper
1 egg

Mix all together. Form into croquettes and proceed as in Fish Croquettes No. 1.

For duchesse potatoes, add one tablespoon of fat, one egg-yolk slightly beaten and one-third teaspoon of salt to each cup of hot riced potatoes.

CODFISH CAKES

2 cups mashed potato
1 cup flaked fish
1 egg
¼ cup crisp pork scraps or diced cooked bacon or 2 tablespoons fat

Mix all together. Form in cakes. Put them into a baking-pan. Place a half inch cube of fat salt pork on each cake and reheat in a hot oven until the pork is brown. A slice of bacon or a bit of butter may be substituted for the cube of pork.

KEDGEREE (A BREAKFAST DISH)

2 cups cooked fish
4 tablespoons butter or other fat
1 cup cooked rice
2 hard-cooked eggs
Salt and pepper

Free the fish from skin and bone. Melt the fat in a frying-pan, add the fish and stir gently. Put in the rice and the whites of the eggs, cut into small pieces, and season with salt and pepper. Move the frying-pan gently about over the fire until the contents are thoroughly heated. Serve on a hot platter with the yolks of the eggs pressed through a strainer sprinkled over the top.

SALMON LOAF

2 cups cooked salmon
2 eggs
½ cup fine bread-crums
4 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
Minced parsley

Flake the fish. Add the egg, beaten slightly, the melted butter, the bread-crums, salt, pepper and parsley. Turn into a greased mold and steam for an hour. Serve hot with a sauce or cold with garnish of lemon, cucumber and parsley.

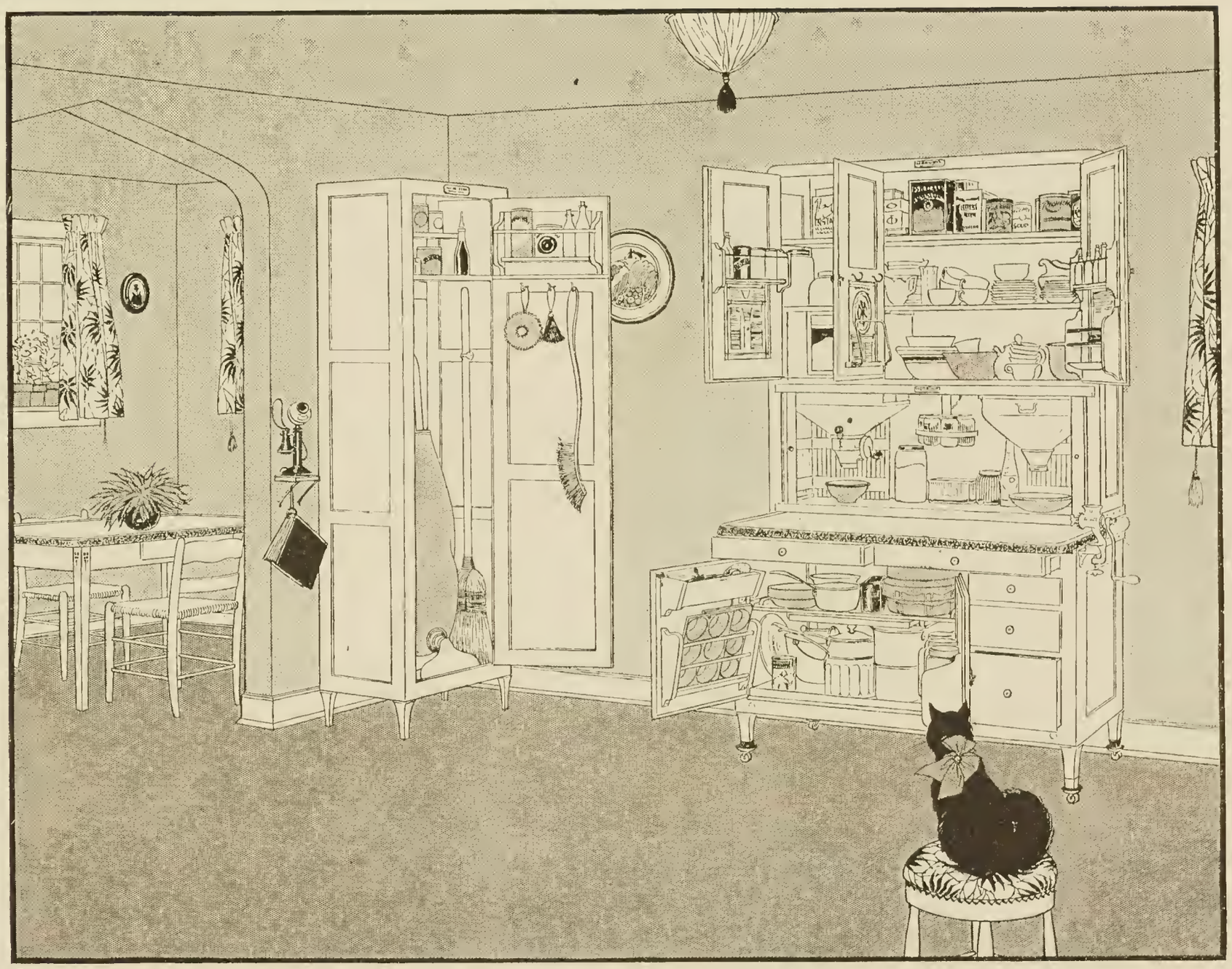
FISH SALADS

1 cup of cold flaked fish
1 teaspoon capers
⅔ cup of finely cut celery

Marinate the celery in a French dressing and let stand for one-half hour. Only enough dressing should be used to coat each piece of the salad. If more has been used, the mixture should be drained before mixing with mayonnaise. Do not stir the salad mixture, but toss it lightly with a fork and spoon. When ready to serve, mix the salad lightly with mayonnaise. Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on salad-plates. Pile the salad mixture, on this and garnish with the capers and slices of tomatoes or very small tomatoes cut in fourths, allowing one for each plate.

VARIATIONS

1. Add one-half cup diced cucumber.
2. Add one tablespoon each of chopped green and red pepper.
3. Garnish with small slices of red radishes.
4. Add one tablespoon of sliced stuffed olives or minced green pickles.



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YOUR KITCHEN!—FURNISHED AS COMPLETELY AND TASTEFULLY AS ANY OTHER ROOM

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By Lois M. Wyse, Director Hoosier Test Kitchens

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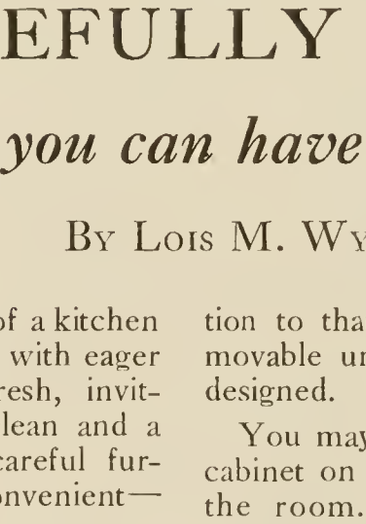
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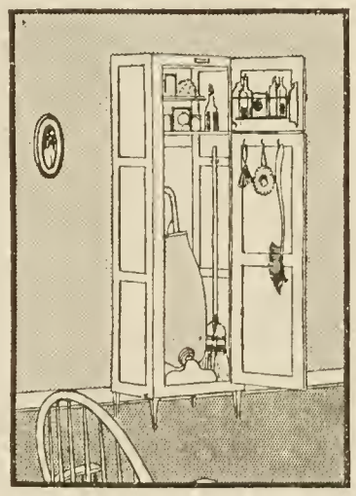
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A NEW WAY TO MAKE CREAM SOUPS

By Freda Winn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THE old method of making cream soup was to cook the vegetable until very soft, then drain it and put it through a sieve. The pulp thus formed was added to a thin white sauce in the proportion of one pint of pulp to one quart of white sauce and the whole seasoned to suit individual taste. This made a soup of a smooth consistency; but it had two disadvantages. One was that it took time to put the vegetables through a sieve, an important factor to a busy housewife; the other, that much of the cellulose, or roughage, and some of the minerals and other valuable constituents were lost.

The new method makes a soup of a different texture and consistency, one which, properly speaking, may be called a bisque. The time required to make the soup is lessened, and all the nutritive value is retained.

THE BASIC OR GENERAL RECIPE

1 to 2 cups finely chopped vegetable	2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour and ⅛ teaspoon pepper made into 1 pint of thin white sauce
2 cups boiling water	
1 teaspoon salt	
Seasonings as desired	

In other words, from a cup to a pint of cooked vegetables, with the water in which they were cooked, is added to one pint of thin white sauce.

Procedure. Chop or dice the vegetables. Cook rapidly until tender. Add salt just before the end of the cooking process.

While the vegetables are cooking, put the milk on to scald. A good method of scalding milk is to put it in the top of a double boiler over hot water. By this method there is no danger of the milk either burning or boiling over.

Melt the fat in a saucepan or iron frying-pan. Add any seasonings, such as minced green pepper or onion, and cook slowly for five minutes. Add the flour and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture bubbles. Then add the milk gradually, still stirring constantly, and cook until it begins to boil. If the mixture is beaten with a Dover type of beater during this last process, a foam is formed over the top which prevents a scum rising. When the mixture boils, add the cooked vegetable-pulp and the water in which it was cooked. There should be about two cups of the liquid. Season to taste. Serve either with or without garnish.

Amounts of ingredients. The amount of vegetables used may vary from one to two cups, according to the tastes of the family. If a thin soup is desired, use two tablespoons each of fat and flour to the quart; if a thicker soup is preferred, use three tablespoons each of fat and flour instead of two. If a richer soup seems desirable, an extra tablespoon of butter may be beaten in bit by bit just before the soup is served. If the butter is put in all at once or if the soup is allowed to stand after the butter is added, a thin film of fat is apt to form, which detracts from the palatability and the appearance of the soup. Another method of thickening a soup, improving its flavor and adding to its nutritive value is to add one-half cup of cream beaten up with or without one or two egg-yolks. This should be added just long enough before the soup is to be served to heat the extra cream. Sometimes cream is whipped, salted and folded into the soup just before serving.

A word as to seasoning: One of the most important factors in the success of a cream soup is the seasoning. Allow about one teaspoon of salt and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper to one quart of soup. There are many other seasonings the addition of which will change a flat, tasteless, insipid dish into one fit for the gods, such as a teaspoon of onion-juice or of scraped onion, a tablespoon or more of grated cheese, or a few drops of tabasco or Worcestershire.

Perhaps the most attractive garnish for a cream soup is a spoon of very stiffly whipped cream put on top of each serving and sprinkled with finely chopped parsley or paprika. For special occasions a few small figures cut from cooked carrots or beets may be added. Croutons, toasted cheese crackers or small buttered sandwiches made from brown, white or Graham bread may be served with these soups.



Beating cream soup produces a foam which prevents scum forming on top

Cream soup is an excellent method of adding both vegetables and milk to the dietary. It may form the main dish for a simple family luncheon or supper or serve as the beginning course for either the family or company luncheon. In the latter case it may be served in bouillon-cups and should be attractively garnished.

CREAM-OF-SPINACH SOUP

¼ pound uncooked spinach or 1 cup canned spinach	1 tablespoon finely chopped onion (may be omitted)
1 quart of milk and spinach-water drained from spinach	2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter	1 tablespoon green pepper (may be omitted)
¼ teaspoon pepper	1 teaspoon salt

Wash the spinach thoroughly in warm water, put it into a kettle without water and cook it until it is tender. Drain and reserve the water. There should be about one cup. Chop the spinach very fine. Melt the butter, add the onion and green pepper and cook for five minutes. Add the flour and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture bubbles. Add the milk and continue stirring until it boils. Add the spinach, the spinach-water and the seasoning. Let the mixture boil up again. The cooking may be continued over hot water or it may be served at once. If the soup is allowed to stand over hot water, care should be taken that it does not curdle.

CREAM-OF-CORN SOUP

1 quart of milk	2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat
A bit of bay-leaf	
2 cups canned corn or cooked green corn finely chopped and heated	1 tablespoon onion-juice or 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper	

Scald the milk, with a bit of bay-leaf. Add the corn. Melt the butter, add the onion and cook until it is golden yellow in color. Add the flour, mix thoroughly and cook until the mixture bubbles. Add the milk and corn mixture gradually and stir until it boils. Add the seasoning.

Cheese croutons are an excellent accompaniment for this soup. This soup may be more highly seasoned by the addition of celery-salt, one teaspoon of Worcestershire or two tablespoons of grated cheese.

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SUN-MAID RAISIN NUT CAKE—*⅔ cup butter; 1 cup brown sugar; ½ cup molasses; 2 eggs; 1 cup sour milk; 2½ cups flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 teaspoon soda; 1½ teaspoons cinnamon; ½ teaspoon cloves; 1½ cups Sun-Maid Raisins (cut in pieces); ½ cup walnuts. Cream butter with brown sugar; add molasses, beaten eggs and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients and combine with first mixture. Then add raisins and walnut meats. Bake in moderate oven*

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As a spread for sandwiches, peanut butter may be made more delicate in texture by beating in a little thick cream or salad-dressing

PEANUT-BUTTER DELICACIES

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Children have always loved peanut butter. As a spread on crackers and in sandwiches it has a rich, nutty flavor that is irresistible. Now grown-ups are liking it too in innumerable ways. Some delicious recipes are given here, all of which have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer

REMEMBER the old days fifteen or twenty years ago when the peanut was more or less a social outlaw, an attaché of the "peanut gallery" and the circus? It was part of the show in both these places, and the crunching of shells and the munching of nuts furnished much of the local color.

In those days the nickel bag of salted peanuts was unknown; and salted peanuts of high quality used as after-dinner nuts, in rivalry of the aristocratic almond, were not yet dreamed of. Peanut butter and peanut oil, now important products of the culinary world, were also out of the picture.

As a food, the peanut to-day has a staunch reputation.

As a crop, the peanut is of agricultural importance to the South, where it provides a cash crop for the farmer whose earnings have been endangered by the cotton-boll weevil. Peanut-growing actually enriches rather than depletes the soil; for it belongs to the class of legumes that produce nitrogen and return it to the soil in payment for nourishment received. The peanut has therefore become a recognized part of the agricultural life of this country; and in the food life of the people it is a new and important food, highly nourishing and easily available, both in nut form and in another form more convenient for purposes of the kitchen, peanut butter.

Peanut butter is among plant foods what cheese is among animal foods—a concentrated protein, rich in fat and in flavor. It has gone through many stages of quality since it first came on the market. At one time there were almost as many grades of peanut butter as there were of coffee; and it was equally difficult to find a really good one. That day has passed. It is now recognized that the quality of the peanut and the processes of blending, roasting and preparing have a definite effect on the texture and flavor of the finished product. Peanut butter of good quality may now be easily found.

To that rare school of good cooks whose mantle has descended from grandmother to daughter the use of peanut butter in ordinary cookery is a new thing. In the majority of families this excellent food has not got beyond the sandwich-spread stage. It has been left to the newer schools of cookery and to the venturesome souls whose kitchens are their kingdoms of research to discover that peanut butter has a wide usefulness.

As a sandwich-filling peanut butter won its first claim to a place in the food life of men, women and children. It is easy to use, hearty and nourishing, and has a flavor universally liked. For the school lunch, for the lunch away from home or for the bridge-party refreshments it is a ready answer to the sandwich question.

Peanut butter makes a delicious excuse for serving a thick cream soup. It gives both body and flavor to a soup of plain stock. It is a perfect supplement to corn and wheat products—muffins, scones, cookies, wafers and the like. It has made sandwiches and even plain bread and butter more popular than ever before. In vegetable hash, loaves and a number of "main-dish" recipes, it has a place. As an appetizer its salty, nutty flavor is welcome in canapés or salads. Added to French dressing it makes quite a new salad of the familiar vegetable or fruit combination with which it may be used. In home-made candy it makes a delicious fudge.

HOW TO USE PEANUT BUTTER

If oil rises to the top of the container in which the peanut butter is kept, do not pour it off. Stir or beat it back into the butter again.

Avoid using too large quantities of the butter, because it has greatly concentrated flavor and food value. It is a rich food and so delicious that one can quite easily eat too much and be sickened of it forever after. One must also choose foods of not too strong flavor to combine with it, so that the peanut flavor may predominate.

In combining peanut butter with other foods, as in batters or dough mixtures, it is advisable to melt the fat and mix thoroughly with the peanut butter so as to be sure that they are smoothly and evenly distributed.

In making sauces or soups it is better to mix the fat and the peanut butter together and then add them to the hot liquid, stirring until smooth. All soups and sauces containing peanut butter should be beaten with an egg-beater of the Dover type to give a smooth, creamy mixture.

As a spread for sandwiches most peanut butters are much improved by thinning with cream or salad-dressing.

CREAM-OF-PEANUT-BUTTER SOUP

1 pint milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons peanut butter
2 tablespoons flour
Salt
Pepper
Onion-juice

Heat the milk. Cream the butter and peanut butter together. Moisten the flour with a little cold milk and stir until smooth. Add the flour to the hot milk, stirring constantly to keep it smooth. Add the peanut butter, season, beat well and serve.

PEANUT SOUP

1 pint good soup stock
3 tablespoons tomato catchup
⅓ cup peanut butter
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Add the hot soup stock to the peanut butter a little at a time. Mix thoroughly and combine with the other ingredients. Serve with toast sticks.

PEANUT-BUTTER LOAF

1 cup ground raw carrots
1 cup tomatoes
1 cup boiled rice
1 green pepper or pimiento minced
⅔ cup peanut butter
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 cup bread-crums
2 tablespoons bacon fat
Salt, pepper

Mix the ingredients together thoroughly and bake in an individual bread-tin in a moderate oven for an hour. Turn out on a hot platter and serve with brown sauce.

Concluded on page 64

Two "Onyx" styles worth remembering when next you buy hosiery



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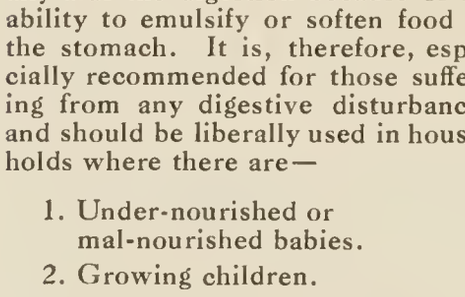
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Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

PEANUT-BUTTER DELICACIES

Concluded from page 63



For batters and doughs, melt the fat and combine it with the peanut butter

BROWN SAUCE

1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 bouillon cube
1 tablespoon horse-radish sauce
Salt, pepper

Add the bouillon cube to the hot water. Blend the flour with the hot butter and add to the hot liquid. Stir until smooth. Season to taste and serve.

PEANUT-BUTTER RABBIT

1 cup strained tomato
4 tablespoons peanut butter
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon onion-juice
2 tablespoons grated cheese
4 drops tabasco sauce
Salt
Paprika

Heat the tomato. Melt the butter, cream it with the peanut butter and add to the hot tomato. Stir until smooth. Add the cheese and seasonings. When the cheese has melted and just before serving, beat well with a Dover egg-beater. Serve hot on thin slices of toasted bread or crackers which have been heated until crisp. Garnish with parsley.

PEANUT-BUTTER SCONES

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons fat
1 egg
⅓ cup milk

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Cream the fat and the peanut butter. Add the milk and the beaten egg. Combine the two mixtures and turn out on a floured board. Roll lightly in a sheet one-fourth inch in thickness. Cut in rounds, spread evenly with the peanut filling and put together in pairs. Press the edges together, brush with melted butter and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Serve hot for afternoon tea, luncheon or supper.

FILLING FOR SCONES

¼ cup cream cheese
¼ cup peanut butter
Salt and lemon-juice to taste

Rub the ingredients together to form a paste.

PEANUT-BUTTER MUFFINS

4 tablespoons fat
5 tablespoons peanut butter
1 cup corn-meal
1 cup sour milk
2 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon soda
¾ teaspoon salt
1 egg

Melt the fat and the peanut butter together and mix well. Add the milk, then the dry ingredients, mixed and sifted together. Add the beaten egg and bake in greased muffin-tins.

PEANUT-BUTTER COOKIES

⅓ cup peanut butter
3 tablespoons fat
1 cup sugar
1 egg
¼ cup sour milk
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking-powder
1¾ cups flour

Melt the fat, add the peanut butter and cream well together. Add the sugar and beat well; then add the beaten egg and the milk. Mix and sift the dry ingredients; then combine the two mixtures gradually. Turn out on a floured board and roll into a sheet one-eighth inch in thickness. Cut in rounds. Place on a greased baking-sheet, being careful not to let the cookies touch one another. Bake until brown in a quick oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit). Four halves of peanuts placed on top of each cookie radiating from the center make a nice decoration. The recipe will make fifty cookies.

PEANUT-BUTTER TOAST

Add mayonnaise dressing to peanut butter until it is thin enough to spread easily. Spread on slices of hot toast. Lay two thin slices of bacon on each slice and place in the oven until the bacon is crisp.

VIRGINIA CANAPÉ

Place a slice of tomato one inch thick on a round of toasted bread. Add enough melted butter to peanut butter to make it soft enough to spread. Cover the tomato with this mixture. Sprinkle well with grated cheese and place in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until the cheese is melted.

ORIENTAL SANDWICHES

½ cup dates
¼ cup cream cheese
¼ cup peanut butter
Mayonnaise dressing

Steam, stone and chop the dates. Add cheese and peanut butter with just enough mayonnaise dressing to make the mixture spread easily. Use as a filling between thin slices of buttered bread cut in any desired shape.

FRUIT-AND-CABBAGE SALAD WITH PEANUT-BUTTER DRESSING

1 pint shredded cabbage
1 banana
1 tart apple

Slice the banana, dice the apple without paring it and combine with the cabbage. Toss lightly together and serve with peanut-butter dressing on lettuce.

PEANUT-BUTTER DRESSING

¾ cup salad-oil
¼ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ cup peanut butter

Place all the ingredients in a small glass fruit-jar; seal and shake to mix thoroughly.

PEANUT-BUTTER FUDGE

3 cups sugar
1¼ cups milk
2 tablespoons glucose or white sirup
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons peanut butter

Boil the sugar, milk and sirup until a little dropped in cold water will make a soft ball. Remove from the fire and add butter and peanut butter. Stir thoroughly. Pour out on a moistened marble slab or greased platter. When cool, stir with a spatula, and when stiff knead until smooth. Shape and cut into squares.

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Snow Pudding

(Serves six people)

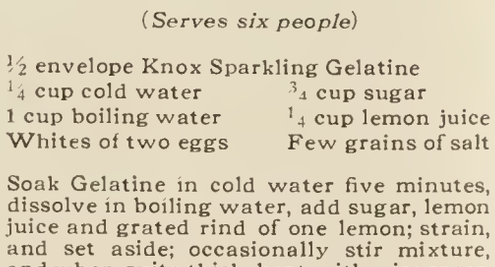
½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
Whites of two eggs
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
Few grains of salt

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain, and set aside; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk, until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Then put in a mold or dish, first dipped in cold water. Chill and serve with boiled custard or a fruit sauce.

Note: The quantity of gelatine left in the package will make three more desserts or salads, each serving six people.

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3 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat—*Vegetarian*
4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans
5 Heinz Peanut Butter
6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup
8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti
10 Heinz Cooked Macaroni
11 Heinz Mince Meat
12 Heinz Plum Pudding
13 Heinz Fig Pudding
14 Heinz Cherry Preserves
15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
16 Heinz Peach Preserves
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
22 Heinz Apple Butter
23 Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly
24 Heinz Currant Jelly
25 Heinz Grape Jelly
26 Heinz Quince Jelly
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32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins
33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives
40 Heinz Ripe Olives
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
44 Heinz Chili Sauce
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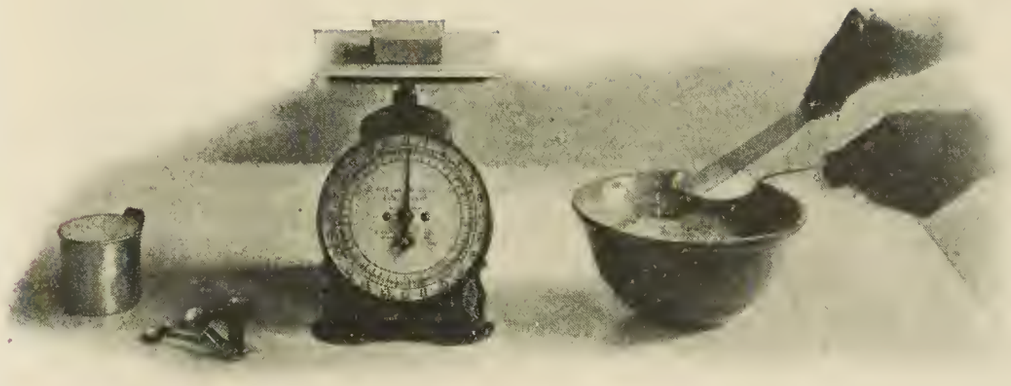
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Reliable scales, a half-pint measuring-cup, spoons of various sizes and a knife to scrape off the surplus are essential for accuracy

DO YOUR RECIPES FAIL?

By Reena L. Roberts

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

"I USED the cake recipe that you gave me, but my cake isn't like yours. Yours was so light and moist; mine is compact and dry. I don't see why I have such bad luck! And I did everything the recipe said, too."

This is a scrap of conversation that I heard in Mrs. Smith's kitchen only a few mornings ago. I couldn't help wondering if Mrs. Smith really had done everything the recipe said. How often have we all used what has been called a "tested" recipe—only to find that its use was disappointing, that the biscuits ran all over the pan instead of holding their shape, or that they were too terribly tough?

Last Summer I visited a friend who served sugar-cookies at tea. "We call these York cookies," she said, "because I make them by the same rule that my sister who lives in York uses."

"But they are different from hers!" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, I know! It must be because I vary the ingredients a bit; but I have no real way of telling!"

I wonder how often we do "vary the ingredients a bit," even when we have no intention of so doing.

All standard recipes call for level measurements. If you round your teaspoon with soda, you have really used two teaspoons of soda—a fatal thing in some cases. A well-packed cup of flour equals almost two cups of sifted flour. A cup simply dipped in the flour-bin but not packed will equal a cup and a half of the sifted kind. But modern recipes call for sifted flour! So if you would have your cooking a success, use level measurements and sift your flour once before measuring.

What kind of utensils do you use with which to measure? Do you use teacups, coffee-cups or measuring-cups? Try this test: Take a teacup, fill it with water and then pour it into a measuring-cup. You find the latter is only about three-quarters filled. Try doing the same thing again, only this time use a coffee-cup. You have enough water to fill the measuring-cup and more!

If the recipe you are cooking calls for one-half cup of milk and you have used a teacup to put your milk in, how do you know when you have exactly a half-cup? A cup that appears to be half full would probably not be, since the bottom is smaller than the top.

A graduated measuring-cup that holds exactly one-half pint of liquid would do away with any such lack of accuracy. The most useful kind to buy is that which is divided into thirds and fourths. These may be bought in tin, aluminum or glass.

To show you how much difference in the final product can be made by variations in the utensils used for measurement, look at the pictures of the muffins on this page. They were all made from the same recipe! Those with the "peaks" were made with flour measured as it was dipped from the bin but not sifted; those that are fallen were made with flour that was sifted but measured in a teacup; the well-rounded, delicious-looking ones were made with flour properly sifted once and measured in a standard cup. Are not such variations to be expected if the amounts of the ingredients vary so much?

To-day you can buy measuring-spoons that come in sets of three: a measure for one-fourth, for one-half and for one teaspoon. Then if you have a standard tablespoon—not a dessert-spoon, which is one-third smaller than a tablespoon—and if you know that three teaspoons equal one tablespoon, sixteen tablespoons equal one cup and two cups equal one pint, you have a set of measures that will guard you against failures due to inaccurate measures.



One-fourth cup of butter as measured in two cups

For cooking in large quantities, it is better to weigh ingredients rather than to trust to measures of volume. Reliable scales can be bought from any dealer of kitchen goods. Scales should always be left in balance. Each kind has a particular way of being regulated which the housewife should have her dealer show her at the time of purchase.

"But," I hear you say, "I know many old cooks, excellent cooks at that, who have never used any of these standardized articles for measuring!"

Of course! Only they really do measure very carefully, in spite of the fact that they tell you that they use "about one-half cup of milk." They have measured the "about one-half cup" so long in whatever utensil they use that they are sure of the amount. Let the cup break or the necessity for cooking in a kitchen other than their own occur and until they adjust themselves to the change their cooking does not meet your expectations.

Standardized measuring equipment eliminates the uncertainty of the result of your recipe. Measure carefully, and your chances of success will be greater.



These three batches of muffins were made from the same recipe. The variations in size and appearance are due to inaccurate measurements



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THIS LOOKS COMICAL *to people who don't realize what a tragedy it may be. Toothache, which may have caused it, is a tragedy. It is a tragedy when first teeth, lost too early, make second teeth come in crooked or in the wrong position. That can change the whole appearance of the face.*

Your child's toothache is *your* fault



Children's teeth should not decay or come out long before the second teeth are cut. First teeth should come out easily and without pain. When your child's teeth ache, decay, have to be pulled, or come out early, it is because *you* have failed to teach the use of the right brush in the right way.

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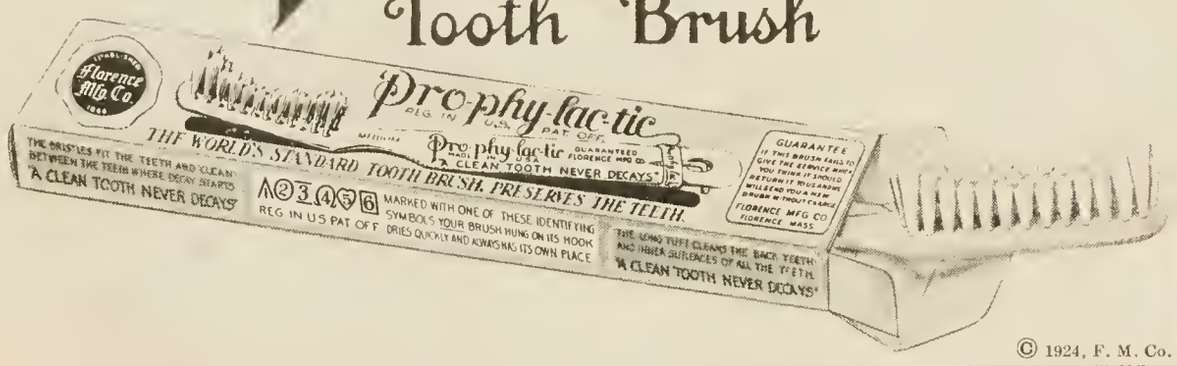
The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach all teeth, and the crevices between them.



The large end tuft cleans the back of teeth, especially the backs of the back teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Tooth Brush



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ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX "A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"

APRIL KITCHEN CALENDAR

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

LENTEN DISHES: If the problem of Lenten dishes becomes acute during the last week or two before Easter, remember that large and useful family of canned fish: salmon, tuna, sardines, crabmeat and lobster. Their possibilities are numerous.

Kippered herring, too, is a good pre-Easter friend. Although most often entertained at breakfast, it might well be concocted into a luncheon salad. It is especially good when boiled, boned, shredded and combined with minced celery, green pepper and hard-cooked eggs.

Easter and Springtime Salads: The Easter holidays themselves are the cause of many thoughtful puckers in the food-maker's brow. Easter luncheons, Easter parties and Easter menus seem to demand an original touch which too often becomes most elusive when most desired. The lily emblem may be achieved in a salad by making a cornucopia of tender white inner leaves of lettuce, filling it with cream cheese, and making stamens and pistils of mayonnaise. (For decorative purposes on cakes, it may be made of stiff unboiled frosting shaped with the fingers.)

Or if preferred, an Easter egg may be developed of aspic or gelatin molded in empty egg-shells, which can be removed after the mixture has hardened. These gelatin eggs, or genuine cold hard-boiled eggs, may be dipped in mayonnaise to which has been added a fourth of a teaspoon of gelatin to a cup of dressing. This gives a foundation which will hold any kind of decorative garnishing that may be desired for the eggs.

With the coming of Spring the mind of the menu-maker turns lightly to thoughts of salad. An early comer is the colorful one made from unpeeled radishes cut in thin, almost transparent slices, green onions cut in the same way and mixed with French dressing and minced parsley. A gay little radish should be placed atop each salad to flaunt the coming of Spring in the face of any jaded appetite that may appear at the table.

And speaking of salads, let us pause to remember that the three C's of all salad erudition are cleanness, coolness and crispness.

As lighter salads of fresh succulent vegetables and fruits come into season, a lighter salad-dressing, French or whipped cream, will be more popular.

Plain French dressing may be varied in numerous ways. Grated cheese adds a distinctive flavor, and a pungent taste is given by chopped parsley, green peppers, taragon and similar savory greens.

If the dressing is made before the meal, the addition of a small amount of egg-white, beaten with the oil and vinegar, will make the emulsion more permanent.

Sometime try adding bits of cut fruit, fresh strawberries, pineapple, cherries or what not, and using them over lettuce hearts.

When a bit of tonic flavor is needed to give a meal emphasis, try a salad of the tender inner leaves of dandelions shredded and combined with chopped green onions and an oil dressing.

Every salad is just that much clear gain on the vitamin side of the ledger. It's the fresh uncooked vegetables that contain the profit; and one may as well start the season with a good balance on hand.

Eggs: It is a fortunate thing that the season of plenty of eggs at reasonable prices coincides so well with the Lenten season. The endless variations of egg dishes (recipes given elsewhere in this issue) make it almost impossible to commit that insult to appetite of serving eggs the same way twice in succession.

The Spring Kitchen: Spring cleaning may mean a new coat of paint for the kitchen woodwork, the kitchen chairs or the table. The home-maker's work-shop must be a cheery place at all costs. But before you paint, make sure you have filled all holes or cracks that might act as dirt catchers.

Odds and Ends: Paper towels in the kitchen are an innovation that may make an easier Summer.

It's none too early to look to the screens and see that they are in good condition. It's easier to keep the first fly out than to get rid of a host of its relatives.

Finally, this bit of philosophy, which comes from no less a source than Aristotle, and is good kitchen logic notwithstanding its origin: "The end of labor is to gain leisure."

A little time and effort given to organizing the season's kitchen work will achieve greater results with less effort—and bring the desired leisure.

MENUS FOR EASTER

By Jessie Boys

These menus are based on the score-card shown on page 20 of this issue. The article has been edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WHEN Lent comes to an end, the housewife, whose imagination has been taxed to supply attractive and satisfying dishes appropriate to the season, welcomes suggestions for Easter meals that are easy to prepare, dietetically sound and esthetically satisfying.

Every one expects to eat eggs on Easter Sunday, but they will appeal to the appetite more if they are "dressed up" to accord with the rest of the world.

Eggs gain a different flavor when poached in milk or meat stock. For salads they may be sliced, cut in sections lengthwise, coarsely chopped, or the yolk and white riced separately. Eggs may be used alone or combined with vegetables to give a colorful effect; flowers or fruits may be suggested by the arrangement. Hard-cooked eggs creamed and served on toast or made into croquettes provide a satisfying luncheon dish, and a garnish of grated cheese and chopped parsley or green pepper adds variety in flavor.

In many localities the first green vegetables appear in the markets at this time and do much to add zest to the Easter dinner.

The Easter menus that follow are not only appropriate to the day but are based on the requirements of the dietetic score-card—that is, they include the necessary milk, vegetables, fruit and whole cereals.

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Pinhead Oats Brown Sugar Top Milk
Eggs Poached in Milk and Served on Whole-Wheat Toast
Coffee Milk

DINNER

Cream of Spinach Soup Cheese Wafers
Baked Chicken
Mashed Potatoes Brown Gravy
Buttered Asparagus
Lettuce and Watercress Salad
French Dressing
Graham Muffins Jelly Butter
Orange-Gelatin Eggs Whipped Cream
Candied Orange Peel Roasted Almonds
Coffee Milk

SUPPER

Egg-and-Lettuce Sandwiches
Cocoa with Whipped Cream
Rhubarb Sauce Angel-Cake

NOTE—*If there is any dish in these menus for which you would like a recipe, the home-making editor will be very glad to send it to you. Write her care of The Home-Makers' Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



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On a salad of lettuce, fruit or cold vegetables—FRENCH DRESSING is the simplest—and at the same time the most sophisticated—of all dressings.

6 tablespoonfuls of Wesson Oil
2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or vinegar
⅓ teaspoonful of salt
A few grains each of paprika and pepper

Stir Well!

Add a little chopped onion or crumbled cheese or the yolk of a hard boiled egg, or chives, or mustard, or Worcestershire Sauce or any seasoning, to give this dressing a new relish when you want a change.

YOU SHOULD EAT BETTER BREAD

By Flora Rose

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

A NOTED nutritionist has said that too exclusive a diet of bread, meat and potatoes is the dietary sin of Americans. This does not condemn any one of these foods. Each has undisputed value and should play an important rôle in the day's meals. It may not even mean that we are eating too much of any or all of these foods.

The sin with which we are charged is one of omission. It is not *in* themselves, but *by* themselves that bread, meat and potatoes are wrong. If the human machine is to hit on all cylinders, the food values that are in milk, vegetables and fruits are also necessary.

One simple way of helping things along is through better bread. See that every bit of bread eaten in your household carries with it some of the nutrients which wheat, meat and potatoes lack. Some commercial baking concerns have already begun to do this with distinct success. Why not try it in bread made at home?

Make bread with good rich whole-milk instead of water, and use an abundance of yeast in making it. Just these two simple changes will materially improve it.

Go further than this, however, if any member of the family is a bread-meat-and-potatoes victim. Continue using milk instead of water, and in addition to this use some powdered milk in place of part of the flour, so as to include even more milk than the bread can carry in liquid form. Use one, two, or if you will, three cakes of yeast for each loaf of bread; and, if this better bread is to be best, make it with two-thirds whole-wheat flour and one-third white flour. When you have done these things, your bread will have risen to the ranks of a personage in the food family because of its greater possibilities of service to your family.

NOTE—*If you are interested in making good bread and want help or advice, write the Home-Makers' Department,* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply.*

THE COOKERY PRIMER

Answers to questions asked by home-makers

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

QUESTION: What does the blue Government stamp on meat indicate?

Answer: The blue stamp means that the meat so stamped has been "inspected and passed" by Government meat inspectors; that it has been produced from healthy animals and prepared in sanitary establishments in accordance with all Government requirements.

Question: How should meat be cared for in the home?

Answer: 1. When meat arrives from the market, remove it from the paper in which it is wrapped.

2. With a sharp knife or a pair of shears remove all dried or tainted parts.

3. Place it on an enamel or porcelain dish and remove to the refrigerator or other cool place. Do not place meat directly on the ice, because this causes loss of the juices. Always protect meat from flies.

4. If for any reason you think the meat will not keep until you are ready to use it, partially cook it either by plunging it into boiling water or by searing it on all sides in a hot iron pan or in a hot oven. Allow it to cool thoroughly before setting it in the refrigerator.

Question: In making a large amount of white sauce, why is it necessary to heat the liquid before adding it to the flour and butter mixture; whereas in making a small amount of sauce, the liquid may be added cold?

Answer: In adding the liquid to a white sauce it is usually wise to add the liquid gradually and to stir constantly until the mixture boils. This prevents lumping and gives a smooth result. But it also means that the length of time one stirs is equal to the amount of time it takes to bring the liquid to the boiling-point. When a small amount of liquid is used, it does not take long to become heated to the boiling-point, and so it hardly seems to require the extra utensil (which would require washing) to scald the milk. But if a large quantity of liquid were used, a long time of stirring would be required to bring it to the boiling-point. Consequently, time is saved by putting the milk in the top of a double boiler and letting it scald before adding it to the roux.

Question: Is an aluminum kettle all right to use for acid fruits, such as grapes and apples, in making jellies and jams?

Answer: An aluminum kettle is perfectly safe to use for cooking acid fruits. There has been a wide-spread rumor to the effect that acids should not be cooked in aluminum, but scientific investigations which have been made show that there is no danger whatever from the use of aluminum with the ordinary food acids. Should your aluminum be badly discolored or stained, it might be better to use porcelain-lined utensils for making jelly or jams, as the acids of the fruit tend to take up the stain from the aluminum and this affects the color of the product.

While ordinary acids do not attack aluminum to any appreciable degree, alkalis have a very strong action on this metal and for this reason it is never well to try to clean aluminum utensils with strong soda solutions.

Question: Should the breadsticks or wafers that are to be eaten with the salad course be placed on the plate with the salad or passed on a separate plate?

Answer: Either form of service is correct. There is no set rule in this, as in many other niceties of table service. One should be guided by the type of salad served and the ease of service. If there is room for the wafer on the salad-plate without crowding, if the wafer is not likely to become moistened by the salad and if it seems simpler and less confusing to serve the accompaniment to the salad in this way, there is no possible objection to its being done.

Question: I have tried making almond paste but can not get a smooth paste. How can I keep the oil from separating from the nuts?

Answer: It is easier and probably as economical to purchase almond paste as to make it. However, if you can not obtain it or prefer to make it at home, blanch the nuts and keep them in a warm place for several hours before pounding them. Pound in a mortar, moistening with white of egg frequently to prevent the oil settling out. When pounded to a paste, roll with a rolling-pin to make a smooth paste.

Question: How is the sauce made that is served with oyster or shrimp cocktail in restaurants?

Answer: Although proportions and combinations of ingredients probably vary in these sauces, a good sauce for cocktails of this kind may be made from one-half cup of tomato catchup seasoned with two tablespoons each of horseradish and tabasco sauce, a dash of cayenne and the juice of a lemon. The sauce should be thoroughly chilled before serving.

Many foods, good to the eye and to the palate, are so soft and creamy that they lull the gums to sleep, as it were, and fail to give them that blood-rousing stimulation that rougher, coarser foods once gave.



How soft foods ruin the health of your teeth and gums

RESEARCHES prove that we, as a nation, give more attention to our teeth than any other people in the world.

And yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that our dental profession is acknowledged to be far and away the superior of any other, the advance of oral hygiene is discouragingly slow.

General tooth health is not increasing. Troubles of the *gingiva* (gum structure) seem to be on the rise.

Undoubtedly the lack of hard physical work and the racking nervous tension of modern life are partly to blame, but the greatest foe to the health of your teeth and your gums is the food that you eat. *For it does not stimulate the gums.*

How Ipana protects the health of your gums

THIS modern food of ours may be delicious, but it's soft. It does not give the brisk exercise that rough, coarse food once gave. It does not stir your gums to health. Probably you eat it hastily. That, too, cheats the gums of exercise, of stimulation. Gums become soft and pampered. The toothbrush begins to "show pink." And then follows that train of tooth troubles showing such an alarming rate of increase today—those troubles whose source is a weakened gum structure, and whose course, if unchecked, leads straight from gingivitis to pyorrhea.

How Ipana helps to build sound gum tissue

Recognizing the great need for fighting soft and bleeding gums, thousands of dentists now use and prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many practitioners have written us that in especially stubborn cases of bleeding gums, they prescribe a thorough daily massage of the gums with Ipana *after* the regular brushing with Ipana.

For in strengthening soft gums and healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Throughout the country ziratol is used by dentists, after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and congested gums their normal tonicity. Indeed, Ipana, in the relatively short time that it has been before the profession, has proved itself to be the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush.

Send for a trial tube free

From the sample you can judge, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine, free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable power to clean safely and thoroughly, but you can judge too, its delightful flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

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A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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How Thousands Of Women Have Made Their Hair Beautiful

Why you, too, can have beautiful hair—soft, silky, wavy—full of life and lustre.

YOU see beautiful hair everywhere today. Hair that is softer, silkier, brighter, more charming and more attractive.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

HOW WE ORGANIZED OUR AMATEUR DRAMATICS

By DELINEATOR Readers

NOTE—*Have you ever wished there was an amateur dramatic society in your town? There can be—if you wish it! These three letters relate how three different but successful groups of players were organized. Their stories were told as special entries for* THE DELINEATOR'S *prize of fifty dollars (offered in June, 1923) for the best letter of not more than five hundred words on the topic "How We Organized Amateur Dramatics." The requirements of this contest called for accounts of "the giving of good plays at regular intervals by adults."*

"THE VAGABONDS" OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

By ADELE GUTMAN NATHAN

WHEN people ask me how to start a Little Theater, I always answer that the way to begin is "to begin." A Little Theater, like a wedding, must be undertaken in a spirit of enthusiasm and courage—nor need it be the courage of many: "The Vagabonds" was started by two people. In a way, both were especially qualified by their interests: the one, Mr. Sax, was all for the art end; the other, myself, was for the dramatic. But what mattered this when we were both almost totally without experience?

However, nothing daunted, we walked the streets in search of our theater; and one evening in the Spring of 1916 we found the very place. It was an ex-bar on a prominent down-town street. Jointly we underwrote the rent, two hundred and fifty dollars, for five months. The next day we launched our publicity campaign, announcing that "The Vagabond Players," an organization of actors, authors, artists and producers interested in presenting plays which otherwise would not be seen in Baltimore, was opening its season in October and asking for season subscriptions. The price was ten dollars for a single season subscription to five bills or fifteen dollars for two subscriptions.

No sooner were the announcements posted than not only subscribers but workers began to gather.

We determined to give a majority of one-act plays and to have each bill held together by some thread of thought. The first bill presented three plays about the arts: "The Artist," by H. L. Mencken, a play about musicians; "Ryland," a play about paintings, and "The Merry Death," a play about actors.

Our players contested for parts, and other amateurs, the very best from clubs, colleges, schools and churches, came to try. I made it a point to be in the audience of every amateur show which was given that Spring, and if any one in the cast seemed promising, I wrote and invited her or him to join with us. The art director did the same with artists and exhibitors.

We presented each group of plays eight times. Our little place held only eighty-three people, but it was filled at every performance. And when the Spring of 1917 came, "The Vagabonds" were on their feet financially as well as artistically, with seven hundred dollars in the bank.

They are now in their own Little Theater, a charming converted stable. And there they stand firm, one of the oldest Little Theaters in the United States.

THE COMMUNITY ARTS ASSOCIATION OF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

By MRS. MICHEL A. LEVY

IN AUGUST, 1920, a group of a dozen men and women in Santa Barbara interested in the expression of the arts met informally and organized The Community Arts Association of Santa Barbara.

The purposes of this association were announced to be education, recreation and self-expression in the allied arts. There were no dues at first, but fifty dollars was advanced by the chairman and the group pledged themselves to be self-supporting—a pledge they have kept ever since.

A board of directors of nine members was selected and subcommittees were formed for publicity, play-reading, casting, costuming and art setting.

Just a month after organization three one-act plays were produced: "Suppressed Desires," "Men in the Stalls" and "Drums of Oudh." The actors were drawn from all walks of life. A definite policy was established of announcing tryouts in the daily papers and in programs and of permitting *any* capable person to try for a part.

The scenery was designed by a famous artist. Properties and costumes were loaned by business houses and private homes. And two performances, Saturday afternoon and evening, were given to almost capacity houses at a regular commercial theater seating over eleven hundred.

Later a publicity and a technical director were added to the paid staff and a smoothly running business organization was perfected. We even instituted an allied activity under the name of the Community Arts Orchestra.

The second season insured the permanence of our association. During the last month of this season a campaign was run to raise money for a theater of our own, and in less than three weeks' time we had collected $125,000 and bought a permanent site. Since then an additional sum has been obtained and work is now proceeding on a $225,000 building.

The end of our third year sees a substantial balance in the treasury, an accumulation of valuable scenery and costumes, an audience of two thousand to three thousand at each production and a partially attained ideal to lead not only in the art of the theater but also in community recreation and democratic self-expression.

"THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS" OF ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

By MRS. STERL C. YETTER

"THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS" of Ontario, California, was organized about three years ago.

Certain people who were interested in forming a local dramatic society gave a public reception at which the project was discussed. Over a hundred people attended. Membership cards were signed and a fee of one dollar charged for each member. This gave the organizers enough money to start, and shortly afterward they voted on a committee of five to choose a play.

Tryouts were held on two nights, thus giving every one interested a chance to show his ability. Those not caring to take acting parts volunteered their services for making costumes and stage settings and for lending furniture and other necessary articles.

In connection with our dramatics we instituted a "make-up class," in which the amateur actors and actresses learn to put on their grease-paints and wrinkles correctly, thereby eliminating the cost of hiring some one to make them up.

Rehearsals are always held at night for the convenience of those who work. In some instances the entire cast has been made up of people who are busy all day and can give their time only at night.

As the high school has always been a community center, its auditorium is used for performances, and consequently there is none of the expense of renting a hall. The admission fee is about the same as that charged for regular high-school plays.

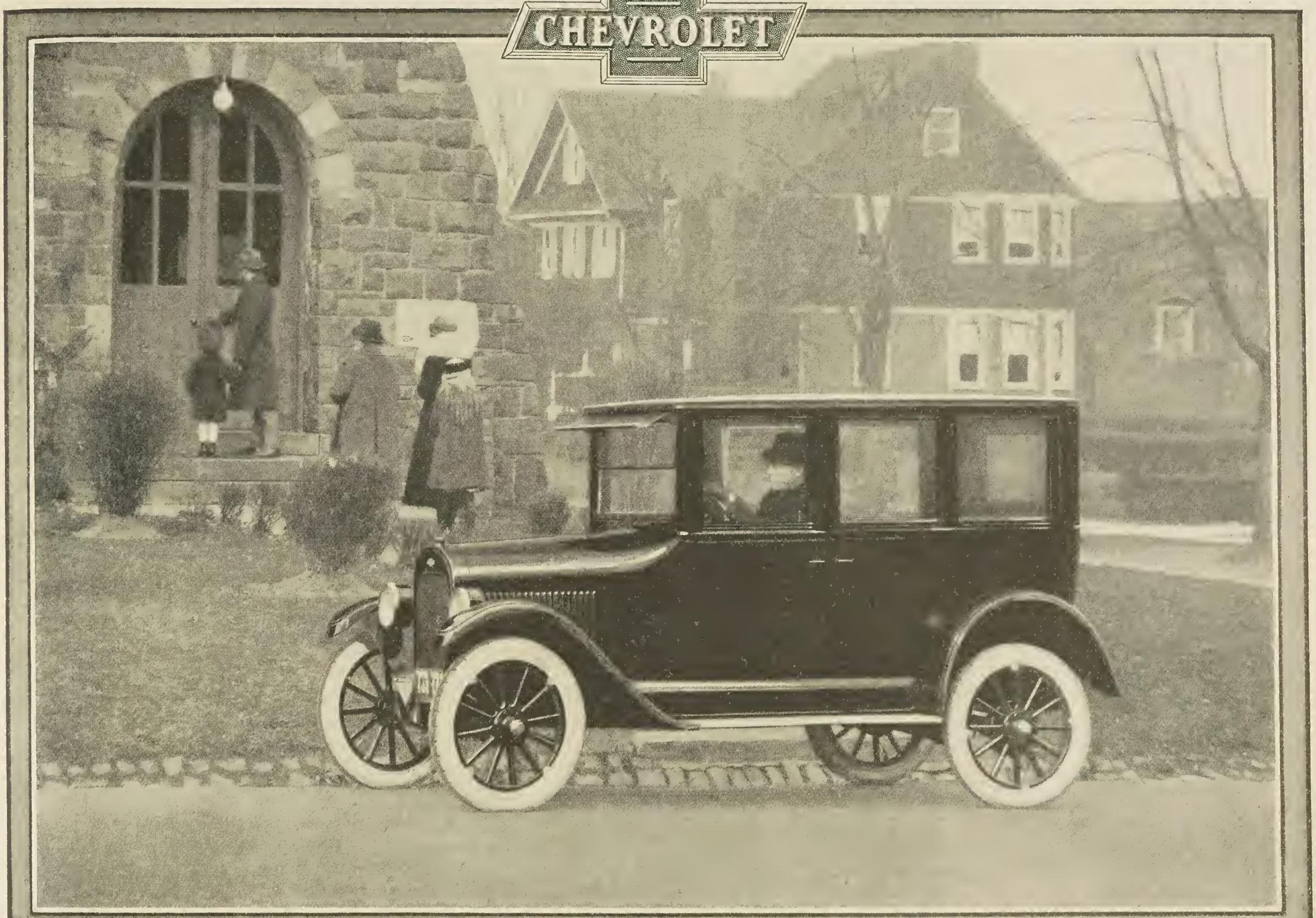
Some of the best-known plays that the Ontario Community Players have given are "Quality Street," "Come Out of the Kitchen," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," "Little Women" and "Belinda."

All of these have been more than successful. In each case two performances, and sometimes three, have been given to full houses.

The plays have had not only a financial but a moral success as well. They have brought together all classes of people in friendly gatherings and have created greater interest and cooperation in our community than ever was known before.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



The Economical Quality Car

When low priced cars came on the market, PRICE was the magnet that drew buyers because low price made automobiles possible for millions hitherto debarred from the advantages of motor transportation.

Time and experience have developed the fact that purchase price—although an important factor—must always be considered in connection with operating and maintenance costs.

Chevrolet prices are not the lowest on the market, yet Chevrolet economical transportation averages lowest in cost. This average cost considers the purchase price, interest on investment, depreciation and all operating and maintenance costs.

A detailed comparison with any other car in the low priced field will convince you that Chevrolet is the best buy because of its superior quality and because the purchase price includes full equipment.

More than a million Chevrolets are now in use. Twelve huge plants are now building them at the rate of 2500 per working day. Nearly one-half million Chevrolets were bought in 1923—far exceeding in number the sales of any other quality car.

Thus, our statements have the strongest possible backing, namely, the faith and patronage of the American people who know automobiles and know practical values better than any other people on earth.

Let any one of our seven thousand dealers show you our 7 types of cars and explain how easy it is to get one and enjoy its use.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster	$490	Superior Sedan	$795
Superior Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Five Minutes after you brush your teeth *they need to be cleaned again*

A simple way to bring back the protective functions of the mouth and keep your teeth clean *all of the time*







Beautiful, white teeth stay beautiful only in a healthy mouth. Thousands of men and women say, with Pebeco they are finding out for the first time the refreshing feeling of a clean, healthy mouth.

THE surest way to protect your teeth against decay is to get your mouth into a healthy, self-protective condition.

The salivary glands will keep your teeth cleaner than you can brush them. For the fluids from these glands neutralize the mouth acids as fast as they form. It is these acids that are the chief cause of decay, physicians say.

The salivary glands cannot do this work without help. They need more exercise than our present-day diet gives them to make them equal to counteracting the acids.

Pebeco overcomes this difficulty by gently stimulating the salivary glands. It makes them work in a normal, healthy fashion.

Your mouth, your gums healthy —your teeth always clean

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow freely. They wash all through the mouth; in between the teeth where the tooth brush cannot reach. They thoroughly neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity. Pebeco is made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists.



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Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco and your booklet which explains the importance of the mouth glands in keeping the mouth healthy and the teeth white and strong.

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HEARTY VEGETABLE DISHES

To be used when potatoes are scarce

By Louise Rice

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THE typical American family will not easily be drawn from the dinner potato while that vegetable is to be had at its best, but when potatoes are scarce and poor, and in the warm weather, when you sometimes want to have one filling vegetable dish for the chief dish of the meal, there are many hearty vegetables and cereals that are the potato's just competitors. Different varieties of dried beans and peas, hominy, rice, macaroni and spaghetti may be served in palatable dishes that will find special favor on potatoless menus; some of these dishes may form the main dish of the meal.

RED KIDNEY-BEANS

To many of us the bean means only the so-called "Navy," which is the standard for "Boston baked." However, this is but one of the interesting bean family. The red kidney-bean, for instance, which is known chiefly as a canned product, is also a real standby when bought dry, by the pound, and cooked properly.

Red kidney-beans need to be soaked much longer than other varieties (a day and a night is not too long) and then boiled at the slowest possible tempo for a day. (One pint of beans to four pints of water is a good proportion.) Salt to flavor should be added toward the end of the cooking process. If carefully stirred, the beans will come out all but whole, their interiors creamy white and mealy. They are then the foundation for a number of delicious hearty dishes.

RED KIDNEY-BEANS AND BACON

Fry six slices of bacon, not too thin. Remove from the pan and make a small amount of gravy by browning a tablespoon of flour in the hot fat. Add a cup of hot water or thin broth, cook until fairly thick and pour over three cups of cooked kidney-beans. If the bacon is served on a bed of boiled cabbage, a nutritious and well-balanced dinner will be ready.

CHILLI CON CARNE

To cook this dish in a way that will appeal to palates not hardened to the peppery Mexican cooking, soak and boil the kidney-beans as directed, adding a bay-leaf and a thick slice of bacon or good sweet bacon rind. In another pot try out a piece of suet as large as an egg and when the fat is smoking hot drop into it two pounds of very lean beef cut in cubes about an inch square. Add a good-sized onion sliced very thin and a point of garlic minced to a pulp. (Do not allow prejudice against this little-known vegetable to deter you from trying it in this dish. When the chilli con carne is cooked, there will be no trace of the garlic except a delicate new flavor which every one will enjoy.) Add just enough water to cover the meat and let it simmer until done. Put the contents of the two pots together, take out the bacon rind, add a teaspoon of salt and eight finely chopped chilli peppers (skin and all) and let the pot simmer for half an hour. It is the chilli peppers that give the distinction to this dish. As a family becomes accustomed to this taste, the number of peppers may be increased gradually. Chilli con carne is a complete dinner in itself with the addition of a salad.

RED KIDNEY-BEANS AND CHEESE

Red kidney-beans with cheese make a good Sunday-night supper dish. Left-over red kidney-beans may be used. Simmer a can of tomatoes until they are a thick pulp. When they are partially done, add a small green pepper, preferably, or a quarter of a good-sized onion, minced, and four chilli peppers. Warm a pint and a half of beans. Toast and butter some thin slices of bread and keep them hot. Melt a teaspoonful of butter in a small frying-pan and into this put a quarter of a pound of mild, fresh American cheese. Heat it over a very little fire until it is of the consistency of butter and then beat it into the tomatoes. Pour the tomatoes over the beans. Serve on a hot platter with the toast half-showing at the edges.

FRIED RED KIDNEY-BEANS

Mash with a fork two cups of cold cooked kidney-beans that are as dry as possible. Beat an egg into them and add enough fine bread-crums to enable you to shape them into croquettes. Roll in corn-meal and fry in deep fat until very brown and crisp. Serve with pork chops or Philadelphia scrapple.

FLAGEOLET BEANS

One of the dried beans to be found in every store where French or Italian products are sold is the flageolet (flaj-eo-lay). This is a tender variety of what we know as the string-bean, shelled and ripe. It is of a delicate green, quite small and oval. It needs only two hours of soaking in three times its own quantity of water and about two hours of boiling, and is especially good with roast of lamb. After boiling, drain off the water, add salt and pepper and melted butter to season. Flageolet beans are delicious, and though the price per pound may seem expensive they are so meaty that a pound will easily serve two dinners for an ordinary family.

BLACK-EYED PEAS

The little "black-eyed" pea—it is really a bean—is also found in most grocery-stores. It is very cheap. It is best when cooked with bacon or a piece of salt pork. Soak overnight two cups of beans in six quarts of water and cook for about six hours in the water in which they were soaked. With a boiled or fried ham and spinach it is good for Spring days, for it is not as heating as the other beans.

SPLIT PEAS

The dried peas, "split peas" that are ordinarily used for soup, are excellent as a vegetable. Soak overnight two cups of split peas in six cups of water and simmer for three or four hours, stirring carefully so as not to mash them. When they are almost done, add salt to season, a tiny pinch of sugar and a very little minced parsley. Cook in as little water as possible so that when done they will be almost dry. Serve dry with butter.

DRIED LIMA BEANS

The dried Lima bean is familiar in the well-known "Purée à la Jackson." But few seem to realize its possibilities as a substitute for potato. Soak two cups of Lima beans overnight in six cups of water and boil in salted water for about three hours until tender. The flavor of dried Lima beans is really very fine.

HOMINY

Soak two cups of hominy in two quarts of lukewarm water for two hours and cook very slowly in the same water for at least half a day. Drain and serve with butter.

MEXICAN RICE

Stew a can of tomatoes with half an onion, minced, and one bay-leaf. Add a quart of boiled rice, two chilli peppers and just a suspicion of cinnamon. Mix well and set in the oven until the top is brown.

SPAGHETTI

Either macaroni or spaghetti is a good substitute for potatoes; both are very nutritious. Spaghetti is good when boiled. Have plenty of boiling salted water in the pot and keep it boiling. Do not break the strands but start them in and then push them down in the water as the first part softens. Boil for twelve to eighteen minutes. Drain thoroughly, but do not run cold water over it, as this would remove most of the nutriment and toughen it. It is very good served with butter and seasoning, or serve with grated cheese—either American, Italian or Swiss. The tomato sauce, as given in the recipe for Mexican rice, with the addition of Italian grated cheese—either Parmesan or Roman—makes it the *spaghetti l'italienne* of the restaurant menus.

The HOOVER



Another Home-Cleaning Triumph

The owner of a Hoover has always enjoyed advantages which are denied the owner of the ordinary electric cleaner.

For The Hoover "BEATS . . . as it Sweeps, as it Cleans," and what other cleaner do you know of that does *all* these essential things?

And now, if you own a Hoover, you can enjoy the further benefit of using

The most remarkable set of air-cleaning attachments ever devised

With these new attachments you can clean your draperies, and dust the fixtures and furnishings of your home, as easily, as quickly, and as *thoroughly* as you can beat, sweep and clean your rugs.

It's only a moment's work to connect them, and no effort! You'll like the way they snap together, and *lock*. There's no chance of their working loose or parting at the joints. And they fit so easily, and snugly.

You'll be delighted with the *swivel connection*, another new feature, that permits the cleaning tool to glide around curves and relieves your hand of any twisting strains.

You'll be amazed at the force of air which flows through these new attachments. Newly designed joints, *without obstructing shoulders*, allow free passage to Hoover powerful suction.

And another thing! Even their use has been simplified! With one combined cleaning tool—the nozzle-brush—you can brush loose and suction away the dirt from almost every conceivable resting place.

As an example of the completeness of these new attachments, this nozzle-brush is encircled with a heavy rubber bumper that it may not mar any highly polished woodwork.

Other cleaning instruments are of course provided. There are, for instance, two metal tubes which enable you to reach places ordinarily inaccessible, as well as a flat fibre tool for cleaning radiators, the plaits of upholstered furniture and the like.

You'll want to see these new attachments, and there's no better place than in your home. Any Authorized Hoover Dealer will gladly demonstrate them.

And even though their cost is almost unbelievably low, it will be divided into monthly payments if you so desire.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



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that are easy to care for

WHEN you use Old English Wax you have floors as beautiful as floors can be. You have floors that every home can have, for its cost is a third of other floor finishes — measured either by money or by work.

Old English Wax goes farther, lasts longer. It prevents heel-marks and scratches. It has the softest lustre imaginable. What is more, you have the easiest floor in the world to keep up—just a touch or two on the walk-spots when they need it.

It "glides" your work away

To make waxing still easier, use the Old English Waxer-Polisher. The Old English Waxer-Polisher has this outstanding advantage: It waxes, then polishes. There is no other single-unit device like it. It glides over the floor as easily as a carpet-sweeper. It is low in cost and easy to use, and hundreds of thousands of women have proved it so. It lasts a lifetime.

But whether you use this proved Waxer-Polisher or a soft cloth, as many do, you will find Old English Wax matchless for lustre, matchless for beauty, and quite unequalled in the economies it always effects.

Sold at paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing, and department stores.

FREE TO YOU

You will receive a can of Old English Wax free if you buy an Old English Waxer-Polisher now. This new labor-saving device does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax, but merely polishes. Lasts a lifetime. If your dealer can't supply you, take advantage of our short-time offer. Mail the coupon below.

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Send for this Valuable Book—*Free*

It is full of home-beauty secrets and authoritative information on how to beautify and care for floors, linoleum, woodwork, furniture, etc.—all, in fact, that we have learned in twenty-eight years, condensed into easy reading. A valuable reference book. Mail the coupon.



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Send me, all charges paid, an Old English Waxer-Polisher with a can of Wax Free at the special time-limited price of $3.90 (Denver and West, $4.25; Canada, $4.50; Winnipeg and West, $5.00), which I enclose.

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HOW TO PLACE FURNITURE

The first principles of house decoration

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

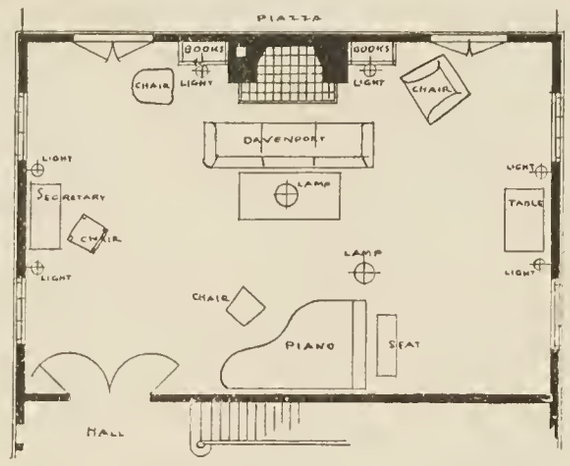
Editor, Department of House-Decoration

TO FURNISH a house successfully, a plan for the arrangement of the furniture should be decided upon before making any purchases. It is very important to know just how the new pieces of furniture are going to balance and blend with each other or, if the room is already furnished and you contemplate making additions, with the old pieces in the room.

To arrive at a basis, let us imagine that we are about to furnish a house or apartment completely, and that we have windows, doors, fireplaces, paneling and built-in features to reckon with.

The first principle of furniture arrangement is to see that all the tall pieces of furniture are not planned for one side of the room and all the short pieces for the opposite side. Disregarding the unbalanced appearance such an arrangement would of course give to the room as a whole, and visualizing the appearance of each side separately, we would immediately realize how monotonous and uninteresting such a grouping of pieces of uniform height would be. We must intermingle high with low pieces in order to secure a proper balance.





This floor-plan and illustration show the correct arrangement of appropriate furniture for a typical modern living-room

Do not become discouraged at the frequent use of the word "balance", real balance can be obtained with very little labor and careful thought. Proper balance is no more or less than objects of the same character arranged in the same manner at either side of a larger central figure. Another and more advanced meaning of the word "balance" is that it is an arrangement on two sides of a central figure of objects that are not the same in character, but which by careful arrangement can be made to correspond perfectly. Balance of this type does away with formality and expresses a more home-like atmosphere. The central figure may be either a fireplace, wall-space or a large object with space at either side for smaller objects.

In order that the final result may show a correct balance of arrangement, consideration must be given to the use to which that particular room is to be put, whether the family is to use it for reading, writing and entertaining, or for sleeping, eating, etc.

Comfort and convenience of arrangement for both family and guest should be the first thought in planning the arrangement of furniture. Be sure that tables, sofas, chairs, desks, beds and dressing-tables are placed for the greater comfort. Groups consisting of a table, lamp, sofa, etc., with chairs placed within easy talking distance, fulfil the real need required of a living-room, and if such a group is balanced by another similar group the whole will become a well-balanced room.

One way to be successful in arranging furniture is to think of groups from the very start and to moderate the sizes of the groups according to the amount of wall or floor space in the room. It is also easier to decide upon the central group first and then use this as your base for other groups in the room. A fireplace is generally the object of chief interest in a room, so the central group should be planned from the hearth. This group may be arranged at either side or directly in front of the fireplace and may consist of two small settees placed opposite each other, or one big sofa placed at right angles, with a comfortable chair and a small table opposite to balance, or the more popular arrangement of a large sofa placed directly in front of the fireplace with a table directly back of it. Any one of these three arrangements makes a convenient central group. A balanced arrangement should then be planned for the wall-space opposite the central grouping. This group might be a long table with tall lamps on either end, a tall secretary with a chair, or a piano.

The accompanying floor-plan is typical of the type of living-room found in modern houses. The balanced arrangement of the furniture indicated on this floor-plan might apply to living-rooms of similar proportions (about fifteen by twenty feet). Some of the windows in this plan may be considered as doors and even the fireplace may be counted as actual wall-space, making the floor-plan suitable for almost any type of living-room. The balance of arrangement

Concluded on page 78



Cosmetics will not make up for the loss of your "beauty sleep"

Every woman knows there is no substitute for natural color. With complexions easy to put on and readily accepted by the throng, no rouge is ever mistaken for the tints that charm in maid or matron.

Such color means health. And health and youth endure only when each day's drafts on your energy and vitality are repaid that night by eight hours of unbroken sleep.

Fatigue poisons dull the warmth and glow of eyes, lips and hair as well as skin. Your whole body suffers. And doctors can't help you unless you secure sound, regular sleep.

Every hour of sleep is "beauty sleep." The time does not matter. Make the most of it.

Ask your dealer to show you his Simmons springs and mattresses. He offers many types and styles, each at the lowest price it can be built of *safe, new, clean materials*. Compare them with your own bedding. Youth, energy and charm are worth more to you than his very best will cost you.

From the six-panel Chinese screen of painted silk behind the beds, the color scheme of this effective chamber is derived. The orchid tints that bloom on the screen are repeated in the silk window hangings, the lamp shade and the cushions of the slipper box and bench. The bed covers are of Shantung silk in pale primrose, with flounces recalling the gray blues of the screen. They could be made of either silk or mercerized cotton poplin or taffeta. Carpet is Chinese blue. Slipper box in lacquer red and gold. Base of lamp is Chinese pottery. Walls are tinted soft gray-green. Beds, vanity, dressing bench, chair and table are from a complete new suite of Simmons furniture, supplied in jade green and other colors and in finishes reproducing the beauty of walnut and mahogany. Beds are Design 1866. For nine other schemes of decoration, write for "Restful Bedrooms" to The Simmons Company, 1347 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, or to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal.

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Are you the lucky one in five?

Not if your gums bleed easily
Check Pyorrhea with Forhan's

Pyorrhea, destroyer of teeth and health, plays no favorites.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, too, are Pyorrhea's victims.

Heed Nature's warning — tender, bleeding gums—before it is too late.

Better still, stop Pyorrhea before it strikes by regular visits to your dentist and by brushing your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.J. Forhan DDS
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New York



HOW TO PLACE FURNITURE

Concluded from page 76

could then be sustained by grouping in balanced fashion on opposite and available wall-spaces. Rooms without fireplaces should have the central grouping along the longest wall-space and from that build up the room, giving the most attractive objects the prominent positions.

In choosing correct forms for furnishings, one can only be guided by his natural instinct for good form and lines. Relatively few persons have an eye for suitable color or color combinations, but the majority have an eye for appropriate form. In furnishing rooms that are low and long, it is of course evident that they should not contain high narrow pieces of furniture; neither should a high small room be furnished with short broad pieces. Slender, fragile furniture and fabrics of delicate designs are entirely out of place in rooms where there is heavy woodwork and beamed ceilings, as are carpets, hangings and furniture of big design and heavy appearance unsuitable for rooms of small, light, delicate appearance.

AFTER deciding on the most appropriate and comfortable furniture, the placing of the pieces so as to harmonize with the size and shape of the room is next in importance. With few exceptions, the lines of a room are rectangular, and any form, object or design so placed or arranged as to disturb this outline is not in accordance with the rules of good arrangement. For example, tables, bookcases, beds, day-beds, pianos and china-closets are often placed across a corner, leaving space behind each piece, thus breaking the straight lines of the room. Rugs and carpets, too, are often laid without any thought of how they will conform with the appearance of the room. Poorly laid floor coverings will give the same unbalanced appearance to a room as incorrectly placed furniture.

For successful arrangement, it is to be remembered that the main pieces of furniture and all carpets and rugs should be placed in accordance with the direction of the walls. About these main pieces and over the correctly arranged carpets and rugs the smaller chairs, tables and stools can be grouped for the most comfortable and pleasing arrangement.

When a piano is included in the articles of furnishing, careful consideration should be given to finding the most appropriate place for it, both from the musical point of view and for general appearance in relation to other furniture. A piano is such a large and distinctive piece that it seldom can be grouped with other furniture. It usually must stand by itself against the longer wall-space. The very popular practise of covering a piano with a strip of fabric, photographs and vases is to be condemned, as it not only detracts from the form and dignity of line of the piano, but impairs a clear resonance of tone.

As the mantelpiece is nearly always the center of attraction in a room, care should be taken to choose and arrange the ornaments carefully. A good clock or some similar central object and one or two good ornaments are all that is needed. Family photographs should not be used on the mantel in the living-room, as they are of interest to the family only; they are more suited for use in the bedroom or private sitting-room.

Fire-screens, andirons, wood-baskets, mirrors, picture-frames and all decorative accessories should be chosen for their simplicity and good coloring. Heavily decorated house ornaments have no place in the modern American home. All over-elaborate furniture and ornaments date back to the age of great magnificence in the furnishing of palaces and homes of the nobility, but now even possessors of vast wealth prefer to live amid surroundings of greater simplicity.

YOU NEED NOT COUNT CALORIES

Concluded from page 20

The following table would be most useful if it were copied on a card with space provided at the right for a record of each person in the family. Check this list frequently to note improvement in health. A happy surprise may be an improvement in disposition, because a well-selected diet encourages a joyous outlook on life.

Check if in good health.
Check if in fair health.
Check if in poor health.
Height in inches.
Weight in pounds.
Number of pounds overweight.
Number of pounds underweight.
Is flesh firm or soft?
Is posture erect?
Is color good?
Is exhaustion frequent?
Is constipation frequent?
Is indigestion frequent?
Is restless sleep frequent?
Is poor appetite frequent?
Is irritability or nervousness frequent?
Is headache frequent?
Are colds frequent?

THE task of meal-planning is simple enough, because it consists largely of pigeonholing the foods suggested in the score-card into three meals a day. In this way the following guide to meal-planning may be developed:

Water before breakfast.

BREAKFAST

Fruit—Fresh, dried, canned or fresh stewed.

Milk, or cocoa made with milk for the children. Milk, cocoa or coffee for adults. Milk on cereal for all the family.

Cereal, for all the family.

Bread—Toast or muffins.

Butter, on bread. toast or muffins.

(If a heartier meal is needed, it is desirable to add eggs and bacon or other fat meat. Potatoes may be used if needed. Doughnuts, cookies, jam, jelly, marmalade and pancakes and sirup should be considered desserts, not to be eaten to the exclusion of fruit, milk and bread and butter.)

Water between meals.

DINNER

Soup, if desired.

Potatoes, unless dried beans, macaroni or rice is used.

Another vegetable, or tomatoes. (Two vegetables, or tomatoes and one vegetable—not potatoes—should be used with dried beans, rice or macaroni.)

Meat or other flesh, or an egg or cheese dish.

Bread and butter.

Salad may be served in addition to the meal or in the place of dessert.

Sweets in moderation. (Light desserts, such as plain fruit, puddings, gelatins, soufflés and whips, for children and sedentary adults; or heavy desserts, such as pie, rich cake, cobbler, shortcake, plum pudding, for active adults.)

Milk for children.

Water between meals.

SUPPER OR LUNCH

Vegetable (preferably not potato if it has been served at noon).

Bread (of whole cereal) and butter.

Milk for children.

Sweets in moderation. (Only light desserts, such as fruit, simple pudding and cookies, should be served for the children's supper.

An egg or *cheese dish*, or any kind of salad that is not rich, may be added to make this meal more hearty.

NOTE—If all the milk that a person requires has not been used, the remaining amount may be served as a beverage.



Sunday Night Supper

MIX THEM SATURDAY – BAKE THEM SUNDAY



HAVE you tried the new way to have hot biscuits for Sunday supper? Biscuits as delicious and beautifully raised as any you ever saw!

How to make hot biscuits—
in 10 minutes!

Take time Saturday morning to mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the icebox or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready by the time the table is set!

Make your biscuits any way your family likes best—you can depend on Royal Baking Powder to give you beautifully raised, delicious biscuits!

Two leavening agents are combined in Royal by a special process. Immediately after your biscuits are mixed the dough begins to rise, and then in addition to this there is a second action when the mixture is heated. This double-acting quality makes it possible for you to bake your biscuits immediately or to keep Royal biscuit dough ready mixed for days.

See the delighted faces when you serve a plateful of piping hot biscuits—*made the day before!*

2 cups flour; 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; 2 tablespoons shortening; ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup milk. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add liquid slowly to make soft dough. Roll or pat out with hands on floured board to about one inch in thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on greased pan and bake in hot oven (475° F) 10 to 12 minutes.

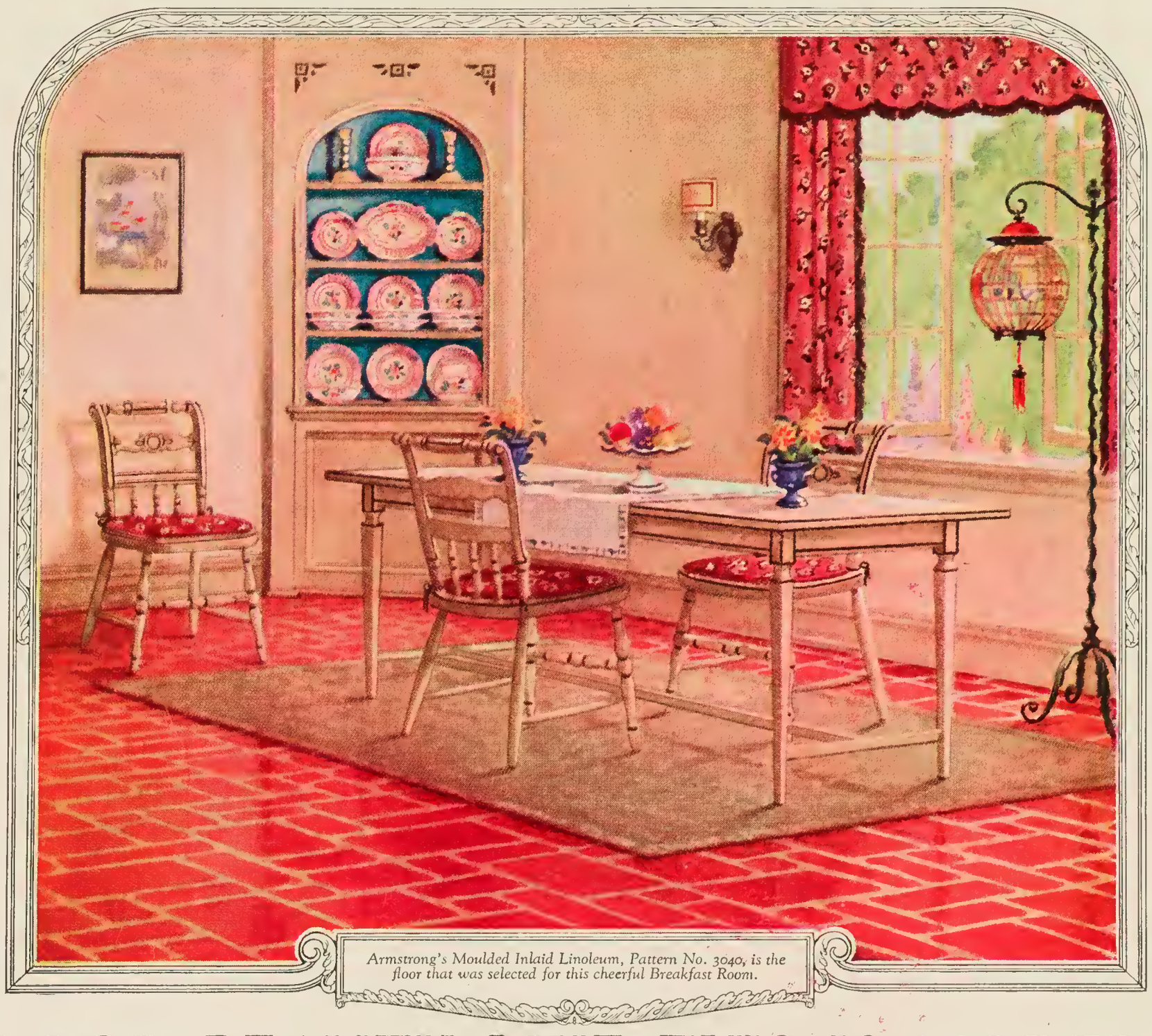
Send today for the new Royal booklet on biscuit-making—*free*. The Royal Baking Powder Co., 107 East 41st Street, New York City.

Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste



Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



Armstrong's Moulded Inlaid Linoleum, Pattern No. 3040, is the floor that was selected for this cheerful Breakfast Room.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

FLOOR BEAUTY LIKE THIS IS MODERN

A CHARMING room, a vivacious room. And not the least of its beauty proceeds from its floor—a quaint linoleum tile.

It is a far, far cry from such floor beauty to the early oilcloth patterns as known to Frederick Walton, the inventor of linoleum. He is ninety years of age now; and it is more than sixty years since he commenced to search for a better floor material than the old-fashioned oilcloth of that day and, experimenting, noticed a paint can and the film that had formed on the surface of the paint, where the air touched it.

That rubbery film was oxidized linseed oil, and it gave Frederick Walton his great idea. He mixed it with powdered cork, then pressed the mixture onto burlap. Linoleum was invented, and from the moment of its invention found wide use. The mixture of cork, oxidized linseed oil, and burlap made a perfect floor material.

Linseed oil comes from flaxseed, and it binds the powdered cork together into a tough, durable, elastic material. The strong burlap back is woven from tough jute, and so linoleum is hard to tear. Cork is tough; so linoleum resists wear. Cork is springy; so linoleum is kind to feet. Cork deadens sound; so does linoleum. Cork is moisture-proof; so is linoleum. Cork does not easily stain; neither does linoleum. Cork does not splinter; neither does linoleum.

These qualities linoleum had from the start. But with time came the beauty element.

Men learned how to put color and design in linoleum, both printed and inlaid patterns. Today, you may select beautiful colorings and designs in Armstrong's Linoleum—plain and Jaspé linoleums for living-rooms, tile designs for breakfast rooms and sun porches, flowered designs for bedrooms—that interior decorators, architects, and thoughtful, intelligent women are making the basis of decorative schemes for every room in the house.

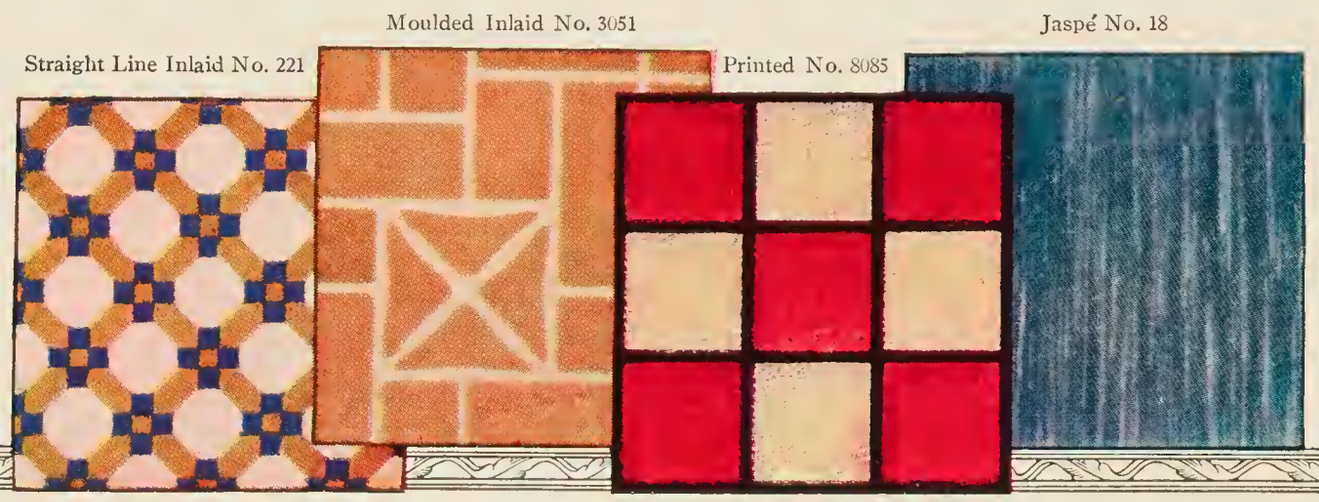
Go into good stores and see the development in modern designs and colors made in linoleum since Frederick Walton's day.

One point, however, is important to you. Inform your merchant that you are interested only in genuine linoleum—linoleum made of cork, linseed oil, and burlap. You can identify Armstrong's Linoleum and Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs by the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. You can get a copy of this book with de luxe colorplates of home interiors for only twenty cents. Send for it today.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
821 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.





FIGHTING BLOOD

Continued from page 6

midspring by the steel jaw clasping her mangled leg. . . . The remote tinkle of water beneath ice. The Druidic sighing of the spruce-trees. The snarl and whimper, the clank of chains. An epic fight. It seemed as perpetual a thing as the dripping of the water.

Suddenly Ruth spoke aloud and slowly. "I don't believe it! If I did, I'd have to believe in destiny, and I don't."

The exhausted forest brutes did not heed her voice. As she spoke, the coyote was creeping forward. The lynx cat sprang. But this time the chain twisted around her injured foot and shortened her reach. The coyote thrust his teeth into the male cat's shoulder. With a savage cry, the female turned and with unbelievable viciousness and rapidity bit at her broken and lacerated leg above the trap until she had severed it. Then, screaming, she gave a gigantic spring that landed her fair on the head of the coyote. They rolled together in final combat. A moment of this and the coyote collapsed limply at his chain length, quivered and was still. The lynx went back and began feebly to lick the shoulder wound of her mate. He twisted his head so that his burning eyes rested gratefully, Ruth could have sworn, upon her bloody head. A buzzard settled slowly down through the trees.

"You did save him!" exclaimed Ruth. "But at what a price! What a price!" Then, with horror in her blue eyes, she crept upward again from root to root to the lone cedar. Behind the cedar she crawled to the top of a huge heap of orange-tinted rocks, and around an unsuspicious-looking boulder that shielded from view a shallow cave. Here an Indian in a red plaid mackinaw lay beside a dying fire.

"Old Tom!" cried Ruth. "What's happened?"

His head moved feebly. A rude bandage around his thigh was blood-saturated. His trouser leg was blood-drenched. Ruth knelt beside him, lifting his grizzled and hideous bronze head tenderly on her arm.

After a moment of stupendous effort he focused his black eyes on her face. "Revenue man—shoot me. I dug bullet out this morning. Made bleed—too——"

Ruth waited a moment. But the wandering gaze could not return. "Why did he do it, Old Tom?"

The old Indian lifted eyes heavy with death film, but could not find Ruth's face. "I not stop running away when he tell me to——"

Old Tom shivered violently, groaned and lay dead on Ruth's arm.

SHE laid him down beside the ashes and stood looking at him. For a long time she stood in the bitter cold of the cave, her face bowed over the silent Indian, and when at last she lifted her head her eyes were burning with an intensity that no Quaker eyes ought to reveal. She straightened Old Tom's body, then left the cave and with her beautiful, deliberate sureness of movement she blocked the entrance with small boulders.

It was mid-afternoon when she finished this task and began her descent. The wind was tossing the great sails of the spruce-trees. Snowflakes, hard and grayish, cut through as the branches lifted. Ruth avoided the scene of the fight by working to the right of the spring. She reached her neighing horse in record time and guided him out into the uproar of the snow-storm.

From the foot of the narrow valley there was a trail around the shoulder of a mountain that dropped gradually into Deerfoot Valley. In the Winter it was used only by stray steers and coyotes. When she had spurred the horse to the spot where she believed she should pick up this trail, Ruth wove back and forth, her head low to the gray's neck as she peered at the ground through the driving snow pellets. She gave a little cry of relief when at last she discerned a depression leading spiral-like into the murk of the storm.

For much of the distance the way was in the teeth of the wind. The horse sought again and again to turn tail, but Ruth for the first time since she had owned him dug the rowels deep. She could not hold the reins. She thrust her hands into the breast of her coat and guided the gray with the spurs.

IT WAS eight o'clock when she opened the door of the stable at the tavern and led her horse in. She cared for him, then crossed the corral, fumbled open the door of the tavern, painfully crossed the threshold, closed the door and stood leaning against it. Her clothing was, literally, packed with snow.

The Toppings, mother and daughter, were seated at a poker game with Jim Acton and a small grizzled man.

"Ruth!" Jim cried. "Where on earth have you been? Here, let me take off your coat!"

Ruth waved him aside. "I'm all right if you can get me some hot coffee."

She sank into a chair, shivering, her burning eyes strange in her gentle face.

For a moment there was no sound save the rush of the great wind and the hushed roar of the waterfall beyond the corral. Jim seized a cup, filled it with coal-black fluid from the coffee-pot simmering on the office heater, and held it to Ruth's lips. When she had drained it, she was able to hold the second cup for herself, and Jim Acton repeated his question.

"Where have you been?"

Ruth finished the coffee, took off her coat and dropped it over a chair before she replied.

"I went to look for Old Tom. I found him. He was dying from a bullet wound in the thigh. He told me the revenue man shot him because he was running away."

"I'm the revenue man," said the grizzled stranger. "He's a dirty liar, that Injun."

"I have the bullet," Ruth looked at Carter Smith out of wind-blurred eyes. "Old Tom had dug it out and had it in his fist."

"A Quaker making trouble!" sneered Gertrude Topping. "You haven't the guts!"

"I'm not a Quaker for the moment. I—I am—I am the female of the species!"

Something in the deliberation of Ruth's tone, or in the fire of her blood-shot eyes, caused the four about the table to look at one another questioningly.

Ruth went on slowly. "The Quakers are looking for this sort of evidence in regard to the Deerfoot Indian. The new Congressman from Wyoming is looking for something on the revenue men in this State. There are many——"

Jim Acton broke in. "In other words, you are in a position to sacrifice us all!"

"Yes, I am!"

"Well," said Jim thoughtfully, "I guess we've got it coming to us."

"What's the idea, Jim, you fool?" demanded Gertrude.

"Cut that, Gertrude!" Jim glanced at her, then turned back to Ruth. "What next, Ruth?"

"I'm going to make you an offer. I'll keep my mouth shut, if you will give up the Toppings and go back to your ranch."

"You mean"—Gertrude half-rose from her chair—"that I'm to turn Jim over to you, you pussy-foot Quaker, you——"

"Dry up, you!" roared the revenue man. "What do you care what the price is as long as we get out of this mess?"

Gertrude came full to her feet. "*Care? Care?* I'll show you what I care! I'll run this Quaker out of the valley now, like I've been waiting to for a year!"

Jim looked at the girl with a curious little smile. "Gertrude, you're through."

"Through, am I?" Something in Jim Acton's voice robbed Gertrude of her last shred of self-control. She jerked open the table drawer, pulled out a six-shooter and had fired at Ruth before the revenue man,

Concluded on page 83

ADVERTISEMENT

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How to Go to Sleep at Night

A Simple Way to Secure the Sound Sleep that Keeps You Young in Looks and Spirit

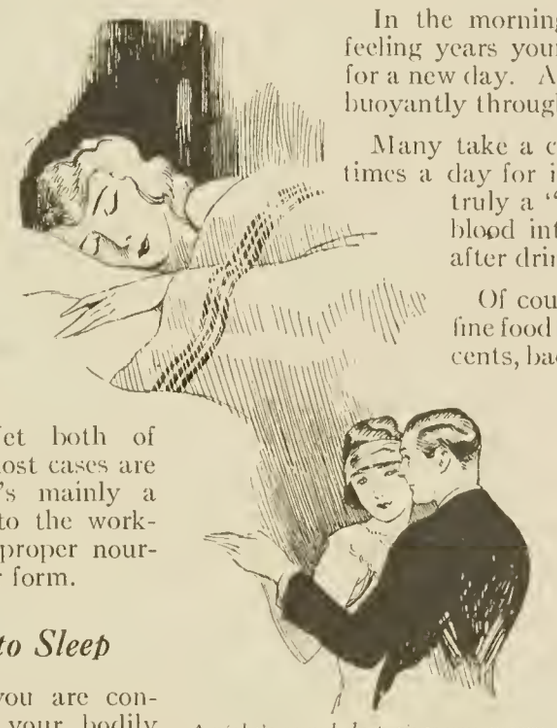
Most women spend seven or eight hours in bed each night. But how many get seven or eight hours real sound, restful sleep?

Sleeplessness!

How common it is. What toll it takes. In health. In vitality. In appearance and energy.

Those logy mornings, those languid afternoons. Those laggard eyes and tell-tale wrinkles. They usually come from restless, fitful sleep.

And to what is sleeplessness due? Chiefly to over-strained nerves and digestive unrest. Yet both of those conditions in most cases are easily corrected! It's mainly a matter of getting into the work-exhausted body the proper nourishment in the proper form.

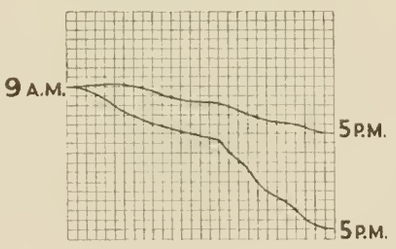


A night's sound sleep gives you energy to last all day and into the evening.

What to Eat to Sleep

During the day you are constantly drawing on your bodily strength and vitality. You've got to take into your body certain food-elements that are restoring and upbuilding.

Your diet as a housewife or woman-worker should have (1) high energy value, (2) contain protein, carbohydrate, fat, vitamines and mineral elements of a certain kind and proportion, (3) be easily digested.



Which is your energy line?

"But," you will say, "How am I to know which foods contain these properties?" Admittedly, no layman can be expected to select his or her foods according to these elements. But—in this day no layman has to!

A Swiss discovery in foods makes it possible for everyone to get in the form of a single delicious beverage exactly the food-essentials the body requires.

A Swiss Food Discovery

The name of it is Ovaltine. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years. It is now in universal use in England and its colonies, and during the great war was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers. Today Ovaltine is known to 20,000 physicians as well as hundreds of hospitals in this country.



Ovaltine is also a wonderful strength-building drink for tired women and backward children. It provides the food essentials that the modern daily fare is lacking in.

Ovaltine supplies what your modern daily fare lacks. It gives you several vital foods in the form of one. It is a highly concentrated extract of certain vitalizing and building-up foods converted by a secret Swiss process. One cup of Ovaltine contains more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

A cup at night (mixed with milk) brings sound sleep for the night, quickly and naturally. This is why: Ovaltine is both *highly* and *quickly* nourishing. It not only digests itself quickly, but also other foods which may be in your stomach. Ovaltine has the power to digest 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods. This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Nerves are quieted. Digestion goes on efficiently. Sleep comes. Sound, restful sleep. And as you sleep, your body is gathering strength and energy.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. Alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick up" drink, putting new blood into your veins a few minutes after drinking.

Of course Ovaltine is a particularly fine food for nursing mothers, convalescents, backward children and the aged.

A Sample Sent Free

It is truly remarkable the difference Ovaltine makes in your sleep and daily energy. Just three nights' use will prove a revelation.

Ovaltine may be had in tins of 4 sizes at drug stores. The makers, however, offer a 3-day introductory package free to those who wish to try it. No cost or obligation. Just send your name and address to The Wander Company, 37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois, Dept. 24.

For 8 Hours Sound Sleep and a Full Day of Energy



"Picks You Up" While You Sleep

Bright, fresh mornings and energy that lasts all day! This requires nights of sound, restful sleep. A cup of Ovaltine (with milk) at bedtime brings sound sleep quickly, and in a natural way. It is rich in food elements that are digested quickly and also help digest other foods which might be in the stomach. Thus the exhausted body and overwrought nerves are quickly restored and soothed—which means peaceful slumber.

Send for 3-Day Test

Ovaltine is a wonderful support not only for active workers, but for convalescents, invalids, nursing mothers and backward children. Ask for a tin of Ovaltine at your drug store or write us for free 3-day introductory package.



THE WANDER CO.
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37 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerve and Body

In this Food is *nourishment* you *need* -

In the form your body can digest

"We now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."

—*American Home Diet*

"After diet comes the mastication. * * *

Every organ of the body is improved by use, and proper chewing of hard, resistant foods gives the mouth the exercise it needs to help make it self-cleansing and to keep it healthy and normal."

—*Bulletin issued by Department of Public Health, Mass.*

If you are to be really healthful mouth and the remainder of the digestive tract must all do their share.

Don't take away from any one organ the legitimate work it should do. Don't baby it, but don't overload it.

"Unless the food is properly prepared in the mouth, it is not only seldom used to the greatest advantage, but causes disturbances in the digestive tract."

—*Teeth, Diet and Health*

Grape-Nuts is in a form that makes you chew. This makes your mouth do its work which, if it doesn't do, your stomach must do in addition to its own.

In Grape-Nuts the necessary starches are present in a form your body readily digests.

If you want to keep on patching your (human) house, keep on eating the wrong things. If you want to get and keep your house in order, eat food your body can digest.

It is the food digested, not the food swallowed, that really counts.

—*Food Facts*

Eat "what you want to eat" but see that the food you do eat is such that your body can turn it into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest.

A hundred and forty-five thousand doctors and forty-eight thousand dentists are interested in what you eat.

Back of these men there are others, biological chemists, who are devoting their lives to find out just what it is you need.

They haven't spoken to you about it. Even your own doctor hasn't mentioned it to you unless you have been ill.

They haven't spoken because they know that except when you are ill you will eat what you want to eat.

What is it they would tell you if they thought you would listen?

That food and nourishment are two very different things. . . . Food is what you eat. . . . Nourishment is what your body gets out of it, what it can digest.

THE *nourishment* you get determines the way you feel. It is the *basis* of your health.

Starches are the greatest source of energy, yet they are hard to digest. In their ordinary form some people *can't* digest them. Yet the body must have starches.

In Grape-Nuts starches are *dextrinized*, that is, they are broken down into a form the body readily digests and turns into health and strength.

Grape-Nuts is wheat and malted barley baked until the starches are transformed so that the body readily absorbs them.

All the rich nutriment of the grain is retained—including the precious mineral salts which science is each day setting more and more store by.

With Grape-Nuts digestion starts where it should—in the mouth. * * *

There is nothing like Grape-Nuts in form or taste. The crisp golden grains delight you if you're hungry, tempt you if you are not.

Most people like them best with cream or milk poured at the side of the saucer so as to retain to the full their crispness and flavor.

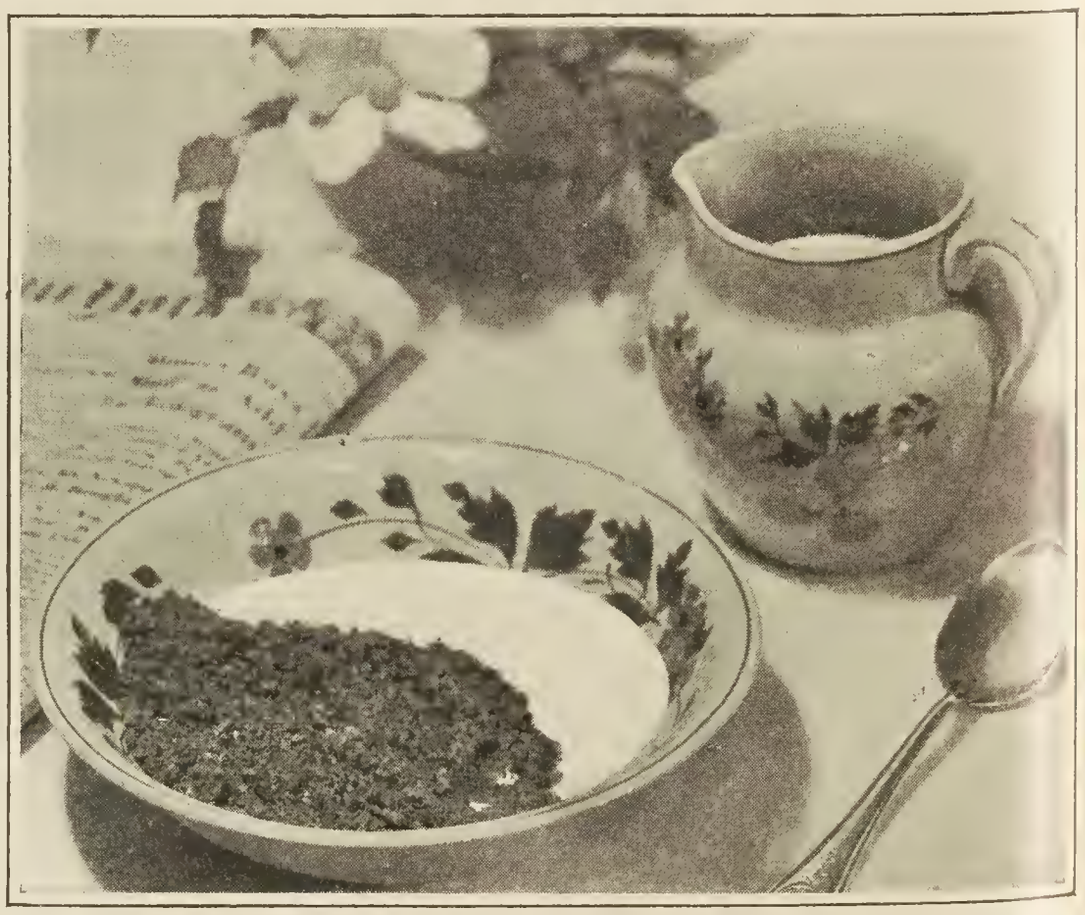
Tomorrow for breakfast eat them. Eat them every day and at the end of the first week see how much better you feel. All grocers have them. All restaurants serve them in individual packages of a single portion. The Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

In a form which you must chew

And the form of Grape-Nuts has the great added value to your health: you *must* chew them. *You can't help chewing* Grape-Nuts. There is no escape. The crisp brown kernels force you to chew. Not like something that is tough, which, if you don't remember, you will unconsciously swallow. You chew Grape-Nuts because you want to and enjoy it.

This good hard chewing gives the necessary exercise to teeth and gums and *it is the first step to digestion.*

The crisp golden grains
delight you if you're hungry,
tempt you if you're not



Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full their crispness and flavor



FIGHTING BLOOD

Concluded from page 81

quick as he was, could seize her wrist. He dropped the gun into his pocket and stood holding one of Gertrude's arms while Mrs. Topping, sobbing hysterically, clung to the other.

Jim ran to Ruth. "Where did she get you? Take your hand away, Ruth!"

She lifted her hand from her left elbow and a red stain spread slowly over the gray sleeve of her flannel blouse.

"I didn't think she hated me that much," said Ruth.

"I'll show you more in a minute!" Gertrude twisted against her captors. You'll think a wolverine——"

"Keep her quiet, Carter," ordered Jim. "Ruth, you'll have to let me cut away that sleeve for you."

As he spoke he opened his knife and slit the flannel deftly, exposing the fine rounded biceps to the shoulder. The bullet had ploughed through the flesh of the upper arm.

The day had been too heavy even for Ruth's great strength and she fainted quietly as she sat, her Madonna face against Jim's belt. He looked down at her for a long moment without stirring, and a tenderness she never before had drawn from him shone in his gray eyes. Then he slipped his hand under her right shoulder and, supporting her so, looked at the group beside the table.

"It looks to me," he said, "as if the trail forked right here!"

"Will she keep her word?" exclaimed the revenue man.

"Jim looked down at the brown head under his breast. "You can trust a Quaker," he said quietly.

"You dirty coward!" half-whispered Gertrude.

Jim's eyes flashed. "You little fool! I'm quitting for *her!*"

Gertrude tried again to twist away from the detaining hands. "Oh, it's that, is it! And I'm to be left to cover trail. I'll ruin you for this, Jim Acton!"

SLOWLY Ruth raised her head and slowly got to her feet. She was deadly pale, her eyes blue fire, her bare arm, blood-smeared, hanging limply at her side. She crossed the room with a deliberation that was appalling and paused in front of Gertrude, who backed away. Ruth followed her until Gertrude was pressed against the log wall, her brown gaze fixed in fear on those flaming blue eyes.

When Ruth finally spoke, it was with a passion that startled her hearers. This was no Quaker voice or words.

"Do you suppose I've done this lightly? I'm party to a crime! I've cut off my conscience. I've taken a lifelong burden on my soul. Do you think I'll let you destroy the brand I've snatched from the burning by this sacrifice? You are going to keep silence—and begin to live decently—here in this valley where I can watch you—as long as we both live. Do you understand me?"

She took another step toward Gertrude, who shrieked in terror. "Get away from me, you fiend! Yes! Yes! I'll do as you say!"

Mrs. Topping suddenly caught fire at the sight of her daughter's fear. "I'll get you run out of this valley!" she shouted.

"No, you won't, old top!" Jim suddenly crossed the room. "Come, Ruth, I'll take you up to your cabin."

Ruth neither heard nor saw him. Gentleness turned to wrath is a very consuming agony. She bent her tall head toward Gertrude, who cried, "Take her away! She's gone loco! She's a fiend!"

Jim took Ruth's right hand. "Come, girl, you're going home. Your work here is done."

Ruth glanced at him. "Does she understand, this woman? Does she realize that I could tear her limb from limb—that I'd *like* to?"

"Yes! Yes! I tell you she's a fiend!" Gertrude began to slide downward to the floor.

"Ruth," urged Jim, "you must help me to get away from this place."

Ruth stared at him. "I'm angry," she insisted. "All the anger of all the Quakers is in me. This woman must leave you alone!"

Gertrude was sobbing now. "God! I'm only too anxious to leave him alone! Get her out of here."

"Ruth!" Jim tried again. "Aren't you going to let me take care of you?"

Ruth swayed slightly, looking down at her fingers held in his warm clasp. Then her eyes suffused with tears.

"You *want* to take care of me—the Quaker—Jim?"

"Yes." Jim put his arm around her. "Come over to the chair and let me bandage that arm."

Slowly, she obeyed him. Carter Smith came forward to help. Jim waved him away sharply. "Don't touch her. Go out and hitch the mules to the buckboard. Mrs. Topping, bring me towels."

He bandaged Ruth deftly. No one spoke during the process. Gertrude sobbed softly against the wall. When the revenue man put his head in at the door with word that the team was ready, Jim buttoned Ruth's coat, pulled on his great wolfskin ulster and led her out to the buckboard.

IT WAS a wild night and a wild ride. They did not talk. Ruth was too greatly spent, and the team demanded all of Jim's attention, for the mules were only half-broken. They were afraid of the depth of the snow. They lunged and kicked, and Jim plied the whip. The wind, huge as the Rockies, enwrapped them, engulfed them. They crawled on and on, up the long way that ended at last against the corral fence.

Jim tied the mules and lifted Ruth out, guiding her staggering steps to the door. Within it was dark and cold. Jim lighted the lamp and Ruth dropped trembling to the edge of the bed. Old Susy was gone. Jim kindled the fire and set the stew-pot to heat. Finally he held a bowl of steaming liquid to Ruth's lips. When she had drunk it, he said:

"I'll go out and put up the mules. You'd better lie down."

She nodded; but when he returned, she had not stirred. He hung up his coat and cap, replenished the fire and came over to stand in front of her.

"You don't think I'll accept the sacrifice, do you, Ruth—let you carry that burden on your soul? No! The point is—" he hesitated as she lifted her tired eyes to his—"the point is that you've waked me out of my trance. I'll take any punishment that's coming to me if you'll——"

Again he broke off and sitting down beside her pressed her face to his. Ruth drew a deep, sobbing breath.

"I'm not fit to be a missionary. I've acted—acted like—a wildcat. I'm consumed with shame!"

"Don't!" entreated Jim. "Don't spoil it! You were glorious! I adore you for it." He gave a low laugh. "Old Susy was right. I've been a fool. Ruth—Ruth—I love you!"

She looked into his keen eyes as though she would read his soul. Jim answered her unspoken question. "No, you didn't bribe me! I'll make it my job to clean the matter up in decency. What you did was to show me the real Ruth!"

Ruth wrung her hands. "But that was not I! I was not myself!"

Jim took her tired face between his strong brown hands. "Does that mean you are sorry for what you did?"

The flame returned for a moment to the blue eyes. "No!"—passionately. "It was agony, but exquisite!"

"Ah, Ruth!" Jim laid his lips to hers. After a moment he said: "You must rest."

She dropped her tired head to her pillow, then looked up at him to say: "It's been like France. Lonely."

Jim's voice was husky. "I know! I knew all along that you were too much alone. I knew how I could feel toward you. And yet I let that tavern gang use me. Ruth—has every man got it in him to be a hound, like I've been?"

There was only the Madonna look in Ruth's eyes now. She smiled and her tired lids drooped.

Dawn, creeping slowly in at the window, pricked forth the kettle, cold and gray upon the forward stove-lid. It outlined Ruth's long body as she lay asleep under the red blanket. It threw into bas relief Jim Acton, with sleepless eyes, kneeling beside the bed, Ruth's hand clasped in his, ending his long night's vigil. And it was thus that Susy found them when she crawled in at red sun-up from God knows what futile and pathetic Indian errand.

MODART CORSETS



Modart Meets the Mode More than Half Way

The mode is only the mode because it is of the moment. Lines change. Waist lines vary with the wind. Hip lines, back lines, come and go in breathless succession. Some things, however, remain fixed.

Of one thing, we may always be sure—perfect proportions and graciousness of bearing always form the proper foundation for the mode of the moment.

—And year after year women know that the Modart is the surest means to the attainment of perfection in figure proportion.

So—more and more women—turn to the Modart corsetiere, in one of the better stores in their town where Modarts are sold, and the result is perfect "Figure-Grooming." You experience a new feeling of supreme comfort; secure and snug where you need support, ready to relax where you need relaxation.

The Modart is so lightly boned and perfectly designed—that, were it not for the welcome assurance of trimness it gives, you would scarcely be aware you wore one. Such is the satisfaction more than a million women know who wear the Modart.

See a Modart corsetiere today. There is no obligation to purchase

MODART CORSET COMPANY
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

Beautifully tailored and designed, the Modart Corset fits your purse and figure equally well. Prices $3.50 and up.



If you would know about the new styles and the new art "Figure-Grooming," send for our Booklet Number 471.



From infancy health depends on internal cleanliness

NO one can remain healthy who does not keep clean internally. To be youthful all through the years, to have a sound body and a clear mind, requires a constant condition of internal cleanliness.

Of late years medical science has sounded urgent warnings of the dangerous effects of intestinal clogging. Poisoning from clogged intestines often starts in infancy and as the years pass by, its baneful effects are shown in damaged nerves and a grievously impaired body, says a famous medical writer. The first results of clogged intestines are the minor ailments. But as the clogging becomes chronic, other more serious conditions appear, until the individual is suffering from some grave organic disease.

Don't run these risks! Minor ailments that come from intestinal clogging warn that poisons are saturating your body. Each of these ailments weakens your health and power to resist graver diseases.

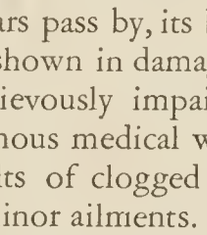
How to Overcome Faulty Elimination

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Through knowledge gained of the intestinal tract by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, medical science has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a laxative nor a medicine, and cannot cause distress. Like pure water, it is harmless. Nujol hastens the rate of flow through the intestine, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in expectant and nursing mothers, infants and children and people of all ages.

Remember, continued youth and health depend upon internal cleanliness. Maintain it by taking Nujol as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. For sale by all druggists.



"Regular as Clockwork"

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 802-I, 7 Hanover Sq., New York

For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name .....

Address .....



THE DREAM HOUSE

Continued from page 7

He said: "You can't make grit without sand, my boy, and just at present life is treating you to such pleasant experiences that you've about enough in you to compete with an hour-glass, and whether you add to the quantity and make it enough to last you and that little girl a lifetime depends on whether you decide that you'll acquire any more."

I saw his point, though it touched me on the raw.

"I don't mind telling you, Henry," he said, "that a man dreams for his son the finest things the world holds. I want to see you dig into a bit of this old earth and fill the hole you make. That's why I want you to get out of this office. It's ready-made and it don't *fit!* You've never had to stand and have your measure taken and then hand over the price. It's *my* life-work, my boy; not yours. Down at the Consolidated they'll pay you what you're worth, not what your mother and I think you are worth. You'll have to go it alone, and God bless you!"

Well, I was touched all right. When my old dad talks that way, I know he's being religious and taking things to heart. I just nodded and told him I'd report to J. C. on Monday, but he wasn't through. He said:

"Now about that home idea, Henry. Your mother and I went into four rooms and we had just about enough furniture to decorate the corners, but she made it home, God bless her, and you and Elsie were born there. It cost us both the finest fiber of our youth to do it, but we never cried quit. All it is costing you is polite board money. You live with solid mahogany that you haven't earned, and you don't know a defective flue from an oyster. All I ask is, do you feel comfortable about it, to say nothing of being honest?"

I said: "It was Hazel's family's idea to have us stay home for a while——"

My father looked at me. "Her family is you, Henry, but I can't say I blame her for sticking to the one she knows best as long as you don't fill the bill!"

Well, I had to bite my lips to keep from showing my feelings, which were tender to say the least; but the dear old duffer was right, and that was why it hurt. All at once I saw that Hazel and I had things ahead of us that meant sacrifice and real effort, but that would pay in the end—and then I thought about the mater and dad going into four rooms and us kids being born there, and camouflaging worry and hard work and all the rest of it for the sake of giving us a cracker-jack memory that would last the rest of our lives! Well, I just felt it was up to me to show the dear old governor I wasn't less of a man than he had been, and that I'd do my darnedest to keep the earth going the right way with a real home as a starting-place! I didn't say much, but I found myself shaking the governor's hand as if we both meant it, and when we fell apart the dear old chap had left a check in my fist for five hundred dollars!

"It may pay for the front yard, Henry," he said, but I couldn't speak just then. I just gave him the grip again and held on till I was sure he'd absorbed my gratitude. I felt it was a crucial moment of my life, and the governor sensed my feelings and cut out the emotional stuff because he realized I was strung up and liable to act like an overgrown kid.

"That's all right," he said. "I'll get Prendegast to finish your job on the ledger—you go home and talk the thing over with Hazel and the two of you pick out a suburb—" And then he turned back to his desk again. Believe me, I went home on air!

That was the beginning. And now we've been in our new house five days! I'll have to finish this later, as Hazel is calling. She says the dog across the street is breaking through our perfectly brand-new hedge!

SIX months later.

This space means a gap in our lives—Hazel's and mine. And somehow you can't fill in a gap. It leaves you different. A lot of things have happened to Hazel and me to make us different. Even our little house is not the same, but it means a good deal more to us than it used to because we nearly lost it. If it hadn't been for the mater——

What made things worse was that I nearly lost my job at the Consolidated, and, believe me, if I had known what an awful chasm yawned underneath Hazel and me at that particular time I would neither have eaten nor slept. As it was I was worried enough to turn down perfectly slick desserts that Hazel tried out, and I used to prowl up and down our fifty feet of lawn like a dog. And whenever any of the bunch dropped in on us for bridge, I grew brutal. Hazel tried to cover it up, but they caught on, and Rodney Baker made me thick by saying right out before them all, "Henry used to have such a sweet disposition!" That was the time I threw up the game and my darling wife came out to me where I stood in the butler's-pantry alone among the sandwiches.

She didn't nag. She didn't even ask me anything. She just said she knew I had a blinding headache and that I'd better go and sit on our back porch a while and the air would do me good. My wife has tact, take it from me! I was able to go back in time for the eats and be decent. But I gave Rodney the icy glare all right!

THAT night Hazel tried to get it out of me when the crowd had cleared off. She fussed about putting our new tufted chairs straight, and if I'd been less worried I'd have appreciated the picture she made all togged out among our classy furniture. Then she said, without looking at me: "Darling, whatever on earth is wrong with you?"

I said: "I've got a headache, if you want to know——"

She said: "Henry Montrose, that headache was only an alibi, and you know it. And I don't think you ought to keep things from—from a wife!"

There she stood, biting her lips to keep the tears back, under our Chinese lacquer floor-lamp, but I just went on feeling brutal. I said: "What did your Aunt Martha want to lie for? She said she'd furnish the dining-room."

Hazel stared across at me. "Why, darling——"

"I wish," I said, "you'd cut out that practise of pet names and think of me as a grown man."

I can remember the time when Hazel would have wept at this, but all she did was to turn out the lamp and quietly go up to our room. I found her there after I'd locked up, sitting at the window looking at all the little houses opposite that were filled with a lot of newly-weds we'd made friends with. Of course I saw it was up to me to explain, or she'd go on sitting there with her nervy little chin up for most of the night. I said:

"People have no right to give wedding-presents that are misleading! You know yourself we thought we had enough to go housekeeping with, but about all it amounted to was French clocks and stuff for our plate-rail!"

Hazel faced me then. She said: "If you're hinting that I've been extravagant——"

I said: "Why couldn't we have used the duds the mater shipped to us?"

She said: "Those old *chairs*—horrid old black walnut that isn't even antique!"

I said: "My mother and father went housekeeping with it."

Hazel said: "The world is thirty-five years older since then."

I said: "Oh, chuck it! You've got the period germ, that's what's wrong with you!"

She said: "You needn't blame it on the furniture. It's—it's that old trust company of yours——"

Well, we did some more talking, and then I was obliged to admit that the Old Gull (that's our office name for J. C.) had been haunting the vicinity of my desk for a month or so and by using a microscope had discovered two mistakes in one of the trust accounts they'd saddled me with, and instead of talking it over with me, man to man, and letting me explain, he'd simply sent a call-down the week before through Murdock, and another one yesterday, and of course the whole thing made me sore.

Of course Hazel melted at once. She said: "I think you've been perfectly wonderful, darling, to make only two mistakes when you went there absolutely without training!"

I said bitterly: "A man doesn't need training for the kind of work they've made me do. I've had to be a regular boy-scout for them, and then remember to do one kind act a day!"

Continued on page 86





Nine million germs on one cleaning cloth!

A BRAND new cloth, 20 inches square, was used for one week in the usual cleaning work around a house—washing woodwork, cleaning closets and wash basins, wiping rugs, etc.

At the end of the week, the cloth was washed thoroughly with soap and water, wrung as dry as possible, and afterwards rinsed twice in clear water. Then it was given to a leading New York bacteriological laboratory for microscopic examination. The laboratory report showed "a bacterial count of 9 x 10^6—that is *9,000,000 germs or bacteria were present on the cloth.*"

Most houses are germ-free only in spots

Make sure of germ-free cleanliness in every part of your home

THERE are, of course, certain places around your home where germs are apt to breed and multiply most rapidly. The toilet bowl, the drain pipes, the garbage pail—these are the worst danger spots.

These spots, you know, must be disinfected frequently if the health of your family is to be safeguarded. But if you stop there, you have only half-closed the door against the inroads of disease germs in your home.

If the cloths, brooms or brushes used for general cleaning in your home were examined under the microscope, you would see innumerable germs. In normal health the system can resist the attacks of these germs, but when the vitality becomes lowered, illness quickly results.

Use "Lysol" in all your cleaning water

SOAP and water can remove visible dirt but not invisible germs. Yet there is a sure, easy way to have germ-free cleanliness in *every part* of your home.

Simply put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water *every time and everywhere you clean.* Dip your cloth or brush or broom into this solution. Then you will be keeping your home not only clean but safe and healthful throughout.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear, transparent solution, with no undissolved globules. Every drop is 100 per cent effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" is the disinfectant used by hospitals—endorsed by physicians—sold by all drug stores. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant. It is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces. Each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 3-ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travelers. Complete directions with every bottle.

Write for booklet which gives complete information and directions for the many household and personal uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK
Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

Lysol
Reg U.S. Pat. Off. Disinfectant





Drawing by Edward A. Wilson

And To-day's Daughters

Momentous occasions—a debut, a graduation, a wedding—for all of them, today's Daughter chooses Belding's Silks, in the season's new weaves, of course, but of the same superb quality which made them preferred by Mother and Grandmother before her.

Only the finest silk, and the purest dyes go into Belding's Silks—that's why they wear beyond your most exacting expectations.

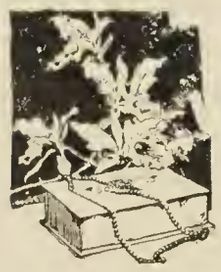
For gowns, for linings, for lingerie—the most satisfactory silk you can buy is that marked "Belding's" on the selvage as a guarantee of its *enduring beauty.*

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City

Belding's

Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks

IT MATCHES



THE DREAM HOUSE

Continued from page 84

Well, Hazel cheered me up as well as she could, and I thought I'd put off speaking of the other little matter that was worrying me until later, because she certainly had gotten hold of bargains and I hadn't the nerve to scare her with the sum total. To make matters worse, there was a payment coming due on our house, and I couldn't go to the governor, because the last time he had told me frankly it was *my* home and if I couldn't carry the thing myself I'd better give it up. The governor can be fearfully rocky if he thinks he's holding up a principle.

At any rate, Hazel is a good guesser, because two or three days after this I found her in our living-room wandering about; and when I asked her what she was doing, she said she was counting up what everything had cost. And then suddenly she came to me and said:

"Henry, are you awfully *fond* of the things in this house?"

I said: "Well, I'm awfully fond of *you.*"

Hazel is a darling when she blushes. She said: "I mean our davenport and—and—the lamp and things like that."

I said: "It all looks pretty regal to me," but somehow she saw I wasn't enthusiastic. The fact is, we'd had a note that morning about our account with the firm where we'd gotten it. Of course it was very polite and all that, but they requested that we make a payment by the end of the week and closed it quite curtly, which I thought showed bad taste, considering the fact that they'd made such desperate efforts to sell us the stuff in the first place! What made me thick was the fact that neither Hazel nor I believed in the instalment plan anyway, but as Hazel said, if they *wanted* us to owe them money, and trusted our faces, why on earth shouldn't we be comfortable and pay them so much a month instead of waiting years to acquire a lot of things we really needed. Of course we could have gotten along without the lamp——

WELL, I went on my usual dog-trot to the office and did some more boy-scouting and tried to keep a smiling face, but underneath I felt pretty sick. And when Saturday came and I got home at 3 P.M. and saw the front lawn waiting to be mowed and Hazel with her sleeves rolled up cleaning out the kitchen closet with Mrs. Briggs, the woman who is our laundress pro tem, I felt as cross as a grizzly and ready to take it out of the first thing that came handy. And all at once, just as I'd gotten started and mowed three lines or so, Hazel came calling out to me that there was the telephone.

I stood there dizzily trying to absorb the message, till Hazel came out from the depths of our closet-shelves.

"Oh, Henry," she said, "I do hope it isn't any of our crowd! I just *must* get this work finished, and there's hardly a thing for dinner——"

I gave her one sick glance. I said: "The Old Gull has just phoned that I forgot some important papers and he's bringing them up!"

Hazel turned white. She said: "You mean the—the president of the *company?*"

"Jerusalem!" I said. "Did you think I meant the President of the United States?"

She just gasped and said, "Oh, Henry!"

"And what's more," I told her savagely, "he's invited himself to a meal. He—he says he knew my father at—at public school——"

Hazel didn't say a word. She just turned and went into the house with her chin up and a moment later I heard her telling Mrs. Briggs to go out into our back garden and see if the lettuce was big enough to use for a salad.

As for me, I went and took it out of the front lawn!

Well, I got a bath all right and got into clean duds, and when I came down-stairs at six or so, there was Hazel, in a little white dress she'd turned out, fixing a centerpiece for the table. "Does it look awful?" she asked. "I sent Mrs. Briggs out to the field in the back for daisies, and—and that green stuff is carrot-tops!" (You can't phase Hazel!)

I said: "What I want to get at is why J. C. is making this particular stage entrance."

She said: "It's a perfectly stunning compliment, darling!"

I said: "Compliment nothing! Probably by Monday I'll be fired!"

The poor little kid turned white again. She said: "Well, if—if they fail to appreciate you to that extent, you can always go back to your father."

I said: "If you think I'd go back to my old dad and admit defeat, you've got the wrong number. I'll sink or swim by myself!"

Well, she got my feeling about it. She came over and kissed me. Then she went out to try and get Mrs. Briggs to borrow a fancy apron from next door so that she could wait on table, because of course we haven't afforded a maid. But every few minutes she'd come back looking worried and watch from the window.

I said: "Oh, he'll come all right. If he says a thing, he does it!"

She said: "I—I wasn't watching for Mr. Ballard, Henry," and then she'd disappear again.

At 6:15 the Old Gull got out at our front gate. He seemed terribly impressed. He kept wiping his glasses and studying the front lawn, and then he got into the hall and put his cane in our cloisonné umbrella-stand and by the time he reached our tufted davenport he knew he'd gotten into a place where he could unbend, because we were the right class.

Hazel was perfectly ripping. She looked like a white rose herself back of the coffee-urn, which has been in her family for generations and which won't work exactly, but looks slick, so we put it on for ornament and have the coffee brought in from outside.

It was an O.K. dinner after all, and I couldn't figure how the kid had done it till I realized that most of it was just plain old-fashioned stuff served up on wedding-presents! Just common, ordinary vegetable soup and a steak togged out with watercress and our garden lettuce and radishes, and rice pudding in our one silver dish, which at any rate was chock-full of raisins.

It made a hit with J. C. He said: "I haven't had that since I was a boy. Your cook is certainly a good one!"

HAZEL'S lips were faintly smiling. She did not dare look at Mrs. Briggs, whose hair reminded us of a scrubbing-brush and whose personal scent was soap-suds! You can't expect a fancy apron to do everything! But all Hazel said was: "I'm so glad you like it, Mr. Ballard. It—it is a recipe that came down from my Greataunt Tuckerman. She called it, "Poor-Man's Pudding."

"Hm," said the Old Gull, and glanced back into our living-room at the Chinese lamp. But he didn't say a word, not even about the office, till Hazel, who has what you can figure on as tact every time, nodded to me to keep up the good work over our cigars while she slipped out and drew the portières behind her. Fortunately I happened to be able to pass over a pretty decent smoke to the old duffer, it being a fifty-center that I'd been saving for something special, as no less a person than John M. Kernochan, the banker, had passed it on to me—over the counter for getting him his securities listed in a hurry.

"Some smoke," said J. C., puffing away and watching the rings he made.

It was just at this moment that an awful racket became perceptible outside, and glancing out of the window without moving I saw an immense truck drawn up at our front gate and Hazel out there talking to two men.

"Yes, sir," I said, "it's—it's a pretty good smoke. I got it where J. M. Kernochan gets his." (I knew at once that this was a terrible mistake.)

"John Kernochan?" said old J. C. "Hm he's a friend of yours, is he?"

I said: "Just what you might call a friendly acquaintance, sir."

The Old Gull looked at me a moment, while ever outside the noise was growing louder. He said: "Let me give you a pointer, young man, in an altogether friendly manner: it's a bad idea to try to keep up with Jones, even if he goes by another name in the telephone-book."

I said: "I—think I get you, sir."

He said—but what he said was lost upon me at the minute. I had caught an awful glimpse through our window of those two men struggling out to that truck with our

Concluded on page 88



The Era of Whiter Teeth

It has come to careful people the world over
Millions of some 50 nations now fight film

HAVE you noted in your circles how glistening teeth have multiplied in late years?

It is so in nearly every circle, in nearly every country. And it means a new dental era.

A new method of teeth cleaning has come into vogue, largely by dental advice. Not merely to beautify the teeth, but to keep them cleaner, safer. You should learn now, if you don't know, what it means to you and yours.

Clean teeth mean this

More than brushing, more than washing is required to clean your teeth.

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Unless removed, it soon discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It must be combated

Dental authorities long ago realized that this film must be combated. Not occasionally in the dental chair, but daily in the home.

After much research two methods were discovered. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Dentists everywhere see the results and advise it. Now the use has spread to nearly every corner of the earth. The teeth in your own circle show how widely it is used.

Other facts discovered

Research also proved that certain peoples are notably immune to tooth troubles. They are peoples who eat much acid fruit. Pepsodent also embodies this principle of mild acidity.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives multiplied power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

The benefits are now enjoyed by millions. Many of your friends are among them. And they will tell you, we believe, that never again will they go without them.

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To the coming generation, Pepsodent means new protection against troubles which you suffered. It means the best protection in a tooth paste yet discovered. Dentists advise that children use it from the time the first tooth appears.

When you see the Pepsodent results, remember what they mean to children. Their teeth are easily attacked. Teach them to use this new-day method to combat attacks.

PROTECT THE ENAMEL

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research. Leading dentists the world over now advise it.

This test will tell Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear. The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out the coupon so you don't forget.

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Only one tube to a family







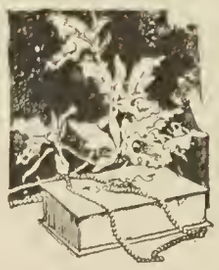
A comb for each one of the family—

There is a variety of style, a choice of size and a range of price with Ace Quality Combs which leaves no excuse for borrowing another's comb.

Hygiene demands that your comb be as individual as your toothbrush.

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for the Whole Family

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO., NEW YORK



THE DREAM HOUSE

Concluded from page 86

tufted davenport, while the little fellow in the back was hiking it along with our Chinese lamp!

I swallowed thickly as I tried to answer J. C. Fortunately his back was turned to the whole thing, and being, of course, a dead swell, he was too decent to call attention to the frightful noises that had begun again in the living-room behind the portières. If Hazel was there, she was a silent witness to the whole thing. All sorts of ideas flashed over me, but the one which made the cold sweat pour out of every pore was that they'd sent for the stuff we hadn't paid for and were carting it off! Well, the Old Gull got onto the office and efficiency and made the whole smoke a lecture period, and all the time he kept his ears at half-cock and, I suppose, was puzzling himself to understand why we were listed on the New Jersey Gazeteer as a "quiet suburb!" At any rate, it seemed to go on for hours, and I didn't dare make a move.

He said: "That little wife of yours looks sensible. She doesn't paint."

I said: "She doesn't need to, sir."

He said: "Hm—I was hoping it was a matter of principle," and just then Hazel herself appeared at the doorway and we both realized that a sudden and dead silence had fallen on our home. The look on my wife's face comforted me. She looked just as if nothing had happened.

"No," murmured the Old Gull, "she certainly doesn't, my boy!" and I knew that he was noticing Hazel's cheeks, which I suddenly saw were flushed more than usual, but it made her so darned pretty I didn't mind. She said: "If you've finished your smoke, Henry, won't you bring Mr. Ballard out where—where we can get better acquainted?"

WE GOT up, still in dead silence, and with my eyes set straight ahead I followed the Old Gull out through those awful portières. As I saw what had happened, my heart began to beat and there was more perspiration oozing out of my pores. I felt somehow all at sea and turned about myself, so I knew what the Old Gull meant when he said to Hazel: "This surely is a charming room, but—it isn't the one I came into?"

Hazel said: "Yes, it is, Mr. Ballard, but—I've just been changing—I mean, I've been trying to get another effect with the furniture."

I still stared about me, speechless. Our tufted davenport was gone, our chairs were gone also. So was the Chinese lamp and the cloisonné umbrella-stand. The piano had gone, too! And in their empty places Hazel had put the old walnut set the mater and the governor went housekeeping with, that we'd kept out of sight in the attic!

J. C. went slowly over and cocked his eye-glass at the sofa. "Bless me," he said, "if that isn't a duplicate of the old couch I used to learn my lessons on—only that was in black haircloth!"

"It—it belonged to Henry's mother," said Hazel, and that seemed about all she could say. I saw her lips were trembling and that she had gone a little white again.

"And do you mean to say," insisted the Old Gull, "that you've made all this change while we smoked a couple of cigars? My child, I'm a good furniture-shifter—why didn't you call us in to help?"

And then suddenly Hazel straightened. "Mr. Ballard," she said, "I think—I'd rather have you know the truth. We—we haven't paid for all of the house yet, and—and we hadn't paid for—all of the furniture——"

Old J. C. was watching her intently, his heels together, his gold eye-glass still lifted. As for me, I groaned. What else could I do?

"Henry has been worried lately," went on my darling, brave little wife, "and I began to realize that—that part of it was because we'd tried to start with everything, when our fathers and mothers were satisfied just to have each other and—and the four walls that made home——"

"Go on, Mrs. Montrose," said J. C. "Forget I'm here. I'm only an old man anyhow—perfectly harmless——"

"So I made up my mind—after I'd asked Henry if he cared a lot and found he didn't—that I'd send them all back and let them give me a refund on the brand-new things, and what we'd paid on the others could go for our experience." My darling's lips quivered here, but she got herself in hand again. "So I saw the firm about it and they agreed to take them back and—and I bought new cretonne and covered Henry's mother's things myself, and—and everything would have been all right if they'd only kept their word and sent the truck this morning—" Her voice trailed off a little faintly.

"What gets me," said J. C., "is how you got this other stuff in place so quickly?"

"Oh, *that!*" said Hazel. "Why, I simply tipped the men and—and told them to buy something nice with it, and—and they were *angels!*"

"Hm," said the Old Gull. "I think you're first cousin to one yourself."

Well, to cut it short, he went dippy over that furniture. He said if he didn't know we cared about it because it had a sentiment connected with it, he'd offer to buy it from us and use it in his hotel apartment to make "the darned place look a little bit like a real home." He said: "Houses are not homes. A home is something you've got to build, here a little and there a little, with the sticks and stones that love brings. You can't turn one out in a hurry, but when you've got it—well, I don't mind telling you two young folks that your mother's old furniture gave me a lump in my throat, because I seemed to see my own mother in it!"

And then the old duffer held out his fist. "You just try your hand at getting rid of superfluous qualities in this husband of yours, little girl, the way you tumbled out that expensive furniture. I've been watching this young man for some weeks now, because I promised his father I'd do my darnedest to build him up a real future. Fact is—and don't either of you misunderstand—I've had one eye on you both, and when I found you were running accounts—well, I just wanted to come out here and give you a good look over. But you needn't worry. Henry is all right at rock-bottom, and with a little wife like you to keep his conceit in check—and—blessed memories of the older folks about you—" J. C. stopped right here because he saw that Hazel had tears in her eyes. He just swung on his heel and felt in his breast pocket and dragged out a couple of fresh cigars.

"I'm not Jones," he said. "They're only ten-centers, but have one on me anyhow, Montrose."

It was while we were smoking that the mater came in. She said if we could put her up for the night——

Well, I kissed her, and Hazel gave her a hug, and old J. C. squeezed her hand, because they'd known each other when dad and he had licked each other at public school. And then J. C. said he'd have to get on, and I said I'd see him in a taxi to the station.

"Taxi nothing," growled J. C. "Don't you suppose I've got two good legs? Let the fellow who's all snarled up with rheumatism take a taxi, but you can walk with me, young man. I'm thinking of shifting you in the office to Henning's place——"

Even Hazel knew what that meant. And what do you think that cute kid did? She just threw her arms around his neck without so much as by your leave and kissed him! No wonder the governor fell for her when she was seven!

"HENRY," said the mater, after I'd gotten back and we were sending her off to our two-by-six guest-room, "I got a little worried, dear, because I knew your payment for the house was coming due——"

I guess I looked a little bit somber, but I tried to ease her mind, and then she slipped something into my hand—an old bank-book with my name across the top.

"It's yours, dear," she said, "and Hazel must know about this too. Whenever he had pennies given him, or dimes when he was a tiny boy, Hazel, I added the same amount and put it away for him. And because I wanted it to represent something big and worth while I—well, I just held it up for a few years longer, but it seems as if the time has come, dear boy." The mater smiled at us through sudden tears. "Can anything be more worth while to you two children than—*home?*"

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THE NAME FORBIDDEN

Continued from page 9

incantations. From such depraved creatures, he argued, the phrase revealed a rebellious spirit; for them to jeer at Cæsar's gods proved the contempt in which they held Rome.

The procurator glanced at Naida, and, as if her face were a sufficient refutation, smiled and shook his head. "You are but repeating unfounded rumors."

The triumphant expression had gone from the eyes of Plautus. He loomed physically powerful though unimpressive, like bulk without weight.

But the Greek had one more arrow in his quiver.

"And is it not a sign of rebellion," he demanded, "when a sect refuses to mention the name of its noble governor?"

The procurator started and turned a frowning eye upon Naida. "Is this true?"

She stared at him, wide-eyed and trembling.

"Know you my name?"

She nodded.

"What is it? *Speak!*" He glared at her, waiting.

Her head drooped despairingly. Licydes had cunningly trapped her. To save herself, she must renounce her vow, break a sacred pledge made to the followers of Christus. She swayed unsteadily but remained silent.

The procurator, his pride touched on the raw, turned abruptly to Plautus. "What punishment would you suggest?"

"The sect is a menace to the community," answered the tribune harshly, "and the girl should be made an example of. I leave at midnight for Narbo. If it is your will, I shall deliver her into exile."

The governor nodded grimly. A few words from him, scratched on a tablet, and the matter was settled.

And now she was back in her cell, awaiting the coming of Plautus. Weak in body, anguished in mind, she crouched beside her pallet. Easter morning, toward which she had looked so joyfully, was to see her body ravished, her soul besmirched. And afterward, were she ever to encounter Marius, he would look upon her in loathing as a thing defiled.

"Oh, Christus," she prayed, "thou who knowest my heart, let not Plautus have his will—send Marius to save me!"

She started at every sound, trembled at every footstep. Once she tried to eat the food the soldier had left her, but she could not swallow it. She only touched the lukewarm water to her lips.

The words of the link-bearer echoed in her ears and added shame to her suffering.

Through the window she could hear the varied noises of the city: the call of a vendor in the market-place; the tramp of slaves bearing a litter; the cry of the runner, "Make way for the noble Roman!"

Each time the dread that it might be Plautus made her shrink farther back in her corner.

The leaden hours dragged; the noises of the city grew fainter and subsided, like a light flickering out. Midnight came. Easter, with its promise of eternal life, but barren of all hope to the imprisoned girl!

Sounds came to her from without; footfalls approached along the corridor; a key grated in the lock. She crouched, trembling, awaiting the entrance of Palutus.

MEANWHILE, Marius, informed by Drusus of Naida's imprisonment, rushed at once to the citadel. He raged and threatened the guards who refused him admittance. Despair and helplessness held him to the spot. The military and the civil powers of Rome were arrayed against him. The rich merchants and those with influence were on the side of the procurator. Only the Christians remained, and they were but a scant handful from the humble and unimportant walks of life.

Standing there, undecided, he saw Naida led forth under guard. Breathlessly he followed her to the home of the procurator, where he was forced to wait outside during the examination.

When the party left the villa, he trailed close behind the tribune and Licydes, shielded by the darkness. From their conversation he learned all that had happened, and that Naida was safe for a few hours. He heard the chink of gold being passed and the compliments of Plautus on the Greek's cleverness.

The tribune soon turned aside to go to his villa, and Marius followed Licydes to a small inn in the city. There he left him, grimly promising himself to return and deal with him later. Then he sought the home of his father.

The room was dimly lighted when Marius entered. The hour of worship had ended and the devout Christians were gathered about a stranger, a Jew with a lean face and compelling eyes, who was telling them of Christus. Questioningly his glance turned upon Marius.

"Your spirit is troubled," he said kindly. "What is your burden?"

In brief words Marius told of the fate that awaited Naida. "What is there—" Despairingly he dropped his hands. "There is nothing we can do!"

"Nay," answered the man from Judea, "there is the promise, 'When two or more are gathered in My name—' Let us kneel and pray God for guidance."

They knelt in silent prayer. Only the spluttering of the wick in its basin of oil broke the stillness of the homely room.

At last the Jew rose with an air of decision and turned to Marius. "God always expects us to do our part. Take me before your procurator."

"The procurator!" Marius stared. "Know you who he is?"

The Jew nodded. "A slave at the pierhead mentioned his name."

IN SILENCE and in torment Marius led the way through the dark, littered streets, up the hill to the home of the governor.

They were admitted to the council-hall where Naida had received judgment. Silently they waited until the procurator entered and demanded to know their business.

The slender, dark-eyed Judean stepped forward and faced the seated magistrate, while Naida's fate hung in the balance. A striking contrast the two men furnished: the one, exponent of ruthlessnes, of materialistic power; the other, apostle of things spiritual, of high ideals and unselfish service.

"I am come," said the latter, bowing, "to crave mercy for the daughter of Callinus."

The procurator frowned. "And are you, too, a member of that rebellious sect?"

The man from Judea nodded.

"Then have you no fear that I will also condemn you?"

"No." The word was quietly spoken. "I am protected by a higher power."

"You bear credentials from Cæsar?"

The Jew shook his head. "Again no. I referred to the power of God."

The governor leaned back in his seat and smiled cynically. "The gods are no longer credited by the intellectuals."

"Alas, it will always be so!" The Judean's tone expressed regret. "God does not appeal to the intellect alone, but to the heart. I spoke not of the Roman gods, but of the one true God, whose Son died on the cross at Golgotha."

A shadow passed over the face of the procurator. He eyed the Jew questioningly. "Strange, the power a Jewish carpenter exerts on the imagination of the people!"

"Not strange, if you consider His life and the manner of His death." Slowly the measured words fell. "Think of the Son of God being crucified among thieves!"

The governor leaned suddenly forward. "And whose was the fault, if not your people's?"

The Jew nodded. "*All* those responsible have much to account for."

"Bah! If your God is all-powerful, why has He not stricken the guilty ones dead?"

"He works His will in wondrous ways. Who knows what fate awaits them—if they do not repent?"

"Lies, all lies!" The procurator's tone was rasping. "Were it true, some sign would have been given."

The Jew frowned. "Have you forgotten the darkness that came over the Roman world at the time of the crucifixion?"

The governor waved an impatient hand, as if to brush aside unwelcome memories. "Clouds before the sun, nothing more."

"And what think you of the resurrection that occurred five years ago to-morrow?"

Concluded on page 92



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THE NAME FORBIDDEN

Concluded from page 91

The intensity of the tone made the words sound a warning.

A second time the shadow passed over the procurator's face, as if some long-buried dread had come to the surface to torture him. "Bah! A superstitious belief of the ignorant."

The Judean stepped forward, his eyes filled with sudden fire. "You whose name no Christian will utter, know you that God has sent me to bring you under conviction?"

The governor started up. "You dare threaten me?"

The Jew seemed conscious of a power not his own, and fearlessly he wielded it.

"Harken!" he commanded. "It is not I who threaten, but God. You scoff at Him, you deny His crucified Son, but somewhere in you lies a memory and a conscience. I am here to waken them!"

The procurator glared angrily into the compelling eyes. "A word from me will summon slaves to cast you into prison!"

The Jew raised a warning hand. "Threaten not, lest God cast you groveling at His feet!"

Their positions seemed suddenly, and in some strange manner, reversed. It was the Jew, filled with a higher, a more righteous purpose, who dominated.

"Do you still deny the divinity of Christus?"

The governor muttered angrily: "A Jewish carpenter! A consorter with fishermen!"

The Judean leaned forward. "Know you not that the resurrection is the best attested fact in all history?"

"Impossible!" The governor's hands moved restlessly upon the arms of his seat. "Such a thing is not known to human experience."

The Jew's eyes were smoldering. "What think you of me? Am I one to speak the truth, or a lover of falsehoods?"

The answer came, as if dragged from him unwittingly. "Of things you know, you would speak truly."

"Believe you that implicitly?"

"Yes." The word was a sullen assent.

"And you doubt the resurrection?"

The procurator nodded.

"Then I say unto you that I, too, was raised from the dead!"

An omnious silence followed. For the third time the shadow passed over the governor's face, leaving it haggard.

"In cere-cloth," continued the Jew, "I came from the tomb, summoned back to life by the power of Christus. My presence here bears witness to His divinity!"

The procurator started up, gripping the arms of his couch. "In Pluto's name, who are you?"

"I am Lazarus of Bethany, the brother of Mary and Martha!"

The governor sank back, trembling as if under a torturing strain.

"Reflect," commanded the Jew, "on the reason why no Christian will speak your name! And may Almighty God bring you under conviction!"

As a long-hidden disease will suddenly break the body's resistance, so the Roman crumpled before the words of the Christian. He cowered, a shrunken man. Eyes stared from a face the color of putty; ashen lips quivered.

The Judean watched him grimly. "God is giving you the chance to right a great wrong. He led me here for that purpose."

"WHAT is it?" The Roman raised haggard eyes.

"Release the innocent girl you have sacrificed to the lust of Plautus!"

"No, no!" Pride flickered through his muttered words. "She refused to speak my name."

Lazarus answered sternly: "To-morrow is Easter. Will you again surrender a follower of the Living God to a death of shame?"

The eyes of the Roman were staring, haunted. In silence he fumbled for his tablets and wrote with shaking hand: "The Procurator of Massilia to the tribune, Plautus: Release at once the girl Naida and deliver her into the care of the bearer."

With strange hesitation he signed it—*"Pontius Pilate."*

They left him and hurried to the citadel to procure the release of Naida. Their footsteps in the corridor, the key grating in the lock drove her shrinking to her corner. But at sight of Marius the pathetic fright in her eyes vanished; she staggered weakly into his arms.

PONTIUS PILATE sat in his judgment-hall until the dawn of that Easter morning, staring wild-eyed and questioning. Spasmodically his hands clasped and unclasped, his lips twitched silently.

He had come to Massilia to bury the past, and it had suddenly risen to smite him!

It was true! The Son of God! And he had surrendered Him to the mob!

A shaft of the dawn struck across the room and touched his restless fingers. Slowly he looked down at them, and a light of horror came into his eyes.

He was washing his *hands!*



JANE COWL'S STORY

Continued from page 11

thought that I was in a formative state, and they wanted to instruct me. The dramatist, who was intensely nervous, kept giving me direction after direction, and the leading man who was playing opposite me also volunteered suggestions; so I was bandied about between them, and between them I thought I should go mad. I have never been able at a rehearsal to give any suggestion of what I could do at a performance. It took Mr. Klein some little time to learn this. I told him repeatedly that it would be best to leave me alone. I said, "If you have any belief in my ability to play this part, please, please, let me alone!"

Since then people in the theater have come to realize that I can do my work only in my own way. I may not be at my best in rehearsals. I know I am not at my best on opening nights. For me a part has to grow in ripeness from performance to performance.

So it is that some have never had immediate faith in me while at rehearsal, and I have had literally to show them what I could do. Take, for instance, my announcement that I was going to play *Juliet*. I had had it in mind for several years and had been doing some reading with the idea that the time would eventually come when I would appear as *Juliet*. Few people had any faith that I could do it, except Mr. Klauber. I read every book it was possible for me to read on the subject. Then I saw that if I tried to make my performance conform to the usual *Juliets* I would be neither fish nor fowl. I said to myself, "I am going to give it from my own point of view and no one else's." They tell me that I did certain things like Ellen Terry. I do not know.

BUT I am running ahead of my story. After I opened in "Romeo and Juliet," I often heard myself referred to as "the new Jane Cowl." This was because some people were struck by the manner in which I compassed the demands of the reading of blank verse. If they had only remembered that for many years I had been playing in undistinguished rôles, such as the shop-girl in "Within the Law" and the servant-girl in "Common Clay," they would have realized that in these plays it was my duty *not* to use distinguished speech. Apparently this had the effect of making some people think I was incapable of beauty of speech. In "Common

Continued on page 94

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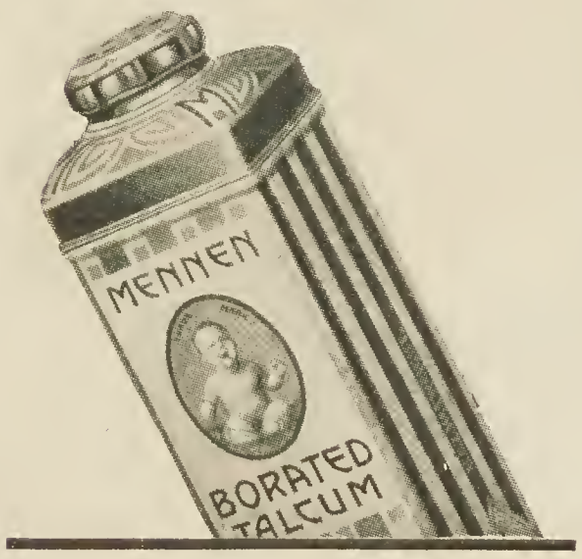
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One of these elements affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its unusual antiseptic effect; while another helps in defeating friction. A fifth constituent increases the absorbency and counteracts acidity.

Baby specialists and nurses recommend that Mennen's be applied to the roly-poly body after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby cries.

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JANE COWL'S STORY

Continued from page 92

Clay," which met with great success, I am sure I received a great handicap, for it was necessary for me to adopt a flat, colorless voice, and, while I did this purposely, the impression seemed to be that this was my natural voice.

I am not saying that during the time I played in "The Gamblers," "Within the Law" and "Common Clay" I was not growing in my work or enjoying it; but I mean that in such plays I was not judged by a standard of excellence such as governs the production of a Shakespearean or classic play. I suppose that one of the handicaps of our profession is the danger of falling into the type class. Certainly that inelegant voice which I had to adopt in "Within the Law" and in "Common Clay" was being "wished on me" in earnest. It has been difficult for me to override such preconceived ideas.

During these years I made it my business to gain experience outside the regular theater by playing in stock. It is in stock that one is sure to gain a very desirable flexibility, which a long run in a regular theater does not give. It is the nearest thing we have at the present time to a repertory experience, and all young actresses should seek such engagements.

IT WAS while I was playing with Mr. Belasco that I made my first trip to Europe. It takes a young ambition receiving only a slim salary to conceive such an extravagant idea. But nevertheless I made up my mind and announced my intention. I made that trip on exactly four hundred dollars: paid my passage both ways and stayed eight weeks. Through hard stint I had saved three hundred dollars. I asked Mr. Belasco if I might be gone eight weeks, and he not only consented, but—kind soul that he always was—allowed me to end my final week with him on Friday night. I was to sail the next day. I remember going down in a state of rather wild excitement to draw my salary. I found the stage-manager, Billy Dean, waiting for me with what seemed to me to be a huge roll of money tied with an elastic band. He handed it to me. I refused it. Surely my salary was not as big as that! But he insisted it was for me. I did not see Mr. Belasco standing near with a broad smile on his benign face. I did not see the flicker of a smile of amusement on the face of Billy Dean. But when I took the elastic band off and counted one hundred dollars in one-dollar bills which encircled my own small salary, I knew that Mr. D. B. was behind it all. I was happy at going; I was sorry to go; I was in a confusion of emotion and looked up to find Mr. Belasco laughing at me. When I reached home, there on the table was a beautiful traveling-kit, from Mr. Belasco also.

When I reached London, I stayed in lodgings in Gower Street, and in Paris I stayed over a hair-dresser's shop. I could not afford to ride about in anything better than a bus, and I believe that through necessity of walking I saw more of London and Paris than most people do.

THAT was the beginning of almost yearly trips abroad. I go whenever it is possible for me to leave off work in America; and even though so many of my trips to London are of a business nature, I manage to have a good time whenever I am there. One of my friends is Constance Collier, and it was through her that I met the inimitable Herbert Tree, who took a fancy to me for no earthly reason. We had all sorts of pleasant times. He sent me seats for all his performances.

London is a different place since Beerbohm Tree has gone. He was a very amusing man, with a great deal of amazing talk. I remember once going with his brother, Max Beerbohm, to the Coliseum, and all during the evening he drew tiny miniature sketches on his cuffs of Ruth St. Denis dancing.

One of the most amusing of my European experiences was encountering Paderewski once while I was motoring near Geneva on one of my rare holidays. He had always been one I had worshiped from afar, and his face was graven on my mind. I remember his extraordinary figure, with its great head of hair, walking on the road ahead of us. The car was going at a terrible clip, and we passed him before I had time to tell the chauffeur to stop. I suddenly realized that it was there in Lucerne that he spent his Summers, and I shouted to the driver to turn back. As soon as he could stop the car he did as I told him, but by this time Paderewski, realizing what I was up to, had cut across fields and the last I saw of him he was chopping off the heads of the daisies as he beat a hasty retreat. When we got back to the roadside where I had first seen him, there sat Madame Paderewski shaking with laughter.

It was some time after this that I was asked by one of my friends if I wanted to meet him. When I told him about the affair in Switzerland, he said he remembered perfectly trying to escape me. He was interested in looking at my hands, and I remember with what joy I heard him exclaim that they were piano hands. From that day to this he has been perfectly wonderful to me.

When I was in Philadelphia during the war, he was giving a concert for the Polish drive. I sent him some flowers and a check and wrote him a note saying the matinée was not out until around five o'clock, but I was going to try to get over then to hear the end of his concert. As soon as my final curtain was rung down, I slipped hastily into a street dress and with my make-up still on dashed to the Auditorium. They let me enter in the middle of a number—a thing that they never do—and I discovered him still at the piano generously responding to encores. The absolute simplicity of this great man!

I WAS in Europe when the war broke out. I found myself in Paris during mobilization, and wanted to go home on one of the very last trips made by the regular passenger-boats. It was Charles Klein who got me home—poor Charles Klein who went down on the *Lusitania*. I had to have gold for my passage, and I remember he got it from his fishmonger.

When the war broke in all its fury and I was back in America playing on tour, I was very much bothered about what part I should take in it. I wanted to chuck everything and go over and do something. I talked with members of the Rockefeller Institute about the possibilities of nursing. They said that there were more women than needed over there, and that it would take me a long, arduous time to get trained. "If you want to do something for the war," they said, "why not do something now in the theater?" I felt it terribly keenly, and it seemed to me that I simply had to do something to express myself. I had seen a lot of war plays and hated them all. Through my friends I was in touch with much that was going on in Europe and was constantly meeting members of the commissions that were sent to New York from abroad.

It was under this strain that I wrote "Lilac Time" in three days, with Jane Murfin. I remember that one critic said sarcastically of the play: "Two women's idea of war!" As a matter of fact, that play was a perfect photograph of life behind the lines. It was gone over by an English major with a fine-tooth comb, and we had his guarantee that it was absolutely correct in every particular.

We had the satisfaction of seeing "Lilac Time" accepted as soon as it was done. Stanley Dark was engaged to play one of the soldiers. He rehearsed in it for a very few days, and then came to us and confessed that the play had got under his skin and he

Concluded on page 96

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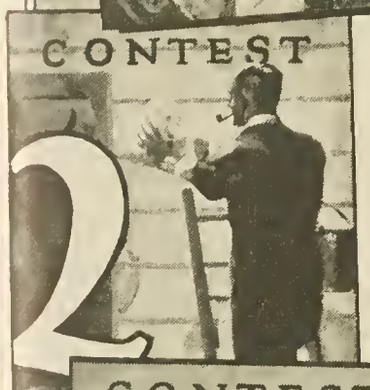
By "new" we mean anything for which we have not already given washing directions.

This would bar out directions for washing garments made of silk, wool, fine cotton or linen; it would also bar out directions for washing blankets; for washing automobiles.

But if you use Lux for any practical new purpose such as shampoo, washing rugs, cleaning tarnished silver or any of the scores of new purposes, just tell us in your own words how you use it.

Make the directions as helpful as you possibly can—just as if you were telling a neighbor just how to get the best results.

For the most helpful directions for using Lux for a practical new purpose we give the first prize of $250; for the next most helpful directions goes the second prize of $75; for the third most helpful $25.



$1500 for the best letter on "Why I Value Lux" . . second prize $500; third prize $250; 12 prizes of $100 each . . . .

Countless women value Lux for laundering fine things. There are hosts of other reasons why both men and women value Lux. Mr. Smith for instance, washed the outside of his house with Lux. He values Lux because it made the paint look as good as new and saved him a big painter's bill.

Mrs. Davidson always washes her dishes with Lux because it keeps her hands from looking rough and red. She values Lux for many things, but the effect on her hands is the most important. Other fastidious women value it because it is so wonderful for the family laundry—saving their time and energy. They don't mind putting their hands in the rich Lux lather—it's so easy on their skin.

Just tell us why you value Lux. $1,500 for the best letter—$500 for the second best, $250 for the third best, and $100 for each of the 12 next best letters.



State Prizes (*including the District of Columbia*) amounting to $6125. For the most interesting and complete list of purposes for which you use Lux . . . numbered in the order of their importance to you. 49 first prizes of $75 each (*one for each of the 48 states and the District of Columbia*); 49 second prizes of $50 each

Innumerable women use Lux for laundering all kinds of fine fabrics—for washing garments made of silk, wool, fine cotton and linen. They use it, too, in ever increasing numbers for washing dishes and for shampoo.

We have many interesting letters from women who have found that Lux is incomparable for washing milk bottles, for cleaning tarnished silver—and for many other purposes.

Men have many important uses for it that they take time to write us about. You probably use Lux for quantities of interesting things. Tell us about them, in the order of their importance to you. To the one in each state and the District of Columbia who sends the most interesting and complete list goes the first prize of $75—for the next most interesting and complete list goes the second prize of $50.



Special Prize of $1,500. For the most interesting account of an incident in the life of a well-known person in which Lux has figured; second prize $500; third prize $200.

These letters illustrate what we mean: Edward Bok wrote: "When I put up my limousine for the summer the upholstery was full of dust and spots. I didn't believe anything could bring it back to its freshness, but Lux did. I congratulate you on having such a product."

From Miss Harrison, "In draping the flags for a fete of nations at which Joseph Choate was guest of honor, one flag became soiled. It was washed with Lux and came out beautifully; the colors bright—the white unstreaked."

Miss Browne wrote, "At a luncheon for Willa Cather I wanted everything to be Czecho-Slovakian in honor of her heroine, Antonia. That very morning I found my lovely Bohemian luncheon set had yellowed! It was washed wonderfully with Lux. The rich embroidery lost no brilliance—the cloth was gleaming white."

For the most interesting letter telling of an incident in the life of a well-known person in which Lux has figured, $1500; second prize, $500; third prize, $200.



RULES

1. This contest is open to everyone in the United States.
2. Send contributions to Dept. C, Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.
3. The fact that you may have sent us washing directions, told us why you value Lux, told us of new uses for Lux, of incidents in the lives of well-known people in which Lux has figured, does not bar you from competing. Write us again.
4. You may compete in one or more of the contests. Use separate sheet for each. Number each contribution—Contest 1, Contest 2, etc.
5. Write or print your name and address at top of each page.
6. Write in ink on one side of paper only. Number each page.
7. In case of a tie the full amount of prize goes to each tying contestant.
8. Contest closes June 1, 1924. Letters postmarked after twelve midnight, June 1st, will not be considered.

Note: It costs nothing to enter the contest. If you wish to compete but have never used Lux, write us and we will send you a free package. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. C, Cambridge, Mass.

Judges

Miss L. Ray Balderston, author of "Laundering"; Mrs. Ellen B. McGowan, co-author of "Textiles and Clothing"; one of the editors of each of the following magazines—Woman's Home Companion, Miss Martha Sanford; Ladies' Home Journal, Miss Martha Dodson; Modern Priscilla, Mrs. Elizabeth Macdonald.



AGE and WEIGHT

Your child should weigh, between the ages of 2 and 10, as shown below-

Age	Pounds
2	22—32
3	26—36
4	29—41
5	32—45
6	36—55
7	37—60
8	44—69
9	49—77
10	54—91

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Careful mothers use it not only for their children but for themselves—ANALAX cannot disturb the stomach as it acts only on the intestines.

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JANE COWL'S STORY

Concluded from page 94

could not stand it another moment. He joined the British Army.

"Smilin' Through" was another play in which I had a share in the writing. The manuscript had come to me in a very crude state and had interested me, although I have no belief in or against spiritualism. It had to be rewritten. It was more or less inspired by "Raymond," and I remember that Sir Oliver Lodge and Lady Lodge came to see it and after the performance came around to talk with me. It gave me a peculiar feeling when Lady Lodge said, "Oh, my dear, he (meaning Raymond) will be so pleased!"

On all sides I was besieged with letters asking whether "Smilin' Through" expressed my own convictions regarding the afterlife. For all these inquiries I had the same reply: I have no set convictions regarding the after-life.

TO RETURN to *Juliet*, as I have said I postponed my appearance in this rôle for three years, simply because I was afraid. I was frightened at having to face a first night such as I had never faced before. I knew this would be an ordeal beyond anything I had ever gone through. There was within me a conviction that I had something to give the theater that was not plain, ordinary box-office appeal; and I also knew that when the critics came to see me as *Juliet* they would bring a standard of comparison that would either make or break me. Finally, I took my courage in my hands and said, "If I am ever going to give *Juliet*, I must do it now!" I wanted to show everybody that the part of *Juliet* was within my scope, within myself; but I realized that I had never tried lyric verse before. I am a staccato person. My mind and speech go in jerks always. The music of *Juliet* was the thing that worried me. What I wanted to know was something more about the *sound* of blank verse. I asked Edith Kennedy to come and see me and read the lines to me, so that I might know what blank verse was like *liquidly*. She talked interpretation to me, and we disagreed about many things. We also agreed about many other things. But I can never forget the value of her encouragement when she said: "You can do it. There is no question about it!"

It was while I was playing in the Spanish drama "Malvaloca" that I first met Rollo Peters. Somehow I had conceived the idea that he was not tall enough to play opposite me. But during the rehearsals he showed so much quality that I became interested. His scene designs had always appealed to me and I engaged him to make the production of "Romeo and Juliet." Suddenly out of the blue came the idea, "Why not Rollo Peters for *Romeo?*" It was curious to see him grow under stage direction, to which he is most sensitive. His theater life has been a series of repressions. To be able to get out of him the things we wanted was most satisfying. I think he is a most divine *Romeo;* certainly he is an inspiration in the theater. I regard him as the coming *Hamlet.*

The joy of working with him is his sense of humor. At times he is very childlike; at other times very sophisticated. He has a curious outlook on life, a fantastic way of making up stories about things and imagining what kind of people live in all sorts of funny houses. His humor is like a "little water in a muslin bag." It escapes you and you can not tell it afterward, but at the time you roar with laughter.

To me it has been a deterrent to know people. I adore meeting interesting people, but it takes too much out of me. It is frightfully exhausting. I just have not the vitality to do the things I want to do outside the theater and still do my work well. I love to go to parties once in a while, but not as a regular thing. My greatest interest is in reading. "Carnivorous" is the only adjective that describes it. I read everything I can lay my hands on, from Dickens to Hergesheimer. I read and reread Anatole France. Anything worth while is grist for the mental mill. I have no passion for any one author, but once in a while I read some one from shelf to shelf. I am in sympathy with all literary movements. I spend a lot of time in myself, and find that reading takes me out of myself.

Music has the same power. I confess to a love for the modern in music, but then again there is thrill and beauty in Chopin and Beethoven. I get perfectly drunk on Debussy. I go to every concert I can find time for. I prefer the piano; it has a music that no other instrument has. There is nothing more soothing than the notes of a piano sounding in some far-off part of the house.

I am afraid I am fearfully in a shell. My greatest joy is hiding myself away at Great Neck, Long Island, in a secluded spot where we have a most horrible-looking house, the upper part Tudor and the lower part Mission. We really took this house to store some furniture belonging to my mother. My husband and I went down to look it over, arrived one evening after dark, and, I think, literally bought it by candlelight. We flashed a lantern up and down the front of it and said to the agent: "All right. We will take it."

This home of ours at Great Neck is nothing to compare with the lovely little house I own on Lake Annecy in the French Alps, but which I have never had time to live in. Now and again I go to look at it and say, "Yes, I shall come back next year!" But always something interferes. It is my dream house. The other is reality.

Week-end by week-end we have rushed off to our Long Island purchase, and week-end by week-end we have found greater and greater peace in it. Gradually it has taken on the individuality of a home.

I don't play any games, not even golf. I love tennis, but can not see the ball. Horseback-riding is the only outdoor diversion I have. I ride every day, wherever I am; and I love cross-country riding.

LOOKING back on what I have done so far, I can really say that nobody has been more fortunate than I in having as my manager and associate such a sane, such a perfectly balanced person as Adolph Klauber. I don't suppose any artist or any player has ever had such an "incubator" as he has been for me. He has been cotton wool for me all my life. He has never allowed any nonsense about artistic temperament. I have seen what temperament and selfishness can do to hamper one in the theater. My idea of the theater is built on cooperation. I believe in being just as lovable in the theater as you can possibly be. The intense belief Mr. Klauber has always had in me has been one of my greatest encouragements. His sagacity, his knowledge about the theater—the commonplace side of it and the ideal side of it—are such that he has always been my last court of appeal. I know nobody who could be more fair, more unselfish or more disinterested.

Now that I have left that period when people used to refer to me as "Crying Jane," because the inconsequential parts I played usually required me to shed inconsequential tears, I face a future full of consuming desire. There is something within me that says that there is no limitation to my flexibility. I am sure I can play comedy as well as tragedy, that *Beatrice* and *Katherine* will be just as much within my range, that *Viola* and *Rosalind* will afford me just as many opportunities as *Juliet*. People smile when I say that after a certain number of years I am going to retire—not retire from the theater, for I have many things to do there, but from acting. It is so much better to stop playing at a period of freshness and leave behind a memory of things freshly done. If I am allowed to run rampant for the next few years, I shall play the many things I want to play and then direct my own theater, confining myself to producing and to making it possible for such young artists as come along to gain headway. My interest in the theater is the theater and not myself. By that I do not mean that I am entirely unselfish in the matter, for I shall always be doing my work in the theater. It is the theater I want to advance and bring into some kind of coherency. I want it to run beautifully, with no noises in front, with ushers who are polite and with box-office men solicitous. I want to dominate as a theater producer and make people react to it. I have got to do something for the theater. It has given me all the good I know. All the pleasure I have had in life has come out of the theater; and I am firmly convinced that, as an actress and as a producer, I must give back something to the theater itself.

Her beauty won the judges' hearts

When little Annie Frances Cox was only nine months old she was voted the prettiest baby at a baby show in Pine Bluffs, Arkansas. Her mother, Mrs. W. L. Cox, now of Paris, Texas, writes: "Annie Frances has been an Eagle Brand baby since birth. I can't say enough for your splendid milk, because our baby has never had a day of sickness and she is now twenty-one months old and a perfect baby. When she was ten months old I put oatmeal gruel with the Eagle Brand and fed her on that alone until she was a year and a half old."



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THE real secret of beauty in babies is perfect health. No child who is sickly and weak and underdeveloped can be really beautiful, while a child with radiant good health and the happy disposition that accompanies it attracts everyone immediately.

A baby's health depends almost entirely on correct feeding and good digestion. Mother's milk is normally the best food, of course. But if you cannot nurse your baby, or if he does not digest his food properly, put him on Eagle Brand.

Eagle Brand is more nearly like mother's milk than any other infant food—absolutely pure, nourishing, easily digested. More than a million mothers have given it to their babies for these very reasons. Thousands of doctors recommend it in difficult feeding cases.

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"Baby's Welfare," written by a physician, is a useful guide for young mothers. If you want a copy we will send you one free.



"Don't you know—*really?*"

THE thing was troubling her—something she had overheard several men say about her when they thought she was the last person in the world within hearing distance.

So she had asked two of her friends. They were amazed that she had never thought of this sort of thing before. But they were frank enough to explain it to her in a delicate way. And she never ceased being grateful to them.

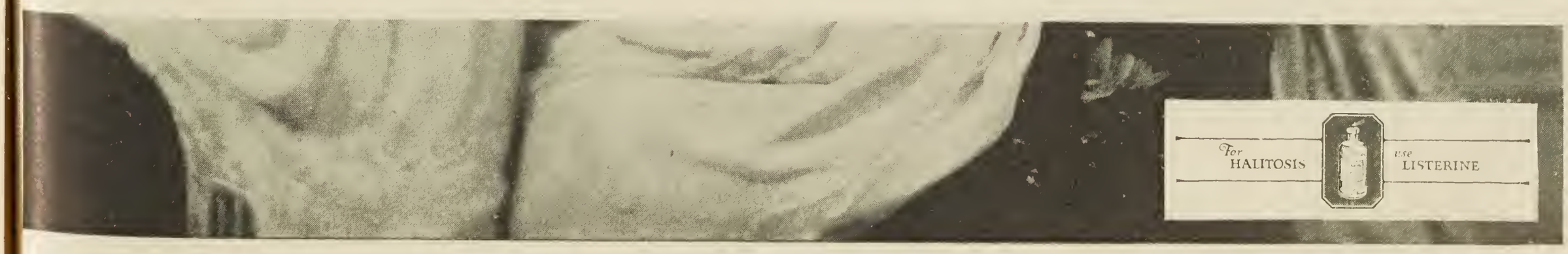
* * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle. —*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



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Yes—today! It is sliced peach time any time—if you know Del Monte.

Serve them just as they come from the can!

Try them for breakfast with cereals. Or tonight—for dessert! They offer uses without end—peach tapioca, peach betty, peach pie and many other simple dishes.

Royal treats, all of them—so good you will want sliced peaches often!

Del Monte Sliced Peaches are California's finest Yellow Clings, especially prepared this way for convenience and economy. Packed in three sizes of cans—to fit the needs of large, medium and small families. A supply on the pantry shelf will help you meet many a menu emergency.

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INSULIN, A REMEDY FOR DIABETES

Concluded from page 16

depending upon the quantity of insulin given. It is not necessary at the present time, while insulin is as expensive as it is, to increase the starches and sugars in the diet to the amount that would normally be eaten by that child. If the carbohydrate in the daily diet can be increased to one-third or even one-sixth of normal requirements, experience shows that the rate of growth and gain in weight is about the same as that of the normal healthy child.

From what has been said it can readily be seen why the careful regulation of diet under proper medical control is still as necessary—and in fact more necessary—with insulin treatment than without it. The reason for this is that insulin is a powerful drug, the action of which is to bring about the oxidation of sugar. In the event that insulin is given without there being a sufficient amount of sugar in the body for it to act upon, too great oxidation takes place and the symptoms of an overdose arise. Insulin in this way is comparable to other effective therapeutic remedies, in all of which an overdose naturally produces toxic effects. It is to be seen, therefore, that careful management of the diet is necessary in order to adjust the amount of insulin to the amount of carbohydrate needed, and thus avoid the symptoms of an overdose.

These symptoms, which may become serious, are sometimes spoken of as "insulin shock" and if untreated may produce disagreeable and alarming consequences. The early evidences are trembling, weakness and a feeling of discomfort in the region of the stomach. All the symptoms, however, may be rapidly and effectively overcome by giving sugar in some form or other. When this is not done, the following train of more severe symptoms occur: profuse sweating, trembling, convulsions and unconsciousness.

Under proper and careful control of both diet and insulin dosage, instances of "insulin shock," such as we have just mentioned, occur but rarely.

"Is insulin a cure for diabetes?" is the question most frequently asked by patients. In the form that the question is put, the answer must be "No." But it can be said that as long as insulin is continuously and properly given, patients suffering from diabetes may for an indefinite period of time be kept free from all symptoms or deleterious signs of the disease. Perhaps it will be found that in certain children to whom insulin has been given continuously for a year or more the insulin power of their own pancreas will be so improved as to warrant partial or complete withdrawal of the artificially supplied insulin, with very little or no reduction of the diet. But so far any statement such as this is pure speculation.

What the future holds in store for these hitherto hopeless victims of diabetes who have been brought back from the brink of the grave to a normal condition of weight, strength and growth, the future alone will reveal. One encouraging fact stands out, namely, the dangers and downward progress of the disease may now be kept under control, provided insulin is given continuously and under adequate dietary direction.

AT THE beginning of this article brief allusion was made to Doctor Banting. It is befitting that the public at large know about the man and scientist who gave them this great discovery. Born near London, Ontario, thirty-one years ago, Doctor Banting entered the Toronto University Medical School about two years before the outbreak of the World War. He left school to enlist in the ranks of the Canadian Army, was wounded in action on the French front, invalided home and decorated for bravery. He then resumed his medical studies, for which in 1916 he received his degree. He went back to Europe, served in a surgical unit in England until the end of the war, and was not discharged from the army until 1919. At that time he returned to London, Ontario, where he started the practise of surgery. In the early part of 1921, while reading an article on surgery of the pancreas, Doctor Banting conceived the idea which subsequently led to his brilliant discovery. His confidence in the feasibility of his idea was so strong that he staked all that he had on his conception of isolating insulin, and in May, 1921, went for help to Doctor McLeod, Professor of Physiology at the University of Toronto. He was given facilities for investigation in Doctor McLeod's laboratory, and with the help of Mr. Best, worked into the Summer, performing his first convincing experiment in July. From then on until January, 1922, when the first human case of diabetes was treated, his work was simply an elaboration of the original idea.

Doctor Banting's dream has come true; human diabetes is under control. Convincing proof of this was furnished recently at the meeting of the Association of American Physicians, when doctors from all over the country reported upon the striking success of insulin in the treatment of diabetes.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF YOU

Concluded from page 22

gentle little gargle for the throat and so keep them cleaned.

I said good-by to this most distinguished nose-and-throat man and went up the street to a general practitioner. There I sat in his office with more than a score of people ahead of me, because, you see, I had chosen one of the most famous young doctors in America—just to ask him about bad breath! And I wondered exactly what he would do to me when he discovered I was only a healthy young beauty-editor wanting to know about bad breath. But he didn't throw me out of his office or anything. He just smiled and said: "Yes, bad breath certainly would be (*and then he used a word we mustn't print*) on romance, wouldn't it?"

And I think that he was the most helpful of all, because he said: "When a bad breath happens to you, first of all take a laxative; then it wouldn't do any harm to take a half-teaspoon of common baking-soda three times a day for a few days, and look over your habits of eating. When we established that custom of eating three meals between seven in the morning and seven at night, people did more outdoor work than we do now and they didn't have elevators and automobiles to keep them from healthy exercise. Eat less and cut down on the sweets. And when you eat at night, don't eat and then go right to bed. If you want a supper after the theater, stay up two hours and read a book. Then when you go to bed your poor old digestive system can rest, too. And exercise—get out and walk and breathe deeply and get your blood circulating around in your whole system. Then, if you still have a bad breath, go see a doctor: there's probably something wrong with you functionally; or perhaps it's your teeth, in which case he'll send you to a dentist; or your tonsils, and then you'll need a throat man. But for the love of heaven, don't go around with a bad breath, because almost nobody needs to! There may be some seriously diseased part which won't clear up quickly; then do what your brothers used to do when they smoked the weed out behind the barn: eat cloves or chew coffee.

"And that bad breath," he called after me, "that people wake up with in the morning usually isn't caused by the tummy at all, but by teeth or tonsils! And you're all right, too, on cold water with lemon-juice in it in the morning. That's good for them!"

I walked home very soberly. For the first time in my life I realized what an awful thing it was to be a person who habitually had a bad breath. How he must dread talking to people, or even sitting beside them!

"Sweet as a baby's breath!" We come *in* with the right kind! It's worth fighting for—isn't it?



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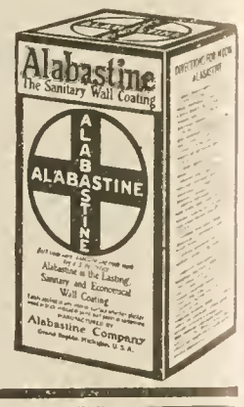
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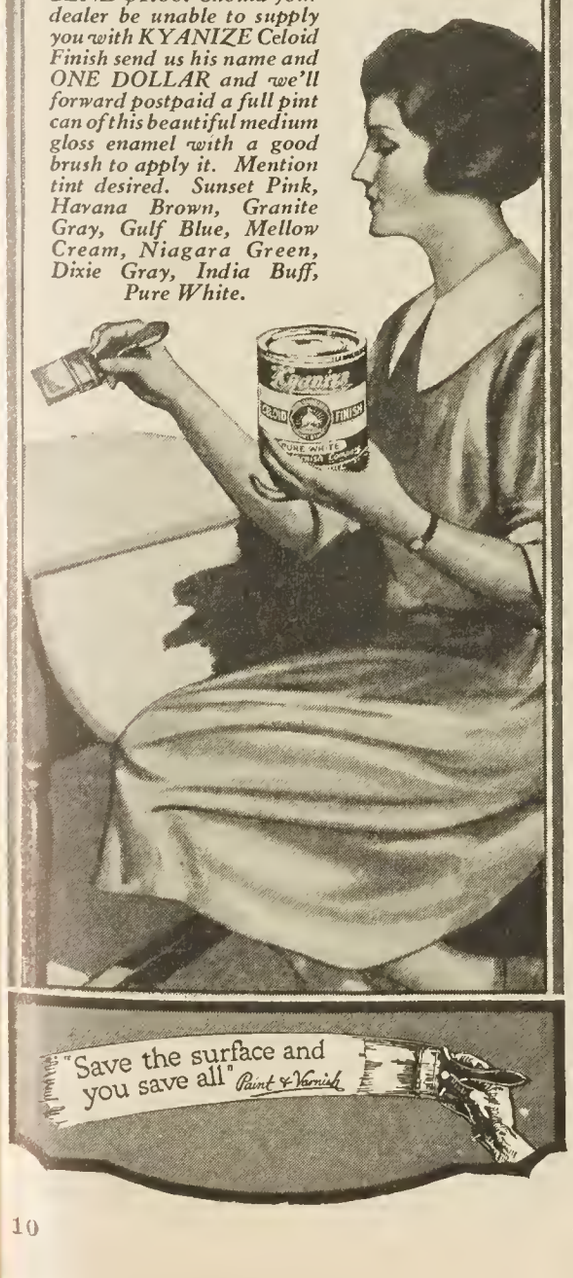
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 14

heart that life had treated so harshly.

"Rose," he said, in a tone she had not heard for years, the tone through which a conversation suddenly becomes personal, even intimate, "life hasn't been what we thought it was going to be, has it?"

They had crossed Upper River Street now and turned into Santa Clara Street. She gave him a long, penetrating look from her matchless blue eyes.

"Jack, isn't it strange?"

The sunburned lean face, smiling at her, was softened suddenly by what she remembered as its pleasantest expression, the expression that meant that Jack was serious, that into his joyous, irresponsible brain had entered the consciousness of what he himself was, and what Rose was, and what they were to each other.

"Do you ever think of the old days?" he asked.

"Oh—sometimes," she answered, with a little hesitation and in a tone that did not encourage him.

"Where was your mother to-day?" Jack asked after a pause.

"She and Audrey—you remember little Audrey?"

"The I. S. L.? I should say I do!" Jack said, laughing and off guard. Immediately he turned red, and Rose's color came up in a wave. They had called giddy little chattering Audrey his "Idiot Sister-In-Law," years ago.

Rose wanted to say something quick and irrelevant, but no words came, and Jack was equally disconcerted, so that they stood there for a minute flushed and smiling and looking oddly at each other.

"Ned going to be a farmer?" the man questioned her.

"A forester, he says. Doesn't it sound nice?"

"I envy him!" Jack said suddenly.

"*I* envy any one—" Rose's brow knitted a little, as if she were feeling for words—"any one who has it all before him. His mistakes all to make!"

"He'll make them," Jack predicted, a little grimly.

A motor-car turned into Santa Clara Street and he saw her start nervously, as if its driver might be unwelcome. But it was only Hellman's delivery-wagon, and they could continue their conversation uninterrupted.

"All lives aren't mistakes, Jack, are they?" she asked.

"I don't know. No, of course not!" he answered. "Amy, now, and Juliet, and the Newmans—some people seem to be really, deeply happy, Rose."

"Yes, I know!" she agreed eagerly.

THE sky behind her was glorious with color, against which the trees of the Bainbridge garden cut a sharp silhouette. There was a sort of luminous green twilight beside the big, dry, evergreen hedge and in the pool of sunlight. Shafts of colored glory pierced and interlaced the overgrown gloom of the little street, and in this perfumed, windless hour Jack thought he had never seen anything so beautiful as her face.

"If some one had made a mistake that affected you, Rose," he said—almost against his will, yet eagerly, too—"would you—let him say—that he was sorry?"

"No," she answered slowly, and smiling, "I think not. I think I would want him to know that any harm he did me was forgotten and forgiven long ago."

"You told him he would live to pay bitterly for what he did, Rose—do you remember?"

"Oh, too well! I have been so often sorry—so often ashamed to remember it!"

She had lifted Mary, weary and sleepy from a day of too many joys, to the broad upper bar of the fence and now stood holding the soft little drooping body against her shoulder.

"I think of it—think of it—think of it," Jack said. "I would be *glad* to think—cad

Continued on page 100



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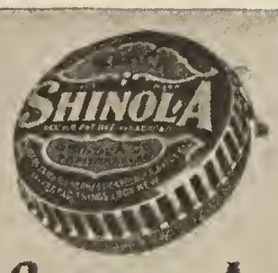


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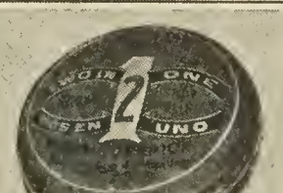
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Shine your shoes at least *once* a day—a Shining Outfit makes it easy. Aside from the consideration of appearance, the welfare of your shoes demands it. To restore the natural oils that preserve them, always use one of the three polishes illustrated herewith.

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ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 99

that I was, arrogant ass that I was—that you had forgiven me."

She gave him a composed, affectionate look, this splendid big man in white flannels who stood so close beside her, and there was no wavering in her eyes, no trembling in her kindly voice.

"Shall we—forgive each other?" she asked. "It would make me happier, too. Looking at Mary, I haven't wanted to remember that I ever said that I hated—anybody, Jack, or wished him any harm!"

She put out her hand and his big ones grasped it. Then quite simply she declined his offer to carry the child into the house. He watched her go steadily up the path, her white hat pushed a little askew by the child's head and the dark, rich baby curls pressing against the heavy, rippling burned gold of her hair.

A blankness, a dreariness seemed to fall upon the earth. Walking home slowly in the dusk, Jack felt the years long ahead of him and a steadily gnawing pain in his heart.

ROSE meanwhile had taken the child to the side door and staggered with her up the back stairway. Her face was crimson and she was breathing hard as she slipped the baby into the crib. A cool, thin nightgown for Mary, the unconscious little face wiped and dried, and Rose was free to move about the airy back chamber, putting away the soft garments that still held so deliciously the imprint of her baby's body.

"I shall have to ask you to stop making that frightful racket!" Clyde Bainbridge's voice, as he stood in the nursery doorway, with his hair rumpled and his face oily and dark from unrestful sleep, made his wife jump guiltily. She had been humming.

"I didn't know you were at home, Clyde!" she said in a hushed, apologetic tone as she slipped from the room and followed him into his own apartment.

He had flung himself back upon the tumbled bed; he spoke sourly.

"Because you were over at the Terrys', letting those snobs patronize you, bootlicking—crawling at their feet to get to be one of them!"

Rose saw the powder-streaked glass beside him.

"Oh, dear—another headache!" she lamented.

"Kindly don't use that utterly hypocritical tone!" he requested freezingly.

She knew that he was weary and hungry, as well as in pain and half-drugged with sleep and medicine.

"I am sorry, dear."

"Well, did you get what you were after? Did those people who wouldn't speak to you when I married you condescend to drink tea with you?"

"It was a delightful tea," Rose said, hanging up her best frock and buttoning herself into a clean gingham.

"Talbots there?"

"Oh, yes!"

"See Jack?"

Rose's brain, taught by previous experience, worked swiftly. Clyde's windows gave upon the front gate—it was possible that he had seen Jack standing there with her half an hour ago.

"Oh, yes."

He muttered, made no further comment. In a few more seconds his heavy, uncomfortable breathing told her that he was asleep. Rose went down-stairs, picked up her French grammar and settled herself at the dining-room window that looked over the cliff.

To-night she would not light the gas; she did not open her book. She sat at the window, her thoughts wandering happily from darling little Cecy's happy prospects, from her beauty and her success, to the pleasantly filled tea-room and all the friendly, rustling women. She remembered the sunset light in the windmill yard where little Mary was having one of her first social teas and the talk

Continued on page 101

She called it
"Sensible Economy"

YEAR AFTER YEAR she bought the costly syrups for the lusty appetites of her growing family. And always the thrifty purse rebelled. Occasionally she made plain sugar syrup at home but it pleased her neither in color nor flavor. Then she heard of Mapleine.

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 100

with Jack in the lane that was laced with gold shafts of sunshine. She remembered the sweet, dry scent of the eucalpytus leaves and Jack telling her of the little cabin up beyond the dam——

What a place for joy and peace such a little cabin would be! But then, thought Rose, what charm any place would have if more persons were like Jack—so kind, so understanding, so friendly.

If she could once get rid of this continual oppression, this smothering sense of nervous dependence upon the mood of another person, perhaps everything might go better. Clyde could not kill her, after all, and since he would be bound to have rages anyway, to be coldly unresponsive and suppressive anyway, why not muster up enough courage to laugh at him—to ignore him—to teach him that he was wasting time?

She wondered to-night, and not for the first time, how any human being could be so consistently disagreeable. It seemed to her incredible, even after four years of it, that there could be no mood in which he was gentle, contented, generous, kind.

Sometimes he talked to her forcibly, and with sufficient civility, about some business matter that especially interested him, or criticized some purchase, divorce, marriage or investment upon the part of their various friends and acquaintances in Gates Mill. But for Rose to argue, to protest, to defend an old friend, however mildly and logically, was to infuriate him. He would tell her without preamble that she was ignorant of the subject, that she and her entire family were contemptible failures and that to hear her talk so idiotically disgusted him.

This was their nearest approach to congenial companionship. For the rest Clyde was unwaveringly dissatisfied, critical, bitterly scornful, cold. He did not believe what she said, nor listen to it half the time, and anxious as she was to preserve a smooth surface and make Mary's first impressions what they ought to be, Rose felt herself driven over and over again to actual desperation.

THERE had been a time, when the baby was about six months old, when in a fury of anger and despair she had threatened him with divorce. But the child was his weapon there, and he was quick to use it: Certainly she could have Mary half the year, if she insisted upon it, but Mary's father would have her the other half.

Clyde was, in the eyes of the world, only a somewhat reserved and quiet man, successful almost to the sensational point with his business, devoted to his home, wife and child. Perhaps he was a little jealous, as became the husband of so beautiful a woman, but that was forgivable, after all. He had married a poor girl with a large, shiftless, dependent family on her shoulders and he had surely been an ideal son to Mrs. Kirby, selling that old house and managing the purchase of the new one.

If Rose left him, she must live on his money for the ten years of Mary's babyhood, or go to work and impose the burden of the child upon mom and grandpa——

No; the thoughts under this head always went round and round in a circle. For everybody's sake she must be strong.

So Rose was silent, was long-suffering, bore the slights and slurs in quiet dignity, learned to live for her child, her books, the casual interests of club or town life that overflowed where she could pick them up.

When she was asked to dinner-parties, she learned to say prettily that "Mr. Bainbridge was so busy now, and so tired, and was having these troublesome headaches." When she was implored to join a committee, she explained that she had a young child—so much to do at home. When she was irresistibly drawn into a friendship with some poor girl in the county hospital or some struggling little factory wife whose baby-crowded home was nearby, she made her excuse courageously:

Continued on page 102



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Every home-maker should have our new brochure, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," by Hazel H. Adler, beautifully illustrated in color. It explains the correct use of color and materials. Sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

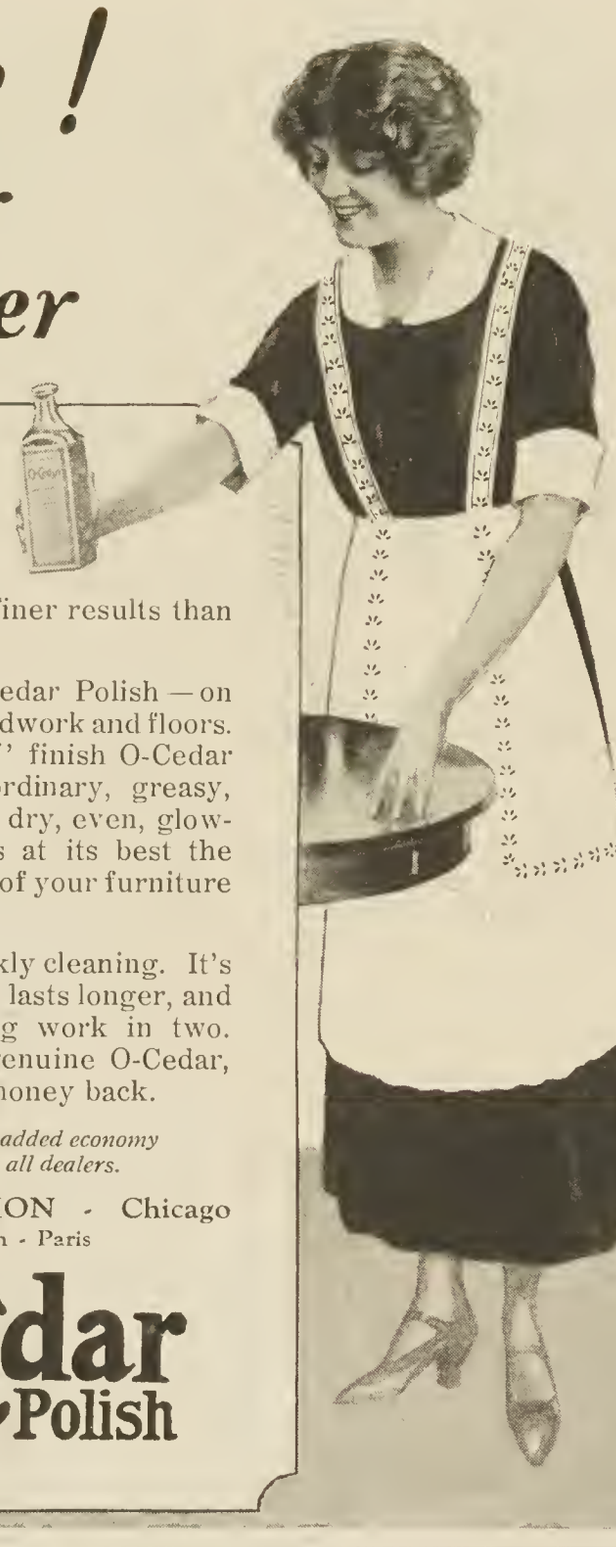
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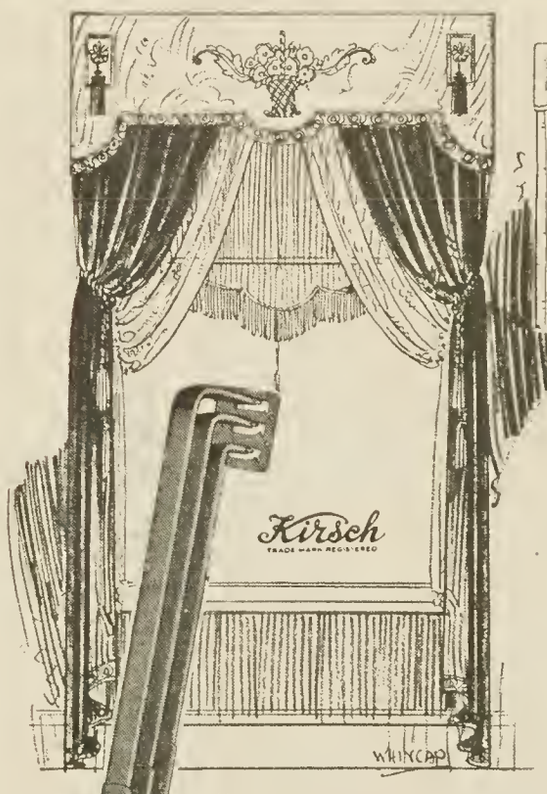
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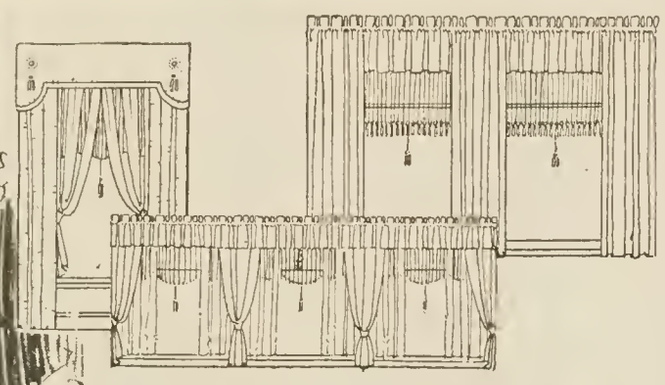
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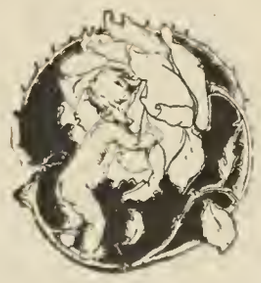
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Ask for and See that You Get- Kirsch Curtain Rods



ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 101

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Johnson. But Mr. Bainbridge feels that I am over-tiring myself, and he asked me not to come down here for a while. Presently I'll be back!"

It was very simple, after all. Rose grasped what she could. And with a sort of sorrowful wonder, she found that hers was not the only difficult life—that there were other women for whom the real flavor and glory of living had fled—that many a pretty Spring gown and smart new hat were worn in patient courage, or bravado, or faith, or all three.

That there were good men, and sweet and kindly men, who laughed at small domestic accidents, who would button a baby into her best coat and whistle as they stole olives from the luncheon a happy wife was packing, she gladly believed. Pleasant men—none too successful financially, perhaps, but genial as they soused little lawns with squirming hoses or praised the chocolate cake that a woman in a bungalow apron brought out for inspection.

Rosalind liked to think of these things, to come home through bustling River Street in the late afternoon, past little shabby houses gushing light into shabby front yards. Ah—some of them were holding happiness! One heard laughter from them, children boiled over the back stoops and disappeared inside again. And even the bigger houses, the Terrys', the younger Rogers' house, the Barkers', the Newman's—life in these was sweet and friendly and normal, despite occasional storms.

SHE knew, as she waited for him to-night, that Clyde would come down-stairs with some crushing remark upon his tongue. He would always eat, heartily and critically, headache or no headache, and Rose used to experience a sense almost of terror as she considered the effect upon him of pain, drugs, fatigue, and worst of all, vicious ill-temper.

"Aren't you going to eat?" he asked harshly, coming into the room just as Datchi lighted the gas.

"Yes, dear. Didn't realize that it was quite time."

She led the way to the blank, spacious dining-room. The china was cheap, thick, white ware, sprigged with brown ferns. There were soda-crackers on a plate, a little jar of flowers in the center.

"Take these damn' flowers away!" Clyde said irritably to the boy. "They smell frightfully!" And crumbling his cracker into his soup, he asked in a heavy, patient tone: "Is there any other flower we could have on the table except that one? I think I've spoken of this before——"

Silence.

"I asked you a question, Rose. It's extremely annoying to have you utterly ignore me. I asked if it were possible to have some less strong flower on the table?"

"Why, surely," his wife's voice said steadily after an almost imperceptible pause.

"Will you see about it?"

Rose's instinct was to burst forth furiously: "Who else would see about it? Will you shut up, or do you want me to leave the table?"

But this method never was effective with Clyde. It led only to hideous silences, to a hundred ugly little acts on his part to inconvenience her and annoy her, to complete apologies from Rose for what she had never said, nor felt, nor done, and to half-hearted reconciliations that did not wipe out the bitterness she felt.

So she reminded herself for the hundredth—the thousandth—time that this was but his unfortunate manner, and answered pacifically: "Yes, dear, I will!"

"I should like to have your promise on that," Clyde said slowly and importantly.

"All finished, Datchi," Rose said to the boy.

"Did you hear me, or are you simply trying to be annoying?"

"Yes, dear, and I will see to it that we have some flower that has no odor!" Rose answered briskly, beginning to serve a pudding.

Continued on page 103



Kathryn J. Lewis, Milwaukee, Wis.

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ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 102

"Thank you," he said. "You could do these things more graciously, you know!"

Only manner, of course, but somehow these encounters were infinitely exhausting.

"What did you do with Mary while you were at the party?"

"Oh, I took her! She was lovely. She played with the Dick Terry babies."

"Did she eat anything there?"

"She had supper with them—cocoa and sponge-cake and bread and butter."

"I devoutly trust you are not serious, Rose?"

"Certainly I am. Why not?"

"Knowing my objection to having my child indiscriminately fed by anybody and everybody and stuffing herself between meals, you didn't allow her to eat the sort of food those Terry children get?" Clyde always *expressed* a deep devotion to the interests of his baby daughter, although usually too busy to show it.

"She only had what she would have had at home, Clyde."

There was a terrible silence, during which Rose pretended to eat her dessert unconcernedly.

"Now, look here," he said in a deep, controlled voice as he rose from the table. "I am going to express myself once and for all about this, and I assure you right now that I expect my wishes to be respected. If you can't protect Mary from the weakness and the vacillation that is a characteristic of every member of your family, I can. I can go to Amy Rogers, or Sue Terry, and ask them—*ask them*, as a favor to me—to protect my child from her mother's utter shiftless weakness where her safety and health are concerned! Do you understand me?"

Rosalind assured him that she did and carried the despised heliotrope into the garden, consoling herself with the thought that next week Clyde would be in a rage because she hired Belle Deering to stay with Mary and went to some affair without her.

"A chance for Mary to have a little pleasure and mix with other children," he would then comment stingingly, "and you prefer to deprive her of it!"

The fact that Mary was gloriously strong and well, and that older mothers were impressed by her diet, her hours, her splendidly balanced little nerves, meant nothing to Clyde. He disputed every detail of her food, clothing and rule with Rose, contemptuous alike of the laws she kept and the occasional infringement she allowed.

"Good heavens, you believe any truck any old biddy will tell you!" he would exclaim when she put coco-butter upon the baby's sunburned little neck or moved the crib to the up-stairs porch. And Rose recalled a fearful scene upon one occasion when she had quoted Amy Rogers as an authority. Young Mrs. Jack Talbot had been a Rogers, and any allusion to the Talbots infuriated Clyde. His hatred of them had been deepening and increasing steadily with the years, and Rose suspected of late that the application, judgment and interest recently displayed by Jack in the administration of the business of the iron-works was bitterly resented, perhaps even feared, by Clyde.

IT WAS very lovely, very peaceful in the back garden under the apple-trees and safe and high above State Street. The west was still glowing warmly with lavender and rose and somber ultramarine, and there was a sympathetic arc of tender color in the eastern sky. There was light enough to see the whitewashed tree trunks gleaming palely and the dull blocks of shade that were shrubs; and while Rose gathered great *la marque* roses in the soft gloom, the moon rose, pale and large, above the tree-tops in Santa Clara Street and sent dim shadows over the grass.

She had not told Clyde about the Talbot baby, she recalled suddenly. She must pretend that she had just heard of it, although hints and half-suggestions had apprised her of the

Continued on page 104

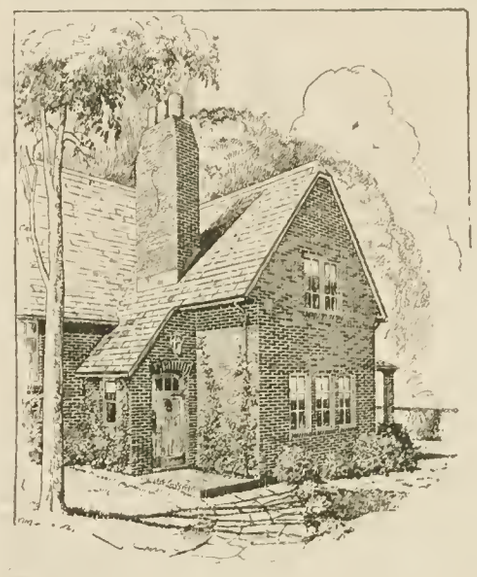


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4927	35	4977	45	5027	50	5077	35	5127	30	5177	50
4928	45	4978	45	5028	30	5078	45	5128	45	5178	35
4929	25	4979	45	5029	40	5079	35	5129	30	5179	40
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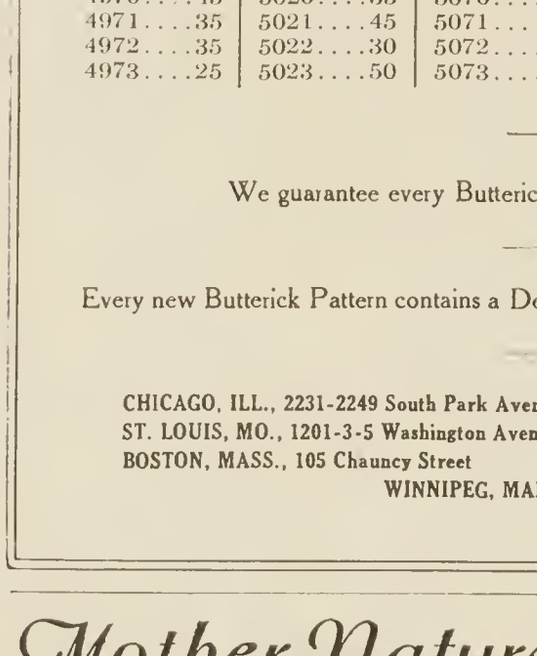
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 103

situation several weeks ago. Perhaps Clyde knew, now, through something said at the works. If he did, it was extremely likely that he would not have told her. He would resent it—especially if Edith's baby were a son. He resented everything the Talbots had and did, and watched them with that acute absorption only possible to jealousy and dislike.

The thought of the Talbots brought Jack again to her mind and she recalled with a sort of restful pleasure his interested, friendly voice to-day, his big form moving at its loose-jointed, leisurely pace beside her in the lane, the sunset in his burned face as he delayed her at the gate for just those few words of explanation and adjustment.

Rose had at last reached the point when she could dismiss Clyde's unreasonableness serenely, permitting it to leave no scar upon her soul or her mood. The instant the fretful voice ceased she was withdrawn into herself again, into a region where there was always peace. Sometimes even while he was speaking she found herself quietly praying, quietly repeating the magic words "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and always, night and morning, she went upon her knees and asked humbly for courage and wisdom for the inevitable trials of the day.

NOT without tears, not without hours of bitter impatience and rebellion, had she reached this point. But she had won her soul now and was free to take gratefully whatever joys life brought her when the hard duty was painstakingly fulfilled. So to-night she could reflect peacefully upon her riches: the lovely little daughter asleep up-stairs, the happy outcome of Cecy's problems, the gravity and steadiness with which Ned had taken up his work, and lastly the delight of having Jack Talbot's friendship and admiration once more in her life, of feeling that she had won his liking all over again, and in a saner and truer sense.

She would never have what made life sweet to so many women: companionship and sympathy. Clyde would never be friendly, simple, happy in any human relationship. Not hers to laugh, to bring her brother in unexpectedly to dinner, to busy herself happily with chairs and tables and turn an old room into a new. There would never be anything unexpected, unpremeditated in her lot as a wife.

The trimming of a Christmas tree, the planning of a country trip that might so easily have combined business with pleasure, were grim, hard duties to Clyde. He exacted from her nothing but silence, obedience and assistance, sternly supervised. If she said, "Mary, come to mother." Clyde instantly interposed, "Mary, stay where you are!" If Rose told him, "I asked Datchi for the peaches," Clyde answered promptly and disapprovingly: "Then kindly go tell him I don't want them. I wish you would please stop interfering with my arrangements. It is utterly demoralizing to the boy to have you so officious!"

Three days after Mrs. Terry's tea-party for Cecy, there occurred the unusual circumstance of Clyde's not being home for dinner. He telephoned Rosalind at four o'clock that he must leave for San Francisco and would be home again the following day at noon. She would have her supper at home, of course, with Mary?

"I should much prefer not to have you leave the house unguarded, Rose. It's Datchi's night off."

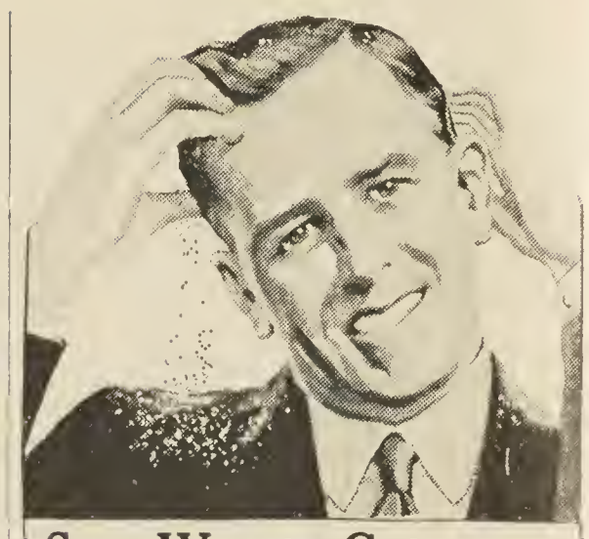
"I see!" said Rose, her heart singing.

"And if you mean to ask your mother or Cecy in to dinner, tell me now," Clyde continued further.

"Oh—let me think. Why did you want to know?" Rose asked, entirely conscious of her own daring.

There was a sulfurous silence, then Clyde's voice came in that measured fashion that she knew so well: "Why did I want

Continued on page 105



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

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Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.

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Your eyes will literally shine with excitement when first you run thru this amazing book. Photograph after photograph of the most beautiful hats now showing in this country and abroad. Every hat is different, yet absolutely in correct style. Every one created by leading fashion artists recently back from Paris. A variety so astounding it is sure to include the very hat of your dreams. Every one carries the genuine Gage label supreme in the millinery world for the past 66 years. And best of all, every one within the reach of a normal income. You can see them in any millinery shop where Gage Assortment Hats or Gage Weekly Service Hats are shown. Send your name and address *now*, and we will mail you, without charge, the STYLE BOOK showing these alluring hats.

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offers her new story book, "Little Miss Gage at Home." Besides a delightful story, it contains pictures and descriptions of the very latest styles in hats for girls from 4 to 14. Sent with the style book described above. Write now, while there is still time to get *both* of these books.

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A touch of MAYBELLINE works beauty wonders. Scant eyebrows and lashes are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes—their brilliance, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Girls and women everywhere, even the most beautiful actresses of the stage and screen, now realize that MAYBELLINE is the most important aid to beauty and use it regularly. MAYBELLINE is unlike other preparations, it is absolutely harmless, greaseless and delightful to use. Does not spread and smear on the face or stiffen the lashes. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush.



Two Shades: *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.*

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S. W. PIKE, Seedman Box 15 St. Charles, Ill.



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 104

to know? Well, because it is my house, I suppose!"

"I see. No, I won't ask them to dinner."

"You *won't*, you say?"

"No, I won't. Mary and I have meat-cakes and tomatoes and peaches," Rose added domestically.

Half an hour later she and Mary lightheartedly descended the steps to the quarry and bought all sorts of things in River Street for supper at grandma's house.

Clyde had left the motor-car at the office. Of course Mary and Rose must go out to Union Junction on the twenty-minute trolley—but that was all part of the fun. Doughnuts, because grandpa loved them so with his coffee, and crab-meat for mom, and a whole box of caramels for Audrey. Rose could have danced as she went from shop to shop—it meant five minutes of unpleasantness with Clyde to-morrow and hours of utter felicity to-night.

And coming out of Crossets, with her left arm already aching from bundles, her face radiant from smiles and greetings, and Mary's left hand firmly grasped in her right, she met Jack Talbot in his new big car. Jack had come down-town expecting to pick Edith up after a party, but she had gone home with Amy and now he had stopped for some smoked salmon for his mother.

"Look at us—we're going over to mom's on the trolley! We're on a tearing spree!"

"Get in!" He leaned over to open the front door of the car. "I'll drive you out."

"Oh, but Jack—have you time?"

"Don't be an utter idiot. Hello, Mary—kiss 'Uncle' Jack."

ROSE, depositing her bundles in the back and establishing herself and the baby contentedly in the front seat, had a fleeting thought that if Clyde ever heard his daughter calling Jack Talbot uncle he would launch forth upon a conversation likely to be memorable.

But she was happy. The early Autumn world seemed good and sweet, her child was in her arms, she was homeward bound, and it was oddly thrilling to remember just how pleasant was this driving in the seat beside Jack, just how his big hands, in their dirty light gloves, looked upon the wheel, just what flashing smiles she got when for a second his sunburned face twisted toward her.

"What smells so deliciously?"

"The coffee, perhaps. I'm taking mom a pound of her favorite. Or doughnuts, is it? Grandpa loves them."

"Lord, you make my mouth water, Rose."

"You couldn't, I suppose, stay to supper?"

He shook his head and they were silent.

"I saw Edith horseback-riding like a cowboy this morning," Rose presently told him.

"Yep." He nodded, grinned and then, slightly frowning, he added: "She oughtn't to do it either, Newman says."

"Oh, she's very healthy," Rose assured him. "If she rests——"

"That's the matter—she doesn't!" Jack answered. "She jsn't especially—keen about it, you know," he went on, somewhat uncertainly.

"She's been a sort of little girl so long!" Rose commented indulgently. "Jack, look, isn't that a darling little house? That's one of my favorites. Don't you like these little Spanish houses? Wouldn't you just love to take possession, as all these little families do, with a baby and a baby-coach and an ice-cream freezer and a few geranium slips!"

They talked of houses, of various friends in town, and when Jack left her at her mother's gate he said enviously: "I wish I could stay!"

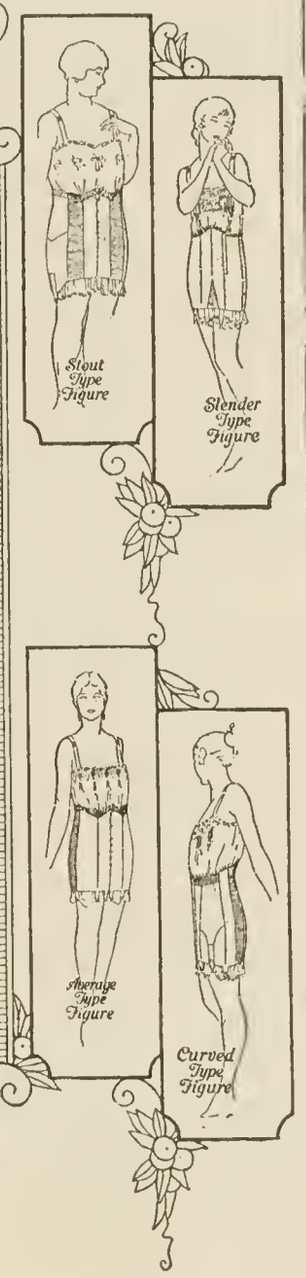
"Oh, I wish you could! And Jack, I wonder if—it's a little hard to explain, but—but I wonder if you'd just as soon not mention this to Clyde? I didn't tell him that I might bring Mary here for supper——"

"I understand," he said gently, looking down at the slim hand she had involuntarily

Continued on page 106

1874 **Golden Anniversary** 1924





Warner's
WRAP-AROUND
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off)

The Corset Invisible

The slender silhouette is easily achieved by the woman of full figure who wears a Warner's Wrap-around. This model, for instance (style 172) is fashionably—and comfortably—full around the waist, provides perfect diaphragm control and assures an admirably flat back, all with perfect comfort. Two panels of elastic webbing take the place of lacings.

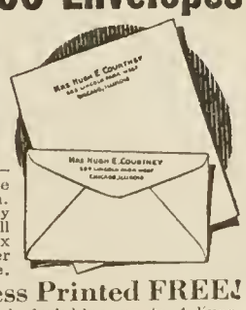
Style 172—$6.00

Send for folder of Warner's Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type and curved-type figures. Prices, $1.50 up.

Wrap-arounds are made only by the Warner Brothers Co., 347 Madison Avenue, New York; 367 W. Adams Street, Chicago; 28 Geary Street, San Francisco. Made also in Canada by the Warner Brothers Co., Montreal.

200 Sheets—100 Envelopes

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High grade, clear, white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. We give you much superior quality stationery at this low price as we sell this item only. Special handy box keeps paper and envelopes in order and easily reached, preventing waste.

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on every sheet and envelope, in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. (Note—our low price does not allow any variation in printing. Top center of sheet and flap of envelope only). Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name.

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Removes Dandruff - Stops Hair Falling



Has been used with success for more than 40 years.

Restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair.

60¢ & $1.00 at Druggists

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
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When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

Relief *for* Coughs
Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults. A pleasant syrup. No opiates.
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Cuticura Soap Will Help You Clear Your Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Blackheads



Keep your skin free from blackheads by this treatment

Perhaps your skin is especially susceptible to blackheads.

If so, you must use a special method of cleansing, in order to overcome this trouble.

Follow this treatment, to keep your skin free from blackheads:

EACH night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash-cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Within a week or ten days you will be surprised to see how your skin has improved in clearness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. *Or send six cents for sample cake.* Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 22 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Tea-kettle steam!—*what then?*

"A painful burn on my wrist. But these accidents do not trouble our household. 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly in the medicine closet. A little on the burn and all the pain is gone. It keeps the air out, and starts the healing at once. For Bobbie's cuts and bruises, for inflammations on baby's skin, and scalp rash. We use 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly almost every day."

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

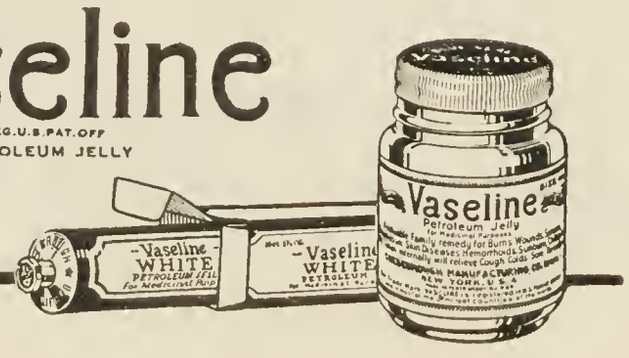
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PETROLEUM JELLY

"Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly works like magic for head-colds. Send 4c for trial size tube. Write for a copy of our new booklet "Inquire Within" (Free).





ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 105

laid upon his wrist as she spoke. And his heart gave a great plunge of pity for her.

"He might be perfectly delighted," Rose went on loyally, "and then he might not. And I like to take my own time and place to explain things to him——"

"I see, dear——"

The memory of it, the heart-warming quality of it, did not leave her for days.

THE next day there was a more than ordinarily exhausting scene with Clyde, who objected to her having kept Mary out at night, even when it was explained that Mary had gone sound asleep and had been brought safely home in the Weed's car rolled in a blanket and without waking. But Rose weathered this, and presently it was over—although stored in his infallible memory, she knew, for many a subsequent airing and reviewing.

Then a week or two went by serenely enough and mid-August came and with it a day when she and Jack met again, this time quite alone.

It was a sunny, quiet afternoon without a breath of air stirring, and Cecy had carried Mary off to a party at little Susanne Terry's house in honor of Susanne's fourth birthday. All this had been duly submitted to Clyde and approved, but he managed to arrange that Rose should not share the party, too, by asking her to take the car to the garage in River Street and wait for it while some minor adjustments were made and some cleaning done.

The grimy mechanician told Rose that these would take about an hour and a half, and glancing at the garage clock, which registered just half-past three, she was deliberating over what to do when Jack, again in his car, came along.

"Take me to Sue Terry's," Rose said, jumping happily into the front seat. "I'm not dressed for the party, and I told Clyde I wasn't going, but——"

"Oh, but say, wasn't Sue going to drive those young ones up to River Head for their party?"

"Oh, so she was! I forgot that. There wouldn't be any one at home. Well, then, I'll tell you: Drop me at Upper River Street—that's almost your way."

They turned out of River Street before Jack spoke. Then it was to say suddenly: "You couldn't go up to the dam with me, I suppose?"

"Oh, Jack, I'd love it!" Rose exclaimed joyfully, always, he remembered, like a child for an unexpected treat. But immediately her face fell. "No, I don't see how I could," she amended slowly.

"I've got to go up there to-day to see the surveyor's posts and walk about the place. It only takes twenty minutes to get there, and I'll not be there ten——"

"I'd love it!" Her eyes shone. "Oh, let's!" she said childishly. It was Monday afternoon; there would be few cars on the road, nobody at the dam. Clyde was safe in his office, the car duly deposited at the garage for repairs and the baby in capable hands. The chance, depending upon so many coincidences, was too good to miss. Rose, with a sigh of utter content, settled herself beside Jack for the nine-mile run.

In two minutes they were clear of the village and out between the sweet Autumn farms. Jack gave her his quick sidewise grin, to discover that she was staring dreamily ahead, utterly content and radiant under her broad-brimmed straw hat. Her gown was some thin, dark silk with the wide, plain white organdy collar she wore so often, and the flowers on her white hat were big blue bachelor's-buttons just the color of her eyes.

"Isn't it delicious?" she asked as the big car moved smoothly over the shining highway. "There's nothing I love so much as this!"

"Too bad we can't do it often," Jack observed.

Continued on page 107

Colorite
STRAW HAT FINISH



Made these 4 different looking hats from one shape



This Free Book shows you how.



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CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
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Try "COLORITE" Fabric Dyes

MAKE ANGEL CAKE That Never Fails!



FREE PROOF

8 inches square x 5 inches high

WOULD you like to make the best Angel Food Cake in town? I'll disclose a secret I've shown 40,000 women in the last 17 years--makes perfect cake every time--failure impossible. I also send you my secrets of prize-winning Mahogany, Klondike, Lady Baltimore, Fudge Cakes, and many others. Cakes you make MY way are so superior that many people make $10 and more a week baking them for others or for hotels, country clubs, etc. Get my secrets, either to make money or just for the joy of being the best cake maker in town. Write your name and address on letter, postcard or margin of this page and send to me for free particulars.

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Mrs. E. F. Keefe of Lawrence, Ks., says: "Since feeding your Roller Seed and Maizena Biscuit my bird has begun to sing again."

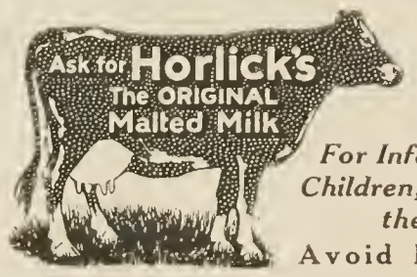
YOUR CANARY needs variety and a correctly proportioned diet for health, cheeriness and a soft, sweet song.

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"The Scientifically Balanced Feed"
is not ordinary bird seed. It is *Different.* Order from dealer or direct. Package of seed and sample bird biscuit, prepaid 35c

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YOU CAN make $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.
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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.
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There are no creaks or squeaks in this house to disturb its peaceful quiet. Door hinges and window pulleys work noiselessly; doorknobs and locks turn easily; sewing machine and vacuum cleaner hum merrily—

All because the housewife has learned the big things that a little 3-in-One will do.

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The High Quality Household Oil

keeps all the household mechanisms running smoothly. It penetrates quickly; lubricates perfectly. Greaseless, gritless. Won't gum or dry out.

3-in-One is the most widely sold bottled oil in the world. Ask for it by name—3-in-One—and look for the Big Red One on the label.

At all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE—Generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary illustrating and explaining seventy-nine uses in the home alone. Make your request on a postal.

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As a mouthwash, gargle and to *prevent infection*

That never-empty place in medicine cabinets belongs to Absorbine, Jr.

As a mouthwash it is germ destroying, cleansing and refreshing.

As a gargle it soothes and relieves an irritated or swollen sore throat.

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With a shampoo it destroys dandruff germs and stimulates the scalp.

It is delightful after shaving and a first aid for cuts and scratches.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid.
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Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For above uses dilute Absorbine, Jr. with water. Use full strength as a liniment.



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 106

"Oh, isn't it?" she agreed simply, with a sigh.

"Fun if we had some chops and some Freneh bread, Rose; and the old blue coffee-pot."

"Oh, don't!"

They fell into eager and easy talk. There was everything about whieh to exchange their views. Rose caught frequent keen glances from the eyes she knew so well, and Jack listened to the happy, interested voice as if he could never get enough of it.

And suddenly to them both there came the miraele, unwanted and entirely unsuspected. Their words began to seem magie, full of exquisite shades and meanings undreamed an hour ago. To her least syllable he listened attentively; his own words blurred and stumbled when she turned her earnest blue eyes upon him; they both stammered, laughed briefly and were silent.

Bewildered by the sudden change in her mood, Rose got out of the ear when he stopped it above the dam and without words preceded him up a short, steep trail.

The cabin, as he had said, was a erude little shed but solid and whipped clean by rain and wind. They climbed the three unguarded steps to its little porch and Rose's eyes followed the glorious sweep of the countryside below them: the blue, transparent mountains circling the smiling valley of fields and farms, the clustered trees piereed here and there by a village spire, the winding roads and the shining stretches of the lazy river.

A VIOLET haze was beginning to fill in the cañons, and far off, over the coast range between them and the ocean, a blanket of soft fog was lapping the mountain-tops. The air was sweet and still and redolent of pine-gum and tar-weed and the blended warm odors of the wood, and as they stood together, both struck silent by the half-sensed revelation of the last half-hour, they eould hear the distant delicious "*Cuk—cuk—curr-rr-rr!*" of the sentinel quail.

"Go make your inspections, Jaek," said Rosalind, out of a stillness in whieh she had been afraid that he would hear the thundering of her heart. "You know in late August the days are much shorter."

"I will," he agreed obediently. "What?" he asked, turning back.

"Nothing. I didn't call you!"

They looked full at each other, and Rose saw a strange look come into his eyes, and he, on his side, saw her turn slowly pale and paler and still more pale. Both began to breathe a little hard and Rose brought her half-parted lips together as if she were about to speak. But she said nothing, turning her back upon him again, and Jack, with his senses in a tumult, plunged down the surveyor's trail into the brush.

When he came back, she was already established and waiting for him in the ear, and he knew at once that she was nervous and that what she had done so naturally and spontaneously an hour ago she felt to be full of danger and of questionable motive now. Do what he would, he could not quite assume the casual, kindly tone of a week ago—of even this afternoon.

"Look what I found down by the lower fence!"

They both trembled as he came near her to show her the contents of his cupped hand, and Rose, looking down, felt that she could never raise her eyes again. Any casual word of his was fraught with bewildering possibilities of ecstasy, and even the silence seemed too beautiful to be borne.

"Why—but what is it? A field mouse?"

"A baby ehipmunk, I think," he said, tenderly smoothing the tiny, throbbing scrap of furry life. "Here, Rose, hold it."

Her name, so pronounced, made the world go round her. She kept her eyes down as she gently received the little animal, cuddling it

Continued on page 108



She has just made— A STARTLING DISCOVERY

Ingram's Fascinating DERMASCOPE has shown her what only beauty specialists know

How can you expect to gain or preserve an attractive, youthful complexion unless you understand your skin and know the real danger signs that you must heed?

Mr. Ingram has devised a fascinating test you should make in your own boudoir. It will show you the causes of unhealthy skin conditions, and how to scientifically remove and correct them. Most important of all you can instantly see in a convincing way *how* and *why* Ingram's Milkweed Cream develops the firm, clear, youthful complexion that you rightfully deserve.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature—certain *remedial* properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, blotches and slight imperfections. *No other cream is like it.* No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

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Applies so evenly and smoothly, its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin. In thin metal vanity box with mirror and pad—50c. At your dealer's or by mail from us. Next time be careful to get, ***Ingram's American Blush, The Delicate Rouge for the Delicate Skin.***

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Mail coupon below with 15 cents for new Beauty Purse containing Ingram's Dermascope; a liberal sample of Ingram's Milkweed Cream; two filled purse puffs of Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge; instructions for using Dermascope, and valuable hints for the care of the skin. © F. F. I. Co.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find fifteen cents. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse including Dermascope described above. Please print name.

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Keep looking young

Youth is not as fickle as you think. You can hold it if you try. But make sure that your skin does not become sallow and your eyes dull, that your face does not get that drawn, worn-out look. Youth flees from these. They often result from constipation. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil, you will know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel and form no harmful habit. Price 15 and 30 cents, at all druggists.

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"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"



"AND I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes as they should be made and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on *one!*"

No matter where you live, or what your circumstances or your needs, you, too, can learn right at home, in your spare time, to plan and make stylish, becoming clothes and hats at great savings, get a position, or earn $20 to $40 a week as a dressmaker or milliner.

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AN EXQUISITE EXAMPLE of the modern idea in foundation garments—the BIEN JOLIE Corsette substitutes one garment for two, assures comfort, confers long, unbroken lines of grace, and softly flattens the figure in accord with prevailing fashions.

There is a Bien Jolie Creation for every type of figure. Sold at all good stores in the United States

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If Cassim Had Opened a Cave Like This!

WHEN Cassim of the Arabian Nights cried "Open Sesame" to the rock that guarded the robbers' cave, it flew open to reveal priceless treasures.

But all that he could buy with them were the barbaric discomforts that passed as Arabian magnificence. What wouldn't Mrs. Cassim have given of his gold and jewels for one good American vacuum cleaner?

Take the advertising pages in this month's DELINEATOR, for instance. Count the pleasures and conveniences in your life that they represent. Here are new stories from old friends and first overtures from new friends. Get acquainted with them. THE DELINEATOR introduces and stands sponsor for them.



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you needn't have
GRAY HAIR

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer will restore (not dye) the original dark color of your hair. This beneficial preparation has been used for over thirty years by men and women. Never fails. Guaranteed. Used in privacy of your home, without fuss or trouble. Change is gradual and natural, your friends need not know. Price 75 cents—try the Drug Store first.

Miniature bottles of Q-ban Tonic and Liquid Green Soap Shampoo with "Book of Seven Q-bans" mailed free. Address: HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

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Throat irritations quickly disappear when you take Brown's Bronchial Troches. A dependable remedy—not a candy. Used for more than 70 years by singers and public speakers. Promptly relieves hoarseness, loss of voice, coughing. At all druggists.

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BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES
IN 3 SIZE PACKAGES



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 107

in the slender fingers he remembered kissing long ago.

"Was—everything satisfactory, Jack?"

"What, dear?"

He had started away to go about the car to his own seat. Now he turned back, and his voice seemed to hang endlessly on the little endearment.

Rose, her eyes still averted, breathed deeply. He was standing there—was he watching her? She did not know.

"I think—" she faltered, making herself look up after an eternity when the woods were utterly silent about them except for the far cry of the quail and when the whole earth seemed to be breathing deeply and passionately, in unison with their own hearts—"hadn't we better go back?"

He stood motionless, his eyes meeting hers. He was not three feet away, breathing quick and high, as if he had been running, and with pain and puzzlement and a sort of anxious concentration in his face.

ROSE experienced a sudden and utterly disquieting sense of confusion; she could not think why she was here, nor why Jack was looking at her in that strangely concentrated way, nor what this look that they were exchanging was betraying or revealing.

It seemed to last forever, this moment of bewilderment in the quiet wood. Then Jack awakened with a start from some old enchantment and without a word he went to his own place and they started down the hill.

But the secret, or the terrifying and chaotic beginnings of the secret, were out now, and neither could speak nor even glance at the other naturally. Jack carried his car down the grade on gravity and Rose sat in a blinding and deafening storm of emotion beside him. Both, perhaps, were honestly eager to have this overwhelming hour of revelation over, to part before further words or further looks could be exchanged.

At the foot of the hill, a quarter of a mile below the dam, however, a different and more wretched anxiety took possession of them. For the car, having reached the end of the descent, refused to move farther.

Rose, shaken violently from thoughts she could not segregate nor assimilate and from a very whirlwind of the senses, questioned him in sudden feverish anxiety. They were eight and a half miles from Gates Mill, and it was already four-thirty.

"Jack, is it gas?"

"Nope." He was at the engine, his face pale. "No; she's full of gas, and she's got oil. There's something wrong!"

He pushed his cap back, looked up at her and smiled uneasily. She was sitting rigid on the front seat, her eyes dark with horror, her face pale.

"Jack," she said, in a voice drained of everything but utter fear, "what *can* we do? It's four miles to the highway, even, and then we might not be picked up at once? Jack, *save me!* Clyde—Clyde—ah, you don't know what it is! Oh, what have I done? What *shall* I do?"

"My darling," he said, quite unconscious of his words and frightened by her manner, "just be patient. I'll fix it. I know I can get her started."

Ashen white, she sat watching him. Ten minutes went by, and another ten, and it was almost five o'clock. Clyde was waiting for her this instant—perhaps telephoning the garage. Cecy was waiting at home with Mary——

"Jack, had we better walk? It will be dark in half an hour!"

"If what I'm trying now doesn't work," he answered briefly, as distressed as she, "we'll have to walk. Rose, I'm sick to have let you into this, dear! Don't worry, we'll get home at seven——"

"With all the town out and hunting!" she whispered. And she buried her face in her hands.

Continued in the May DELINEATOR

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Babies and Children—In this department, which was inaugurated and developed under the editorial adviserships of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent baby specialist, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the most authentic information on baby care and child welfare. See on page 16 the list of valuable pamphlets which may be had for ten cents each. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Better Homes—This national movement for Better Homes in America, which THE DELINEATOR organized in 1921, has now been incorporated as a public service under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. Plan-books may be had telling how to organize local campaigns. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to furnish information and to forward inquiries; or you may write direct to headquarters.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of whatever house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Children—We've a page of children's prayers, and also a list of books that will help develop good reading habits. A two-cent stamp will bring one or both to you.

An attractive little binder that will hold twelve numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may be had for twenty-five cents. The binder is red in color and has the words "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the front cover.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

An illustrated booklet of exercises for women, called "Keeping Fit at Home," may be had for ten cents.

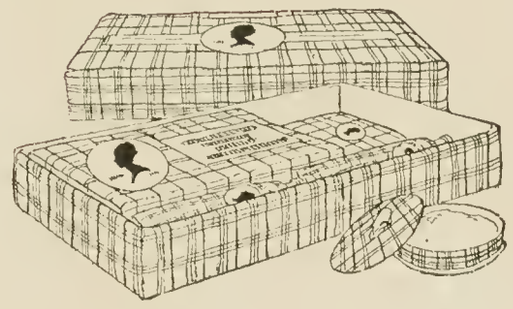
Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introduction, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We will be glad to offer suggestions or novel ideas. We have three new parties, "A Deep-Sea Party" for schools, "A Kitchen Band" for church entertainments and "To the Gentlemen," a leap-year party. Two cents will cover return postage.

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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5175—The soft fulness below the yoke effect in hand-fagoting is very becoming on this one-piece dress. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. There is a casing and elastic across the sides at a low waistline and a choice of a body lining. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, all one material, printed with plain or in two shades of one color, or satin crêpe, plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with lace instead of fagoting.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5130—This is the type of dress which is so smart for formal occasions. The drapery is very graceful when satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe is used. The dress is the one-piece type and closes under the left arm. If one prefers a dress which may be used in the daytime, sleeves can be sewed into a body lining.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5064—This draped dress is excellent for those occasions when one needs a formal gown for dinner, the opera, dances, etc. It is the one-piece type and slips on over the head. The girdle and tassel are very French and quite easily made. One may use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, light-weight silk crêpe or satin crêpe for this dress.

36 bust requires 5 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 50½ inches.

The dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5117—10961—The braid trimming carries on down the front of this dress the effect of the actual opening in the body. The embroidery design on the sleeves and the front is very smart. The design should be worked in one-stitch and satin-stitch. The dress slips over the head and has a straight skirt joined to a long body and camisole. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe or silk voile or cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, dotted swiss. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (including front part of camisole).

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5179—Prints are bold in pattern and very effective used in a one-piece dress of this type. It has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic across the sides at a low waistline and it slips on over the head. Use printed and plain crêpe de Chine, printed and plain silk crêpes, or make the entire dress of satin crêpe, plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 35-inch novelty silk and 1⅜ yard 35-inch plain silk. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5163—10189—The Russian closing of this one-piece dress adds a row of plaits for a new effect. The embroidery also emphasizes the closing. Work it in bright colors. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, wool cashmere, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, etc., for the dress.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge, plaits out, 55 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5175 5130 5064 5117 5179 5163

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON PAGE 27

5137—The Easter bride is a vision of loveliness in a draped dress of satin crêpe with lace plaiting and sleeves and the flowers of silver cloth for the large petals and the center petal to match the dress, embroidered in silver. One may use plain silk crêpe, moire or brocades with lace, or the entire dress of plain silk crêpe or satin crêpe. This one-piece dress closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed to a body lining which may have a camisole top. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe and 1½ yard 36-inch lace.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5158—The flower girl feels that her part is as important as the bride's, and indeed she is a picturesque and indispensable person in her dress of Georgette, crêpe de Chine or taffeta. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. One may use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, organdy, fine lawn, pin-dot swiss or batiste.

5 years requires 2 yards 39-inch Georgette and ⅜ yard 39-inch extra material for binding.

The dress is exquisite for girls 2 to 12 years.

5093—The maid of honor makes a charming picture in a gracefully draped gown with a straight gathered flounce. For the occasion it is suitable in silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or lace. For other purposes one may use these materials or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or brocaded chiffon. It closes under the left arm and the draped upper part is joined to the flounce. The sleeves are sewed to a body lining.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is a graceful style for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

4462—The bridesmaids' frocks are picturesque in lace for the flounced straight skirt and collar, combined with the pastel-tinted taffetas for the basque. It closes under the left arm and the skirt is joined to a slightly long body. One may use gros de Londres with net, Georgette or chiffon fichu.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard 35-inch taffeta, 5⅝ yards 13½-inch lace flouncing and ⅝ yard 36-inch lace for fichu. Lower edge of foundation skirt 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.



5137 5158 5093 4462



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5138—4451—Smocked slip-over one-piece dresses are new. A tan dress of wool jersey, soft wool crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee or chambray may have orange, China blue and henna in the scant smocking. It has a straight lower edge. The hat is smart.

12 years and 21 inches head measure require 1⅜ yard 54-inch wool jersey and ⅝ yard 36-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5107—10934—Little girls look adorable in a slip-over dress with separate bloomers and a straight lower edge. Use chambray, fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot voile, pin-dot swiss, dimity, pin-check gingham, cotton pongee, crêpe de Chine, taffeta or pongee. The motifs are quaint. Work in color.

5 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch pongee.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5144—The hand-made flower holds the one-sided drapery of a one-piece slip-over dress of soft taffeta, printed silk crêpe with bertha of lace-net edging or Georgette, or of crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe all one material.

14 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch soft taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 10 to 15.

5097—4926—Wool jersey or pongee make a new two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and an accordion or side plaited or a gathered straight skirt joined to an underbody. The wool jersey hat has a gored crown.

12 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5127—Plaid wool, soft twills, wool crêpe or serge make a new one-piece slip-over dress for early Spring. Later one may use gingham, cotton ratine, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray or pongee.

10 years requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch plaid wool.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

5142—Dimity, piqué or linen are suitable for the waist of this romper suit, with straight trousers of poplin, linen or chambray; or use pongee in two colors, or all chambray, etc.

4 years requires 1½ yard 27-inch dimity and ⅞ yard 35-inch material.

The romper suit is for little boys 2 to 5.

5129—4926—Checks, tweeds, camel's-hair, cheviot, soft twills or soft pile fabrics make this coat in raglan effect and with set-in pockets. The hat has a gored crown.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 1⅝ yard 54-inch novelty wool (including hat).

The coat is for little girls 1 to 6 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5148—Stripes may run in opposite directions on the straight skirt and the long body which it joins. Use flannel, wool jersey, striped or novelty cottons, cotton ratine, cotton homespun, gingham, chambray or pongee.

11 years requires 2¾ yards 27-inch novelty flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5094—10984—A crêpe de Chine slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers may have contrasting color bands. The trimming is adorable. Work in color.

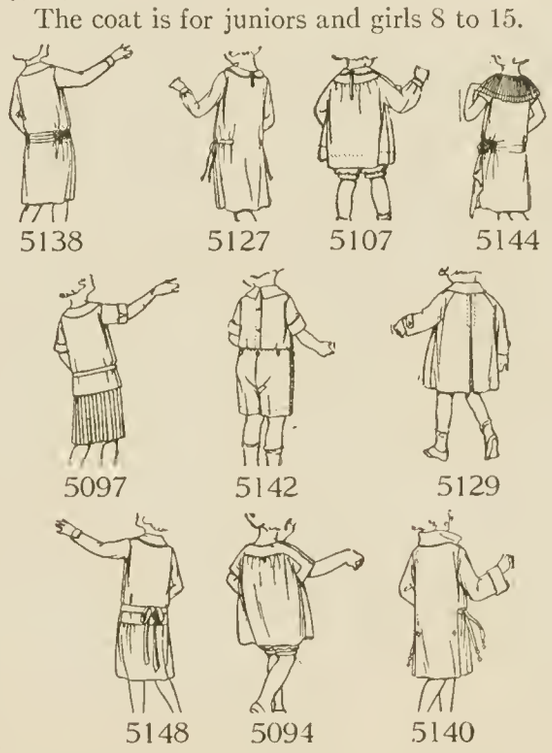
6 years requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1¼ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine for bands.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5140—Gathered sections at the side give a graceful appearance to this coat of soft twills, broadcloth, soft pile fabrics, faille silk, satin.

13 years requires 2½ yards 54-inch soft twill.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.





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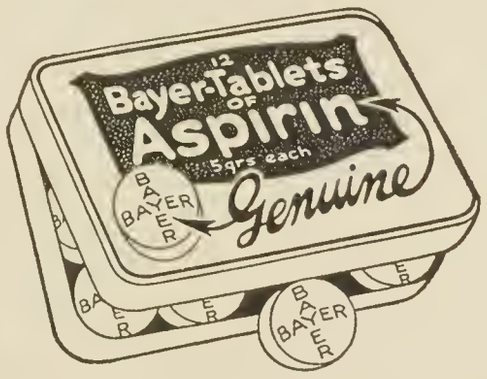
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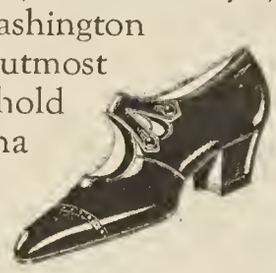
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5126—The young girl selects the bouffant dress with a full straight skirt joined to a camisole underbody which closes under the left arm. When Georgette is used for the dress, there is a drop skirt. Bones or shirrings at the side of the skirt help extend it. Use taffeta or gros de Londres, etc.

17 years requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette (including camisole and drop skirt). Lower edge 3¼ yards; drop skirt 55 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 35 bust, also small women, and for ladies 36 and 37 bust.

5110—Sleeveless, this draped one-piece dress is appropriate for evening; but for other occasions sleeves may be sewed into a body lining with a choice of camisole top. It closes under the left arm. Use silk crêpes, etc.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5157—For an attractive one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge one may use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, etc., printed with plain, in two shades of one color, etc. One may omit the straight band at the bottom. Lower edge 55½ inches.

17 years requires 2 yards 39-inch plain and 1⅞ yard 39-inch figured silk crêpe.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5143—4973—Smocked dresses are easily made in delightful color combinations: a tan dress with almond-green, yellow and rose in scant smocking. For this slip-over one-piece dress with straight lower edge use wool jersey, soft wool crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, etc. The collar and cuffs may be fastened to the dress. The hat has a gored crown.

16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey for dress. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for misses and ladies.

5147—10229—One of the smart Chinese styles combines a sleeveless slip-over tunic blouse and a separate one-piece slip. A dress which is too short or one that is slightly worn can be used for this costume; or use novelty silk crêpe, soft twills, rep cloth or novelty wool with black satin, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work in Chinese colors. Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch silk crêpe and 1⅜ yard 35-inch satin for sleeves, facings and lower part of slip.

The blouse and slip are for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5122—The circular capette buttons to the shoulders of this slip-over dress. Use novelty wool, soft twills, rep cloth or corded wool crêpe for capette and straight skirt joined to a long body of crêpe satin or silk crêpe in contrasting color, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

17 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch silk and 1½ yard 54-inch novelty wool.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5135—3157—10544—One of the new ties for this "boyish" type of one-piece slip-over dress shows Japanese initials. Work in satin-stitch. The dress has a straight lower edge. Her satin tam-o'-shanter is smart.

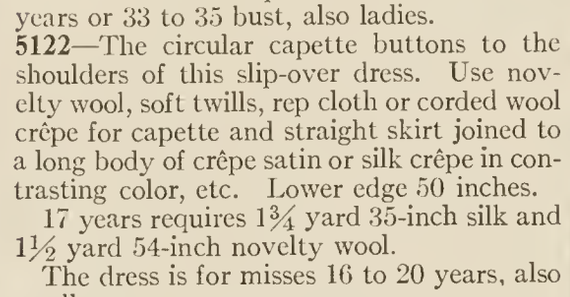
16 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey for dress. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; the tam-o'-shanter for misses, girls, children, ladies.

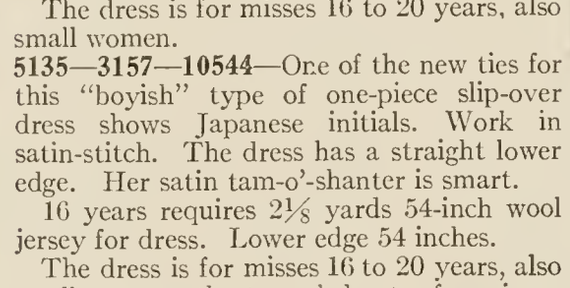
5139—The reverse side of crêpe satin makes effective trimming bands on the cape and the one-piece dress with a Russian closing. The cape is removable. Lower edge 47 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (including bands).

The dress and cape are for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



5126 5110 5157 5143



5147 5122 5135 5139

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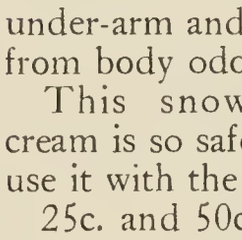
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5128—4748—The scarf collar may be removable or fastened to the one-piece dress on the slip-over order with a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, etc., and satin crêpe or silk crêpe for the wrap-around turban.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch novelty silk crêpe and the turban requires 1 yard 36-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 42 bust, the turban for ladies or misses.

5153—10138—Clusters of plaits give a becoming width to the straight skirt which joins a long body of this slip-over dress. The motif is smart. Work it in color. Use soft twills or wool crêpe with the body of silk crêpe or satin crêpe in self or contrasting color, or of one material; or use striped flannel, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, etc.

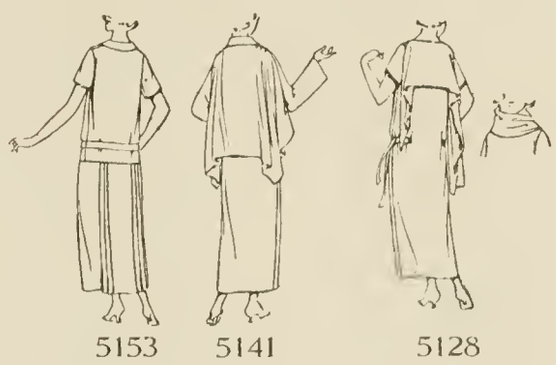
36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5141—4886—This one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge may be worn without the straight cape. For both the cape and dress use stripes, plaids, checks, novelty wools, soft twills, kasha, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, heavy satin crêpe or moire. The tam-o'-shanter hat is smart.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch novelty striped wool and ¼ yard 54-inch plain wool for dress and cape. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress and cape are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.



5153 5141 5128

5130—Many of the new draped gowns may be adapted for evening wear by the omission of sleeves. This one-piece draped dress of satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe is one of this type. The flowers are a smart trimming and they are easily made. The dress closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining which may have a camisole top.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5149—Smocked one-piece dresses are an attractive style for Spring. A tan dress with scant smocking in natural color, henna and soft dark green, a henna dress with tan, China-blue and turquoise-green smocking are effective combinations. The dress has a straight lower edge and slips over the head. Use wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, pongee, silk jersey or plain gingham.

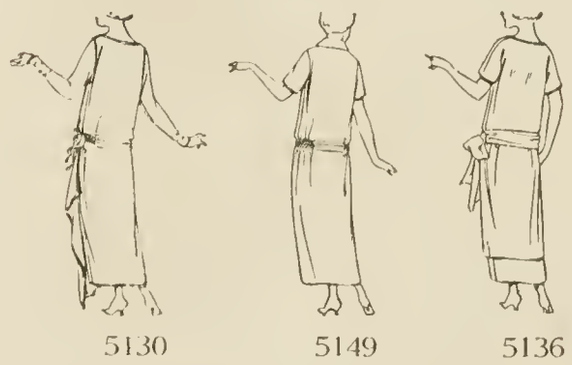
36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5136—10214—A version of the beltless line comes in a long tunic blouse worn over a separate one-piece slip with a camisole top. Use plain or printed silk crêpe or satin crêpe, all one material, printed with plain or in two colors, etc. The embroidery is a typical Chinese design. Work it in outline, chain-stitch or satin-stitch.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

The tunic blouse and slip are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5130 5149 5136

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5171—10138—The diagonal line which meets the drapery on one side is a universally becoming style. Satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe are suitable for this one-piece draped dress. The sleeves are sewed into the body lining. An embroidered motif on the sleeve is an original trimming. Work it in color.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is graceful for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

5105—10233—The capette, which may be removable, gives a straight line effect at the back of this one-piece slip-over dress. The outline embroidery is smart. Braid may be used for this design. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, rep cloth, novelty wools, plaids, large checks, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca or kasha or flannel for sports.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch rep. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5177—10186—Cascade drapery and an ornamental girdle are very attractive on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining or may be omitted. Satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe are suitable materials. The embroidery is smart. Work it in beads, one-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5159—10189—A long beltless dress breaks out into a series of tiers below the knee. It is the one-piece slip-over type of dress. The embroidered motifs are easily worked. They are effective in one-stitch. Use satin crêpe or heavy silk crêpe all one color, in two shades of one color, etc., soft twills, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe for sleeves and tiers. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5137—Plaitings create a graceful effect from shoulder to the hem of this draped one-piece dress. It closes under the left arm and the sleeves, which are sewed into a body lining with a choice of camisole top, may be omitted. Use a plain silk crêpe or satin crêpe all one material and with the flowers embroidered in self or contrasting color, satin crêpe with lace plaitings, etc.

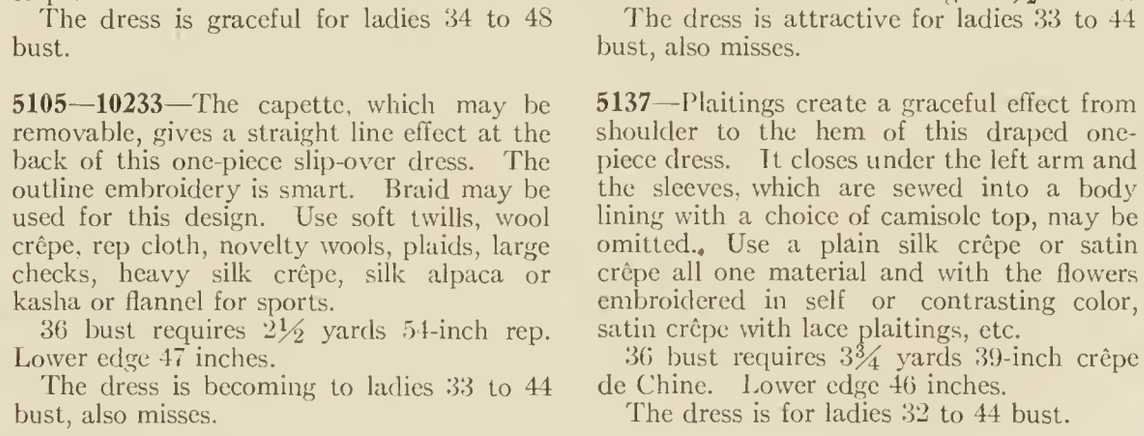
36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5103—The Russian closing and the knee flounce are an attractive combination on a dress which may be worn without a belt if one prefers. The one-piece upper part is joined to the circular flounce. Use printed with plain silk crêpe, or crêpe satin or soft twills.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch novelty silk crêpe and 1¼ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.



5171 5105 5177 5159 5137 5103



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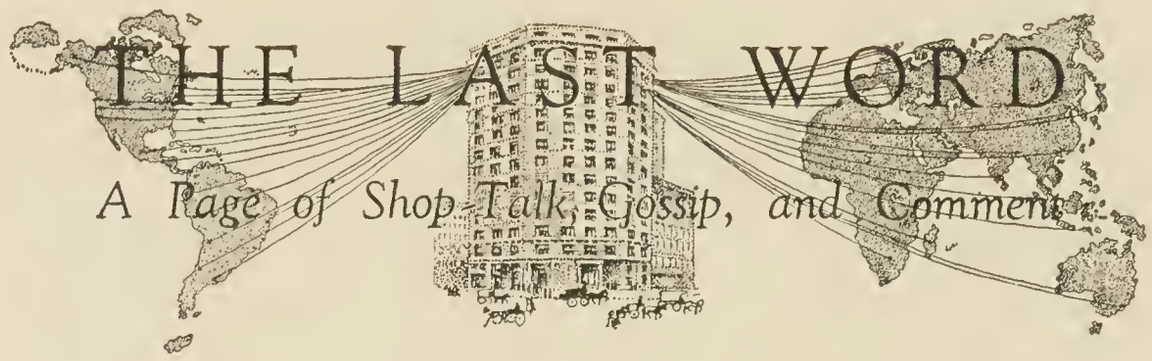
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An Old Friend Comes Back

In "Fighting Blood," the story of a militant Quaker girl of the plains, which appears in this issue, readers of long standing will recognize the work of a former editor of THE DELINEATOR who has since become one of America's most popular novelists. Honoré Willsie Morrow loves the Western country that has formed the background of novels such as "Still Jim" and "Judith of the Godless Valley" and of her occasional short stories. When she began to devote all of her time to writing fiction, she equipped herself to become the interpreter of one of the most colorful regions of the United States by living in what we find her referring to, in an old letter, as "remote localities where life is lived under extraordinary difficulties in districts of most entrancing beauty." Desert heat, sand-storms and the hardships of the trail have since become commonplace hazards of existence for Mrs. Morrow. In mining-camps, on dry ranches and in the fertile river valleys of the sheep-herders she has had ample opportunity to indulge a fondness for riding, swimming and cooking, and to enlarge a wide acquaintance among Indians, Mexicans and raw immigrants, as well as the white settlers. Out of such material authentic stories of the great West are made, and we welcome the opportunity to provide for this one an audience with an especially friendly interest in its author.

The Story of Two Letters

Few examples of the impossibility of being all things to all men could be more to the point than the contents of two letters which happened to arrive on the Editor's desk in the same mail. In the January DELINEATOR there was a brief editorial comment on the sanity and bravery displayed by two well-known men who died within the past year after living in the shadow for months with the certain knowledge of a limited term of life before them. Each had carefully ordered the use of the balance of his days, refrained from giving unnecessary pain to relatives or associates by disclosing the facts about his fatal malady, and each maintained to the end an attitude of cheerful resignation. Surely here were two inspiring figures who faced the inevitable with a fortitude and serenity that most of us would like to emulate—most, but not all, it seems, for in one of the two letters mentioned a reader berated the editor at some length for lack of reverence and called down upon her head the most violent anathema. As if to make the balance even, if none the less disconcerting to the bewildered writer of the editorial, the companion letter gave vent to another reader's distaste for what she thought was a commonplace occurrence treated with undue reverence that amounted to sentimentality! At such times one turns with relief to letters like that of the good housewife who asks us for "all available recipes for making beer and wines and all the recipes you have for making mixed drinks."

The Children's Own Magazine

Every now and then some good friend of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR suggests that we make more explicit the directions for cutting out the pages and folding them so as to make a complete eight-page miniature magazine for children. The brevity of the directions are not due to lack of space, as some suppose, nor to indifference on our part—far from it. Much, if not all, of the value of this novel and extraordinarily popular children's feature is lost if the youngsters do not understand that the whole sheet on which it appears each month is to be cut out close to the binding and then folded and cut so that the small pages are all right side up and in consecutive order from the miniature DELINEATOR cover right through to page 8. We are prevented from explaining this cutting and folding process in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR itself because of a technicality in the post-office regulations governing second-class mail matter, but any parent or teacher, with very little study, can make a complete miniature magazine from pages 17 and 18 of this issue. After watching the process once, most children can imitate it readily enough with subsequent issues.

Nature Puts A Crimp in Business

As the result of a freak of nature there is one less place in the world where Butterick Patterns may be had, and once more the phrase that so often appears in contracts absolving the signers of their obligations if hindered by "acts of God or the public enemy" justifies its continued use. In our treasurer's office there is a formal memorandum recommending that the account of an agent in a Colorado town be closed out and the balance due us be put to profit and loss. It is not until you read the accompanying memorandum that this crisp recommendation becomes distinguished from the hundreds of other dead accounts that go into the bookkeeper's morgue for one reason or another incidental to the hazards of conducting a world-wide business. Up to a year or two ago the sole excuse for being of this Colorado town was a famous hot spring that whistled like a steamboat—a phenomenon that attracted tourists from far and near. Suddenly the spring up and died, tourists cut the resort off their visiting-lists, the population dwindled, trade languished and the merchants who hung on in the vain hope that the old spring might again toot as of yore finally succumbed to the inevitable. There was nothing left for us to do but charge the account to profit and loss, ask the agent to let us know when and if the spring resumes operations and in the meantime whistle for our money.

A Better Home For Cotton-Traders

Another notable architectural achievement stands to the credit of Mr. Donn Barber, whose house-plans have been an invaluable DELINEATOR service feature for the past two years. Mr. Barber was the designer of the new Cotton Exchange on Beaver Street, New York City, a twenty-four-story building that presented some architectural and engineering problems for which there was no precedent. When Mr. Barber undertook the planning of the exchange, he was confronted with the least space on which an architect has ever been asked to construct a building of such importance. As a result the structure is a distinct departure from the type of headquarters in use by other financial and commercial exchanges, both in beauty of design and appointments and in the practical advantages of its facilities. Contrary to common practise, the "pit," or trading-floor, is on the nineteenth floor, with its ceiling extending to the roof of the building. High-speed elevators make it easily and quickly accessible from the street without conflicting with the elevator service to the office floors, and the lofty location insures plenty of quiet, light and air for traders in the world's largest cotton market. One of the most striking decorative features is a series of four panels by Ezra Winter, each a picture of one of the seaports most intimately connected with the cotton trade—New Orleans, Liverpool, Alexandria and Bombay—all harmonizing with a panoramic view of New York harbor incorporated in the decorative scheme of the exchange. In his description of the building in the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, Mr. Ralph Flint writes: "Throughout the exchange is a happy and harmonious partnering of architect and artist working with a vision of an emancipated twentieth century in art." The plot of ground cost the exchange members $1,500,000 and the building $3,500,000.

Another Stage Biography

To the group of true stories of brilliant stage careers that began with Miss Barrymore's reminiscences and is kept up to such a high level of interest by Jane Cowl's own story in this issue, there will be added a third, that of Billie Burke. In a two-part biography that begins in the May issue Miss Burke tells how she first opened her blue eyes in the world of the circus where her father was a clown, of how she came to be called Billie instead of Ethelbert, and of the ups and downs of family fortunes that brought her, a timid, shrinking child of eight, to her first school-days in London. Then comes her vocal training and her first terrifying experience with stage fright. Small parts in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage finally opened the way to better opportunities in her native land, where Miss Burke has remained to become one of our outstanding stars.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

WITHIN the past month several educational matters of more or less pertinent interest to the never-sufficiently-praised sex have engaged our attention, and we can recommend a number of them to our fair pew-holders to be copied down in their little red books for Lenten meditation ◈◈◈ First, *Mr. H. L. Mencken*, writing in the *Zeta Beta Tau Quarterly*, makes an eloquent plea for the collegiate instruction of young men in a much-neglected department. "What I refer to," he writes, "is the barbaric war in which the females of the *homo sapiens*, on the one hand, try to get themselves husbands, and the males, on the other hand, try to put off their inevitable capture as long as possible. So far as I know, there is not a single book in English on the technic of the defense. Boys are thrown out of college absolutely ignorant of the deceits and stratagems they must face. As a result, large numbers of them find themselves married before they have got squarely upon their legs professionally, and so the country is filled with worried and incompetent men" ◈◈◈ A young woman student at *West Virginia Wesleyan* was exposed while operating a most ingenious "cribbing" device. She wore very, very sheer stockings, under which were concealed carefully copied sets of answers to the examination questions. Her scheme might have succeeded were it not for the fact that a young man student, fascinated by her movements, fainted when he discovered their significance ◈◈◈ Statisticians have found that the average American college-girl has gained an inch in height in the last ten years, a fact that is not surprising when you consider what they eat ◈◈◈ The 1,150 girls at *Vassar* consume at one meal 600 pounds of beef, 4 barrels of sweet potatoes, $75 worth of other vegetables, 30 pounds of butter and 50 loaves of bread. For dessert, 350 quarts of ice-cream go down their little *esophagi* before the lip-stick is applied. Each morning the college breakfasts upon 1,750 rolls and receives a consignment of 300 dozen eggs. On Sundays, 750 pounds of duck or chicken grace the groaning board, and in the course of a week ten 100-pound pigs or a dozen lambs yield up the ghost to increase the height and swell the waistline of Miss Undergraduate ◈◈◈ Other statisticians have been digging into the year-books of four representative American colleges for women to determine the relative popularity of common given names for girls. They find that in the combined classes of 1921 in *Smith*, *Wellesley*, *Bryn Mawr* and *Vassar* there were 293 *Marys* as against only 152 in the combined classes of 1924 in the same institutions, 342 *Katherines* as against 191, 281 *Elizabeths* as against 176, 99 *Annes* as against 54, and 75 *Susans* as against 30. The good old names are being succeeded by such monickers as *Tilse*, *Aimee*, *Avise*, *Merle*, *Adolphia*, *Marilla*, *Martilla* and *Agneria*. It was further discovered that most victims of the odd, quaint and fanciful nomenclature come from small communities. City girls have almost a monopoly on the simple and familiar names ◈◈◈ Incidentally, the long-distance record for babies' names in this part of the country is held by a recently arrived *New Jersey* child, *Francisco Washington Boston Stop Newark D'Sole*. His parents explained to the city clerk that the name would perpetuate the memory of a honeymoon trip that included Washington and Boston and stopped in Newark ◈◈◈ In the vaults of the *University of Michigan*, where *Mr. Yost* hails from, there is preserved a fragile wax tablet, the oldest known to archeologists and highly regarded by them, although it merely records in ancient Latin the birth of a girl, *Herrenia Gemella*, who first saw the light in *Egypt* on March 11, 128 A. D. Her parents evidently made quite a fuss over the event, for the record is signed by six witnesses ◈◈◈ An *Emporia, Kansas, college-girl* is doing a thriving business in the bureau she established to bring together timid coeds and bashful swains. A nominal charge of twenty-five cents is made for male students, but the girls are charged fifty cents, because, she explains (and here we doff our two-gallon hat to the lady's perspicacity), any man who will pay twenty-five cents to make a date will willingly let himself get nicked for two dollars more to make it a good one ◈◈◈ Thus higher education flourishes and more women learn the importance of mentioning THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.



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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

A GREAT MAN

IT IS given to only a few in this world to complete their life-work. Seldom does a man see the full fruit of his labor and come to the end of his day with his circle complete and his house in order.

Such a one was Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the world-famed child specialist, who for nearly two years has directed the child-welfare department of THE DELINEATOR. Doctor Holt, best known to the lay public by his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children," which has helped millions of mothers, spent all the mature days of his sixty-eight years in service to the children of the world.

Doctor Holt was not only the most eminent of child specialists, a founder of the Babies' Hospital in New York City, and a founder of the Child Health Organization and of the Happy Child department in THE DELINEATOR: he was the apostle of child protection for other great nations. He died five thousand miles away from home, out in China, where he had gone at the request of the Chinese Government and the Rockefeller Medical Foundation to set up a new standard in the babies' hospitals there and to establish a standard for the teaching of child health.

It was Doctor Holt who, at the invitation of foreign governments, went to Europe during the war and after the Armistice to help find a solution for the almost hopeless problem of saving devastated races.

Having not only a great and highly trained mind, but also a very sensitive and sympathetic soul, the months he spent in Europe served the world at the cost of his health. When Doctor Holt returned to the United States, time, which had always dealt so kindly with him, had at last laid its weight upon his body. But he went on with his great humanitarian work without thought of the inroads it was making upon his constitution. Almost none of his associates realized that Doctor Holt was not in good health, and no one outside his immediate household understood the meaning of the program of lessened labors which he was forced to adopt in the Spring of 1923.

Doctor Holt did not accept that blow as defeat. He set about deliberately, with great joy in the doing and a never-failing profound wisdom, to complete the tasks he had already assumed.

He saw the Child Health Organization merge with other child-welfare organizations and come into a strong, assured body under the leadership of Herbert Hoover.

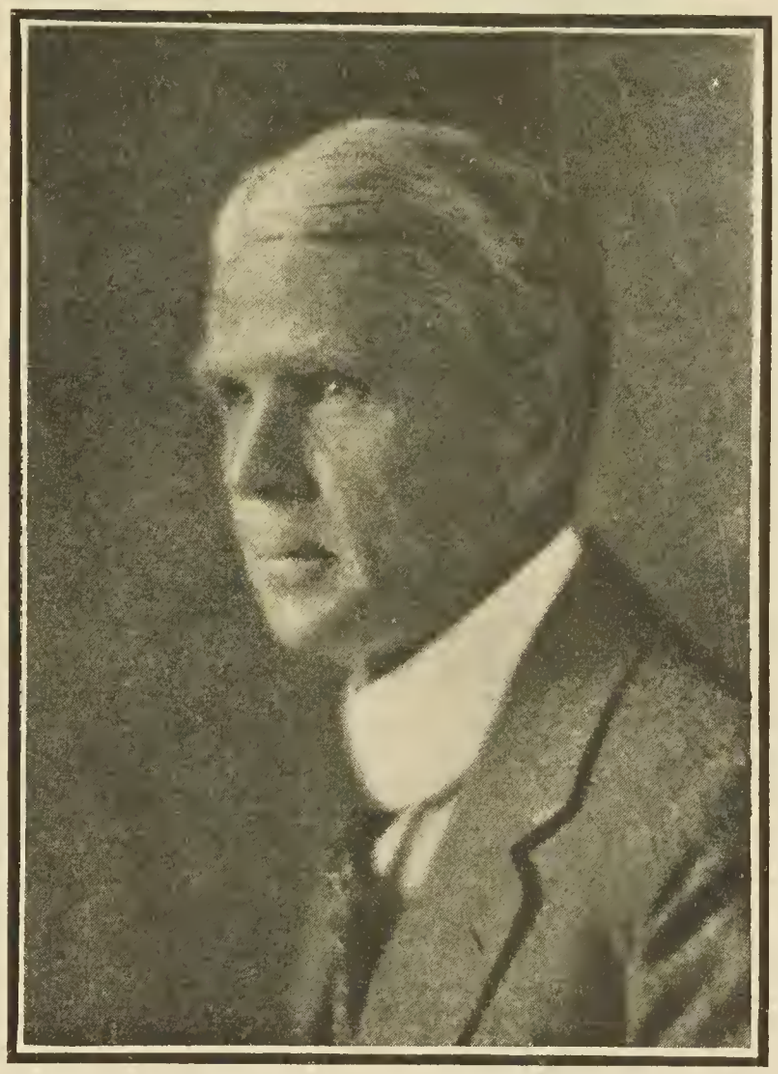
He saw his assistants firmly established in his beloved Babies' Hospital, while he stepped out of authority and responsibility.

He planned his department for THE DELINEATOR at least a year ahead, brought together specialists in various phases of child health and welfare, persuaded them to write their articles a long time in advance and made sure they were ready for printing.

Then, having arranged his personal affairs, he took his world vision and dauntless soul to answer the call of a suffering and benighted people on the other side of the world. He deliberately accepted this far-away work, knowing that he was probably taking his last leave of loved ones and associates. He wanted the undertakings he had started to grow used to functioning without him. It is easy to believe that he made one prayer which was answered—that he might be permitted to complete this last task of setting up a child hospital in China.

Those who loved Doctor Holt and who had the rare privilege of being associated with him find comfort and a certain inspiration in the knowledge that he accomplished his work in the Orient before his death.

THE DELINEATOR persuaded Doctor Holt to undertake the direction of its Happy Child department with the agreement that he should be permitted to set a new standard for child-welfare work in lay publications. He was told that he could put into



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DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

these pages any message which he and his associates felt ought to be given to the mothers of this country. His standard was not always easy to maintain, but it was never lowered. THE DELINEATOR dedicates its child-health department to that standard and to the memory of America's greatest child doctor.

FOLLOWING are messages from Doctor Holt's associates in THE DELINEATOR'S Happy Child department. They are a tribute to him and a pledge of service to you:

From Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health, contributor of THE DELINEATOR articles "Feeding After Infancy" and "Early Childhood": "The medical profession of the world has lost a great teacher; mothers and those who will be mothers have lost a wise counselor and guide, and the children of at least two continents a true friend in the lamentable death of Dr. L. Emmett Holt."

From Dr. Ward A. Holden, Ophthalmologist of the Neurological Institute; Consulting Ophthalmologist of Roosevelt and Manhattan State Hospitals; contributor to THE DELINEATOR of an article called "Your Child's Eyes": "Doctor Holt, more than any physician in this country, taught people how to care for the health and well-being of children."

From Dr. William H. Park, Expert in Bacteriology, Public Health and Hygiene; contributor to THE DELINEATOR of an article called "New Protective Treatment Robs Diphtheria of Its Terrors": "Doctor Holt probably had a larger personal experience in the care of children, both sick and well, than any other man in this country."

From Dr. Henry R. Geyelin, Assistant Professor of Clinical Medicine, Columbia University, and author of THE DELINEATOR article, "Insulin, a Remedy for Diabetes": "Doctor Holt has done a great service to humanity by his promotion of a unique and far-reaching program for the betterment of public health through the education of parents and children alike."

From Dr. Owen R. Lovejoy, General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee; author of a DELINEATOR article, "Child Labor as a Menace to Health and Growth": "Doctor Holt's trained mind and technical skill wisely concentrated on the only point where substantial progress is possible, namely, the child."

From Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director of the Rochester Dental Dispensary; contributor to THE DELINEATOR of articles on "Permanent Teeth and Their Relation to General Health" and "Precautions That Insure Good Teeth for the Baby": "Doctor Holt's life-work has been a tremendous power in promoting the health, happiness and comfort of the people not only of this country but of the whole world by his investigations, contributions and advice in the feeding and the care of children."

From Dr. Arnold Gesell, Director of the Yale Psycho-Clinic at Yale University and contributor of an article on "Why Children Are Afraid," which appears in this issue of THE DELINEATOR: "Doctor Holt was one of the pioneer pediatrists who saw that health and development as well as disease belong to medicine."

From Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California, and author of THE DELINEATOR article, "The Health of the School Child": "Doctor Holt's program for promoting the health of the children of our country must not be abandoned."

From Dr. Florence L. McKay, Director of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene of the State of New York, and contributor of a future DELINEATOR article on Summer hygiene: "Doctor Holt was a pioneer in pediatrics and child hygiene. In both there is in this country no higher authority and no one who has done more to make his knowledge available to mothers in the care of their children."

From Dr. Ralph W. Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City, and contributor to THE DELINEATOR of the article called "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby": "Doctor Holt's influence has been very great and his loss is a very real one."

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A GARDEN FOR EVERY BETTER HOME

By MRS. JOHN D. SHERMAN

Chairman of the National Garden Week Campaign; Director of "Better Homes in America";
Chairman of the Department of Applied Education of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

IN ITALY they say, "Plant your olive-trees for your grandchildren." In America, where life is swifter and our horticultural activity more restrained, we say, "Plant your garden the year before last." And when we become fired with an ambition to make our country the garden nation of the world, we bear in mind the length of time required to bring new plantings to full flower; and we write as our slogan: "The United States of America—Garden City of the World in"—not 1924 or 1925, but "1930."

Perhaps you have heard this slogan before. Perhaps you were one of the countless garden lovers who, a year ago, participated in Garden Week. Perhaps you are planning to take part in this year's national program.

As a DELINEATOR reader, you are acquainted with the "Better Homes in America" campaign, that splendid work which was so effective in its demonstrations of model houses.

I ask you now to imagine yourself stepping out of one of those model houses and looking around you. Under your feet will be soft, fertile earth—potential earth with the Creator's secret in it. There will be distance to your right and left, perhaps only twenty narrow feet, perhaps a whole hundred or more. Close your eyes and dream for a moment, and you can see this potential earth transformed into a grassy velvet bed, flower-patterned here and there, sweet-smelling, cool and restful after the hurry of the day. It is a place for soul comfort, a spot of soft-breathing peace—a garden.

And no "Better Home" is complete without a garden.

That is why the General Federation of Women's Clubs is working side by side with "Better Homes in America" and is conducting a national garden program, which this year will be observed from April twentieth to twenty-sixth.

Last year saw the beginning of this program, which made an immediate appeal to all nature lovers, from the State governors who proclaimed the first Garden Week, to the youngsters who planted trees and flowers in their own school gardens. Women, particularly, took eager part in this sane, wholesome, recreative program. They cooperated nobly in their clubs, conducting programs on the various phases of gardening, showing its benefits in terms of health and enjoyment as well as of beauty and utility.

So many were the achievements of this first Garden Week that I can not begin to tell about them all. But here are a few things that were done:

DES MOINES, Iowa, had a unique idea. Every householder was urged to plant a live Christmas tree on his lawn or in his garden, so that at Christmas time these trees might be lighted in similar fashion to the big community trees that now are so popular.

At Flushing, Long Island, all the local civic organizations and clubs cooperated with the schools and churches, and the Flushing Garden Club presented a garden to the Flushing Hospital.

At Columbia, Missouri, the week was observed with plays, pageants and lectures, and with the planting of trees and shrubs.

In New York, the Women's City Club devoted their energies to planting trees. Theirs was an endeavor that should be of interest to every woman's club and to every parkway commissioner in the country; for, if the trees they planted can be made to grow in crowded New York, trees can and should be made to grow in every city, town and village of these Unites States.

Cape Girardeau, Missouri, made an enviable record by planting over twelve hundred shade-trees, several thousand floral plants and four hundred vegetable-gardens. Their activities assumed a particularly practical aspect in that in some cases the produce of these gardens was used to keep school cafeterias supplied with vegetables.

Victoria, Texas, on its own initiative, conducted a "Flower versus Weeds Contest." This work was sponsored by the Bronté Woman's Club but actually done by nine different organizations, each of which undertook to beautify an unsightly lot. In a very short time beautiful parks and playgrounds replaced what hitherto had been unchecked weed growth.



MRS. JOHN D. SHERMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE

Mrs. John D. Sherman is one of the most widely known and universally beloved women in the United States. She is a nominee for the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, to which organization she has given her best effort in its public programs of the past sixteen years.

In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Sherman is called the "National Park Lady." To her belongs the credit of having done more for the establishment of our big Western parks than any other individual. It was due largely to her initiative that National Garden Week was instituted last year.

In this article written exclusively for THE DELINEATOR, Mrs. Sherman tells how the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the "Better Homes in America" organization are cooperating for a successful Garden Week in 1924.

A GARDEN PRIZE OFFERED BY THE DELINEATOR

As a feature of the campaign, THE DELINEATOR will give a prize of two hundred dollars for the best plan for an ordinary back-yard garden of flowers, vegetables, or both, which could be developed by a woman and children.

The points on which judgment will be made are simplicity of cultivation, beauty and economy. To receive consideration, all plans must be received by Mrs. John D. Sherman, General Federation of Women's Clubs, 1734 N Street N. W., Washington, D. C., on or before May 15, 1924. THE DELINEATOR will publish the prize-winning plan in the Fall. Plans must be drawn on one side of the paper only, and should be accompanied by not more than eight hundred words of explanatory matter.

Garden photographs which have merit and can be published will be paid for at the rate of five dollars each. To be returned, plans must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Gardens and flowers were brought close to the hearts of eighty little blind children in the pathetically named "International Sunshine Blind Babies' Home and Kindergarten." These tiny ones, who can never see the beauty of the flowers they love so well, planted small gardens of their own. They told stories about Mother Earth and the seeds she has endowed with the power to grow. They learned about garden insects and birds, and organized a junior Audubon club. They had a play in which each child dressed to represent her favorite flower. When Garden Week was over, it left behind a certain permanent sweetness in the lives of those eighty blind children.

Another very kind act which the week brought forth was the establishment of a flower-booth in Pennsylvania Station, New York City. Here those fortunate suburban people who already have gardens can leave their surplus blooms to be distributed among the city's sick and poor.

Arkansas, in spite of its hot, parched Summers and its scarcity of water, took the lead among States for the thoroughness with which it observed the entire program. Oregon, Washington, Montana, California, Georgia, Massachusetts and Ohio followed close behind.

So you see the first National Garden Week, though only a beginning, really achieved some very promising results. The General Federation of Women's Clubs, therefore, looks even more hopefully toward the second National Garden Week, which is to be observed from April 20 to 26, 1924.

President Coolidge and Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, have both expressed their interest in this second endeavor. They have written as follows:

THE WHITE HOUSE,
January 17, 1924.

It is a pleasure to comply with your request for a word expressive of my attitude toward the National Garden Week Campaign which is to be undertaken this Spring, through the cooperation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Better Homes Association. I have so many times noted with satisfaction the efforts of both these organizations that I feel certain any program upon which they unite is both desirable and assured of success. National Garden Week seems now to be well on the way to establishment as a fixed national affair, and I hope this year's observations of it will strengthen its position in the public interest and activities.

Very truly yours,
CALVIN COOLIDGE.

January 15, 1924.

The program of National Garden Week commands support from all those who would see more of our houses and our city blocks given that quality of charm and beauty that only growing things can add. Whether it be improvement of a park, or transforming of an ugly front yard or a little back-yard plot, or arrangement of shrubbery around a house, or planting of trees, the intelligent cultivation of plants around our homes is to be encouraged.

It adds to our appreciation and understanding of life. It builds self-respect in the individual and in the community and it may become an ennobling avocation and form of public service.

I am especially glad that National Garden Week is being sponsored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs in a definite relationship to Better Homes in America demonstration week, which is to be held a little later in the year. The home can not be considered apart from its setting in nature.

Yours faithfully,
HERBERT HOOVER.

THE dates, April twentieth to twenty-sixth, were selected as being fairly representative of an early Spring week. It was realized that it would be impossible to find a date which would synchronize with the actual making of a garden in all localities. But a program is being prepared which will make it possible for every community to take part and to feature some of the many phases of gardening.

There will be many developments of general interest to every garden lover. One of these will be staged in the nation's capital, at the "Home, Sweet Home" house.

DELINEATOR readers will remember that this house was originally built in 1923 by the General Federation of Women's Clubs as the national demonstration house of the Better Homes campaign. It was subsequently given to the Girl-Scouts to be their club-house, and to be used annually as a model house during Better Homes week. With a fitting realization of the fact that a home can not

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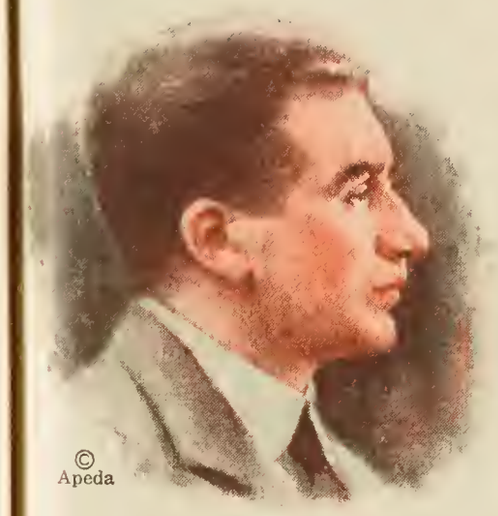
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PERMITTING HIMSELF TO BE LOVED

Another of Skippy's delightful adventures in romance

By OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "The Varmint," "Skippy Bedelle," etc.

SKIPPY'S mood was melancholy. He sat on the window-seat of the great "Sambones" Bedelle, now departed to aid the Yale faculty in the development of a successful nine, and gazed out on the still September day. He was depressed as he had never been in the sixteen previous years of his sprouting existence. And for this mood the reasons were complex.

When he had returned from Snorky Green's and his last contact with the disillusionizing sex, he had comforted himself with the hope of what he had expected to inherit from the sartorial splendors of his magnificent brother. The appeal for a generous financial attitude on the part of Mr. Bedelle, Senior, had lamentably failed. There had been a very annoying discussion of the scholastic record as a basis of computation. There had been, it is true, an offer conditioned on his acquiring a certain rating for the coming year. But Skippy had no illusions about himself, and if contentment is the recognition of one's own limitations, Skippy might be classed as a philosopher. While parents persisted in ignoring athletic achievement and sided with the flunking faculty, he would never be a financial success—no, not so long as the binomial theorem was to be disentangled and the gerund dodged around the gerundive and the supine. The hope of his budget had lain in his inheriting rights to Sambones' cast-offs—and this hope, too, had been shattered with the rest!

True, on the bed was ranged quite a respectable pile, beginning with a pair of white flannels and ending with a mackintosh slightly discolored. But of what his itching body cried for, nothing! For the need of every boy of human parentage in the first theoretical years of an allowance is not for those articles which meet the public eye, but for those inner garments which remain a confidence between a man and his laundress. He had hoped for at least—well, whatever his hope, reality lay before him: two pairs of socks, two shirts with frayed cuffs, one much-mended jersey, while the pajamas on which he had fondly counted were represented by two upper sections and one lower. Worst of all, he was certain that Snorky, his roommate, would return in the same shredded condition.

HIS Summer allowance had shrunk to small change—and how had it gone? A dress suit and girls—each the contributing cause to the other! He had wasted his substance on girls, idle playthings, who had smiled into his eyes, disturbed his equanimity and betrayed his faith after lightening his pocketbook! He might have learned much in worldly experience; he knew that he was older and wiser and he felt that his knowledge of women was prodigious.

But experience, while it garnished the mind, did not clothe or warm the body; neither did it eke out an allowance. He searched in the closets and pulled out the drawers, but the sum of his efforts produced no more than a pair of suspenders and some sneakers.

Fists plunged in his pockets, whistling a melancholy dirge, he went aimlessly out of the house, toward the beach, yielding to the depressing spectacle of already abandoned houses. All at once from a gateway a voice hailed him.

"Where you going so fast, Jack?"

Skippy stopped and beheld Dolly, and, what was more, in Dolly's eyes a smile of almost unmaidenly encouragement. Now the memory of Dolly had persisted through the maze of his sentimental adventures. There was something direct and dignified and open about Dolly which contrasted favorably with the scalp-hunters he had met. The unfortunate touch of public ridicule had been thrown across the beginnings of real romance. But that was due to Fate, Hickey and his own temerity. He retained for Dolly a feeling that was all admiration and more than a bit of affection. He could even imagine that at some later date the old intimate confidence might be restored—at some far date, of course, when a man's mind turns to the settling of a home and the founding of a dynasty.

"Oh, I've got a lot of things to do," he said, pausing, because he was bored.

"Really?"

"Heaps and heaps!" he said brazenly.

"Don't let *me* keep you."

THE ways of a man and a maid may have remained a mystery since biblical days, but there are two principles that may be set down as axiomatic: when a young lady asks a young man to stay, his instinct is to leave—just as the moment she indicates that his staying is a matter of indifference to her his desire is instantly to remain.

Skippy immediately balanced himself upon the other side of the gate, not too near to risk the danger of a sudden sentimental weakening and not too far to appear to be afraid. The spot was sheltered, the clematis was fragrant in the air, and the gate, with its double burden, swung languidly and rhythmically back and forth.

"Seems ages since I saw you last," said Miss Dolly, with a smile which again bore an almost unmaidenly encouragement, while the gate slowly and artfully seemed to draw Skippy toward the inviting eyes.

"Miss me?" asked Skippy impudently.

Dolly's eyes showed their surprise at this new manifestation.

"My, what a long tail our cat's got," she said, and the gate, vigorously propelled, swung heavily backward.

"Rather slow around here, isn't it?" said Skippy, clinging to his attitude.

"How d'ye mean?"

"All the real men gone."

"Real?"

"Nothin' but the sand-crabs left."

Dolly thought this over a moment and said: "Please, Jack, don't be horrid."

The gate moved hesitatingly backward and forward.

"What you doing this afternoon?" asked Dolly, looking down.

"Sorry, I have an engagement," said Skippy glibly.

"Jack!"

"My dear Dolly," said Skippy, hopping off the gate, for he found propinquity, as others have found it, unsettling to conviction, "I'm quite aware that the Summer is closing and men are scarce, but, *but* I am not as green as I used to be! *Au revoir*—until *next* Summer!"

HE CLASPED his hat on his head and shuffled down the street, whistling a marching air. His mood had been all for yielding, but his pride had kept him steadfast. No, whatever happened he would not come out like the timid sand-crabs when the calm of departed men had settled on the beaches. Skippy had not named the species. It was a code word current among the irreverent and ungrateful sex, uttered from sister to sister, once the full season was on and men abounded.

Whenever Skippy Bedelle took a decisive stand in the open, it usually resulted in an inward disturbance, which brought about some such mental colloquy as the following:

"Well, you big chump," said the first Skippy to the other, "what did you go and do that for? Cutting off your nose to spite your face!"

"Chump yourself," said the canny Skippy to the Skippy who was all nature. "Are you as easy as all that? Don't you see the game? Don't you know what girls are?"

"Huh, she looked mighty sweet swinging there on that gate."

"What of it! Don't you know that was all put on? Do you want to go around now and take the leavings after every one else has left? Yes, and have her laugh up her sleeves and call you a sand-crab!"

"Cutting off your nose to spite——"

"You think so? Do you remember Shanks Doolittle, who tripped over his own feet, and Buster Rawley, who ate his nails when he talked to girls? Remember how popular they were in the month of June? You didn't see those little Rollos around much in the month of *July* or *August*, did you? But they will be popular now all right!"

"Shucks, it isn't that! You're just showing off——"

"Showing off? All right! I'm through feeding out of the hand, I am! After this they can come to me——"

At this point Skippy awoke to find an audience eying him with astonishment.

"Why, Skippy, you look ready to fight a regiment! What on earth is wrong with you?"

"Hello—it's Tootsie," he said without vouchsafing an explanation, and he then became aware of some one else—some one girlish and trim, with black hair and blacker eyes, which were taking him in with the most flattering interest.

"This is Irene—Irene Banners, one of my school chums," said his sister, "and what she doesn't know about *you!*"

"You don't say!"

"I was in Southampton, Mr. Bedelle, but of course you didn't have time to see me-e," said Miss Banners,

draping herself on her friend's shoulder and giving him a roguish look.

"Indeed!" said Skippy, not at all displeased.

"I'm Vivi's cousin," said Miss Banners, with an artful, knowing look. "Don't you think she is the sweetest thing in the world?"

"Vivi?" said Skippy, as though seeking to disentangle her from all the other Vivis in the world.

"Now, *Mis*-ter Bedelle," said Miss Banners, who had a trick of lengthening a random syllable.

"Don't look so innocent, Jack; the cat's out of the bag!" said Tootsie, with sisterly directness.

"Isn't that your red-headed Jumbo dodging around the bath-houses?" said Skippy with a steely look. "Toddle along, Tootsie! We'll wait here until you've hunted him down!"

Tootsie, having decided swiftly that nothing was to be gained by an open battle, bit her lip on a counter retort.

"Now he's mad," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "I'll leave you to coax him back into a better humor. Good day, Mr. Smarty!"

"Huh, just as if she wasn't itching for an excuse," said Skippy. "Don't worry about her, Miss Banners, she'll come back when she's ready."

THEY camped down in the sand-hills in a warm hollow in the lee of the tingling breezes and proceeded to that first intimate taking of stock, which has its perils as well as its pleasure.

"Gracious, how stern you looked!" said Miss Banners. "If you spoke to me like that, I think I should die-ie."

"I never discuss women in public," said Skippy grandiloquently.

He noted that she was rosy and dimpling and that her large eyes rolled with her words.

"I think that's just wonderful of you," said Miss Banners, nodding. "I think that's what a girl ought to admire in a man the most, don't you?"

"Well, that's my way."

"Of course lots of girls are perfectly horrid the way they discuss men who pay them attention. And I think that's just as bad, don't you—well, not just as bad, but still—you know what I mean."

"Sure," said Skippy, who was now secretly wondering what Vivi, the lady manifestly in question, might have said about his lordly self.

"You know, I must tell you something: When my cousin Vivi heard I was coming here, she wanted me to give you a message—and, well, I said I wouldn't."

"Why not?" said Skippy, beginning to take notice.

"Well, I thought if she cared to say anything, that was up to her," said the young lady, making circles in the sand with a dainty finger.

"That's not the reason," said Skippy, observing her confusion.

She looked up into his eyes and then immediately down.

"I thought you had much too strong a character to be—to be——"

"To be taken in by a little scalp-hunter. Is that what you mean?"

"Well, yes," said Miss Banners. "Vivi isn't serious."

"Don't you worry," said Skippy loudly. "If I told you the story, you'd die of laughing—but of course I won't. There's just one scalp Vivi will never get, though, and it's right here on the top of my head."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I was afraid—I didn't know you were so wi-ise."

Skippy was wiser than that, though it did not demand much astuteness to see how the land lay.

"Funny I don't remember seeing you," he said, flattered and appreciative.

"Oh, you were too busy to notice any one else," said Miss Banners reproachfully.

The real reason was that at that moment her hair had still been down her back, due to a motherly tyrant.

"What did Vivi say about me?"

"Want to know?"

"Oh, in a way."

"She said—oh, it was all very flattering! But she thinks that you are a terrible flirt."

"She ought to know."

"She thinks you're awfully clever."

"Bosh!"

"With a very old manner for your age."

"Really?"

"She adored your smile and she thinks you have the most wonderful eye—eyes," said Miss Banners, blushing furiously in a way to make Skippy wonder just whose sentiments she had been expressing.

Skippy, to do him justice, blushed to the ears himself.

"Say, you'll think I'm awfully conceited."

"Oh, I like a little conceit in a man—a man, that is, who has a right to be," said Miss Banners, recovering first. "But of course lots of girls have told you these things."

"Oh, come, now——"

"Now, don't be modest," said Miss Banners, who had certain firm illusions of Skippy to which she was determined to cling. She was, as must have been apparent, a large, affectionate nature just released from the shell, and life was to her all in the superlative case.

"No, really, you must think me an awful chump to swallow all that," said Skippy, whose appetite, having been aroused, was avid for more.

"Shall I tell you what *I* think? No, I don't think it would be wi-ise just now," said Miss Banners, continuing to draw rapid hieroglyphics in the sand. "But I'll tell you just this: I think—well—I think you make me feel that you have the very strongest character, and that you are going to do something later on, something big."

"Now, that's just the nicest thing you could have said," said Skippy, the sultan.

"Well, I feel that," said the young lady, looking up with shining eyes.

"Here comes Tootsie with Redhead," said Skippy, peering over the hill. "Let's cut for it and have a soda before lunch."

"Do you think it would be right?" asked Miss Banners, with a proper dread of the sisterly tongue.

"Sure. I know too much about Tootsie," said Skippy, who profited by her resistance to seize her hand and draw her after him.

THE Skippy who had emerged an hour before from the sentimental reckoning of a misspent Summer was a disconsolate Skippy in whom the tide of self-esteem was low and the prospect of a penurious Winter was tinged with the acutest self-reproach. The Skippy Bedelle who returned to the midday meal was a Phœnix risen from the ashes. It was not simply an inner exultation: it was outwardly apparent. It was not simply the way he cocked his hat, nor the lightness of his step, nor the new impertinence in his glance as it boldly forced down the feminine glances which rose to him on his triumphal progress: it was this and something indefinable, no more to be described than the elusive moment when the sidling puppy returns with a new aggressive attitude toward the world, a new defiance to the tail, a sudden stiffening of the once flabby body and a perfunctory growl which announces that whatever ground he surveys is his.

"What became of you and Irene?" said Tootsie at lunch, giving him what might be described as the family look.

"You don't think I was going to sit and tee-hee all day until you and Redhead got through holding hands," said Skippy, who believed with Napoleon that the best defense was to attack.

"Jack Bedelle, I will have you know that I don't hold hands with boys!" said Tootsie angrily. "And furthermore, you put me in a very embarrassing position, but I don't suppose you care about that!"

"Children, children," said Mrs. Bedelle in a soothing voice.

"Well, it *was* embarrassing and I was *humiliated*—dreadfully humiliated! I should think Irene had better manners."

"Didn't you ask her to skip?" said Skippy, pretending innocence.

"I did *not*."

Mr. Bedelle jangled his knife on his plate and announced: "Enough!"

Calm immediately returned, and Tootsie, having had time to meditate, returned to her original curiosity.

"Irene's rather pretty, don't you think?"

"Nice teeth," said Skippy in an offhand sort of manner.

"She certainly has improved wonderfully," said Tootsie, watching his face.

Skippy scratched on the cloth with his fingers to indicate his appreciation of the feline.

"Now, what d'ye mean by that?" demanded Tootsie, who of course knew.

"Irene must be one of your best friends, Tootsie-*cat!*"

At this time there was an explosion, and Mr. Bedelle, who had a dyspeptic's horror of scenes during the digestive periods, indicated in his forceful manner that the meal would proceed without the assistance of the younger members of the family. Skippy, who knew the dessert was cornstarch pudding and hated it, departed without regrets.

"Girls certainly are queer things," he ruminated on his way to the ice-cream parlor. "I—that's the way they love one another, wonder what they say about their enemies?"

He installed himself in front of a large dish of chocolate ice-cream and started to ponder over the surprising situation in which he found himself playing the quite unaccustomed rôle of Prince Charming. What

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Drawing by Joseph M. Clement

FOR TEN MINUTES, WHILE HE METHODICALLY ECLIPSED THE SUBSTITUTE, SKIPPY WAS SUPERB



THE MIRAGE

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on"

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

PROPPED against the central post of the hut, Hallam was entering the day's events in his diary. He was growing very weak; but his small, firm writing was unshaken. When he could write no more, he intended to place the diary in the tin box nailed to the post above him, where Croft had placed the meteorological records and Leseur the maps.

At first the diary had been but an impersonal narrative of adventure. It had become a man's message to his friends.

"I can not live another week," wrote Hallam, "but I am not suffering. The utter solitude, as well as the starvation, have had a curious effect. The ordinary faculties and apprehensions through which men suffer have in my case been paralyzed for weeks; and as though released by a drug, other faculties have taken their place. I want you to know that I am not unhappy, that I am not——"

With the pencil poised and a faint smile on his lips, he had commenced the last word—"alone." He remained so, motionless, waiting. His hands and feet tingled. What life he had left him seemed actually withdrawing itself from all his senses, as he knew them, and focusing in some sense he did not know.

Presently he lifted his head slowly. Looking at the entrance to the hut, he spoke.

"Come in, my darling," he said.

Before he had finished speaking, the familiar thing had occurred.

The wall of the hut was not there. He saw the illimitable white waste outside as he knew it was. But between him and it, just within the vanished wall, stood the girl.

She stood quite still, looking at him. He could see nothing of her face but the eyes, she was so wrapped in fur.

As she stood, she drew off one fur glove. In that place the appearance of her fair, bared hand was like the opening of a flower. Then she came toward him.

Hallam said: "You haven't been here for two days!"



Drawing by Gerald Leake

HIS DYING EYES LOOKED INTO HER BODILESS ONES

What answer that strange released sense of his received, no other could have heard. He smiled, but spoke with a pleading that rose to passion: "It won't last much longer! Surely it won't! See, I'm getting very far from life as I knew it! Isn't the time come yet? Must I wait longer?" In a minute he went on, more faintly: "Just your hand! Just your hand, then! Let me feel it one minute! A minute——"

She seemed to stoop toward him, putting aside the furs from her face. It was solemn and very tender. A great light flashed into Hallam's eyes. He held out his arms. He said: "I've never seen your face until to-day! The time's quite near now. Isn't it? Quite near!"

Presently his hands fell. Her face had not approached any nearer to his own. His dying eyes looked into her bodiless ones.

"I understand, darling," he whispered. "I understand. When you kiss me, I shall die. And—and the time's not quite yet."

After a little, he whispered again: "Let it be soon, dear love. Let it be soon."

Then he was alone.

He slipped sideways, rolled over and lay with his face to the floor.

Soon he raised himself and dragged himself to the door of the hut. He drew aside the boards and tarpaulins. He went out.

The white waste stretched unbroken. Not a footprint marked it. Nothing was there that had not been there for weeks. Only the foxes had dragged and gnawed caribou skulls on the river beach a little farther from the hut, and the cross on Croft's cairn had tilted in the wind.

He went, lifted stones with infinite effort and straightened the cross.

He was exhausted when he returned to the hut and lay down in his blankets. He said aloud: "Today she showed me her face. It can't be long to wait now." He slept, dreaming of that face and of the moment toward which his whole life drew like music: when she should kiss him and he should die.

He had seen her first on the day he had raised the cairn over Croft's body, a month after Leseur had gone on his desperate effort to bring help to the survivors of the expedition. Then she had come no nearer than the hut's wall and had stayed no more than a minute. Nor had he seen her again for a week. But since then her visits had been of increasing frequency and meaning. They brought to Hallam, waiting alone in the hut, an extraordinary knowledge of fulfilment.

Yet sometimes he wondered that his strong life should not have borne love's fruit until now, when it was passing from him; and that he bore it for a ghost. But he was content.

The next day he made shift to go out and examine his snares. He found nothing in them. The scraps of leather with which he had baited them were nibbled by lemmings. That was all.

He went back to the hut, propped himself by the central post and waited. He had nothing else to do. He tried to write in his diary. His pencil moved slowly over the page, and he wrote nothing but "She has not come to me to-day." He placed the diary in the tin box with the maps and other records. Those words were the last in it.

He could not sleep. Hunger-pains took him; he was twisted with cruel cramps. These lessened hourly as his bodily strength lessened. He was very weak.

All night he lay by the post, waiting for her.

The interminable hours passed over the hut. Staring at the low roof, he could almost see the stars wheeling above him, the inexorable march of the heavens. Later, he looked at the place where Croft had slept: empty. At Leseur's corner: empty. At his own place, soon to be empty. The desolation pierced through his hunger-drugged dreams like a sword. A horror of emptiness filled that hut, as it had in the first days before she came.

He lay on his face and cried to her. "Come!" he said. "Come! Don't leave me so long alone! I can't bear it!" His voice was broken. Nothing of his words was left

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ONCE IN ALABAMA

"Love is the door of man's understanding"

By DIXIE WILLSON

A MAN went in at Stairs's gate one afternoon. Old Stairs was behind the house picking up runty potatoes where the early potato-vines had strung into nothing.

The man who came in was taller than Stairs, and young, and a handsome man. He seemed out of place by the sagging gate in a patch of potatoes.

"Hello, Talbot," Stairs said, and came out of the garden and offered a black wooden chair on the old porch of the house.

Talbot sat down with the way about him of being sure of himself. He made you think he was a man who had always got what he wanted. His eyes looked that way—expecting to get all they wanted. Some eyes question you, but his answered before they asked—the kind of eyes men who are rich have gotten from gaining and gaining—the kind of eyes that tell you when gaining has changed from *gaining* into only *getting*. Eyes are so much the self of you. From only these men's eyes you could have told poor from rich.

Stairs sat down on the step with his back against the house.

"Got a letter this morning," he said. "She's 'round Alabama some place."

He drawled when he talked. His teeth clacked on his pipe-stem.

Talbot was waiting to marry Stairs's step-daughter. She was the only thing he had ever wanted that he hadn't got as soon as he wanted it. But he had waited for her because she was only eighteen. She was slim and little, with a mass of yellow curls and the kind of beauty a man can't forget. Talbot told Stairs he had come to find out where she was because he was going after her. He said he wanted *life*, and he'd waited long enough. Stairs squinted over his pipe at Talbot.

"Figure Ilda's go'n' to be yours, do ya'?" he asked.

Talbot flicked a green worm from his coat sleeve.

"Stairs, I'm a gambler by profession, and I've never lost a game yet," he said. "I've gambled for my money, I've gambled for my stocks. I've gambled for the trips I take and the house I live in. I've gambled for kisses and drinks—and I've never lost yet." He tapped his finger on old Stairs's knee and laughed. "I gambled for Ilda in the first place," he said. "The first time I saw her, I gambled with Johnny Birgess to buy her supper, and I'll gamble with anybody to win her any day in the week. Some men don't lose, and I'm one of 'em!"

Stairs looked at Talbot with his narrow old eyes squinted against the long late sunset.

"You told Ilda that once," he drawled, "and she said to me: 'Pa, when a man's willin' to risk losin' love, he ain't a man God meant should win it. If John ever shows me that *love* ain't no bigger to him than *luck*, he's made his own answer.' "

Talbot laughed a little.

"She'll give my answer, all right," he said. "I know what a woman wants. She's never taken my love so badly."

Stairs thought how beautiful Ilda had been in Talbot's little racing-car, wrapped in the white fur he had bought her Christmas-time. He remembered how pink her cheeks had been when she'd kissed Talbot good-by.

"You go'n' to try and bring her back with you?" old Stairs asked.

"Not *try* to—I'm *going* to," Talbot told him.

Stairs didn't say any more. He smoked and stretched his feet out in the sun. An old man knows that planning what *is* to be is the thinnest bubble in all the world. An old man knows there's no use to plan, because to-day's just to-day, and we aren't even sure of that. An old man knows what a grindstone life is to sharpen your soul on.

He brought a paper out of his pocket with red-and-gold lions stamped in the corners. He ran his finger along a list of towns printed on it.

"She's in Birmin'ham day after to-morrow," he read, "and in——"

"I'll meet her in Birmingham," Talbot interrupted, and rose at the same time.

Old Stairs pressed down the fire in his pipe with his thumb. "Ilda's awful sweet," he said, almost to himself. "She's awful sweet. I ain't surprised they got her pictures six feet high all over the country."

Ilda's mother had been a ballet-girl in the London Hippodrome. Ilda was the little aerial star in the greatest three-ring circus in the world.

AMELIA CANE went to bed early one night. She lived in Car 80, the side-show car. The side-show folks were always home long before anybody else. Amelia was in bed an hour before she heard the performers coming from the lot. She put out her light and pushed up her window wide. A little wind blew her lace curtains. She had a flower-glass fastened on her window-sill, full of wild roses.

The cars were on a side-track a half-mile from the station. A cool wind and that smell of dew at night came blowing across a meadow of long grass. On the other side of the meadow were the lights of town. Way down on the track she could see the flicker of torches at the runs where the cages and wagons were loading. She could hear men shouting and wagons rumbling up on the flat-cars.

She heard Mr. Stump, the tattooed man, in the next stateroom dividing ice-cream with his wife, the little sun-brown Brazilian sword-swallower.

"Shall we have the *best* dishes?"

"Why, yes, pet, if you want to."

"One spoonful for you—one for me—one for you—you like chocolet best, don't you—one for me—save a spoonful for the kitten—oh, Charlie, how funny you look with your hair twisted up in a hook like that. Wha'd you do it for?"

Mrs. Stump laughed and laughed. Charlie gave her a clucking kiss. Some one called under Amelia's window. It was Tom Brownell. Amelia raised up her elbow.

"Hello, Tom, dear," she said. "Aren't you home early? Wild West can't be over already!"

He told her she'd lost time—that it was half-past eleven. He asked if she'd made a bushel of money since morning. He said there'd been a straw-house night and afternoon both. (When the crowd is so big that there aren't seats enough, the men carry straw to the hippodrome track and they call it a straw-house.)

When crowds came like that, Amelia sold her pictures by thousands. Little square colored postals, ten cents apiece: "Amelia Cane, thirty-eight years old, born in Windsor, Nebraska, weighing four hundred and eighty pounds."

The light from Stump's window shone on Tom's face—his dark eyes—his thick dark hair—his handsome shoulders.

"How's my boy?" Amelia smiled, leaning up on the window-sill.

"Pretty good, pard," Tom told her. "Thought you'd like some coffee if you haven't had supper yet. I'm goin' to the privilege car for some baked beans and pie. It's only down by the runs to-night. You can see it from here."

The privilege car (the lunch-counter car) was part of the third section, the working-men's train. Sometimes the third section was on a siding across town, but sometimes it was close by, and to-night it was down where the wagons were loading.

Milky Jones came along with his sister, a tall girl who did statues.

"Going down to eat, Tom?" he asked.

Amelia sat up to reach the shelf over her head and handed Tom a little bucket through the window.

"Thanks," she said, "and some apple pie."

When he had gone, Amelia saw somebody with a white dress on sitting in the long grass beyond the circle of light from the cars.

"That you, Ilda?" she called.

Ilda came up under Amelia's window. The wind blew her hair around her face so it seemed to be a halo of moonlight. She was so little and sweet standing there!

"Amelia," she said, and scraped the toe of her little white buck shoe in the cinders, "what do you—think about Tom? I see you together so much between shows, I thought you'd got to know him pretty well, and—I just thought you'd tell me."

"Well, honey," Amelia smiled—and when Amelia smiled there were five dimples in her face—"well, honey, in business hours I'm forced to appear with a good many people who, I'm sorry to say, are a part o' my job, but when I spend my recreation-time, you can be sure I'm spendin' it with somebody I admire. Tom Brownell's set out to be the squarest shot in the world. He's met everybody that wants to try with him, and he's outmarked them all! He's stood hours and hours and practised that square shot till he's the best there is, and no doubts of it! Maybe there's more important things to be than the best shot in the world, but the best in the world of *anything* ain't no small aim, and, as far as I see, success ain't makin' somethin' from what opportunity you *wish* you had, but from what opportunity you' *got*, which is exactly what Tom Brownell's been doin'. And when a man's big enough to do *that*, he's as big a man as Amelia Cane ever expects to see!"

TOM was making himself the best shot in the world because he loved Ilda Stairs. He had told Amelia that nothing less than the best in the world was good enough to back a man in such a thing as loving Ilda.

Ilda's hand was on Amelia's window-sill. Amelia picked it up and shut the hot little fingers in hers.

"So that's what *I* think about Tom Brownell," she said. "What do *you* think about him?"

Ilda looked down in the shadows.

"I wish I knew," she whispered.

Footsteps crunching on the cinders made her glance up. Tom was coming back.

"I *thought* I saw you down here, Ilda," he said. "Come on up-town for a little supper, won't you?"

He asked Amelia what time it was. Amelia had a sulfur clock. It was ten minutes to twelve. Coming down some street on a pavement they heard the hollow quick-time of a hundred thoroughbred hoofs.

"See, here's the ring stock just getting in," Tom said. "There's lots of time."

Ilda and Tom went down the track together. Amelia heard Ilda laughing—saw her slip her arm through Tom's arm. Mrs. Busby had her five French poodles out on leashes.

" 'Evenin'," she said to the shadow of Amelia in the

window. "That's Ilda and Tom again, ain't it? My, he's in love with her, ain't he? Well, she's a beautiful little lady, ain't she? But such an artist in the ring shouldn't marry, do you think so?"

She lifted her shoulders in that expression there are no words for.

"Still, I married Busby," she said.

Milky Jones came along with the little bucket.

"Here's your coffee, Amelia," he said. "Tom and Ilda's gone some place to dance a little."

Most everybody went inside to bed. By a lantern on the track Steve, the clown, and the two Silby tumblers were shooting craps. On the steps of the next car Bess Costello and a crowd of girls played ukuleles in the dark and sang ragtime. Amelia lay there half-asleep, then after a long time she heard Tom and Ilda go by.

She heard Tom teasing and Ilda laughing, her little high heels trying to keep up with his long steps. On the other side of the cars a hot black engine clanged by to the front of the train. The third section was just pulling out. The second section had been gone half an hour with the cages and wagons.

"Hurry now, Charlie, and get the dishes washed," Amelia heard Mrs. Stump saying. "We'll be moving pretty quick. Let's see, Charlie, is this Memphis we're at to-day?"

"No; it's Nashville," Charlie told her.

The cars gave a sudden shake with the engine getting on. The crap game quit; Steve ran down the track with his lantern; the girls with ukuleles scrambled their folding-chairs to the platform and went on singing.

Amelia took her bucket off the floor, tossed the left-over coffee out of her window and put the bucket back on the shelf over her head. Her little clock said twenty minutes to one.

"This here's Nashville," Charlie Stump was saying, "and to-morrow's Decatur and the next day's Birmingham."

THE show train was late into Birmingham. When it backed into the station, the performers were already swinging off the steps to hurry to the lot for breakfast before the cook-house white flag came down.

The first section, the commissary, is in town for hours before the rest, with the top up and breakfast all ready. There's a blue flag on the cook-house all day, excepting when breakfast or lunch or dinner is ready, then a white flag goes up with red letters that say "Hotel," and you can go in as long as the white flag stays up—if you don't get there till it comes *down*, you're too late to eat.

The performers were all ready to leave the cars in a hurry. Ilda had her curls pinned up on her head. She wore a pink dress—gingham—and a wide hat with a pink rose. Tom was watching for her. He lived in Car 90, Ilda in 84.

He saw her through the window fastening her white curtain back. She stood on the step a minute looking for him, then swung down and came along past the townfolk watching her. He held her hat while she fastened a pin in her collar. She looked up and smiled at Tom waiting for her—loving her.

He slipped her hand through his arm.

"How's the little sweetheart?" he asked her.

Some one came across the station platform from a gray racing-car. Ilda stopped with a short little word—just a little cry. Talbot came straight to her—caught her—held her and kissed her.

"John!" Ilda said. "Why, John!"

Talbot smiled at her.

"I couldn't wait any longer," he said.

Tom held Ilda's hat and stood still. The color came up in his face.

"Mr. Talbot, this is Tom Brownell," she said after a minute.

They shook hands and Tom said he'd heard of John Talbot in Wall Street. John said he'd heard about Tom in the world's news of sportsmen.

Talbot said he'd take them to the lot in his car. It was a rich man's car—a smooth, foreign racer.

The streets of the town were crowded with people. Flags were flying, little tent shows on corners had electric pianos playing—rainbow bunches of balloons in among the heads of people.

Talbot drove down the long street three miles to the lot. Ilda laughed and asked questions all the way about folks at home. The sunshine caught in her hair like in threads of gold.

On the lot everything was hurrying because the show was late—stakes pounding, bosses shouting, men heaving the ropes, horses pulling over the ground with the wagons of blue poles.

John and Ilda and Tom went past where the canvas was spread out for the big top. Ilda took John by the hand because he didn't know where to go. The dressing-tent was up and men carrying the trunks in. Out in the road parade-wagons were uncovering their gray canvases. Milky Jones went into the band tent and came out with his bugle. The first parade bugle sounded. Tom Brownell had to marshal a section of parade, so he told them he'd have to miss breakfast and get dressed.

In the cook-tent everybody was eating—dishes rattling and waiters in white coats hurrying things back and forth. Ilda and John went in together. John sat by her on a bench and ate on a red table-cloth. They gave him coffee in a thick cup and cakes on a thick plate. Ilda passed him molasses for his cakes and introduced him to the waiter, Joe Nelson. Joe offered his hand, but Talbot didn't notice to take it. Every one smiled at Ilda and said little loving words to her as they passed. She answered them all, her cheeks young and pink with the happiness of the greatest two gifts that God, in love and wisdom, can give us—sunshine and friends.

"Ilda, you won't have to tramp around like this any more," John said. "I'm going to take you back with me like a little queen."

Ilda looked at him quickly.

"Take me *back?*" she said.

John put down his knife and fork and closed his hand over hers.

"You know I want you," he told her. "Why should we keep on waiting? I have everything for you. I love you; you love me. We'll marry this afternoon and go back together, and I'll take you to Paris for a while. How's that?"

She looked up at him like a little girl listening to a fairy-tale.

"Why, John!" she said.

"*Don't* you love me?" he asked her.

She felt a flush coming over her face.

"Why—why, yes, John. I've *always* cared for you, but John, I—we—we couldn't be married this afternoon. There's the show for me to do, John."

Amelia came around the table and sat down on the bench across.

"Good morning, precious," she said.

Talbot smiled at Amelia's four hundred and eighty pounds. Ilda introduced them. Amelia asked the waiter for three eggs.

The second parade bugle sounded. Ilda took a peach from the fruit-dish, said good-by to Talbot and left him

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JOHN TALBOT CAME ACROSS THE GRASS. "WELL," HE SAID, "COME ON, ILDA, LET'S GO" *Drawing by J. M. Clement*

BILLIE BURKE REMEMBERS

An amazing story of an eventful stage career

By Herself, BILLIE BURKE *(Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld)*



FROM THE BEGINNING BILLIE BURKE'S MOTHER WAS DETERMINED THAT HER DAUGHTER SHOULD SUCCEED



THE SAWDUST RING HELD AN IRRESISTIBLE LURE FOR BILLIE BURKE'S FATHER, WHO RAN AWAY TO BECOME A CLOWN



IF GRANDMOTHER CECELIA FLOOD HAD HAD HER WAY, MISS BURKE WOULD HAVE BEEN A WRITER

FIRST OF TWO INSTALMENTS

THERE is in me a peculiarly conflicting mixture of inheritance. My father was of Ohio stock, my mother born of Southern parents.

Strange how Nature plays curious tricks upon us! Though my mother was born of a class that abhors the theater as a profession, she had great ability as a reader and a keen understanding of the theater; and I became thoroughly convinced in later years, after I went on the stage and she helped me so wonderfully while I was studying a part, that she would have made a very great actress.

Some of this ability I may have inherited from her; but the dominant side of the theater which revealed itself in me was due to an unlooked-for act on the part of my father. Born of a farmer's family and of Irish extraction, he might have been doomed to the soil for life had it not been that, in a most romantic manner, he ran away from home at a very early age, some time back in the seventies, and joined a small traveling circus.

My maternal grandmother was Cecelia Flood, a Southern writer of short stories, verses and essays—most of them now buried in those curious magazines of the past which are full of sedate and emotional literature. She was one of those kindly but severe types that grew up in the South with very set ideas regarding woman's position in the world. That position was very narrow and circumscribed, and, just as it was the fashion for the men of a well-to-do family in the South either to practise law or to go to Washington in some official capacity, so my grandmother, living in an atmosphere of New Orleans life, with one of her sons an ambassador to Mexico and herself a writer of some reputation, was all primed as to what I should do when I came into the world. Especially primed was she because she frowned most disapprovingly on my mother's marriage to one who was seeking to make a name in the sawdust.

I wish I knew more about this grandmother of mine. I have been told that she had a wit that was edged sharply with cruelty. I know that she was always keen and to the point, never saving any one's feelings. Consequently it does not take much imagination to realize what she must have said when my mother announced her intention of marrying a mere clown!

My mother was always a very beautiful woman, with hair parted in the middle and drawn close about the ears. I remember her in those evening gowns which always so gracefully slipped from the shoulders.

It seems a pity that, bred in such an atmosphere, misfortune of a financial nature should ever have brought an end to her life of ease and gaiety. But such ease did end for most Southerners, among them the Beatty family, and this financial disaster, which resulted in the loss of the family fortunes, followed by the death of my grandfather, necessitated the family's moving to Zanesville, Ohio.

My mother married in Zanesville, and after having four children was left a widow. It was about this time that she met my father. One can imagine, therefore, that it was as much of a surprise to my grandmother when my mother ran away with William Ethelbert Burke, newly made clown, as it was for the Burke family when their son ran away with the circus. I do not know what circus he was in at first, but I do know that these two youthful creatures went to Washington and were married.

How long my father had been in the circus before this marriage I do not recall, but I am sure that he went into the circus with a very distinct idea of the importance of the clown, not merely as a funny creature of many antics, but as a true comedian. And later on, when the glory of clownship began to take on too many of the easy popular elements which detracted from its being an art, my father became very much discouraged—so discouraged, indeed, that he determined to give it up and look for some other outlet in the business of the theater. He was a most lovable creature, and I can imagine a most lovable clown.

He had given up his own circus and had just joined the Barnum and Bailey organization when I came into the world, called by him Billie, by my mother Baby, but officially by my father's middle name, Ethelbert. I came into the world red-headed; and it was a red-headed baby that my father showed to Mr. Bailey, himself the red-headed half of the Barnum and Bailey organization. They tell me that when I made my appearance before Mr. Bailey he said: "I will give you a million cash Burke, if you will give me that baby!" But my father laughed and said: "As much as I need the money, all of your fortune can not buy a single hair of her head!"

The appearance of a girl in the family was a signal for my grandmother to try to save her from the contaminating influence of the show business. No sooner was I able to wield a pencil than she insisted that I write her weekly letters and keep a diary of my hourly doings, being careful to express myself in a way which would meet with her literary approval. I honestly believe that my grandmother thought she would make a novelist of me, and I have a sneaking idea that she thought my father might desire to make a clown of me!

However that may be, in my early years we had a rather hard struggle for existence, since my father had a higher ideal of his art than grandmother gave him credit for. When he left the circus, he deplored the downfall of the clown that he had hoped would persist—the clown who was a singer as well as a grimacer and acrobat. He had tried his own circus, he had been in the circus under others, he had even tried his fortune in a play called "The Country Circus," but had not prospered as he wished. When I was still quite young, he went abroad



BILLIE BURKE AS SHE WAS DURING HER EARLY SCHOOLDAYS IN RAMSGATE, ENGLAND



IT WAS WITH CHARLES HAWTREY IN LONDON THAT MISS BURKE RECEIVED HER EARLY STAGE TRAINING



BILLIE BURKE'S FIRST VENTURE INTO MUSICAL COMEDY WAS IN "THE SCHOOLGIRL" IN LONDON



© Alfred Ellis & Walery

IN 1907, UNDER FROHMAN'S MANAGEMENT, SHE RETURNED TO AMERICA TO PLAY WITH JOHN DREW

leaving my mother and myself behind while he launched his fortunes in vaudeville. In the face of grandmother's disapproval, it must have taken courage for my father to do this; but he was always very individual in everything he did, and as matters turned out he was perfectly right, for he made a success at the Palace Music Hall in London and soon afterward sent for us and things became rosy again.

As I said, I was named Ethelbert, but I was not christened in this country, and from year to year that formal ceremony was postponed until I had reached the ripened age of twelve. I suppose that my father was waiting for the time when my godfather, Major William Appleton, should come to England; but the time arrived when at St. Margaret's, Westminster, I was christened. The curate who took me through my course was very much worried over my name, Ethelbert. I suppose he had some idea that in Heaven I might be mistaken for a boy. He asked me very graciously if I would not take the Christian name of Mary, so there would not be any mistake on that score! I was confirmed by Bishop Ingraham at St. Paul's, a most beautiful service which I shall never forget.

WE MOVED to England when I was about eight years old. I had always been a rather delicate child, and it was not until rather late that I entered school in this country; but as soon as we reached England I was sent to a private school in Ramsgate, where I remained for four or five years. What are my recollections of that school? Hunger and cold, chiefly. I shall never forget the cold! I can see now the cold schoolrooms, the long forms and the benches without any backs. And the teachers coming in with red noses! I remember trying to play the piano with frozen knuckles! There was nothing very remarkable about the school—tradesmen's daughters, fairly well-to-do, more or less conventional.

In the Summers we went to Westgate-on-Sea, near Broadstairs. More freezing water to bathe in! If a girl survives a childhood in England, she is sure to be tough for the rest of her life.

I was homesick for my mother all the time I was at school. I was destined to be very dependent on her to the end of her days. From the very first I was a timid, shrinking girl, and it was she who pushed me forward. My mother's family had always been very "booky" people, but my mother would say when I went home with a book in my hand, "Now, put that away. We have something else to do than read!" I suppose she was working against my grandmother's idea of making a novelist of me. On the other hand, my father, during these early years, suffered constant dread lest I should show a desire at the very beginning to go on the stage.

It was while I was in London that I started my singing lessons. I had a semblance of a voice and mother thought that something should be done about it. Sometimes during the Summers I would go and stay with the Beatty Kingstons, the father being a famous dramatic critic and one of the daughters a protégée of Patti. It was through them that I met the Doustes, who were the original *Hansel* and *Gretel*, and this acquaintance led eventually to my taking private lessons from Louise Douste. That they must have thought there was some promise in my voice was shown by the fact that she said she would be willing to take me to Italy for a year and work with me.

I had at this time reached the age of fourteen or fifteen and had made my first appearance on the stage at Birkenhead, where I met with my first terrifying moment of stage fright. The people out in front could not hear me, and when I ran behind the scenes declaring that there was no use of my continuing, mother said, "Of course, if you want to fail and be one of the failures in life—" So there was nothing for me to do but to try again. Later on I appeared in Liverpool in a pantomime called "The Sleeping Beauty." Inasmuch as I had to do nothing but sleep, I got along very well indeed!



THIS IS THE BILLIE BURKE WHO FOUND HER WAY TO THE HEARTS OF AMERICAN AUDIENCES

DURING those early years we spent one Summer in Paris and another traveling on the Continent. Those were delightful days! Mother always read in the evenings, and I learned all my Dickens and Thackeray from her. She would read aloud sometimes, and at other times she would make me read aloud to her. Only the other day I picked up a copy of "David Copperfield," and as I turned over the pages it seemed just as if my father and mother were in the room with me again. It was very strange, the feeling that came over me, and I could hardly go on. This power of association is unexplainable, yet very real. We also read together innumerable volumes of Henry Ainsworth, and I used to grieve over the two little princes in the tower as though they were particular members of the family.

My grandmother never saw me on the stage, although she lived for some time after my first appearance. Those days were arduous, for of course my vaudeville experience was mostly musical and I killed my voice using it so many times during the week. Once I sang in Vienna—little songs like "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," and little American coon songs.

Then when I came to London and appeared at the Pavilion, I met Leslie Stewart, the author of "Floradora," who was about to put on "The Schoolgirl," in which Edna May had the chief part. He asked me if I would like to go into musical comedy. The temptation was very great to break from the kind of a career I had begun and in which I was making no small success and no inconsiderable salary; but in spite of the fact that Mr. Stewart could not offer me the same salary, I was willing to make the sacrifice in order to advance. I recall that I still had my hair down and was often referred to as "The American Flapper," long before that expression came into common use. I had a great deal of red hair and the first day I appeared for rehearsal of "The Schoolgirl" I hastily tucked that hair under my hat. When I came upon the stage, Mr. Stewart took me aside and said he wanted me to sing a song, "My Little Canoe"; and he always rehearsed it with me in private, because he knew that if others heard it beforehand they might clamor to have it taken away from me.

Edna May is one of my dearest friends, the loveliest and sweetest of women, generous and kind, a really beautiful thing. She is always doing something for some one, always helping somebody, and I am sure she was the last person in the world who would have objected

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ROSE OF THE WORLD

In which Rose faces a great decision

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS

ROSALIND KIRBY, young, lovely, breadwinner for her fatherless family, had been engaged to Jack Talbot, son of the richest man in Gates Mill, a small California town. But Mrs. Talbot, with the help of Edith Rogers, had brought about the breaking of the engagement, and the death of Jack's father had precipitated his marriage to Edith. Rosalind, crushed at first, bravely took up her life again, and finally yielded to the pleas of Clyde Bainbridge, who was general manager of the Talbot Iron Works and a stockholder in the company, and married him.

A few years of marriage brought home to Jack the fact that he had married an entirely selfish and immature woman—to Rose the knowledge that her husband was utterly unreasonable and unkind and had apparently *not* married her because he loved her.

When at last circumstances brought Jack and Rose together again, the result was inevitable. The fire in their hearts had only smoldered and it leaped at once into life. They were not conscious of this until the day when Jack found Rose waiting for her car at the garage and asked her to take a ride into the country with him to inspect some property. It was there, alone together, that they knew without words what had come to them, and almost in panic they started back. But Jack's car broke down on the road and Rose was in despair. Jack worked desperately at the car, without success; and then——

PART SIX

SUDDENLY, seeming to roar in the deathlike stillness of the sunset, the engine of the motor-car sprang to life. Jack Talbot leaped to his place and they were flying, flying along the homeward road. Rose was too exhausted with violent feeling to make any comments; the one thing needful in life was to get home.

"Where to, Rose—Santa Clara Street?"

"No—it's only twenty-five minutes of six! Try the garage!"

"My dear, if any worry comes to you through this——"

"Ah, it was a mad—a crazy thing to do!"

"Too fast for you?"

"No; faster!"

"Clyde can't be angry about your merely taking a drive with an old friend," Jack argued as they sped along.

"He's—he's not reasonable, you know. And what I dread—what I dread is scenes before Mary!"

"He—he—I've seen him livid with rage in the office. He never would—touch you, Rose?" Jack said, because some sick jealousy and fear made him say it.

"Oh, no!" She almost laughed her denial, but it was a troubled laugh. "If he only would!"

"You mean you'd leave him?"

"I don't know what I'm saying to-night," she said confusedly. "My one fear is that somehow he will find some reason for separating me from the baby, and she would die without me, Jack!"

The bridge—and State Street—and River Street at last. She insisted that he set her down three hundred feet from the garage, and hardly gave him a glance in farewell. But Jack lingered to catch another glimpse of her.

For Rose, rushing into the garage in the dusk, there was a sudden lessening of strain that in itself made her experience almost a vertigo.

"Is my car ready, Mr. Roper?"

"Not quite, Mis' Bainbridge. Sam, get a hustle on!"

The ground seemed to sink beneath her. Everything was quiet and matter of course in the garage; in her honor the great dangling lights sprang into bloom.

Rose sat down on a barrel; she felt dizzy.

"Did Mr. Bainbridge telephone about the car?"

"Yes'm, ten minutes ago, and he asked had you be'n in, and I says I didn't know, because I'd just come back from supper. I says I thought you had."

Oh, God was good—God was good. Rose felt as if every bone in her body were broken, yet exquisitely relieved after almost unendurable pain. To complete her revulsion of feeling, Cecy now entered the garage, leading Mary.

"My sweetheart!" Rose had the baby in her arms and was kissing her as if they had been parted for weeks. "My own Mary! Did you have a nice time?"

"She had just milk and sponge-cake and two marshmallows," stated Cecy.

"My darling!" Rose kissed the bobbing little face again. "See what mother's brought you! A baby chippy——"

"Oh, where'd you get it?" Cecy demanded.

"Just—just picked it up beside the road!" Rose was beginning to breathe normally and to try to appreciate just the necessities and the possibilities of the situation.

Clyde would be cross when they got home, but any normal crossness would be almost pleasant now, compared in Rose's consciousness to what might have been. Her secret was not safe of course, but she had time to breathe, to arm herself against attack, and it was with a great peace and calm flooding her spirit that she presently left Cecy at the car-stop and drove Mary home.

"What was the trouble?" Clyde asked sourly as she came in.

"Oh, just the usual delays."

"Giving you a good chance to go to the party of course!"

"No, I didn't go to the party," Rose said. "I'm always glad of an extra hour of French," she added, after a second. "I met Jack Talbot in his car, and he offered to drive me home or to take me to Sue's, but I went back to the garage instead, and Cecy brought Mary there."

"Haven't you been to Sue's at all?"

"Oh, no!" she answered, sincerely enough. But she felt ashamed of the subtly concealed untruths; often Rose felt truly that they were forced upon her by his utter unreasonableness, but she could not honestly so excuse herself to-night. She had done a risky and a questionable thing. Of all men in the world, Jack was the last with whom she should have taken this chance, and for the first time in their married life she had given Clyde genuine cause for anger and resentment.

But as the first fever of fear and fatigue and confusion died away, the memory of that happy hour came back, and Rose sat dreaming all evening over her book, a half-smile on her lips and the treasures of Jack Talbot's words and glances being taken out like jewels and viewed and reviewed and jealously hidden away again.

She did not see him again until the following week. This was a gala week in light-hearted Gates Mill, for the State convention of bankers and Admission Day and Labor Day all came together, and the Napa Parlor of the Native Sons, the Shriners, the Knights, the Elks, decorated River Street from the bridge to Harrison Hill, turned out in full regalia and piled dinner upon dinner and dance upon dance.

Among the dinners was one given by old Rogers, of the bank, to no less than twenty-eight guests. This was a great occasion; Edith had to lend her mother silver and glassware, and several of the younger women came in on the afternoon of the day itself to help set the table and arrange the flowers.



Drawing by George Wright

"FANCY," CRIED ROSE, HER EYES SHINING LIKE STARS, "FANCY FINDING IT HERE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!"

They were established in the roomy Rogers' pantry, with the swinging doors between kitchen and dining-room propped open so that they could be sociable coming and going. Great black olives were being poured from the gilt tin cans into cut-glass dishes, salted nuts were ready for their silver saucers, pink and white peppermints were ranged neatly on hand-painted plates. A score of delicious odors mingled in the kitchen.

ROSE was conscientiously arranging plates, coffee-cups, glass saucers in the pantry, when she suddenly found Jack beside her.

They smiled at each other; if they spoke, the words were commonplace enough; it was sufficient for Rose to have him so near, and her heart began its half-frightened, half-ecstatic hammering again. Of what Jack felt as he saw the rippled burnt gold of the down-bent head, the sudden upward glimpse of the blue eyes, the slender, exquisite figure buttoned into a severely fresh linen apron, the busy hands with their trim little cuffs, he gave no sign.

"This looks as if you could feed a regiment!"

"Doesn't it? We're having such fun! And how did the banquet go? Was Clyde's speech all right?"

"Fine! I never heard him make a better! Now they're all being driven about to see the mills and the iron-works and all that, you know," Jack said in his slow, pleasant voice, "but it was my good luck to draw three ladies, and they all said they wanted to go to the hotel to lie down."

"Taste that, Jack," said his mother-in-law, presenting a spoon at his lips with an upward reach of a plump arm. "I've got the girls all stale on tasting."

"My good *Lord!*" Jack said, in simple fervent admiration. "What is it?"

"It's my chicken Old Dominion," Mrs. Rogers said, pleased. "But I put in extra cream. The eggs and mushrooms and olives aren't in yet, either. I put twenty pullets in that!"

"Well, have enough—that's all I have to say to you."

The group drifted and changed, and in another minute Rose heard Jack say quietly, close to her ear: "Any trouble the other night?"

"No," she answered thankfully after a quick, cautious glance about. "My car wasn't quite ready when I got to the garage. But what a scare, and how silly, how unnecessary, to feel that one mayn't do an innocent thing like that without feeling like a murderer!"

She raised her smiling eyes to him and made a little face, at once rebellious, mischievous and appealing, and all confiding and friendly.

And again their casual and irrelevant words seemed full of deep sweetness and charged with a disquieting and inexplicable thrill. Rosalind dated from that moment the pervasive joy and the utter content that came into her life, and not again could she and Jack meet without extraordinary emotion, without a strange consciousness of each other's presence, a quiet meeting of eyes across crowded rooms, it mattered not how or where.

The sight of the very spots where they had nodded or stopped to speak thrilled Rosalind now. She did not analyze it—she dared not. She told herself that she asked no more than this: an occasional meeting, an occasional smile, perhaps an even rarer word now and then.

On the night of the dinner, Jack came across the big rooms to her, handsome and tall and lean, in his irreproachable evening dress, and stood behind her while she played a bridge hand.

"Jack, advise me! They're all sharks!" she smiled, looking up, so beautiful in the spreading folds of her thin brown lace that the three men who were playing with her laid down their hands, quite content to look on. Jack saw the rise of her exquisite white breast, the play of color in the lovely face.

"Go ahead," he said, studying her hand. "Oh, lead that, Rose."

"*That?*" she echoed, astounded.

"Certainly! Keep the control. Make them come to you!"

He wandered away again. But the little touch of easy wisdom had thrilled her and her face glowed for an hour with an unearthly beauty.

The next day she called with the car, at Clyde's request, at the office, and there she saw Jack again, although she had called there several times during the past few years without doing so. And she knew that he had heard that she was coming and had arranged to be there. They stood talking a few moments, their voices low, their eyes not meeting, her drooping, golden head near to his florid, earnest face.

After that, every chance letter, every telephone call, every street turning meant a possibility of Jack to her, and her life brimmed with a happiness that made it seem dreamlike and unreal. They never exchanged a word that all the world might not have heard, yet the rediscovered friendship shone like a great light about them both.

She never spoke directly of her husband to Jack, unless in answer to some inquiry about Clyde's health. Their opportunities to talk at all were few and usually among the familiar voices of the group.

But he had a special look for her, and she felt it rather than knew it; he had special tones, and the stupidest dinner was wonderful to Rose if the Talbots were there. Even if Clyde was contrary and flatly declined to go to some festivity, she could amuse herself for hours beside the fireplace, ostensibly with her book, really lost in a hazy world of memories and of joy.

ON AN Autumn night that was damp and filled with restless breezes she was hurrying home in the dusk when she chanced to see the sitting-room window of the old Talbot mansion with a flood of light pouring out and Jack's figure silhouetted there for the minute before he drew down the shade upon the coziness and warmth within. And that evening Rose had a vague, bewildering heartache; she could not get her happy memories in line. The renewed friendship, despite its thrilling touch of secrecy and its wordless understanding, did not seem enough to-night. Her thoughts went achingly to the sitting-room she had glimpsed as she came by—she mused of companionship, of sympathy, of a fire, a book, and a mood exquisitely shared.

"Jack, love is a great thing," she said to him conversationally a few afternoons later. "But isn't companionship, sympathy, the most wonderful thing in the whole world? I look back to Cecy and me—well, for instance, we went down once and spent three days in San Francisco with the Lawrences. I'll never forget that boat trip! We had our dinner on the boat, and we kept rushing to the stateroom to see that nobody had stolen our suitcase, and how we laughed! Then, do you remember——"

The color came into her face and she looked at him oddly.

"Go on," he said quietly, with a nod.

"Well, I was going to say, do you remember those idiotic trips of ours down River Street, the day we bought things in the second-hand store, and those frightfully hot nights when we used to row on the river and sing? And do you remember the day when we were driving and met the Swedish family whose car had broken down and helped them to move on to that pathetic little farm?"

They were alone for a moment in the office; Clyde had been called to the telephone; there was five-o'clock twilight in the room.

"I remember it all," Jack said in a low tone, marking the blotter before him with hard little dots and comets.

"Was it just because we were young, Jack, or was it really—awfully—" she laughed over the youthful word—"awfully sweet?"

"No, it wasn't just being young; it was the sweetest thing in the world!" he said suddenly, looking up with a brief smile and then down at the blotter he was marking again. "I'd rather play around River Street on a Summer night——"

"Ah, wouldn't you!" she echoed wistfully. "What is it—what *is* it," she broke out in honest bewilderment, "that makes the silliest—the littlest—things with certain people so happy to remember?"

"I think I know," Jack answered, after a space.

"I hope you are not going to say love, for I don't think it has anything to do with it," Rose said sensibly, smiling at him gallantly, although she was quaking within.

"No, I don't think I was going to say that, Rose," Jack said quietly, with a long sigh.

"Well, what then?" She knew she should not ask it, but something stronger than herself had carried her feet from the ground like a tide and she was lifted free of earth and moving rapidly, rapidly, she knew not where.

"I suppose the things you are, my dear," he answered presently, trying to speak sensibly in his turn. "Goodness, sweetness, interest in other people's affairs, unselfishness about your own. You make me think of what we all must be to discover the Kingdom: you know—just all simpleness and kindness and happiness, and love for everybody and everything."



Drawing by George Wright

"I'LL DRAG JACK TALBOT IN THE DUST, AND HIS PRECIOUS MOTHER AND WIFE WITH HIM!"

There was a long silence in the office, while twilight darkened to dusk in the yard and the whistles blew and the shapes of chairs and desks and filing-cabinets disappeared into soft gloom.

Then Rose touched a light and went slowly to the window and stood, slender, silent, staring out into the early darkness, the furred collar of her long coat high about her face.

Jack got up and followed her there and said briefly and without emotion:

"You know what I think of you now. I've always thought so, and I want you to know it. It may help you over something hard some day, Rose, to know that to me you are wonderful—the woman who stands for everything good and lovely, to me, in this life. I'm not going to talk like a—like a second act. Rose. But I threw away Paradise—and there isn't an hour of my life that I don't realize it! I hope I can always love you without hurting you. I hope you and I may have the most wonderful friendship that a man and woman ever had and harm nobody. I'm not fit for it, but I need it—I need it more than you will ever know. You've always been square—I haven't. But you said you forgave me, and perhaps some day—after all, I'm a rich man—perhaps some day I'll have a chance to do something for you—to show you that your own father couldn't love you and respect you more than I do—couldn't be half so glad as I would be to die for you, Rose of the world!"

She did not answer immediately; she stood with head a little drooped and one white hand ringed by the fur cuff slowly turning and turning the tassel of the window-shade.

It was fifteen minutes later that she answered him; it was after Clyde had returned and the Bainbridges had gone out to the gashes of harsh light that marked the parked cars in the sooty gloom of the yard. Jack went with them to the cars. He saw that she was flushed, and in the unromantic glare her eyes blinked mistily like a sleepy baby's. Then, for the fraction of a second—and for many an hour afterward—he felt the light, soft touch of her gloved hand upon his arm, the little old confidential pressure of her warm fingers.

THEY were hardly French lessons that Rose had with old Miss Cartier now, in the stuffy little cottage in Bender Street, for she had, it appeared, a natural aptitude for languages and in the long five years had come to chatter in the adopted tongue almost as readily as in her own.

But the mere fact of faithfully keeping to her hour on Tuesday and Friday mornings meant that she did not lose ground, and Rose knew, too, and was touched to know, that the fifty cents she paid for each lesson bulked large in the frail little old spinster's budget.

The room in which the pleasant reading—and much incidental chatter—went on hung perilously over the river and was decorated without by much perforated millwork and lighted within by a shaky window that reached from the low papered ceiling to the uneven floor. How any one building a room at all could possibly build it so low-ceiled and so crooked Rose used to wonder. It was always dim and shaded and close and heavily scented with some perfume like musk.

There were perhaps five hundred old books packed away in the darker corners, books in rusty black and green bindings. "Very valuable. Some day I shall sell them, for they belonged to my dear brother, who was very sage!" said their old owner sometimes, in great pride. She never opened the English books, but with them were a few scattered French volumes, and these she occasionally weeded out and loaned to Rose.

Upon a sparkling, sunshiny morning just before Thanksgiving, Rose and little Mary made their way into Bender Street for the usual Tuesday *causerie*. There had been a howling wind-storm the night before, and Rose had had a restless night. But this morning was glorious, with a high sweet breeze moving far above the tree-tops and shepherding fleecy clouds toward the south, and with pools in the lanes strewn with the last leaves and reflecting the clear, thin blue of the high-arched sky.

The world seemed friendly, gay, delightful to Rose to-day, and it was with a sudden revulsion of mood that she discovered that her little teacher was in some distress. The windmill back of Parrott's Stables had blown down during the night and deluged the rear of the forlorn little cottage in which Miss Cartier lived.

"She pour directly down over the boxes where I have stored the old hats and dresses!" exclaimed mademoiselle in despair. "And my poor books!"

Futile and ineffectual in everything she did, she had pulled out a bandbox here, a sheaf of old magazines there and was now lamenting aloud as she knelt in the inundated corner, feebly mopping at the ruins with a bundled old blue linen skirt.

Not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, Rose turned up her cuffs, pinned on an apron and plunged gallantly into the confusion, stacking, shaking, wiping with a will.

"John Parrott will make this up to you!" she said.

"Indeed he has been here already!" the Frenchwoman answered appreciatively. "And advise me, my child, should I make this good man pay me two dollars?"

"Twenty!" Rose assured her. Then she picked up a heavy tome that bore only an irregular circle of water-stain upon its loosening brown cover.



ZONA GALE

When Zona Gale wrote her "Friendship Village" stories, she made herself the friend of every one who loves the simple kindliness and warm humanity of life as it is in the right sort of small town. Since then, Miss Gale has done something that few writers ever do—she has climbed steadily into the "best seller" class, and captured the critics at the same time. Her "Miss Lulu Bett," dramatized, won the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of 1922. "Faint Perfume" brought her new readers and new laurels. Her latest and best story is "Queen Bee," which begins in the June DELINEATOR. It is a story of the younger generation which grips you and stirs you—and makes you think. Every one will be talking about "Queen Bee"—and you can not afford to miss a single instalment

A volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica. "Cod-Dem." She held it in her hands a minute, a look of puzzled thought upon her face. Then her eyes brightened.

"Miss Cartier!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Do you know what this is? It's the missing volume of grandfather's encyclopedia that my mother gave the public library years and years ago! We thought it had been destroyed in the River Street fire, when grandfather's offices were burned before his accident. But fancy—fancy finding it here after all these years!"

"But my dear child, how wrong I have been! No, it was not stealing—but to have him hidden so long! Shall I send him to your good grandfather?"

"Grandfather wouldn't know the difference," Rose assured her, smiling kindly and a little sadly. "But how do you suppose it ever got here?"

"It was my brother, no doubt—it was Adrian," the old lady said. "He was very sage; he was a notary. But also he made beautiful—but wait!"

She crossed the room to an indescribably decrepit secretaire and brought to Rose a portfolio of old blue-print drawings.

"I see!" Rose, who had heard and seen all this before, said admiringly. And instantly, with a flash of strange inner seeing, it was all clear. The lost volume; the design for the "Centipede"; the assistance of this young French draftsman; the contract mislaid; the fire in River Street; the accident that had robbed her magnificent giant of a grandfather of his reason——

She turned the pages of the encyclopedia quietly, confidently, feeling that she had heard and felt and done all this before—and the slim, yellowed envelope was in her hands.

There it was, intact after thirty-five long years in prison. It was an old-fashioned envelope, long and with "Talbot and Tallifer Gates Mill Iron-Works" stamped crookedly in blue in its upper left-hand corner.

OUTSIDE the singing Autumn day shone over the town. And here in the little cluttered, stuffy room that was strewn with water-stained articles, the busy little piping voice of old Miss Cartier rambled on and on.

Rose sat still, feeling herself dazed and shocked, in a changed world. After a while, but with neither doubt nor curiosity, she opened the ungummed flap and looked at the single folded sheet of paper within. Old-fashioned brown ink and an old-fashioned strong handwriting that one of his long-ago employees instantly recognized as that of the senior Talbot himself. Bewildering talk of per cents. and agreements, and two signatures: "Josiah Wittinger Talbot," strong and sprawling, and the fine old familiar "Nathaniel Tallifer" that filled her eyes with sudden tears of love and pain.

Rose visualized the strangely complicated story: the two young men, children of pioneers and friends from the days of flowing side-chops and strapped trousers and checked vests, entering into an agreement regarding the invention one of them had just completed. Si Talbot had the few necessary hundreds to purchase a little ground, a small forge. Nat Tallifer had the brain and the drawing that meant the birth of the famous "Centipede," the little farm-tractor that had proved the foundation of the Talbot fortune. They had called in the draftsman to make their plans secure, and they had opened the old encyclopedia at "Contracts."

Then what? Adrian Cartier, perhaps, had carried the encyclopedia home from Nat Tallifer's office—or perhaps the paper had been quite accidentally enclosed within, and it was to draw a fresh contract that the old volume had been needed.

However that may have been, the betraying date upon this discolored old paper was just a month before the fatal morning of the runaway, now forty years ago, when Grandpa Tallifer and Si Talbot had driven forth behind the famous Talbot stallion, a drive from which one man returned untouched in body but irrevocably harmed in mind, and after which the other limped all his life long.

And after that? Well, there had been months in which they had all hoped that grandpa, a giant in body, would be cured. There must have been months when J. Wittinger Talbot—he was beginning to be J. Wittinger then—when his one thought must have been that Tallifer would presently return to take his share in the iron-works, and the profits therefrom. And meanwhile the encyclopedia had been carried away from the set and stowed here in this obscure corner under the tasseled fringes and crowded tables.

Grandpa had not recovered his mind; Talbot must have come slowly to realize that he never would. Steadily pushing on with the interests of his growing business, Talbot had lived with the sword over his head, had married, prospered, grown rich. He had patented the "Centipede" seven months after the accident, and the first imposing business letter-head of the iron-works had made no mention of his partner.

Rose had often heard her mother complacently state that years ago grandpa had been in business with old Talbot himself. There was nothing incomprehensible to her in the fact that one old man had died a millionaire and the other was almost a beggar.

But grandpa had not been a failure. A share, at least, of the Talbot wealth should have been his, and his also one of the handsome old mansions of Upper River Street. And Rose and Cecy should have been among the village girls who went to Fallen Leaf Lake in the Summer, who played tennis on these rose-fenced courts, who were "finished" in New York schools.

Mama could buy the old, long-deserted Pierce house now, just opposite Rose in Santa Clara Street. And she

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Drawing by C. R. Chickering

WHAT MAKES A GOOD SPORTSWOMAN?

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

What makes Mrs. Mallory a tennis star—instead of just a "dub"? How does Alexa Stirling play better golf than men twice her size and strength? What is the secret of athletic prowess? It is not natural-born ability; it is not knack or luck. But it is something that can be acquired by any woman who wants to play "a good game." Beginner, putterer, runner-up or spectator, whichever you are, this article is for you

FREQUENTLY one hears of a "natural-born" performer in some sport or other, and people interpret this to mean that he or she is possessed of a peculiar form of ability which rises superior to form. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The "natural-born" athlete is the one to whom it comes natural to do things in correct form; not the one who can dispense with doing so.

Form in sports may be said to be the habit of doing things correctly. It is unquestionably the foundation upon which all success in athletics is built.

There are certain immutable laws of physics and mechanics which apply to sports. There is always a best way to attain a given object by muscular effort. The man of extraordinary strength, stamina and agility may accomplish without much regard to form what the ordinary man would require good form to accomplish. But if this extraordinary man could acquire correct form, he would vastly improve on his performance. You may rest assured that no world records ever were created by athletes who handicapped themselves by poor form.

This does not mean that there must be perfect uniformity among all performers in every action leading to one particular end. There are no two sets of muscles exactly alike, any more than there are any two brains that are exact duplicates. If two athletes are observed, it will be noticed that each of them has certain idiosyncrasies in form, so much so that it might seem they were following totally different methods. Fundamentally, however, each follows the general laws of form. The points in which they differ are superficial and not basic.

LET us consider golf, for example, because the value of form in this game is probably more generally recognized than in almost any other. Nobody can play golf even passably well without form. You will find proof of this at any golf club almost any day. You may see a big strong man who possibly was a famous athlete in his college days looking perfectly ludicrous in his efforts to hit the ball. He has strength, his muscles are in fine condition, he has learned coordination of eye and hand in some other form of sport—yet he can not get either distance or direction in his golf shots. Of course at the beginning he naturally has some trouble connecting with the ball, because he never before has trained his eye and his arm to strike an object in just that position. Still, even long after he has learned to apply the club to the ball, he accomplishes no very impressive results. The cause of his failure is that he hasn't learned the form. No matter how much strength he may have, he will never be able to get the distance that a frail expert woman player only half his size can get until he learns not only how to put the clubhead on the ball properly, but how to apply the snap which is the acme of form.

Hitting a golf-ball a long distance isn't a matter of strength at all, except when strength is a supplement to form. I wish particularly to impress this upon feminine players. Rhythm, timing and wrist action are the things that count. If success in golf were a matter of muscular strength alone, we wouldn't see women players making anything like the scores they do. In any golf club you will probably find that there is at least one woman who is consistently making lower scores than eighty-five per cent. of the men. In the Country Club of Detroit, for example, several of the women stars have turned in scores this year that have never been equaled by even ten per cent. of the men. Yet every man in the club is stronger physically than these women, and practically every one of them is heavier and taller.

Of course a big powerful player who acquires form usually has an advantage over a smaller opponent when it comes to making shots that require a maximum of power. In other words, a good big girl is better than a good little girl in athletics. Yet in golf it doesn't make as much difference as one might suppose. For example, Miss Cecil Leitch, a former British champion, is a large girl with a muscular development that a man might envy. She makes the most of her physical advantages by playing in fine form; and she hits a very long ball. However, Miss Alexa Stirling, the sensational Atlanta golfer who has held the national championship and incidentally has beaten Miss Leitch, is much smaller and lighter than the British star. In fact, though Miss Stirling is well knit and muscular and not by any means small for a woman, she seems actually frail when compared to Miss Leitch. Yet Miss Stirling, because of her superb golfing form, gets almost as much distance as Miss Leitch and plays an all-around game that is just as good or better.

The fact that the good feminine players are able to shoot very close to the men's par is in itself a proof that there are other more important things than mere slugging. The longest driver among the women can not cope with the good masculine players off the tee, but they partly offset this disadvantage by accuracy. Women as a class play an excellent short game, and their putting is usually one of their strong points, because they are close students of form.

I can not be too emphatic in advising all women and girls who contemplate taking up golf to learn the fundamentals thoroughly before trying to do anything else. A few lessons from a good teacher will do the novice more good than months of self-instruction. Furthermore, these lessons will prevent the contracting of bad golfing habits, which are easier to learn than to unlearn. The temptation to begin playing regular rounds as soon as one has learned to hit the ball in any sort of fashion is very great, but it must be resisted. It is better to devote a few extra weeks to practise, even if it does get monotonous, than to doom oneself to a lifetime of mediocrity. We may pity the poor golfer who is whacking away at practise balls under the eye of a dour and unsympathetic Scotch professional while we are playing in a foursome with three good friends; but that same perspiring unfortunate one day will come out and beat us, sure as shooting, if he sticks to his practising.

FEMININE swimmers have been making wonderful progress in the last few years and their records in nearly all events have been bettered frequently. Seldom is a swimming meet held anywhere in the country nowadays without events for women. The reason for the improvement in records and for the increased number of good swimmers among the gentler sex is to be found in the additional emphasis placed on form. For a long time swimming was a sport in which a woman received instruction up to the point where she could keep herself afloat, and then was left to work out her own destinies. But the successful swimming-coach of to-day is a stickler for correct methods. He will devote hours to correcting the slightest fault in one of his pupils.

The Australian crawl stroke, the fastest method of propulsion ever discovered for the swimmer, is the development of form to its highest point. It is the outgrowth of many years of experimentation and painstaking effort. The girl who aspires to be a fast swimmer and to accomplish the maximum of result with the minimum of effort should learn this stroke. To be effective, it must be done perfectly. If the timing of the legs and arms does not synchronize and the breathing is not just right, the stroke will not only fail to produce speed but will be very tiring. Any one who can swim at all can learn the crawl after a fashion in a short time, but it pays to learn it absolutely right, even though this requires time and close application to the job.

ROWING, another sport in which women are becoming more and more proficient in their colleges, is one in which form is most important. Mere "beef" will not win boat races, as the records of innumerable crews have attested. The sliding seat and the outrigger revolutionized rowing, because they saved lost motion and made it possible to utilize power that previously had gone to waste. The rowing-coach's problem involves getting the maximum from each of the individuals in the boat, molding them all into a unit which works as harmoniously as a piece of machinery, and reducing to a minimum the elements calculated to retard the boat. Remember that the power is applied in one direction only and that it is not constant. The boat must be kept

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WHY CHILDREN ARE AFRAID

Every parent should know the harmful effects of children's fears

By ARNOLD GESELL, Ph. D., M. D.

Director of the Yale Psycho-Clinic and Professor of Child Hygiene, Yale University

I SHOULD like to discuss this subject of fear in a constructive manner. We must, therefore, disabuse ourselves of the idea that fear is an unmixed evil. Fearing is natural; often it is very wholesome, particularly in growing children. Fear, like fire, is useful in the right place at the right time; harmful only if misplaced and out of control. Like fire, too, it yields wonderfully to management. There are two kinds of management for fear: management from without by the mother's guidance and suggestion; management from within by the child himself.

To put herself in the right attitude of mind for this discussion, every mother should remember that her child's fears are not inherited, nor are they the possessions of the devil. Fears have natural origins which the mother must try to understand before she attempts to correct them.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEAR

IF WE make a psychological analysis of fear, what do we find? Whether it be in children, adults or animals, we always find that fear has to do with escape from pain or danger. It is "anticipatory pain." Properly trained and educated, fear is a normal form of self-preservation. And ordinarily it can be kept within safe limits if the child is also properly trained and educated in fortitude.

What is fortitude? It is the ability to endure and to cope with pain. Now fortitude is a virtue which we can build up even in early childhood; and I shall presently show how important it is to attack and to forestall undesirable fears through training in fortitude. The key to many a perplexing problem in the management of fears and terrors lies here.

THE ORIGIN OF FEAR

FIRST we must consider the origin of fears, both troublesome and healthy fears.

During an investigation of the mental development of some five hundred infants and children of preschool age, we had an opportunity to collect interesting data concerning the prevalence and variety of fears in early childhood.

Among this group of children were fifty babies just four months of age. Every baby, not counting a defective one in the series, blinked when an enamel saucer near his face was tapped with a spoon. Over eight out of ten winked when the palm of the examiner's hand was suddenly brought threateningly near their eyes. Nearly all of the babies had "jumped" at sudden noises, like the slam of a door, the rumble of an auto-truck, the striking of a clock, the yelling of a brother or the ringing of a telephone. In several cases the babies had simply winced without crying, but in many instances a cry was part of the total response. Now the blink, wink, wince and cry are all, in a sense, fear reactions. We shall not speculate as to whether these four-months-old babies actually felt what an adult calls the emotion of fear. They, however, behaved as though afraid when there was a new, sudden alteration in their accustomed life.

The case of the baby who cried at the clock is instructive. When a clock is wound up, it is bound to strike. The clock would strike, even in the presence of the baby. With corresponding regularity, the baby cried, but not with the same inevitability, because the baby is a living organism and not simply a mechanism. The baby got used to the clock and entered the fifth month of his career unafraid of clocks. In other words, even an infant, through experience, can acquire a bit of fortitude!

Nature does not have absolute sway over human fears. The clock baby has an encouraging lesson. He proves convincingly that fears are "conditioned" and yield to the influence of habit and training.

Probably all fears are induced or conditioned by some kind of association or suggestion. A certain experimenter made significant studies on this point. His subjects were babies from one hundred and twenty-five days to one hundred and seventy-five days of age who had never been out of a lying-in hospital. His stimuli were a black cat and a white rabbit, a pigeon and a dark room. His results were negative; he found no evidence of inborn fear reactions to these objects.



"The world is mine!"

EDITOR'S NOTE

In this article Doctor Gesell, an eminent specialist in the field of child psychology, helps parents to understand the little fears that haunt their children. These fears make children suffer. They drain moral and physical courage, and, if misdirected, may do permanent injury to character and development. Doctor Gesell tells what they are, how they originate and how they may be overcome.

On this Happy Child page THE DELINEATOR each month publishes an authoritative article on some phase of child health. These articles are prepared painstakingly and conscientiously by the most distinguished specialists in America. The late Dr. L. Emmett Holt—well known to every mother as the author of that standard baby book, "The Care and Feeding of Children"—established this department. All the articles which THE DELINEATOR will publish in 1924 were selected and prepared under his direction.

The Happy Child series began with articles on prenatal care and gradually has led up to the consideration of problems of children of school age. It constitutes the most up-to-date scientific advice obtainable on baby care and child welfare. These articles may now be had in pamphlet form at the small cost of ten cents each, which amount is fixed to cover cost of printing and postage. The following are in particular demand:

"The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City.

"The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt.

"Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President American Child Hygiene Association.

"The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California.

"The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, former Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

"The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director, Rochester Dental Dispensary, Rochester, N. Y.

"Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)."

Take his rabbit test. One baby, a girl four and one-half months old, reached for the rabbit when it was proffered, seized one of its ears and attempted to put it into her mouth.

In another instance this situation was experimentally altered. When the trusting child reached out her hand to take the rabbit, a loud rasping noise was made just behind her; she then quickly withdrew her hand with signs of fear. "After this had been repeated a few times, the child shrank from the rabbit and was evidently afraid of it." This, then, was a conditioned fear reflex, and it illustrates the origin of many childhood fears.

THE PREVENTION OF ABNORMAL FEARS

PREVENTION is always better than cure; so let us consider how excessive or unreasonable fears may be avoided. The discussion of the origin of fears gives us the clue. Here are a few rules:

1. Do not plant the seeds of unwholesome fear, by false alarms, by undue worries, by expressions of anxiety, by exaggerated threats or by imaginary bogies.

Be sensible with children at all ages. Untruthful threats about the policeman are fair neither to the policeman nor to the child. Bogies belong to primitive peoples, not to present-day children.

2. Keep the child, whenever possible, away from unnecessary and artificial fears. Do not let him go to movies which are absurdly terrifying or false to life. In the same spirit, guide his reading. Some juvenile literature is more grotesquely fearful than it should be—even fairy-tales need a little moderation at times—but on the whole, good literature, like a good movie, is safe and provides fear experiences which enlarge the child's imagination and deepen his insight into life. Literature, like life, will introduce him to pain and evil and help him in the task of surmounting both.

3. Keep the child's body fit. It makes for mental as well as physical resistance. Physical stamina reduces exaggerated or abnormal fearfulness. Fatigue, faulty nutrition and physical handicaps undermine the native stability of the nervous system. A warm bath and a glass of milk will sometimes prevent an acute fear from developing or even banish a vague anxiety. Certain nightmares are pharyngeal, gastric or intestinal in origin. If a child is weakened by severe illness or is undergoing a long convalescence, it is particularly important that he should be safeguarded from undue fears; but it is equally important that he be not overindulged, for ultimately fear must always be combated through fortitude, and he must learn some fortitude even on the sick-bed.

4. Nourish the child's trustfulness in life. This trust will come chiefly by mental contagion and by subtle suggestion. Do not let him entertain suspicions, doubting and unsatisfied curiosity. These readily become the starting-points for insidious fears. If he is not seriously deceived, and if he has abundant experiences of success in his work and play, he will acquire a confidence in himself which will fortify him against abnormal fear. Normal, every-day living is probably the most decisive factor in the prevention of morbid fear; inherited predisposition is of secondary importance, for even a "sensitive" child can be trained to fear aright.

THE MANAGEMENT OF EXCESSIVE FEARS

NOTWITHSTANDING, even in the best-regulated homes excessive fears of some kind may take root and flourish. How can such fears be managed? A common-sense study of the origin of the fear should be attempted. Every fear has its own peculiar history and its own treatment. However, a few general directions which apply to nearly all cases may be suggested.

First of all, respect the child's fear, whatever it may be, even if it seems to you altogether "imaginary." It has a basic cause and is a reality to the child.

Do not try to laugh it out of court by derision or shame. A sense of humor sometimes helps to turn the trick; but the best humor always has a quality of sympathy.

Do not try to scare him out of his fear by scolding or by false threat. This would simply be displacing one fear with another.

Do not, on the other hand, try to cajole it out by an equally false bribe or absurd reward. Remember that the problem is one of character formation and not one of "discipline" and that the problem will be solved

Concluded on page 82

For one mama, tra la, tra la!
Tra la la la la la la!
Oh, I am a bug, a beautiful bug,
A beautiful, beautiful ladybug!

Voice of Tommy Tiptoe Behind the Curtain (*very loud, because* Tommy *has not turned little yet*): There's a ladybug. I'll blow on her. *Pf-f-f!*

Ladybug (*jumping*): Dear me! What a terrible wind!

Voice of Tommy Tiptoe: Ladybug, Ladybug fly away home, your house is on fire, your children will burn.

(Ladybug, *frightened, runs to her babies, buzzing and flying over them. She touches each one with her feelers, sighs thankfully to find they are safe, and then looks up angrily.*)

Ladybug: Big Giant! Big Giant! And what do you know
Of Ladybug homes where the baby bugs grow,
And why Ladybugs come and where Ladybugs go?

(Tommy Tiptoe *runs in on tiptoe, frightened, rubbing his eyes and staring at everything. Bumps into* Mrs. Ladybug *and jumps back, startled.*)

Mrs. Ladybug: Well, who are you, insect?

Tommy: I'm a little boy.

Mrs. Ladybug (*holding her sides and laughing*): A boy! Boy? What's that? *Ha, ha, ha!*

Tommy: I'm a Tommy Tiptoe boy. I always stand on my tiptoes when I'm excited. (*He runs*



The Terrible Aphis

touches her face with her feelers, flies to her eggs, counts them with her feelers, while the Heart of the Rose *nods and smiles at her.*)

Mrs. Ladybug (*chanting*):
Oh, I am a bug, a beautiful bug,
A beautiful, beautiful ladybug!
I laid my eggs on that rose-bush tree,
Soon my babies will hatch for me!
Ladybug babies, one, two and three,
And four and five and six and seven,
And eight and nine and ten and eleven,
Twelve and thirteen and fourteen, too——

(*Stops chanting and calls in a natural voice to the audience*): Sh-h! Stop laughing until I'm through!
Fifteen, sixteen——

(*To audience*): Why do you stare?
Seventeen, eighteen——

(*To audience*): Almost there!



Heart of the Rose

Ni-i-neteen, twenty! TWENTY! Ira la!
Twenty babies for one mama!
For one mama, tra la, tra la!
Tra la la la la la la!



Tommy Tiptoe

Oh, Mrs. Ladybug, I didn't know you were good for anything!

Mrs. Ladybug (*flying about angrily in a temper, moving her wings very fast*): Huh! *Bz-z-z!* Huh! *Bz-z-z!* Huh, you humans don't know much! Huh! *Bz-z-z!* What a big red cabbage! Why (*he touches it*), why, it looks like a——

Heart of the Rose (*nodding and smiling*): (*Soft music plays whenever she speaks.*) I am the golden Heart of the Rose. I know you, Tommy Tiptoe. You love my little red babies.

Tommy (*drawing back*): Sometimes you stick me!

Heart of the Rose (*smiling and nodding*): Mr. Tiptoe, I want you to meet one of my best friends, Mrs. Ladybug.

(Mrs. Ladybug *flies to* Tommy *and touches his face curiously with her feelers. They shake hands solemnly.*)

Heart of the Rose: Mrs. Ladybug lays her eggs on me, Tommy, so that her little babies will grow up and protect my little babies from our enemy, the Terrible Aphis.

(Mrs. Ladybug *flies proudly to her twenty babies, touching them with her feelers, buzzing and humming.*)

Tommy (*dancing very high on his toes*): Oh, Mrs. Ladybug, I didn't know you were good for anything!

Mrs. Ladybug (*flying about angrily in a temper, moving her wings very fast*): Huh! *Bz-z-z!* Huh! *Bz-z-z!* Huh, you humans don't know much! Huh! *Bz-z-z!* What a big red cabbage! Why (*he touches it*), why, it looks like a——

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Mrs. Ladybug

(Tommy Tiptoe *watches on his toes and then jumps into the dance. He tiptoes about the rose, sniffing at her petals. He counts the babies, imitates* Mrs. Ladybug *behind her back, while the* Heart of the Rose *smiles at him. Tommy runs to* Mrs. Ladybug, *pretends to blow on her, and sings*): Ladybug, Ladybug, fly away, etc.

Mrs. Ladybug (*pretending to be angry, answers*): Tommy Tom, Tommy Tom, what do you know, etc. (*Then both laugh and clasp their hands and skip together.*)

(*Meantime, while no one is looking, the wicked* Aphis *has stolen in. He creeps to the rose-bush, sticks his long beak into a twig and begins to suck very loudly.*)

Tommy Tiptoe

about on his tiptoes, *peeping at everything.*) I was blowing on a little teeny ladybug when, *bing!* I turned little! Whew—everything looks big! It makes me feel funny. (*Bumps into the rose*): Ow! What a big red cabbage! Why (*he touches it*), why, it looks like a——

Heart of the Rose (*nodding and smiling*): (*Soft music plays whenever she speaks.*) I am the golden Heart of the Rose. I know you, Tommy Tiptoe. You love my little red babies.

Tommy (*drawing back*): Sometimes you stick me!

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The most helpful letter to your editor telling what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why will win a big framed picture like our pretty May cover. Address May Cover Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City. Letters must be here by May twentieth.

DEAR BLUEBIRDS: How do you like that Springtime name for this Springtime month? I hope you won't think your editor is an old Fussbudget, but there are some things I must say again.

First: Send your contests in on time. In our Children's July Number contest some of the best drawings and stories came in just one day *too late.*

Second: Please write in ink if you can. Some of your pencil-writing is almost invisible and I am not a fairy with magic powers to read what isn't there! And do try to write plainly—unless you want your editor to go blind!

Third: Write on all your letters, "The Little Delineator, Care of the Big Delineator, New York City."

Good-by, Bluebirds. Try not to be lazy like Deli-bear this month! Your Springtime editor,

Harriet Ide Eager.

P. S.—Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want a Springtime letter from me to you.

PLEASE WRITE "YES" OR "NO"

Do you want more Tommy Tiptoe plays? Would you like a play about the Green Monster and one about the Gray Dragon and all the other insect friends of Tommy Tiptoe? If you do, write "yes" to your editor. If you don't want them, write "no." If enough children write "yes," The Little Delineator will print more Tommy Tiptoe plays. *Please be truthful.* This is *your* Little Delineator and your editor wants to print just what you like best. And please, if you act the "Ladybug," write and tell me how it turned out. Address: Editor, The Little Delineator, Care of the big Delineator, New York City.

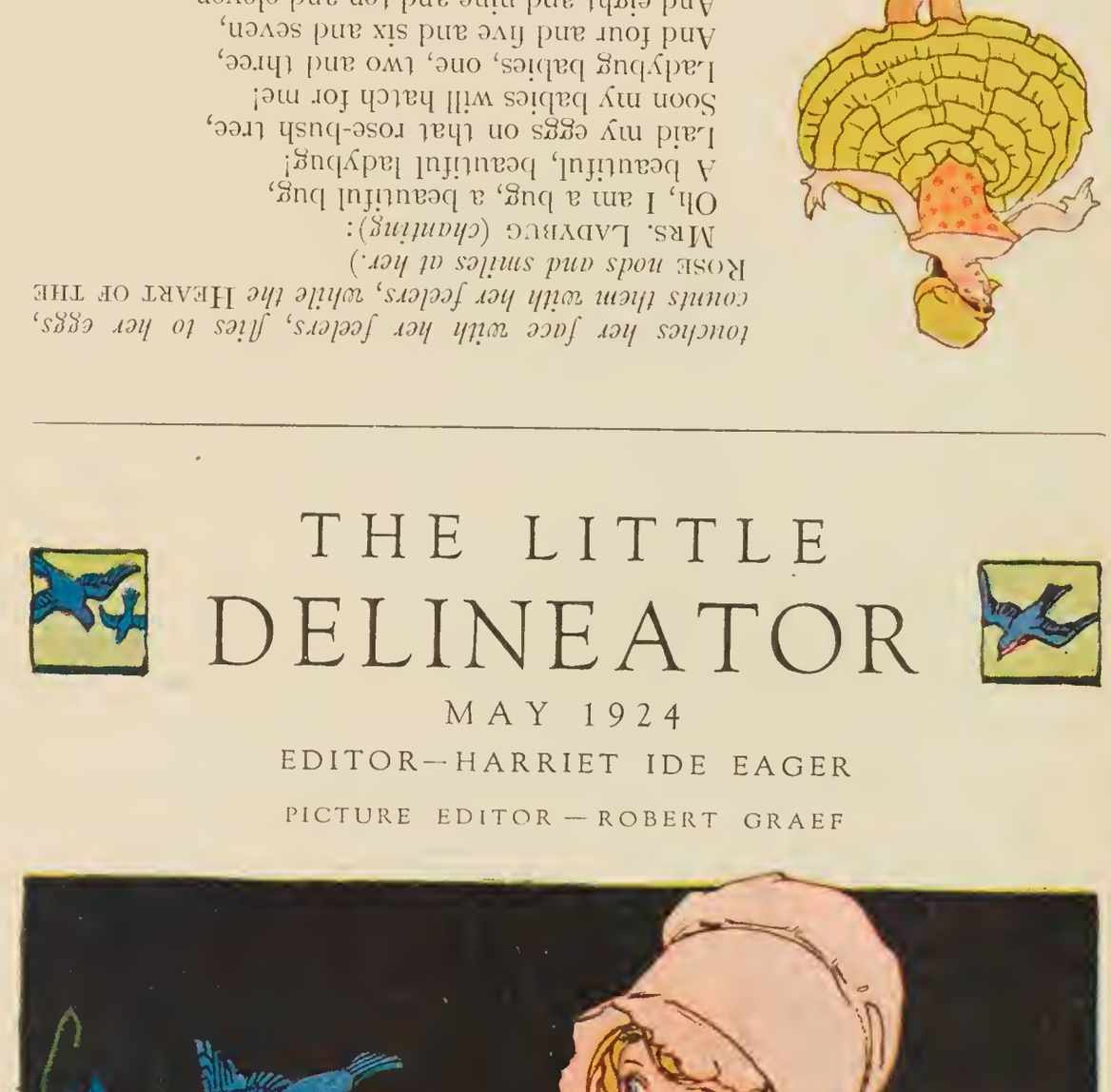


THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

MAY 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



IF YOU WANT A BIG PICTURE LIKE THIS, LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT



Madonna and Child

Sandro Botticelli was an Italian artist who lived over four hundred years ago. His real name was Alessandro Filipepi, but he was called Sandro for short and Botticelli after his big brother's nickname, which meant "little cask."



LADYBUG, LADYBUG

The First Dance-Play in Tommy Tiptoe's Insect-Theater

CHARACTERS

MRS. LADYBUG, HEART OF THE ROSE, TOMMY TIPTOE, THE TERRIBLE APHIS

DIRECTIONS

Place: A rose-bush. On a curtain stretched across the wall at the back, paste red crape-paper petals to make a giant rose—the bigger the better. From each side run thick green stems with big green leaves. On one stem paste twenty little round wads of cotton to look like eggs stuck together. Instead of a yellow center for the rose, cut a round hole for the face of the HEART OF THE ROSE, *who stands behind. Split the curtain behind the rose so the* HEART OF THE ROSE *can slip out through the petals later.*

Music: It would be nice for some one to play the piano all during the play. A gavotte would be best for the LADYBUG'S *first dance and the last one, all together, and a waltz for the second dance of the* LADYBUG, *the* HEART OF THE ROSE *and* TOMMY. *Don't try to learn set steps: just pretend you are real insects hopping and flying and running about in the sunshine and make up your own dances. Write to your editor if you want help with music or costumes.*

THE PLAY

(*Enter* MRS. LADYBUG. *She flies about comically, moving her wings quickly and humming a happy tune to herself. She flies to the* HEART OF THE ROSE,

(*Suddenly the* HEART OF THE ROSE *stops smiling.*)

HEART OF THE ROSE (*wailing*): Oh-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h! (*She staggers. She begins to droop. Slowly, slowly, she crumples lower and lower until she falls to the ground in a shriveled heap. As she falls her voice grows weaker and weaker until it stops.*) Oh-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h! Somebody is sucking my sap. Somebody is stealing food from my little red babies. Somebody is killing my poor little buds before they are born. Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h! Somebody——

(TOMMY TIPTOE and MRS. LADYBUG *circle anxiously about the rose, trying to lift her. The wicked* APHIS *sucks loudly.*)

(*Suddenly* TOMMY TIPTOE *sees the* APHIS. *High on his tiptoes, he points. The* LADYBUG *flies at the* APHIS.)

MRS. LADYBUG (*buzzing and beating her wings angrily*): *Bz-z-z! Bz-z-z! Bz-z-z!* Wicked, bad, ugly Aphis! Thief! *Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!*

(APHIS *jumps and tries to run away.*)

MRS. LADYBUG (*chasing him, while* TOMMY TIPTOE *runs behind her on his tiptoes*): *Ugh! Ugh!* Hateful Aphis! *Ugh!* You can't lay your eggs here! *Bz-z!* Ladybugs live on this rose-bush. *Bz-z-z!* My little babies will grow up and eat your babies! Ugh! *Bz-z-z! Bz-z-z!* Get off, get off! Get off our rose-bush or I'll EAT YOU! (*She tries to grab the* APHIS, *but he escapes and runs silently off.*)

(*Meantime, the* HEART OF THE ROSE *has begun to move again. She rises, very slowly, smiling more and more, until she is swaying happily as before.* TOMMY *runs on tiptoe to the babies and counts them by clapping his hands and jumping up and down and pointing for each one. Then all three join hands and rock back and forth, singing*):

Ladybug, Ladybug, please stay at home,
Please do not wander, please do not roam,
Please lay eggs on this rose-bush tree,
Ladybug babies one, two and three,
And four and five and six and seven,
And eight and nine and ten and eleven,
And twelve and thirteen and fourteen, too——

TOMMY: Sh! Stop laughing until we're through.

Fifteen, sixteen——

LADYBUG: Why do you stare?

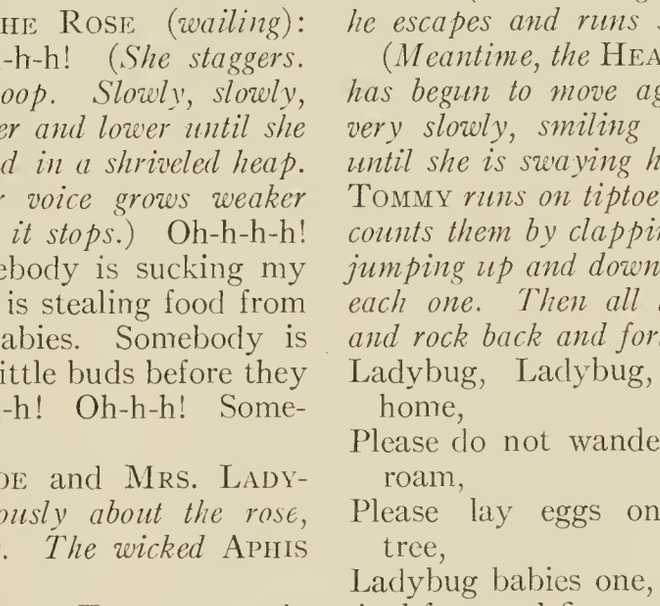
Seventeen, eighteen——

HEART OF THE ROSE: Almost there!

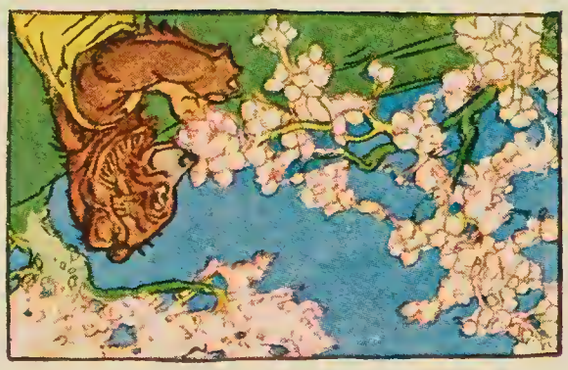
Nineteen, TWENTY, yes, twenty, tra la!

Twenty babies for one mama!

For she is a bug, a beautiful bug,
A beautiful, beautiful Ladybug.

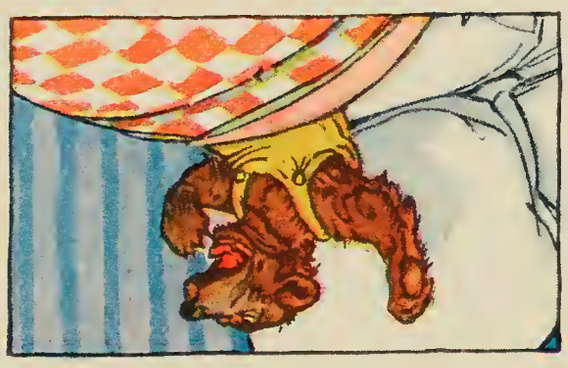


"For she is a bug, a beautiful bug!"

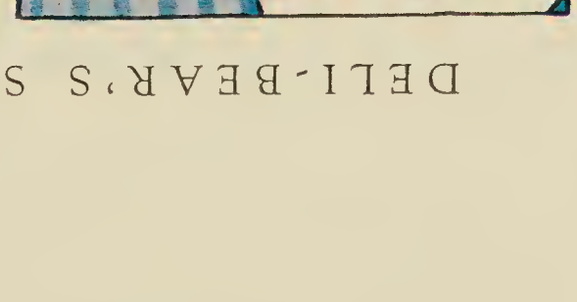


"I want to stop and sniff each pretty blossom on the trees,
And feel the grass and growing weeds
against my Deli knees.

"I he robins don't feel lazy! How they fly and fuss around,
So busy building nests and yanking worms out of the ground!



"Y-yaw!" yawns Deli-bear. "I feel as lazy as can be,
I wonder if I'm sick? I wonder what is wrong with me?



"Instead of work I want to take my fishing rod and hook
And sit and sit the whole day long beside some splashing brook.



"And mother-bear and granny both work harder than before,
They scrub and clean the furniture and every wall and floor.

"Why don't I want to work or go to school or anything?"
Oh, Deli, Deli, can't you see it's only signs of—Spring!

DELI-BEAR'S SIGNS OF ——?

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER'S PAGE

A message about cleanliness in food preparation

THE DELINEATOR recently published a decalogue for wives and a decalogue for husbands. Now we present a decalogue for personal safety.

Laws are made by States and municipalities to protect the lives of our people while they are abroad in the land. But when they are at home it is left to the housekeeper and her assistants to protect the family against the carelessness of tasters and handlers and against harmful dirt. The successful combating of infections which come through food is a matter of intelligence and perseverance, together with a conviction that conscientious effort to protect those in whose service the food is handled is more effective than antidotes and medicines after the infection has been spread.

The housekeeper who buys and handles food must realize the importance of sanitary food protection and the danger of health hazards through food contamination. She may be unable personally to supervise all of the operations in her household before the food reaches the table. She may therefore endorse and adopt for her helpers as well as for herself a code of rules whereby she will protect her family against those diseases which are known to be transmitted by the careless handling of food supplies.

If these simple rules are observed by handlers of food, it will be greatly to the advantage of the family health.

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS

1. Street clothes shall be exchanged for washable kitchen costumes before work is started in the kitchen. These costumes shall be simple to launder and shall be kept in a clean, sanitary condition. Persons shall wash their hands with care before beginning to handle equipment or food and each time after using a handkerchief, arranging the hair or touching the mouth or nose. Each worker shall have her personal towel.

2. Persons who have bruises, cuts or other open wounds on their hands or arms shall, if possible, avoid handling food until the wound has been treated in a way to prevent any contact with the food. Persons suffering from any contagious skin eruption shall not handle food until their recovery is effected. In case of sickness, workers shall not be permitted to be about the kitchen until it has been determined that their trouble is not communicable. Persons suffering from colds shall be isolated from the kitchen; if this is not possible, the mouth and nose shall be covered with a bandage made of several thicknesses of cheese-cloth and the hands shall be thoroughly washed each time after using a handkerchief. The handkerchief should be an old cloth which can be burned, and it should be used in such a way as to fold to the center the surfaces which have been used, thus reducing the possibility of infecting others in the family. Fresh handkerchief-cloths should be frequently supplied.

3. If a woman's hair has a tendency to get into the eyes, thereby causing her to handle her hair and rub her eyes, she shall bind her hair in a net or use a washable band, particularly while working over food. Every effort shall be made to avoid touching the nose, face, hair and eyes when at work with food.

Opportunity for frequent, convenient and comfortable bathing shall be afforded if possible. The nails shall be kept short and clean. The hair shall be kept clean and tidy.

CLEANLINESS OF THE KITCHEN AND UTENSILS

4. The kitchen shall be dusted with a cloth which collects the dust and does not scatter it. The floor shall be swept or brushed frequently enough to avoid an accumulation of dust. Food shall not be exposed when the kitchen is swept. There shall be as few corners and crevices as possible for the lodgment of dirt and grease, and these shall be kept clean. If there are spaces between woodwork and sink, they shall be covered in such a way as to allow thorough cleaning with a good supply of soapy water. The floor shall be made free from cracks —or, if possible, it shall be covered with oilcloth or linoleum carefully laid to avoid open spaces. The screens on windows and outside doors shall be thoroughly effective and easily removable to admit of window-cleaning. There shall be a place provided other than the kitchen for wraps and street clothes.



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

5. The refrigerator shall receive careful and frequent cleansing. All food and containers shall be removed and inspected, and the refrigerator shall be washed inside and out with a cleansing-fluid. The pipes of the refrigerator shall be washed to free them from particles of food and accumulations due to melting ice. The refrigerator shall be inspected daily to remove any food which is liable to decay. It shall be cleaned and aired once a week. Food shall not be stored in the refrigerator in copper or tin.

6. Milk, cream and butter shall be kept separate from other foods in the refrigerator when possible; and hot left-over food shall be cooled as rapidly as possible before being put away. Every precaution shall be taken to avoid handling food, and the hands shall always be scrupulously clean. Handling food may infect it with bacteria from the hands, and slow cooling encourages the development of any bacteria which may be present in food. Illnesses from left-over food carelessly handled and cooled are frequent.

7. Glassware and crockery shall be washed in soapy water as hot as the worker can stand it. Sterilization of silver shall be effected by plunging the silver into water hotter than that in which it was washed. If any member of the family has a cold, the silver and dishes shall be rinsed in boiling water for five minutes. Toweling used for dishes shall be abundant and thoroughly cleansed every day. A dish-mop which is not laundered with dish-towels shall be plunged into boiling water for five minutes every day or two. A sufficient amount of hot water shall be used to avoid passing the dishes through dirty dish-water.

8. Tables, sinks and containers shall be scalded after using, and those which are movable shall be exposed to sunlight during the day's work. Brooms, brushes and dust-cloths shall be frequently washed and aired. The kitchen shall, if possible, be kept well aired at all times.

FOODS

9. All fruits and vegetables that are served raw shall be thoroughly washed in clean water. Meats and fish shall be carefully examined to determine whether they are in good, wholesome condition.

The source of the milk supply and, if possible, the conditions under which it is produced shall be known to the housekeeper. Milk shall be purchased, preferably, in bottles and not in bulk. When delivered, it shall be sealed with a sanitary cover. The top of every bottle shall be lifted preferably by a puller which is part of the cap or by a clean knife-point or fork. The finger-nail should not be used for removing the cap.

If food is to be tasted in process of preparation, the utensil used for the purpose shall not be returned to the food before it is washed.

Canned fruits and canned vegetables shall be examined to determine if they are safe to use. The slightest suspicion of spoilage shall be sufficient cause for rejecting canned food. If the cans are tin, they will indicate decomposition by bulging. In this case they should not be used. The food contained in the can must not be soft or discolored and should have no odor except that natural to the food.

Eggs shall be washed before using them if there is the slightest sign of dirt.

Food shall be stored, as far as possible, in covered dishes which are easily cleansed.

Garbage and rubbish cans that are easy to handle and to clean shall receive everything to be discarded from the kitchen; and they shall be removed frequently enough to avoid accumulations of decaying food.

PURCHASE OF FOOD

10. The housekeeper shall not expose her family to danger by purchasing food from a market which is not sanitary. (A sanitary market is free from animal contamination and street dirt.)

Adequate refrigeration shall be provided in markets to avoid spoilage before food is delivered to the customer. Ice-boxes shall be properly drained and cleaned. Food shall be screened during the fly season. Food offered for sale shall be protected from dust, dirt, flies and animal contamination. This is particularly true of food which is to be eaten raw.

Promiscuous coughing, sneezing and spitting shall have no place in the market. A water supply shall be provided for flushing floors and containers.

The purchaser shall encourage such markets by her patronage.

DO YOU KNOW

What appearance meat and fish should have to be safe for consumption?

The laws of your State governing food adulteration?

How much of the ultimate cost of food is chargeable to safe transportation of food?

The source of your milk supply? Is it clean? Is sanitary distribution provided?

That tuberculosis may be transmitted by infected cattle to human beings?

The source of your water supply and whether it is safe?

That typhoid fever may be transmitted by means of impure water?

That unprotected body waste visited by flies may be the source of typhoid if flies have access to food in the home?

That ptomaine poisoning may result from decomposed food?

That persons recovering from typhoid and other infectious diseases should not be allowed to handle food until they are pronounced by a physician as no longer carriers of disease germs?

What inefficiency and uncleanliness in the handling of food costs in homes and public places?

That because dandruff is infectious the hands should be washed after handling the hair?

Whether persons employed by you for work in the family are free from diseases which may be transmitted?

Do you accept the idea that personal hygiene is comparable with public sanitation in both principle and cost?

Martha Van Rensselaer

HOME-MAKING ARTICLES THAT WILL INTEREST THE WOMAN WHO "LOOKETH WELL TO THE WAYS OF HER HOUSEHOLD"

The following articles in this May DELINEATOR have been published because they offer helpful suggestions on various phases of household management. Readers who wish special advice on individual problems are most cordially invited to consult our department editors

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"NONE OF THAT FOR ME, PLEASE"

How to make your family eat what is good for it

By FLORA M. THURSTON

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Expert in the Extension Service at Cornell University

"BUT I can't make my children drink milk, and they don't like vegetables! How can we live up to the score-card if they simply refuse to eat the things that are good for them?" wailed a helpless mother after she had scored her family and found them far below the passing-mark. "They all scored well on fruit, thank heaven—that was one thing the family didn't have to be urged to eat; and they like brown bread and porridge for breakfast. But it is all one can do to use up a quart of milk a day for the whole family. As for vegetables, well, they all like potatoes and canned corn and peas, but it is no use to prepare any others, because they always go begging."

The same baffling problem faces hundreds of mothers. And the pity of it is that they don't become aware of it until their families' habits of dislike and neglect of the necessary foods have become firmly fixed.

In a majority of cases, the habit grew up, probably, while the mother was struggling to adjust the family food habits to something like equilibrium. While the baby was being breast-fed, the feeding problem was fairly simple; but when weaning-time arrived, it may have been more a problem of what the child could eat than what he should eat. Then later on, when he began to eat with the family, his lordship, no doubt, decided what he would and what he would not accept as a meal. And so, partly from necessity and partly because courage failed before one disciplinary defeat after another, the mother found her child disinterested in many wholesome and necessary foods and in some cases definitely set against them.

SINCE the father and mother are in charge of the early training of children, they are the persons most responsible for the food habits of the family. If they are lax or indifferent or ignorant in regard to the formation of good habits, their children will probably be incapable of living up to safe standards of food selection.

Although the father does not prepare the food, he is often responsible for its selection. If his tastes are decided, he may, even more than the mother, determine what the family eats, because good cooks are at heart good salesmen, and if mother does the cooking, she usually serves what father likes.

Not only in this way do both parents determine the kind of food that is prepared, but in another way they exert a profound influence on the development of their children's likes and dislikes. During the years of early childhood, parents are perfect beings to their offspring. They are models to be imitated; and the wish of every child is to be like his parents. Is it, then, any wonder that if father doesn't like turnips, little Mary, whether she tastes them or not, is equally sure that they are not for her? If mother never liked milk when she was a child and proudly declares that she never could drink a drop of it, what chance has Billy to like it? Even if one parent does appreciate the importance of eating certain foods, all the insistence that he or she brings to bear is negatived by the other. Some parents take the attitude that children should eat as they are told; but that they themselves, because they are grown, have no responsibility for setting an example or even being sportsmanlike enough to do as they ask their children to do. It becomes evident, therefore, that in order to assure the future nutritional welfare of the race it is very necessary to train parents in a wise selection of food.



MEASURE THE DAILY FOOD HABITS OF YOUR FAMILY BY THIS SCORE-CARD

	PERFECT SCORE	GOOD SCORE
Milk		
One quart daily for children under twenty years One pint daily for adults over twenty years	20	
One pint daily for children under twenty years Three-fourths pint daily for adults over twenty years		15
Vegetables *(in addition to potatoes)*		
Two or more servings daily	15	
One serving daily		10
If two or more servings weekly are greens, add	5	5
Fruit		
Two or more servings daily	15	
One serving daily		10
If one or more servings daily are fresh fruit or tomatoes (canned or fresh), add	5	5
Cereals *(including bread, breakfast cereals and flours)*		
One-half or more of all cereals in the form of whole cereal	15	
At least one-third of all the cereals in the form of whole cereal		10
Cheese, Eggs, Meat *(including fish and poultry)*		
One serving of any two of the above daily	15	
One serving of any one of the above daily		10
Water		
One and one-half quarts or more of liquid daily	10	
One quart of liquid daily		5
Total credits		
For each of the following undesirable habits deduct five: Tea or coffee for children; over two cups of tea or coffee or both for adults daily; eating sweets between meals		
Total deductions		
Total score		

To the above list should be added moderate amounts of fats, including butter, cream and other animal and vegetable fats and oils; and sweets, including sugar, honey, molasses and sirups. The amount of these foods as well as of the cereals in the diet should be determined by the individual's digestive power and by his need for fuel. Persons who are underweight should take generous amounts of these foods and those who are overweight should reduce these foods first of all.

Is your family's health in accord with its food habits?

Food habits all of us are bound to have, by all the laws of habit formation. Good habits may seem more difficult to form than bad ones, but the same mechanism works in both. A wise teacher will choose her time for beginning a new habit. She will set her stage so that everything will be ready for the new event. It would be very unwise if father were tired or the child ill to attempt to introduce a new food or to repeat one that had previously been disliked.

Especially must the appetite be whetted either physically or psychologically if the food is one which will run the risk of being turned down. It may need to be surrounded by the mystery of a new name or by the grandeur of a handsome dish. It may be withheld as a surprise until it comes steaming from the oven or until it is borne in triumphantly from the cupboard or the ice-box.

Regularity of meals is a great asset to appetite; and no mother can afford to lose such an aid to habit formation.

Meals should be served at their appointed hours. A skilful mother will know just how much to feed her family so as to encourage appetite at meal-time. Nothing makes one more ready for food than genuine hunger, and so the home-maker who starts out on an educational campaign will introduce new and nutritious foods to her family at a time when appetite runs high.

Also, experiments with new foods are more readily tried when there is plenty of time. Hurry and worry are destructive to appetite. One of the reasons why appetites wax stronger away from home and on festive occasions is that in these instances repose and leisure and companionship accompany the meal.

Sometimes it is very effective to interest a family intellectually in the importance of food as a factor of health. No one who has a respect for high standards is willing to admit that his food habits are poor. No child who wants to be not only husky, but huskier than all his playmates, would fail to eat a food if he knew it would help make him the envy of his fellows. One boy, now grown up, tells a story of his own youth when he and other lads searched in the woods for a bitterroot and ate it just because somebody said it would make them strong.

MERELY introducing a food to your family is only the first step in the process of forming desirable food habits. It is a beaten path that you are setting out to establish, a way that will become easier and easier to follow until finally it will be taken as a matter of course. Since a person tends to do again the thing he has done most recently, most frequently and with the greatest satisfaction, the task immediately becomes one of following the first dish of carrots or glass of milk with others which, if possible, should bring increasing satisfaction. Foods should not be served so frequently that they are refused because they have become monotonous. But, if the baked carrots with bacon strips were popular on their first appearance, not too long an interval should take place before they appear again, in order to fix in the minds of the family the idea of carrots linked up with the idea that they tasted better than carrots had ever tasted before. If there is danger of monotony, the form in which the food is served may be frequently changed.

If the new dish has not been as enthusiastically received as one might wish, it should become a rule of the game that the

Concluded on page 81

A HOUSE FROM THE GOLDEN WEST

The eighth of The Delineator's better homes

Designed by DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects

Here is a house right out of the West, breathing of Spanish missions and fragrant California hills. It is a delightful small place, appropriate for any warm, sunny locality. This plan of Delineator House Number Eight is one of a series of houses designed especially for Delineator readers by Donn Barber, one of America's ablest and best-known architects.



If you wish, we will gladly send you reprints of the other houses that Mr. Barber has already done for us. And for one dollar we will send a set of blue-prints of the floor-plans and elevations of any house in this series that you select. Address Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Department of House-Building, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

"OH, EAST is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet—" But, strangely enough, Spanish architecture, which intrinsically belongs to our West coast, is gradually finding its way eastward toward the Atlantic States.

When one reflects on the history of the settling of California, the popularity of the Spanish type of house is easily understood. The Spanish missionaries were the first to settle in this section of the new continent; and the missions and dwellings they erected were patterned after the buildings which had been left behind in Europe.

Crude as these first constructions were in both materials and workmanship, they had all the grace and simplicity of line of the typical Spanish house. They had smooth, unbroken exterior surfaces, garden walls which invariably were part of the houses themselves interesting gates and delightful loggias or covered outside porches.

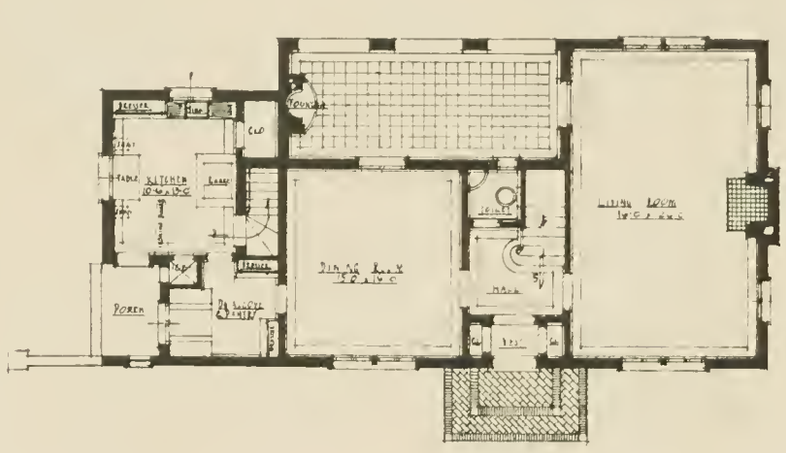
From these original old buildings came the inspiration for the large Spanish houses which to-day may be seen nestling here and there among the California hills. Also to meet the great demand for small houses, the architects in this section of the country reduced the larger models to suit the requirements of the average small family. These houses of lesser dimensions, when carefully designed, reveal simple but characteristic Spanish features, such as a wrought-iron balcony or a garden wall behind which grows an enchanting flower patch centered about a sun-dial or fountain.



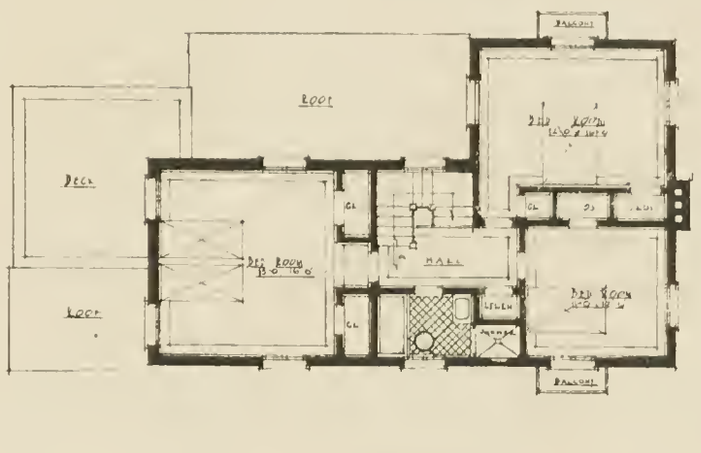
FRONT ELEVATION



SIDE ELEVATION



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



DELINEATOR House Number Eight retains the charming Spanish exterior and at the same time offers a practical interior arrangement. Especially is the first-floor plan unique. There are two coat-closets on the sides of the vestibule—convenient features that save traffic and in addition provide room under the stairs for a handy, first-floor lavatory. The kitchen is off in a separate wing at the side, thus making it possible to reach the loggia from both the living-room and the dining-room. And in true Spanish manner, a little bubbling fountain is provided at one end of the secluded loggia.

It would be difficult to improve upon the kitchen, so admirable is its adaptation to the needs of a small family. It contains a sizable dish-pantry, a built-in ironing-board and a breakfast-nook with built-in table and seats. It also provides space for a kitchen-cabinet and for a small covered porch, from which the ice-chest may conveniently be reached by the ice-man.

This floor-plan was worked out from suggestions made by DELINEATOR readers and equipped with ideal working features that were tested by our Department of Home Economics and found to be saving of both time and labor. By combining the breakfast-nook and pantry, the architect has helped the homemaker keep her kitchen exclusively as her workshop, making it possible for her to serve occasional odd meals, outside of luncheon and dinner, in the breakfast-nook away from the sight of food preparation.

This Spanish type of house should, as far as possible, be furnished with objects and fabrics that are Spanish in general character. To create an appropriate background, it is wise to consider simple, unobtrusive wall finishes, such as smooth plaster put on to show the sweep of the trowel strokes. This kind of finish may be left in either white or sand color; or, if preferred, it may be tinted in any of the buff, rose or pale gray-green shades. The ceiling may be tinted in a pale shade of whatever color is used on the side walls. If there are beams, they should be oiled and rubbed until their surfaces are dark and rich-looking.

Against plain tinted or paneled walls, tapestries, pieces of brocades and silk damask may be suitably hung. Mirrors, also, are very effective. All these hangings carry out the dignity and simplicity of the surroundings and at the same time add notes of richness and color to the rooms.

For the average American, a house completely furnished with Spanish-type furniture might appear too heavy and "boxlike." It is wise, therefore, to choose pieces that are comparatively light in effect. A Spanish library-table for the living-room, a carved chest for the hall, a cabinet or writing-desk, and a wrought-iron candle suggest themselves as bits of interior furnishing which are not too heavy for a small house. One or two sturdy, typically American overstuffed chairs conveniently placed in a living-room for reading or smoking would be appropriate pieces of furniture.



Drawing by C. R. Chickering

LAIS AND YOU

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

To look or not to look — that is the question. Lais refused to; many of us neglect to. But Mrs Cole says we SHOULD look — both long ana often. Take up your mirror and find within its frame the stranger that other people know as "you." Look critically. Is the freshness gone from the cheeks? Have little lines of discouragement crept in? Then follow Mrs. Cole's suggestions—suggestions compounded of inspiration and common sense. And if you come on problems you can not solve yourself, write her about them

IN ANCIENT Greece, so the story runs, there was a famous beauty named Lais. And she had such a heavenly time with her good looks that when she grew old she refused ever to look into a mirror. In fact, she took her pet looking-glass, and making a solemn and tragic procession with it to the temple of Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty, laid it on the altar with these words: "I, Lais, who laughed exultant over Greece, who drew a swarm of lovers to my door, to Aphrodite now dedicate this mirror, since such as I am I will not see myself, and such as I was I can not."

This forlorn gesture of hers had always made me feel, personally, that a life of love and beauty didn't really pay! Here she was sliding along in the sweet, exciting thirties, just when one begins nowadays to know what life is for, and the thing on which she had built her life—delight in her beauty and in the love and power it brought her—had vanished. And the emptiness it left was so vast and bitter that she couldn't bear even to glimpse the wreckage it had left behind.

Well, of course she had the "skin-deep" kind of beauty! When youth had gone, everything had gone. No lovely, deep-seeing understanding looked out of her eyes. All the gay, sweet, adventurous challenge had gone from her mouth. And her brow, that serene, beautiful feature, must have been corrugated with the angers and passions that tear at the skin-deep kind.

There are still famous beauties, of course, who live the life of love and beauty. Some of them, we're told, turn to charity and good works when it's over. But they're none of them ever in the thirties nowadays. They're probably flirting with the late fifties or early sixties; and if they aren't through then with the life of reigning belle and beauty, they go and get cut and lifted and things like that, and keep on till they're seventy or so. Then they can very well do, quite pleasantly, what all nice old people do: live gently in their memories and in giving to others what only old people can give—the values that years of rich, full living have given them.

YOU see, in those old days there wasn't much else for a woman to do but to be beautiful and to love. The result was "skin-deep." But the famous beauties of our day, while they take a little time off regularly to spank their faces or give them a mask, and to go through a few melodious loosening-up exercises, do a great many real, useful things besides. They're *busy*, mentally and emotionally and physically very busy with reconstruction of something, or art, or business. Anyway, they're *busy!*

And the result is that when the skin-deep beauty begins to fade a little in spite of all the scientific methods, why, there's something else there to look at, quite as thrilling and vastly more interesting. They know a lot about life besides love and beauty; and it stays with them and grows as the years grow and makes them a delight to look at to the last day of their lives.

I was born out in the Middle West. I go back every year and watch the faces change—youngster faces grow up into womanhood and mature faces grow old. Two things hurt me: to see the look of dreams and faith go out and the look of strain and effort come in; that hurts the heart of me. And to see the indifference of so many of them to their fading faces; that hurts the eyes of me.

There's a point between Lais who couldn't look into her mirror and the woman who doesn't look into her mirror—who "does" her hair with her mind on something else, or, equally bad, "does" it according to the prevailing fashion instead of according to her own head and face.

The "shingle" which we have been using the past year reveals charmingly the line of the head. Even children of four and up are shingled. That terrible straight line which the old "bob" made across the back of the head has vanished among the smart New York children, and the lovely contour of the head is now shown.

Wisps of hair across a cheek, hair slicked down until it is like a satin cap with an impertinent little "brush" standing out over the ears; no more great, bushy heads that look too large for their bodies: the shingle has taught one's head to be unashamed of its curves.

To be beautiful a head should be long—distinctly longer than it is wide. Women who have flat backs to their heads shouldn't be bobbed. Puff out the hair in the back, dress it out in the back and then draw the hair on top of the head *over* the puff or the knot and thus lengthen the line from brow to the back of the neck.

Men, bless them, who scarcely have a thing to befriend them, can do a little toward hiding the flat back of their heads if they will let the hair grow a bit longer there; then every day give it a brisk brushing up away from the scalp and finish by brushing it down softly so that it retains a bit of its stamina. How do they endure the usual haircut, clipped so close that it is almost shaved a fourth of the way up the head? Slaves they are to fashion!

THEN the brow. A forehead to us is like a stately colonnade entrance to a building. Lofty, beautiful and serene, it stands unchanging while life throbs behind it. Whether it is the entrance to a university or a marketplace, it should have dignity and beauty. A brow should be something to live up to!

As we grow older, the brow seems to sink a bit in the center. An oily skin-food should be patted into that center every night, patted until the blood comes up. It's amazing the way it fills out and rounds once more into beauty. Very often in nervous people the glands in the center will be inactive and the brow will look oily. Then put on a pore-cream for a half-hour out of the twenty-four, or pat with an astringent.

Try to think of your brow as something serene and steady—something fixed as the stars. The great national disease of these United States is the hurry, worry disease. And our brows show it. Nature never hurries; she does all things systematically and in order. Beauty, serenity, poise sit above your eyes in the form of your brow. Keep them.

If the forehead is too high for beauty, let your hair befriend it. Take your hand-mirror and look at the line of your hair about your brow. Do it every time you dress your hair. Is it lovely and softening? Does it emphasize the kind of person you want to be? Does it suggest purity, nobility, poise?

Remember that intelligence is magnetic; intellectuality is not. And women are in the world to *magnetize* it, to make it come alive and breathe. If your lofty forehead makes you look too intellectual, softly pull your hair down over it and sacrifice a little of the look of brains to the look of charm.

Low brows are beautiful if they are well kept—smooth and creamy and mysterious. Don't let the cross lines come in; they are hard to get out. A low, white, smooth brow, especially if there is black hair above it and straight black brows below, always makes me think of a temple to beauty somewhere in the Orient; I smell incense, hear temple bells and dream of the mystery behind its doors.

If any of my readers owns one of those adorable "widow's peaks," please never hide it. In fact, any one whose hair grows attractively around the brow should pull it back and show the whole charming line. When Nature chooses to "do it," she does it better than any one else, you know.

Very often hair begins to thin at each upper corner of the brow. Stronger, thicker hair should be encouraged into being by the use of a good pomade.

BROWS and mouths and eyes—how much they tell! So smooth and curved and shining in youth, so full of effort and strain and—thank Heaven—courage as we grow older. Brows that we live up to, courage without a wrinkle in it, serene poise that refuses to be corrugated, understanding so broad that there is in it no place for a frown—we can have them, every one of us.

First of all, stop hurrying. Life will go on, the stars will shine and people will be born whether you do a thing at a given time or not. Don't hurry for anybody or anything. And watch your brow take on the look of serenity.

Second, drop yourself out of most situations. Study the impulses and helplessness of the other fellow. Instead of being irritated by him, seek to know what makes him act like that. He doesn't want to. Nobody wants to be angry or mean or small; but some kind of mysterious force around him or in him uses him to express itself. Study why he is helpless before that force. And soon you will have that look of understanding in eyes and brow and mouth.

Centuries have rolled between Lais with her mirror and us. Youth and life and love stretch further and further along the years. Will there come an end to time? To limitations? To decay?

Will there come a race some day, centuries away from Lais and the ape, in which there will be no ugliness, in which there will be only varying types of beauty with smooth, noble brows, eternally young eyes and indestructibly warm, sweet, lovely mouths?

Well, I waved my hankie when Maude Adams asked the audience if it believed in fairies! Do you?



The sleeveless styles are to be much worn for country dresses and frocks for restaurant use in crêpe de Chine, printed silks and silk crêpe. For out of town these dresses are also made of the fine cotton materials in white and delicate colors. The slender straight silhouette and beltless styles are extremely smart. Summer shoes are pumps or sandals of white kid trimmed in many cases with touches of black or color

White voile is used for the simpler type of cotton frock trimmed with fagoting or drawn-work. Smocking worked in color—yellow and orange, the rose shades from pale pink to crimson, scarlet, powder-blue and leaf-green—is used on white jersey or crêpe de Chine. The white or tinted voiles are trimmed with many narrow ruffles of Valenciennes lace, delicate hand-embroidery, innumerable tucks, fine plaits

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By Evelyn Dodge

WHITE is the smartest color for the frocks now being shown by the best shops for early Summer, especially for crêpe de Chine, flannel, jersey and the suitings used for the O'Rossen type of tailored suit. Beige and sand color are also excessively chic.

THE brilliant sun of the printed handkerchief is still high in the fashionable heavens. With the tailored costume and sports suit it is worn folded neatly inside the coat collar or hanging from the hip pocket. With Summer frocks it is knotted peasant fashion around the shoulders. The shops are showing these large squares in yellow printed in orange, black or turkey red, sand color with black or red, green with beige, etc.

NECKS are no longer invariably nude. There are innumerable collars, many worn at Eton height, the colored handkerchief and above all the scarf. The Fifth Avenue hatters have smart little fabric hats with scarfs to match for sports costumes. With frocks of either silk or cotton, for afternoon or evening gowns the scarf is of the dress material.

THE O'Rossen type of tailored suit, which was first shown in THE DELINEATOR in November, 1920, when it was known in Paris as "l'Amazone," has had a belated American success. After the war the gray *tailleur*, with its bright handkerchief, red hat and red hand-bag, was the Parisienne's complete daytime wardrobe. It now allows itself greater variety in material, cut and color—jackets with notched or shawl collars, single, double or link button closings, braid-bound edges, *gilet* and bosom-front blouses, etc. It is extraordinarily smart.

WITH Summer afternoon frocks the hat is fairly large, and it is new to have it in contrast to the dress—a rose-colored hat with a powder-blue frock, a green hat with a black-and-white printed silk, a poppy color with string or beige or taupe.

IN AFTERNOON and evening dresses clusters of white or pale-pink gardenias or white or lavender orchids are worn on the shoulder with the bateau neck.

SUMMER evening dresses are being shown in lace, white or dyed pale pink, mauve or the pale blond or beige shades. Lace is also used for the more elegant type of afternoon dress, which can also be worn for informal dinners.

THE new blouses reflect the influence of the tailor-made. One sees many of the silk broadcloth and silk-shirting type made with bosom fronts, turn-down collars and slit pockets and narrow ribbon ties. Collars which can be closed in turn-down fashion are also used in finer blouses of fagoted or hemstitched voile or crêpe de Chine.

TOUCHES of red in embroidery, accessories or the blouse are smart with black costumes.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT RECORD THE STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE, THE USE OF TIERS AND FLOUNCES, THE LONG TUNIC BLOUSE AND THE SHORTER SKIRT



The 1924-model lingerie frock as conceived by Chavériat dispenses entirely with the old idea of lace and embroidery, and works itself out in yellow voile frilled with the same material and opening at the front over a slip of currant-red taffeta. Red taffeta binds the edges of the frock and red and yellow ribbons make the roses

An especially good sports costume by Goupy is composed of a frock and jacket. The dress is of white kasha trimmed with bands of brown suède, and the straight jacket is a lovely thing of turquoise wool lace reembroidered with round motifs of brown, garnet, beige and citron. Like the dress the jacket is suède-bound and lined with white kasha



At one time the suit in Paris meant the classical gray tailor-made. Now it means many things with coats of various types and lengths. A brilliant feminist is a costume of navy-blue wool rep with a three-quarter length coat enlivened by frills and belt of lacquer red pleated Georgette. From Maison Anna (Jeanne Hallée)

Paul Caret uses the flare tunic and narrow hem silhouette for a coat dress of powder grain blue serge trimmed with stitched bands of kid on the sleeves and tunic. The bouquet for the buttonhole is part and parcel of the costume and is made of red and gold flowers

A costume in a color scheme that is a joy to eyes that have looked too long on the sober side of black, is made of amber-yellow marokellaine trimmed with Havana brown kid. The three-quarter length straight coat and skirt are trimmed with the selvage of the material and the plaited crêpe de Chine bodice is buttoned with brown kid. From Madeleine Moujaret

THE EYES AGAIN HAVE IT IN MUCH OF THE NEW MILLINERY DESIGNED BY FRENCH MODISTES



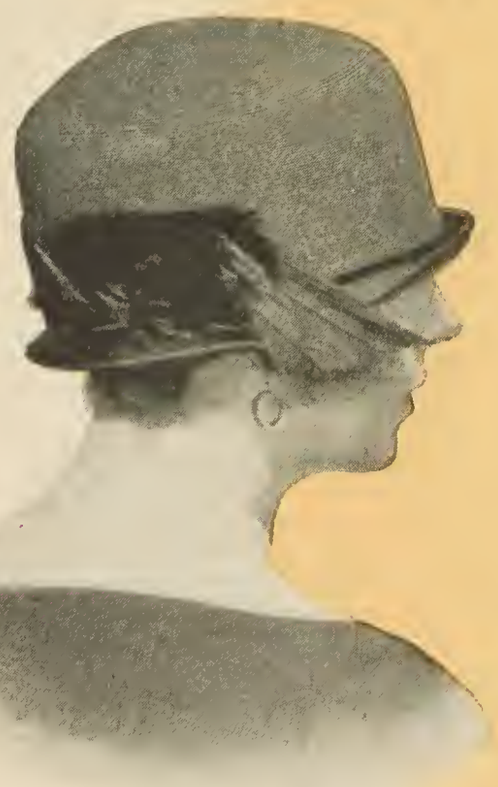
The young girl cuts short her sleeves and rolls up the brim of her bangkok. Marcelle Roze



For sunny beaches and Summer gardens Garcie plaits a wide hat of lacquer-red straw



A turban-hat of twisted ribbon. Marcelle Roze



The cloche has its rival in the very small hat turned up at the front or back. L. S. Germain Page uses brown straw bordered with satin and trimmed with red and brown wings



The cloche, the draped turban and the small hat with a scarf are worn with the tailored suit. One must also have a flower in one's buttonhole, a ribbon fob decorated with brilliants, silver or marcasite on the breast-pocket, a printed handkerchief on the hip or around the neck



In a taffeta hat a too ambitious brim is turned up and pinned against the crown with the decorative pin a double tête of marcasite and jet. From Juliette Bretagne



The small hat of satin with a double brim turning two ways and with a fob ornament on the crown. From Madeleine



Black satin worked into an intricate design of fine plaits takes the new tiara shape. From Blanche et Simone

Dress 5221

Dress 5184

Dress 5219
Embroidery
design
10191

Dress 5225

Evening dress 5242

Dress 5244

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 100

Dress 5203

Dress with jacket 5245

Dress 5159 Embroidery design 10961

Dress 5175

Dress with cape 5209

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 96

Dress 5213

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

Dress with jacket 5241 Hat 5214

Dress and bloomers 5198 Smocking design 10107

Dress 5206

Dress 5200

Dress and bloomers 5193 Hat 4894

Dress and bloomers 5216

Dress 5189 Hat 5212

Dress 5178 Embroidery design 10207

Suit 5166 Embroidery design 10934

Brother and Sister Costume

Other views and descriptions are on page 97

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

Dress 5186

Blouse and Slip 5155 Embroidery design 10238

Dress 5211 Hat 4973

Dress 5188 Hat 4449

Dress 5205

Dress 5201 Monogram design 10787

Dress 5173 Embroidery design 10208

Dress 5165 Embroidery design 10112

Other views and descriptions are on page 98

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

HAT AND SCARF SETS, CAPES AND DRAWN-WORK ARE SMART

Dress 5199

Dress 5192
Hat and scarf 5218

Dress with cape 5197
Hat 4973
Embroidery design 10118

Dress 5190

Dress 5171

Dress 5207
Embroidery design 10138

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 99

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.



Dress 5227
Embroidery design
10858

Dress
4891

Dress 5229

Tunic blouse and slip 5240
Embroidery design 10214

Dress 5247
Hat and scarf
5218
Embroidery design
10208

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 103

Dress 5238

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TAILORED STREET STYLES, A COSTUME SUIT AND SLEEVELESS JACKETS

Coat 5251
Blouse 5154
Skirt 4743

Dress 5249
Embroidery design
10138

Coat 5248
Dress 5045
Embroidery design
10233

Sleeveless jacket
5217
Shirt-waist 4563
Skirt 4251
Hat 5218
Embroidery design
10177

Coat
5250
Shirt-
waist
4609
Skirt
4046
Embroi-
dery de-
sign
10603



Sleeveless jacket 5217
Guimpe 5234

Coat 5252
Blouse 4790
Skirt 5042

5252—4790—5042—A single link closes this coat over a French *gilet* blouse which is worn with a two-piece skirt. Use hair-line-striped men's suitings, black or brown cheviot-finished woolens, etc., for suit. Use closely woven materials to keep coat's shape.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅛ yards 54-inch men's-wear suiting for suit. Lower edge 1½ yd.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the blouse and skirt for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

5251—5154—4743—Under a double-breasted coat and with a two-piece skirt of grayish mixtures in pepper-and-salt effect, etc., she wears a slip-over blouse.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅛ yards 54-inch twill for suit. Lower edge 51 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the blouse and skirt for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

5249—10138—Dresses react to the influence of tailored modes. This dress gives the effect of suit in front and the one-piece back is in one ith the wrap-around skirt. The pocket motif is smart. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5217—4563—4251—5218—10177—Plain flannel embroidered with wool makes a sleeveless jacket to wear over a silk crêpe shirt-waist and accordion or side plaited straight skirt. Work the design in couching, etc. The hat is smart.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅞ yard 27-inch flannel for jacket. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2⅞ yards.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; shirt-waist and skirt for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip (shirt-waist also for misses); the hat for ladies and misses.

5250—4609—4046—10603—A link-closing coat is worn over a shirt-waist in mannish style, etc., and a three-piece plaid skirt. Japanese letters decorate the tie.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard 54-inch men's-wear suiting, 2¼ yards 44-inch striped wool. Lower edge 1⅜ yd.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the shirt-waist and skirt for ladies 32 to 50 bust and 35 to 55 hip.

5217—5234—Plaid or striped flannel bound with ribbon makes a sleeveless jacket. The guimpe has a *gilet* front.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 27-inch plaid flannel and 1 yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for *gilet*, sleeve, collar, cuff and frills.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the guimpe for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5248—5045—10233—Use satin, cashmere, soft twills with embroidery for a coat in kimono effect and with inside pocket worn with a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge, etc. Work the embroidery in outline, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch cloaking satin and 2¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe, ⅝ yard 36-inch lace for dress. Lower edge of dress 1⅝ yard.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the dress for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

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BLOUSES IN NEW GUISES SHOW *GILET* EFFECTS, TUCKS, HIGH AND TURN-DOWN COLLARS

5187—5234—With the sleeveless one-piece dress of flannel, kasha, soft twills, checks, stripes, etc., one should wear the guimpe of net or mull with batiste *gilet*, sleeve, collar and cuffs. The dress slips on over the head and may have a U or square neck.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool plaid and ⅞ yard 35-inch batiste for *gilet*, sleeve, collar and cuffs of guimpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses, the guimpe for ladies and misses 33 to 46 bust.

Blouse 5234
Dress 5187



Blouse
5228
Skirt
5125



5228—5125—This smart slip-over blouse has clusters of tucks in front at each side. The three-piece skirt is joined to a camisole body or a 1¼-inch inside belt. Use silk or cotton broadcloth, silk or cotton pongee, heavy crêpe de Chine or dimity for blouse, and wool for skirt. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch check wool for skirt on camisole body.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

Blouse
5160
Hat
5218



Blouse
5243
Hat
4973



Blouse
5164
Turban
4748

Blouse 5232
Embroidery
design 10723



Blouse 5230
Embroidery
design
10233



5160—5218—The *gilet* effect which may be cut in a rounded outline, gives an interesting front to blouses of the slip-over type in crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, pongee, radium or flannel. One may wear a scarf with the satin hat.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting material for the blouse.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

5232—10723—Fagoting or machine hemstitching finish a new slip-over blouse with a straight lower edge. Use plain crêpe de Chine, plain silk crêpe, silk broadcloth, crêpe satin, plain cotton voile. The monogram is smart. Work in color.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5230—10233—The collar that can be worn open or closed in the boyish effect is new for a slip-over blouse. The motif is placed in an effective position. Work it in color. Use wool jersey, flannel, silk jersey, silk broadcloth, plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

5243—4973—The tucked or plaited *gilet* is a very new and extremely becoming addition to slip-over blouses of crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, pongee and radium. For the hat with a gored crown use satin, faille silk, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 32-inch silk broadcloth for the blouse.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

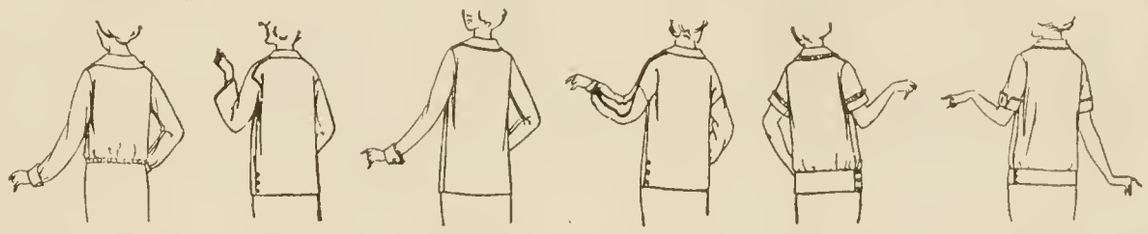
Blouse 5176

5176

5176—Blouses reflect the influence of the new boyish styles in their narrow belts and slit pockets. A Russian closing with buttons and a new collar make the blouse attractive. Make this blouse of silk alpaca, printed or plain heavy crêpe de Chine, printed or plain silk crêpe, satin crêpe, silk broadcloth, pongee or flannel.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The blouse is very good style for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.



5234 5232 5160 5230 5243 5228 5187 5125

5164

5164—4748—The ends which pull through and fall gracefully at the sides distinguish a costume blouse. The wrap-around turban is smart in satin crêpe with an ornament of jet or colored glass beads. Use plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe, silk broadcloth or printed cotton voile for the blouse.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe for blouse.

The blouse is for ladies 34 to 48 bust, the turban for ladies or misses.

DRESSES FOR GRADUATION OR PARTIES ARE TUCKED, FLOUNCED OR RUFFLED



5180—Val lace edging frills, ends of ribbon and flowers of contrasting color trim this slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, organdy, cotton Georgette, batiste or fine lawn. One may use frills of the material or of lace edging.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 35 or 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5223—The young girl's one-piece frock relies on hand-hemstitching, tucks and a graceful girdle to recommend it to her favor. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Make the dress of cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

16 years requires 3 yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5231—Be it graduation, parties or vacation which calls for a new frock, this one-piece dress is very appropriate and lovely. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Use plain or printed cotton voile or cotton Georgette, batiste, plain or printed Georgette or crêpe de Chine or taffeta. Lower edge 49 inches.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5233—The young girl happily selects the one-piece slip-over dress in unbelted effect with side ties and knee flounces. It has a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. Use plain or printed cotton voile, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, or Georgette, all one material, printed with plain, etc., plain Georgette with lace edging. Lower edge 51½ inches.

17 years requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5196—Graduated tucks are a smart fashion for juniors and give a delightful effect to this one-piece dress of cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, fine lawn, Georgette or crêpe de Chine. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. The girdle is very simple to make.

14 years requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch batiste.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5144—Not all roses bloom in gardens: a few walk abroad in exquisite frocks. The one-piece slip-over dress has a graceful drapery and becoming bertha. Use crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, all one material or with bertha of lace net edging; or use soft taffeta or printed silk crêpes with bertha of Georgette or lace net edging.

13 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 10 to 15 years.

5168—The junior adores the touch about her frock which makes it just a little different from the other girls' dresses. The scalloped effect of the bertha and the tiers on the straight skirt joined to the body of this slip-over dress are smart. Use silk crêpes, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, organdy or batiste, etc.

13 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5158—5212—When one takes part in weddings, parties or programs for Mothers' Day, she needs a slip-over dress with a straight lower edge of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, pin-dot swiss, batiste. For the hat use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette or net.

10 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile for the dress.

The dress and hat are for girls 2 to 12 years.

SCALLOPS, SASHES, TUCKS AND DRAPERY FOR GRADUATION OR EARLY SUMMER

Dress 5033
Embroidery design
10900

Dress 5035

Dress 5157

5033

Dress 5165

Dress
4989

4989

5035

5224

Dress 5224

5165

5222

Dress 5222
Embroidery
design 10677

5157

Dress 5152

5152

4989—Daisies reveal much on this one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge; both they and the tiers across the sides mark it as new. Make the dress of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta, organdy, dotted swiss or cotton voile. The soft fulness at the neck is becoming.

13 years requires 2⅞ yards 36 to 39 inch voile for this dress.

The dress is very lovely for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5033—10900—A one-piece slip-over draped dress is lovely for many events. It has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at a low waistline. Use plain or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette, or satin crêpe, printed silks, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe. The embroidery is lovely. Work in satin-stitch, etc.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5157—Sash ties, a yoke effect and a wide straight trimming band at the hem are smart and youthful for Sixteen. For this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge use plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, plain or printed cotton voile, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch novelty cotton voile and 2 yards 39-inch plain (including sash).

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5165—Whether one's rôle is cast in a wedding, graduation exercises or an informal dinner, this one-piece draped dress is most appropriate. It closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and the sleeves are sewed into a body lining. The lining may have a camisole top. Use satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5035—In white or the very delicate pastel shades permitted by some schools this one-piece slip-over dress is excellent for graduation. Use plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. For other wear use these materials in printed designs, printed silks or satin crêpe. It has a straight lower edge. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 3 yards 35-inch voile.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5224—When the junior graduates or goes to her dancing class, she will want a dress of plain cotton Georgette, plain cotton voile, batiste, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. It slips on over the head and has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline.

12 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch fine voile for the dress.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5222—10677—Tucks on the shoulder and a shaped hem give a soft effect to this slip-over dress of plain cotton voile, plain cotton Georgette, batiste, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. The straight skirt is joined at a low waistline and has a hem in a decorative outline. The embroidery is effective. Work the design in eyelets, satin-stitch, etc.

13 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch batiste.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5152—Quite the French touch to this tucked dress is the rosette which mother can very easily make. The dress slips on over the head and has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Make the dress of plain cotton voile, plain cotton Georgette, plain organdy, fine lawn, batiste, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

14 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

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YOUNG GIRLS AND LITTLE SISTERS MAKE A SPRING SELECTION



5135—5218—This new one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. Use plaids, stripes, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk or wool jersey, cotton ratine or cotton homespun for the dress, and flannel, etc., for the hat and scarf. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 3¼ yards 27-inch striped flannel for dress.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

5148—5214—10723—The junior's first choice is a replica of the boyish styles her elders wear, and she selects the turned-down collar and cuffs for her dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body. Use striped or novelty cottons, cotton ratine, cotton homespun, gingham, chambray, pongee, wool jersey or flannel. The monogram is a smart trimming. Work in color. Her taffeta hat has a gored crown and corded or plain brim.

10 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch flannel for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5122—10972—A detachable circular capette gives a delightfully Springlike air to the slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body. Use heavy silk crêpe all one color or with the body in contrast, or of Georgette in self or contrasting color, satin crêpe all one side of material, etc. Lower edge 50 inches.

17 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch heavy silk crêpe for body and 2 yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5145—10207—A smart one-piece dress has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. The embroidery is effective. Work it in one-stitch. Use heavy cotton crêpe, cotton ratine, cotton homespun, novelty cottons, gingham, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, tub silks, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch cotton ratine. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5220—10978—The Spring baby should see his first glimpses of outdoors in this coat of wool cashmere, faille silk or heavy crêpe de Chine and a faille silk or crêpe de Chine cap. The coat is 25 inches long and has a plain lining and two different styles of sleeves. It may be smocked. The embroidered sprays and scalloping is dainty trimming. Work it in satin-stitch, etc.

The coat requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch faille silk.

The coat is attractive for infants.

5181—At this season the débutante is in need of this type of coat with a straight lower part joined to a long body with a choice of inside pocket. It may be a longer length if one prefers a full-length coat. Use striped coatings, soft twills, rep cloth, heavy silk crêpe, satin. Lower edge in longer length 46 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch striped wool.

The coat is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5138—A one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be removable or fastened to the dress. Use wool jersey, soft wool crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee or chambray with scant smocking in orange, China blue or henna on a tan dress, etc.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5236—4894—The daily airing is indeed an event for the little girl who wears a coat and shirred hat. The coat has a plain lining. Use light-weight soft-pile fabrics, duvetyn, broadcloth, soft twills, rep cloth, cashmere or faille silk, and crêpe de Chine or taffeta hat.

2 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch broadcloth for the coat.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 10, hat for girls 2 to 12.

5208—A smart little suit for small boys is attractive in dimity or piqué for the waist which buttons to straight trousers of chambray, poplin or linen. One may use pongee with trousers of contrasting color pongee, or the entire suit of linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, etc.

3 years requires ⅞ yard 32-inch dimity and ⅞ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 5 years.



5239—4926—A box jacket which she wears over a sleeveless one-piece frock with a blouse or guimpe gives the junior all the thrills of a new suit. Use soft twills, serge or flannel, or make the frock of check or plaid wool, plaid or striped flannel and the jacket of plain to match. For the hat with a gored crown, use wool jersey, etc.

10 years and 21 inches head measure requires 2½ yards 54-inch flannel (including hat).

The jacket and frock are for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5246 — 5097 — 10233 — An English blazer of plain or striped flannel worn for sports over a two-piece dress of wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, etc., can be slipped on after the tennis game. The motif on the pocket is smart. Work it in color. The dress has a slip-over blouse and a side or accordion plaited or gathered straight skirt.

13 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel and 2 yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The blazer is for juniors and girls 4 to 16, the dress for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5202—Tiny boys one and two years of age look adorable in this quaint suit with a Russian closing. The tunic comes in a shorter length for boys from three to five years. The knickers with an inverted plait at the side are separate. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, Japanese crêpe, gingham or madras.

2 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little boys 1 to 5 years.

5150—The small girl welcomes in the Spring with a becoming dress of chambray, linen-finished cottons, pin-check gingham, heavy cotton crêpe, heavy cotton prints, pongee, cashmere, challis, etc. It slips on over her head and has separate bloomers.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch cotton crêpe.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.

5142—Two pockets on the straight trousers of this romper suit give the small boy a lordly feeling. The trousers button to the waist. Use dimity, piqué or linen with poplin, linen or chambray trousers, pongee in two colors, or the entire suit of chambray, Japanese crêpe, piqué, linen-finished cottons, madras, gingham or pongee.

3 years requires ⅞ yard 32-inch dimity and ¾ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

5127—10179—The embroidery gives the attractive trimming to a very simple but extremely smart one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Work the design in contrasting color in a combination of cross-stitch, one-stitch embroidery and beading. Make the dress of cotton ratine, cotton homespun, linen-finished cottons, gingham, chambray, pongee, linen, serge, plaid wool, wool crêpe or soft twills.

10 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch linen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

5215—10858—The box-plaited slip-over blouse and a Buster Brown collar are smart points to this twp-piece dress of silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe, light weight wool jersey, light weight flannel. The wrap-around straight skirt is joined to a long body lining. A monogram appears on the box-plait. Work the letters in satin-stitch. Lower edge 43 inches.

16 years requires 3½ yards 35-inch silk alpaca and ⅜ yard 35-inch linen.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5143—Scant smocking in almond green, yellow and rose on tan, etc., is smart on this one-piece slip-over dress. Use wool jersey, soft wool crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, silk jersey or plain gingham. It has a straight lower edge and collar and cuffs which may be fastened to the dress or removable.

16 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5131—10900—This dainty little dress with a straight lower edge is ideal for chubby little youngsters up to three. The yoke in back and the gathers in front give a becoming effect and the embroidery is attractive. Work the design in satin-stitch, etc. Use batiste, lawn, plain cotton voile, etc.

3 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch batiste.

The dress is for children ½ to 3.



FASHION SUGGESTS COSTUMES FOR BATHING GIRLS AND THE BEACH STROLLER

5204—10858—Surf sports demand that one's bathing-suit be simple in cut, comfortable in fit and above all, becoming. This bathing-suit has all three requisites for it buttons easily on the shoulders and the tights are joined to the suit. Use heavy wool jersey or jersey tubing. The monogram is smart.

17 years or 34 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing-suit is good style for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5147—10244—The new tunic blouse costume is often composed of the sleeveless long tunic blouse worn over a separate one-piece slip. The embroidery is effective. Work it in colors. Use novelty silk crêpe with black satin, pongee with embroidery over black satin, or entire costume of heavy satin crêpe or heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 35-inch silk crêpe, 1⅛ yard 35-inch satin for sleeves, facings and lower part of slip.

The blouse and slip are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5194—10242—To suit the wearer's mood, this bathing costume offers a cape which may be slipped off when one goes into the sea, a wrap-around turban and separate bloomers. Use wool jersey, with collar, cuffs, vestee, etc., of white piqué or linen, soft surf satin or silk with collar, etc., of same material in white. The motif on the cape is appropriate. Work in outline.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing costume is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5161—Striped flannel, striped cotton ratine, striped cotton, striped wools or striped wool jersey make a smart dress for resort or country wear. It has a straight skirt joined to a long body with a choice of body lining. One may use printed linen with plain, novelty cottons with plain, colored linen or colored linen-finished cottons with white.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 27-inch striped flannel. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5210—Youngsters start their swimming early so that the junior's costume is quite as important as that of her elders. Wool jersey is the most satisfactory material for it brings the wool next to the body. The tights are joined to the suit which buttons on the shoulders.

10 years requires ⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing-suit is attractive for girls and little girls 2 to 14 years.

5235—The sleeveless jacket and a dress make a smart sports costume. Plaid or striped flannel or wools with plain crêpe de Chine to match, plain flannel with crêpe de Chine in self or contrasting color, etc., pongee with printed or plain crêpe de Chine, novelty with plain silk crêpe, etc., can be used. The slip-over dress has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid wool. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

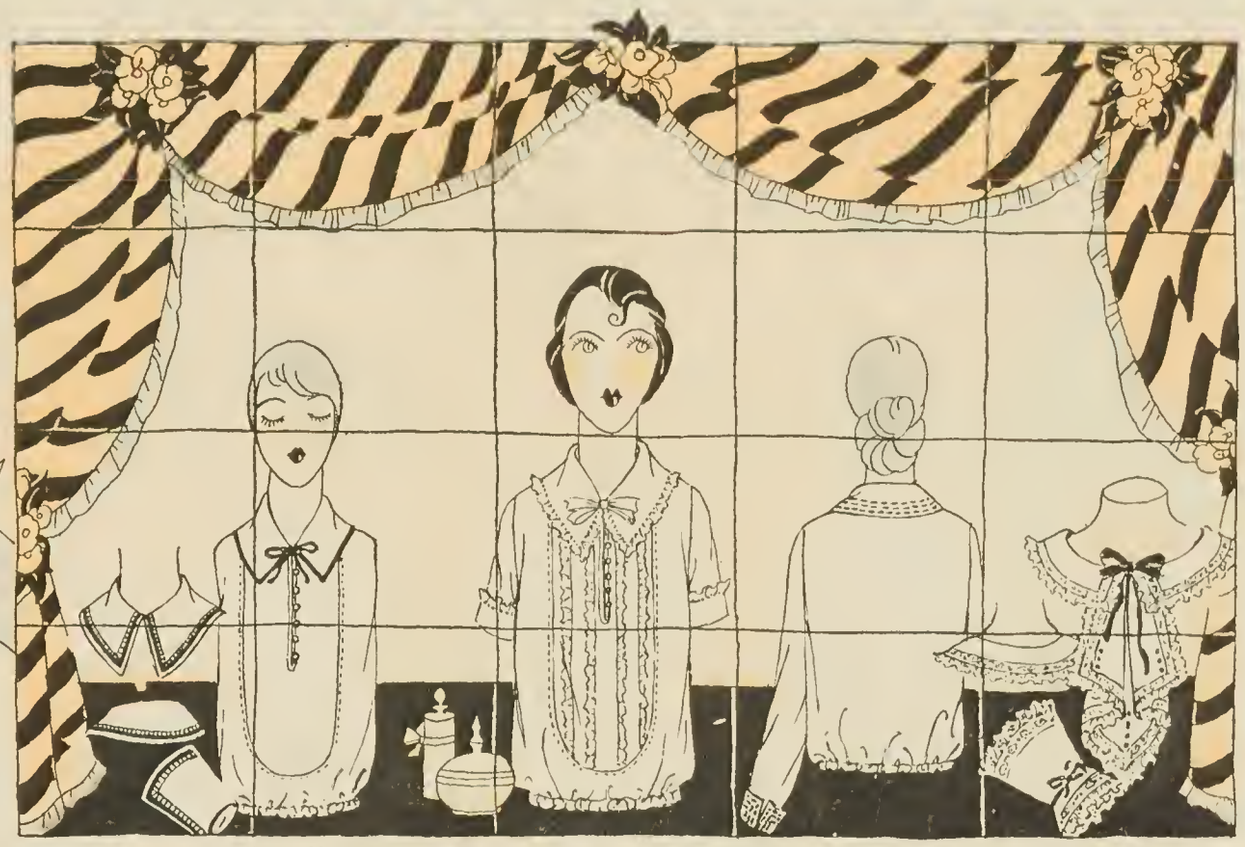
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Embroidery design 10207
View C



View D



Views C, C-1, C-2 View A-2 View A View A-1 Views B, B-1, B-2

Guimpe, Collars and Cuffs 5234



View B

Hat and Scarves 5218



Embroidery design 10187
View A

Hat 5214
View B



Hat 5214
View C



Hat 5214
View A

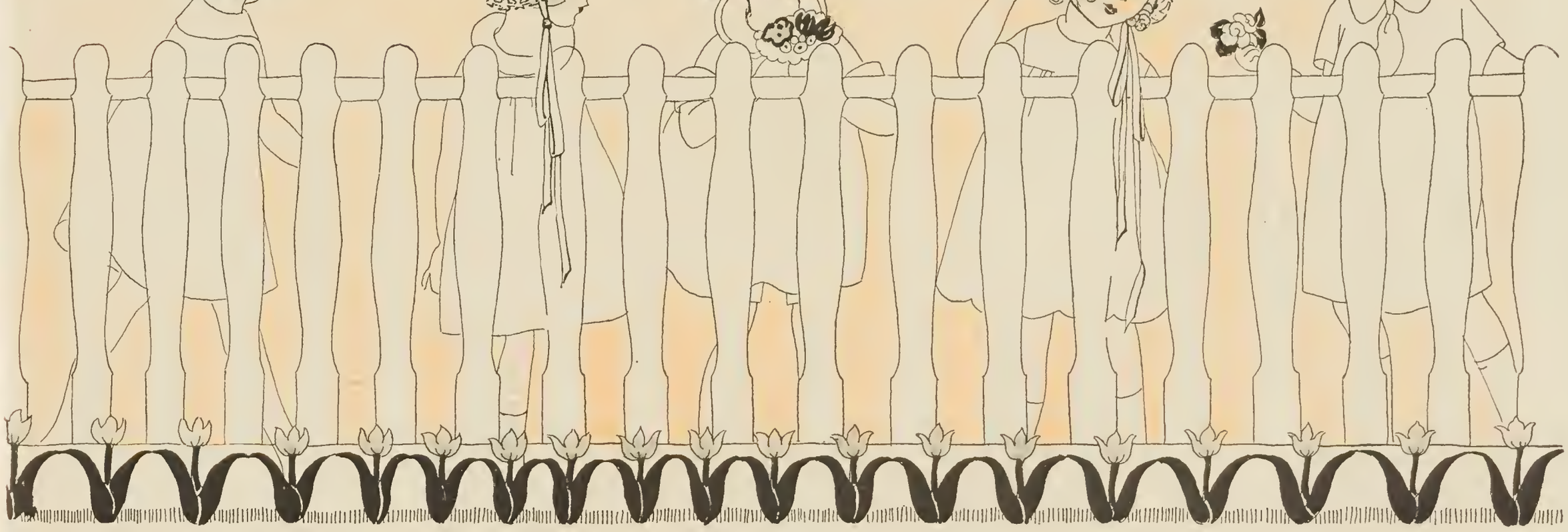


Hat 5212
View B



Hat 5212
View A





A SPRING SHOWING OF NEW HATS, SCARFS AND GUIMPES FOR TAILORED SUITS AND PIQUANT HATS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

5218—10187—10207—The new hats and scarves are delightful to wear with tailored suits or sports costumes. For views A, B and C use plaid taffeta, knitted silks, flannel, woolen plaids or kasha; for view D use satin, taffeta, duvetyn, etc. Embroidery adds color to views A and C. Both designs may be easily worked in colors in outline, one-stitch, etc.

21⅞ inches head measure requires for view A ¾ yard 54-inch flannel; view B, ⅞ yard 54-inch plaid; view C, ¾ yard 36-inch taffeta; view D, ½ yard 36-inch taffeta.

The hat and scarves are a new style for ladies and misses.

5214—Tiny faces peep forth from under hats as new as the garden flowers. This hat has two smart details, a gored crown and a corded brim which may be made plain. Use taffeta for views A and B, and gingham, chambray, chintz, piqué or wool jersey for view C.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 35-inch taffeta for views A or B and ⅝ yard 27 or 32 inch gingham for view C.

The hat is attractive for girls 2 to 12 years.

5234—The shops are showing this guimpe with a slightly low waistline and separate collars and cuffs. For views A and A-1 use net or mull for guimpe, and for *gilet*, sleeves, etc., organdy or batiste with lace edging, net or self frills, crêpe de Chine with lace edging or net frills, etc. For view A-2 use a net or mull guimpe and linen, piqué or cotton voile with bright-colored stitchings or bindings and embroidery for *gilet* and collar. For collars and cuffs use net or chiffon trimmed with lace, or use linen, organdy or cotton voile, trimmed with organdy folds in three colors, etc.

The guimpe, collars and cuffs are smart for ladies and misses 33 to 46 bust.

5212—In the delicious shades of Madonna blue, shell pink and primrose yellow this shirred hat is dainty in crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette or net. The tiny buds and the trimming are a very lovely decoration. It ties at the side in a French fashion.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure require ½ yard 39-inch Georgette or crêpe de Chine for either view.

The hat is an adorable style for girls 2 to 12 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

FAMILY LINGERIE FOR SPRING SEWING

Drawer-skirt combination 5050
Embroidery design 10823

Camisole 4957
Embroidery design 10149

Chemise 5059

Night-gown 5226 Embroidery design 10833

5226—10833—Crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, dimity, nainsook, longcloth, batiste or handkerchief linen are suitable for this slip-over night-gown with deep armholes. The motif is a quaint trimming. Work it in outline. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards 36 or 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The nightgown is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Drawers 4974

4974—Stitches in hand-hemstitching effect are a new trimming for step-in drawers with a straight lower edge. The clusters of tucks may be omitted. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, nainsook, longcloth, batiste or underwear mull.

38 hip requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The drawers are for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

5226

4974

4957

5059

5050

Princess slip 4205

Combination 4727

4727

4205

4957—10149—When one wears over-the-skirt blouses, a long camisole conceals the waistline of the skirt. This camisole may be a shorter length. The embroidery is effective. Work it in lazy-daisy, etc. Use crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, nainsook, longcloth or cambric.

36 bust requires ¾ yard 39-inch longcloth cut crosswise.

The camisoles are for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4971

5050—10823—Drawer-skirt combinations of glove-silk tubing, crêpe de Chine, tub silks, tub satin, nainsook, longcloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, or fine cotton crêpe are very new. The motif is smart. Work it in outline.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch voile.

The combination is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5059—Hand-hemstitching is an exquisite trimming for the envelope chemise of nainsook, longcloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, crossbar, crêpe de Chine, tub silks or tub satin.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 35-inch batiste.

The chemise is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4205—The princess slip or petticoat is the garment usually worn under dresses by younger girls. Make this slip of nainsook, longcloth, underwear mull, batiste, cambric, muslin, crêpe de Chine or China silk.

7 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch batiste.

The slip is for girls ½ to 14 years.

4727—Mother can easily make this combination for her junior girl. Nainsook and cambric are the materials often used, though for very hard wear it is better to make it of muslin.

9 years requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch material.

The combination is suitable for juniors and girls 2 to 15 years.

5237—Men anticipate a comfortable Summer season in a union suit of madras, crossbar, nainsook, longcloth or linen. It has the side-back drop seat. It is a garment which can be made very easily.

38 breast requires 2½ yards 32-inch madras.

The union suit is practical for men 34 to 52 breast.

4971—This slip may be worn under dresses and tunic blouses. It has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline and may have a deep shadow-proof or a three-inch hem. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, radium.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 55 inches.

The slip is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Union suit 5237

Slip 4971

VEGETABLE SOUP with

Eat Campbell's—

—when you want a good hot luncheon which is really substantial, but not "heavy."

—when your appetite is just "set" for a hearty dish to begin a hearty dinner.

—when you wish tempting food for supper, but not an elaborate meal.

—when you sit down to an impromptu meal, ready almost instantly.

—when you want to enjoy the most famous Vegetable Soup in the world!

It's a meal!

And often the only kind of meal that exactly suits your appetite.

Hot, hearty, delicious soup! You know there are many times when nothing else seems to be so completely satisfying!

Often, too, nothing else is quite so good for you. Campbell's Vegetable Soup gives you the proper variety—the different elements—in your food which dieticians regard as so essential in the healthful meal.

I'm built on springs; on airy wings
I breeze across the winner.
The victor real is Campbell's meal
For supper, lunch or dinner!





No wonder it's so good!

Fifteen of the finest vegetables in this one soup! There is not a home in the land which can constantly obtain for its kitchen such perfection in vegetables.

Broth of selected beef helps to make this soup so invigorating, so appealing to the appetite.

It is abundantly supplied with tissue-building cereals. Fresh herbs. Dainty seasoning by Campbell's famous chefs.

Luncheon·dinner·supper!

Whether you eat it for luncheon or supper or with your dinner, enjoy in this nourishing and delightful Campbell's blend:

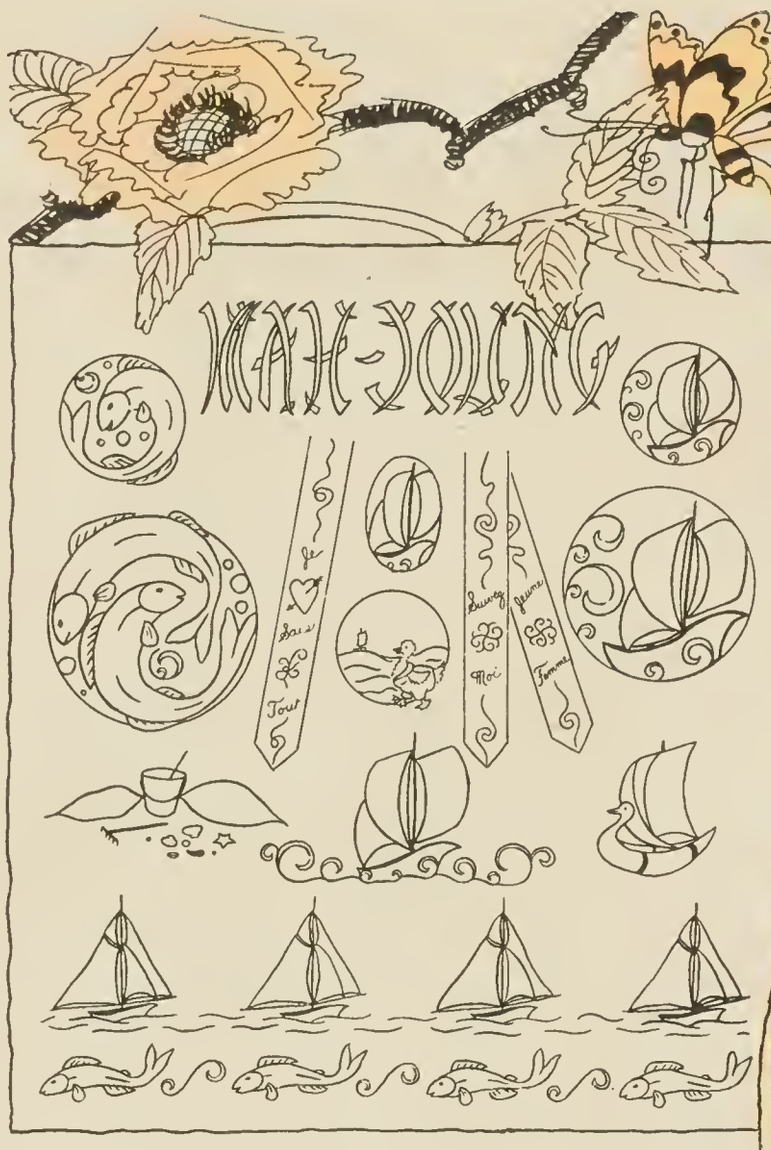
Baby limas, dainty peas, sweet corn, vine-ripened tomatoes, potatoes—white and sweet—Chantenay carrots, choice turnips, chopped cabbage, celery, barley, alphabet macaroni.

Relish this very day the tempting flavor of Campbell's Vegetable Soup—a dish you never tire of tasting!

Never be without soup
in your pantry

21 kinds
12 cents a can

EMBROIDERY WEAVES SEA, JAPANESE AND FLORAL DESIGNS IN A MAY OFFERING



Embroidery design 10242



Embroidery design 10244

10242—An embroidery design which has vacation-time in view contains bandings and motifs for trimming bathing-suits and bathing accessories, beach bags, bathing-suit bags, scarves, etc. There are also motifs suitable for decorating luncheon-sets for yachts or Summer cottages and the motifs are much used on the new blouses. Both bandings and motifs should be worked in outline or satin-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of fish banding 1¾ inch wide, 1⅝ yard of boat banding 4 inches wide, two motifs of the word Mah Jong and 46 assorted motifs.

10240—One-stitch, outline and French-knot embroidery makes a new and attractive combination in a new embroidery design for a centerpiece and scarves. It is the simple type of needlework popular with the Summer embroiderer. It can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, three motifs 6¾ by 15 inches for the end of a scarf, three motifs 4¼ by 11¾ inches for the end of a scarf and three motifs 3¼ by 6 inches for the center of a scarf or pincushion.

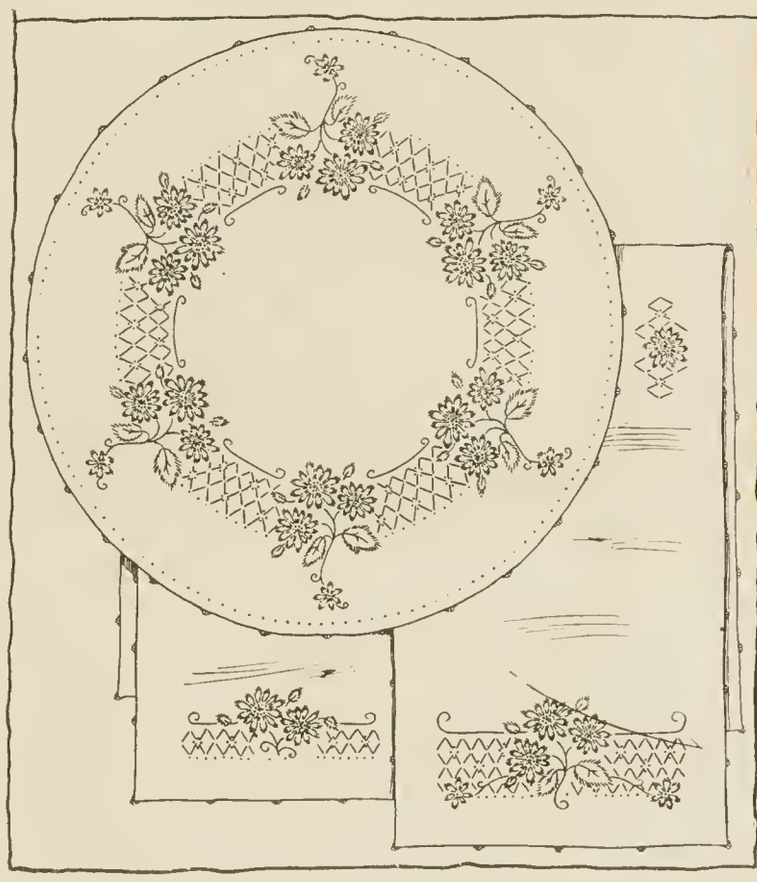
10204—Profuse and lavish beading appears on many of the new evening frocks and this beading design is especially arranged to make an effective showing. The very wide banding can be cut apart and used as a panel. The design may be used for dresses, panels, skirts or blouses. This design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 25 inches wide which can be cut apart if desired, 1¾ yard of banding 2¾ inches wide, 3⅜ yards of banding 1 inch wide and 21 motifs in two assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10204

10244—Resplendent with hints of dragons, Oriental fruits and flowers, this embroidery should adorn Japanese kimonos, screens or tea-cloths. Not limited in its useful scope, however, it can trim one's Summer dresses, blouses, luncheon-sets, etc. A combination of outline and one-stitch embroidery should be used for both motifs and bandings. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 6 inches wide, 1¾ yard of banding ⅝ inch wide, two motifs 11¾ by 14¼ inches and 14 motifs in four assorted styles.

10243—Pocket motifs are in increasing demand for dresses and children's clothes, and the floral motifs of a new embroidery make an especially seasonable trimming. The banding and motifs may be used also on household linens as well as dresses, children's frocks, play aprons, rompers, etc. Work the design in a combination of lazy daisy, outline, French-knot and satin-stitch embroidery. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding ¾ inch wide, 1⅝ yard of banding 1¼ inch wide and 40 motifs in 12 assorted styles



Embroidery design 10240



Embroidery design 10243



The Secret of

Clearer skin · Easier digestion · Regular elimination

Better Health



THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.



"WHEN all the other girls were wearing their first low-necked dresses, I was staying at home—all on account of a breaking-out on my back that I simply couldn't get rid of. Dad is a druggist so I tried all the medicated soaps and creams that he had in stock, but finally gave up. It was awful. One day my chum told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and urged me to take it. I took half a cake dissolved in water before every meal—it is not only easy to take but delightful—and in two weeks every trace of the eruption had disappeared. It worked like magic, really, and made me feel like a different person."

(*A letter from Miss Esther Shaw of Sanford, Calif.*)



"AT the age of forty, when I had most at stake, I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some.

"A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(*A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.*)



"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. My complexion looked the color of bread dough and I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(*A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Gendermann of 1022 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn*)



"CAME a period of real worry; of haphazard living; of irregular sleep and diet. The result . . . a distressing case of nerves . . . misery from my digestive system, a rough and unclear skin. When someone suggested yeast I laughed. . . . . Secretly I tried it, and now, knowing how simple the remedy, I laugh at nerves, scorn a skin that is not smooth and clear, and find my digestive system a thing to be ignored."

(*Mrs. Betty Knight of Los Angeles, Calif.*)

"THIS is what the doctor told me, 'Your husband is run down; . . . he has overworked and eaten so irregularly, and taken so little notice of his physical condition that now he is a very sick man.' . . . At the end of the second week's yeast treatment digestion was improved, and constipation relieved. For six months he ate three cakes each day, and no doubt he owes his complete recovery to the fact that he was so steadfast in following this treatment."

(*Mrs. St. Chrisman of Richmond, Indiana*)





Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

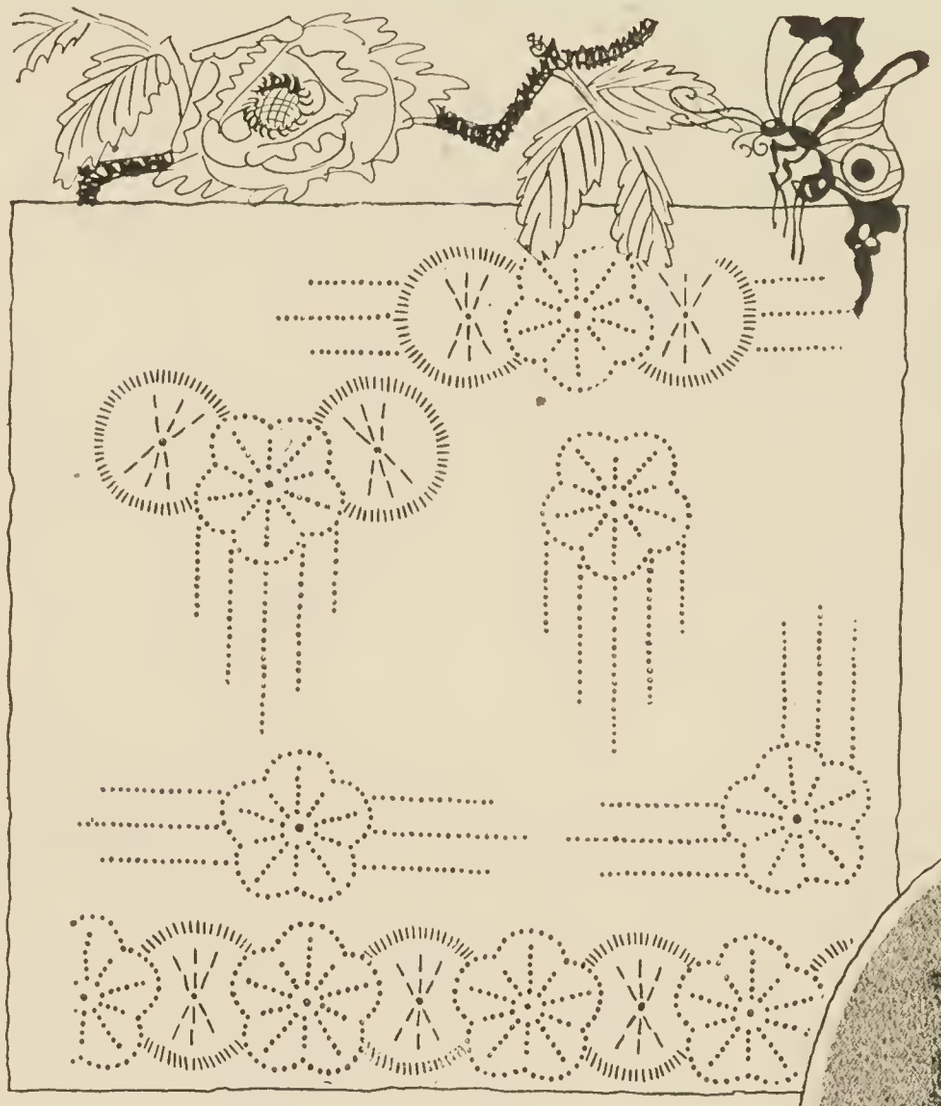
—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep as well in *your* ice box as in the grocer's. Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-4, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



MONOGRAMS, BEADING, OUTLINE, SMOCKING EMBROIDERIES

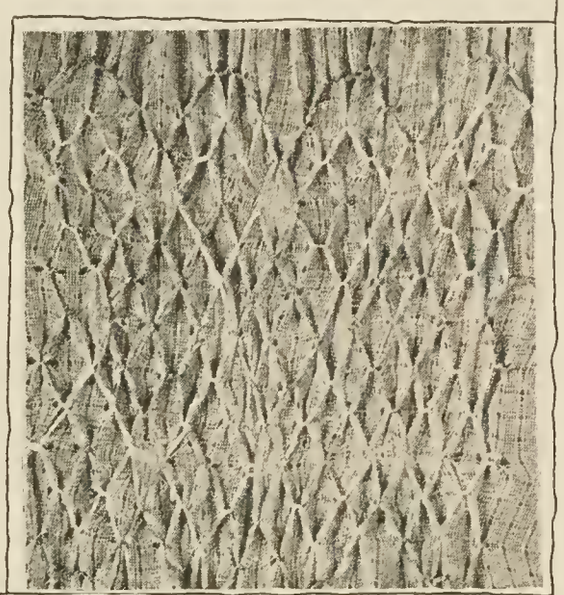


Embroidery design 10247

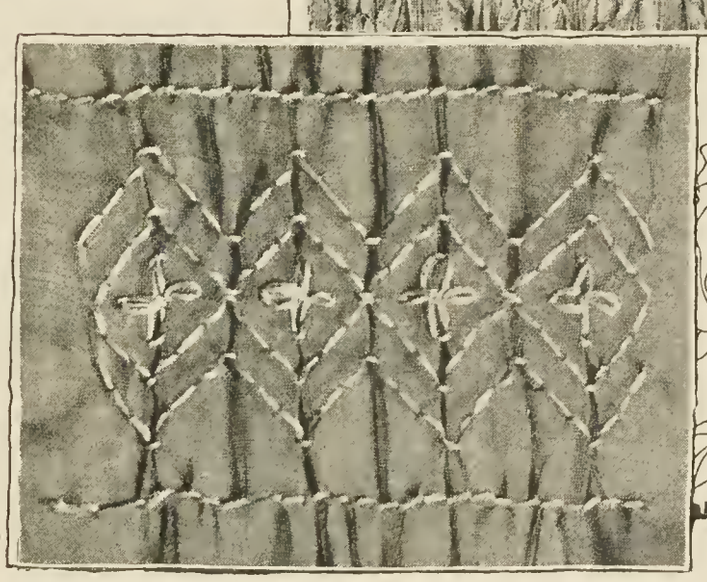
10247—The combination bead-and-stitch embroidery is an attractive trimming and one which is easily worked. Hats and scarves, coats, blouses, dresses, etc., may be used as a medium for this design. It should be worked in a combination of beads or French-knot embroidery and bugle beads or one-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to 4⅞ yards of banding 3¼ inches wide, 12 motifs in 4 assorted styles and 4 corners 3¼ by 7½ inches.

10245—The new sweaters, sports dresses and blouses are very often trimmed with a monogram in Oriental effect. The ties used on the boyish style dresses and the scarfs one wears with dresses also show these monograms. They are equally suitable for children's clothes and household linens. The letters should be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to four alphabets to be used in forming two 2¾-inch monograms and two alphabets to be used in forming one 1½-inch monogram.

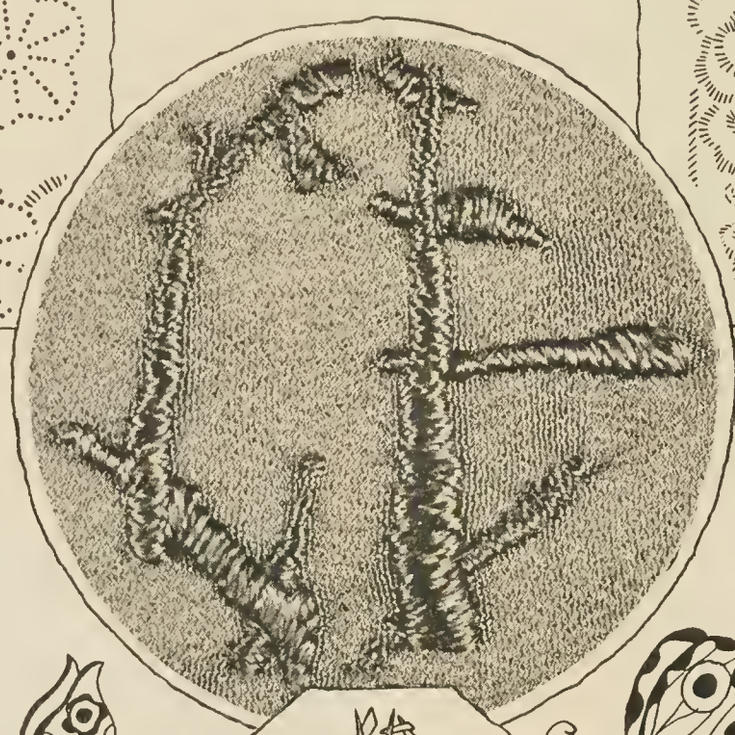
Embroidery design 10241



Style IV

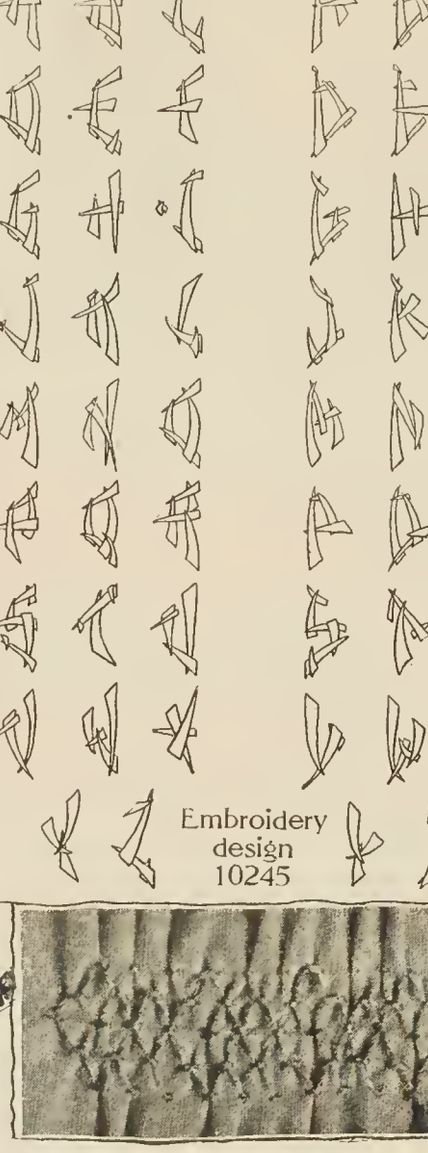


Style VI





Embroidery design 10245



Style II

10246—Summer hats, coats and dresses are often brightened with embroidery of this type. It is an effective but simple trimming for when it is worked in outline and one-stitch embroidery, the bandings and motifs go very quickly. This design is also suitable for blouses of Georgette or cotton voile. This design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 5⅜ inches wide, 2⅝ yards of banding 2¾ inches wide, 5 yards of banding 1 inch wide, 5⅛ yards of banding ¼ inch wide and 24 motifs in 4 assorted styles.

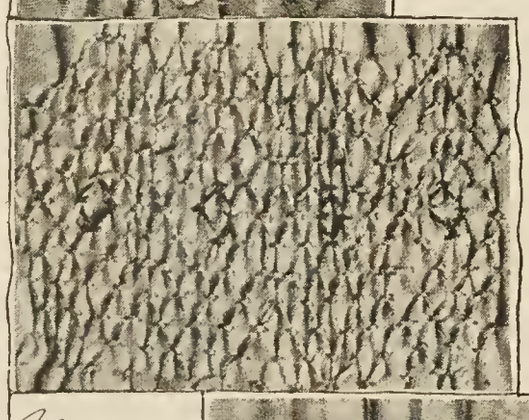


Embroidery design 10246

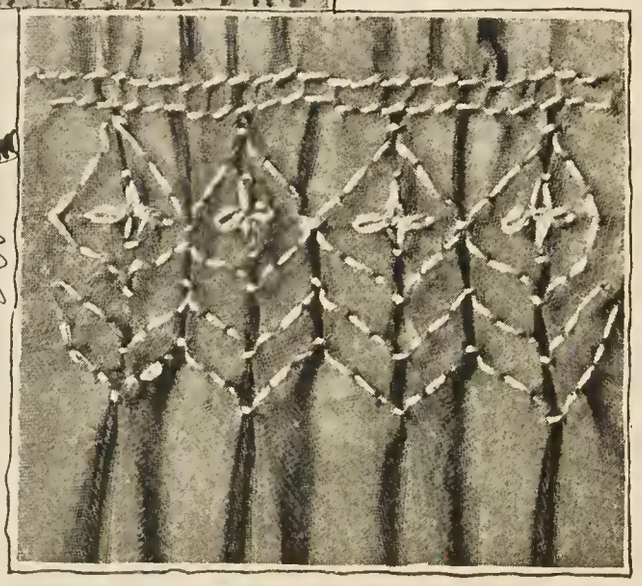
10241—Smocking is a delightful way to introduce color on the new Spring and Summer clothes. This smocking design may be used on children's coats, children's dresses, ladies' dresses, ladies' blouses, etc. This design can be adapted to ⅞ yard of dots 2 inches wide for Style I, 1⅝ yards of dots ⅝ inch wide for Style II, ⅞ yard of dots 2 inches wide for Style III, ⅞ yard of dots 2 inches wide for Style IV, 1¾ yard of dots 2 inces wide for Style V, ⅞ yard of dots 2¼ inches wide for Style VI.

Embroidery design 10241

Style III



Style I



Style V

Out stepped Ann!

By June Warren



ANN adjusted shirrings in her old rose taffeta. "If I could only look in the mirror just once," she cried, "and be satisfied with what I see!"

Elizabeth Murray burst into the room, her coat wide open, beads gleaming on her dress.

"Oh, how—how beautiful!" Dismay entered Ann's voice. She couldn't go now. Her last year's dress would look worse than ever beside Elizabeth's lovely one.

"You'll have to hurry," warned Elizabeth, holding her coat for her. "We're late now."

"I know." She must do something. She remembered perfume someone had given her, snatched at the stopper, let two-thirds dash down her dress. "Oh, see what I've done. And it smells wretched."

"Hurry and change."

"I haven't anything else. There isn't time to change. No. Please don't wait. I didn't much want to go, anyway."

But she did want to go, she reflected, as she watched Elizabeth cross the street. She saw girls go laughingly toward the big white house at the end of the block . . . caught flashes of bright blue, orange and pink under their long slim coats.

"I'll have to have a breakdown and not go anywhere any more. But Elizabeth's birthday will soon be here. She'll insist that I come to her party." Tears blinded. "Oh, it's wretched being poor!"

She examined dresses in her closet . . . an old brown velvet, a soiled tan silk. Wee hope returned. She opened a fashion magazine and turned through the pages. If the silk could be renovated, combined with the brown.

She put on the brown, wrapped the other in a newspaper, and ran across the way to Mrs. Moore's. But Mrs. Moore shook her head. "They would combine beautifully. But I have more orders than I can handle for two months. You'll find other dressmakers just as busy. There really aren't enough of us—anywhere."

Ann searched the shops. She found dresses of moire and canton, dresses she didn't dare try on because they were priced $35, $45, $50. She'd have to go without new shoes, hat, gloves, hose for a year. . . .

Then she saw bargain silk in a window. "$1.25 a yard," said a welcome sign. She turned thoughtfully homeward. The air held promise of spring. A red geranium flaunted itself in a window. "Days like this just make you want new clothes," she thought wistfully.

Her room was heavy with perfume. She raised a window. The girls were coming home from the party. Elizabeth would run in next, bubbling with news of good times. She musn't let Elizabeth know how she was feeling. She seized the magazine and lay down to read.

Here so many patterns and materials were described that if one could only make one's own clothes decently. . . . She turned a page. Interest became intense.

She was cutting a coupon when Elizabeth rushed into the room. She thrust the magazine and scissors under the pillow.

"SHE says," Elizabeth explained to friends six weeks later, "she says the doctor told her she had a bad case of nerves and mustn't go anywhere for a month. She's the calmest acting person for a bad case of nerves I ever saw! And if not going anywhere means rushing madly down-town every day and running blocks and blocks to catch the mailman—she's obeying doctor's orders to perfection!"

"But Elizabeth, you see her so often. Surely you know what she's doing."

"Not a thing. When I go to her room, I have to knock and knock, and then fifteen minutes later, after something's been tucked out of sight, she unlocks the door and pokes around her quiet little head and says with a funny, twisted smile, 'Oh, it's you. I *thought* I heard someone knocking.' "

"But did you ever see anyone so happy? She's enjoying her bad case of nerves all right."

"I think her letters make her happy," remarked Elizabeth. "She never used to get any. Now the postman stops often—sometimes with big, mysterious packages too. You'd think her birthday was almost here instead of mine. That's one thing, though. She really has promised to come to my party."

FIFTEEN minutes after Elizabeth's party had begun, Ann rushed into the room, hugging a dark coat tightly about her, a pale scarf covering her head.

Elizabeth grabbed her. "So the doctor gave you permission to come?"

Ann's voice came laughingly from the folds. "No—No! My nerves are still—terribly shattered!" She dashed into the dressing-room, pulled the curtains close.

The boys came up. "Where's Ann?" The girls gathered, shook the curtains, "Ann!"

Violins began tuning for the first dance. There was a breathless stir of curtains. The folds parted—

Then out stepped Ann!

A kind of glorified, shining Ann—in turquoise blue taffeta, with cream lace yoke, with rose and silver nosegays at the waist, with eyes sparkling with joy and happiness!

"Ann!"

Ann curtsied, stroked the bouffant folds. *"This* is my case of nerves," she laughed mischievously. "And come to my house to-morrow—all you who like dresses! I'll show you all the other little nerves!"

SHE was still radiant with the success of taffeta-at-a-party when the girls flocked in next day, exclaiming at the bright jersey she wore with its soft broadcloth trimmings. She turned to the closet, showed them a navy twill with linen collar and bright-colored yarn, a rich brown-and-yellow frock.

"I made them!" she flung out triumphantly. "The Woman's Institute showed me how! That navy twill cost only $5.75. That blue taffeta $10. This red jersey $24.30. The Institute helped me buy them!" She opened a bureau drawer.

"I made this apron and these fluffy camisoles and this Japanese kimono in just the first few lessons. The Institute sent some of the materials—free! And letters—!" She caught up a bunch from the table. "Such delightful personal letters they write! Mrs. Picken —director of instruction—wrote most of them, and she helped me—oh, in so many ways."

She took the made-over frock from its hook and revealed exquisite embroidery. "This cost me—guess! Forty-seven cents! Just the cost of the embroidery pattern and thread."

"But Ann—how did you learn of the Institute?"

"Through a booklet, 'Making Beautiful Clothes.' I mailed a coupon that brought it. There never was a luckier two-cent stamp! I'll tell the rest as soon as you've got through gasping—but hurry!" She flashed a sudden glance into the mirror, flushed happily for once at what she saw. "Hurry, for I can't wait to tell you the whole story. Every one of you will be wanting to write the Institute before night!"

DON'T you want to write the Woman's Institute before night too? Just the tiniest word of interest will bring you free the booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," with the full story of what the Institute can do for you.

It tells how you can have lovely dresses just in free minutes at home—make them at tiniest cost . . . give them little striking touches that make them distinctively becoming to you . . . be ready for happy times . . . make money.

A stamp may bring you, too, more good luck than you ever had before. Won't you send a letter, postal or this coupon so we can start the booklet to you by return mail?

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 41-E, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your 48-page booklet, *"Making Beautiful Clothes."* I am most interested in learning—

- ☐ How to Plan and Make Attractive Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money Sewing for Others
- ☐ How to Become a Professional Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Design and Make Becoming Hats
- ☐ How to Become a Successful Milliner
- ☐ The Art of Successful Cookery

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

THIS IS THE SEASON FOR CHICKENS

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

NOTE—*Chicken! How many ways do you serve it? Fricasseed, perhaps, or broiled, fried or roasted—the same old ways all the time? Yet there are plenty of new and toothsome recipes for preparing chicken. Several of them are given here. And if you want still others, chicken creole, for instance, or chicken with peppers or with bechamel sauce, write our Home-Makers' Department, enclosing a stamped return envelope. We'll send them all to you.*



If you want a festive chicken dish, we suggest boned chicken stuffed with veal and truffles. It is here shown as prepared and served at the Hotel Majestic, New York City, under the direction of the far-famed chef, Edouard Panchard

FOWLS of varying ages are always with us. Roasters, either from the Philadelphia, Western or local markets, appear about the first of September and continue until April. Capons are available from October to February. Spring chickens, broilers and fryers, rare and expensive, make their appearance about the first of April. The supply continues to increase and the price to decrease until the last of May, when the broiler season may be said to be at its height. The milk-fed chicken appears in July.

In hot climates it is customary to buy chickens alive, dress them and cook them at once; but where the weather is cooler or where there is ample refrigeration space it is better to kill and prepare the chicken immediately and then let it hang to ripen for at least twenty-four hours before cooking. Two or three days is even better.

There are two methods of removing the feathers from a chicken. One is to plunge it into boiling water; then the feathers come off very easily. But patches of skin may come off with the feathers, thus giving the chicken an unattractive, blotched appearance. There may be some loss of flavor also. The other method is to "dry pick" it. This takes much more time, but both appearance and flavor are better than when the wet method is used.

Before sallying forth to buy a chicken at the butcher's shop, the thrifty housewife will do well to become acquainted with the characteristics of an ideal Spring chicken. In order to secure as tender a one as she wishes, she should first examine the breast-bone. If it be soft and flexible at the tip, bending easily, the chicken is young. She next examines the breast. If it is round and plump with streaks of fat beneath the skin, there is much meat of rich and delicate flavor. Then if the skin is clean and white, firm and smooth, showing many pin-feathers instead of long hairs, it is indeed a Spring chicken. If, furthermore, the legs are short and the feet yellow with soft spurs, the comb bright red and eyes clear, she gathers the broiler into her market-basket and proceeds on her homeward way rejoicing.

Fryers are smaller than roasting chickens and larger than broilers. They should weigh from three to three and one-half pounds, while broilers weigh from two to two and one-half pounds. Individual broilers, sometimes called squab chickens, come from three-fourths to one and three-fourths pounds.

BROILED CHICKEN

Allow one-half of a broiler or one squab chicken for each serving. If you wish to prepare the chicken for broiling, proceed as follows: Remove the feathers, then singe the chicken by holding it over a flame and turning it so that all parts come in contact with the flame. This removes residual feathers and gives a firmer texture to the skin. Cut off the head and neck close to the breast-bone and the legs close to the knee-joint. Split the chicken down the middle of the back. Open the carcass and remove the contents. Next cut out the ribs and breast-bone; this facilitates carving. Lastly, cut through the tendons. When ready to broil, wipe well with a damp cloth, place flat between the wires of a broiler if it is to be cooked over hot coals, or on the wire frame over a broiling-pan if it is to be cooked in a broiling-oven. Allow ten to fifteen minutes for a squab chicken and fifteen to thirty minutes for a broiler. Sear first on the flesh side and then on the skin side. The rest of the cooking should be mainly on the flesh side.

Another way is to place the chicken skin side down in the pan, sprinkle with pepper and salt, spread with butter, cover and cook in the oven for fifteen minutes and then brown in the broiler; or cover and cook for twenty-five minutes, uncover, turn skin side up and brown.

To serve, place the halves of chicken on a hot platter so that they overlap, sprinkle with salt and pepper (if this has not been done during the cooking process), and spread with plenty of soft butter. Surround with rice or potato croquettes or mashed-potato nests filled with buttered green peas or asparagus tips, and garnish with watercress or parsley and slices of onion. Broiled chicken served with a green salad, finger rolls and a frozen dessert makes a most delicious luncheon.

There are many other ways of cooking and serving Spring chickens that are most attractive.

FRIED CHICKEN WITH SAUCE TARTARE

One chicken will make four servings. Prepare as for broiling and cut in four pieces, two leg pieces and two wing pieces. Marinate in well-salted French dressing and let stand in a cold place for one hour. Dip each piece in flour and fry one piece at a time in hot fat until golden brown in color. Put to drain on absorbent paper and keep the cooked pieces warm in the oven while the others are cooking.

Place the pieces of chicken on a hot platter, one piece overlapping the other, surround with tiny lettuce-leaf cups containing sauce tartare. For color place radish roses, tiny tomatoes or slices of tomato between the lettuce cups. If there is an objection to serving lettuce, tomatoes and radishes on the hot platter with the chicken, serve them in separate dishes and garnish the chicken with cress and slices of lemon. New potatoes in parsley butter, and string-beans or asparagus tips, may accompany this dish.

CHICKENS IN STOCK

Prepare chickens as for broiling and cut in four pieces. Heat four tablespoons of butter, salad-oil or other fat in an enamel saucepan. Season the chicken with pepper and salt and cook in the fat until all the pieces are a delicate, golden-brown color on all sides. Dust each piece with flour, add one pint of well-seasoned veal or chicken stock, cover and simmer gently until the chicken is tender. Remove to a hot platter, season the sauce—there should be about one cup—with the juice of one lemon and a tablespoon each of parsley and chives very finely minced. Pour over the chicken, garnish with toast points or serve with rice and beet and lettuce salad.

BONED CHICKEN

The ambitious hostess who desires a more elaborate dish for the formal luncheon may use boned chicken in some form if she can afford the expense and the time for preparation. The chicken may be boned at home or in the market as follows:

Prepare the chicken as for roasting by singeing it, removing pin-feathers, head, feet and tendons, and by drawing it. With a sharp-pointed knife loosen the flesh around the end of the drumstick and with the back of the knife scrape it free of the bone, gradually forcing it back along the bone by pushing and scraping until the first joint is reached. Break the joint, cut the bone of the drumstick free from the joint and begin on the other leg in the same way. Now cut off the tail of the chicken and starting from this point scrape and push the meat clear off the bones of the carcass until the hip-joints are reached. Work down the bone on each thigh, scraping and pushing the flesh down the leg until the bone is freed at the knee. Pull the bone up away from the flesh, break the hip-joint and cut the bone free of the carcass. Continue scraping and pushing the flesh clear from the carcass until the wing joints are reached. Cut off the tip of the wing and discard. Bone the wing in the same manner as the leg from the end of the second bone in the wing to the joint of the first, breaking and cutting this bone free and working from the carcass down to free the second bone as in the leg bones. Continue scraping and pushing the flesh from the bones around the carcass until the whole body of the chicken slips off the neck of the carcass a boneless, meaty mass, ready for stuffing and garnishing.

Boned chicken may be roasted, braised or jellied.

ROASTED BONED CHICKEN

Weigh the chicken and fill it with the following stuffing:

- 1 cup raw veal chopped very fine
- 1 cup bread-crums
- 1 tablespoon each of chopped ham or tongue and fat pork or bacon
- 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon each of onion-juice, thyme and salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Mix all together. Make into a roll and stuff the chicken. Sew up the chicken and press it into shape and truss and tie as for roast chicken. Cover the breast with thin slices of salt pork. Put in a roasting-pan and cook for fifteen minutes in an oven of 450 degrees Fahrenheit. Lower the heat to 350 degrees, cover the roaster and cook until tender, allowing twenty minutes for each pound of chicken. Put on a hot platter and serve with giblet sauce.

BRAISED BONED CHICKEN

Prepare and stuff as for roasting. In a roasting-pan slice a carrot, an onion and two or three stalks of celery. Add a bay-leaf, three cloves and twelve peppercorns. Lay the chicken on this bed of vegetables. Add enough good stock to cover the vegetables; cover and simmer about four hours. The chicken may be tied loosely in cheese-cloth during this process. Braised chicken may be served hot or it may be jellied and served cold.

STEWS AND FRYS

When chickens are to be stewed, fricasseed, fried or sautéd, they are first dressed as for roasting, then cut in pieces as follows: Cut off the legs and separate the drumsticks from the second joints. Next cut off the wings. Cut the breast from the back. Divide the breast lengthwise and the back crosswise.

CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Select a nice plump chicken and cut in pieces for frying. Prepare a mixture of salad-oil, lemon-juice, parsley, bay-leaf and seasoning by using two parts of salad-oil to one of lemon-juice. Vinegar may be substituted for lemon. First rub the pieces of chicken with the mixture and let them stand six hours. Drain, dip each piece in the white of an egg slightly beaten and fry in deep fat at 347 degrees Fahrenheit. Melt three tablespoons of butter, add three tablespoons of flour and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture bubbles. Add one cup of chicken stock and three-fourths of a teaspoon of salt and continue stirring until the mixture thickens. Sauté some mushrooms in a little butter and add these to the sauce. Stir in a cup of cream and just before serving add the beaten yolk of an egg, a tablespoon of chopped parsley and, if desired, the juice of a lemon. Arrange the chicken on a hot platter alternately with stuffed peppers and serve the sauce in a separate dish. Or place the chicken on pieces of toast and pour the sauce around it.



Her habit of measuring time in terms of dollars gives the woman in business keen insight into the true value of a Ford closed car for her personal use.

This car enables her to conserve minutes, to expedite her affairs, to widen the scope of her activities. Its low first cost, long life and inexpensive operation and upkeep convince her that it is a sound investment value.

And it is such a pleasant car to drive that it transforms the business call which might be an interruption into an enjoyable episode of her busy day.

TUDOR SEDAN, $590 FORDOR SEDAN, $685 COUPE, $525 (All prices f. o. b. Detroit)

Ford
CLOSED CARS

18 cooking hints from





A prize Lemon Meringue Pie

1 cupful sugar
2 tablespoonfuls (rounded) corn starch
1 lemon
2 eggs
2 cupfuls boiling water

Add the grated rind and juice of the lemon to the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light and then add the corn starch, which has been dissolved in a little cold water. Mix this thoroughly with the lemon and sugar. Put in a double boiler and add the boiling water. Cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. Cool.

Pastry—1½ cupfuls flour
½ cupful Crisco
½ teaspoonful salt
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls ice water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in with two knives until about the consistency of coarse meal. Use only enough ice water to hold together and handle as little as possible: roll to desired thickness, cover an inverted pie tin to keep it in shape, prick well with fork to prevent bubbles, and bake.

Cool after baking, add the filling and cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of two eggs until stiff and dry, and adding 4 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar.

Return to oven and brown.

Jelly Layer Cake

(Notice what a delightful appearance the cake has)

1 cupful Crisco
2 cupfuls sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful milk
5 eggs
4 cupfuls flour
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder

Cream the Crisco and sugar together. Add salt and eggs well beaten. Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with milk. Bake in Criscoed layer cake tins in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. When cool, spread currant jelly between the layers and cover the top with white icing.



THIS is the home of Mrs. Wolf, one of the housekeepers referred to on the opposite page. Three of Mrs. Wolf's favorite recipes are printed on this page.



Delicious—and Digestible—Doughnuts

1 cupful sugar
5 tablespoonfuls Crisco
3 eggs
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1½ teaspoonfuls salt
1 cupful milk
1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg
flour to make soft dough

From 4½ to 5 cupfuls flour sifted before measuring. Cream Crisco, add sugar gradually, and eggs well beaten. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately to egg mixture. Roll out as soft as can be handled. Cut with cutter and fry in hot Crisco. Heat Crisco until crumb of bread becomes golden brown in sixty seconds. Sufficient for thirty doughnuts.





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one tiny suburban section

Mabel Ransom's story of a day spent in a charming village

MOST of the following is taken almost word for word from the notes of Mabel Ransom, a young girl who recently called on hundreds of women in order to keep us, the men who make Crisco, in sympathetic touch with the day-to-day cooking problems of the women who use it. If you carefully read Mabel Ransom's account together with the recipes on the opposite page you will find eighteen hints or suggestions for delicious home cooking.

"First," she comments, "I approached the charming home of Mrs. Wolf. 'I came to see you about Crisco,' I said, in explanation of my unusual errand.

" 'Well, isn't that surprising!' said Mrs. Wolf. 'I use it, and everyone in this whole block uses it, as we all learned one day when Crisco happened to come into the conversation at a neighborhood club meeting.'

"After a friendly chat with Mrs. Wolf I called upon Mrs. Drake, an Englishwoman whose house and yard were overflowing with children. Only two were hers —the rest were a party. She met me at the kitchen door from which came the aroma of good things to eat.

" 'Yes, indeed, I use Crisco, in fact I am using it now,' said Mrs. Drake in answer to my question. 'Why do I prefer it? Well, because it makes such good things, that's all. Such tender cakes—and pie crusts that are ever so flaky. And when you fry things with Crisco the food doesn't take up the fat but cooks to a nice, crispy brown.'

Versatile! Digestible! Delicate! Fresh!

"Across the street from Mrs. Drake lives Mrs. Brown, another Crisco enthusiast. She prefers Crisco because it is the one shortening she knows of that she can use for any kind of cooking—for such simple things as frying eggs and also for the most elaborate cakes or pies. I asked Mrs. Brown for some of her favorite recipes and she gave me several, all neatly typed on cards. In handing them to me she said, 'Whenever they call for butter I just use Crisco.'

"Next I went into the home of a food expert—a woman who divides her time between her profession (food chemistry) and her delightfully managed home. From her scientific training had come a special knowledge of Crisco's purity." *(Crisco, you know, is a vegetable shortening made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants.)*

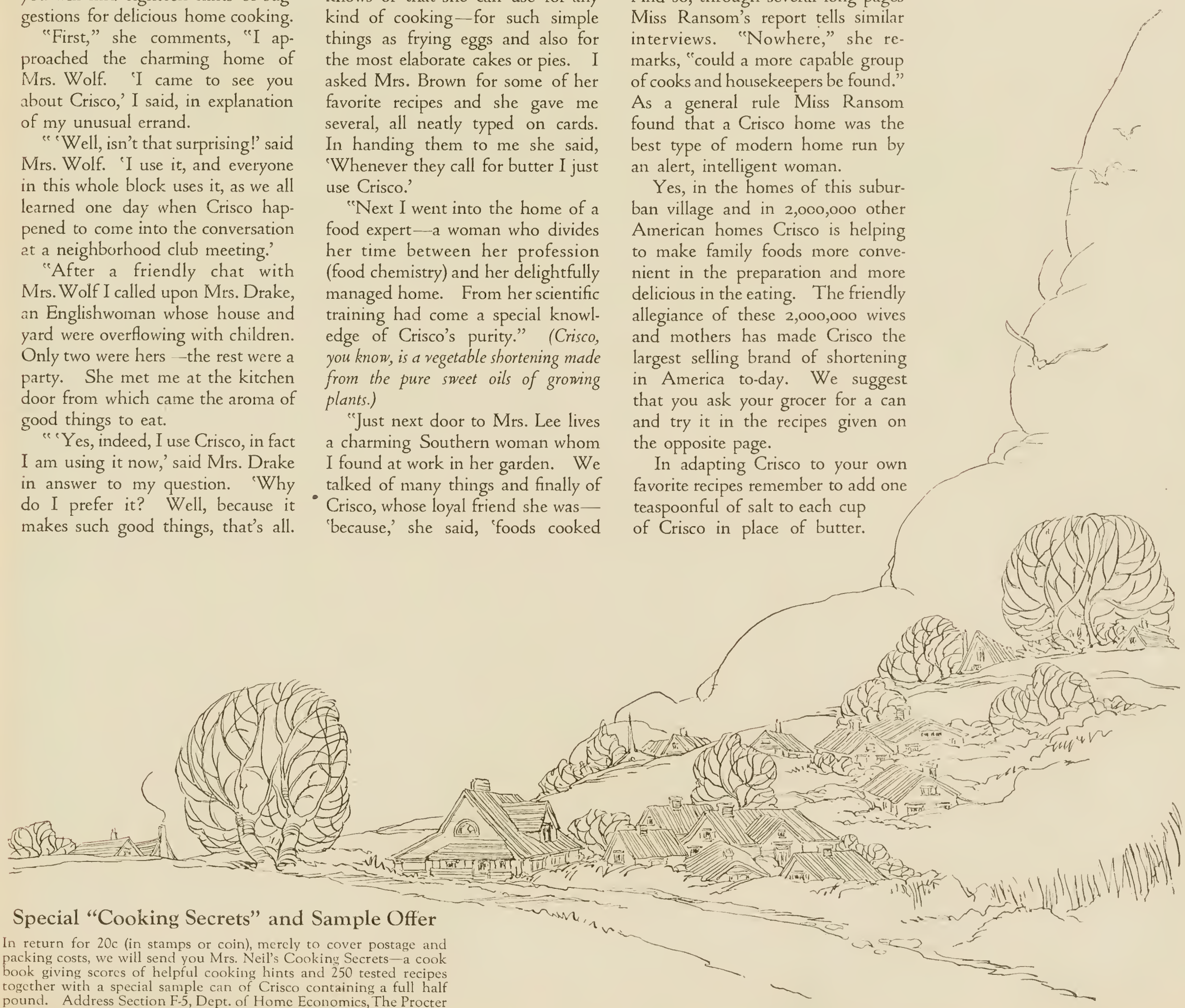
"Just next door to Mrs. Lee lives a charming Southern woman whom I found at work in her garden. We talked of many things and finally of Crisco, whose loyal friend she was—'because,' she said, 'foods cooked with it have such nice, delicate flavors —the real food flavors, not the flavor of the shortening; because you don't have to put it in the ice box to keep it sweet and fresh. And' (she attached a lot of importance to this) 'because in deep frying it is free from smoke and from the unpleasant odor which sometimes clings to draperies for days.' "

2,000,000 women prefer it

And so, through several long pages Miss Ransom's report tells similar interviews. "Nowhere," she remarks, "could a more capable group of cooks and housekeepers be found." As a general rule Miss Ransom found that a Crisco home was the best type of modern home run by an alert, intelligent woman.

Yes, in the homes of this suburban village and in 2,000,000 other American homes Crisco is helping to make family foods more convenient in the preparation and more delicious in the eating. The friendly allegiance of these 2,000,000 wives and mothers has made Crisco the largest selling brand of shortening in America to-day. We suggest that you ask your grocer for a can and try it in the recipes given on the opposite page.

In adapting Crisco to your own favorite recipes remember to add one teaspoonful of salt to each cup of Crisco in place of butter.



Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Address Section F-5, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati. Ohio.

WILD GREENS THAT ARE GOOD TO EAT

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

TRULY a dinner of wild Spring greens is better than one which lacks the minerals necessary for good red blood and the elements necessary for energy and vitality. The Spring is the time, too, when a punch must be given to meals in the way of tonic substances for which, before the day of the dietitian, man resorted to a prescription or a bottle of patent medicine.

Long before the garden furnishes anything but asparagus, Mother Nature has provided a wide variety of edible pot herbs and salad plants by which man in a less civilized state profited greatly. As soon as the snow melts, watercress may be found growing in the streams, wintercress in the yards and meadows and leeks or wild onions in swampy woodlands. Watercress is excellent for salads; wintercress may be used either fresh for salads or cooked as greens. The leeks are chopped and used in salads, creamed potatoes or scrambled eggs. If cooked in a small quantity of water with a pinch of soda, they may be served with butter on toast.

In late March and early April the dandelion, narrow or curly leaf dock, field sorrel, live-forever and horseradish make their appearance. Dandelion, dock and horseradish are often combined and give a very pleasing flavor.

By the middle of April or early in May the marsh marigold makes its appearance in the marshes and wet meadows. This plant should be gathered just before flowering. By constant cutting the plants may be kept in good condition for many weeks.

Those who live near the seashore may gather chicory or wild succory. The rosettes or root leaves are used for cooking and if blanched may be used for salads. In the salt marshes grosswort or samphire also grows and may be cooked for greens or pickled in vinegar and used in salads. From the woods and hillsides the uncurled first fronds of the bracken and cinnamon fern may be gathered. The woolly outer covering must be stripped off before they are eaten.

During May nettle, burdock, milkweed, mustard and false solomon's-seal, ragweed and purslane and parsley are ready for use. The juicy green stems of burdock must be carefully peeled and either eaten raw with salt in the same way that celery is eaten or boiled in a small quantity of water and served buttered.

By midsummer the leaves and tender tips of the young alfalfa may be gathered for greens. Alfalfa is a rich source of vitamins for the friendly cow, who turns them over highly concentrated for human consumption in milk products. Those who eat alfalfa greens are simply shortening the process.

Whether or not the wild greens are to be enjoyed depends largely on the preparation, seasoning and general attractiveness of the product. To the country-bred person a hankering for a "mess" of greens may not yet have been supplanted by a taste for hot house and garden plants.

Only young tender plants, tips and leaves should be gathered for cooking. All greens should be looked over carefully, the wilted or coarse leaves, stalks and stems should be removed and then thoroughly washed. This is best accomplished by plunging the greens into warm water and washing them by rubbing them between the hands as if they were cloth. Lift them from the water (never pour the water off, as this leaves the sediment in the greens) and plunge them into another pan of water. Continue washing until no trace of sand is left. Then place the greens in cold water to get crisp. Drain them, and if they are to be used for salads, absorb all excess moisture and further crisp them by placing them in a towel on ice or in a cool place.

When plain greens are cooked, they should be drained, chopped, seasoned with salt and pepper and placed in a hot skillet in which hot butter or bacon fat and a little minced onion is waiting. Cook in this manner for several minutes before serving.



The kitchen scissors are never more useful than when snipping tender dandelions for a Spring salad. Onions, cucumbers and carrots add color and flavor which the French dressing brings out

SOUP OF GREENS

1 pint milk
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup of greens rubbed to a pulp
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 slices bacon
The yolk of one hard-cooked egg

Make a sauce of the first three ingredients. Mince the bacon and fry until it is a light-brown color. Add the onion and sauté everything mixed thus far. If mild-flavored greens are used, save the water in which they were cooked and add it to the pulp. Combine all the ingredients except the egg-yolk. Stir well. When ready to serve, add the yolk, which should have been rubbed through a sieve.

GREENS IN BEET CUPS

Use whole canned beets or cook beets of uniform size and shape in boiling water until tender. Drop into cold water and slip off skins. Remove the centers of the beets to form cups. Brush the inside of the cups with melted butter and salt slightly. Place over hot water to keep hot.

Use any hot cooked greens, drained and chopped. To one pint of greens add two hard-cooked eggs cut in small pieces, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well and fill the beet cups heaping full of the greens. Chop fine some of the center removed from the beets and sprinkle over the top of the greens.

HOT GREENS ON TOAST

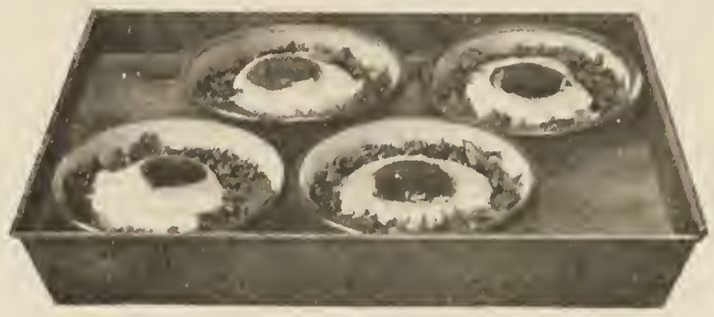
1 pint cooked greens
1 tablespoon onion-juice
2 tablespoons horseradish
¼ cup sour cream
Salt and pepper to taste
Crisp bacon
Cucumber pickle

Chop the greens and heat. Add all the other ingredients except the bacon and pickle. Season well with salt and pepper. Have ready slices of hot toast one-fourth inch thick. Spread the mixture of greens evenly over the toast. Place three or four slices of crisp bacon on top of the greens and add one tablespoon of minced cucumber pickle.

GREENS À LA REINE

½ tablespoon chopped onion
½ tablespoon butter or butter substitute
1 quart spinach greens
1 tablespoon flour
Salt and pepper
1 cup milk
3½ tablespoons grated cheese
3 eggs
6 cooked shrimps

Cook the onion in the butter or butter substitute, add the greens which have been washed and chopped, and fry quickly. Add flour and milk and cook until it thickens. Season with salt and pepper, add grated cheese and when it starts to boil remove from the fire and add well-beaten egg-whites, then the beaten yolks, and bake in a very hot oven for ten minutes. Garnish with the shrimps.



Even if they are atop of greens, these eggs must be baked in hot water

GREENS IN RAMEKINS

Greens, cooked, drained, chopped and seasoned to taste with salt and pepper, butter, grated cheese and eggs. Fill greased ramekins two-thirds full of the cooked greens. On top of each filled ramekin drop a freshly broken egg. Add salt, paprika and sprinkle with grated cheese. Set the ramekins in a pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven until the egg is set and the cheese melted.

LEEKS AU GRATIN

12 leeks
6 potatoes
1 cup medium white sauce
½ cup grated cheese
Bread-crums
Salt and pepper

Cook the leeks in boiling water; boil and slice the potatoes; arrange the vegetables in a baking-dish and pour the white sauce over them. Add the cheese, bread-crums and seasoning, and bake for fifteen minutes.

GREEN AND WHITE SALAD

½ pound watercress
1 cup tart apples
1 cup crisp celery
1 small onion
Salt, paprika
French dressing
Boiled dressing

Select small tender cress. Wash carefully and chill to crisp. Cut in small pieces and add the minced onion. Marinate with French dressing. Form a border of the cress in a bowl or on a salad-plate. Peel the apples and dice, cut the celery in small pieces, add salt and mix well with mayonnaise dressing. Place this mixture inside the border. Place a spoon of dressing on top and sprinkle with finely minced cress.

DANDELION SALAD

½ pound dandelions
3 green onions
½ cup grated raw carrot
1 cup cubed cucumber
French dressing
½ cup grated cheese

Cut fresh crisp dandelions in small pieces. Mince the onions and combine the first four ingredients. Toss well together with French dressing. When ready to serve, sprinkle cheese over the top.

COMBINATION CRESS SALAD

½ pound winter or water cress
1 orange
2 tart apples, diced
⅓ cup English walnuts broken in pieces
French dressing

Remove the coarse stalks from cress, wash well and place in a clean towel until the moisture is absorbed and the cress crisp. Remove the peel and all the white portion of the skin from the orange. Cut in quarters and slice crosswise in thin slices. Combine the ingredients and marinate well with French dressing.

SPRING SANDWICHES

1 cup crisp greens cut fine
½ minced pimiento
½ cup cottage-cheese
⅓ cup chopped nuts, walnuts or pecans
Salt, paprika
Mayonnaise dressing

Mix the ingredients with mayonnaise dressing to moisten. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread. Cover with a second slice of buttered bread and cut in any shape preferred. Garnish with a few of the uncut leaves of greens. Stuffed olives, pickles or raisins may be chopped fine and added or substituted for the cheese.

ASPARAGUS SOUP

1 pint white stock
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup asparagus-pulp
1 teaspoon onion-juice
Minced parsley
Toast squares

Make a sauce from the stock, flour, butter and milk. Cook tough ends of asparagus, or entire stalks if preferred, until soft. Rub the asparagus through a sieve, reserving the stock in which it was cooked, and add it to the pulp. Combine this with the sauce. Add onion-juice and salt and pepper to taste. Let stand over heat for a few minutes to develop flavor. Serve with small pieces of toasted bread and minced parsley.

SCALLOPED ASPARAGUS

2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Salt, pepper
2 bunches (about 1 quart) of asparagus
2 eggs-yolks
1 cup bread-crums

Make a white sauce of the milk, butter and flour and season to taste with salt and pepper. Cook the asparagus until tender, drain and add it to the white sauce. Add the beaten yolks and turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish. Cover with crums and brown in a moderate oven.

ASPARAGUS-AND-PINEAPPLE SALAD

2 slices canned pineapple
¼ cup English walnuts sliced
1 cup crisp celery cut in small pieces
1 pint cooked asparagus cut in inch pieces
French dressing
Mayonnaise dressing

Mix the pineapple, celery and walnuts with mayonnaise dressing. Form in a mound for an individual serving on a lettuce leaf. Make a border of the cooked asparagus which has been prepared with the French dressing.

SALAD OF COLD GREENS

1 pint cold cooked greens (chopped)
1 cup finely cut celery
2 tablespoons celery, relish or tomato catchup
½ cup minced cold boiled ham
2 tablespoons minced onion
French dressing

Mix the salad ingredients lightly together and just before serving pour French dressing over them.

FOOD *and* NOURISHMENT
are two very different things

"Access to abundance of food does not necessarily protect from the effects of food deficiency."
—*Jl. Amer. Med. Ass'n.*

"We now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people in the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."
—*American Home Diet*

"It is the food digested, not the food swallowed, that really counts."
—*Food Facts*

One of the most important means, not only of building up the body, but of preventing deterioration of the body in disease, is through proper nutrition.

If you want to keep on patching your (human) house, keep on eating the wrong things. If you want to get and keep your house in order, eat food your body can digest.

Eat "what you want to eat" but see that the food you do eat is such that your body can turn it into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest.

"The proper starting of the digestive process . . . is conditioned by the satisfactions of the palate, and the consequent flow of the first digestive fluids."
—*Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage*

"After diet comes the mastication. Every organ of the body is improved by use, and proper chewing of hard, resistant foods gives the mouth the exercise it needs to help make it self-cleansing, and to keep it healthy and normal."
—*Bulletin issued by the Dept. of Public Health, Mass.*

Don't take away from any one organ the legitimate work it should do. Don't baby it but don't overload it.

Grape-Nuts is in a form that makes you chew. This makes your mouth do its work which, if it doesn't do, your stomach must do in addition to its own.

Food is what you eat -
Nourishment is what your body gets out of it—*what it can digest*

Your table can groan under food and yet you can still suffer from malnutrition

Almost one-half of all the food we consume as a nation comes from the grains.

Nearly three-fourths of the carbohydrates (starches and sugars) are produced in the grains, *and the carbohydrates are your greatest source of strength and vitality —your power to do work.*

Yet even with this great consumption of grains or cereals, even with our tables loaded with every kind of food, one out of three of the American people suffers from some form of *malnutrition.*

Headaches, anæmia, decayed teeth, constipation, dyspepsia — these are a few of the ills that doctors, dentists and the biological chemists are more and more tracing to the door of *malnutrition.*

With our nation so rich in foodstuffs, how can this condition persist? Why?

Because of the way we live nowadays, these authorities say, many of us are making our bodies attempt to digest foods by brute force, and our digestive organs rebel. Then follow lassitude, disability, and a train of ills.

To avoid malnutrition, to properly nourish your body, you must not only eat the right food, but your food must be in a form your body can easily digest and transform into strength and vitality

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need in the form your body can digest.

Unless the carbohydrates your system needs are properly prepared they are hard for your body to take care of. They may become a burden and their great nourishment-value lost.

In Grape-Nuts they are *dextrinized,* that is, they are broken down into a form the body readily digests and turns into vigorous health and strength.

This delicious food is made from pure wheat and malted barley, slow-baked by a special process that transforms the carbohydrates so that the body readily utilizes them.

All the nutriment of the grains is retained—including the precious mineral salts which science is each day setting more and more store by.

In a form which you must chew

You can't help chewing Grape-Nuts. There is no escape. The crisp, brown kernels force you to chew. Not like something that is tough, which, if you don't remember, you will unconsciously swallow. You chew Grape-Nuts because you want to and enjoy it.

This good hard chewing gives the necessary exercise to teeth and gums and *it is the first step to digestion.*

With Grape-Nuts digestion starts in the mouth — where it *should* start.

Most people like Grape-Nuts best with cream or milk poured at the side of the saucer so as to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains.

Tomorrow for breakfast eat Grape-Nuts. Eat it every day and at the end of the first week see how much better you feel. All grocers have it. All restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion. The Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.



Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains.

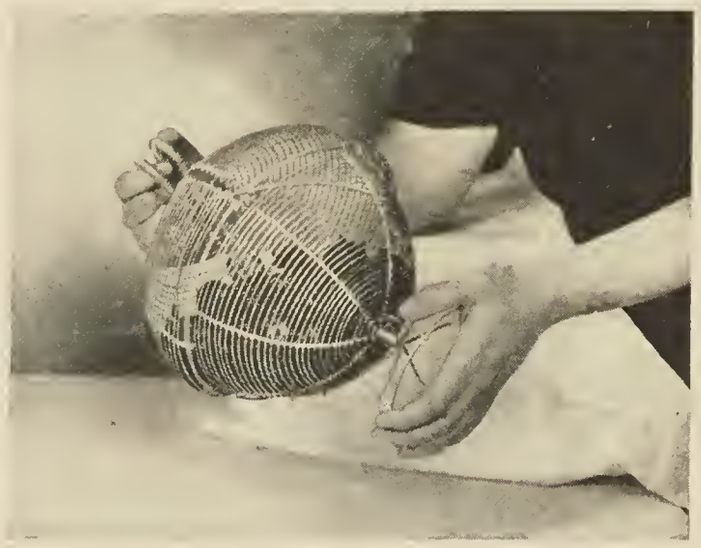
THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT FOR CANNING

By Winifred Moses

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

TO HAVE a happy and successful canning season one must have the proper equipment. Rows of sparklingly beautiful canned fruits and vegetables, jams and jellies are the joy and pride of every housewife; but they should be achieved with ease and pleasure in the work rather than by constant struggle with difficulties that come from the lack of equipment or the use of makeshifts. Too much depends on the success of this phase of housework to undertake canning with anything but a high degree of preparedness.

In selecting your canning equipment, keep in mind that too much equipment is as bad as too little and poor equipment is worse than none. As far as possible, select equipment that can be used for other purposes than canning. Learn to plan your canning operations and to organize your equipment and materials in an arrangement with which you can work with ease and without awkwardness and loss of motion.



This wire basket for washing berries for canning can be used also for salad greens



A strawberry-huller held between thumb and forefinger operates without waste or stain

EQUIPMENT FOR ACCURACY OF MEASUREMENT

A certain amount of equipment is necessary in order to make accurate measurements.

1. Measuring-cups—both of tin and of glass.
2. Quart measures of tin and agateware.
3. A pair of kitchen scales for weighing when materials are to be handled in pounds.
4. A clock. Often the success or failure of a product depends on the time.
5. A saccharimeter to measure the density of sugar sirups. While this piece of equipment is not necessary, it is decidedly of use. A tall bottle in which to test the sirup goes with this. The tall slim bottles in which olives are packed are excellent for this purpose.
6. A salometer, for measuring the density of brines in putting up pickles.
7. A spatula or case-knife for leveling the measurements.

EQUIPMENT USED IN PREPARATION

For this purpose the following equipment will be needed:

1. A good stiff vegetable-brush for cleaning vegetables.
2. Three large agate, enamel or aluminum pans, or three large earthenware bowls: one to hold the fruit or vegetables, one to wash them in and a third to put them in after they have been washed.
3. A good-size colander of agate or enamel, or a large sieve, is sometimes needed for draining.
4. Sharp paring-knives of good non-staining steel.
5. Sharp slicing-knives, also of good steel. No thrifty housewife should stint herself on good sharp knives either in canning or any other type of food preparation.
6. If food preservation is to be done on a large scale, it may be advisable to invest in one of the vegetable-slicing machines. These are useful not only at canning time but throughout the year for slicing cabbage for salad, potatoes for saratoga chips and oranges for marmalade. They are invaluable also in preparing vegetables and fruit for home drying.
7. An apple-corer. This piece of equipment is always useful.
8. A good grater for removing skins from oranges or lemons and for preparing fruit to make honeys.

EQUIPMENT FOR BLANCHING AND THE COLD DIP

For this part of the work it is necessary to have—

1. A kettle large enough to completely immerse the food that is to be blanched. If this container is of aluminum, the water will heat more quickly than it would in a container of agate or enamel.
2. A wire basket. This also is a piece of equipment that has many other uses.
3. If the wire basket is not available, a piece of cheese-cloth.
4. A pan for the cold water for the cold dip. One of the pans that were used in the preparation may be used for this purpose.
5. Another pan to put the fruit in as it comes from the cold dip. Here again one of the pans used in preparation may be utilized.
6. A paring-knife to remove skins.
7. A sink-strainer to put the refuse in.
8. A pan to carry the blanched material from the blanching vessel to the cold dip.

EQUIPMENT NECESSARY FOR THE OPEN-KETTLE METHOD

1. A container to hold the jars that are to be sterilized. It should be big enough to contain sufficient water to cover the jars completely. (This piece of equipment is not necessary if the food is to be put up by the cold-pack method.)
2. A rack or clean cloth to put in the bottom of the sterilizer.
3. A knife or spoon or some other utensil to lift the jars and covers from the sterilizer so that they need not be touched with the hands. These, and also the funnels and ladles, should be sterilized with the jars.
4. A big kettle of porcelain, agate or aluminum to cook the prepared fruit. In the case of jelly, this should have a capacity of four times the amount of juice to be cooked.
5. Long-handled ladles of agate or enamel are needed. There should be one with a lip suitable for pouring the material into the jars, and one with perforations for straining out the juice or sirup when packing the jars.
6. Funnels of tin, aluminum, enamel or agate aid in the filling of the jars. There should be one with a narrow mouth and one with a wide mouth.
7. In addition to these there should be wooden spoons for stirring and testing.

EQUIPMENT NECESSARY FOR THE COLD PACK

For the cold-pack method, in addition to the equipment listed for measurement, preparation, blanching and the cold dip, there is further equipment needed for processing.

1. First there are the pressure cookers. Canning under pressure is the surest way of killing all micro-organisms. Those made of aluminum are the easiest to handle. Not only are pressure cookers very useful in canning, but they are invaluable in cooking tough cuts of meat, whole cereals or, in fact, any food that requires long cooking. The rules for using and caring for the cooker are very simple and easy to learn. There should be a rack in the bottom on which the cans are placed and another to hold the cans and in which they can be lifted from the cooker.
2. Since some foods do not require cooking at a very high temperature, water-bath equipment is also necessary.

(a) This may be home-made, in which case it may consist of a wash-boiler with a wooden rack in the bottom. This will hold from twelve to sixteen jars at a time. If fewer jars are to be processed at one time, any container big enough to hold the rack, the jars and sufficient water to cover the latter at least an inch above the top will make a very satisfactory water-bath.

(b) Or it may be a commercial cooker. These usually come fitted with racks that contain eight sections and are valuable in that they are easy to handle.

3. Some fruits retain more of their original flavor if processed below the boiling-point. Only soft fruits, such as plums, which contain considerable acid or other natural preservatives can be canned in this way.

(a) Any steamer may be used for this purpose.

(b) An oven with a heat-regulator attached may also be utilized for canning these foods. A shallow pan is useful to set the cans in, since then all the cans can be handled at once.

4. Then there is the miscellaneous equipment necessary in the cold-pack method.

(a) The metal lifters. In choosing these care should be taken to get teeth that will not slip.

(b) The individual racks, which are very useful when using only two or three jars in an improvised water-bath.

(c) A saucepan in which to heat the water for filling the packed jars.

(d) A teaspoon and spatula for measuring salt.

(e) A wooden paddle or a case-knife for eliminating the air bubbles before adjusting the cover.

EQUIPMENT FOR JELLY-MAKING

The following extra equipment is needed in jellymaking:

1. A bag. This may be made of a square of Canton flannel folded cornerwise and two edges sewed together. The opening formed by the other two edges is the top of the bag. The sharp corner is cut off, the top hemmed and two tapes long enough to tie together and make a loop for hanging are sewed on opposite sides of the top. A standard with an iron ring to hold the jelly-bag is a great convenience in jellymaking.
2. Bowls are also needed to drain the juice in.
3. Sometimes a wooden potato-masher is useful in mashing up juicy fruit, such as grapes and currants.
4. A purée-strainer is excellent for separating pulp from seeds and skin in making conserves from the residue of fruit left in jellymaking.
5. An enamel or agate coffee-pot is very useful for pouring hot paraffin on the tops of the filled jelly-glasses.

CONTAINERS

Not the least important part of equipment in canning is the container. In selecting glass jars, the following points should be noted:

1. Jars of clear white glass give the product a better appearance.
2. Jars with wide mouths and straight sides are easier to pack, to empty and to wash.
3. Jars that are of simple construction and have few parts are easier to clean and to care for.

Earthenware crocks are excellent to store pickles, sauerkraut, eggs, marmalades, conserves and jams. These come in many attractive forms.

ARRANGEMENT OF EQUIPMENT

A second important factor which helps to make canning easy is the planning of the work and the arrangement of equipment to save extra steps and motions. One of the big steps forward that the present generation is making is the attempt to make an analysis of various jobs on hand. Women should not be behind hand in this respect. By beginning with one or two of the simpler jobs of the household, a woman can train herself not only to analyze her job and make it easier, but can also add zest to every hour of the day.

To eliminate all extra steps and unnecessary motions in canning, arrange your equipment and materials so that you can work from right to left. If you are left-handed, reverse the order. You will then find yourself proceeding logically from the fruit or vegetable at the right to the pan of water in which it is washed, the basket in which it is drained, the sink-strainer or dish in which refuse or parings are thrown, to the can or kettle in which the food is packed and then to the canner on the stove at the left terminal of the route. Your brushes, paring-knives, cheese-cloth, forks, spoons, ladles and other small equipment should be placed where they will be handiest.



This tool removes the eyes from pineapple. The parings should be saved for juice-making



You can melt, pour and even store your jelly paraffin in a most ordinary teapot

Nurse your baby



For those who believe in baby's rights

EVERY baby born into the world has one fundamental right which nobody can deny—the right to a healthy start in life.

This means that he is entitled to the healthiest possible surroundings and the best food that can be obtained to build up a strong, vigorous body.

Ordinarily, the safest and most perfect nourishment which a mother can give a baby is her own milk. It is a child's natural food which he has the right to demand. Breast milk furnishes all the requirements for an infant food. No formula has ever yet been discovered that can be considered anything but a second choice to mother's milk.

By all means, nurse your baby if you can. It is not only an obligation which you owe your child but the highest privilege which a mother can have.

Unfortunately, for one reason or another, many mothers are forced to resort to artificial feeding. Often a mother cannot supply sufficient nourishment for her baby. Or perhaps when she does nurse him he does not thrive as he should. And too, in these days of complex living and increased social and industrial obligations, mothers frequently are not able to nurse their babies for any length of time.

If for any reason you cannot nurse your baby be sure to select a food with the greatest care It should be as nearly like mother's milk as possible—absolutely pure—nourishing—easily digested.

More than a million babies have been brought up on Eagle Brand for these very reasons. As a breast milk substitute there is no better food for babies. Thousands of mothers endorse it. Many physicians recommend it in difficult feeding cases. Its remarkable record has made it the standard baby food wherever artificial feeding is necessary.

Eagle Brand is pure cow's milk and cane sugar combined by a special process that breaks down the hard, indigestible casein and makes it exceptionally digestible. It contains all the necessary food elements for correct nourishment in an absolutely safe, dependable form.

Its uniformity is guaranteed—every can the same, no matter where you buy it.

If you cannot nurse your baby, or if he is not thriving on his present diet, feed him Eagle Brand. It is a complete food in itself. *The Borden Company, 104 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

Baby's Welfare is an authoritative little book written by a physician for the benefit of young mothers. If you want help in solving the daily problems of feeding and caring for your baby, write for this guide. We will send it to you free.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK





When you let down the hem

CHILDREN *will* grow. A dress the right length in May is too short in August. But if you make their clothes of Fast Color Indian Head you have no worries. When you let down the hem you will find the color of the skirt has not changed a bit, for—

Indian Head is fast color—fast against sun and washing—and is guaranteed as follows:

If any article made of Indian Head fails to give proper service because of the fading or running of Indian Head colors, we will make good the total cost of the article.

Indian Head is a delightful material for the home dressmaker to "handle." It lies smooth beneath the paper pattern; scissors cut through it evenly; its vigorous weave and attractive finish show off machine stitching, hand sewing, or embroidery very well.



For 25 cents we will mail you material to make a delightful bag 9" x 12" of Fast Color Indian Head. State whether you prefer jade-and-mimosa-yellow or silver-and-peach.

Indian Head 36 inches wide comes in eighteen beautiful colors, all fast, at 60c a yard, and in seven widths in white, 18 to 63 inches, priced 25c to 90c.

Are the colors of your clothes always becoming to you? Our booklet, "Your Color and Why," will help you to choose your colors wisely and well. It is sent free upon request.

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Nashua Blankets, Gilbrae Ginghams
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INDIAN HEAD

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

On every yard of the **CLOTH**

©1924 Amory, Browne & Co., Boston & New York

MENUS FOR MAY

By Jessie Boys

These menus are based on the score-card shown on page 21 of this issue. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

ATTRACTIVE as well as skilful preparation of food, novelty in names of dishes, innovations in the way of garnishes and accessories and a seventh sense of seasoning, based on an instinct for flavor, may be a necessary part of the persuasive invitation to the family to eat what is good for it.

Incidentally, it is quite probable that the less menus have to be modified for the children who take their meals with the family the less rebellion and need for discipline will occur.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Strawberries and Cream
Whole-Wheat Biscuit with Hot Milk
Soft-cooked Eggs — *Graham Rolls*
Milk — *Coffee*

DINNER

Stewed Chicken—Milk Gravy
Dumplings — *Mashed Potatoes*
Buttered Asparagus — *Radishes*
Currant Jelly
Fruit Salad
Wafers
Caramel Custard — *Ice-Cream* — *Cookies*
Milk — *Coffee*

SUPPER

Cottage-Cheese and Whole-Wheat Bread Sandwiches
Strawberry Whip — *White Cake*
Milk — *Tea*

(The strawberry season is so brief that it is believed justifiable to use strawberries frequently.)

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Corn Flakes with Top Milk
Baked Potatoes — *Creamed Dried Beef*
Hot Rolls (Reheated)
Milk — *Coffee*

DINNER

Creamed Chicken — *Boiled Rice*
String-Beans
Dressed Lettuce — *Bread*
Junket with Whipped Cream — *Cookies*
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Corn Chowder — *Pilot Biscuit*
Cabbage-Banana-and-Peanut Salad
Spring Onions
Whole-Wheat Bread — *Apple Butter*
Rhubarb Tapioca
Cocoa

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Rhubarb Sauce
Granulated-Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Crisp Bacon — *Toast*
Orange Marmalade
Milk — *Coffee*

DINNER

Steak — *Boiled Potatoes*
Stewed Tomatoes
Radishes
Raisin Bread
Orange Charlotte
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Tomato Soup — *Wafers*
Sautéd Potatoes — *Sliced Onions in Vinegar*
Creamed Asparagus on Toast
Jelly
Chilled Fruits
Milk — *Hot Tea*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Cherries
Rolled Oats with Top Milk
Buttered Eggs — *Whole-Wheat Toast*
Marmalade
Milk — *Coffee*

DINNER

Steamed Fillets of Flounder
Savory Rice — *Spinach*
Spring Onions — *Crusty Rolls*
Sliced Fresh Pineapple — *Fine Sugar*
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Macaroni and Cheese
String-Bean Salad
Radishes — *Raisin Bread*
Floating Island
Cocoa

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Pineapple
Cracked Wheat — *Shaved Maple-Sugar*
Top Milk
Scrambled Eggs — *Corn Muffins*
Apple Jelly
Coffee — *Milk*

DINNER

Roast Beef — *Franconia Potatoes*
Brown Gravy
Stewed Tomatoes — *Radishes*
Muffins
Lettuce with French Dressing
Pineapple and Strawberry Shortcake (Hot)
Whipped Cream
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Hashed Brown Potatoes — *Pickles*
Boiled Spring Onions, Buttered, on Toast
Waffles with Maple-Sirup
Milk — *Tea*

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Cantaloup
Puffed Rice with Top Milk
Creamed Codfish on Toast
Toasted Muffins — *Jelly*
Milk — *Coffee*

DINNER

Tomato Soup — *Wafers*
Sautéd Halibut — *Sauce Tartare*
Parsley Potatoes
Dandelion Greens
Lettuce Hearts — *Picalilli Dressing*
Hot Rolls — *Radishes*
Lemon-Meringue Pie
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Scrambled Eggs and Salmon
Creamed Potatoes
Apple Mint Jelly
Whole-Wheat Bread
Strawberries and Cream
Milk — *Hot Tea*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Rolled-Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Poached Eggs on Toast
Conserve
Milk — *Coffee*

DINNER

Cold Roast Beef — *Chutney Sauce*
Creamed Potatoes
Corn Bread — *Olive-Oil Pickles*
Dressed Lettuce
Cup Custard with Jelly and Whipped Cream
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Baked Beans — *Tomato Sauce*
Cabbage Salad
Steamed Brown Bread
Mustard Pickles — *Spring Onions*
Rhubarb Sauce — *Cake*
Milk — *Tea*

The Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR will be glad to send you recipes for any dishes on these menus that you are unfamiliar with. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



An entirely new way to treat the Hair and Scalp

Removes infected scalp oil (Sebum) the cause of most falling, listless hair

This is to offer you a new kind of treatment for the hair. One which combines a massage and an approved tonic in one.

Before offering it to the public it was tested on 100 cases of falling hair and partial baldness. Out of the 100 cases treated, it stimulated a regrowth of hair on 91 heads. After this test, the tonic was submitted to foremost dermatologists in America. They said the ingredients were basicly the same as they used in expensive private treatments. We paid as high as $500.00 for their consultations.

Since then over 300,000 women and 400,000 men have tried the Van Ess treatment under an agreement of satisfaction or money refunded.

Please note:—We do *not* guarantee to grow hair in every case. But, we know from experience, that Van Ess will stimulate a new growth of hair for so great a percentage of people who try it, that we *do* guarantee to refund your purchase price if you are not satisfied with results after a 90-day treatment.

There is no red tape. We accept your word as to results obtained, and trust you to treat us fairly.

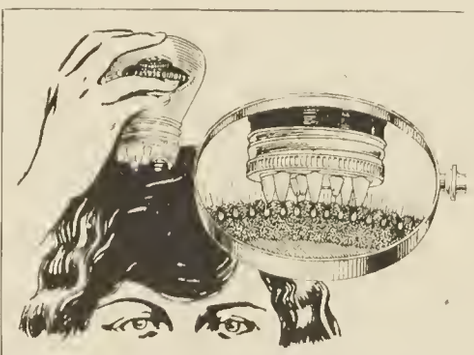
For two and one-half years Van Ess has been offered to the public under a 90-day guarantee. And in that time, less than two per cent. have asked for a refund.

A Minute a Day

Van Ess is easy to use. One minute each day is enough. (Less time than it takes to clean your teeth.)

The Van Ess bottle is covered with a rubber massaging cap. (As you see in the picture.)

The center nipples are hollow. The lotion feeds through them directly to the hair follicles, while the rubber nipples are massaging your scalp. Used a minute each day a bottle of Van Ess lasts 30 days. It usually takes 90 days to show definite results. That is why we ask you to purchase 3 bottles to obtain the money refund warrant which your drug or department store gives you.



Note This New Way

It Massages the Treatment Directly to the Follicles of the Hair

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic." It combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massage cap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.

The Cause of Most Hair Troubles

There are several things which may make your hair fall out, or become thin and lifeless. Worry or ill health may do it. Fever or influenza. But this we've learned—most all hair troubles come from INFECTED SEBUM.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to lubricate the hair. But often it becomes infected. Cakes on the scalp, clogs the hair follicles and plugs them. Too, it turns slightly acid, irritating the hair roots, often causing itching. Then germs by the million develop and start to feed upon the starved hair. Soon hair becomes listless—loses its life and color and begins to fall out.

You can see this trouble-making Sebum on your scalp, in the form of an oily excretion. Or, when dried with other particles, as dandruff.

But note this fact and mark it well: the infected Sebum may kill the *hair*, but rarely the *hair roots!*

Hair roots have a most remarkable underlying vitality. They often retain life for years. They become dormant, but they are usually ready and able to grow hair again once they are properly stimulated and nourished.

Combat Infected Sebum

For years we experimented to combat infected Sebum. Finally we found in Van Ess what appears a 90% effective treatment.

It is applied a new way. (Note the illustration here.) It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It combats the infected Sebum, and removes it, allowing the stifled hair roots to breathe and function again.

Results are marked. They are quick. In 30 days usually hair stops falling. And in most cases new hair growth is noted in 90 days.

Let Your Mirror Show You

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain the Van Ess 3-bottle treatment. Or by mail if your dealer cannot supply you. ($1.50 for a single bottle, or $4.50 for 3 bottles with which you get the written money-back guarantee.)

Then note the results yourself. Mark the improvement in scalp-health, the disappearance of dandruff. Observe the new life in your hair. The new shine and sparkle. Note the hair growth in 90 days. *Let your own mirror tell you!* If you are not more than delighted with the results you see, your money will be returned to you.

Do not enclose money with the coupon. We will supply you by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside the U. S., however, must be accompanied by postal money order. VAN ESS LABORATORIES, INC., 72 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill. Canada: 321 King St. E., Toronto, Canada.

VAN ESS
Liquid Scalp Massage



VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.,
72 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

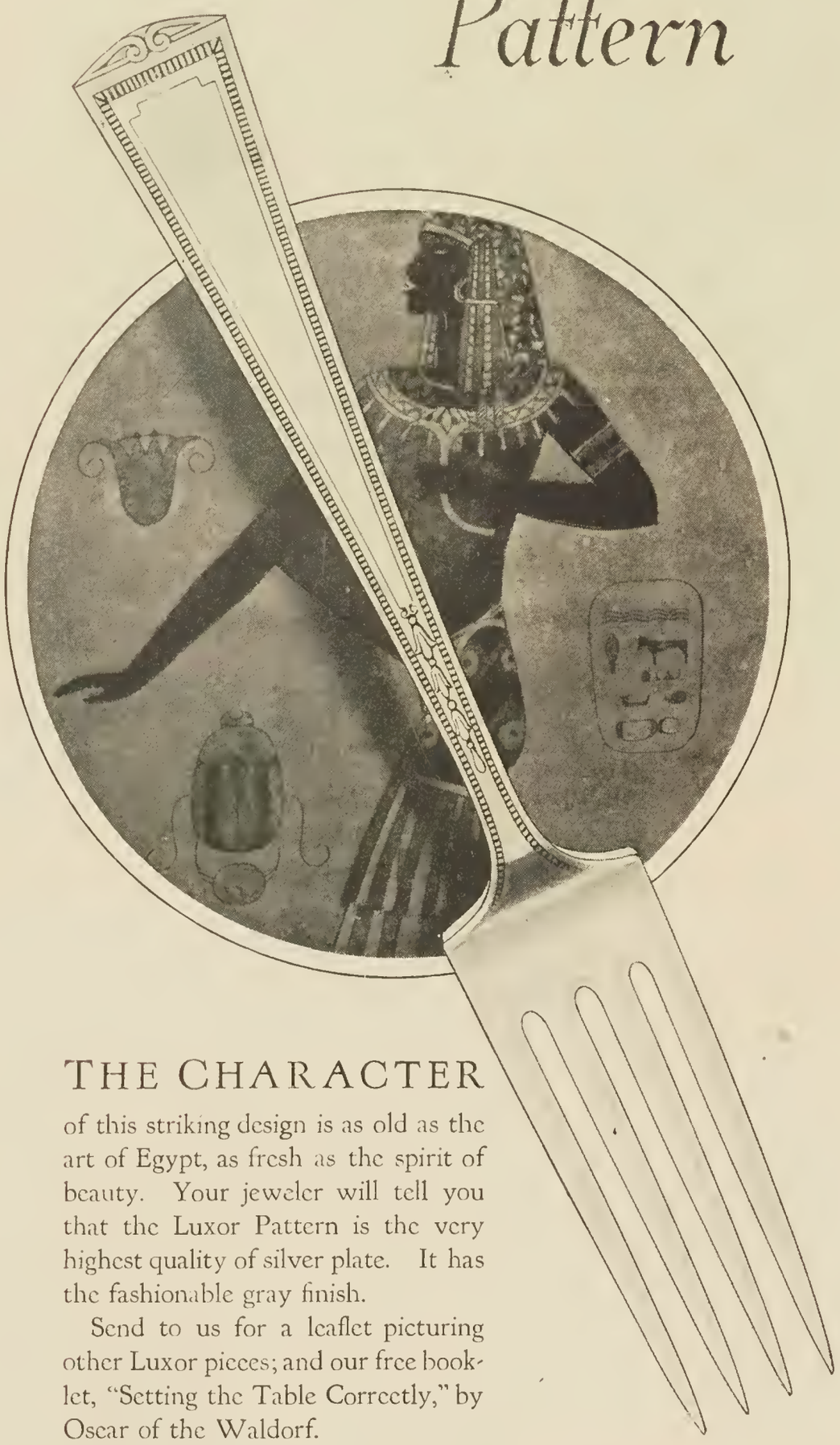
Please send ..... bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage. I enclose no money, but agree to pay postman on delivery.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

The LUXOR Pattern



THE CHARACTER

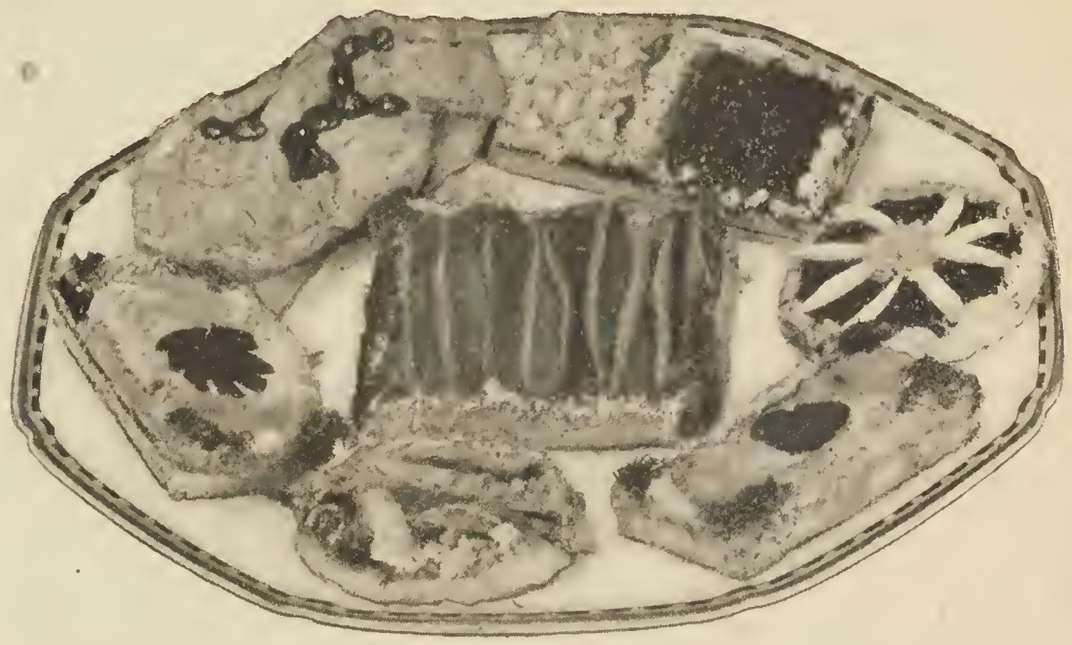
of this striking design is as old as the art of Egypt, as fresh as the spirit of beauty. Your jeweler will tell you that the Luxor Pattern is the very highest quality of silver plate. It has the fashionable gray finish.

Send to us for a leaflet picturing other Luxor pieces; and our free booklet, "Setting the Table Correctly," by Oscar of the Waldorf.

If your jeweler should not happen to have the Luxor, Louisiana, or George Washington patterns, send us his name and we will mail you the articles direct on receipt of price: 6 Teaspoons, $3.75; 6 Dessert Forks, $7.25; 6 Dessert Knives (hollow handles, stainless blades), $11.25; 1 Butter Knife, $1.35; 1 Sugar Spoon, $1.25.

Alvin Silver Co., 20 Maiden Lane, New York
Also Makers of Alvin Solid Silver

ALVIN
Long-Life Silver Plate



Canapés in which the appetizing flavor of anchovies, caviar, minced onion, parsley, truffles, capers, salmon and sardine paste may be recognized

TO GIVE ZEST TO A MEAL

Serve these delicious appetizers at its beginning

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

NOTE—Just a snack of some unusual, piquant dish will make your family relish its meal so much more. Besides the tasty appetizers given here, we have others equally good that we shall be glad to send you if you will write the Home-Makers' Department and enclose a stamped return envelope.

A HIGHLY seasoned dish served as a beginning course to stimulate the appetite is becoming a popular custom in this country. These tangy, appetite-whetting foods have been called "hors-d'œuvres" by the French for so many years that the term is perhaps even better known than the American name, appetizers.

Since very early times these appetizers have received favor in many countries. In Rome the olive, which is still a favorite, was considered the hors-d'œuvre par excellence because it cleared the palate. In Scotland the turnip was served as a whet to the appetite. In Russia the list of hors-d'œuvres included fresh caviar, raw herrings, smoked salmon, radishes, cheese, sliced sausage and others too numerous to mention.

There are literally hundreds of dishes that may be served as hors-d'œuvres. Some of these are very simple and require little time or skill in preparation. Others are very elaborate and need the knowledge and skill of an experienced chef. But whether simple or elaborate, they may be divided into two classes: those that are served hot and those that are served cold. These are again subdivided into those that are dressed or garnished and those that are not. The list includes such relishes and appetizers as olives of all kinds, radishes, celery, tomatoes and cucumbers sliced or stuffed, cress, pickles, sausages, salmon, tuna fish, herrings, prawns, anchovies, sardines, cheese of all kinds and eggs both stuffed and plain. Strictly speaking, the list includes the cocktails made of shrimps, clams, oysters, lobsters and crabs; the canapés, hot and cold; vegetable and fish salads, as well as more elaborate dishes.

With many of these we are already familiar, but have served them under other names than hors-d'œuvres, or in other courses than at the beginning. In fact, many of the dishes served in the hors-d'œuvres course may be used equally well as entrées or as savories at the end of a meal.

Hors-d'œuvres for formal luncheons and dinners include not only the simpler relishes but cocktails made from lobster, oysters, crabs and shrimps, and canapés, hot and cold, and a great variety of more formal dishes. They may be passed in the living-room, each on its own separate plate, and served with fruit drinks made from orange juice and flavored with lime or pineapple juice; or they may be arranged on trays after the Russian or Swedish manner and flanked with a pile of plates on a serving-table in the dining-room so that each guest may help himself; or they may be passed at the table, either on separate plates or on trays. It should be remembered that these dishes are merely to stimulate, not to satisfy, the appetite.

RECIPES FOR COCKTAILS AND COCKTAIL SAUCES

The following ingredients are necessary to make cocktail sauce sufficient for one person.

2 tablespoons tomato catchup
6 drops of tobasco
1 teaspoon minced celery
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

The Worcestershire sauce and celery may be omitted and one-eighth teaspoon of finely chopped chives added.

This is a good sauce for lobster cocktail. Allow one-fourth cup of lobster meat for each serving. Arrange a bed of finely chopped ice on a plate. Put a serving of the sauce either in a small green-pepper case from which the seeds have been removed or in a cocktail-glass, and set in center of ice. Arrange the lobster in lettuce-leaf cups in a circle about the cocktail-glass or pepper. If varied by adding a little piccalilli, it makes a good oyster-cocktail sauce.

Cocktails made from a mixture of oysters and crab-meat may be arranged in alternate oyster-shells lined with lettuce leaves. Another combination is lobster and clams, also arranged in lettuce-lined shells on the ice, surrounding the cocktail-glass.

Another excellent cocktail sauce for clam cocktails is made of:

2 tablespoons horse-radish
A few drops of onion-juice
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 drops of tobasco
1 green pepper finely minced
Sufficient catchup to taste

Mix and chill. Set as many small halves of grapefruit from which the pulp has been scraped in beds of ice as there are people to serve, and pour the sauce in each. Arrange clams in their shells on the ice surrounding the grapefruit.

CRAB-MEAT COCKTAIL

Arrange crab shells on the ice around a cocktail-glass. Line with lettuce leaves and fill the shells with finely shredded crab-meat.

Mixed cocktails may be made of a mixture of Little Neck clams, lobster claw cut fine and small shrimps. Mix with Thousand Island dressing and serve in a glass set in a bowl of cracked ice.

Concluded on page 59



The Painter Wins His Bet!

It happened at Wyndecrest, the charming Dickerson farm residence, outside of Dayton, Ohio. The letter from Mrs. Dickerson reads:

"Each spring it has been necessary to have the French doors and the ceilings of the porch varnished because of their weather-beaten appearance. Last summer we had an old reliable painter do the work and he made a bet with us that he would put a varnish stain on those doors that would remain just as bright and unclouded the year after as it did when it was just put on.

"He then handed us a can marked Valspar Varnish-Stain which he put on the doors; then Valspar Varnish for the ceiling. Still I was skeptical.

"The winter has been most severe. Rain and snow have beaten around our house, but the doors and ceiling remain beautifully bright and unchanged by the weather. No wonder Mr. Painter's eyes twinkled when he made so generous a guarantee, for he bet on a sure thing."

All three forms of Valspar—Valspar Varnish, Valspar Varnish-Stains and Valspar-Enamels—are immune to damage from weather and water. Their durability has astonished the most skeptical. They come through almost unbelievable service without harm!

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Painting by Arthur Rackham

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From the days when samplers and flower water-colors were the fashion . . . . when hair was worn up and skirts were worn down . . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap has held first place in the estimation of those to whom quality is essential.

Its fragrance breathes of delicacy and good taste. Its purity keeps one's skin clean and lovely. And its finely milled texture makes it wear away so slowly that it is decidedly thrifty to use.

TO GIVE ZEST TO A MEAL

Concluded from page 56

CANAPÉS

A canapé is "a sandwich with the roof off." It is made of rounds or other shapes of fried or toasted bread, spread with highly seasoned mixtures and more or less elaborately garnished. Perhaps the simplest of all canapés is the saltine spread with grated cheese, sprinkled with paprika and toasted in the oven. A variation of this is to cut rounds of whole-wheat or brown bread, toast and butter them, spread them with pimiento cheese and toast again. Still another variation is small baking-powder or beaten biscuit, split, buttered, toasted and spread with cheese and reheated until the cheese bubbles.

COCKTAILS WITH SHRIMPS

1. Shrimps may be put in glasses of cracked ice and each one dipped in mayonnaise. They may be served on glass plates.

2. Shrimps may be mashed in mayonnaise, put in green-pepper shells, garnished with red pepper and served with brown bread and butter.

OTHER VARIATIONS OF CANAPÉS

1. Spread rounds of bread, toasted and buttered, with purée of *pâté de foie gras*. On top of this place a slice of hard-boiled egg. Garnish with caviar and filet of anchovy.

2. Another way is to scoop the inside from small rolls, butter and toast them in the oven. Spread with purée of *foie gras* and return to the oven. When piping hot, fold in napkins and serve at once as first course.

3. Spread oblong pieces of bread buttered and toasted with sardine paste. Place a sardine on each and sprinkle with lemon-juice and chopped parsley. Or toast in the oven and serve hot with lemon.

4. Spread rounds of buttered bread with a paste made from finely chopped, hard-cooked egg. Decorate with a row of slices of gherkin. Or season caviar with lemon-juice and a dash of onion and garnish with a slice of olive.

5. Spread rounds of buttered toast with anchovy paste and then with a mixture of grated cheese and butter beaten to a cream. Reheat in the oven until the cheese melts. Garnish with a mushroom cap sautéd in fat or with a bit of watercress.

6. Spread rounds of buttered toast with anchovy paste and then with a mixture of shredded crab-meat mixed with cheese creamed with butter.

7. Cut slices of bread two inches thick. Remove crusts and with a sharp knife cut out center, leaving a rim and bottom one-fourth inch thick. Fry in deep fat or butter and toast a golden brown. Spread the bottom with anchovy paste. Fill with cubes with cheese, sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in a hot oven until the cheese is melted.

MIXED CANAPÉS

1 slice cold chicken	2 ounces cheese
1 slice cold ham	1 tablespoon butter
1 slice pickled beet	1 tablespoon cream
2 gherkins	1 tablespoon caper

Put first five ingredients through meat-chopper. Mix well with butter, cream and capers. Spread toasted rounds of bread with the mixture; garnish with slices of gherkin or capers, or a slice of stuffed olive.

Spread toasted rounds of bread with a paste made of equal parts of anchovy butter, bloater paste, caviar, American cheese and horseradish with a dash of mustard. Reheat and serve piping hot.

Other fillings for canapés are sardines, lemon-juice and butter, pimiento cheese with chopped olives, Roquefort cheese, cream cheese and green pepper, anchovy paste and hard-cooked egg-yolks, and prepared butters, prepared pastes, caviar, *pâté de foie gras*. These are usually served on individual plates with fruit-juices before the meal.

NOT only may hors-d'œuvres be served as a beginning course at a formal luncheon or dinner, but they may be used as the main dish for Summer luncheons, picnics or suppers. They furnish an excellent means of utilizing small quantities of left-overs in attractive and appetizing dishes.

The combination of hors-d'œuvres that may be used for these Summer luncheons, picnics and suppers is almost endless. They should combine one or more fish, egg, cheese or meat dishes with one or more of the vegetable salads, or plain vegetable hors-d'œuvres and should be accompanied by sandwiches in some form.

The following combinations of hors-d'œuvres are suggested for Summer luncheons, picnics and suppers. These may be arranged in separate dishes, or on the regulation hors-d'œuvres tray, or a chop-plate, a platter or a shallow salad-bowl—

1. Crab salad, onion and green pepper salad, stuffed celery, olives, cress and brown bread and butter sandwiches.

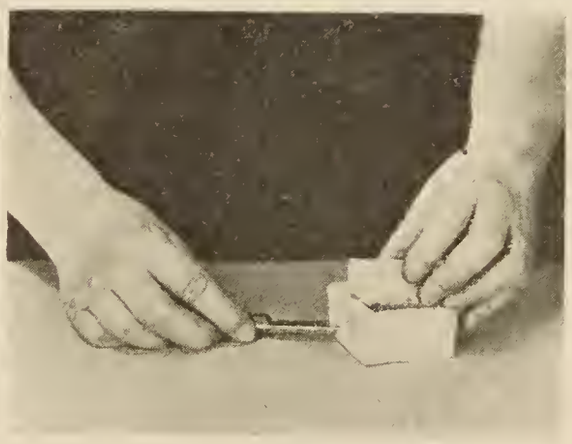
2. Vegetable salad, stuffed eggs masked in celery, tossed in mayonnaise, cheese balls, olives, beet salad, and thin slices of bread and butter.

3. Sardines, American salad, stuffed green peppers, celery, cabbage salad, radishes and brown bread and butter.

4. Thin slices of cold tongue, cucumbers tossed in French dressing, cheese balls, cress and potato salad.



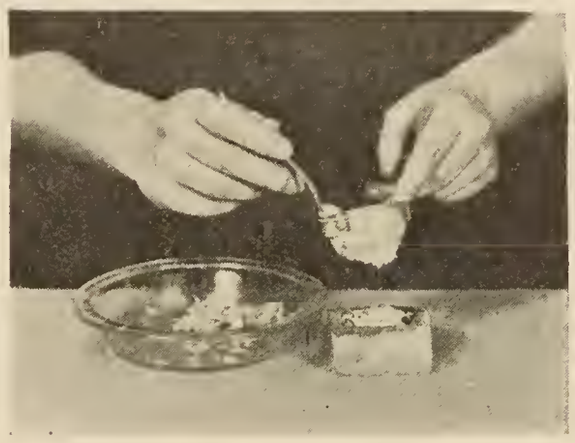
To make bread boxes, cut the center from a cube of bread



Leave walls and bottom one-fourth inch thick and remove center



Brush the entire box with melted butter and brown in the oven



Fill the box with hors-d'oeuvres mixture and garnish with egg-yolk



HEINZ PEANUT BUTTER is a welcome taste on your table. Eat all you want of it, and satisfy the children with it when they get hungry between meals. It is nourishing and wholesome—as well as dainty and satisfying.

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Knox Sparkling Gelatine increases the variety, palatability, digestibility and nutritive value of any diet. It makes tempting and wholesome desserts, salads and broths, and is especially useful as a delightful purveyor of prescribed foods.

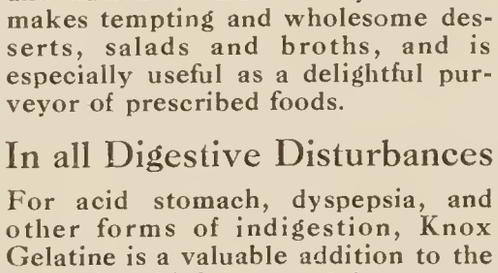
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Health Department

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"WHAT SHALL WE HAVE TO EAT?"

By Ruth Dutilh Jenkins

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THAT is the most insistent and vexing question a housekeeper has to answer: "What shall we have to eat?" It comes up three times a day three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, and its recurrence frequently gets on the nerves of the most serene, unhurried housewife.

Not long ago I discovered a way out of the problem by means of a sliding menu, or adjustable meal-plan. It takes into account the gastronomical tastes of each member of the family, it insures variety, it both reminds and reassures the maid and it releases the housewife's time for other interests or duties.

On Thursday evenings a small tablet on my desk makes up seven slips with daily menus for the coming seven days, following a general prearranged plan. I begin with Sunday. Last Sunday, for instance, we had stewed chicken and rice. This week we would enjoy a roast of beef with pan potatoes, or a roast of pork with glazed sweet potatoes, or baked ham with mashed potatoes.

Vegetables and salad must "go" with the meat, and usually the choicest of the season is selected, if it measures up to the requirement. The dessert, in turn, must be right. Not a hot, rich pudding after pork, or lemon pie served after lamb and mint sauce, but perhaps a fruit jelly after baked ham, or a charlotte russe with roast chicken.

Having made out seven slips with meals, I make notations in the lower corner of each slip of those materials which are needed but are not in the house. All non-perishables are ordered for the following week on Friday morning (Saturday is the grocer's busiest day). Each morning a glance over the list for the *coming* day will indicate what must be purchased or ordered. This I do immediately after breakfast. Spices, butter, yeast, baking-powder—every ingredient needed is in the pantry the *day before* it is to be used. "A minute's planning saves an hour's time" might well be a new proverb for the housewife!

For the family that prefers the same breakfast every day, more than one-third of the schedule is already arranged. We like seven different breakfasts!

Fruit in season is on hand for those who want it. On Monday a cereal follows, always varied. It may be one of a dozen kinds, cooked or raw, hot or cold, molded or porridge, with sliced fruit, or steamed with raisins, dates or prunes. The possibilities are endless.

What is to be served varies, for the most part, with the needs of the day and the time required for preparation. Just before baking-day, when the supply of bread is running low, muffins or biscuits are in order. Fried cereal is usually served with maple-sirup on the second day after it is first offered hot with cream. In cold weather sausage and buckwheats appear occasionally as a variety.

The dessert at noon is invariably fruit, fresh or cooked, though a simple pudding, custard or salad may take the place when fruit is not easy to procure.

Meat is bought two, or at the most three, times a week; roast or fowl for Sunday, a small inexpensive cut for Wednesday (unless the roast holds over), and fish the last of the week. We use plenty of vegetables, especially greens and salads. Fruits appear more often than pastry, and salads more often than sweets. We believe there is a connection between our food selection and our good health.

Whether maid or mother prepares the meals, the slips always hang on a hook over the kitchen table. With everything planned and supplies on hand, the day's work will use a minimum of time and energy, with opportunity for rest and leisure such as a hurried day could never spare.

For the new maid, a menu plan is ideal. It is also invaluable for the bride, for by following it the repetition will make her familiar with a certain group of dishes.

When mother wants to be away from home, the maid or the daughter of the house will find it an easy matter to carry out the main schedule.

If the outline becomes stereotyped, it may need to be revised. However, it will never fail the housewife who goes over the outline each season and gives it ten minutes' time a week. She will be rewarded by the happiness and well-being of her family, by reduced bills and by having time for things that under the old day-to-day order were always being "postponed."

MAY KITCHEN CALENDAR

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

ASPARAGUS—When asparagus comes into the kitchen this month, greet it with a brush. This is the best device for removing any bits of soil that may cling behind the scales of the tender young stalks. Thorough cleaning is especially important for asparagus that is to be canned.

In cooking asparagus tie the tender tips loosely together in bunches and keep them in shape for serving. Cutting off the lower part of the stalks and cooking them separately for soups or purées is a good practise to adopt and makes for economy and pleasure in asparagus eating.

Try a dressing of one-half cup of whipped cream, one-half teaspoon of salt and four tablespoons of horseradish for a salad of cold asparagus tips.

And as a last word about asparagus, remember that cold asparagus cut in bits may be a very delectable addition to a French omelet.

A Spring Dessert—Try beating up fruit gelatin when partially set and adding whipped cream or stiffly beaten egg-white. This gives the lightness and daintiness sometimes necessary to tempt the appetite of Spring.

Fish—When you have need for an emergency menu, don't forget the possibilities of the smoked, dried and canned fish. For company meals, shad or mackerel roe will be the thing this month. They are never better than when broiled with a bit of bacon.

Eggs—If you are putting down eggs at intervals this month, be sure to keep them well covered with the preservative.

Bananas—Fruits may come and fruits may go, but the banana (popular songs notwithstanding) is with us in season and out. This useful fruit can be much improved if it is rolled in grapefruit or lemon juice before it is served in salads or cocktails. A simple but rich dessert is made by placing halves of peeled bananas in a frying-pan with a very little melted butter, squeezing lemon-juice over them, sprinkling with brown sugar and sautéing to a golden brown.

A New Sandwich Filling—A tangy sandwich for Spring days is one made from cream cheese mixed with cream, a dash of freshly grated horseradish and a little chopped watercress.

A Sirup for Drinks—Good idea to start the practise of keeping a jar of sirup in the ice-box ready for mixing cold beverages on call. Four cups of sugar and two cups of water cooked together for six minutes is about right.

Odds and Ends—Time to look over the oil-stove and the pressure and fireless cookers. It is also time to order rubbers for canning-jars.

It's a good time to try one of those small wire-set brushes for washing dishes. Many persons have found them preferable to dish-mops. A teaspoon of soap-flakes may make a better suds more economically than the bar of soap that you have been using.



California Sunshine in a Dessert

SOME of the joyous, strengthening, health-giving rays of the glorious California sunshine seem actually to radiate from this wonderfully rich, luscious and wholesome dessert:

Prune Oriental Cream

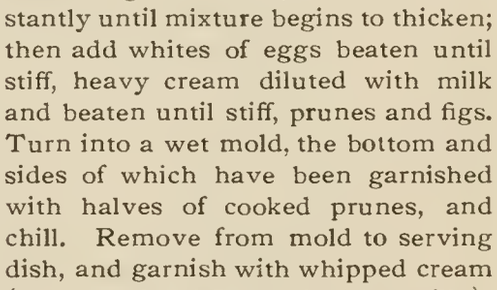
(Serves six people)

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup scalded milk
½ cup sugar
⅛ cup cooked prunes or other fruit cut in pieces
⅛ cup chopped figs or nuts
Whites of two eggs
½ pint heavy cream or evaporated milk
⅓ cup milk
Salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Strain into a bowl, set in pan containing ice water, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff, heavy cream diluted with milk and beaten until stiff, prunes and figs. Turn into a wet mold, the bottom and sides of which have been garnished with halves of cooked prunes, and chill. Remove from mold to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla), forced through a pastry bag and tube, and chopped nuts.

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Fruit as a Table Decoration

For the woman who entertains, the item of table decoration is apt to loom large in the family budget. I have found that the substitution of fruit and candles for flowers materially lessens this expense and is equally decorative. Use grapefruit about the base of candlesticks for the center of the fruit piece, oranges and apples grouped about, bananas and grapes arranged where most attractive, and scatter nuts in all the crevices and about the edges. The grapefruit can be used subsequently for family breakfast, the oranges for dessert, the bananas for banana pie or custard, the grapes for salad, and the nuts—few of which will be eaten by the guests—can appear again and again.

No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing

½ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, ½ cup oil, ⅛ tsp. paprika, 1 tbsp. lemon juice or vinegar. Put salt and paprika in a bowl; add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly; add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. This recipe makes ⅔ cup salad dressing.

Tomato Salad

6 tomatoes, 1 cup salad dressing, red pepper, 1 head lettuce. Select tomatoes of good shape and color. Cut three thin slices off top of each tomato and place on salad plate. Cover center of slices and top of tomato with mayonnaise, garnished with red pepper. Serve on lettuce. If desired, fill center of tomato with equal parts of pineapple and celery mixed with mayonnaise. Serve on individual salad plates. This recipe serves six people, one tomato for each person.

Perfection Salad

3 tbsp. sugar, 3 tbsp. vinegar, ¼ cup cold water, ⅔ cup boiling water, 2 tbsp. granulated gelatin, lettuce, ⅓ tsp. salt, ⅔ cup celery, ⅓ cup cabbage, 3 tbsp. pimento. Soak gelatin in cold water. Mix vinegar, sugar, salt and boiling water, bring to boiling point, remove from fire and immediately pour over the soaked gelatin. Stir until the gelatin is dissolved. When mixture begins to thicken add celery, pimentos and cabbage cut in desired pieces. Turn into a mold, chill, cut in squares or any desired shape and serve on lettuce with No-Egg Mayonnaise Dressing. This recipe serves six people.

Carnation Cooked Salad Dressing with Egg

1 tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1½ tbsp. flour, ¾ tsp. mustard, 2 eggs, 1 tsp. onion juice, ¼ cup mild vinegar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water. Mix dry ingredients, add beaten eggs, onion juice and milk diluted with water. Cook in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add hot vinegar, strain and cool. This recipe makes 1½ cups salad dressing.

Date and Nut Salad

1 cup dates, 1 cup celery, ¼ cup nuts, 1 head lettuce. Remove stones from dates, fill cavity with one-fourth of an English walnut. Place on lettuce, put chopped celery in center and add salad dressing. (See recipe above.) This recipe serves six people.

Mary Blake

Domestic Science Dept.

Carnation Milk Products Company

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SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received is now withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address "Dollar-Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

SAVE ON A GARDEN TOOL-BOX

When our back stoop needed a new set of steps, I had the first two steps made like a window-box, having the tops with hinges so that they would open, similar to those made sometimes in playrooms in homes. This proved a very convenient place for my small garden tools, garden rubbers and the many other small articles which had either been an eyesore to an orderly back piazza or an encumbrance to a corner of the kitchen.—LAURA E. KINGSLAND, Westfield, N. J.

SAVE ON MEASURING BUTTER

A pound brick of butter may be measured into cups and half-cups very easily without the use of a measuring-cup. A pound brick measures two cups; therefore by marking the brick through the center we have two cups measured; dividing the brick into four parts makes half-cups. It is very simple when these amounts are needed in cooking to cut off the amount of butter needed without the trouble and work of packing it into a measuring-cup.—MARTHA S. PITMAN, Manhattan, Kans.

SAVE ON REMOVING SPOTS

Spots can usually be taken out of garments without leaving a ring if a bath-towel or some other absorbent material is placed under the spot. The liquid or cleansing agent should be applied with a circular motion, rubbing from the outside of the spot toward the center. When the spot is removed, the absorbent material under it should be turned so that the surface underneath is dry, and then the spot should be rubbed until dry. A circular motion from the outside toward the center should always be used.—MRS. A. W. ILLMAN, Seattle, Wash.

SAVE BEADS

String beads on a good quality of fish-line and you will experience no further trouble with broken necklaces.—MRS. H. W. BERRY, Lind, Wash.

SAVE EVERY TABLESPOONFUL

The tablespoon of food that would not count for much in large families lends all manner of variety for a family of two.

A tablespoon of chilli sauce or catch-up adds distinction to a sauce for meat, cheese, bean or nut loaves, or certain vegetables.

A tablespoon of grated cheese will flavor the potato cakes made from left-overs. It may be added to the sauce for creamed potatoes or mixed with bread-crums that are sprinkled over scalloped dishes. It may be saved to sift over an omelet or shirred or scrambled eggs, and is sufficient to sprinkle over two slices of cream toast. This small amount of cheese makes a delicious sandwich-filling when it is combined with a hard-cooked egg which has been chopped or with a little ground ham and pickles and moistened with cream or mayonnaise.

The tablespoon of liquor left from the green-tomato pickles or any sweet pickles improves the flavor of boiled cabbage.

A tablespoon of oatmeal or other cooked cereal forms the basis for a cup of soup for two. To it is added strained tomato-juice and seasoning. Water from boiled vegetables will improve the soup still more.

A spoon of salmon, codfish or any chopped meat lends variety to the potato cake or puff; or it may be added to a cream sauce to serve with boiled potatoes.

Every woman knows what a spoon of this or that will do for salads. If there isn't enough to use in any other way, add it to the dressing and note the difference in flavor. It will be hard to guess, for instance, that a mere tablespoon of Lima beans pressed through a sieve can be responsible for an unusual delicious flavor in a tomato salad.—MAY BELLE BROOKS, Northwestern Station, Detroit, Mich.

SAVE BY BROWNING FLOUR IN QUANTITY

Every good cook likes to have the gravy a delicate brown; often this is impossible unless the flour is browned. Instead of taking the time to do this on each occasion as it is needed, prepare a large quantity at one time by browning the dry flour in a skillet on top of the stove. It may then be stored in a tin container or paper bag and will keep almost indefinitely.—MRS. A. H. SCOTT, Lovelock, Nev.

SAVE ON CLINICAL THERMOMETERS

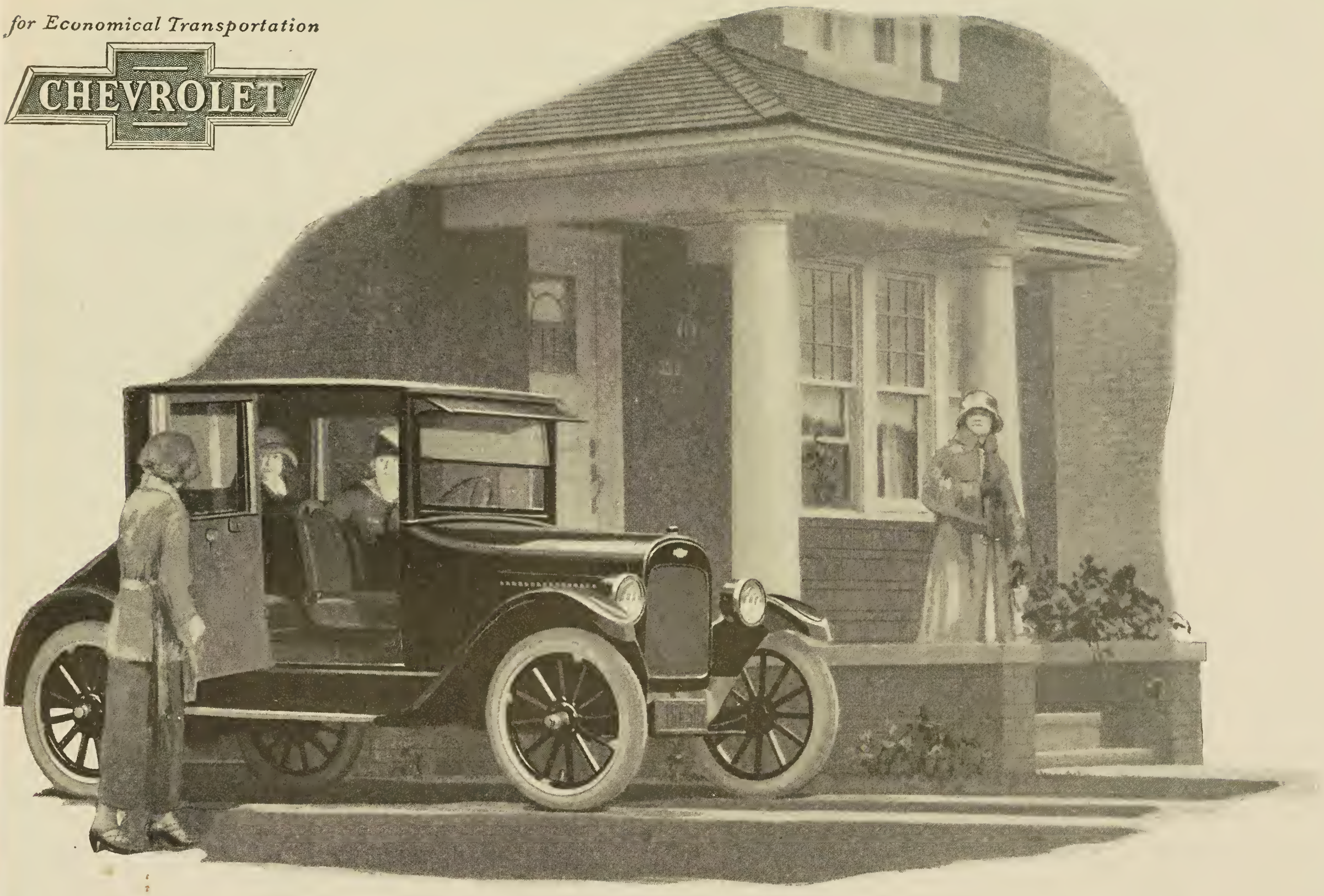
After a clinical thermometer has had much use, the ink which indicates the degrees comes off, making it difficult to read the thermometer. To remedy this deficiency, saturate a piece of cotton with indelible ink and smear the thermometer with it. Allow the ink to dry, then rub it briskly with a piece of dry cotton until all the surplus ink is removed. The ink will settle over the old markings and the thermometer will be as good as new.—JULIA TANNER, Rutland, Mass.

SAVE THE COST OF EXPENSIVE DRAPERIES

The draperies I had hoped to get for the rooms in which I had two very beautiful mulberry-colored rugs cost three dollars a yard; and three yards were necessary for each window. The cost of eight windows would have been $72.00. I was able to obtain a very satisfactory substitute for only $10.50. I bought twenty-four yards of unbleached muslin, ten yards of cotton fringe, three spools of white cotton thread and some red and blue dyes. The dyes I mixed until I had the desired shade of mulberry and into this dye bath I put the muslin, fringe and thread. It all came out beautifully. The muslin was thirty-six inches wide; I split it and had it hemstitched with a narrow hem. When the curtains were finished, I had a panel about sixteen inches wide for each side of the windows. The fringe I sewed on the bottom of each panel and on the valance.—MRS. H. P. CHRISTIAN, Hot Springs, Ark.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



The Woman's Own Car

All Chevrolet models are popular with women on account of their beauty of line and finish and ease of handling.

The new 4-passenger coupe was designed especially for women. Its stylish, distinguished appearance makes immediate appeal, and closer examination promotes enthusiasm. Best of all—the price is surprisingly low for so high-grade a production, equipped as it is with a Fisher Body, two extra-wide doors that make feasible graceful entrance to and exit from the car. Single, comfortable driver's seat, ample room for two in the rear seat, and a fourth folding seat for an extra passenger.

Comfortably, tastefully upholstered and artistically trimmed with good-grade hardware.

Plate-glass windows on all four sides. Cord tires on easily demountable rims, with extra rim.

Although designed with especial consideration of our women friends, we find this model is also favored by many men, for business and family use. Merchandise samples can be carried inside the car instead of in the rear compartment. Evenings and week ends the same car admirably meets the requirements of the small family.

Superior 4-Pass. Coupé

$725

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster	$490
Superior Touring	495
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior 4-Pass. Coupe	725
Superior Sedan	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Fisher Bodies on all closed models

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give Chevrolet the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade men only, for territory not adequately covered.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario



Like Grime on Ivory

Those film-coats on your teeth

THIS is to offer you a test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show you how much it means.

New beauty, new protection come to users. No woman will ever go without the results when she knows them. Nor will she let her family go without them.

To combat the film

This method combats film on teeth —that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously. Unless you combat it, much of it remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

Now ways to combat it daily

Dental science has found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This tooth paste has brought a new dental era to millions of homes the world over. And largely through dental advice.

Two other great effects

Research proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These combined effects are bringing people everywhere a new conception of clean teeth.

You cannot doubt

No one can doubt these benefits. They are quickly seen and felt. One who once knows them will never again go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out this coupon so you don't forget.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

1431

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 820, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

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Only one tube to a family.

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St.
Toronto, Canada

SLICE, PARE AND GRIND

And make food preparation three times easier

By Ruth M. Kellogg

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



A vegetable-slicer slicing carrots

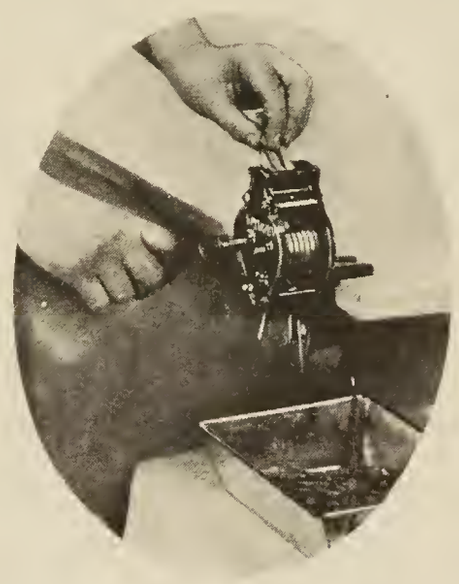
The same machine shredding cabbage



Food-choppers and meat-grinders differ

WHAT would our grandmothers, accustomed to only a paring-knife and a chopping-bowl, have thought had they been shown a present-day array of parers, grinders and slicers? We have progressed so far along the road to specialized equipment for definite kitchen use that almost every food has its own cutting device.

Grinders—Food-choppers and meat-grinders are spoken of so indiscriminately that seldom is the difference between the two types noticed. Yet the device whose sole business is the grinding or cutting of meat has a sharp knife just behind the front plate through which the meat is forced. Although it does very effective work, it is difficult to clean and is not well adapted to real chopping purposes. The food-chopper is more easily washed than the meat-grinder. But even in food-choppers there are certain varieties which are more easily cleaned than others.



Slicing beans diagonally

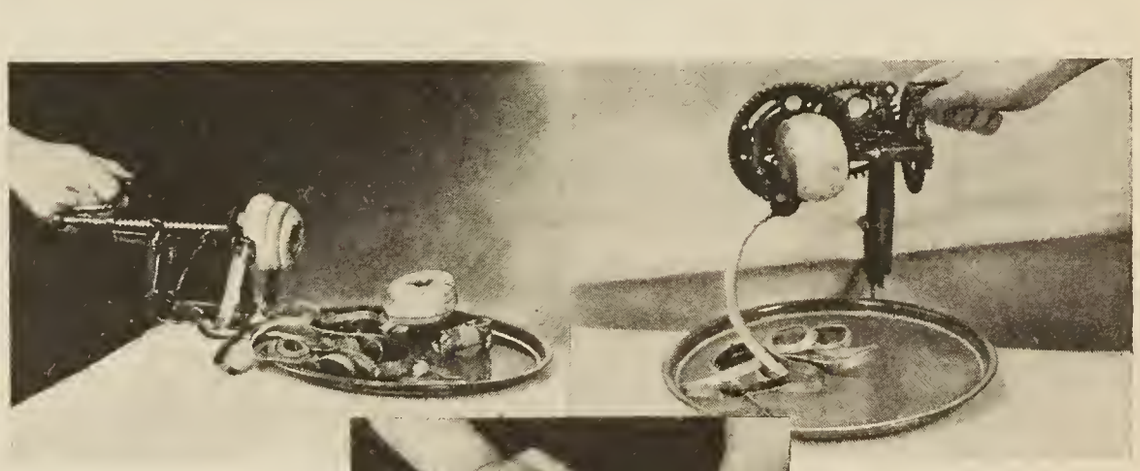
There are on the market choppers that open up through the main part of the body so that washing them is an easy matter. These necessarily have a little drip-trough underneath the hinged opening in the bottom; otherwise the juice from the product would run through and get away from you. In buying this kind, try it out to see if it opens and closes easily and yet tightly enough so that it will not pop open at unexpected and unwanted times. The various sizes of the knives and other cutting parts that come with the grinders give you the assurance that you can grind foods to various degrees of fineness.

Slicers — There are slicers available for both practical and fancy purposes. Garnish-knives will cut vegetables and fruits such as cucumbers, carrots, beets, apples and pears in fancy form for salads or garnishes; however, it is best to cook vegetables as firm and compact as carrots before cutting them with this knife, otherwise too much strength is required to use it.

The vegetable-slicer illustrated is very simple in construction and easily kept clean; it also does its job well and is inexpensive. It has two sharp cutting-blades so that vegetables are quickly sliced. Cabbage slaw is no task at all with such a slicer.

It can be used for small institutions as well as for family purposes. It is adjustable, so that you may cut anything from the thinness of shavings up to a considerable thickness. It serves equally well in slicing oranges or grapefruits for marmalade or in cutting potatoes for French frying. If you want shoe-string potatoes, all you need to do is to put the potato slices through a second time, changing their position in the meantime. When a considerable amount of slicing is done, this tool is a great help.

Parers—If you have apples to peel, there are parers that will slice and core your apple as well as peel it. One does a good job of peeling only and works quickly. This machine may be used for firm peaches as well as for apples.

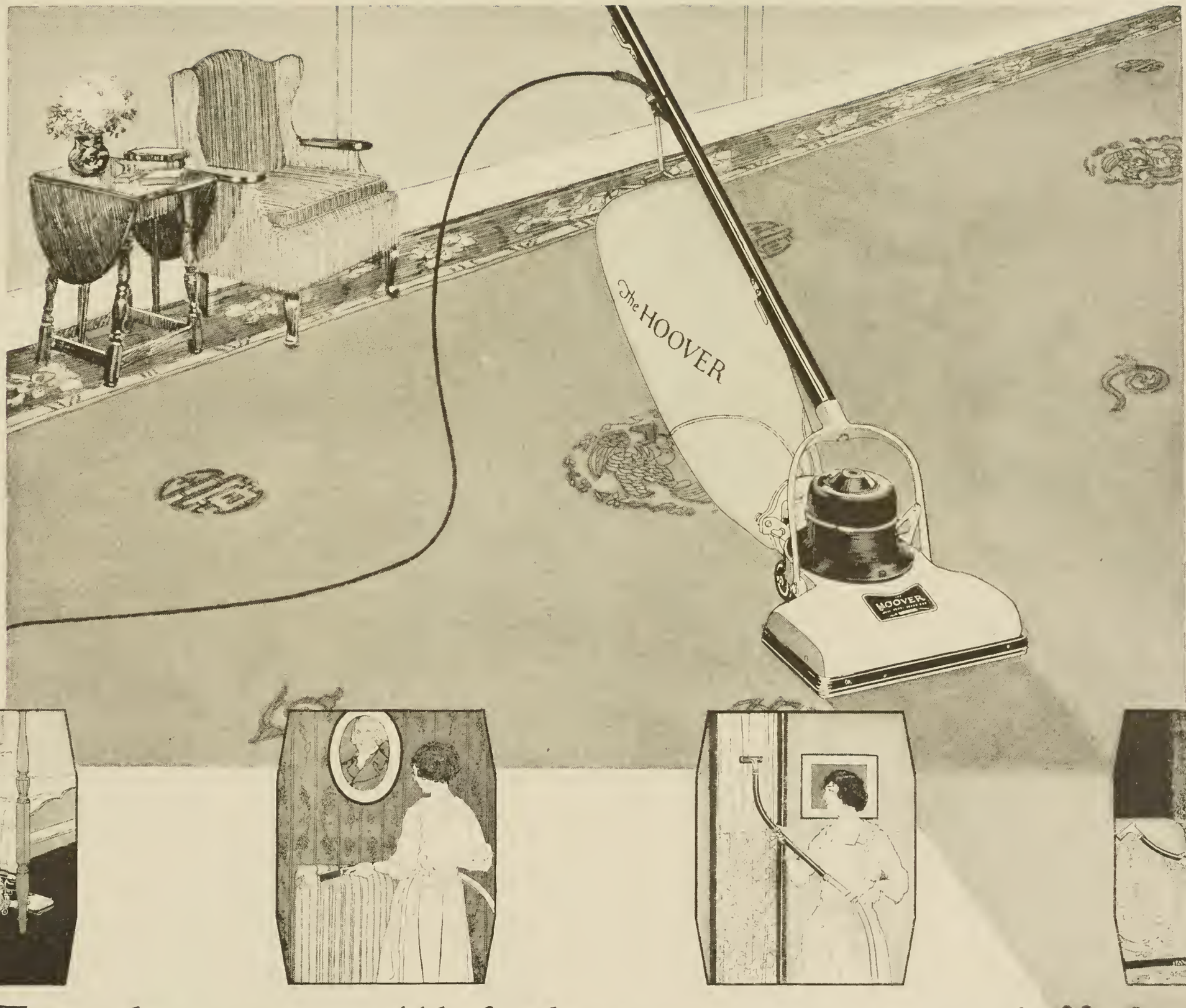


A machine that pares, cores and slices

A good parer for both apples and peaches



A punching-fork stones cherries







Is there a "high water mark" in your household cleaning?

SOMETIMES, after little hands have been washed, there's a shadowy gray line that mother calls the "high water mark."

Mother knows, too, that there are "high water marks" in household cleaning. Not because of carelessness, but because she can do no better with the tools she has.

She sweeps her rugs diligently, regularly. But at the very bottom of the nap is destructive, sharp-edged dirt her broom can't sweep out. It must be dislodged—*beaten out!*

Not until she regularly *beats* her rugs with a Hoover will they *actually* be as clean as she may think they are now.

The Hoover also sweeps and air-cleans at the same time. And what other cleaner gives rugs the three kinds of cleaning they *must* have to be thoroughly clean?

Then, there's the space under beds and other low-built heavy furniture. A Hoover rolls under these with ease, beating, sweeping and thoroughly cleaning the floor covering.

The draperies need not be sent to the cleaner's nor a stepladder used to reach dust on ledges and mouldings.

For it's only a moment's work to snap in place the *new* Hoover cleaning attachments—*the most remarkable set of attachments ever devised.*

Powerful air-suction—drawn through cleaning tools with swivel joints that relieve the hand of any twisting strains—whisks dust and dirt from even its every resting place. And it's *dustless* cleaning, too.

With equal ease and thoroughness every piece of furniture, every article of the household exposed to dust, can be brushed and suctioned clean with the convenient nozzle-brush attachment.

You have no idea how a Hoover will simplify your household cleaning—the labor and time it will save—the years it will add to the life of your rugs and furnishings.

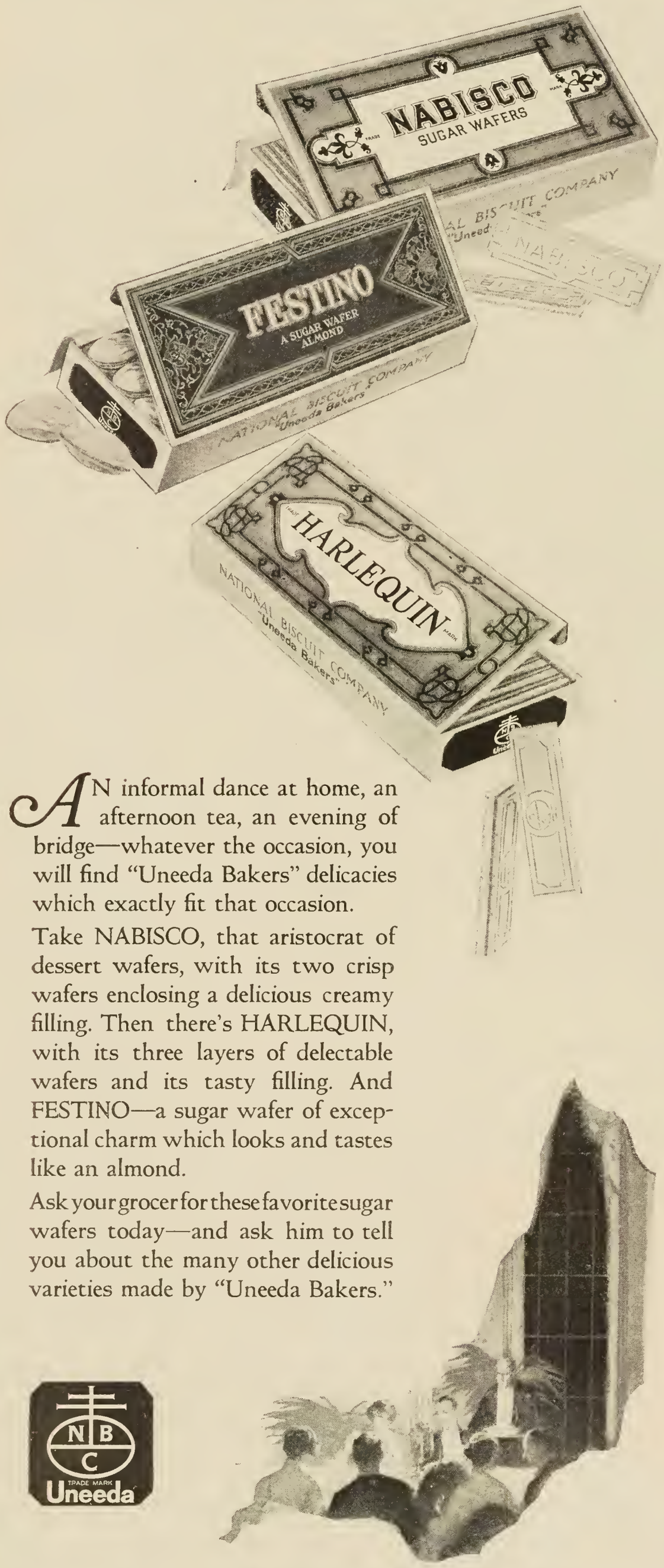
What is all this worth to you? Fortunately, you won't have to pay nearly that much! Phone your Authorized Hoover Dealer today. It is so easy to buy the new Hoover with its ten added features on the easy payment plan that you'll wonder why you waited so long.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

FOR EVERY OCCASION



AN informal dance at home, an afternoon tea, an evening of bridge—whatever the occasion, you will find "Uneeda Bakers" delicacies which exactly fit that occasion.

Take NABISCO, that aristocrat of dessert wafers, with its two crisp wafers enclosing a delicious creamy filling. Then there's HARLEQUIN, with its three layers of delectable wafers and its tasty filling. And FESTINO—a sugar wafer of exceptional charm which looks and tastes like an almond.

Ask your grocer for these favorite sugar wafers today—and ask him to tell you about the many other delicious varieties made by "Uneeda Bakers."



NBC TRADE MARK Uneeda

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

HOW TO AVOID ANEMIA

By Flora Rose

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

HEALTH is a gift from Heaven. But as we study it we become more and more convinced that it is not a free gift. Heaven helps only those who help themselves. The more we know about helping ourselves, the more we are sure of improving or retaining our own health and of securing it for our children.

That we must literally *work* to secure or retain good health is the last word. It seems that many cases of simple anemia—that is, too little of the substance in blood which makes it red—are caused by lack of exercise. No one may sit still all day at a desk or in an automobile or at a card-table and hope to keep intact Heaven's gift of health. Only by the sweat of the brow is it made secure.

There is an interesting reason for this. The red corpuscles of the blood are manufactured in the red marrow of the bones. These red marrow factories become weak and inert when we fail to exercise moderately each day. They are then incapable of sending to the blood a sufficient number of red corpuscles of good quality. Listlessness thus begets listlessness. The inactive person becomes anemic and the anemic person becomes more and more inactive. When anemia has been brought about by lack of exercise, it must be corrected gradually—a very little increase in exercise at first, until each day brings an improvement in physical vigor.

Good health may be made better by exercising in the fresh air and sunshine. Direct sunshine plays an important part in making and keeping bones healthy. More and more we shall grow into an appreciation of the protective, constructive and curative values of the radiant energy of direct sunlight. We should try to build our houses to secure it; we should regulate our lives so as to live at least a little part of each day in it. If we can not bask in the sunshine, then let us make it up by taking cod-liver oil or egg-yolk.

Finally, better health may be made best if to the exercise-and-sunshine cure we add thought of proper diet. After all is said and done, if bricks can not be built without straw, neither can good red blood be built without iron. Each day we must resolve to eat a supply of iron-containing foods. *First* will come the greens and green vegetables. We should always have one of these; spinach, lettuce, string-beans, etc. *Second* will come still other vegetables and also fruits. *Third* will come eggs or meat or both. *Fourth* will come potatoes, either baked and eaten skin and all or boiled with their skins on and then skinned. *Fifth* will come the true whole-wheat bread, or breads and cereals made from whole grains or whole-grain meals. *Sixth* will come milk, which, though itself not rich in iron, increases the value to the diet of iron-rich foods.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Ask us anything you want to know about cookery and we will answer it in this column. These answers have been edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

QUESTION: I have read that harmful preservatives are used in drying some fruits and I have always been afraid to use dried fruit for this reason. Is there any way of telling when these foods are harmful?

Answer: You need have no fear of using dried fruits of any well-known brand purchased from a dealer whom you know to be reliable. Sulfurous dioxid is sometimes used in the bleaching and drying of dried fruits, but the amount used is limited by law to an extent rendering it harmless. Processes of drying fruits have been greatly improved and perfected in the last few years, and many of the dried products now offered for sale are of a very high quality. Dried fruits such as prunes, peaches, apricots, dates and figs are a good source of minerals, particularly iron and lime, and of other valuable substances.

Question: Several times I have eaten a lettuce salad with an oil dressing in which there were peppers and onions. Is this a Lettuce Salad Chiffonade, and how is it made?

Answer: The salad you describe was undoubtedly Lettuce Salad Chiffonade. It is made of hearts of lettuce served with a chiffonade dressing made from the following ingredients:

- 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped red pepper
- 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
- 2 hard-boiled eggs finely chopped
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 5 tablespoons salad-oil
- 2 tablespoons vinegar

Mix the ingredients in the order given and shake well.

Question: My husband is a working-man who must carry his lunch. Can you give me any helpful suggestions for making his lunch neat and appetizing, at the same time giving him enough nourishment and variety for this meal?

Answer: A general plan for these luncheons might be: bread-and-butter sandwiches with a hearty dish—or bread and butter combined with meat, cheese, egg or other hearty filling—a relish, a dessert and a beverage.

Whole-wheat bread, Graham bread or other forms of brown bread or raisin bread make excellent bread-and-butter sandwiches to go with the hearty dish, which may consist of baked beans, cold sliced meats or stuffed eggs. If the bread and butter are to be made into sandwiches, thin slices of cold meat, ham, chicken or cheese make excellent fillings. So do chopped hard-cooked eggs mixed with mayonnaise and minced ham; or any left-over meat, chopped fine and well seasoned with onion-juice or minced celery; or peanut butter moistened with cream or salad-dressing.

Another nice sandwich filling can be made from canned tomato soup: Heat the soup, add a little flour mixed into a paste with cold water. Cook, stirring constantly. Beat two eggs and add them, stirring constantly, and also one cup of grated cheese. Stir until it melts. Cool. This will keep in a cool place for several days.

Finely chopped cooked and mashed vegetables, especially asparagus and celery, make a good filling for a change.

The relish may be a ripe tomato or some crisp celery, green pickles or olives, sliced cucumber and onion dressed in vinegar, salt and pepper, or little green onions or radishes.

Dessert should include fruit, unless there are green vegetables in the meal. Oranges, apples or dates are good. Other desserts are cake, cookies, individual fruit pies made of fresh fruit in season, of dried fruit in Winter, or else fruit whips made in custard-cups or baked custards.

The beverage may be milk, cocoa or coffee. A vacuum bottle will keep it hot.

The sandwiches are more attractive and they keep fresher if they are wrapped in waxed paper. The filling should always be well moistened with cream, salad-dressing or stock in order to make the sandwich moist. Salad of any kind may be packed in the same way. The dessert should be wrapped by itself.

In addition to this, if your husband is fond of sweets, add two or three pieces of candy or dates or figs. Of course all this will have to be adjusted according to your husband's likes and dislikes in foods.





Your baker offers— something *extra good* for Wednesday

SOMETHING a little "special" for mid-week—and what could be better than the wonderful Raisin Bread your baker offers you each Wednesday?

Beautiful golden loaves, filled and flavored with the rich and fruity goodness of Sun-Maid Raisins! They're his very finest—every slice generously filled with the plump and juicy fruit of California's vineyards.

Fresh and fragrant from the oven you can get this perfect Raisin Bread every Wednesday—at bakeries, grocery stores and delicatessens throughout the city. Every week—everywhere—bakers prepare bakings of their finest Sun-Maid Raisin Bread "Special for Wednesday."

And these also:

For all those women who have formed a custom of serving Raisin Bread on Wednesday, bakers include many other tempting Raisin Foods in these special bakings.

There are rolls and cookies, cakes and coffee cakes, muffins, "snails" and many more. All as healthful as they are delicious. And there is Sun-Maid Raisin Pie, of course—rich with the full, fine flavor of California's choicest table grapes. Hot or cold, it's equally good.

Why not, as so many women everywhere are doing, serve Raisin Bread and other Raisin Foods regularly for Wednesday? All the family will enjoy the variety and goodness they bring to your table.



Rice pudding, made with Sun-Maid Raisins, is an easy, inexpensive dessert — but so good! "Recipes with Raisins" tells you how to make it best.

And—Raisin Toast will reveal to you a new delight for breakfast!

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

The same goodness that your baker gives to bread—simply by adding raisins—you also can give to numberless other foods.

To the old, familiar foods—such as rice and bread puddings, oatmeal and other cereals—Sun-Maid Raisins bring *new* goodness and the variety your family craves. They make your desserts doubly enticing.

Use Sun-Maid Raisins lavishly. You can do it inexpensively, because raisins are cheap this year.

The free book, "Recipes with Raisins," tells you easy and sure ways of making many tempting raisin dishes, new and old. Fill in the coupon below and send for this free book.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded — Seedless — Clusters



Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association,
Dept. A-205, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

Name .....

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City ..... *State* .....



Paris clothes—and already there is a pattern waiting for each new style

"Come and see the clothes I got in Paris—the new dresses are beltless and very flat in back. Frocks are straight as they can be, to keep the tube silhouette. A circular flare at the bottom, like this, is very smart. And the cape dress is what all Paris is wearing—"

You want these new things in your own Summer wardrobe! And you will find all the dominant styles of the new season in Butterick Patterns!

When the scarf dress was launched our experts were in Paris. The tube silhouette was decided on—quickly the news was cabled by our Paris office. And the moment its success was assured patterns were made for the beltless frock with its flat back and straight, straight lines. Butterick has each successful mode ready for you in pattern form. And shows you in the Deltor just how to cut out, put together, and finish that new style. Women rely on this unique service. Butterick—New York, Paris, London.



The dress with the little cape, beloved by Paris, you find in Butterick Patterns



The new tube silhouette, broken by circular flounces, is in Butterick Patterns



Straight and beltless, the fashionable silhouette finds various expressions in the new Butterick Patterns

Easier to use than any other pattern

No other pattern has a Deltor that shows you exactly which pieces to put together first and just how to do every step of the making. You can not make a mistake if you follow the Deltor. Even if you never made a dress before, the Deltor insures you success.

Every detail of finish shown you

Every bit about finishing your dress is shown you. Clever unexpected things that the French delight in, you do with perfect ease. Other patterns ignore this important service. With the Deltor your clothes have a wholly new perfection that delights you.

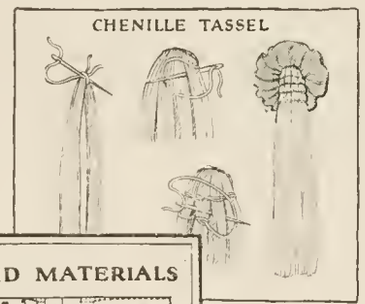
Professional putting together



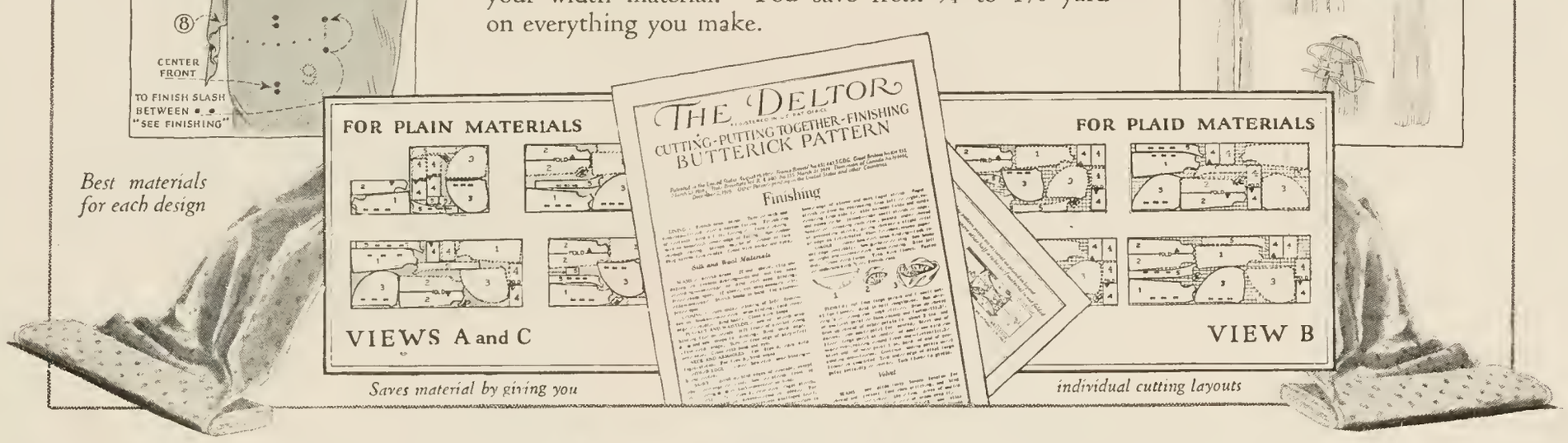
The pattern that saves material

With the general cutting chart that ordinary patterns give, you can not help wasting material. The Deltor saves material by giving you a cutting layout that exactly meets your needs. It is for your size and view laid on your width material. You save from ¼ to 1⅜ yard on everything you make.

Expert French finish



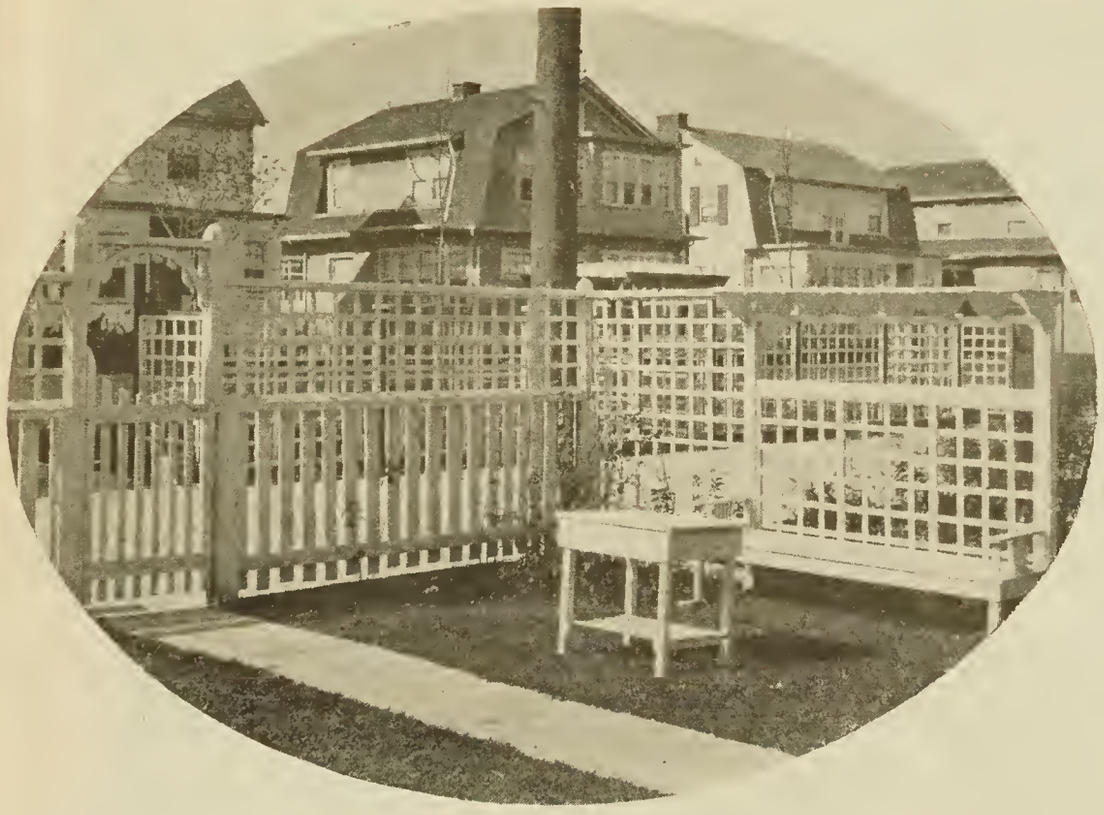
Best materials for each design



Saves material by giving you individual cutting layouts

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR

BUTTERICK FASHIONS FEATURED EACH MONTH IN THE DELINEATOR



The old-style picket or board fence has here been replaced by a much more decorative lattice fence. Note the unusual gateway and convenient settee

NEW USES OF LATTICE

By Estelle H. Ries

Lattice has its own charming uses in connection with the city, the suburban or the country house. It will build a porch screen, a rose-arbor, a cool, restful Summer-house, or any number of other constructions, both useful and decorative. And lattice is not difficult or expensive either to make or to buy. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of THE DELINEATOR'S Department of Home-Building, will be glad to give you further information about it and to suggest ways in which you can use it to beautify your property

THOSE of us who have ever lived in a suburban town or in one of the larger and more prosperous farming districts of the country will recall elm-shaded streets with low white houses standing back from the road, their gardens tended with the most solicitous care and brought to the highest state of cultivation.

FOUNDED BY THE DELINEATOR 1921

Among such rustic surroundings latticework in this country first had its origin; for it was in these gardens and along the grassy plots between the fence and the house that ingenuity devised the trellis support for growing vines to thrive in sunshine.

At first but a simple makeshift support, these lattices have become each year more and more ornamental in character and intricate in design. They have not only been made to serve their original purpose, but they have also become affixed to the house as part of its decoration; and more recently still, they have become a much-used element in interior decoration.

When affixed to the house, either outside or in, lattice has assumed an aspect of permanence and has therefore become structural. When used detached and out-of-doors, it is equally permanent, because it supplies support for vines that in the course of time become large and heavy. So we find that lattice is no longer treated as a makeshift; and it is interesting to note that architects and builders deem it so important that they are constantly experimenting with it to secure permanence and stability, together with artistic development.

There is evidence in many of the very pretentious Italian and French gardens whose history dates back many hundred years that lattice was formerly used for decorative purposes to a considerable degree. But it is apparent that in constructing it no thought was given to its permanence. If lattice is to be made to withstand the deteriorating effects of the elements and also to carry the heavy weight of a rapidly growing vine, it should be stanch and strong as well as ornamental.

LATTICE may be divided into two general classes, interior and exterior. The treatment of these is essentially different, for few of the precautions necessary for the construction of exterior work are required for that used in the interior.

Exterior lattice may be used to advantage in a variety of places and may be made to conform with all the conditions to which one may seek to apply it.

On barren walls, it may be used as a clinging-surface for vines, affording decorative interest before the vines have climbed and effecting a result of color and life after they have.

Affixed around a window, lattice may be employed to improve a defect in proportion or to support vines; used in front of a window-sill, like a fence, it will prevent plant-pots from toppling over.

Lattice also serves a useful purpose on an open porch by providing semiprivacy for the occupants behind it without interfering with their view beyond.

Pergolas, arbors and gateways are frequently made of lattice. They combine utility with decorative value in a very satisfactory way.

Another good effect may be obtained by using lattice to unite the house with the garage, either by an actual lattice fence or pergola or simply by repeating a decorative lattice motive that will be common to both buildings.

Lattice combines well with almost all the regular exterior building materials, and may be used on stucco, brick and wooden houses.

Finally, one of the most popular and desirable of all the exterior functions of lattice is that it hides from the streets any unsightly places there may be about the premises or in the back yard.

IT IS apparent that any device which introduces decorative interest into so many diverse and important household requirements has almost unlimited possibilities for development.

In selecting lattice for vines, give a thought to the fact that vines growing in narrow vertical strips will not look well on a rambling horizontal house. Ivy is the most formal climber and goes well with a residence of pretentious character. For mere convenience it is better to have leafy green vines attached to the house instead of flowering climbers

Concluded on page 70

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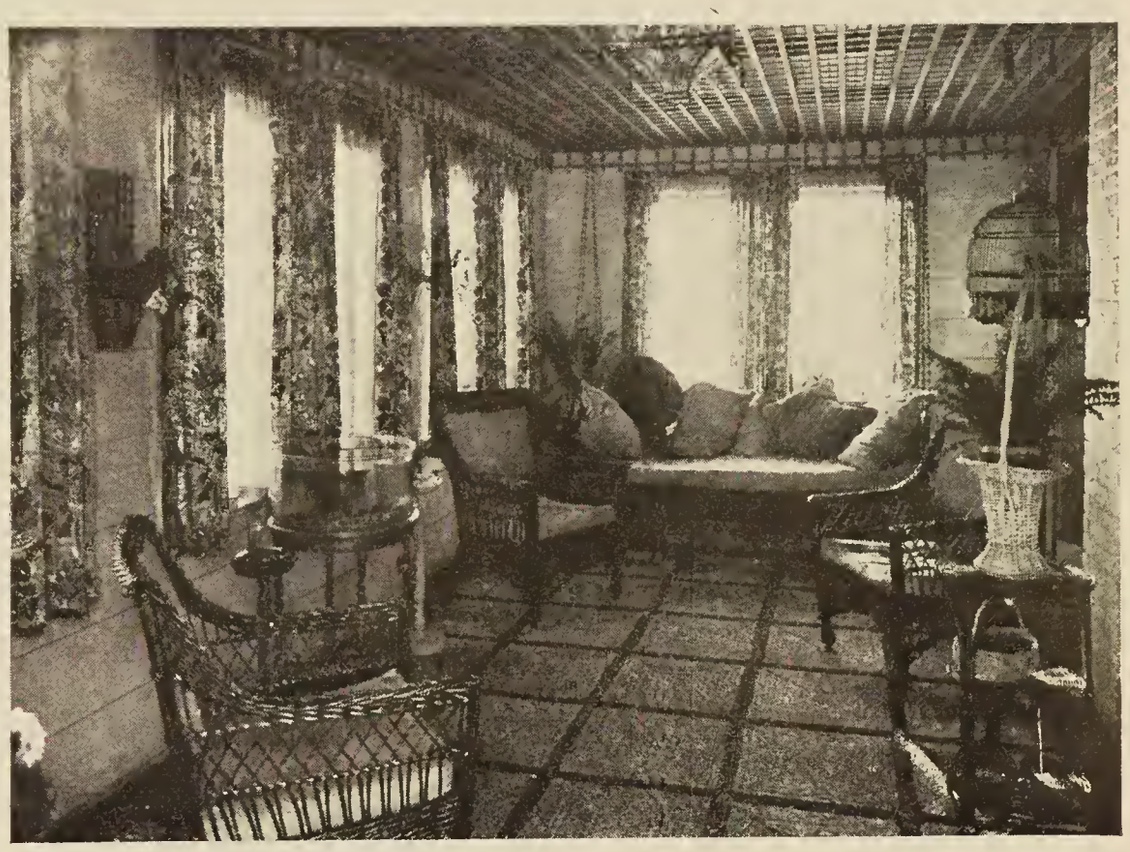
NEW USES OF LATTICE

Concluded from page 69

that may attract insects or litter the ground with petals. However, most people are willing to bear these slight annoyances for the lovely honeysuckle, wisteria and other favorites. Think of these things before your lattice is erected.

Garden architecture, and this of course includes lattice, must reflect and be consistent with the architecture of the house. A pergola of classic design can not feel pleasantly disposed to a rambling, careless little bungalow; nor can a rustic pergola rise to the dignity of a Georgian mansion. Let the design of the lattice garden architecture be governed by these considerations. Do not build a pergola unless you are prepared to let the completed thing serve the specific purposes for which pergolas are intended—namely, to support vines and to provide a pleasant, shady walk leading logically from one place to another. There is no reason for its existence where there is no vine for it to support or no destination for it to lead to as a fitting transition.

On account of the lightness of its construction and its constant exposure to the weather, latticework has a shorter life than any other part of building construction. Dry-rot and decay are constantly at work against it; and this fact will serve to emphasize the necessity that lattice be structurally well put together.



Latticework on the ceilings and walls of sunrooms and porches lends a garden atmosphere that is hard to achieve in any other way

The question will naturally arise as to the size of the wood from which lattice should be constructed. While it is not possible to answer so that every instance will be covered, it may be said that more latticework is built of strips three-eighths by one and one-eighth inches in dimensions than of any other size.

The artistic design in lattice will very largely depend on the ingenuity and artistic perception of the builder. There are certain features in design, however, that may be studied and that will suggest a variety of patterns to relieve the lattice of any monotony and also to create a very desirable effect. Reference to the illustrations will show some of these.

Where lattice is used as a background for vines and plants, the decorative effect need not be so seriously studied; but it is important that, structurally, the lattice should be of the best character and that it should be sufficiently strong to carry the weight imposed. For such work the simplest lines should be sought. Strips should be placed a considerable distance apart and little or no attempt made to form figures or designs.

In every case where lattice is placed against a building it should be made to stand free from the wall and at least six inches away, so as to afford free circulation of air. This will enable it to dry at the back almost as quickly as it will on its exposed surface. If this free-standing character is not maintained, not only will the lattice soon rot and fall apart, but the safety of the structure will be seriously impaired.

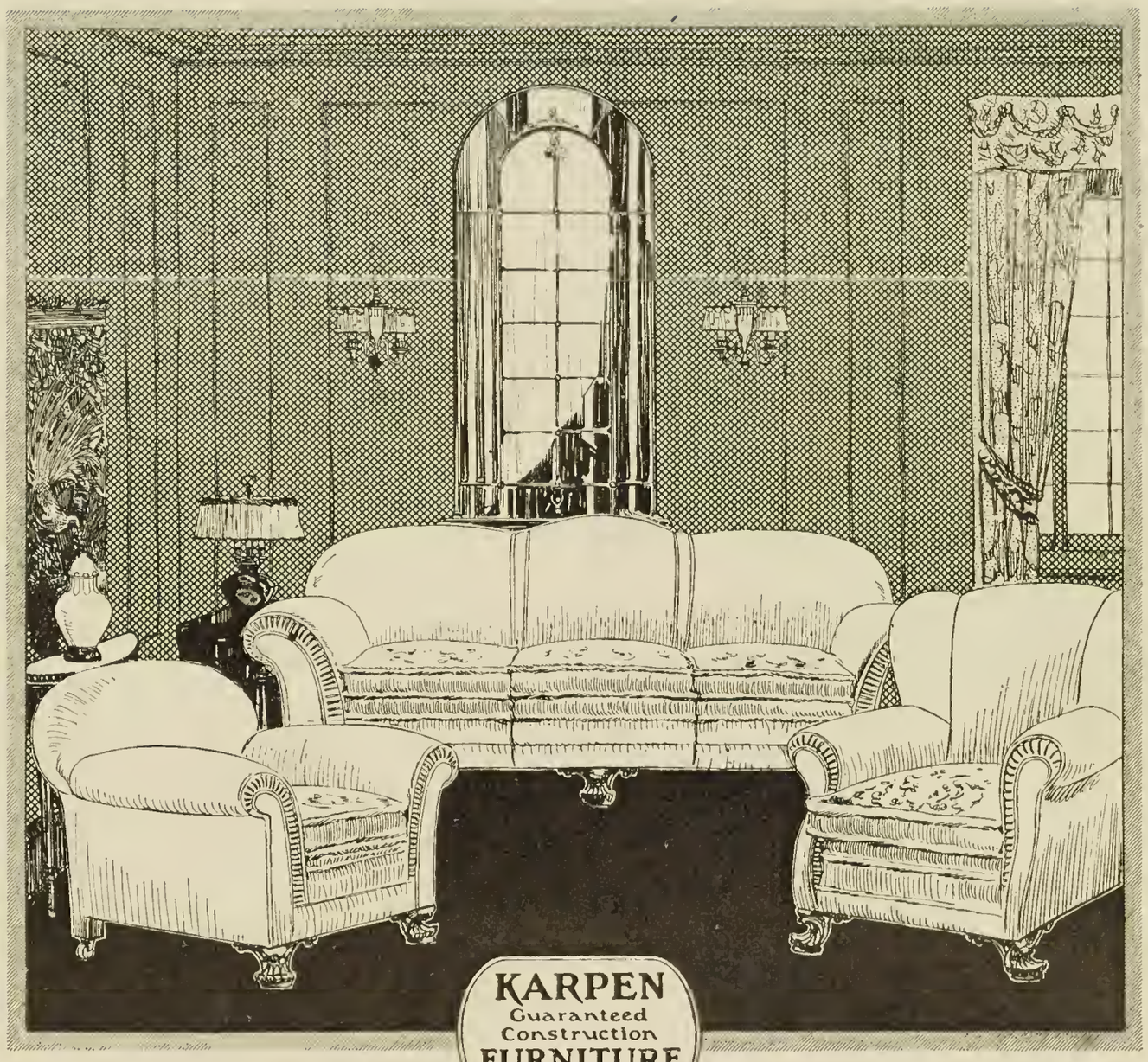
Because there is bound to be excessive dampness at certain seasons of the year, ordinary wire nails should never be used for exterior latticework. The only safe way to put the lattice together is by means of copper screws. While this process is necessarily expensive and slow, as each hole must be drilled before the screws are inserted in order to prevent splitting, it is the only way to be sure of the result. If copper screws can not be employed, copper nails may be used. And in the case of cheaper work where the strips are simply wired together, the wire also should be of copper.

In putting lattice together, special care must be taken that parts shed rain and snow and do not retain water. While the general shrinking of lattice will cause little harm if it is in a position to dry thoroughly in good weather, the slightest amount of standing water in crevices or on projections will soon start decay. It is the natural tendency of all wood to warp more or less; and this will be particularly apparent at the point where strips cross one another, for almost invariably small pockets form between the two surfaces of the wood. It is possible to notch the strips at these points and later paint them to fill up the crevices. The painting should be done very thoroughly, all cracks and openings being cared for as well as the surface. Three coats of paint are customary: one before the strips are assembled; one after they are assembled, with special emphasis on the joints; and a final coat when the work is finished.

The color selected for painting the lattice is largely a matter of accord with the surroundings. For trellis purposes, green is often used because it approaches the shade of the foliage. Where lattice is used for gateways, interior porches or exterior trim, the general color of the building or its surroundings will of course be the deciding consideration. White is extremely effective and at the same time is sufficiently neutral to harmonize with almost anything. It must, however, be kept white and not permitted to look shabby or worn, lest it lose its whole decorative value.

White pine and other soft woods are recommended as proper materials for latticework. These woods hold their shape and do not warp to the extent that some harder woods do. Nor will they crack at the time of erection. If it is proposed to introduce scroll work or fine patterns where close cutting is necessary, it is especially important that soft wood should be selected, as the points and projections left are less likely to chip and break.

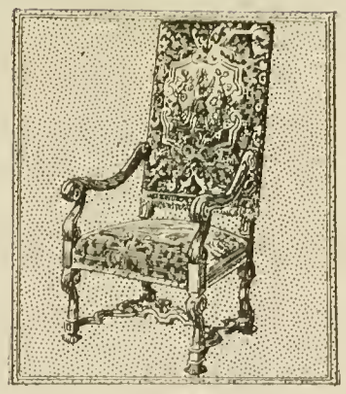
Finally, it should be remembered that when lattice is used structurally it should have the same substantial character that the house has and should receive similar care in overhauling and repair.





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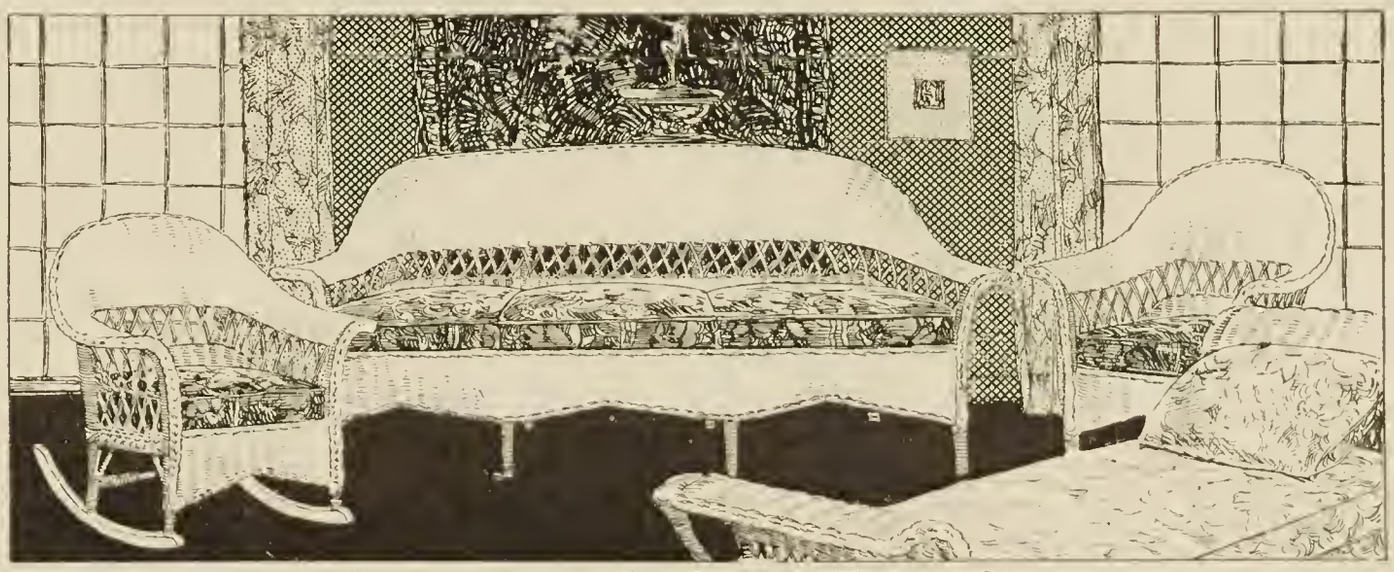
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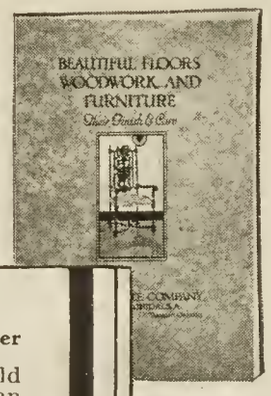
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MOVING DAY

A simple system that makes it easy

By Marion Brownfield

Moving day can be stripped of casualties to china and furniture, of unendurable fatigue, of sad periods of confusion before and after. When should you begin packing? What should you pack first? And how? This article sets forth an easy and simple program which takes care of all these moving-day problems. Keep this copy of THE DELINEATOR against the day when you will have to move

THE easiest way to move is to have a clean house ready in advance, so that furniture, utensils and other articles may be moved into just the place they are to remain. This means a minimum of confusion and likewise an economy of time and labor. Packing should be done sufficiently far ahead to guard against last-minute rushing and the hurried or careless assembling of fragile furnishings. But packing too far ahead has its disadvantages, for some much-needed every-day article is certain to be packed away most inconveniently in the very bottom of a box, making it necessary to unpack the box to get the article before moving day arrives.

A list of what goes into every box and barrel and trunk is a convenience that far offsets the additional labor of making such lists. An inventory of all the furniture is also useful, especially when one moves a long distance, to check off each piece as it enters the new home.

Labels, too, should go on every box and barrel. Having every container marked saves a great amount of labor, inconvenience and worry when unpacking. A list of the contents of a trunk is best put in the top tray, but it is best to tack a list of the pieces contained in a barrel of china either on the side or the top of the barrel. A tag is easily tied on to boxes, and the gummed labels that come in assorted sizes are very useful to stick on such boxes as may contain medicine, toilet articles, flavorings, desk supplies, canned fruit, bric-à-brac, books and music.

The things that may be packed first without being much missed during the pre-moving period include books, music, toys, best china, bric-à-brac, pictures and best clothing. Bric-à-brac can either go into barrels with china, packed thickly with tissue or newspaper and excelsior, or be snugly packed in with clothes. China should be sorted and all heavy pieces, like toilet-sets, should go into one barrel, the thin china and glassware going into another. Even then it is wisest to pack the heaviest pieces at the bottom, which should first be covered with a thick layer of excelsior. Space can be conserved by putting a snugly wrapped small article inside a larger one.

Care must be taken to prevent articles from crushing one another. Quantities of small bits of newspaper are excellent for this purpose. Delicate china can travel a long distance without the slightest damage if every surface is protected with thick newspaper wrappings. Every teacup should be separated from the others by a couple of thicknesses of newspaper and a generous twist around the handle.

In packing music or books it is better to pack several smaller wooden boxes than one large one. This is important for securing careful and prompt moving. Too often disgruntled men will smash furniture by rough handling or indifferent packing of the van.

To save time, small boxes and pieces of light furniture may be stacked up by the family ready to be loaded on the van. The size of the van ordered depends upon the amount, shape and weight of furniture. For heavy pieces and a quantity, a large van is cheapest in the end. Light pieces may frequently be economically moved by a neighborhood odd-job or express man. A piano should preferably be moved by a piano-mover, both to save the piano and the polished floor surfaces of the new dwelling.

Preparing one's choicest pieces of furniture for travel requires plenty of newspaper and cord. Simply tying newspaper over chair-backs and table-tops protects them from scratches, dust or moisture. All first-class furniture-movers have padded vans and plenty of quilts, pads or burlap to protect each surface from the next. A phonograph needs special protection. Plenty of paper, burlap or old clothes should completely envelope it, with stout cord to hold it in position.

No case of drawers must be heavily loaded. They may be stuffed to advantage, provided that weight is not noticeable. All drawers should be either locked or tied securely so that they will not come open. If trunks are needed for best clothes, every-day clothes may conveniently be put in bureau drawers and underclothing packed into large cotton bags, such as grain or laundry bags. In this way every-day clothes may be quickly located for wear.

No desk, especially the style with slender curved legs, should have a heavy load; a sofa-cushion or two or a set of curtains may fill it. Of course ink-bottles must be removed.

Kitchen utensils are hard to pack compactly because they must be used until the last minute. About two dozen articles, from the tea-kettle to the frying-pan, must wait practically until the last load. A wash-boiler or tub is a good strong holder for them, and newspaper will prevent them from damaging one another.

Provisions, which should run as low as possible the last few days before moving, can usually be held in a clothes-basket. A stout wooden box is needed for holding such a collection of hardware as wire clothes-lines, clothes-pins, clothes wringer and rack, towel-racks, bathroom fixtures, flat-irons, meat-choppers, ice-cream freezers and so forth.

A box containing hammers, saw, file, screw-driver, monkey-wrench, tack-puller and nails of all kinds is best left open until the last minute. A pasteboard box such as cereal comes in or a tin can should be handy to collect picture-hangers, screws, hasps and closet-hooks.

To complete moving-day preparations, the cooking of a generous food supply to last several days saves time and satisfies unusual appetites during a time when all members of the family do harder physical work than ordinarily. If a vacuum bottle or fireless cooker is counted among household equipment, a hot beverage, not to mention a hot dinner, can be easily planned for moving day. Certain it is that a good hot meal minimizes the fatigue of moving time.



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ONCE IN ALABAMA

Continued from page 9

with Amelia. They watched her run through the sunshine across to the dressing-tent.

"These goes the sweetest lamb that breathes God's air," Amelia said. "I hope life'll be good to her!"

Talbot smiled.

"I'm going to help all *I* can," he said. "We're going to be married this afternoon."

Amelia stared at him, as though her senses had left her.

AFTER breakfast Amelia took John Talbot into the menagerie and introduced him to Captain Henderson, the show detective. Parade had gone out. From way down the street, against a kaleidoscope flash of moving flags and spangles in the sun, the calliope was sending back a wheezy echo of "The Sunshine of Your Smile." Around the menagerie the working men were shoving the cages into place, letting down sides, putting up ropes—the green eyes of restless jungle things blinking in the light.

The eating-stands were setting up—every one busy—every one happy. Amelia, having to leave them and dress for the free attraction, said she thought it would please Ilda if Henderson would take their guest downtown for lunch. Henderson said if it would please *Ilda*, that was all he needed to know.

"We'd go after the moon around here if Ilda wanted it," he laughed.

So when parade came in, Talbot had gone with Captain Henderson, and Amelia, waiting for Ilda, followed her into the dressing-tent and sat down on her trunk.

"Now what's all this about," she said bluntly. "If you're marryin' anybody, who is it and why?"

Ilda stepped out of her crimson velvet and caught up a gingham apron. She brushed her hand over her forehead in a tired little way.

"I don't know, Amelia," she said. "John's come after me, that's all. He's been waiting for me quite a while. I suppose he told you."

Amelia watched her closely. "You been waitin' for him, too?" she asked.

Ilda didn't answer. She put her head on her knees and her hands down into the crumpled grass under her canvas chair—then suddenly she looked straight into Amelia's face—her eyes full of tears.

"How does anybody know who they love, Amelia?" she said. "What is it—what *is* it!"

Amelia had never had any children, but her gray eyes were mother eyes. Her plain face grew sweet as she looked down at that little girl.

"Darling," she said, "if God's got a secret—that's it. Love's the most invisible thing in the world, but it holds the whole world together just the same. You don't set out to hunt for it, you don't know when it comes, you don't know what to do with it when you get it—it ain't looks, it ain't money, it ain't goodness or success—it's like God himself—just a little somethin' hidin' in your soul."

Mrs. Busby came by in fresh purple linen.

"Listen to me rustle," she laughed. "Do I look good in purple? I just wash and iron, wash and iron all the while because Busby likes starched clothes. Ilda, what a pretty thing you are! Haven't got a care on earth, have you? Well," she sighed, "I used to have it easy, doin' just as I pleased too, but a man keeps you goin' one way or another. Bein' in love is the hardest sufferin' anybody ever knows"—she gathered her linen away from Ilda's water-bucket—"except," she added softly, "the sufferin' of goin' without it!"

She looked down at Ilda a minute, then with a quick impulse and nervous little bird fingers she patted her hair.

"I just met Tom outside and there's tears in his eyes, too," she said. "He's sufferin' from one, and you're sufferin' from the other. But Busby and me used to cry, too. It's all right, dear. Don't worry."

She gave her a birdlike little kiss—squeezed Amelia's fingers pettingly and fruffed past them.

"Amelia," Ilda said quickly, "go and find Tom, will you? Don't let him care. Tell him I—I want him to forget me——"

Amelia got up slowly.

"I'll find him," she said, "but you can give him that message yourself when the time comes that you mean it."

THERE were fourteen thousand people in the big top that afternoon. John Talbot was one of them. When Ilda Stairs, in a fluff of pale yellow gold like her hair, ran laughing into the ring, Talbot heard the sweep of applause, watched the ocean of people looking at her, felt them realizing her beauty, responding to the electric personality of her—saw them hold their breaths as, with one foot in the loop of her rope, she was carried up—up like a yellow rose-petal blown in the wind——

Talbot's heart thundered as she swung, dropped, dived, whirled. It seemed that *nothing* was holding her! One little bit of a brown-eyed girl, and fourteen thousand people breathless! That he had kissed those laughing lips three hours before seemed something that couldn't have happened!

He couldn't watch her. He got up and went out. He went back to the dressing-tent and stood by a car where Mrs. Busby's five poodles were being tied with pink ribbons. Mrs. Busby, in pink velvet and diamonds, offered him a canvas chair.

"Don't remember me, do you?" she smiled. "I'm Mis' Busby. Amelia introduced us this morning. Amelia's lovely, ain't she? Make yourself right at home now."

The band blared to a climax—stopped short—the applause broke. Ilda came out of the big top with a white coat held around her, her curls tumbled over her face. Her breath was all gone, but she was smiling. She caught the ropes by the back door, one hand against her pounding heart. Inside, the crowd was still applauding for Ilda, heedless of a hundred clowns tumbling around the track.

Tom Brownell was waiting to go in for his act—spurs—brown chaps—wide brown sombrero. He put his arm around Ilda to steady her just a minute. She dropped her head against his shoulder and caught his fingers—and suddenly there was nothing in the world but that—their fingers together—her head on his shoulder.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart," he said, almost sobbing. "I love you!"

He tried to shut the tears out of his eyes, but he couldn't. Ilda dropped his hand.

"I know you do, Tom," she said.

John Talbot came across the grass.

"Well," he said, "come on, Ilda; let's go."

Ilda went to the door of the dressing-tent with John, his arm around her shoulder where it had been so many times. She had known for so long that some day he would come like this. She wanted to tell him she wasn't sure—didn't know—hadn't yet felt that bit of God hidden in her soul—but John's feeling of possession carried her along with it somehow, till she seemed just a reed on an ocean wave.

She went back to her trunk and put on that pink checked gingham, unpinned her hat from the canvas wall and went out where Talbot was waiting. The show was still going on—performers laughing, ready to do their acts.

John and Ilda went across the back yard to the gray racer arm in arm. They drove out by the entrance where the big banners were—where the spieler was getting in the crowd to see Amelia.

They drove down the long street into town, through the crowds, past the little shows. Talbot knew where to go for the license to marry. The man smiled at them. He looked up at Talbot when he noticed the name.

"Oh, John Talbot of New York," he said, meaning a great deal.

When they went out again, Talbot bought Ilda an armful of roses. She said she wanted to go to the cars and put on her white dress.

There was no one around the station, just the porters of the circus train sitting out by the track. Ilda and Talbot went into Car 84, long and cool—all the curtains drawn back from the beds—gay pillows tucked around, pictures pinned to the walls. In Ilda's own little place the walls were gray silk, the lights shaded with rose. John saw his picture framed hanging there. It was quiet—the afternoon sun in long streaks on the floor. Talbot took one of Ilda's hands in his.

"I'm going to make the world all new for you, dear," he said. "My money will buy you everything. You'll never live *this* way again."

Concluded on page 76

Waist and Hips Reduced in Ten Seconds With New Kind of Girdle

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AT LAST! A wonderful new scientific girdle that improves your appearance immediately and reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" The instant you put on the new girdle the bulky fat on the waist and hips seems to vanish, the waist-line lengthens, and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel many years younger!

Look More Slender At Once!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you, with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines!

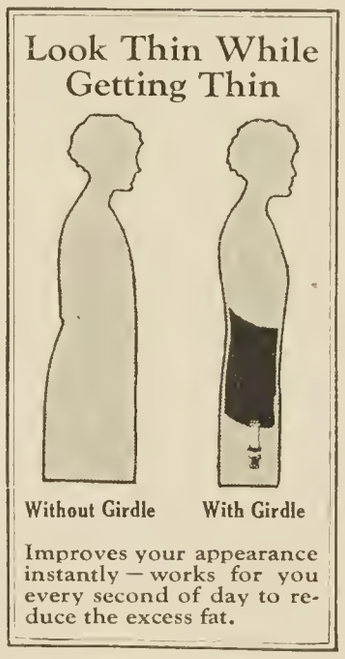
Actually Reduces Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber — especially designed for reducing purposes — and is worn over the undergarment. Gives the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue.



Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now, and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc.
Dept. G-1245, 404 Fourth Ave., New York

The Madame X Reducing Girdle takes the place of stiff corsets, and gives you, with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines. Makes you look and feel years younger. The patented open-front insures perfect comfort while you sit, work, or play. And the special lacing makes belt easy to adjust as you become more slender.

The THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. G-1245
404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

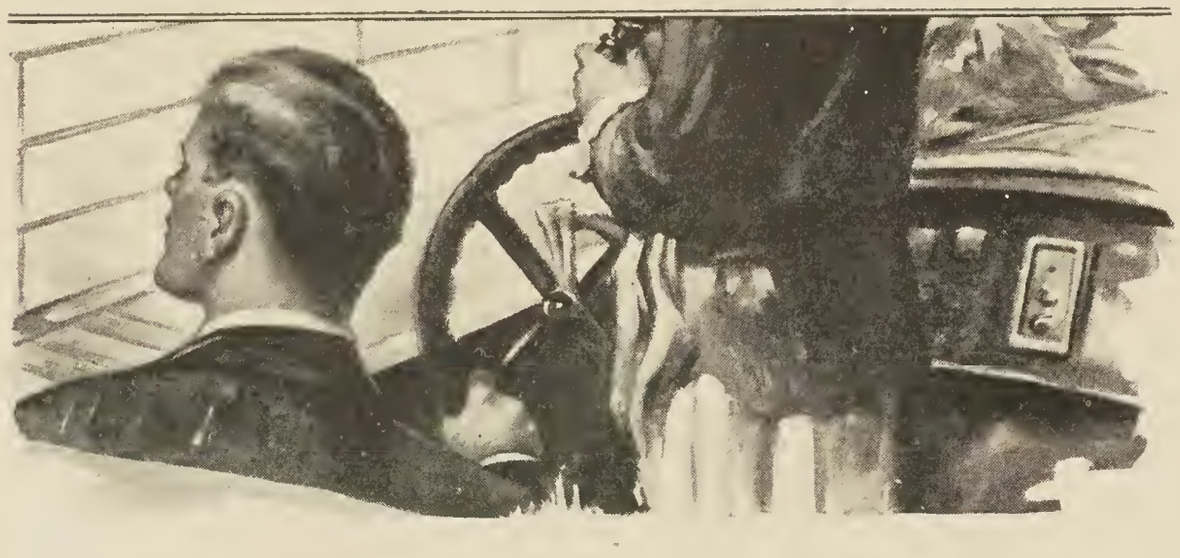
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Honeymoons last longer when hair keeps its charm



WHY do honeymoons wane? Carelessness is usually the answer—carelessness about one's disposition, and carelessness about one's looks.

And care of appearance is not the job of the woman alone. *He* must also use care—to keep himself from getting bald, for one thing!

No—nothing will cure baldness. But proper care will probably prevent it. Even if he already has dandruff, Wildroot Hair Tonic can eliminate it—if he acts now.

Naturally, he does not know as much about the care of the hair as you do. *You* realize what most American girls know—that Wildroot Hair Tonic will keep the scalp healthy, and will also lend a lustrous lure to the hair itself.

You who have studied how to make yourself attractive—*you* realize that your chance to deserve a continuous honeymoon depends upon the attractiveness of your hair, as well as your teeth and your face.

* * * *

You probably have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Bring it out and keep it right alongside of the tooth paste. The care of the hair is almost as important as the care of the teeth. Use Wildroot regularly, and see that *he* does likewise. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC



ONCE IN ALABAMA

Concluded from page 74

Ilda put the armful of roses on her bed and looked up at him.

"*This* way?" she said, questioning him. "Why, this is *home*, John—everybody together."

She told him how they sat out on the track at night with stories and songs.

"Paris or the side of a railroad track are no different if you're happy," she told him. "A million dollars couldn't buy any more than *that*. To-night Tom Brownell's going to make a fire and pop pop-corn."

"He won't be popping any for *you*," Talbot laughed.

Ilda looked up at him, startled—almost frightened.

"Tom—loves me," she said.

"So I noticed when you finished your act to-day," Talbot said shortly. "In another minute I'd have taken his hands off of you myself." He got up abruptly and went to the door.

"I'll wait for you outside," he said.

ILDA sat down and filled her lap full of those roses. She had never in her life had so many roses before. Talbot had paid twenty dollars for them. Twenty dollars for roses! The world was already new for her. All money could buy! Pearls! In ten minutes she could have a string of pearls! The little gray racer was hers—Paris—Mrs. John Talbot of New York!

The wind, blowing down from the circus lot, brought the music of the calliope in at the car windows. How close Tom had held her! The tears in his eyes! And Talbot had felt the right to take his hands off of her! She wondered how she could say good-by to Tom. She would be *afraid* to say good-by to him! She *couldn't* say good-by to him!

From the drawer underneath her bed she took her white dress—put it on, brushed out her hair and dusted off her little white shoes. Over and over she said to herself: "What am I doing? What am I doing? Is it *right*? Do I *know*?"

She sorted six long-stemmed roses and held them in her arms and put the rest in a water-jar in the corner of the wash-room. Outside she found the porter. Talbot hurried to meet her.

"To-night, Henry," she told the porter, "will you give Tom the roses I left inside? Tell him—tell him to keep them as long as he can!"

Talbot took her arm and they walked over across the tracks.

"So, I buy roses for a cowboy circus performer, do I?" he said. "Well, in twenty minutes time he'll hear some news besides roses."

Twenty minutes! The circus—the band—the torches at night—Tom—never to come back again!

"John," Ilda said suddenly, "*won't* you wait one more day, John? I think I love you. I think I want to go, but all this that I'm used to can never come back to me. Let me have one more day now."

She looked up at him—beautiful, big brown eyes——

Talbot smiled. This child of a girl he was offering a million—begging concession of brass bands and red table-cloths!

"Well, you can't hang on forever like a bug to a bush," he said. "What *do* you want?"

"Just one day more, John, dear," she begged. "Just till to-morrow."

He looked down at those eyes, those sweet lips that were begging him, and slowly, somehow, like a man waking from years of walking in his sleep, it came over John Talbot what life was about, because it suddenly came over him how much—how much he really *loved*, which knowledge, in God's way of miracles, is the door of every man's understanding.

He drew his hand across her hair—just softly.

"All right," he said. "If you want it."

They drove back to the lot. The afternoon show crowd had gone—only stragglers were left, looking curiously on. Dinner was done—the cook-house already gone—the performers sitting out in their chairs around the back door—sewing, visiting—quiet—happy.

They met Mrs. Busby letting her poodles roll in the long grass.

"Hello," she smiled. "Lovely evenin', ain't it? Been out to dinner, haven't you? Enjoyin' yourself, Mr. Filbert? Amelia's been real worried about Ilda. It's terrible lonesome around here with her gone a whole hour! There don't nobody know how we love this little girl, Mr. Filbert."

Ilda suddenly kissed Mrs. Busby.

"My gracious!" Mrs. Busby said.

Talbot took Ilda's hand in his and held it so closely the fingers were crushed together! They went on through the big top, empty now but for working men asleep on the big pads piled around the rings. They found Amelia and Tom back of the side-show where Amelia had her dressing-tent. Amelia reached out for Ilda with a happy little word.

"Where've you been, baby?" she asked eagerly. "We've been countin' the minutes!"

But before Ilda had a chance to answer, Talbot answered for her.

"We started down to get married," he said. "She's been my little sweetheart ever since she was ten years old, but now she doesn't know which she loves best. Tom or me!"

Ilda gasped in an odd little way. Tom looked at Talbot quickly.

Talbot drew two folded sheets of paper from his pocket—one blue and one white. He turned his back, ripped off two strips and shut one in each hand.

"I'm a gambler by profession," he laughed. "Let's settle it now. Ilda, are you sport enough to choose a hand—blue Tom wins, white I win?"

Tom's face grew scarlet. Amelia leaned forward. John held out both hands to Ilda. who watched him, motionless. Then suddenly she laughed out loud.

"Sure I will," she said, and shut her eyes for a minute. "I choose—left," she whispered.

TALBOT opened his left hand and let a crumpled bit of paper fall to the ground. It was blue.

There was just a minute of silence, then Talbot shrugged his shoulders and stood up.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've been waiting a long time. A million never seemed worth so little to me before. You're lucky, Brownell, and—well, little sweetheart, may your 'one more day' be long and beautiful!"

He bent and kissed her on the lips and turned quickly away. Tom stared from one to the other of them, then Ilda dropped the roses in Amelia's lap and held out both hands to John.

"John, I—I cheated. I have to tell you before you go, and ask you to forgive me. It wasn't fair. I *saw* which hand had the blue slip before I took it!"

"Ilda!" Tom cried, and caught her dress. "You *wanted* me!"

John turned and looked at the two of them there.

"Yes," Ilda said, "I wanted *you*, but I cheated, John. I only said I'd draw—because I saw which hand the blue slip was in. It wasn't fair."

John Talbot came back and put his hand on her shoulder.

"It *was* fair, Ilda, dear," he said. "There *wasn't* any white slip. In both hands were blue."

From his pocket he brought the second crumpled paper—blue like the first one.

"Some men don't lose, and I'm one of them," he said. "I've never lost a game yet, and the only way I could win *this* was to lose, because what I wanted to *win* was your happiness, and when you asked for one day more I knew better than you did what it meant."

A train of camels padded by—velvet feet—patient eyes. In the dressing-tent Bessie Costello was singing.

Tom, his dark head bare to the late sunlight, caught Ilda in one arm and put out the other hand to Talbot.

"I—I can't say a word, Talbot," he said.

Talbot smiled.

"Why should you?" he answered. "Fate's not your fault nor mine. But it has taught me the thing I never knew: that it takes *losing*, not *winning*, to make life a man's game!"

Mrs. Busby was coming in with her poodles.

"Goin' to pop corn this evenin' on the tracks, Tom?" she called.

Amelia had five dimples when she smiled.

"Tom's going to be busy this evening," Amelia said, "but come in and see *me*, Mrs. Busby. I'll be—sort of lonesome!"



The food they serve at parties – is it good for teeth and gums?

YOU ARE PROUD to place before your guests the daintiest foods that the cook's intriguing art can concoct. Naturally, too. For who goes to a party expecting a repast that will conform to a dietitian's ideal?

But these rich and creamy delicacies, that look so well upon the table and are so delicious to the taste, in reality are insidious enemies of teeth and gums.

The "pink" toothbrush— a penalty of modern food

It's all quite simple. Rough, coarse foods, and those which require chewing, stimulate the gums. Modern, soft food, eaten hastily, does not give the stimulation, the exercise, which our gums need to keep them firm and healthy.

That's why tooth troubles, due to weakened gums, are so great a problem today.

Ipana Tooth Paste is used by thousands of dentists in fighting gum troubles. It is a splendid preventive, as well as a direct aid in restoring weakened gums to a normal condition. Many dentists have written us that they prescribe a gum massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary brushing with Ipana. For, because of the presence of ziratol, a recognized hemostatic, Ipana has a very specific virtue in healing soft gums and in keeping them firm and healthy.

Send for a trial tube

Not only does Ipana heal bleeding gums, but it cleanses teeth safely and thoroughly. It has a delicious flavor, a flavor that gives your mouth a new sensation of cleanliness. You'll like it. So send today for an introductory sample.

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A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

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New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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THE MIRAGE

Continued from page 7

for the hush to take but "Come, come, come——".

Suddenly he was stilled.

He had the sense that this cry was an entity, freed from him; that it was traveling, spreading across the wastes as a ripple spreads on water, far beyond his hearing: compelling, pleading.

The walls of the hut were no barrier to him. He was aware of every change on the enclosing waste. He was aware of the coming of the dawn.

The sun glared in the south. A beam, traveling the snow, touched the hut with a golden light. A fox barked. Hallam lifted his head.

In a minute he whispered, "Come in, my darling."

She had come with the dawn.

Behind her, as usual, the wall had vanished. He looked into the open. Black in the light, he saw what might have been a dog team drawn up there and men waiting by a sled. It troubled him. Then he forgot, for she was very near—nearer than she had been at all. And never before had she heard him call——

He looked into her face. "I called," whispered Hallam. "I called, and you came!"

Ecstasy held him for a time uncounted. Then slowly it passed. He was shocked with a human apprehension.

She was so close, so vividly real, that he perceived the shadow of lashes on her cheek, which was itself a shadow; the quill pattern on the edge of her fur hood. But it was the visionary and beloved face that shocked him.

She was leaning above him as he lay; one hand was raised as if in solemn warning; her eyes looked intently, anxiously into his. And he saw that her shadow face was worn into delicate hollows of fatigue, that her eyes were ringed with black, her red mouth drawn with lines of endurance. She glanced back over her shoulder; he thought she wrung her hands. Then, desperately, earnestly, her eyes again besought him——

She had come to him; in weary and eager haste; driven.

Hallam lifted himself with a great cry. "Oh, my God!" he said. "Is it possible I've made *you* suffer?"

She was fading, retreating from him with that air of trouble, of strain, of suspense which in some way tore at his human heart. She looked at him entreatingly. It was as if her bodiless lips said: "Wait for me——"

Hallam fell forward on his face, his hands stretched out. "You've come so close," he prayed, "come closer yet. Hold me! Take me! Take me with you! Don't leave me alone! Not again!"

She was gone. He was gazing at the wall of the hut. He dragged himself presently to the door, opened it. Nothing was there. The snows were untrodden by any feet but his own.

HALLAM dropped forward across the floor. He was murmuring unimagined words of tenderness and reproach, such as he had never used to any living woman. He stayed there so long that the little foxes came from the rocks on their delicate snowy feet, sniffing, wondering if he yet lived.

When he went into the hut and shut the door again, they fled; but not very far.

He rested against the post. He waited.

Whatever he suffered, he would not again call her, for fear he should hurt her where she was.

The solitude passed over him in waves of dread he could distinguish from physical pain. Outside the hut he fancied the rocks crowding in upon him, the little snowy foxes pacing toward him, the waste itself rising and flooding in upon him like a sea. The pressure of that emptiness made him gasp and groan. He clenched his hands over his trembling mouth lest he should call her.

Then it passed. He was at peace. He slept.

Continued on page 78

How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color



"In the Sun's Glare, Atop a High Roof"

MOST women now have heard of and ask for the new natural Princess Pat Tint which is fast replacing the unsatisfactory, old-fashioned purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery.

How many know that it is one of the few things that cannot be successfully imitated. A secret ingredient causes Princess Pat to *actually change* color, whereas others only approximate a "blend."

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—even one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that's a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone and we accept it without thought of how it came to be. Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexions a divine and perfectly natural mantle of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance, two years' ceaseless experiment—over two-hundred failures and eventual success.

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths, and to the roof of a city's tall skyscraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In the sun's glare atop a high roof. In the streets below—where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night, trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlovely purplish red.



"Beneath Trying Artificial Light"

On a patient assistant's cheeks, shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then, suddenly it happened!

The Tint That Finally Triumphed!

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory—scarcely one to be thought of in connection with rouge. But he idly applied the unknown hue—a strange orange—on his assistant's cheeks, *and instantly a startling change took place.*

The peculiar orange tint altered subtly to the true tone of the skin beneath. Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint to any complexion under all conditions in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight.

The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room—where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a coloring that appeared Nature's own. The same day preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create. Now this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof!

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired; a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within reach of all; an entirely new process *has rendered it absolutely water-proof!*

Even a morning in the surf will not streak it! Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening through! Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream or use of soap.

Avoid Imitations

The success of Princess Pat Tint has called forth many so-called "orange rouges." But these lack the secret which causes Princess Pat Tint to change color when applied, and without this secret Nature cannot blend the color to exactly meet the requirements of your individual need.

On any complexion, remember, there is need for only *one shade.* There is no uncertainty of matching; for the one tint is instantaneously transformed to suit any type, blonde, medium, or brunette; and this tint may be applied as lightly or as full and deep as you choose with the same perfection of result.



FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge.

NOTE: Princess Pat Lip Stick gives natural color to the lips—just as Tint does to the cheeks. It exactly harmonizes with any complexion, any coloring and any light. Cannot be detected as artificial.

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Delicious for breakfast or dessert just as they come from the can. Or with sponge cake—with ice cream—in short cake—peach betty—and many other royal treats.

Three sizes of cans—large, medium and small. A supply on your pantry shelf will meet many a menu emergency.

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THEY'RE READY TO SERVE



THE MIRAGE

Continued from page 77

He awoke, slept, awoke; he was in a state of expectation so whole, so acute, that it was like a state of suspended life. He could not have said he was unhappy, though this state was pierced now and then with pain and terror he was no longer able to separate.

Then he awoke into that mental clarity which precedes the end. And he knew that she had not come.

For hours, for nights and indistinguishable days, she had not come. She had left him.

He lay, too weak to move, staring at the wall of the hut. It did not thin. He said, again and again, "Come in, darling. Come in." But no appearance stood between him and the snows.

A great confusion and dismay possessed him.

She had come so often and so faithfully. She had even obeyed his call. Time after time, since he had been sick and alone, he had tingled to her approach, the assurance of her eyes had comforted him. He had looked forward, as to life, to the day when she would come quite near, when she would take him in her arms, when her kiss, as he dreamed, would claim him and he would die. In a strange way, he had been confident of her reality—that is, of her existence apart from himself. Now he wondered if she was no more than a projection of his own dying brain, a shadow into which he had involuntarily woven all the unfilled wants of his manhood and his youth.

She did not come. His doubt darkened to despair.

He knew himself for what he was: alone, and dying.

He said: "If she doesn't come by tomorrow, if she doesn't come—I won't wait any longer."

HE AWOKE again, and knew it was day, and that she had not come. His strange, unearthly hope dropped from him like a dream.

He looked about the hut, trying to remember where things were. The guns were on little brackets under the roof. Leseur had left them there. They had rusted badly. Was the .22 within reach?

He crept to that wall. He tried to raise himself. He could not. He strained his arms toward the guns. Strain as he would, he could not lay hold on the lowest one. He dropped, whimpering. Leseur had taken the revolver. Wasn't there anything?

There was the harpoon in the corner.

With pain he crawled to it. Dragging it after him, he went to the post. With pain he took out his knife and opened it. The knife might have done, but his hands had no strength for such a blow. He dug a hole for the butt of the harpoon; at an upward angle, with its butt braced in the earth floor, he bound it to the post. His strength hardly endured even for that. He fell, fainting; but again heaved himself half-erect.

He had only to fall again, to fall on the blade——

He stopped, half-turned, staring at the wall.

He had no time to welcome her. She was there, beside him. Her anguished face stared into his. Her hands were flung upward. He could see the drawn circle of her mouth.

It was as if she had screamed to him.

Hallam began to tremble. Her face, twisted with pity, scorn, appeal, was more than he could bear. He hid his own.

"You left me," he whispered. "Dear, you left me——"

"I have not left you! I am coming! Wait for me!"

Over infinite distance, the distance of the flesh and the spirit, her answer seemed to reach Hallam. She was so near, so real in her passion that he tried to touch her, to hold her. She flashed away.

It was as if she had but a minute to spare him, a minute in which her spirit might send to his, across what unmeasured space, that trumpet cry: "I have not left you! I am coming! Wait for me!"

Hallam knelt beside the post, gazing at the wall. He knew now that he must wait until she came.

His whole being passed into the expectation of her. He knew that when she returned it would be for the last time; that when she went, he would go with her.

He knew nothing else.

Dawn came again to the hut on the tundra, enfolding it with fierce and solitary glory. Over it the hours wheeled, as the peaked shadows of the barren hills wheeled on the plain. The light receded. The aurora made the dawn of night. With the stars, and for the last time, she came.

Some sound of tremor shook Hallam. He opened his eyes.

The wall of the hut was down. Beyond stretched, as always, the limitless waste, lighted with the gray sheen of stars, the red flush of the aurora. A dog team was drawn up outside the hut; two men waited by it. Between him and the waste she stood.

"Come in, my darling," Hallam said joyfully.

She came toward him in the twilight of the north, carrying a lantern in her hand. She knelt at his side, drew off her fur gloves, set back her hood. He could see the quill pattern on the edge, the shadows of fatigue on the gentle face of his dream. This time he could perceive the heaving of her bosom, her fingers moving as if in doubt.

"You've come for me, my darling," said Hallam quietly.

"I've come. I'm in time after all. We were afraid—afraid——"

Wonder touched him. Then he smiled. "I've never heard your voice before. I've only seen your face. That's as it would be, of course. You're very close this time, beloved. Come—a little closer—kiss me and set me free!"

Awe seemed to hold the fair face motionless.

"Look!" said Hallam in appeal. "I'm all yours." He pointed to the spear. "There's no shadow between us. I've waited for you. I've obeyed you. I've waited a long time."

"I *could* not get here before!"

"Hush! What does that matter? You're here, where I am, in this strange meeting-place of death and life, where you came to me first, where I learned to watch for you and love you. Hush! Death and life, what are they? Teach me!"

"Teach you——?"

"Teach me what they are, teach me who you are! Kiss me, my dear, kiss me and let me die too!"

After a long time, as it seemed to him, she spoke. He could see a deep rose flushing the face of his vision.

"Is that what you want?" she asked solemnly. "That——?"

"More than anything—in—life——"

Then Hallam thought he died on the instant of fulfilment when his vision's lips touched his own and he felt them real. He heard, as he went down into that death, a voice crying above him in an Indian tongue, and it was not his voice.

"Come!" cried the voice. "It is Life!"

The world thundered with that word.

WHEN Hallam awoke again, he was lying in the sun beneath a rock. Small saxifrages showed green in the clefts. He heard a sound of water trickling and a chirp of birds. For him these things meant Spring.

He raised himself, for he was very weak, and looked about him.

He could not see the hut, nor the plain enclosing it. He was in the midst of a country snow-covered, but broken into mounds and gentle undulations that seemed beautiful. A little apart, a team of strong dogs rested in the snow. Two men were busy about a sled. The wind was sweet and pleasant. The sun was a resurrection.

Hallam began to shake as he lay. He lifted himself among the furs and called hoarsely.

Across the softening snow he watched a woman coming to him.

In that clear, sane light he could doubt no longer. This was a living woman, flesh as well as spirit, beautiful, weary, strong. And he knew her—knew every curve of her face, every shade of the deep eyes that watched him with the grave look of his vision.

She stooped above him. Her shadow lay across him. She said softly: "You're better."

Hallam said: "Did my love make you live?"

"I don't understand——"

"Will you tell me," said Hallam, "who you are?"

Concluded on page 79



How to Make Jam and Jelly with One Minute's Boiling

An Easier Way That Never Fails

By ANN PROCTOR

Think of making pure grape jelly in the dead of winter, or the best strawberry jam you ever tasted with only one minute's boiling! Yet in three years both have become actual facts in about 5,000,000 homes.

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No one can possibly make jam and jelly without pectin, which makes the juice set when boiled with sugar and which is present in varying quantities in some fruits and entirely absent in others. This same jellifying product of fruit is now obtainable in concentrated, refined form by asking your grocer for a bottle of CERTO with recipe book. With them you can make jam and jelly any time of the year with fresh fruit, with canned or dried fruit, or with bottled fruit juice. Note how quickly and easily you can now make

GRAPE JELLY
From Bottled Grape Juice

Into a saucepan, put 4 cups bottled grape juice, add 5 cups sugar, and stir until dissolved. Bring to boiling point, add 1 cup (1 bottle) CERTO, stir thoroughly, and bring to boiling point over a hot fire. Boil hard for one minute, stirring contantly. Remove from fire, skim and pour.

CERTO is a pure fruit product, and contains no gelatine. With it you boil only one minute and thus save the fruit juice and flavor formerly boiled away. You also obtain one-half more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit. Be sure to try CERTO with strawberries. Everybody loves

STRAWBERRY JAM

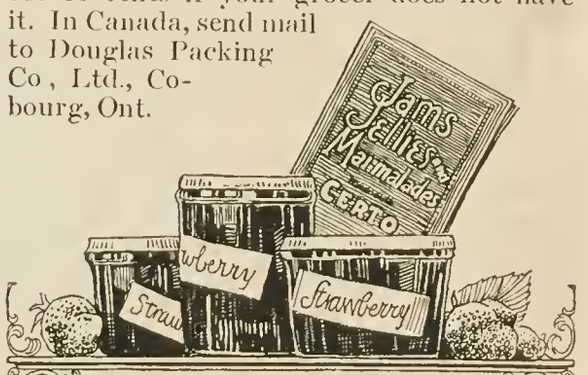
Wash and hull 1 quart fresh strawberries, cut in halves, or crush slightly with a wooden masher, then measure, packing solidly into the cup until juice and fruit come to top of cup. Put into saucepan. To 2 cups strawberry fruit and juice, add 3 cups sugar and mix thoroughly. Bring to boiling point and boil vigorously one minute over hot fire, stirring constantly. Add ¼ cup (¼ bottle) CERTO, mix thoroughly, remove from fire, skim, let stand few minutes to cool slightly, then pour quickly into glasses.

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Containing nearly 100 special recipes for jams, jellies and marmalades made by the new method. Miss Alice Bradley is Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass., and cooking editor of Woman's Home Companion. For free copy send postal with your address to

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CERTO is sent postpaid with Recipe Book for 35 cents if your grocer does not have it. In Canada, send mail to Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.



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THE MIRAGE

Concluded from page 78

"I am Moira Maclean, the factor's daughter from Fort Dismay. Amand Leseur reached the fort seven weeks ago with the message. We had sickness there. No white man was fit to go to you. There are only five. It's our pride at Fort Dismay that no appeal for help has ever been made in vain. Yours came at a bad hour. But I was there. I'm strong. I took the best dogs and two of our Indians I could trust and came to find you. But I hardly dared hope I'd reach you in time."

"You came," said Hallam slowly. "You came!"

"There was no one else. Afraid? I was afraid all the time I wouldn't reach you in time. Leseur told us of the suffering—I was wild to reach you. But we were delayed again and again. I couldn't rest. Between sleep and waking, it was as if I slipped off to find you. When we came to the hut, we called, and there was no answer. We thought you were dead. The door was barred. We had to pull down the wall of the hut. When I saw you there, I was sure we were too late."

"No," said Hallam. "I waited, as you told me."

She gave him a strange, grave look. "You were—alive," she said. "I called the men. We rested twenty hours. All the time we fed and warmed you, but you can not know. Then we took the papers and records and came back. You're safe. You're half-way to the fort. All the time you've slept. It was best for you. When the going was bad, I held you so you should not fall off the sled."

HALLAM was silent. Then he said: "Will you not tell me—what you thought—what you felt—when you were coming to me?"

"At first I felt anxious—sorry. Then——"

"Then?"

She looked at him with a soft helplessness. "I don't know. It was strange—I seemed to hear you calling me. I seemed to try and reach you so hard that—that something—my soul—ran on ahead, to tell you help was near. I'd wake up from sleep crying, 'Wait for me! I'm coming!' "

"You told me," whispered Hallam. "You came."

Her face was very white. "I *came*——?"

"Time after time," said Hallam gently, "before you came in the body, you came in the spirit. So often—I knew you, I waited for you, I *loved* you. Before ever your dear feet trod the snow at the door, your spirit had trodden a road to mine." His voice sank to a breath. "Your soul ran ahead!"

She began to breathe quickly. "There, in the hut," she said unsteadily, "you knew me. You— Oh, I'm afraid! What does it mean?"

He caught her hand in his. "What were the first words I said to you?"

After a long silence, her answer came. "You asked me—to kiss you—into death!"

"What did you think?"

"You must have mistaken me for some one else."

"Moira, is that true?"

"No," she whispered in a minute.

"No. You *knew* it was for you. There's no one else."

She was silent, kneeling in the snow, her hands caught in the fur above her heart. "You knew me," she said presently in a still voice. "You—loved me. My spirit ran ahead to give yours help. Oh, I'm afraid! What does it mean, this—thing between us two?"

"I don't know the whole meaning," said Hallam. "Perhaps I never will. But I know this. Come nearer to me Moira—nearer."

Very slowly she obeyed. He saw the flush on her cheek, the shadow of the lashes, the hollows of weariness, the pattern of the quills embroidered on her hood.

"The rest of it," whispered Hallam, "can wait. This is for now. Kiss me, Moira, my dear love. Kiss me—into life!"

Gently, in the full sunlight, her living lips touched his.



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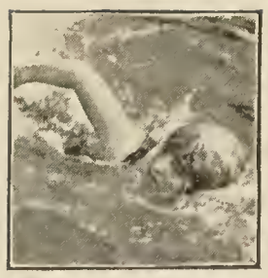
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WHAT MAKES A GOOD SPORTSWOMAN?

Concluded from page 15

going at the greatest possible speed while the crew is recovering or getting ready for the next stroke. Good form is essential to prevent the hang or drag on the recovery just as it is in applying the power. At first glance it might seem that one could learn to handle an oar in a very short time; but I know of no sport in which more careful practise is necessary to insure perfection.

Tennis is a game ideally suited to the feminine athlete and one in which women may attain a skill that makes them the equal of all but the best men players. Like so many other sports, it looks simple enough: merely batting the ball back and forth across the net, with quickness of foot and sureness of eye the main requisites. But tennis is a "form game" as much as any other. The player who is ambitious to succeed must learn to do everything correctly. Natural ability and quickness are good things to build on, but they are by no means a complete equipment. There is a best way to make all the strokes in tennis, and this best way is worth learning, no matter how much one may admire her own natural style.

The ranks of mediocrity are filled with players who were content to do things their own way instead of learning the form by which the really great players won their rank. The reason Miss Helen Wills, Mrs. Molla B. Mallory and Mlle. Lenglen can beat other players is not because nature endowed them with great natural aptitude for tennis, but because they worked until their form was almost perfect. If they had been content to stop learning when they were merely able to beat "dubs," they would have been only a shade above the "dub" class themselves.

FORM is particularly important in football, because almost every play is made in the face of opponents who are doing their utmost to prevent it. Every player must become so thoroughly habituated to doing things the right way—that is to say, in correct form—that he does them instinctively, in spite of numerous distracting activities on the part of the enemy. A punter, for example, can not stop to reason out all the processes by which he receives the ball from the center, drops it to his foot and swings his leg into it. By the time he had analyzed these processes the enemy would have buried him eleven deep.

In coaching my football teams, I lay as much stress on correct form as a golf professional does. There are certain cardinal principles of blocking, tackling, kicking and passing that every player must learn in order to make the most of his ability. He may never develop into a great performer even though he does acquire correct form, because he may lack strength, stamina, intelligence or determination. But whether he has natural talents or not, I do not permit him to be handicapped by imperfect form.

An example of the many details of correct form that must be mastered before an athlete can achieve perfection in any sport may be given by explaining briefly the correct form of punting a football. Punting a football may look to the spectators like a fairly simple thing; and I suppose that it is generally taken for granted that a man either is or isn't a punter—that punters are born and not made. The truth is that it takes many hours of painstaking practise under competent instructors to perfect a player in this art. I have a list of typewritten instructions which I give my kickers to study, and there are thirteen sections in this list. Punting is really a very exact and difficult art.

I do not take much stock in the natural-born kicker idea. In all my coaching experience there never has come to me a single man who did not have to be taught how to put the "sting" in the kick—that is to say, none of them ever knew just when to straighten his knee. Almost every recruit would lock his knee-joint before he hit the ball, which meant that he would lose all of the "snap" that should come just at the moment the ball is kicked. No player who kicks with a rigid leg swinging only from the hip can put the same drive into a kick that he can impart if he straightens out his knee just as he connects with the leather. This action in football is a counterpart of the wrist snap in golf.

Other very important points are: to turn down the toe and have the ankle-joint locked and rigid as the ball is struck; to meet the ball with the foot a little above knee-high and follow through with it as far as possible—that is to say, above the kicker's head; to fit the ball into the arch of the instep so that as much of the instep as possible will come in contact with it; to cut across the ball as the kick is finished so as to impart a spiral rotation to it, aiding this also by inclining the ball across the foot.

One of the greatest demonstrations of correct and incorrect form ever seen by the sport world came in the Dempsey-Firpo fight. The champion had form. He knew how to put the snap into his punches that made them destructive; and he could get this snap without making his fist travel so far that it could easily be blocked.

Firpo, who had no short-range guns at all, finally landed one of his flail-like swings and knocked Dempsey out of the ring. When the champion returned to the ring, he was practically helpless. The ultra-rapid motion-pictures show that Firpo hit him thirteen times without a return. If the challenger had been able to get the same snap into his blows that Dempsey put into his, there would have been a new heavyweight king. But the South American, knowing nothing of pugilistic form, could not take advantage of his opportunity. His blows were more push than punch, and Dempsey survived until the end of the round and was able to finish his man in the second.

BEFORE taking up any new sport or continuing one in which she has started, every feminine player should ask herself whether she wants to become as expert as her physical limitations will permit, or whether she is content to putter along. Personally, I have no great regard for those who putter. I believe that there is more real joy to be had in doing a thing well than in half doing it, even though one can not hope to become a champion.

Having decided that the thing is worth doing well, the girl or woman should then reconcile herself to the fact that a certain amount of work will necessarily be involved. She will have to resist the lure of trying to become proficient in competition until she has mastered the fundamentals.

There is really no short-cut to athletic proficiency, though the person naturally gifted will learn those things which must be learned more quickly than one less gifted, and will also make better use of them once they have been learned. Any one who is really in a hurry to learn a game can save more time by devoting every possible moment to practise under a good instructor, when possible, than by trusting to "pick things up" while playing without study and instruction.

Let us try always to select the game for which we are fitted. Some of us were never designed for golfers, but can become expert in tennis or swimming. The girl who finds that she is not making satisfactory progress in the sport she likes best will do well to try something else—after she has exhausted every possible means of improving herself in her original choice. There is no use butting one's head against a stone wall. Almost every person free from serious physical defects can become a good player in something. There is no reason to be discouraged if an original athletic ambition has to be abandoned in favor of a second or third choice.

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"NONE OF THAT FOR ME, PLEASE"

Concluded from page 20

food be at least tasted every time it is served. Certainly a wife or mother who cooks diligently for her family is due a courtesy which always is granted to a hostess.

A very large part of the success of habit formation is bound up in satisfaction. There is no surer way to make or break a habit than by following it with results that attract or repel. People differ widely in the ways by which they adopt a practise, and therefore one's only hope lies in discovering what brings the greatest satisfactions to the different members of one's family. A budding athlete may derive great satisfaction from drinking milk just because he knows that it will help to make him physically what he wants to be. His dainty sister may derive satisfaction only from food which is attractively served.

The average person secures great satisfaction from food which is served in pleasant surroundings. If food, dishes, silver and linen are not absolutely clean, appetite is sure to be impaired. Some people are discouraged or even disgusted by servings that are too large. Others are affected by the color, odor, texture or flavor of food. Many a child refuses cereals because he does not like their color or texture. Only too frequently is milk refused because at some time or other it had an unpleasant odor or taste which can never be entirely forgotten. Spinach is often disliked solely because of its texture, which skilful cookery can make most attractive.

If any one doubts the ability of a name to make food more attractive, let him try naming foods that are given to children. What child's determination not to eat corn-meal mush would not yield before an invitation to partake of Goldilock's porridge. Why shouldn't Christmas soup (spinach soup with a dash of paprika) be popular all the year round?

Certain devices have also helped break down barriers of prejudice. Straws have made many a child like milk. Sometimes if raisins are mixed with the food or if a dish with a picture on the bottom is used, a child may take the food in order to get the raisins or see the picture.

It is just as important to avoid breaking a good habit as it is to try to make one. It should be a social offense for any one to say that he does not like a food. If it is not enjoyed, it should be left—but not commented upon. Especially should older persons avoid adverse comments, because children are easily influenced by the opinions of their elders.

Children should not usually be asked whether or not they wish certain foods. It should be taken for granted that the foods which are served will at least be tasted. Anything that makes unhappiness at mealtime tends to destroy satisfaction in food; and discipline that stirs undesirable emotions may cause repulsion for food. If too many foods are served, one may be tempted to break habits of moderation. It should be considered unkind and inhospitable to tempt any one to eat too much or to eat food that is not suitable to his or her health.

One of the most important rules of all in forming food habits is that an exception in eating a necessary food should not be permitted. A habit broken once may be lost. If a food is not as attractive one day as another, do not permit it to be discarded, but encourage at least a taste in order to maintain unbroken repetition of an act that means much to the health of the family.

NOTE—*If your family's score in food habits is not all that it should be,* THE DELINEATOR *will be glad to help you plan your food selection so that the score may be raised. On the other hand, if you, through your own efforts, have been able to raise your family's ratings,* THE DELINEATOR *will be interested in hearing how you did it. Address the Home-Makers' Department, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

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How to Keep Children's Hair Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh Looking, and Luxuriant.

YOU see children with beautiful hair everywhere today.

Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Any child can have beautiful hair.

The beauty of a child's hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

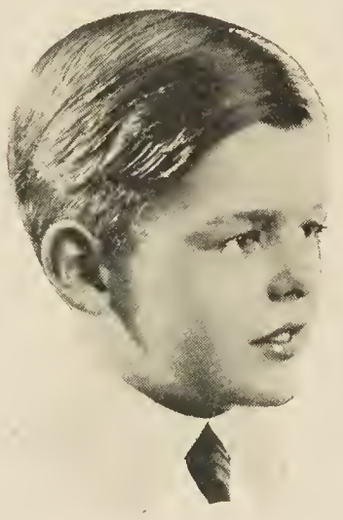
A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water, and even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.



Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, squeeze it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



WHY CHILDREN ARE AFRAID

Concluded from page 16

only if the child acquires counteracting fortitude or familiarizing experience.

Get at the basis of the fear through questioning and conversation *with* the child, rather than through argument *to* him.

Do not attempt to destroy the fear altogether. (This is a common mistake.) Rationalize the fear, moderate it, temper it. Grant the child the privilege of fearing, but direct the fear and temper its intensity.

And once again, do not shame him for cowardice, but praise him for every bit of bravery or fortitude that he shows. Commendation will build up self-confidence, whereas condemnation can undermine it. And self-reliance is the very defense you wish to build up.

THE MOST USUAL FEARS

LET us attempt to apply these principles of management to a few typical instances.

Fear of the dark is common enough. To a degree, it is wholesome. We ought at least to be cautious in the dark; and caution is a controlled, intelligent kind of fear. In many cases it would be safe to admit, if you can do it reassuringly, that you are a little afraid of the dark yourself! Then try to find out why the fear is excessive. Unreasonable fear of the dark is usually based upon a nurse's wild tale, some scare from a playmate or upon lack of familiarity with the true meaning of dark. If it is a dark closet of which the child is afraid, an exploration with a flashlight and a demonstration of its interior may be indicated. Do not try to banish the fear in one session with the child. Judiciously give him familiarizing experiences with the dark. Begin with dusk or with semidark places, and make the first experiences brief. Gradually lengthen them till the dark loses its strangeness and till confidence and caution take the place of quaking and dread.

Fear of the water is much like fear of the dark and needs the same kind of management. Progressive familiarizing experiences are the cure. Persistent excessive fear of deep water even after a child has learned to swim means a carry-over of an earlier fear of drowning. Accidental drowning is a dreadful form of death, and almost every child catches the dread from hearing about it in some way from his elders. Such dread can only be moderated by counteracting experiences in safety. As these accumulate, the dread will show a tendency to vanish. Do not try to drive it out by sudden force.

Fear of high places has a similar psychology, although there are physical reactions which make it somewhat more compulsive. But this fear also yields to reeducation and training.

Fear of dogs is one of the commonest of childhood fears. In some cases the child exhibits only a moderate fear which expresses itself in clutching at its parent's hand or in unwillingness to pass the dog; but in a large proportion of cases the child screams or runs away in terror. Moreover, we find many children who do not fear dogs enough, who are altogether too free with strange dogs! Evidently the problem again is to afford the child instructive, moderating experience and to substitute caution for terror.

Chronic shyness is too common and too serious to pass without notice. I am not thinking of the ordinary timidity, which is really one of the charms of childhood and almost a symptom of capacity and quality. It is not satisfying to see such timidity altogether wanting. I am thinking of the shrinking kind of withdrawal and silence which foretells an abnormal seclusiveness or a sense of inferiority that weakens the very corner-stone of personality. I have seen too many such children in schools and institutions not to mention them here.

If the personality as well as the body obeys the laws of health, this species of fear is indeed unwholesome. And it can not be attacked directly by any known method. Only by developing a more robust personality sense through hand-work, plays, games and social contacts can those fearful attitudes of inadequacy and of failure be starved out. Chronic shyness and silence should be taken as a signal that all is not well with the child. Stuttering, likewise, frequently is based on a perverse form of timidity.

Night terrors require skilful management. Indeed, they frequently need medical attention and medical insight. I shall, therefore, not attempt to give specific advice, but simply relate one incident which contains valuable suggestions concerning the general management of morbid terrors.

A certain five-year-old kindergarten boy had a history of night terrors dating back to the age of two. His family had begun to accept the terror as a matter of routine. Finally his kindergarten teacher learned about it and consulted the boy's mother about the case. They discussed the problem and worked out a simple line of action. That night the mother had a free-and-easy talk with the child about the terror. The terror itself had chiefly to do with thunder and went back to a scare story which some nurse or governess had told him. The mother undertook to "rationalize" the thunder, to make it intelligible. She described it rather lightly as nothing but "two big heavy clouds way up safe in the sky that bump their heads and make a big noise about it. Oh, what a joke!" The child's attention was arrested. He entered into the new view; he was reconditioned. He slept the night through without the terror.

Even if this method of procedure can not be applied uncritically to every form of night terror, the story is instructive.

Anxiety may become abnormal in duration and intensity—a corroding, besetting kind of fear. It then usually needs medical attention, and a specialist should be consulted. For example, we recently heard of an adolescent girl who developed a strange anxiety that the United States Government could not pay the national debt. The physician pointed out that this was a case in which the fear could not be dispelled by mere reasoning, for the fear was an oblique, compensatory outlet of a secret dread and doubting which concerned a very personal problem in the adolescence of this girl. A cure could come only by reaching this hidden source.

Even the most obscure and apparently irrational fears have some basis and therefore some justification. It is very important to seek out the originating cause in these cases, and it is well for the parent to turn to expert guidance. In the lesser fear problems as they arise, the parent may do much through the old-fashioned remedies of sympathy, tact and common sense. We may sum up the practical philosophy of the subject as follows:

THE MENTAL HYGIENE OF FEAR

FEAR has a hygiene just as nutrition has a hygiene. Fear is a natural function which needs regulation and control. It is no more a disease than food is a disease.

What is the hygiene of fear? All fears and forms of fearing which promote the wholesome growth of personality are healthy; all fears and forms of fearing which warp or inhibit the growth of personality are unhealthy. This is the general principle, sound enough for application. To omit fear altogether from the child's life, were that possible, would be like omitting vitamins and salt from his diet. If he has normal experiences in the anticipation of pain and evil, he may gradually develop a normal immunity against pain and evil. If fear and fortitude are developed hand in hand, he will become resistent and sympathetic. Indeed, the elements of character are so contradictory that the full development of fortitude depends upon the experiencing and overcoming of fear. Wholesome fear generates its own mental antidotes. It is a kind of vaccination.

The concluding and comprehensive maxim, therefore, is a positive one. Build up the morale of your child daily, beginning with his babyhood. He must meet pain, error, injustice, evil all along the path to maturity, and his main business, when an adult, will be to meet them as a man. But even in maturity he will meet them as a child if he has not learned to fear aright and if he has not acquired morale. It is foolish to attempt to rear him in complete innocence. Do not try to banish fear as if it were a ghost or a microbe, but give him instead the example and the pattern of fear controlled.

Fortitude is one of the sterner graces of the soul; but there is none that is more important for the art of every-day living and none which intelligent parents can more readily impart.

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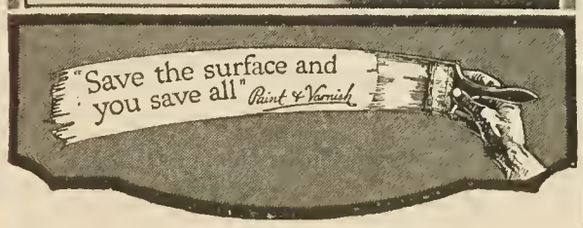
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A GARDEN FOR EVERY BETTER HOME

Concluded from page 2

be a complete "better home" unless it has a garden, the Girl-Scouts are planning to keep its grounds in faultless condition.

Another feature of this second Garden Week is THE DELINEATOR'S offer of two hundred dollars for the best plan for a back-yard garden that can be developed by a mother and her children. THE DELINEATOR has offered this prize because it realizes so well that a house without a garden is like a picture without a frame.

Very often during THE DELINEATOR'S Better Homes campaigns exceedingly attractive houses were equipped and entered for prizes. But the industrious committees that worked over them must have been so preoccupied with the inside of the house that they forgot the side which the world sees. They devoted their time to installing devices which would save the housewife much of her usual back-breaking housework, forgetting that the time thus saved might well be spent in the refreshing coolness of a garden.

In several instances the homes themselves would have won prizes; but the judges ruled that without gardens they were not "better homes" and so could not be considered.

On the other hand, the gardens of Natalie, Pennsylvania, helped that poor, handicapped mining-town to achieve an amazing transformation. Two years ago it was an eyesore. Rows of small wooden houses lined its streets—all alike, all gray, colorless and depressing. Then came the Better Homes campaign. The women of the town took one of their little houses and made it into a house of dreams. Then they went outside. The front lawn was leveled and sodded. Shrubs were planted to break the straight line between earth and house. A back-yard garden was planted. And at the window-ledges gay boxes blossomed with nodding flowers.

Under the spell of this one model home, Natalie, Pennsylvania, took new hope. It threw off the sooty cloak that covers the ordinary mining-town. It changed from the gray of despair to the green of growing things and the sanguine red of undaunted courage.

Nowhere could one find a better demonstration of the spiritual effect of gardens upon a community. The people of Natalie are more cheerful and happy.

BUT though we see in gardens a great spiritual asset, we must not close our eyes to other important values. The physical labor of making a garden, if intelligently performed, is beneficial to health. Certainly the vegetables grown in the vegetable section have a nutritional value that warrants them consideration, to say nothing of the fact that they save money. Then there is the financial view-point: that a house with attractively laid out and well-kept grounds always brings a higher price from a prospective buyer.

And now a final word on gardening as a factor in children's lives:

Children who have gardens have a place to play. They can be kept out in the open and off the streets where danger lurks. And they derive physical benefit from their small share in the actual planting, weeding and general care of the garden.

Under sympathetic guidance a child learns to see in his garden far more than just soil and weeds and vegetables. He sees how nature sets in operation the vital forces of the universe—water, air, sun, mineral and chemical elements. He sees the reproductive power of the seed, the recurrent miracle of life in the sprouting grains.

While boys and girls work in their gardens and gain a first-hand knowledge of nature's way, there grows in their consciousness a kindly feeling, perhaps a reverence, for the soil and all its products. Trees and flowers and all the natural beauties of the land become things for them to cherish and protect.

The terms "mother earth" and "motherland" have a deeper and more vital significance for the children of gardens.





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"Be good to those teeth of yours, my boy, and they'll be good to you.

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* * *

Sound advice that, for everyone to follow, if sound teeth through a healthy lifetime are desired.

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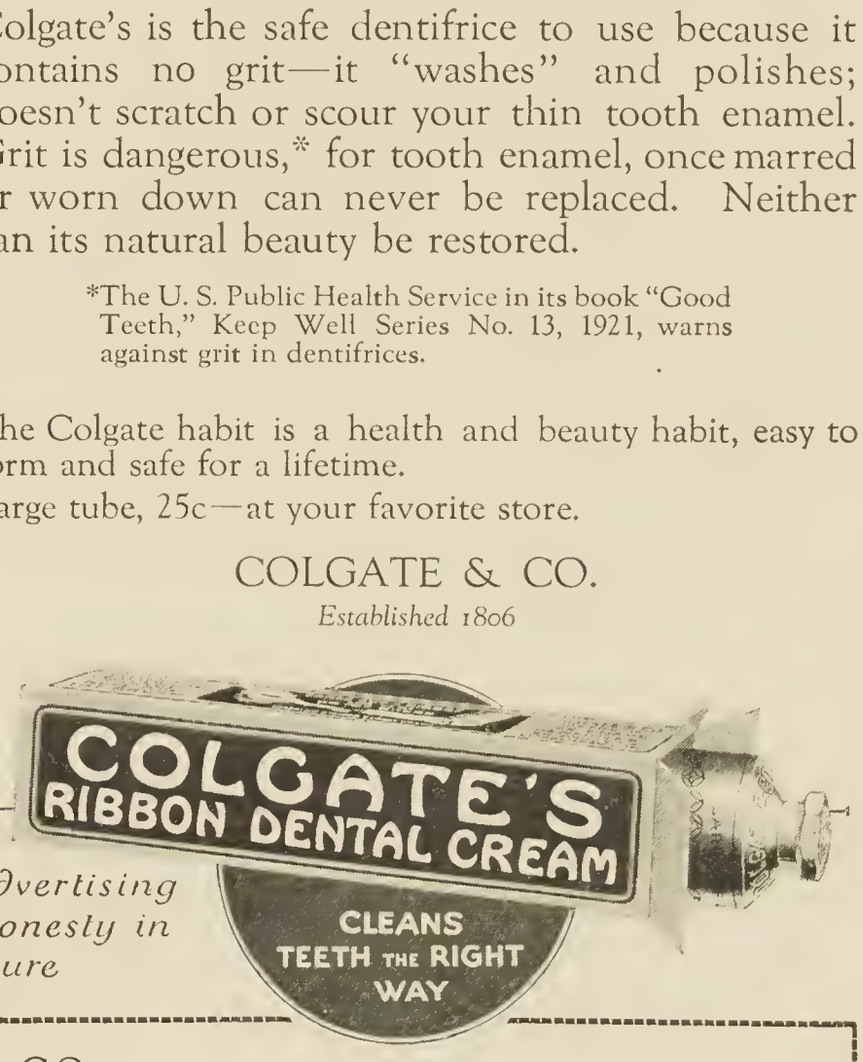
Colgate's is the safe dentifrice to use because it contains no grit—it "washes" and polishes; doesn't scratch or scour your thin tooth enamel. Grit is dangerous,* for tooth enamel, once marred or worn down can never be replaced. Neither can its natural beauty be restored.

*The U. S. Public Health Service in its book "Good Teeth," Keep Well Series No. 13, 1921, warns against grit in dentifrices.

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BILLY BURKE REMEMBERS

Concluded from page 11

to my singing Mr. Stewart' little song. The company gathered for "The Schoolgirl" consisted of numberless beauties. Pauline Chase was one of them. I remember that the alleyway back of the Prince of Wales Theater in those days used to be filled with admiring youths waiting to see the girls pass by and at the roadway outside was a stream of private hansoms and electric broughams.

Pauline Chase and I were the bad children of the show—always up to all sorts of tricks. But even in the midst of all of this wild excitement I was ambitious to get on. Every time I made a move to advance myself it seemed that there stood in my way the Dare girls, who were popular in London at that time. Wherever I went, their name was mentioned. I was frantic. I was trying to get out of musical comedy and to make a break into the legitimate. Then I heard that Miss May was to go to America with "The Schoolgirl," and I determined to do a very daring thing. I awaited the opportunity.

It came one night while I was having dinner at the Ritz-Carlton. Charles Frohman was there. I had never so much as spoken to him in my life, but I summoned courage and went over and asked him if I might go to New York in "The Schoolgirl." He was quite cool about it: managers always seem to be cool with people they are not particularly interested in. Mr. Frohman looked at me unmoved. "Certainly you can go to America, but of course you won't sing!" which meant that my little song would be taken away from me. So the matter was dropped, and I had to wait another opportunity.

The fact of the matter was, I was not falling down in my work while I was in London, although overshadowed by the radiance of Edna May and by the ever-present Dare sisters. I was under the management of George Edwardes and was having my salary raised from twenty-five dollars a week to forty dollars. But that did not seem to satisfy me.

I look back on Mr. Edwardes's peculiarly kind way of talking and his fatherly manner as he used to say, "My dear, take care of your hair and wash your teeth!" his idea being, I suppose, that a woman's hair and teeth were the important things. I recall that I saw a great deal of his family, because he had a daughter, Dorothy, who was supposed to look like me.

THE last musical piece I appeared in was "The Belle of Mayfair" at the Vaudeville Theater, when I took Miss May's place after she left the cast. The piece had been very successful, but we were obliged to leave the theater because Charles Hawtrey had taken a lease of it and was preparing to appear in a comedy called "Mr. George." There was in this play the part of a young girl brought to America and thought to be a boy who was passed off as such in order that the family business might be carried on. It was a lovely girl part.

I had made some little success in "The Belle of Mayfair," and Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, who was later to write such delightful pieces as "Pomander Walk" and "Disraeli," used to come to see me in it. It was through him that Mr. Hawtrey's attention was drawn to me. Mr. Parker said that he thought it would be nice to give me a chance to play the part, so the two approached me on the subject and asked me if I could do it. At last my dream was coming true! It was not for nothing that in the days gone past I had slipped into the theater to see Alexandra Carlisle in Hubert Henry Davies's delightful comedy, "The Mollusc," and had longed to be a real actress.

Mr. Hawtrey went to my mother and talked it over with her. Of course to my mother there was nothing I could not do. The result was that I was engaged for a trial of two weeks; if I proved all right, then I could have the part for keeps.

Poor Mr. Hawtrey was in despair at rehearsals. You see, I had been used to music so long, to an orchestra, to the dancing whirligigs of musical comedy, that to be in a speaking part was like taking the props from under me. How the two of us, Mr. Hawtrey and I, used to walk up and down the stage! How he used to stop short and take my arms and swing them free from my body! For I was a perfect stick when it came to moving about on the stage without music or making a gesture for ordinary speech without singing. Mr. Hawtrey used to rush up to my mother and exclaim, "Do you think that child will ever do anything?" Literally, we worked for hours.

During this time I had an excellent opportunity to study the methods of a real actor, for to my way of thinking Mr. Hawtrey was a supreme artist. Comedy never gets the recognition it should; it is on tragedy that one usually expends praise. I have always been thankful to him for giving me a part in "Mr. George," for though the play was not a great success, it certainly gave me a training that did me inestimable good, and Mr. Hawtrey was sufficiently encouraged by it to let me have a small part in "Ponderbury's Past," which proved a tremendous success.

I am sure if I had stayed with Mr. Hawtrey three years I would have had everything that a competent actress should know in my hand. His attention to the details of his productions was very wonderful to see. He never left anything for any one else to do that he himself could attend to. Like Clyde Fitch, he would go out and buy every object, to the smallest detail, that was to be used in the scene.

IT WAS at this time that out of a blue sky came a blue note, one of Mr. Frohman's usual commanding orders, that I appear before him. This was unlooked for, because he had shown no interest in me whatsoever, although I suppose that with that eerie method of his he must have been watching me all the time and estimating my worth. I like to feel that through what I had learned from Mr. Hawtrey there was an added improvement in my work which Mr. Frohman recognized. Nevertheless, there was the blue note and the order to appear.

"Would you like to go to America?" Mr. Frohman asked, when I appeared before him. This was enough to take my breath away. On second thought, however, I realized that I was not free, that I was still more or less under obligations to Mr. Hawtrey, who was in the midst of putting on "Ponderbury's Past." But with a generosity that was characteristic of him, Mr. Hawtrey told me he would let me off if I wanted to go. This being understood between us, "Ponderbury's Past" opened with me in it, and immediately became a great success. I was a success too! We explained to Mr. Frohman, but an agreement with him was an agreement, and he would not let me remain, much to Mr. Hawtrey's regret.

There was something supernatural about Mr. Frohman throughout his life, his power so compelling that he could make any one do anything he wanted. I think his genius was predominantly in his estimate of people, rather than in his estimate of plays. He had almost an unhuman way of making you do what he wanted. You might decide before you saw him to do otherwise, but you found yourself succumbing to his will. He was an extraordinary character.

I came to America in 1907 as Mr. Drew's leading woman. I had been away most of my life and was now back again, a perfect stranger to American theatrical ways. Mr. Frohman must have seen this, for when I went to his office on the morning rehearsals were called I found there waiting for me not only Mr. Frohman himself, but Ethel Barrymore. I was terrified, but the presence of Miss Barrymore made me less so; and I am sure that Mr. Frohman had her there, a most gorgeous-looking being, so that she might take me down on the stage and introduce me to her "Uncle Jack." This was a social and intimate way of breaking very cold ice. I remember the humorous way in which Mr. Drew looked at me. I had heard that he had said to some one, "It's mighty nice to have her with us, but surely the name Billie will never do on a Drew program! Let's call her Wilhelmina; Billie is much too frivolous!" I never mentioned the incident of my christening, otherwise I might have become known to the American stage as "Mary Burke," which would seem strange, wouldn't it?

Concluded in the June DELINEATOR



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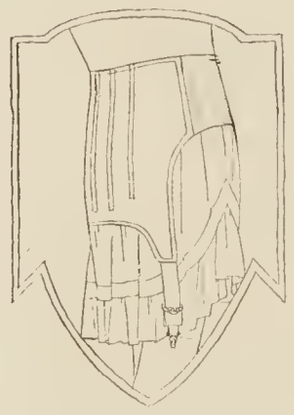
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PERMITTING HIMSELF TO BE LOVED

Continued from page 6

should he do with the afternoon? Miss Banners, who was staying with her mother at the hotel, had asked him just before the morning's parting if there wasn't the darlingest little river in the world and wasn't it quite the thing to canoe up it? He had purposely pretended ignorance and enjoyed with a delicious sense of cruelty the look of disappointment which he had caused. Then there had been the question of the dance that evening. Of course he was coming, and didn't he just love dancing? Again he had returned an evasive answer. One got tired of dancing after a whole Summer of it, and the music was poor anyhow. All this had been most successful, and if to cause to suffer is the world-old instinct of the pursued, Skippy had shown the wisdom of a Don Juan.

This was all very well so far as it went, but it did not fill in the afternoon. Hence another dialog between his instinct and his reason.

"How about toddling along to the Casino and picking up a game of tennis?"

"That's by the hotel! Why don't you say what you mean?"

"Why not? Canoeing up the river with a girl whose wild about you sounds pretty good to me."

"You would, eh? After all you said? You'd spoil it all, would you? You haven't any finesse, you haven't! You're heavy! All you've got to do is to stick it out one day and the job's done—she's yours."

"Well, she looks pretty sweet at me now."

"My boy, you're dealing with a woman. Don't you know women *yet?* They're not like regular fellows. You can't be open and aboveboard. You've got to be subtle. Get me? Subtle. The worse you treat them the more they want. Just let me run this and I'll show you how."

"Well, she's only staying for a week, you know."

"I know that. But take my tip: no heavy work until to-morrow!"

"Just as you say."

"Are you convinced?"

"I am."

During the progress of this discussion, Skippy had left the ice-cream parlor and, strangely enough, while all the best of the argument was with his reasoning nature, his legs had somehow obeyed his instinct. When he looked up, the piazza was before him and on it, beaming with surprise and delight, Irene Banners.

"Hello!" he said, with a wave of his hat. "Got my afternoon free! What do you say to canoeing up the river?"

THAT evening at the hotel hop, where of course he went, Tootsie was affection itself. She never stood by Irene's side but that she draped her arm about her waist. She had her over to luncheon the very next day and to dinner the following night.

Skippy was considerably mystified by these tactics, and from his deep knowledge of sister nature waited the illuminating moment.

On the fourth morning Skippy returned still entranced with this new phase of life. He felt gorgeously self-satisfied. For four days he had permitted himself to be loved, and the sensation was as agreeable as it was unexpected. He appreciated Irene too. He liked the simplicity of her emotional nature. How naturally she responded to every passing sensation! How her eyes sparkled or drooped! Life was a constant shock of surprises to her. What if she lived in the superlative case? At least there was nothing shop-worn or blasé about her! He, too, was still under the spell of a surprise. How a word from him could make her tremble! He was adored! He was the emperor, the hero, the absolute tyrant over a kingdom of one!

It was at this moment that Tootsie remarked, "I'm so glad you like Irene."

Continued on page 86



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PERMITTING HIMSELF TO BE LOVED

Continued from page 85

"What's coming now?" he asked, on the *qui vive*.

"What d'ye mean?"

"I suppose you're going to tell me she's got false teeth or a wooden leg!"

"How funny you are," said Tootsie, without a trace of resentment. "I suppose you'll have her down to the Prom?"

"Aha!"

"Well, you have asked her, haven't you?"

"Not at all."

"Really? I know Dolly expected——"

"Whoa, there! None of that."

"I just meant——"

"I know what you meant. You mean if Irene came, it would make such a nice cozy little party—you and Irene. That's why you're so sweet to her all at once."

"Ridiculous! Irene's one of my best friends. I'm delighted you're so chummy. She's the loveliest girl in the world. A little susceptible about boys, but that's all!"

"Now it's coming!" thought Skippy. And aloud he said: "Well, she's the smartest-looking girl around here."

"Of course she is! She has real style!" said Tootsie enthusiastically. Then she added meditatively: "If it wasn't for her eyes."

"What's wrong with her eyes?"

"Oh, I don't know. They're lovely in color, but—well, they look sort of loose, don't you think. They roll all over her face!"

Alas for the devilish astuteness of the feminine tongue! Is it because they know the fatal impression on the susceptible male imagination that women—all women, good women and bad women, mother, sisters and sweethearts—immediately draw our attention to the flaw in the ointment, the speck on the canvas?

Fatal suggestion, indeed! Combat it as he tried, Skippy could not rid it from his memory. Loose eyes! The deuce take it, Tootsie was right! Loose eyes exactly expressed it. And then, what had his sister meant by her allusion to Irene's susceptibility? He had been convinced, he had naturally been convinced, that the passion he had inspired was the first, the one and the only one—something pure and steadfast that determined an existence. And now all at once this humiliating suggestion!

Somehow the thought let him down. Before, he had had a delightful sense of his own value. He had come, he had been seen, he had conquered! (He had tried to modify the Latin version to his own conceit, but the passive tense eluded him.) Now there was no happiness while the fever germ of suspicion was in him.

THAT afternoon, according to arrangement, they trolleyed over to the county fair. He had looked forward to it with keen anticipation and he had planned on their return home in the favor of the dusk as he felt her hand tremble with delight on his arm to tell her that out of a world of Vivis and Jennys and Mimis and Dollys he had selected her for the honor of being his partner at the coming Prom. Now what a difference! His glance was set in such brooding intentness on her face that within ten minutes she exclaimed: "Jack, why are you so strange? What has happened? If you look at me again like that, I shall die-ie!"

As she said this, her eyes distinctly rolled!

Skippy watched her, fascinated.

"Something's on my mind."

"Oh, Jack, what?"

"I'm wondering if it's worth while going back to school," said Skippy absent-mindedly. "For a man who's going into inventing, it's the practical work that counts."

This random suggestion produced an unfortunate effect.

Miss Banners naturally attributed it to the unsettling effect she must have produced, and being immensely flattered, her expressive

Continued on page 87

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PERMITTING HIMSELF TO BE LOVED

Continued from page 86

face suddenly changed from the keenest anxiety to one of ecstatic pride. The transition unfortunately gave rise to a commotion in the eyes.

"Damn it, they *are* loose!" said Skippy to himself; and forgetting how charming had been his first impression of a sensitive, impressionable temperament, he added: "Ridiculous, how she rolls them!"

AGAIN, unfortunately for Irene's fortunes, the visit to the fair was the cruelest test to which she could have been subjected, for it kept her continually in the superlative case, and the superlative case was the dynamo that set her eyes to whirling. She adored the merry-go-round! She die-ied of laughing over the way the negro dodged the balls Skippy flung at him; she shrieked with excitement at the finish of the steeplechase; she clung to his arm and almost expired with fright when the prize bull began to bellow, while she went into ecstasies over the extraordinary, the wonderful, the marvelous side-shows until Skippy grew glummer and glummer.

"Bet she sleeps with her eyes open!" he said meditatively. It was positively embarrassing. At all costs he must terminate the unfortunate attachment. But how?

"Let's come back to-morrow! Don't you *adore* it?" she said, snuggling happily into the crook of his arm.

"Can't to-morrow."

"Well, then, Saturday!"

"Busy Saturday, too."

"Busy, Jack?" she asked.

"Fact is, I ought to tell you something," said Skippy, in whom the last shred of pity had disappeared as he noted the upward roll of the lovely eyes. "That's what's been on my mind."

"But what?"

"Look here, Irene—we're seeing too much of each other. It isn't right."

She didn't answer for a moment.

"You mean——"

"I mean I'm not coming around for a while," said Skippy. Fortunately they were walking down a public street. "She can't burst into tears," he thought.

"That means there is some one else," she said in a low voice.

The opportunity had come. Whatever happened, she must understand that there was no hope.

"Yes—and I've asked her to the Prom."

"Oh!"

"You see, it wouldn't be right——"

No answer.

"You—you had better forget me, Irene."

"I can't," she said weakly.

"I—I should have told you before," he said, conscience-stricken at her voice.

She shook her head recklessly.

"I'm glad you didn't— That sounds terrible—well, I don't care."

"Don't!"

"I can't help it. I shall never get over it."

Skippy should have been conscience-stricken. He should have, but he wasn't. The feeling of being a brute, a devil with the women, a sad dog and a gay Lothario filled him with delight. He knew that it would be years before the wound he had caused would close! She was suffering atrociously! She would suffer for years. Maybe it would cast a shadow over her whole life. Maybe she would never marry! He realized this and he reveled in it, just as at school he had smoked (up the flue) the demon cigaret he secretly abhorred and reveled in the feeling of being a gallows bird!

HE DID not see her for two whole days, pretending a cold and keeping to the house to avert Tootsie's suspicions. On the third day the instinct that sends the criminal back to his crime led him toward the hotel piazza, where, like lonely forsaken Calypso, she would be sitting, awaiting his coming.

Concluded on page 88

Lovely Photos Prove Nestle Invention A Marvelous Success

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PERMITTING HIMSELF TO BE LOVED

Concluded from page 87

She was there, but oh, for the value of woman's oaths, there at her side in an ecstatic contemplation was no other than the merest sand-crab of them all—Shanks Doolittle!

There was no turning back, no evasion possible. His mind was made up instantly. With a perfect social manner, he came up the steps and held out his hand to the embarrassed girl.

"Morning, Irene. How well you're looking! Hello there, Shanks." As he greeted the stripling, his manner, for condescension and casualness, would have done credit to an English duke permitting himself to be loaned a thousand pounds.

"I thought you'd left," said Miss Banners, lowering her eyes.

"Dear no, not for a week yet, he said." He drew up a chair, crossed his legs and arranged the white flannel creases in his trousers. "Well, Shanks, going to boarding-school this year, aren't you?"

"Next week, sir," said Doolittle, to whom Skippy was a demigod.

"Going in for football?"

"Why I—I've never done much."

"H'm, a little young yet, perhaps," said Skippy, after a casual inspection which was meant to drop him a dozen fathoms in Irene's estimate. "It *is* rough, you know."

HAVING thus patronized his successor, he next effectually shut him out of things by launching into the higher flights of conversation. For ten minutes, while he methodically eclipsed the substitute, Skippy was superb. He descanted on fashionable life at Southampton, not forgetting to mention the brilliant and fashionable set of Vivi Ballou. He talked of the theater and Maude Adams, of literature and Kipling; made a few solemn predictions about the opening political campaign and rose at the precise moment when he felt mobile eyes straining toward him in supplication.

"And so it's really good-by this time, Irene," he said lightly. "Don't get up, Shanks. Well, Irene, here's good luck to you. Glad you're so well and happy!"

Her hand as he took it gave him a last mute appeal. He looked into her eyes and smiled impudently. She understood. The great man had passed!

"Good-by, Jack," she said, accepting her fate.

"Ta, ta!"

At the turn he raised his hat as he had seen John Drew do on the stage and set it back at an angle. He was immensely pleased with himself. Lord, how she'll hate to listen to Shanks Doolittle now! Mimi Lafontaine, coming out of a shop, stopped in amazement at the bow she received.

"Why, Jack, you've grown up overnight!" she said with a sudden attention. "And what a deadly thing you are with the ladies!"

"I had a good teacher," he said superbly.

When he had gone six steps, she called to him and invited him for dinner the following night.

He saw the effect he had made and he understood. A turning-point in the sentimental journey had come—he would now no longer wabble in the maudlin stages. He would inspire love in others. Real manhood had arrived!

EDITOR'S NOTE—Another "Skippy Bedelle" story will appear in an early issue of THE DELINEATOR.

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 14

was just child enough to stop at Prossers, walking home with the precious paper safe in her pocketbook, to price the beautiful wheat-gold paper unrolled in the window.

She felt a faint guilty pang when she remembered she had known for almost two hours this discovery that would be supremely interesting to Clyde, who for years had been examining her mother and grandfather, who had been ransacking old papers and trunks in the hope of finding it. She satisfied her conscience by telephoning and asking for Clyde. Mr. Bainbridge was in a conference, it appeared, and would call Mrs. Bainbridge as soon as he was free.

So now there was nothing to do but dream, for Rose dared not confide this matter even to her mother until she had discussed it with Clyde. She and Mary carried their luncheon into the back yard, as they loved to do on clear days; and while Mary played, Rose stood leaning on the fence, looking down into busy State Street below and feeling, with a sense of awe and solemnity, that the world was literally at her feet.

She had won it all in these short six years since she and Jack had loved and laughed, since he had left her, frozen into bitter silence after her bitter words, with that last threat ringing upon the silent, warm afternoon air: "You'll be sorry! I'll live to hurt you as you've hurt me!"

WELL, she had lived to conquer. She had won her way into the respect and then the liking and then the lives of that long and wistfully admired Upper River Street set. It was "Rose" and "Juliet" and "Edith" now, and when they spoke of music she understood them, and her knowledge of books, of French, of history was far better than theirs.

And now, finally—this, this yellowed paper that meant that the Kirbys were placed once and for all among the first families of Gates Mill.

Perhaps it had never been very high, her ambition to win the Rogers, the Terrys, the Pearsalls and the Raymonds. Perhaps, she mused, dreaming in the balmy afternoon sunshine of the Western Winter, perhaps it might be different if she had her life for the last few years to live again in the light of all she knew and felt now. But after all, this was Rose's world. She had been snubbed, had smarted under the yoke of the shabby genteel so long!

A little cloud came over her blue eyes and she faintly knit her level brows. She had come, in her thoughts, to Clyde, and she forgot everything else in somber wonderment at herself for ever having married him.

To be able to revive just one of the old motives! To see him just for a second as she had seen him then!

It was no use. Whatever he had been to her five years ago had long been blotted from her memory by what he had become now: the cold, stern, crushing personality that dominated every act and word and thought of her caged life.

Rose knew now that it had been a costly mistake. She did not rage nor complain; she took not even her mother into her confidence. What the family saw might influence them, but they had scant supplementary information from Rose. She had chosen, and silently, courageously, patiently she abided by her choice.

But the thought came to her suddenly now, and with it a great wave of pain and disillusionment, that to go back to Old Mill Lane to-night and help mom and Cecy with dinner and laugh with Ned and straighten the shabby old sitting-room she would have destroyed this paper in her handbag, these few scrawled lines that fulfilled the last of all her old, idle dreams.

She had longed to live in Upper River Street, yes. But was it fair to find that hope realized in the oppressive, smothering environment of Clyde Bainbridge's house, to

Continued on page 90

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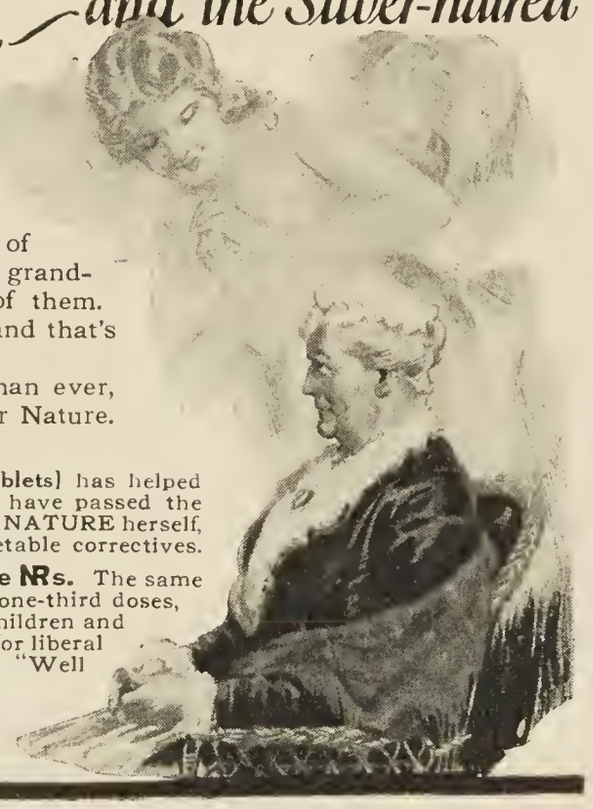
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We guarantee every Butterick Pattern to be correct in every detail

Every new Butterick Pattern contains a Deltor and the price of the Pattern includes the Deltor

CHICAGO, ILL., 2231-2249 South Park Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MO., 1201-3-5 Washington Avenue
BOSTON, MASS., 105 Chauncy Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 350 Mission Street
ATLANTA, GA., 79-89 Marietta Street
TORONTO, CAN., 468 Wellington Street, West
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, 319 Elgin Avenue

Mother Nature—and the Silver-haired



THE heritage of advanced years should not be sickness, constipation, indisposition, biliousness, headaches. That is an old-fashioned idea. In this generation people "grow old gracefully," retaining natural buoyancy, spirit and vigor of health by avoiding defective elimination. The grandmother of NOW dances with the youngest of them. People JUST REFUSE TO GROW OLD—and that's the right idea.

But time takes its inevitable toll. More than ever, then you require the sustaining hand of Mother Nature. Her ways are wise—safe—harmless.

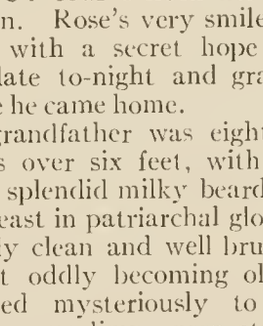
For over thirty years **Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets)** has helped to keep the flame of health akindle in those who have passed the meridian of life—for it is MOTHER NATURE herself, expressed in terms of vegetable correctives.



All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box.

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs. The same Nature's Remedy in one-third doses, candy-coated. For children and adults. Send stamp for liberal sample and copy of "Well and Happy."

A. H. LEWIS MED. CO.,
Dept. 4-B, St. Louis, Mo.



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 89

have youth and gaiety, spontaneous speech, confidence, the very nature and essence of herself slowly strangled there?

It was all so hard to understand, so hard to analyze. She was a woman now, sensitive, dependent, timid, bound by a thousand newly discovered cords of her heart to the precious responsibility of her child. Whoever had any authority over Mary held Rose prisoner; Mary must not be punished for what she had done, Mary must not be frightened.

And like half the women of the world, she ended her reverie with wet eyes and with the heart-sick realization that she had learned too late. Wifehood had taught her, motherhood had taught her. Now she had wealth, position, everything—and it was too late to go back and begin all over again and this time win somehow to the realer things.

She took Mary into the house presently, and still in a queer dream began to construct little houses of Mary's stone bricks. Mary would crash them joyfully, shouting "Break!"

"Yes, but don't break them until I finish them! And don't fall off the table, sweetest." And Rose, putting the blocks away in their places, reflected sagely that all little human houses broke just before one finished them! "So that it isn't getting the money, the power, the fame, that is really smart," she mused. "It's discovering, in time, that they aren't worth getting!" And then she said half-aloud and softly: "I wish—I wish I had never told Jack I would be even! But then, I wish I hadn't done so many things!"

AT ABOUT four o'clock her grandfather came in. Rose's very smile of welcome was tinged with a secret hope that Clyde would be late to-night and grandpa safely gone before he came home.

Rose's grandfather was eighty, standing four inches over six feet, with frosty blue eyes and a splendid milky beard that flowed over his breast in patriarchal glory. Always scrupulously clean and well brushed, in the sagging yet oddly becoming old corduroys that seemed mysteriously to remain at exactly the same limp, worn stage of wear, his was a figure known about the countryside for a radius of twenty miles.

Rose was his idol; she had been the center of his world since her radiant, sunny-headed babyhood. No matter how muddled his wits or with what uneasy puzzlement he was attempting to piece together the tangled fact and fancy of his brain, he always knew Rose, and his most rational conversations were with her.

In return she made him father, guide, philosopher and friend, turned to him in her troubles, talked to him the more freely because he could neither remember nor understand, and cried out many a youthful hurt with her soft cheek pressed against the silver beard and the giant arms held tight about her.

To-night as he came in from the restless flying airs of the wild, rough afternoon she gave him a kiss in which all maternal love and pity blended—gramp, whose signature upon that scrap of paper up-stairs was to mean so much new happiness in all their lives and who might not even be thanked!

He sat panting, glowing, smiling, his shock of hair blown into disorder by the winds: he never wore either hat or wrap and seemed superbly beyond the reach of even the wildest elements. He told Rose about an incubator he had just seen, about the Clyson's ducks, and the old Swedish woman who had killed herself, and the bobcat that had come into Bowdish's yard.

And then, as the uneasy twilight came and while it seemed still too early for the lamp, he and Rose and the child stayed on at the window, looking straight down over the fall of the cliff into the old quarry and State Street and the town. There was a two-foot stretch of garden-bed just under the window, and then came the ivy-shrouded great braces above the quarry.

Continued on page 91



For baby—of course

Chubby sprite, and happy because comfortable. No irritation in the folds of his tender skin. Mother protects against chafing with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. The same product relieves snuffles, cradle cap, yellow scurf and diaper rash.

"Vaseline" Jelly is soothing and healing for cuts, burns, wounds, rashes and for skin affections. Apply liberally. Always safe.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (CONS'D), State St., N. Y.

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY



"Vaseline" Oxide of Zinc Ointment—another necessity for baby.

Write for copy of our new booklet "Inquire Within" (Free).



Take care of swollen veins

You, too, will welcome that relief which allows a longer day of pleasure or a lighter day of work.

By applying Absorbine, Jr. to varicose or swollen veins, that disturbing or distressing ache or soreness quickly disappears. The frequent use of this soothing, pain-stopping antiseptic liniment has also restored to the skin of many sufferers its former smoothness.

You will like Absorbine, Jr. It possesses an agreeable odor, and is easy and clean to use. In the medicine cabinet it soon becomes a first aid in a hundred different ways.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
433 Lyman St.
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Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Other timely uses:

Cuts	Rheumatic aches
Strains	and pains
Bruises	Children's hurts

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy



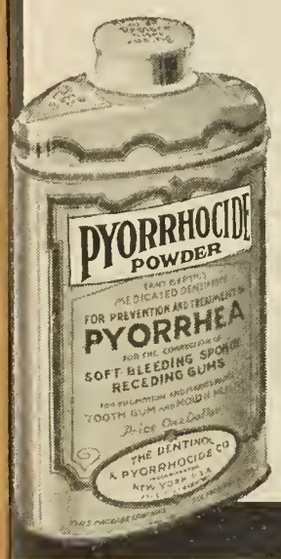
If you have
tender, bleeding gums
—this free sample will bring relief

TAKE the first step promptly toward arresting those symptoms of pyorrhea. Write for free sample of Pyorrhocide Powder—the dentifrice which dental clinics since 1908 have proved effective in *correcting*, as well as in *preventing*, pyorrhea.

Do not delay. Pyorrhea, unless checked, spreads from the gums to the root sockets which hold your teeth in place. Then the teeth usually loosen and fall out, because their support is weakened.

The soothing effect of Pyorrhocide Powder will prove to you that its regular use aids in correcting bleeding gums. It strengthens tender gums—hardens soft gums. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhocide Powder has tonic and healing qualities. It helps healthy gums to keep healthy. It keeps the teeth white and clean. Its daily use, with proper dental care, protects you from pyorrhea.



All druggists sell Pyorrhocide Powder. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. Send now for sample—also booklet on causes, effects and prevention of pyorrhea.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
Dept. F, 1480 Broadway
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Free—To Try
Send for Trial Bottle

Don't Be Gray



When I can stop it

To let gray hair spoil your looks, by making you seem old, is so unnecessary when Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer will bring back the original color surely and safely. Very easily applied—you simply comb it through the hair. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky or stringy, nothing to wash or rub off—just beautiful, natural, becoming hair.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No danger of streaking or discoloration, restored color is even and natural in all lights. Faded or discolored hair restored just as successfully and naturally as gray hair.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the absolutely Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address—

Mary T. Goldman,
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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... *City*.....



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 90

To-night the wind was tossing the dark ivy leaves roughly, and the stiff stalks of the half-dead heliotrope rattled stiffly in the grip of furious brief blasts of air.

Rose and her grandfather jumped guiltily and Mary awakened from a half-doze at the sudden sound of Clyde's step. It was full dark now, and the room was filled with shadows.

A noisy whirl of air came in with Clyde, and he briskly and angrily entered the sitting-room as Rose was hastily lighting the gas.

"What's the idea of leaving the front hall dark?" he demanded shortly, in the critical tone Rose dreaded.

"Why, but Clyde," Rose began defensively, "Datchi never lights the gas until half-past five."

"I know that perfectly well," Clyde answered, annoyed at the mere hint that he could have overlooked the fact. "But am I supposed to telephone you from the office when a particularly dark day comes along? Really, Rose, you do seem extraordinarily dull or inconsiderate—I don't know which it is—sometimes. I beg your pardon——"

The last, with icy emphasis, was addressed to the old man under whose feet Clyde was straightening the end of a rug, his jaw set, his face florid with dark color.

"You have a headache!" Rose said in her most sympathetic tone.

"It's enough to give any one a headache to come home to a pig-pen like this!" he said bitterly. "Sewing, toys— My God, it's disgusting! I put up with a good deal, but when it comes to having every half-witted, insane ——"

"Aren't you going to need an overcoat, dear?" Rose, into whose exquisite face the hot color had suddenly risen, asked her grandfather affectionately. Sheer anger brought a sudden tremble to her lips and a bright film of tears to her eyes. If grandpa would only go——

"You couldn't come back with me, Rose, and have dinner with your sister and mother?" he asked, delaying comfortably.

"Not to-night, darling."

"Rose, I really must ask to speak to you, alone—" Clyde began, sternly and unsympathetically watching their farewells.

"Just a moment, dear! Love to mom, grandpa——"

BUT the emotional strain of the long, gloomy day was beginning to tell, and to her horror she felt the quick free tears beginning to press against her eyes and thicken her throat.

"Good-night, grandpa, dear!" she said a little thickly, but with a gallant smile.

The old man looked in puzzlement from her face to Clyde's, looked back again.

"Why, you're crying, Rose!" he said gently, infinite childish distress and bewilderment upon his ruddy old face. "You've made her cry," he said to Clyde, in a deep tone that frightened Rose. His own breath began to come rather short and there was a stormy gleam in his bright blue eyes. "Did he hurt you, Rose?" he asked.

"No, no, no, dear!" she soothed him hastily, only anxious that she and Clyde should be left alone.

"Don't you make her cry!" said the old man to Clyde in a measured, unnatural tone and with a strange look. Something in his manner seemed to hold Clyde transfixed where he stood, and he made no reply. But Rose guided her magnificent old kinsman to the door. "Don't cry, Rosalind," he urged her then, pitifully.

"Indeed I won't, grandpa!" But she felt herself near to a devastating deluge of tears as she spoke. "Sure you won't be cold?"

"I don't like him!" her grandfather said in the half-sly, half-innocent fashion of the weak-witted and with a resentful glance at Clyde. "He's a hard man!"

"Good-night, dear!" The front door had opened upon a harsh cold rush of air and was

Continued on page 92

Washington Irving High School New York City



Making pride an every-day habit!

Students at Washington Irving High School, New York City, are old enough and wise enough to appreciate the importance of personal appearance.

With them, pride has become an every-day habit. For pride is just another name for self-respect. And self-respect is a virtue to be cultivated every day in the year.

Begin early to make your children self-respecting. Teach them that outward appearance not only induces self-respect but commands respect from others.

It should be just as easy to form a good habit as a bad one. Take shoes for example. Untidy, unpolished shoes are inexcusable in man, woman or child.

Of all good habits, the daily shine is one of the most easily acquired. A Shoe Shining Outfit and the right kind of shoe polish—that's all you need.

And shining shoes at home is a sensible way of practicing thrift. It saves both time and money.

SHINOLA COMPANY Rochester, N. Y. | S. M. BIXBY & CO., INC. Indianapolis, Ind. | F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, INC. Buffalo, N.Y. and Hamilton, Can.

"look at your shoes!"

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N.Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.



Shinola Home Set



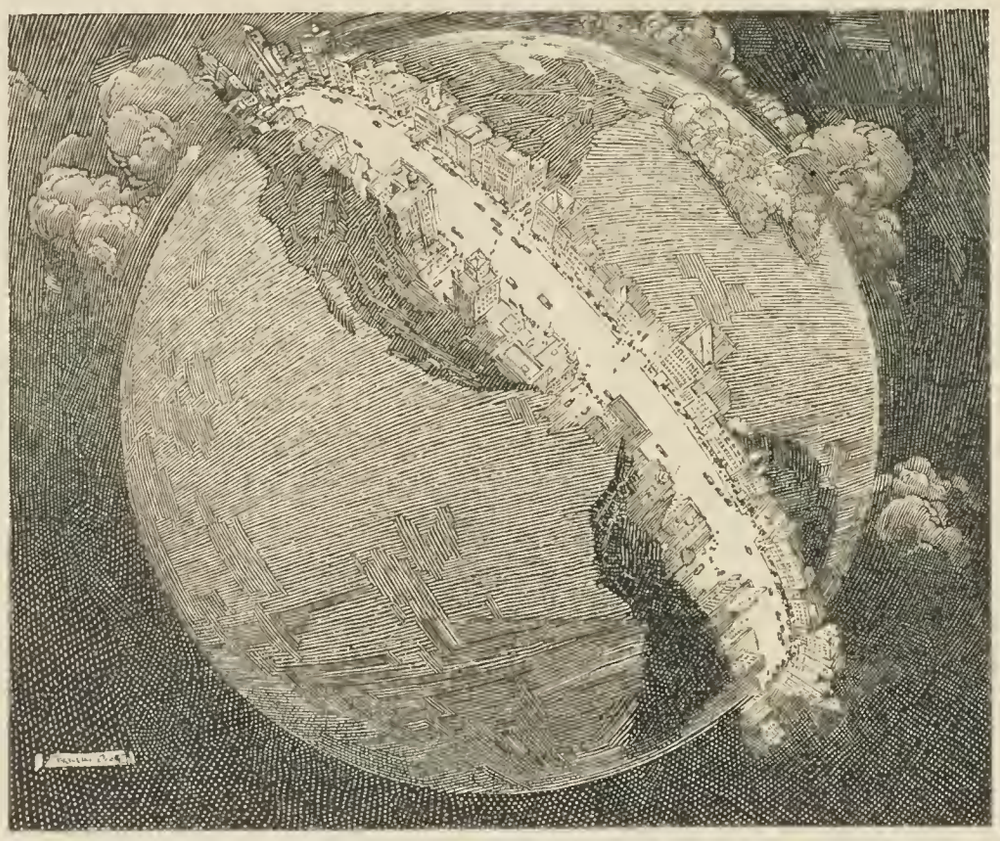
Bixby's Liquid Polish



2 in 1 Shining Kit

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.



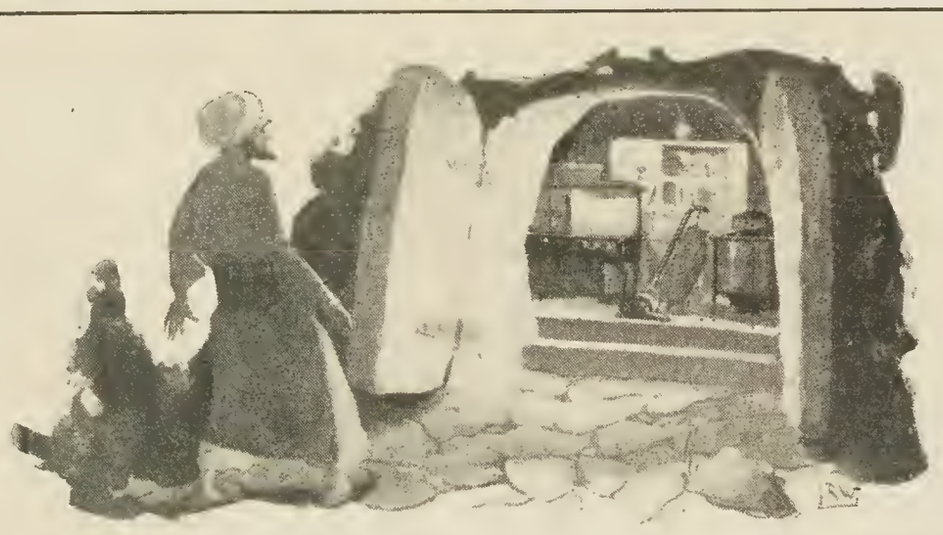
Broadway around the world

The biggest machines built by the General Electric Company are steam turbine generators of 80,000 horse power, used in great power houses.

One of these giants could generate enough current to run all the street cars in twelve cities as large as Wilmington or Spokane. Ten could light a street as bright as Broadway running around the world.

Compare these huge turbines with the tiny lamp used by surgeons to examine the inside of an ear, and you will realize the variety of G-E products. Between these extremes are lamps, motors, generators, switch-boards and other equipment—all tools by which electricity works for you.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



If Cassim Had Opened a Cave Like This!

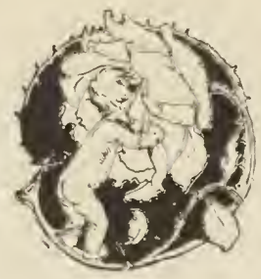
WHEN Cassim of the Arabian Nights cried "Open Sesame" to the rock that guarded the robbers' cave, it flew open to reveal priceless treasures of gold and silver and precious jewels.

But all that he could buy with them were the barbaric discomforts that passed as Arabian magnificence. What wouldn't Mrs. Cassim have given of his gold and jewels for one good American vacuum cleaner?

Take the advertising pages in this month's DELINEATOR, for instance. Count the pleasures and conveniences in your life that they represent. Here are new stories from old friends and first overtures from new friends. Get acquainted with them. THE DELINEATOR introduces and stands sponsor for them.

Read—and answer—the advertisements. Send for the interesting and informative booklets that are offered by DELINEATOR advertisers.

You may repose perfect confidence in DELINEATOR *advertisers. You need have no fear of loss from patronizing these advertisers—if the advertiser does not make good,* THE DELINEATOR *will.*



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 91

closed again. "Don't be angry at grandpa, Clyde," Rose said wearily then in the cold, gas-lighted ugliness of the hall. "You know he's not responsible for what he says."

"Now, look here, Rose," Clyde said harshly, yet with a dreadful composure. "I mean this: I never want to see that man inside my house or grounds again! I never want to speak to him again. If I ever see him here, I'll have him kicked out, as I have a right to do. Do you hear me? Do you understand me? I'm done with your cracked-brained family!"

She had turned white and was watching him with wide, attentive eyes.

"Very well, Clyde." She seemed frozen where she stood.

"And hereafter please see to that hall light yourself."

"Very well." There was silence, silence, while he hung up his hat and struggled out of his coat.

"Leave that alone, Mary!" he said savagely, as the little girl approached a package he had brought.

"What is it?" Rose asked, assuming a cheerful interest.

"Something I wanted," he answered briefly, putting it on the hat-rack before he started up-stairs. She watched him for a moment, and then went back into the sitting-room.

But in a few seconds he shouted loudly for her and she ran up-stairs.

"What's gone wrong now, dear?"

"Nothing's gone wrong except that you are absolutely the most pitiable excuse for a housekeeper that I ever saw!" he answered quickly. "I come home with my head splitting—you don't know what sympathy is—you're devoid of it!"

A baby wail floated up-stairs, bearing the words in little Mary's frightened voice: "Oh, mommy! I breaked it!"

HUSBAND and wife listened, with intent faces, for a second or two of utter silence, and then Clyde said deliberately, with a darkening face: "If she's broken that lamp-shade that I had to send to San Francisco for, she's going to get a whipping that she'll never forget!"

Rosalind's heart stood still, plunged, stopped again, and she tasted salt water in her mouth.

"Clyde, you mustn't punish her!" she said quickly, in a half-frightened, half-warning voice. "She's only a baby."

"She's baby enough to obey," he said, with a terrible sort of grimness.

"Clyde, you've got a headache, dear, and you're tired; let me handle her!" Rose said, breathing fast. "I'll put her right to bed and tell her that she's to have no marshmallow for disobeying her father— *Please* Clyde, don't frighten her! Please!"

She had put herself between him and the door, but he flung her aside with rough fingers that bit into her arm and went past her and down-stairs.

Rose, giddy and sick, leaned against the wall for a whirling second and then flew after him.

Mary was crying at the foot of the stairs; Datchi had come out and was gathering up broken green glass; the baby's tiny finger was bloody.

"Baby crying!" she sobbed, holding up her small arms to her mother.

Clyde caught her with a fury that made her scream.

"Yes, and you're going to have something to cry for!" he said, gritting his teeth. But Rosalind was with them now, and she arrested him in the hall, her eyes blazing, her breast heaving, her face white.

"Listen, Clyde," she said, above Mary's wild crying, her hands against his chest where Mary was squirming and struggling. "Listen to me. I've found it—the paper old Talbot signed—the contract about the 'Centipede!' I found it to-day. But I

Continued on page 93



Remove Scratches As You Polish

HOW quickly the handsome finish of your fine furniture begins to show tiny scratches.

But removing these minute scratches is almost as easy as getting them with

3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

For best results, be sure to follow this method:

Wring out a cloth in cold water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One *to the cloth.* Rub with the grain of the wood, going over a small surface at a time. Wring out the cloth frequently in water and re-oil. For polishing, use a soft, clean, dry cloth, again rubbing with the grain of the wood.

Surface scratches, "bloom," finger marks, all vanish with the dirt and grime, and the fine finish will shine with the brilliant luster of early youth.

3 in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. Ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red One on the bottle.

FREE— Generous sample and illustrated Dictionary— explaining 79 uses for 3-in-One in the home. Request both on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 F. William St., N. Y.
Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal

HR60

FIXALL

The GUARANTEED Finish

Have that longed for Breakfast Room

by enameling the unused table and chairs with *Fixall.* Easy to clean and not affected by water, hot or cold.

Send 10c for quarter pint can, postpaid and helpful booklet on refinishing furniture, floors and woodwork.

Louisville Varnish Co.
1406 Maple St.
Louisville, Ky.



RAW, BLISTERED BURNS

healed quickly and gently by bandaging with antiseptic, cooling

Mentholatum

Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

alone
in the good work it does

Nothing else will do the work of Sani-Flush. It cleans toilet bowls snowy white. Removes every spot and stain. No scrubbing. No hard work.

Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush. The porcelain shines. The hidden, unhealthful trap—impossible to reach by other means—is also cleaned, made sanitary. Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors.

It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



Sani-Flush
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Robinson's Barley Babes

Delicate Infants

cannot always digest the food supplied by nature. When Mother's Milk is deficient, either in quality or quantity, a substitute must be found.

One of the best substitutes for Mother's Milk is cow's milk diluted with barley water made from Robinson's "Patent" Barley.

FREE: Write for booklet of interest to Mothers and Expectant Mothers.

J. & J. COLMAN (U.S.A.) Ltd.
Dept. B-264
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ROBINSON'S "Patent" Barley

LADD EGG BEATER
4 SIZES
8 BEATING BLADES · SMOOTHER & QUICKER
ENTIRELY SUPERIOR · TAKE NO OTHER
ALL DEALERS or UNITED ROYALTIES CORP. 1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 92

swear to God I'll burn it—I'll never give it to you—I've hidden it if you touch Mary. She's only a baby, and I'll punish her! I'll slap her fingers and put her to bed, but you're not going to hurt her! Clyde, you're not listening but I've found that paper I swear I have——"

He was breathing hard, too, biting his under lip, and she saw comprehension come slowly into his furious eyes. He automatically put the child down.

"You're lying," he said quietly, his eyes never leaving his wife.

"I'm not lying. I discovered it in an old book, at Miss Cartier's this morning."

"Let me see it," Clyde said in a measured voice.

"Sit there—by the fire— Let me put the baby to bed, and I'll bring it down to you! I—I can't now."

"Bring it to me, now," he said slowly.

"No," Rose answered, feeling that she was going to faint or burst into tears. "Do it—my way."

He was sitting down, looking at her, panting still.

"So you found it, eh?" he said in a musing voice, with something like his old quiet smile. "We have them where we want them now, Rose!"

SHE was trembling, her heart was shaken within her. She picked up the baby, upon whose wondering little face the big tears were drying, and went into the kitchen for toast and milk. To Mary's small ablutions, her vague little prayers, she faithfully attended. Then she went and picked the old envelope out of the Bible to which she had confided it for safe keeping and went slowly downstairs.

Clyde studied it with passionate attention, and she saw an unfamiliar light in his eyes and heard an exultant, friendly tone quite strange to her in his voice when he said: "Yes, this is it. We've got them now!"

"*Fifty* per cent., is it?" she asked, impressed, as she read it over his shoulder. "Dinner, dear," she added.

"Fifty it is," he said, in an odd tone.

"Clyde, that doesn't mean that half the business is ours?"

"That's exactly what it means. I don't know who Adrian Cartier is, but old Renfrew, the other witness, is probably the old janitor I fired a few months ago——"

"Adrian Cartier was Miss Cartier's brother. He's dead twenty years," Rose said, serving soup and actually basking in this mood of normality upon Clyde's part. "But wouldn't a man like old Renfrew remember having witnessed it and have talked about it to some one?" she asked.

"Not necessarily. Just called in to scrawl his name."

"But Clyde, we'll be really rich! And do you know, I was thinking that we could buy mom the old Pierce place. She's always liked it because it has a long balcony at the back, and she says that all her life she's wanted——"

"Says!" He looked up, frowning. "You haven't told her?"

"Oh, no. Nobody! Clyde, don't take another of those horrible pills, you took one only an hour ago!"

"I'll need my head to-night," he said, almost with a smile. But she noticed that his face looked ghastly. "No, you're right, we'll have to move quietly until we've got it all worked out, and then spring it on them. Now, let me understand this, Rose. You represent your entire family legally, don't you?"

"Well, that was the ridiculous arrangement made when my father died," Rose explained. "Mom hates business—and I was nearly eighteen, old enough to understand, and so mom simply deeded everything to me. Father had a guardianship for grandfather, you know, and father left everything to her. So that if there had been any-

Continued on page 94



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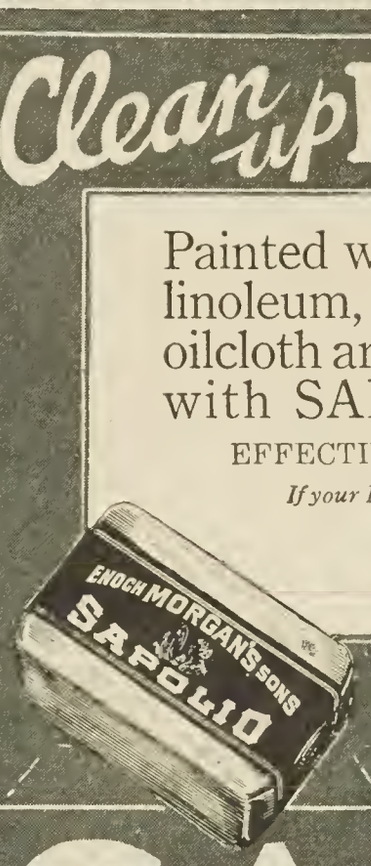
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BLACK IP FLAG

The Nation's Insecticide



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 93

thing—which there wasn't—I would——"

"There's something now!" Clyde said in grim satisfaction.

"Well, then it may be different!" Rose said contentedly. "I'll see that they all get more than their share, you may be sure of that. And Clyde, what about a little closed car for me so that I can drive every day——"

They had left the table and were back in the sitting-room and Rose had taken her usual chair. But Clyde now began to walk to and fro, and upon his face she saw an ugly pallor and in his eyes an almost frightening light.

"Jack Talbot will be the first to want justice done—" she began, feeling the usual little happy twist in her heart on the name.

But Clyde, his brows knitted, interrupted her. "Just a minute, Rose! There's something I'm thinking out!" he said.

Then there was silence within. But, outside the window, Rose could hear the wind howling uneasily and the slish of water blown from the mill and the creaking of the dismal old trees that shut in the house. Far below, in State Street, beneath the cliff and the scarred walls of the quarry, an occasional motor-horn squawked and was still. There was no moon, there were no stars, to-night.

A sudden nervousness seized her, a sensation that horrors, fears, strange dangers were abroad and might force an entry to this quiet, ugly, lonely room that seemed pulsating to-night with unnatural light, unnatural possibilities and menaces. She longed to catch that envelope and throw it upon the slow, sucking flames that moved in the old steel-rodded grate.

Suppose one suddenly burst into noisy laughter——

Rose jumped as Clyde spoke.

HE WAS standing a few feet away from her, his head hanging forward a little, like that of some threatening animal. His face was livid and his eyes gleamed with a ferocious light. He made a twisting gesture with his knotted fist.

"By God!" he said, in a tone so full of hate and triumph that Rose felt an actual sensation of fear. "By God, they'll pay for it, every penny! I'll drag that boy in the dust, and his precious mother and wife with him! There'll be no compromise—not one cent! I'll punish them until I've had my fill, and then I'll drive them out of this town forever and ever!"

"But Clyde," Rose stammered, frightened and aghast at his passion, "how can you drive them out! He's not responsible for what his father did! I can't *bear* to hear you talk so! Can't we—can't we share it and be happy about it? Isn't there enough—more than enough—for us all!"

"We'll be happy about it, all right!" Clyde muttered, beginning to pace the floor again. "But he'll not. Oh, no, my boy, you've had it your way too long! Now it's my turn—now it's my turn. Now listen, Rose, and see if you can get this through your head! Your grandfather and Jack Talbot's father started this business in 1879 with about five hundred dollars' capital. Your grandfather was incapacitated a little later, as you know, and Talbot carried it on alone. He made money, a few thousands a year, until, say, seven years later. Then the 'Centipede' caught on, and for a few years he made pretty big money—built his house, and all that. Then came the panic years, and he had to put every cent he made back into it. But since that time, and that's nearly thirty years, he's built up a big business. Only last year we put sixty thousand dollars into a new building. Every cent the Talbots have got, as far as I know, is in the business. I've never heard of any other securities, except, perhaps, the house, and a lot here and there—have you?"

"No-o," she said, vaguely anxious and uneasy and with a frown between her beautiful eyes.

Continued on page 95

Brighten your home with colorful slip-covers



SPRING NEEDLE-ART tells you not only how to make them but how to use them. It shows you with pictures how to make a paper pattern for each article, how to fit the material, make seams, allow for curves; then it shows you in colors how to disguise old furniture and how to brighten a dull room.

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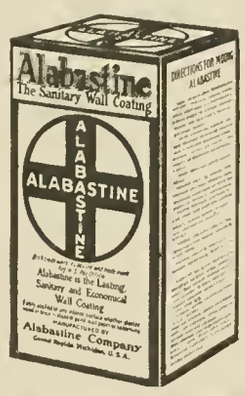
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ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 94

"Well, now you begin to calculate, Rose. Half interest in '80 and '81 and '82 and so on until to-day! Back payments, plus compound interest, at fifty per cent.! It will be every red cent they have in the world! Jack Talbot will come crawling to me for a job, and he'll see what he'll get! He'll be beggared——"

He stopped upon the triumphant word and there was a deathlike stillness in the room, broken only by his quick, nervous footfalls as he walked to and fro. His mouth was shut like a trap, his nostrils dilated, his eyes narrowed.

"Clyde," Rose said in a dry voice and trembling, "I can't—can't permit it! I only thought it meant some money—it meant reinstating mom and grandpa with the townspeople. But I never thought of that!"

"You'll take the roof from off his head," Clyde said, panting. "You'll live in the Talbot house!"

AGITATED and pale, she came up to him, and arrested him with a hand upon his arm.

"Clyde! Why do you hate him so?" It's not—human!"

"*Hate him?*" he echoed. "Don't you?"

Rose stared at him horrified, sick revulsion in her heart.

"Oh, no, Clyde, never! I talked like a little fool! I was angry, and young—I didn't know anything about life! I didn't know how I'd feel when I was older—when I had a child!"

"You talk like a fool now," he said, shaking her off.

"No, but Clyde," she persisted eagerly, swallowing hard, following him as he walked away. "Listen. There is no need for cruelty and revenge. Why, what would life be if one didn't learn better than that? All you need do is see Jack, have a long talk, make any arrangement you like. You have stock, that and this fifty per cent. make us the largest stockholders anyway! He can go on, just the same——"

"Oh, is that *so?*" Clyde muttered, paying to this fantastic theory not even the poor compliment of answering it. "No," he said, in deep and snarling satisfaction, "no, he won't go on just the same! Not *quite*. I've got him now."

"Clyde, it is horrible to hear you speak so!" Rose exclaimed, but she knew that he did not hear her. He had flung himself down at the desk, and grasping a pad of paper and a pencil, he began to calculate briskly, staring at his figures for a second, moving that sheet aside and commencing anew on a fresh sheet.

"Clyde—" she pleaded, and was silent.

"Kindly don't bother me now, Rose!" he said, and she heard him add to himself: "I wonder if I can prove Jack Talbot knew about this!" Slowly and with a sick heart Rose went up-stairs.

The old house was full of sinister creaking and whispering as she mounted to the gloomy upper region, and Rose thought that she had never heard so uneasy a wind as that which rattled shutters and bent boughs with great sweeping rushes of sound in the cool and restless blackness of the garden. Her heart was hammering hard with a sort of vague terror and she felt strangely heavy and depressed.

"I wonder if I am going to be sick?" she thought, with a first pang of miserable responsibility. "I can't be sick now! I *couldn't* leave Clyde to handle all this—he mightn't be fair to mom—he *wouldn't* be——!"

And she went in to stand beside Mary's bed in the cold nursery where she slept with the child in as desolate a mood as her twenty-six years had ever known.

Even with windows and doors closed, in Clyde's bleak big bedroom the gas-flame sucked and fluttered and the treacherous swooping of the wind about the house

Continued on page 96



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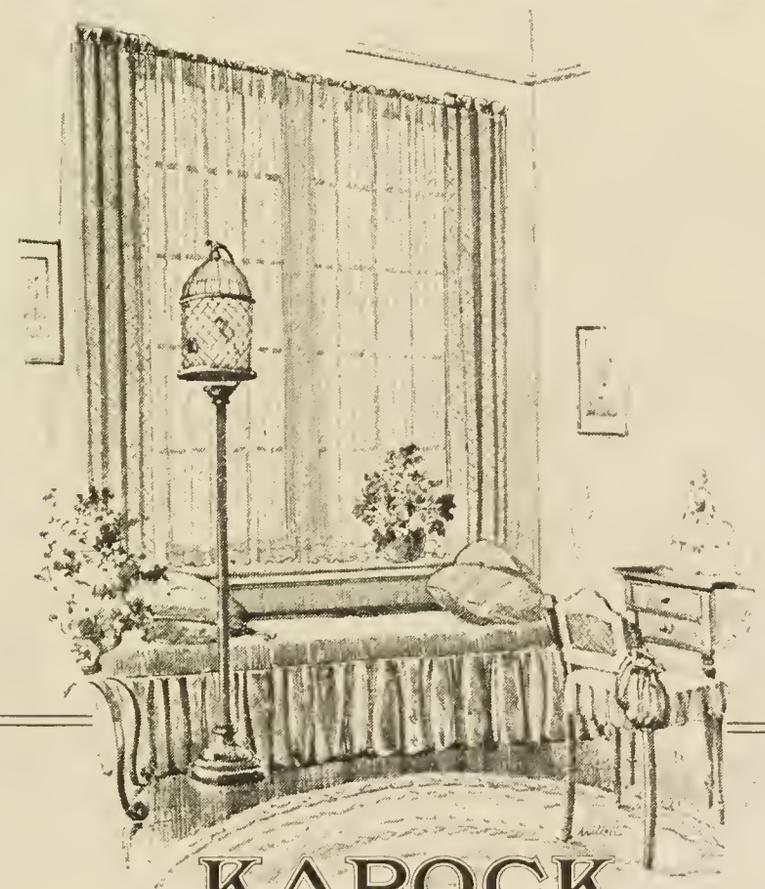
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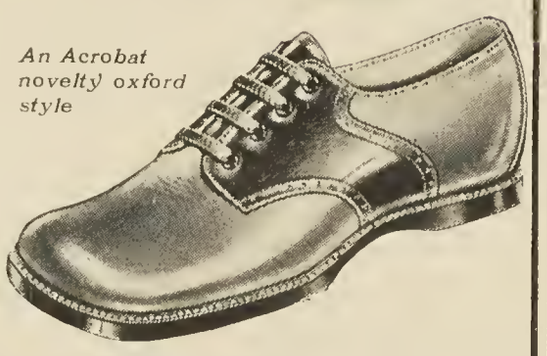
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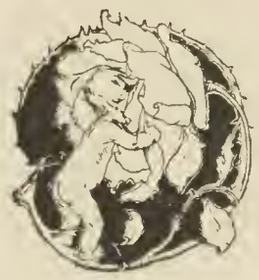
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 95

frightened her. Somewhere a door was banging—was still—banged again. She had a little grate fire lighted and had moved her chair as close to it as was safe. But the big dim spaces of the room behind her seemed filled with ominous potentiality, and she found herself over and over again starting nervously and glancing over her shoulder.

It would have been a comfort to get into her own bed, but there was no light in the nursery that made reading there possible. She kept looking off her book absently, a frown between her brows. Suppose that she should really be ill now, or even die——

No, she would have to fight desperately for every ounce of cool reason, persuasiveness, self-control now if she expected to influence Clyde in the matter. The inheritance was hers, it was true, but then that would have small value in his eyes! He would as confidently attempt to dictate her course as if she were Mary! And if she made matters too difficult, she well knew that there was no extreme to which he would not go.

Her one hope was to win him to reasonableness by that judicious mixture of opposing pressure and diplomatic concession in which she had had so many lessons during her married years. Her weary brain fairly hummed with imaginary conversations; she felt frightened and sick with fear. "Oh, now that we've found that—that accursed paper," she exclaimed, half-aloud, "now that there's so much money—enough for every one—why does this horrible complication have to come in? Why is Clyde so bitter? Why can't we all just be happy, ourselves and the Talbots, and Cecy marrying her Bozzy, without law-suits and fights and all the rest of it! Oh, heavens—heavens—heavens—if the wind wouldn't blow so hard!"

SHE twisted her wrist, glanced at her watch. It was half-past ten.

"I *wish* Clyde would come up-stairs!" she said fearfully and quite aloud. It was horrifying to think of him still ghoulishly busy at his revengeful figuring. Her heart rose in her throat as the door of her closet swung slowly open and for a few seconds she was actually paralyzed with fright. Outside the shutters rattled and the trees creaked and swished. "I could scream myself to death and he wouldn't hear me!" thought Rose.

She had only to cross the floor, to descend the dimly lighted stairs and open the back sitting-room door to find him. But she dared not stir.

Oh, if it were only morning again! Had it ever been daylight—had she ever walked cheerfully and confidently about this gloomy house, chattering to Mary?

Suddenly, above the whining of the wind, the rushing of tree branches, the joggling shutters and far-off booming doors, above the whispering in the chimney and the sinister quiet sucking of the gas-flame, her whole body seemed to convulse, to plunge with utter terror. She had heard a human voice—shouting—screaming——

Rose staggered to the door. "Oh, what is it!" she cried. "My God, what is it!"

Still the wild uproar without and the whispering, creaking, sucking within, but she heard no other sound.

"I heard it!" she said aloud, with a dry and salty mouth and with her whole chest heaving upon terrified breath. And as she stood listening, she heard it again, something between a cry and a shout—her own name: "Rose!"

Instantly, not knowing how she moved, she was down-stairs, she had torn open the sitting-room door.

The green-shaded light in the cracked green shade was burning quietly, the fire had fallen to pink afterglow, papers were strewn over the table. The wind, quiet for a second, spoke at the shutters like a low voice.

Clyde was standing with his back to the table, resting against it, his face ashen, his

Continued on page 97



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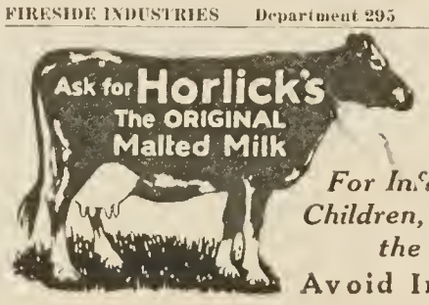
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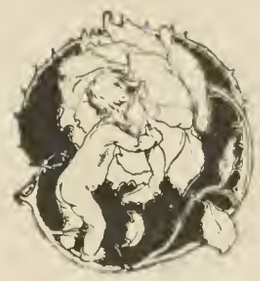
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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



ROSE of THE WORLD

Continued from page 96

breath quick. As Rose came in he moved his eyes from the window to her face, and she saw that his waxen forehead was wet.

"Well, I don't know what that was!" he said in a low tone, putting his hand on her shoulder in a great gasp of relief as if the touch of warm flesh and blood awakened him from some horrifying dream. "I don't know what that was! I thought—I must have been asleep——"

She smiled at him reassuringly, white-faced still, but with all her vague terrors dissipated by the mere nearness of something else that was living, something that was human.

"You frightened me!" she said, panting.

"I must have been dreaming," he repeated, still in a puzzled, low tone, his eyes going to the window again. "I thought that—it seemed to me——"

"Did you think you heard something?"

"At the window!" he amended, looking toward it once more. "The shutters were open, like that. I locked them back because they rattled. It seemed to me that something moved there—looked in——!"

"That's over the cliff, Clyde," she reassured him courageously, although she was frightened herself by his manner and his words. "Anybody to be there would have to squeeze about the corner and wedge his way along that little stony ledge where the heliotropes are! You just imagined it——"

In a strangely silent, docile mood he allowed her to straighten his papers, hammer down the fire and put out the lights.

"Where did you keep this to-day?" he asked, indicating the precious old document as he followed her up-stairs.

"I shut it into my Bible." But even as she spoke, Rose realized that her point of view had changed so radically in the last few hours that it would seem almost sacrilege to place it there again. This little breeder of change and trouble had nothing in common with the great words of love and brotherhood, of sharing and forgiving.

CLYDE went to his own room, and presently Rose heard his heavy breathing in sleep. After a last look and a last kiss for Mary, she put out her light and got into bed.

But there was no sleep for her until almost dawn on this first night as a consciously rich woman. Try as she might, she could not make visions of prosperity, of triumphant purchases and pleasures, seem real. What was real was the hammering of her heart, the disturbing uproar of the wind in the black night, the fearful responsibility of seeing that somehow mom and Cecy and grandpa were fairly treated, anxiety that she herself should not fall ill and so fail them, nervousness lest in conceding Clyde some responsibility she should concede him too much—apprehension on a hundred counts that had never existed in her life before.

"If you do that, I will leave you, Clyde!" she imagined herself saying as she tossed restlessly from side to side. But how could she leave him and go on living in a community that would say that Rose Kirby had left her husband the minute she had any money of her own? And how could she leave the man who was manager and vice-president of the big business in which this fortune of hers was invested? In any case, there was Mary; he would know well what weapon he had there, he would fight for a share of Mary, and the child's little life would be wrecked in the very start.

"Jack, I'm so sorry it's turned out this way!" she would find herself repeating a few minutes later. "I had no idea—I wouldn't willingly have made it so hard for you. I'd undo the whole wretched business if I could!"

She shook up her pillow, settled her cheek against it resolutely, closed her eyes. "I *will* get to sleep!" she thought feverishly. And immediately, before her weary, aching eyeballs, a vision of Jack Talbot seemed to rise

Continued on page 98

"Keep your secret treasured behind your mysterious door, if you must"—

Beautiful Barbara La Marr found, that this fragrance added a new note to even her exquisite personality



Barbara La Marr now starring in the new Metro production "Thy Name is Woman."

"My dear Mons. Vivaudou:
"I have tried so long to find what you have discovered! Mai d'Or—definitely possesses the power to attract others!
"Here at last is a perfume exquisitely suggesting a loveliness and endearing appeal that creates an unforgettable memory. It is as you yourself have said, so much 'more than merely a fragrance.'
"Keep your secret treasured behind your mysterious door if you must—but never let me be without the compelling charm of Mai d'Or. Sincerely," *Barbara La Marr*

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—it guards the most fascinating secret in the world

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ROUGES	EAU DE TOILETTE	
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more than merely a fragrance

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Tints Gray Hair Any Shade



AT the first sign of graying hair—that sometimes false herald of age—take action. Don't allow the unthinking world to proclaim you old before your time. Safely tint those fading locks to their natural color and splendor with Brownatone.

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At drug and department stores 50c and $1.50. Trial bottle 10c.

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–or letting gray hair make you look old?

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BEN LEVY CO., *French Perfumers*

Department H 125 Kingston Street Boston, Mass.



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 97

Jack half-smiling, yet with that new gentleness and patience expressed upon his sunburned face and with those odd little touches of silver in his fair hair. He, too, had learned something in the bitter years: he had learned to be kind, understanding; she felt the change in him whenever they spoke together.

Here they were, the man and woman who had loved each other so deeply as boy and girl, who might have had so wonderful a life together! And Rose was lying wakeful in utter discouragement and fear in a dreary, storm-blown upper chamber in the Bainbridge house, while he was perhaps sleeping in entire unconsciousness of the thunderbolt that was so soon to wreck his whole life.

THE clock struck one and immediately afterward there was another sound that brought Rose erect in the darkness.

"What's that!" It was Clyde shouting as he ran out into the hall. Rose, almost fainting under the fresh shock, joined him, gathering a wrapper about herself with trembling fingers, terrified eyes upon his face.

His hair was tumbled into unwonted disorder above his anxious face; he carried a wavering candle.

"My God, this is terrible!" he whispered sharply. "What a frightful night! It was down-stairs in the passage—or it sounded so. Did it sound so to you?"

"I don't know!" she said, with chattering teeth. In the silence, as they stared at each other, the wind made a battering assault upon the roof and the trees shrieked.

Clyde began cautiously to descend the stairs and Rose followed. They went through the lower hall, and after shouting a query through the side door, he half-opened it, Rose's eyes peering over his shoulder.

A wild volley of air flung it open and extinguished both the candle and the gas that Clyde had lighted—but not before a rush of feet and the stir of some bulky form in the howling dark had apprised them that their alarm had not been imaginary.

Instantly Clyde sprang out into the dark, shouting furiously, and Rose was obliged to accord his courage her surprised admiration. He moved blindly about for a few seconds and returned to the passages he had shakingly lighted again.

She admitted him through a guarded space, and they regarded each other in astonishment.

"There was some one there all right!" Clyde said, breathing hard. "I saw him!"

"Yes—oh, yes, I saw somebody, too!" Rose did not speak naturally, but he was too agitated to notice it.

"Rose, who could know about that paper?"

This time she was less confused.

"Nobody, Clyde. I spoke to nobody."

"That was the fellow I saw at the window to-night!" Clyde said darkly, going upstairs. "All right, my boy, whoever you are! Make another attempt, make ten, if you want to! You'll not get far."

Presently he was asleep again, but Rose heard the clock cuckoo punctually for two o'clock, for three o'clock, for four. A wild and stormy dawn, with strange light like the light under water, was creeping over the dark and ugly wall-paper of her room before she fell asleep.

But on one score she had not shared Clyde's puzzlement and alarm. Just before the candlelight had been whirled away upon the shrieking wind in the side passage, she had gained a glimpse of the intruder who had evidently been missed by Clyde. It was only a frightened impression—suggested rather than shown in the inky dark—to be remembered and identified after it was gone rather than in that wild brief second.

But that brief second had been sufficient for her to recognize him.

Concluded in the June DELINEATOR

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ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)*

Babies and Children—In this department, which was inaugurated and developed under the editorial advisership of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent baby specialist, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the most authentic information on baby care and child welfare. See on page 16 the list of valuable pamphlets which may be had for ten cents each. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Better Homes—This national movement for Better Homes in America, which THE DELINEATOR organized in 1921, has now been incorporated as a public service under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. Plan-books may be had telling how to organize local campaigns. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to furnish information and to forward inquiries; or you may write direct to headquarters.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of whatever house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Children—We've a page of children's prayers, and also a list of books that will help develop good reading habits. A two-cent stamp will bring one or both to you.

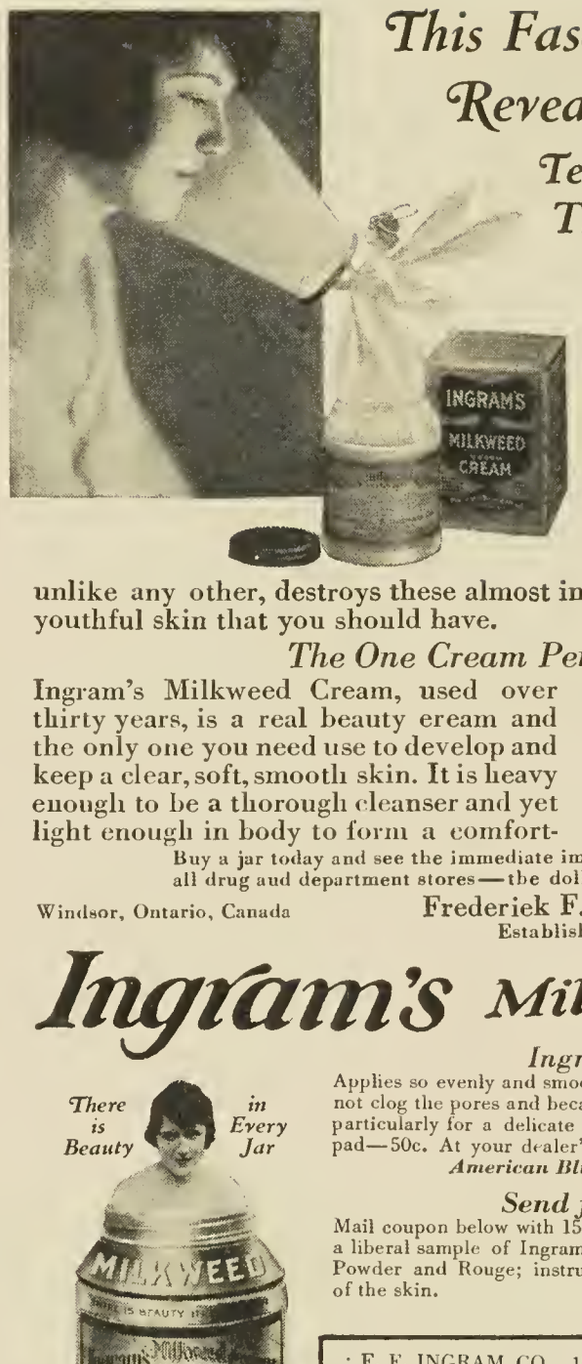
An attractive little binder that will hold twelve numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may be had for twenty-five cents. The binder is red in color and has the words "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the front cover.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

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Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have four new parties, "The Trivialities of 1924," a Spring revue; "The Sky Is the Limit," a junior-senior entertainment; "A Novel Flower Show" and "To the Gentlemen," a leap-year party. Two cents will cover return postage.



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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5242—A dress for evening wear preserves straight lines in the drapery from the shoulder and in the tier drapery at the side of the skirt joined to the body. It closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and has a long camisole lining. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine with camisole of flesh-colored indestructible silk voile or metallic or other laces on China silk or crêpe de Chine and the underpart of the skirt of China silk or crêpe de Chine the same color as the dress.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The evening dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5184—Many of the new dresses show the bosom front which can be freshened when necessary. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and is most attractive in tub silks, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, striped flannel, striped pongee, silk alpaca, pongee or plain flannel.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting material (cut crosswise). Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5221—Various arrangements of hemstitching and tucks are much used on lingerie frocks. In a one-piece slip-over dress they form a yoke effect at the hip and give a soft fulness at the side. These tucked or gathered side sections are inserted in the skirt which has a straight lower edge. Use plain cotton voile, plain cotton Georgette, batiste, plain crêpe de Chine or plain Georgette (without hemstitching in printed designs).

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 55½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5219—10191—Trimming in lace and embroidery creates the fashionable lines of a one-piece slip-over dress of cotton voile, cotton Georgette, silk voile or Georgette. It has square armholes and a straight lower edge. The embroidery is smart. Work it in one-stitch, etc. One may use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or crêpe satin, fine cotton crêpe or wool voile without lace; or use printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette or tub silks without embroidery.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5244—A yoke, cascade drapery and handmade flowers are simple enough for the home sewer and very charming on this draped one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It has a straight lower edge and elastic and a casing at the low waistline. Use plain or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette, printed silks, satin crêpe, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe. Lower edge 52 inches.

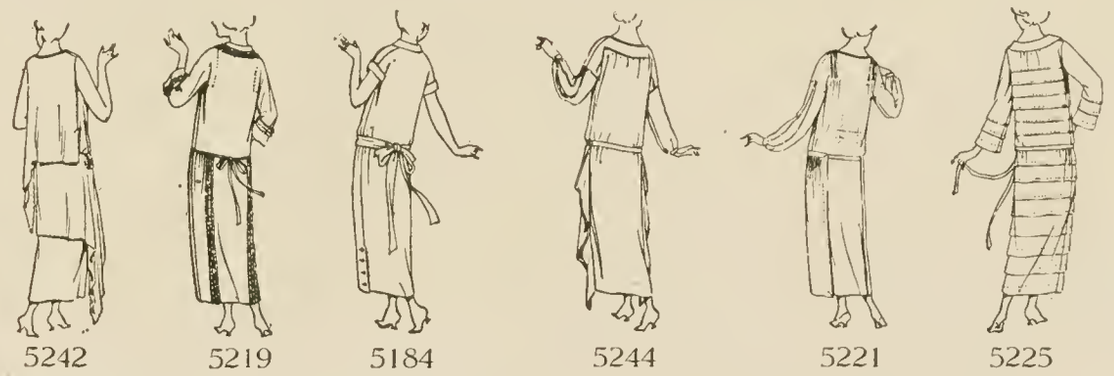
36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5225—Soft Summer materials are exquisite made into the simple lines of this one-piece dress with graduated tucks. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Make the dress of plain cotton voile, plain cotton Georgette, batiste, or plain silk voile, Georgette or crêpe de Chine. It does not require much trimming.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch cotton voile (cut crosswise and pieced under the tuck). Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is very lovely for ladies 32 to 40 bust.



5242 5219 5184 5244 5221 5225

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5203—Hand-fagoting follows the outline of a bosom-front effect on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type, with a straight lower edge. Use silk alpaca, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or without pockets worsted voile or cotton voile. Without fagoting use white crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe with trimming bands, etc., of silk crêpe in color; or use tub silks, printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty cotton voile or cotton crêpe with plain to match.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 53½ inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5159—10961—Tiers are a natural break in the beltless lines of the long body of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Use heavy silk crêpe, all one color, in two shades of one color or printed with plain, satin crêpe, all one color, in two shades of one color or combining the dull and shiny surfaces, soft twills, etc. Lower edge 47½ inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for tiers.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5209—The bound pockets, boyish collar and beltless lines of this one-piece dress marks it as very new. The dress slips over the head and has a removable cape. Use silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe satin, soft twills, kasha, plaids, checks, stripes, flannel, of one material, with or without contrasting collar and cuffs, cotton homespun or ratine with linen collar, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress and cape are for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

5245—Whether one plans to spend the Spring in town or in the country, she will find the sleeveless jacket and one-piece slip-over dress most satisfactory. Use plaid, striped or novelty wool with plain wool to match, striped or plaid flannel with plain flannel or suède cloth to match, plain flannel or kasha with same material in contrasting color. The jacket may be bound with ribbon or braid in self or contrasting color. Lower edge 47½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch plaid and ⅞ yard 54-inch plain wool.

The dress and jacket are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5175—Many lovely effects are possible with hand-fagoting. On a one-piece slip-over dress it gives the effect of a yoke. The dress has a straight lower edge, a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, plain, printed or novelty crêpe de Chine, plain or printed cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, all one material, printed with plain, etc.

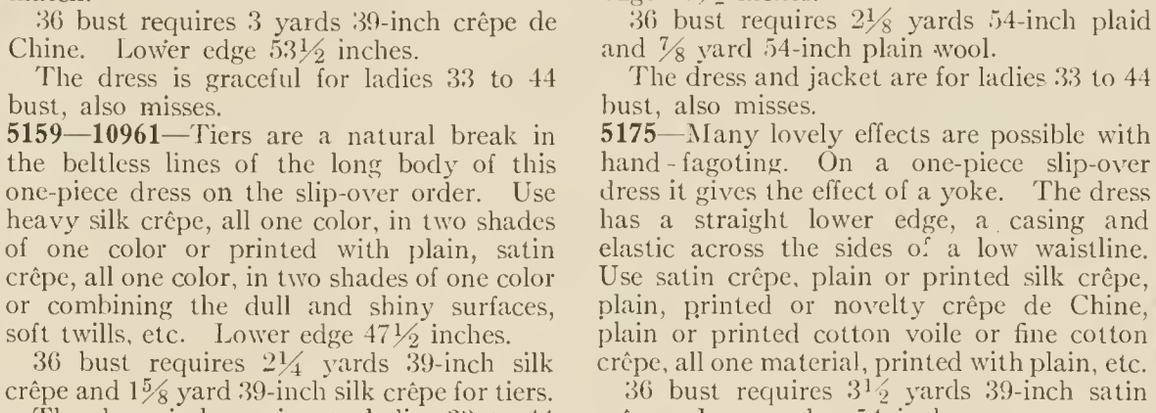
36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5213—Frills add the smart contrast to a very attractive one-piece dress on beltless lines emphasized by a long Russian closing. Use crêpe de Chine, heavy silk crêpe or silk alpaca with printed crêpe de Chine for frills, etc., crêpe satin with the reverse side of satin for frills, or without frills, cotton ratine, printed linen, plaid, check or striped flannel, novelty wools, etc. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. ⅝ yard 35 or 39-inch novelty silk.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5203 5245 5159 5175 5209 5213



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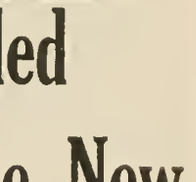
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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

5241—5214—Junior girls will adore the costume composed of a one-piece slip-over dress, a sleeveless jacket and a taffeta hat with a gored crown and either a corded or plain brim. Use plaid or striped flannel, wools or pongee with plain to match.

12 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid and ¾ yard 54-inch plain serge for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5200—For parties and other gala days this one-piece slip-over dress of crêpe satin, plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silks and with side or accordion plaitings is very lovely. One may use printed crêpe de Chine with plain plaitings, crêpe satin with Georgette, chiffon or net, etc.

13 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5198—10107—A quaint little slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomers may be smocked in colors. Use chambray of one material or with linen collar, etc., handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc. The smocking goes easily.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.

5206—Puff sleeves, handmade flowers and a plain basque which joins the full straight skirt are new details of a slip-over dress of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, small-flowered or plaid silks or moire.

12 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch plaid silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5193—4894—Frills trim the little girl's slip-over frock with straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use crêpe de Chine, organdy, batiste, cotton voile or taffeta, fine cotton crêpe without trimming, etc. The shirred hat may be of crêpe de Chine or taffeta.

4 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch cotton voile for dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6; the hat for girls 2 to 12.

5166—10934—A dimity or piqué slip-over blouse and straight trousers of chambray, poplin or linen make a smart suit; or use pongee in two colors, linen, etc. The motif is quaint. Work in outline.

3 years requires 1 yard 32-inch dimity and ¾ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5.

5216—It is the smart fashion to dress little girls and very tiny boys in dresses of the same cut, material and trimmed alike. This tucked dress with separate bloomers is suitable either for the little girl or her small brother. For little girls use chambray, cotton pongee, lawn, handkerchief linen or crêpe de Chine for this brother-and-sister dress.

3 years requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch chambray for the dress for little girls.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years or for tiny boys 1 and 2 years.

5216—If you are using this tucked dress for tiny boys, make it of any of the above materials except crêpe de Chine.

1 year requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch chambray for a dress for the tiny boy.

The dress is for tiny boys 1 and 2 years old or for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5189—5212—Tucked dresses of the slip-over type and with a straight lower edge are smart for little girls in crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon, net, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe or batiste. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc., for hat.

6 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch Georgette for dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5178—10207—Wool crêpe, soft twills, rep cloth, cashmere or serge, plaids or checks make an attractive dress with a Russian closing and a tiered skirt joining the body. The embroidery is effective. Work it in one-stitch, etc.

12 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.



5241 5200 5193 5198 5206

5166 5216 5216 5189 5178



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

5155—10238—The costume composed of a long tunic blouse which slips on over a separate one-piece slip is very smart. Use novelty silk crêpe with the lower part of the slip of black satin, pongee with embroidery, of one material, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work in color. Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch soft twill and ¾ yard 35-inch satin.

The blouse and slip are for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5188—4449—Stripes in tub silks, striped pongee, striped wool jersey, striped lightweight flannel or striped cotton ratine run smart lines in this dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body. For the hat use taffeta, satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 27-inch striped flannel and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting material for band. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; hat for misses, ladies, girls, children.

5186—A one-piece slip-over dress has elastic and a casing across the sides of a low waistline and a straight lower edge. Use printed and plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty and plain cotton voile, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch novelty voile and 1¼ yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5205—A basque with puff sleeves and a tucked straight skirt contribute a picturesque old-fashioned air to a dress for day or evening wear. The basque and skirt are joined at a slightly low waistline and there may be a body lining with a camisole top. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc.

17 years requires 4¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5211—4973—Novelty cotton crêpe or cotton ratine and other novelty cotton dress materials of like weight, etc., are suitable for a one-piece slip-over straight dress with a straight lower edge. The hat has a gored crown. Lower edge 45½ inches.

18 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch novelty cotton and ⅝ yard 35-inch plain for dress.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for misses and ladies.

5201—10787—For the country, for sports or for general wear the two-piece dress is an excellent style. The slip-over blouse may have a vestee and the wrap-around straight skirt is joined to a long body lining. Use wool jersey, etc. The monogram tie is new.

16 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5173—10208—Ribbon lacings and flower motifs are delightful trimming on a slip-over dress of plain or printed silk crêpes, taffeta, radium, moire or satin. The full straight skirt is joined to a long body. The embroidery is effective. Work it in satin-stitch, etc.

17 years requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5165—10112—This type of draped one-piece dress closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed to a body lining which may have a camisole top. Use satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe. The beading is effective. Work the design in self-color.

17 years requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

It is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.





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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5192—5218—Stripes in flannel, wools, pongee, cotton ratine or tub silks are used a great deal in slip-over dresses of this type with a straight skirt joined to a long body and a choice of a long camisole lining. For hat and scarf use kasha, woolen plaids, flannel, knitted silks, plaid taffeta, satin, etc.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 2¾ yards 27-inch striped flannel and ½ yard 39-inch plain material and ¾ yard 54-inch flannel for hat and scarf. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

5197—4973—10118—The very becoming circular cape is usually worn over a one-piece slip-over dress trimmed with embroidery which is used also to decorate the hat. Work the design in outline, running stitch, etc. Use soft twills, kasha, fine worsteds, wool crêpe, plaids, plaid, striped or plain flannel for cape and dress. For the hat with a gored crown use satin, faille silk, wool jersey, etc.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress and cape are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies and misses.

5171—The drapery which is caught at one side and falls in cascade effect gives very lovely lines to a one-piece dress. Satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe are suitable materials for this dress. The sleeves which are sewed into a body lining may be long and close-fitting or wider.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is good style for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

5199—Hand-fagoting at the neck, sleeves and on the pockets of this one-piece plaited frock is very smart. The dress has a straight lower edge, slips on over the head and has a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. It may have long sleeves sewed into a body lining. Use plain silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, silk or cotton Georgette, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe satin, or with plain Georgette sleeves, crêpe satin, printed silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5190—Flowers lie lightly on a Georgette frock with a full straight skirt joined to a camisole underbody which closes under the left arm. One may use organdy with taffeta for the drop skirt and camisole. Bones and shirrings may be used at each side of the skirt. Taffeta, gros de Londres, Pompadour silk, satin or moire may also be used.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards 39-inch Georgette (including camisole underbody and drop skirt). Lower edge of skirt 3¼ yards, drop skirt 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 and 37 bust, and for small women 15 to 18 years, also misses.

5207—10138—A Russian closing marked with buttons and ending in a smart pocket is a new way to vary unbroken lines. For this one-piece dress use heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, plain flannel, kasha, cashmere, wool crêpe, soft twills, linen or linen-finished cottons. The motif is smart. Work in color.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch silk alpaca. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5192 5199 5197 5190 5171 5207

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5227—10858—One may make smart combinations in this slip-over dress with a detachable capette and a four-piece skirt joined to a long body. Use soft twills, rep cloth, wool crêpe or kasha with body of plain silk crêpe or satin in self or contrasting color, plain flannel in two colors, heavy silk crêpe with printed silk crêpe, etc. The monogram is the new decoration. It may be done in contrasting color.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk crêpe and 1¾ yard 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5229—It is very simple to smock dresses of jersey tubing, wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, pongee, silk jersey or plain gingham. Scant smocking in tan, almond green and rose on a powder-blue dress or in tan, China blue and turquoise green on henna, etc., are lovely color combinations. This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5240—10214—Inserted sections which may be machine or hand plaited give an easy fulness to the long tunic blouse which slips on over a separate one-piece slip. One may use soft twills, wool crêpe or cashmere of one material or with a black-satin slip, or the entire costume of heavy silk crêpe or heavy satin crêpe. The embroidery is effective. Work it in outline, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe (including lower part of slip). Lower edge of slip 46 inches.

The tunic blouse and slip are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5247—5218—10208—A new collar and clusters of plaits at each side of the front and back of this one-piece slip-over dress contribute to the smart tailored lines. Use plain or printed silk crêpe, or crêpe de Chine, soft wool crêpe, cashmere, etc. Appliqué motifs are effective on the hat and scarf of flannel, kasha, knitted silks, etc. Work in colors. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2 yards.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure requires 4½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ¾ yard 54-inch flannel for hat.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, the hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

5238—A detachable capette and wide cuffs are indispensable parts of the one-piece slip-over dress on Cavalier lines. It has a straight lower edge and a casing at the low waistline. Use jersey tubing, wool jersey, flannel, kasha, soft twills, stripes, plaids, checks, silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, cotton, ratine, etc.

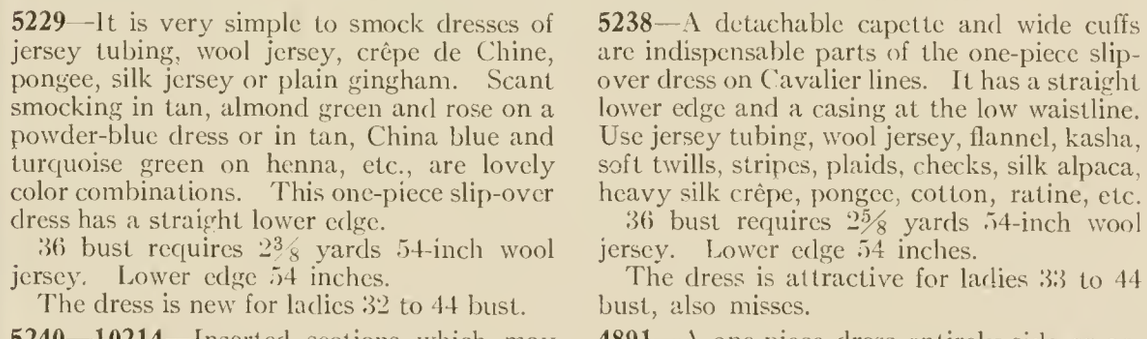
36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

4891—A one-piece dress entirely side or accordion plaited and with a square yoke in one with the sleeves is an exquisite style for Spring. It should be worn over a slip, and it has a straight lower edge, an elastic and a casing at the low waistline. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed, medium or light weight, or sheer silk crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile or chiffon, or foulard. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅝ yards.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 36-inch lace.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.



5240 5247 5227 5238 5229 4891



ZIP
EPILATOR
IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Superfluous Hair GONE
In An Instant!



THE impression you make, whether it be in the business world or in society, at home or with friends, depends principally on your appearance. If you are well built, of good poise, and beautifully attractive, your popularity is assured.

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You will be thankful to science after you have become familiar with the merits of ZIP, for this inimitable preparation is rapidly freeing women of superfluous hair. Indeed it has aptly been called one of the seven wonders of this century.

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You realize that mere surface hair removers give only temporary relief, and any method which burns away or rubs away surface hair is very apt to irritate the skin. Such methods have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. With ZIP, however, you lift out the roots, and in this way you ***destroy the growth*** gently, painlessly and harmlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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City and State.....

CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Announcing a New Serial Novel

Another serial that we predict will be a worthy successor to "Rose of the World" is Zona Gale's "Queen Bee," which begins in the June DELINEATOR. Miss Gale's success with her novel "Faint Perfume" and with her play "Miss Lulu Bett," which won the Pulitzer prize a year or two ago for being the most distinctive American dramatic contribution of its season, gave us more satisfaction than most of her admirers because we look upon Miss Gale as a DELINEATOR author in a very special sense. Back in 1912 we offered a prize of two thousand dollars for the best short story of not over three thousand words. Each contributor was allowed to submit not more than three manuscripts. Over fifteen thousand stories were received and passed upon by the judges of the contest, who had no clue to the names or reputations of the authors. Miss Gale won first prize and the two other manuscripts she submitted as provided by the rules were accepted for publication. Since then her name has frequently appeared in THE DELINEATOR. "Queen Bee," her newest story, is a novel of mid-western family life in somewhat the same vein as "Faint Perfume." It represents Miss Gale at her best, working with scenes, characters and situations that she knows thoroughly from familiar contact—and to which she brings sympathetic understanding.

Now It's "Professor" Yost

From the University of Michigan comes the announcement that a popular DELINEATOR contributor, Fielding H. Yost, has received the full academic rank of professor—Professor, that is, of Athletic Coaching, which now has a school of its own within the university. Professor Yost's new honor is a well-earned recognition of his score of years of effort to raise the standards of collegiate athletic coaching, to recruit the best-equipped type of men to the service and to induce those with exceptional qualifications to adopt athletic coaching as their lifework. Throughout the world of amateur sports "Hurry Up" Yost is known as the relentless enemy of anything that savors of professionalism. He has passed along his enthusiasm for clean, intelligently directed collegiate athletics to younger men who have acted as his assistants and who now may be properly educated for their responsibilities in the school of which he is head. Professor Yost's DELINEATOR articles on the subject of keeping fit come from an authority who has no fads nor fantastic systems to promote and whose advice on the fundamentals of physical well-being are based on the experience of a lifetime devoted to their successful application. A new series of these articles will begin in the Fall.

An S. O. S. from a Husband

From a Pennsylvania town so small that we refrain from publishing the name of it rather than take the risk of provoking local gossip that might be embarrassing to a very sick woman, comes the following unusual request from a distracted husband:

"My wife, who is very ill, is much interested in Kathleen Norris's story "Rose of the World," appearing in THE DELINEATOR. We have read to her the March instalment. Will it be possible in any way for us to get the concluding chapters NOW? If we could have the pages from the April or succeeding issues in which the story is included, proof sheets or manuscript, I would appreciate it more than I can say and would be willing to bear any reasonable expense to get them. Please favor me if you can, for my wife is very ill and is, seemingly, set on getting the conclusion of the story now."

Mrs. Norris's ability to maintain suspense throughout the entire course of a serial novel is one of the secrets of her success as a writer, but it is doubtful if even she has ever before received quite such convincing evidence of her skill in that respect.

A Modern Sky-scraper Church

Plans for the Broadway Temple, a unique twenty-four-story church-building, have been made by Mr. Donn Barber, THE DELINEATOR'S authority on home-building. Mr. Barber's design has been approved and accepted by the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church of New York City, owner of the property on Broadway at One Hundred and Seventy-third Street, the highest spot on that famous thoroughfare. The cross that will top the central tower of the impressive structure will be higher in the air than the top of the Woolworth Building. The new temple will be the first American church-building containing dormitory-rooms and apartments, commercial features that are expected to make the sky-scraper church self-supporting in lieu of the large endowments that older city churches enjoy. The plans provide for a central auditorium seating twenty-two hundred persons, with church offices and Sunday-school headquarters. The high central tower will contain five hundred dormitory rooms to be rented at nominal rates to young men students, and two corners of the building will be devoted to small apartments. The basement will contain a gymnasium, club-rooms, swimming-pool and cafeteria. All available space on the street floor will be used for stores and offices. It is estimated that the cost of the building will be four million dollars and work will begin as soon as details of financing have been completed.

American Foods in Italy

A Belgian lady of title, whose patriotic philanthropies during the World War made her internationally well known, recently addressed the following inquiry to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR: "THE DELINEATOR has given me once an excellent advice and I beg and hope for an information of some importance for me, because it concerns the diet of a suffering friend. There exists in America a preparation of rice which is recommended to sick people, and I am unable to find the secret of the making. Each grain is very much enlarged—very light—quite hollow and soft—and without any taste—neither salt nor sugar being used. I enclose a few of those precious grains which I have been able to procure and hope the manner of preparing them will be kindly procured by THE DELINEATOR. With heartfelt anticipated thanks, I remain, etc."

Accompanying the letter was a tiny vial containing a few grains of "the food shot from guns," one of the steam-pressure-cooked cereals long popular with American housewives as a result of advertising in THE DELINEATOR and elsewhere. To them it will probably be a matter for surprise that this familiar form of prepared food is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain in a city the size of Venice, the Italian city where our Belgian inquirer now lives. This is simply another of the constantly recurring instances that bring home to us what advertising has done to put the best and newest food products on the tables of American consumers.

From a Pleased Reader

Another letter representative of hundreds from grateful readers who have been helped by one or another of THE DELINEATOR service departments is selected for publication because in this instance a whole community shared in the enjoyment of one of our service features. Although entertainments like the one mentioned here appear infrequently in the columns of THE DELINEATOR, a great variety of them are available for the asking, and the titles include something suitable for every season and every national holiday. The letter quoted is from a subscriber in Claremont, New Hampshire, and reads as follows:

"Under a separate cover I am sending you our local daily paper which gives an account of the Christmas Carol Service which was presented in the Claremont Baptist Church last Sunday evening, and which was taken from the prize-winning carol service which was published in THE DELINEATOR for December, 1923. You will notice that we gave it almost exactly as described in your magazine. The enclosed advertisement was inserted in both of our local papers some weeks previous with the result that our auditorium was filled with spectators. To-day we are hearing from all sides that it is 'the finest Christmas entertainment which the Baptists have ever given.' I want to thank you so much for making it possible."

The newspaper comment attached to the letter complimented the Philathea and Barracca Sunday-school classes on the success of the entertainment and reported that the affair was largely attended and greatly enjoyed.

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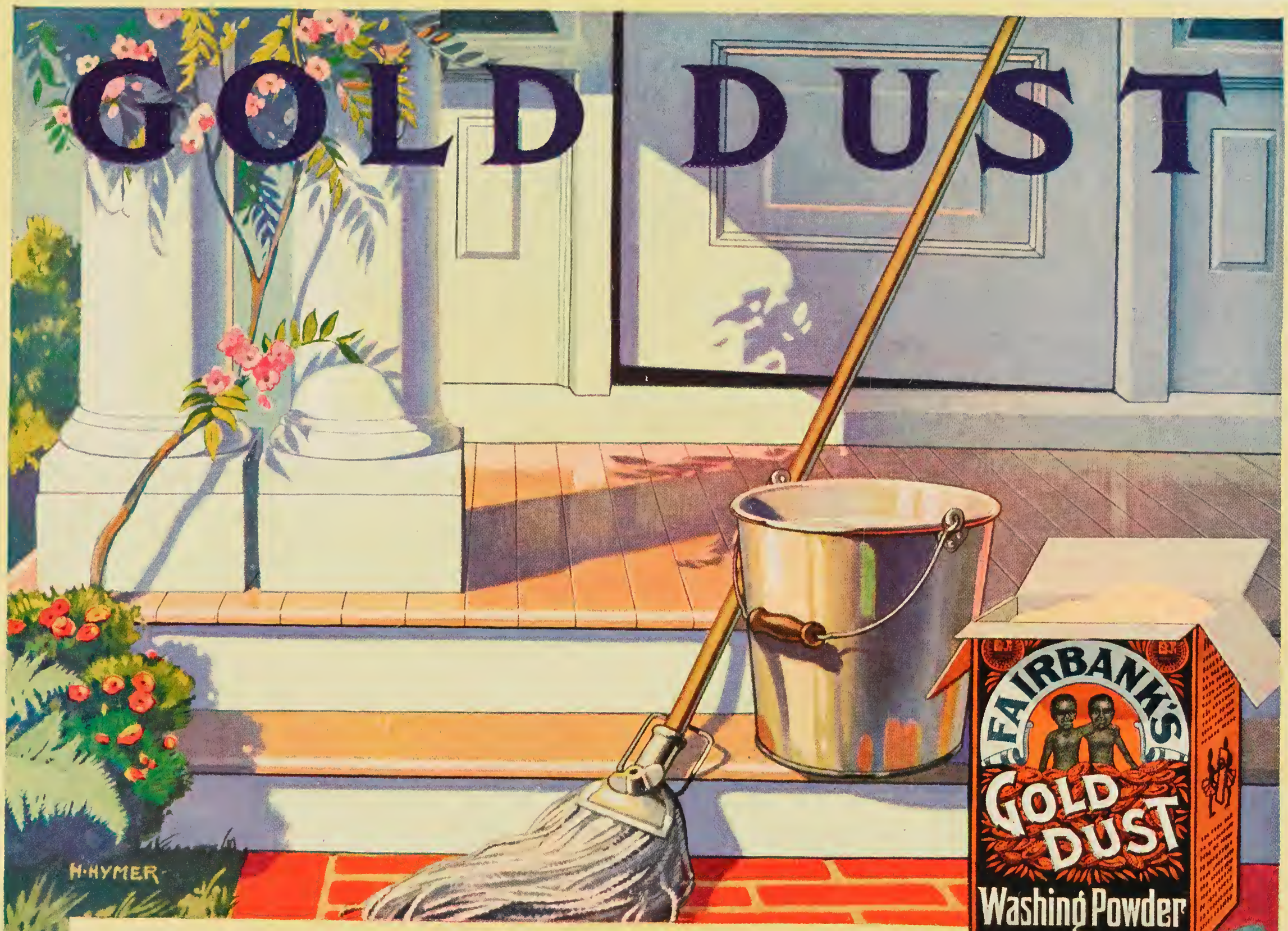
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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man Editor

NATIONALITY, it appears, has little or nothing to do with the vagaries of the never-sufficiently-praised sex. Here in *New York*, for instance, is a *Serbian* girl of twenty who was sent to an American college at the expense of her countrymen so she might fit herself for badly needed social-service work in her native land ◈◈◈ After graduation she obtained a job as a cloak-model at thirty dollars a week, insists that she can not bear the thought of tearing herself away from the excitement of Broadway and bids fair to become the subject of international diplomacy ◈◈◈ A *Marshalltown, Iowa*, subscriber sends us a pin-money suggestion which we gladly publish for the benefit of the thrifty-minded among our fair pew-holders. "One lady," she writes, "bought a runt pig from her husband, cared for it well during the Summer and sold it back to him in the Fall for five dollars" ◈◈◈ *Judge Graham*, who runs off divorce cases at the rate of fifteen hundred a year in the *San Francisco* Superior Court, gives blonde wives the palm for hardness, selfishness and treachery. "Blondes," he says, "are aggressive, practical, material, matter-of-fact, restless and fond of variety. They like to roam, and unless the home is on four wheels they do not make good mates, as a rule." As a spouse, the judge recommends a large-nosed woman. His observation is that a woman thus be-beaked is a glutton for work, saves your money, passes up jazz, seldom goes into hysterics and refrains from going dippy over movie stars ◈◈◈ The jealous husband of a *Cleveland, Ohio*, woman threatened to beat her up and in preparation for the event summoned nine ambulances to stand by in case he overdid it. Instead of being touched by such extraordinary consideration for her health, she has appealed to the courts for an examination into his sanity ◈◈◈ This month we celebrate the anniversary of the inventor of the ladies' handbag, *Red the Rip*, who flourished back in the very mists of antiquity ◈◈◈ From what we can make out of the old legends, it appears that *Red's* spouse was a born collector of gimcracks. Having no place about her person to carry the trinkets that aroused her acquisitive instinct, she concealed them in her coiffure. When the pair went out on the long trek in search of game, *Red* was often obliged to grasp the lady by the hair in order to accelerate her pace. Much to his disgust, his huge paw would often close on a handful of jagged pieces of colored quartz, sharp slivers of white bone, pieces of dried cuttle-fish shell, razor-edged shark's teeth, and the like, so *Red* slew him a baby dinosaur and from its hide made a little catch-all that the frau could swing from her wrist while her hands were left free to pull the stone sled loaded with tools, weapons and supplies. It is related that thereafter *Mme. Red* spent so much time admiring her reflection in wayside pools and stirring up the envy of bagless wives of the tribe that poor *Red* was obliged to hold her head under water and get himself a new mate ◈◈◈ One of the five new lady members of the British Parliament, *Lady Terrington*, justifies the participation of women in politics and elicits three cheers from us by frankly announcing that she intends to be the best-dressed woman of the lot. "I'll put on my ospreys," she says, "and my fur coat and pearls. I do not believe in women politicians wearing a dull little frock with a Quakerish collar and keeping all their nicest clothes for social appearances. It's all a humbug" ◈◈◈ Which reminds us that when there were only three lady Members of Parliament, one of them a "dry" advocate, another a conservative homebody and the third an ex-show girl, a mere man M. P. characterized them as *Propriety*, *Sobriety* and *Variety* ◈◈◈ From *England*, too, comes word that the young lady who presides over the household of the new Premier, his twenty-year-old daughter, *Miss Isabel Macdonald*, is a student at a school of domestic science in London ◈◈◈ An electrical contractor of the old school assures us that indirect lighting was brought about by women. In these days, he says, when bare skin is being worn extensively, any daughter of Eve can achieve a pretty pink tint and a velvety smoothness with the help of discreetly shaded lights, whereas brilliant illumination would bring out defects she is determined never to expose except to her embalmer ◈◈◈ If we were running this paper, we would have him collaborate on a beauty talk with *Celia Caroline Cole*.



Drives Away Housecleaning Worries!

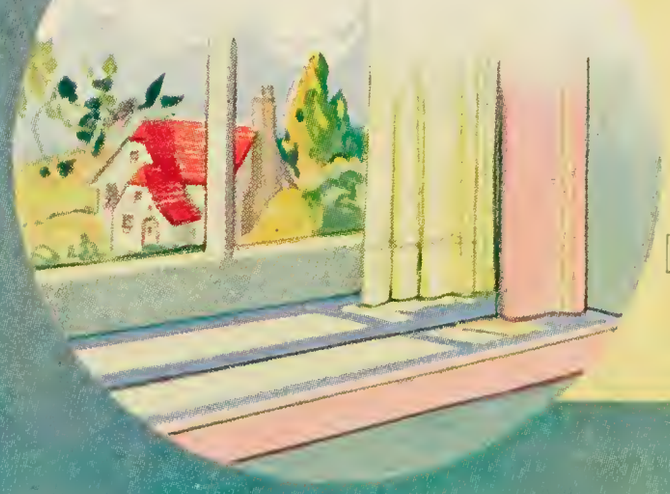
YOU can meet the spring with smiling face when you think of the bully working partner you have in Gold Dust! And a partner that does most of the work, too!

Grime and grit, grease and dirt disappear like dew before a summer sun under the magic of Gold Dust. Nothing can take its place for housecleaning!

Upstairs and downstairs—in kitchen, pantry, bathroom—in bedroom, dining room and parlor—there's a place for Gold Dust. And don't forget that Gold Dust is just as useful out of doors. It gives that ever-welcome touch of newness to walks and steps—to porches and pillars.

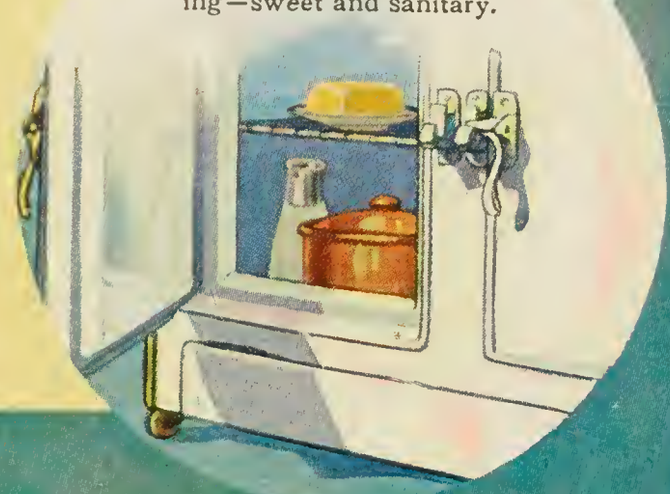
Just a little Gold Dust in a pail of warm water makes a soft, smooth, mellow suds for all your cleaning needs. No back-breaking, muscle-tiring scrubbing or scouring. Gold Dust makes the work easier!

Gold Dust leaves windows sparkling — crystal clear! And no hard rubbing!



More *users* and more *uses* than any other soap powder on earth—that's Gold Dust!

Gold Dust keeps your refrigerator bright and shining—sweet and sanitary.



GOLD DUST CORPORATION
Factories in United States and Canada

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work



Why choose fine toilet soap for washing your hands

If you expose them to kitchen soap an hour and a half every day in the dishpan . . .

You just wouldn't think of taking your bar of kitchen soap to the washbowl and using it for washing your hands.

Yet how much easier it would be on your hands to do that than to wash dishes with it an hour and a half every day. For after all you only spend a few moments washing your hands—but it's an hour and a half every day that your hands are in the dishpan!

You thought it was inevitable—that you had to wash your dishes with kitchen soap.

And all the time right on your kitchen shelf was Lux! Why there's just nothing you wouldn't trust to Lux.

In an instant you tossed Lux into your dishpan. You wouldn't have believed anything could be so easy on your hands—every bit as easy as fine toilet soap.

Relief from that in-the-dishpan look

It's the free alkali in kitchen soap that does the mischief—that gives your hands that in-the-dishpan look. Free alkali literally burns up all the beautifying oils of your skin. Oils that an all-wise nature tucked away underneath the satin-smooth skin.

Lux contains none of that dread free alkali. It won't dry the important beautifying oils of your hands—won't redden or roughen them.

When you use Lux in your dishpan, it's like using a fine toilet soap. These tissue-thin flakes rid your hands for good of that betraying in-the-dishpan look.

A teaspoonful is enough

Perhaps you imagine that it's extravagant to use Lux for washing dishes. That's because it is hard to believe you need such a tiny bit.

But you find it really is true that just one teaspoonful washes a whole pan of dishes. One teaspoonful will do the breakfast or lunch dishes—maybe you'll need two teaspoonfuls for the dinner dishes.

Even so one package will do all the dishes for nearly three weeks—the big new package will last six weeks. Get a package of Lux today to keep on your kitchen shelf. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Rid your hands of that in-the-dishpan look

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry	Porcelain
Dishes	Shampoo
Linoleum	Rugs
Paint	Automobiles







THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

MOTHERS AND MAY

THIS magazine will reach you early in the month of May. For women, May is one of the most significant months in the whole year.

In this month come Mothers' Day, the eleventh, Peace Day, the eighteenth, and Memorial Day, the thirtieth. Boys' Week starts on the fourth; and Better Homes Week begins with Mothers' Day and ends with Peace Day.

All months belong to good mothers, but this month does particularly. There are few matters of importance in life which do not directly touch the mothers of men. Better Homes—Boys—Peace—certainly these things find their roots, and their fruit, in Mothers.

When Calvin Coolidge wrote his proclamation on Lincoln's Day, he penned one paragraph which made that brief message memorable. Of Lincoln he said: "No star, no sign foretold his coming. About his cradle all was poor and mean, save only the source of all great men—the love of a wonderful woman. When she faded away in his tender years, from her death-bed in humble poverty she dowered her son with greatness. There can be no proper observation of the birthday which forgets the mother."

Calvin Coolidge wrote those words out of his own soul. In his early childhood he knew the tenderness and the nobility of a true mother. He knew, too, the grief that comes to the young who lose this priceless treasure of understanding and sympathetic love. On his desk, from the time of his earliest public life until he became Chief Executive of this great nation, he has kept one picture. It is the young, pure, lovely face of a Puritan mother.

How deep this mother influence goes into his life was evidenced by one of his first acts after his present great responsibility came to him. On the way from his farm home in Vermont to Washington he stopped off at a small place and, leaving the rest of the party, made a pilgrimage alone to the old-fashioned churchyard where his mother is buried. It was no new pilgrimage for this quiet man. But it was significant of his constant thought of the mother who had left him so long before.

Herbert Hoover is another who has known the rich heritage of a mother's love. The editor of THE DELINEATOR was in his office one day when a letter of appeal from a poor mother was put on his desk. The letter told of great hardship and poverty, and of an impossible economic burden. Mr. Hoover expressed the desire to answer it personally.

One of his friends doubted the authenticity of this letter. But Mr. Hoover said: "There is no reason to doubt it. There is poverty and suffering like that in the world. I can remember when my own mother tried to support us by taking in sewing for which she earned fifty cents a day."

It was evident to Mr. Hoover's friends that the memory of his mother had helped him to that great understanding with which he guided the relief of suffering millions of people.

One of the richest merchants in the world is Harry Gordon Selfridge, formerly partner of Marshall Field in Chicago and now the department-store king of Europe. Born in a Michigan small town, he has become one of the great forces of England. Mr. Selfridge says it all happened because he had a great mother and believed in her. "When I was a small boy in my small home town, my mother used to tell me stories. We were not blessed with too much of this world's goods, but my mother devoted herself to bringing me up properly; and one of the things she taught me in those early days of struggle was the game of 'supposing.' 'Supposing, Harry,' she would say, 'that you were a man who had worked his way up and had made a fortune. Let us suppose how you would live.' Then point by point she would imagine the life we would lead in those golden future days. We would plan it out together, she and I, building our mansion, furnishing rooms and laying out grounds. Then we would suppose that my carriage and pair would drive up to the door. To a lad such as I was, not all the king's horses and all the king's men could have better symbolized the summit of human grandeur. And so it went on. Sometimes it would be one thing, sometimes another, but always it was 'supposing' what might await me in the years to come."

Mothers' dreams so often come true. And if sometimes they do not see realization in actual fact, there is always the thought that they have flowered in the soul of the child and become sources of spiritual inspiration there.

So here is to Mothers, to Peace, to Boys—and to Better Homes. They all belong together.

BETTER HOMES

The Better Homes in America movement, founded by THE DELINEATOR in 1921, has proved to be of such general value that it has been given over to the American people. It is now reorganized and established as a national educational foundation, independent of THE DELINEATOR and supported by public gifts. The headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. Dr. James Ford is the Executive Director.

WHY YOU SHOULD HAVE A "BETTER HOMES" DEMONSTRATION IN YOUR TOWN

1. To demonstrate the advantages of thrift for home-ownership. Only forty-five per cent. of the families of America are home-owners.

2. To overcome the present shortage of homes. America needs at least 600,000 new homes.

3. To make a sweet and wholesome home life available to all.

4. To assist and encourage home-makers and home-builders. Over ninety per cent. of the women of America do their own housework.

5. To stimulate sensible and appropriate purchasing for home improvement.

6. To mobilize community pride for a common objective: Pride of Home.

7. To encourage the development of practise houses in the public schools for the teaching of home-making.

IN PRAISE OF A WOMAN

A GREAT writer of a few generations ago, when he came to the end of his life, requested in his will that certain books he had written should not be put into the hands of his daughter.

There are many authors of this generation who, like this man, might admit in the final hour of life, or in an honest moment, that some of their books would soil the minds of their children. There are other authors whose distorted point of view has blinded them to their own pruriency. There are few in this generation writing real human novels which thrill, entrance, amuse and inspire without dipping into the gutter. It is from this last small group that THE DELINEATOR has sought the authors whose works we publish every month.

Among these people, one of the most conspicuous for her enormous following among women is Kathleen Norris. She has published sixteen books. And in all this great, monumental work there is not one story which her fifteen-year-old son or her young adopted daughters could not read.

Kathleen Norris has made her life one of service to others, one of deep understanding, of sympathy and tenderness born of suffering and of sacrifice. She has known the bitterest poverty and she has tasted wealth of her own earning. She has known the terror that comes in the night when the life of the most beloved is passing out. She has, in her own loss, found fertile ground for the planting of a rich harvest of help to other men and women.

She has had a real love-story in her life. It is because all the fairies of joy and sorrow came to her cradle that she has been able to interpret life and the deep passions of men and women in her fine, strong, clean American novels.

THE DELINEATOR has had the privilege of publishing some of Kathleen Norris's serials, and will publish others in the future; but the noblest story she had to tell was that of her own life.

We have finally persuaded Mrs. Norris to release her autobiography for publication, and this story will begin in the next, the July, issue of THE DELINEATOR.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MILK

DURING the past ten years scientists have admitted that the food of greatest benefit and of greatest danger to human life is milk. There has been much discussion of the value of good milk and of the harm of bad milk.

The truth about milk is not generally known. It is a startling story, knowledge of which will help you to live. THE DELINEATOR, next month, will publish an article on this important subject which every parent and every adult should read.

The women of this country can help to raise the standard of our milk supply. The lives of their children depend upon it. If there is no State, county or town regulation of milk in your community, write to THE DELINEATOR and we will help you to make a fight for clean milk.

TOMMY TIPTOE

THOUSANDS of letters come every month to the editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR from child readers who tell with great frankness what they like best—and why. The two leaders in the race are always funny little Deli-bear and adventurous Tommy Tiptoe, who each month has been learning true and interesting facts about dragon-flies, ladybugs, bees and other insects familiar to children.

"Tommy Tiptoe is just the very best thing in our LITTLE DELINEATOR this month," writes Nina Hill from Georgia. "I like to know about real growing things and to learn about all the little bugs and animals who are the friends and helpers of man. I live in the country and my daddy has a big farm, so you see I want to know about all the things that help him in his work. I have no brother, but have two little sisters, so we have to be boys as well as girls and help daddy when we can. That is why I like to read things like that."

Another young reader writes: "Tommy Tiptoe is very interesting and keeps you guessing what comes next. The story makes you feel as if you were in fairyland yourself. Later on in school when I study different plants and insects this story will be in my mind."

Not only have the children themselves told us of their appreciation, but mothers have written to say that these little nature stories presenting true facts in a fanciful or humorous form fill a real need. The series ended in the April number of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, and LITTLE DELINEATOR followers will be glad to hear that these stories have now appeared in a book called "Tommy Tiptoe," published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, N. Y.. It is beautifully illustrated in color by Edna Cooke and will make a splendid gift book. It would be especially welcome to a child going away to spend the Summer in the country, where he or she would see the familiar little insects which are the heroes of these stories.

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A FORCE FOR A BETTER AMERICA

AMERICAN women are idealists. And they are practical workers. If there was ever any doubt of this fact, it has been successfully dispelled by the achievements of American women through the Better Homes movement.

This tremendous "force for a better America," as Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover called it, was founded originally by THE DELINEATOR. Now it is a public-service corporation with headquarters in our national capital. It functions as a great educational influence, not only demonstrating what better homes really are, but also actually teaching how they may be developed and maintained.

The Better Homes movement has three definite ambitions: first, to raise the standard of living in our communities and to actively interest both men and women in the development of more attractive, enduring and better homes; second, to have attached to every high school in America a special practise house or apartment in which young students may be taught home-making under conditions approximating real home life; and third, to use these practise houses as community centers where young wives and foreign-born mothers may be taught the fundamentals of American home-making and where experienced mothers may discuss the home-making tendencies of to-day and find inspiration for new endeavors in their own homes.

THESE aims have already been realized in many parts of the country. Port Huron, Michigan, has its own practise house, built in part by the boys of its high schools and equipped by its girls. It is already a monument to the home-making efforts of this small lake city.

Natalie, Pennsylvania, a small handicapped mining-town, formerly despairingly dull with its rows and rows of dust-covered wooden shacks, now has its model house, comfortable inside with its modern furnishings, gay on the outside with its green shutters and flower-boxes of brilliant geraniums.

Montclair, New Jersey; Sacramento and Stockton, California; Atlanta, Georgia; Greenville and St. Helena Island, South Carolina, and other towns all have their demonstration homes which set up community standards in home-making. The stories of these efforts are all worth the telling.

But at the moment there is a certain other effort that claims our attention for its initiative, its sheer originality, its humor and sound teaching. That is the demonstration staged by the women of Baltimore through the art committee of the Women's Civic League.

Lacking a house to convert into a better home, Miss Anne Graeme Turnbull, chairman of the art committee, hired a room in which to demonstrate the making of an attractive living-room. The committee collected donations in furniture. Bric-à-brac, pictures, sofa drapes, and other odds and ends came in—a dreadful collection.

Miss Turnbull says: "Most rummage sales would have been delighted; but we were ashamed that such antiquated and dilapidated articles had been in use. A sofa was dropping to pieces. A table was much too ornate.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
FOUNDED BY
THE DELINEATOR
1921
INCORPORATED AS A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION 1923
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
1653 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Better Homes in America" has its national week from May 11th to May 18th. Appropriately enough, it begins on Mothers' Day and ends on Peace Day—for the making of a better home is a mother's duty, and peace is her due in the home of her making

A chair was covered with ugly, worn stuff. The curtains resembled Joseph's coat. Many of the articles we were ashamed to display, yet we were obliged to. No wonder the newspapers called our living-room a chamber of horrors! Yet many people assured us that they knew of many rooms that were no better than this one.

"Then it was that we realized the necessity of our work. People came in crowds to see this unique experiment and wondered what we could possibly do with the stuff we had to make it even a little better. But we closed the doors of the 'before' demonstration and for ten days worked long and hard on the 'after' demonstration.

"We dyed the rug a lovely blue. We painted all the chairs the same color, and upholstered the sofa in a blue-and-black cretonne. The ornaments and pictures we threw out and replaced with plants and flowers."

When the renovations were complete, the doors were thrown open again, and the many doubting Thomases of Baltimore had a chance to see that nine dollars and ninety-eight cents—all that was spent in the renovating—plus a little artistic sense and the necessary amount of labor really had made a good-looking living-room out of a hideous old parlor. Miss Turnbull says that the experiment showed conclusively that it is possible to have a really attractive home even when only a little money can be spent. This experiment was so successful that it was repeated in a small theater, the actual dismantling and rearranging being done as shown in the pictures below.

THE following rules were laid down by the Baltimore art committee as fundamental principles for the making of a lovely room:

1. Eliminate all unnecessary articles.
2. Throw away plush picture-frames and paper flowers.
3. Dye faded curtains.
4. Scratched or damaged imitation woods should be painted. If you have a good piece of old wood, mahogany or walnut, clean and polish it.
5. Paint or paper your walls a neutral tint. Unless you have expert advice and much money, have your walls and ceiling the same shade.
6. Have one good picture—oil, water-color, print or engraving—in each room until you can afford more. Photographs should be simply framed, not too many exposed and never hung on the walls.
7. Grow living flowers in your house.

There is still another town whose achievement is worthy of being told. Out in Drumright, Oklahoma, there is little but poverty. It is an oil town, ten years old. Of its six thousand population half live under roofs that in other cities would protect only the poorest of people. Better homes have been one of this town's greatest needs.

The Business and Professional Woman's Club of Drumright sponsored the Better Homes movement last year and took for its theme the transition of a workman's shack into a better home. They completely refurnished it, even included a phonograph and a radio, for one hundred dollars.

Eight out of every ten people in Drumright visited the shack. Attention was showered upon it from all parts of the State. And the Woman's Club, with the support of the townsfolk, demanded that the Department of Education adopt the full program of the Better Homes movement and build on the campus of their high school a modern practise house for the use of the whole town. This has since been done.

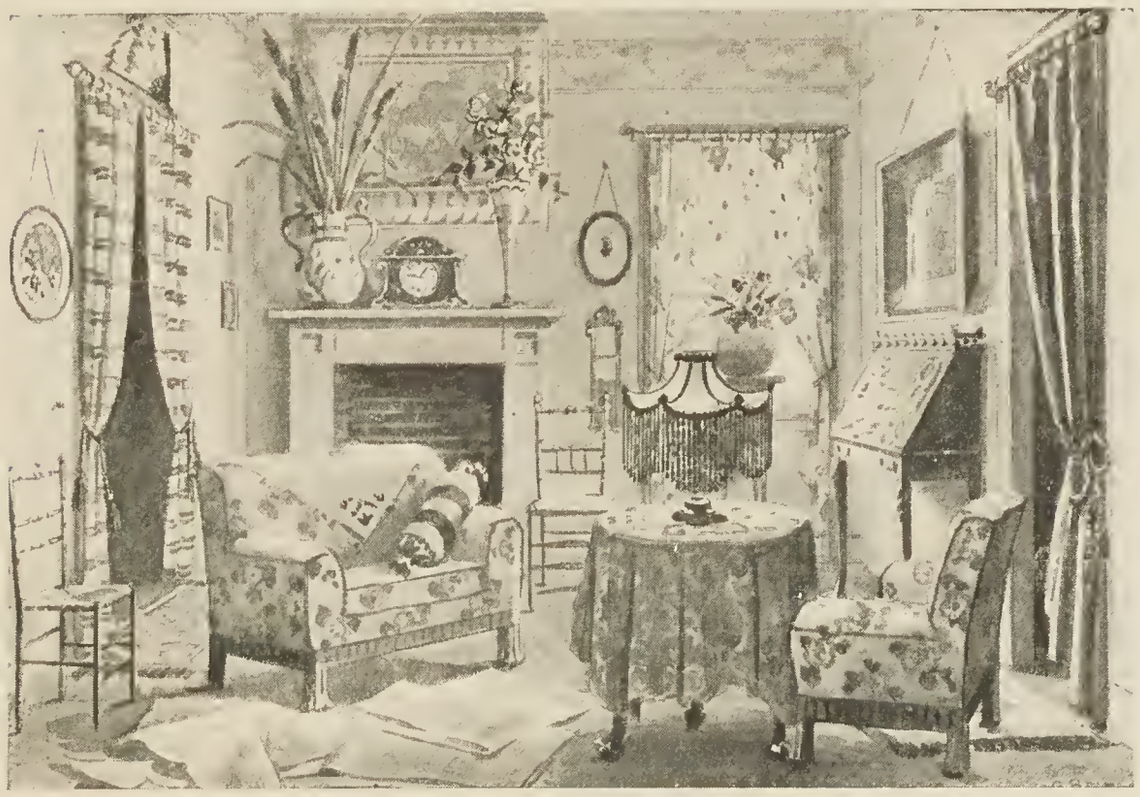
WHAT these women of Baltimore and Drumright have done for their communities other women can do for theirs. Every community in these United States ought to have a demonstration model home and well-equipped practise house in which young America may be taught the science of home-making.

The primary work of women is home-making—not housework. The latter too often signifies drudgery. And drudgery is not necessary in this generation when science, practical experience and trained economists together have developed programs for lightening the housewife's duties and making her job of home-making a joy instead of a drudgery.

Our daughter—your daughter—at the age of ten should be taught that running a home is a business, just as much as her father's store or shop or office is a business. And she should be taught that the success of that home depends chiefly upon her capacity for running it as a business. There is no other person in our world who is comparable in importance or in numbers with the American home-maker. There are eighteen million of her. And she is the only business person in the world who has no technical or financial training for her career.

If your daughter is taught from childhood to womanhood that running the home is a business, she will not be confronted by the destructive, heart-breaking wrangle which follows the discussion of house bills and the cost of home management. From the beginning of her married life she will put her home on the right basis.

The financial arrangement of the home is only part of the problem that confronts the American girl. The home must be mechanically organized. It must be pleasing to the eye. It must have health and leisure and culture. It must be the sort of place that the small boy in the Better Homes Contest last year had in mind when he wrote: "A Better Home is one my father is proud to support, my mother is glad to keep, our friends like to visit. It is a place to grow old in."



IN BALTIMORE THEY FURNISHED A DEMONSTRATION ROOM WITH THE DUST-COLLECTING RELICS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED PARLOR



THEN THEY STRIPPED THE ROOM AND REFURNISHED IT IN THE SIMPLE, CLEANLY, COMFORT-GIVING MANNER OF TO-DAY

Select the style you prefer but be sure it is a Victrola

That Victrola Instruments and Victor Records are the world's finest products of their kind is universally admitted. Such things don't just happen—they are achieved. In our case contributing factors are more than twenty-five years of effort concentrated on a single purpose, enthusiastic cooperation of the greatest artists and unequalled facilities for complete manufacture in the largest plant ever devoted to the production of one musical product. Victrola Instruments are better—Victor Records are better—used together they are beyond comparison.



© Mishkin

PONSELLE
Victor Artist

The voice of Ponselle is a story. She sings; she more than sings: she transforms situations and events into glorious melody. This is the more striking in her Victor Records; in playing such records as those given below we feel her presence walking across the stage of our imaginations on wings of sound:

	Double-faced	
Aïda—Ritorna vincitor Aïda—O patria mia	6437	$2.00
Ernani—Ernani involami Forza del Destino—Pace, pace mio Dio	6440	2.00



Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
$50
Mahogany or oak



© Mishkin

FARRAR
Victor Artist

To admire the heroines of grand opera is to love Geraldine Farrar's Victor Records. She has created anew Tosca, Carmen, Marguerite, Madame Butterfly, Mimi, Gilda, Violetta, Nedda, and many others. These characters live and move again for you in all their dramatic intensity, in this spirited soprano's Victor Records, of which the following are characteristic:

	Double-faced	
Mighty Lak' a Rose (Violin by Kreisler) Mignon—Connais tu le pays? (Violin by Kreisler)	8024	$2.50
Annie Laurie Bonnie Sweet Bessie	6112	2.00
Madama Butterfly—Entrance of Cio-Cio-San Madama Butterfly—Ieri son salita	616	1.50



Victrola No. 240
$125
Mahogany, oak or walnut



© Strauss-Peyton

HOMER
Victor Artist

With a long career on the grand opera stage, it is incredible that Louise Homer would continue to make records which, in the light of her experience, did less justice to her art. Hear the records listed below and you will share the great contralto's assurance of Victor reproduction:

	Double-faced	
I Love to Tell the Story Where is My Boy To-night	681	$1.50
Banjo Song Oh, Promise Me (from "Robin Hood")	680	1.50
Largo (from "Xerxes") Stabat Mater—Fac ut portem	6167	2.00



Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250; electric, $290

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



Near Albuquerque, New Mexico, were built America's first apartment houses—the great communal buildings of prehistoric races. One such building is four stories high and covers more ground than the Capitol at Washington. The city is in the midst of the picturesque Pueblo country, where the ancient Indian dances and festivals are still to be seen in all their primitive colors. The Spaniards conquered this section in 1539, and their influence, particularly in the architecture of the modern city, is still strongly felt. Albuquerque and its suburbs contain about 28,000 inhabitants.

How one laundry soap has achieved national supremacy

IN all the United States there could scarcely be found two towns more different than Albuquerque, New Mexico, with its Spanish mission and Pueblo architecture, and Bangor, Maine, with its spreading elms and white Colonial homes.

Yet in both of these towns P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry soap.

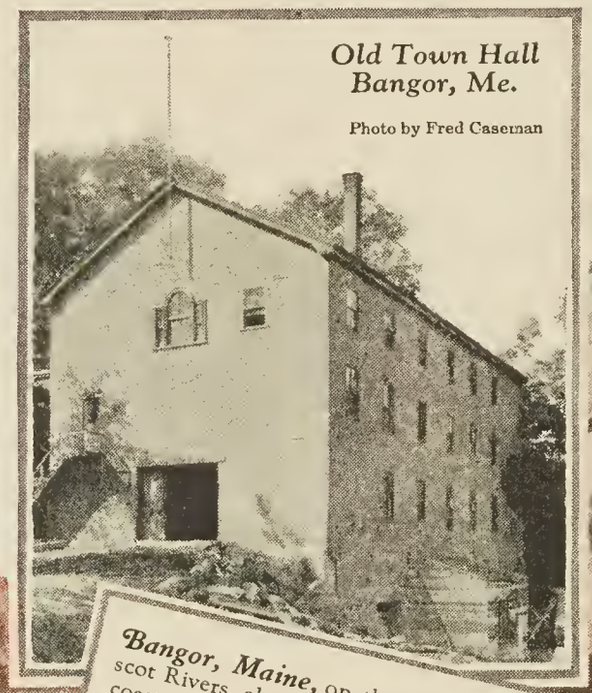
This is indicative of the condition the whole country over—P and G is the largest selling laundry soap in America.

Why? Because women everywhere have found that P and G, a white soap, has a peculiar ability to remove dirt quickly, with little rubbing or boiling, without harm to colors or fabrics, thus saving time, energy and clothes. They have found, too, that P and G makes a quick, rich suds in water of any temperature, and rinses promptly and thoroughly, leaving no odor or other unpleasant soap reminders.

You will learn the advantages of P and G's qualities in a single trial, whether you do the washing yourself or employ a laundress.

If you do employ a laundress, you realize that she cannot achieve satisfactory results unless she uses a satisfactory soap. The selection of the soap should be your responsibility, and if you provide P and G you will soon notice a decided improvement in the appearance of your clothes—a return to their original new whiteness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Bangor, Maine, on the Kenduskeag and Penobscot Rivers, about 50 miles from the rocky Atlantic coast, was founded in 1769. On Valley Avenue, overlooking the Kenduskeag, is a precipitous cliff, from which, legend tells us, Indian lovers, forbidden to marry, leapt hand in hand to their deaths. On Cumberland Street still stands the old Bangor station of the second steam railroad in America, running from Bangor to Old Town and built in 1836. Bangor is today a beautiful New England city of 26,000 inhabitants.



© 1924, by
The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

A delightful story by a man who knows dogs—and people

By WALTER A. DYER

"TO MY nephew, Henry Norcross, my dog Togo."

That was the only reference to me in my Uncle Peter's remarkable will. To this day I can not understand it. Why Togo?

The dog came before I was in any degree prepared for him. I shouldn't have known what constituted preparing for a dog anyway. It had never occurred to me either to go into the lion-taming business or to keep a dog.

I had been living only three weeks in Montrose Park and was scarcely settled. In discovering Mrs. Stebbins, my housekeeper, I had a rare piece of good luck. A stout, settled, blameless person she is, amazingly competent in domestic affairs and thriftily honest by nature. A bit domineering on occasion, perhaps, but disposed to mind her own business within reasonable limits.

Mrs. Stebbins received the news of the coming of Togo with as much dismay as her equable nature was capable of exhibiting.

"We must find *some* way to get rid of him," said she.

The expressman brought Togo in a crate and deposited it on the little back porch of my bungalow. Mrs. Stebbins called me out. "That's him," said she, pointing to the crate.

I stepped forward and peered between the slats. Togo stood leaning against one side of the crate and rolled his eyes up at me in a gruesome sort of way. Huddled up in the crate, he looked gratifyingly small.

"He seems depressed," said I.

Mrs. Stebbins came and peered in beside me.

"A poor-spirited animal, I'd call him," said she. "Sick, most likely."

She spoke as though a sick dog was worse than a well one, but somehow the thought gave me courage. Then a horrible suspicion assailed me.

"I hope it isn't hydrophobia," said I.

"'Tain't likely," she reassured me. "I s'pose we've got to take him out."

I fetched a hammer and screw-driver and managed to pry off three of the slats. Together we up-ended the crate and then stepped back to let Togo wriggle his way out. He stood for a moment on the porch floor, regarding the distant landscape and sniffing the air; he sneezed, shook himself vigorously and seemed to be gathering his wits together; then he turned and trotted down the steps and into the yard.

"He may run away," said Mrs. Stebbins hopefully.

I suppose I am cursed with the vestiges of a New England conscience. It didn't seem to me quite the thing to let Togo run away—at least, not so soon. I snapped my fingers and whistled.

"Here! Come here!" I called.



Drawing by Joseph A. Mauro

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG," SAID SHE, IN A VOICE VERY LOW, VERY SWEET

The dog ignored me completely. With a thoroughness worthy of a more reasonable cause, he was investigating every tree, shrub and fence-post. But he did not run away.

At last he seemed to become suddenly aware of my voice. He stopped in the middle of the lawn, planted his forefeet together, raised his head and regarded us with bright eyes and vibrating stump tail.

"Wuff!" said Togo.

I was startled, but succeeded in maintaining my dignity.

"He barked," said I.

"Did you expect him to purr?" inquired Mrs. Stebbins.

Then he came bounding across the lawn and up the steps. Instinctively I withdrew behind the crate. To my amazement Mrs. Stebbins stood unterrified and unmoved as Togo sprang upon her. He stretched upward to his full length and patted her with his paws. Then he dropped back, crouched and barked again savagely. I took a step forward, gripping the hammer, but Mrs. Stebbins stood looking placidly down at him, her hands on her hips.

"It's a funny thing," said she. "I never did like dogs, but they always seem to take to me."

"Does Togo *like* you?" I inquired.

THAT evening I sat on the front porch and watched Togo's antics on the lawn. They amused me at first, and then I tried to study and analyze them. He fought valorously with a stick, crouching, stealing upon it, leaping upon it, shaking it viciously, growling the while. His technique won my respect. Then, weary of play, he came up and lay down beside me and went to sleep. I reached down and felt of him. There was something warm and pleasing in the contact. Togo lifted his head and looked up at me; then, sinking back with a sigh of content, he laid his forepaw across his nose. Curious gesture.

Mrs. Stebbins, when her work was done, came out and instructed me to drag the crate out to the back of the yard for a kennel. I did so, laboriously, Togo accompanying me with signs of interest. We tied him with a piece of clothesline, placed a bone and a dish of water within his reach, and retired. I fell asleep that night to the sound of Togo's lamentations, wondering vaguely what the neighbors would say, but resolving to let Mrs. Stebbins cope with that problem in the morning.

In the morning Mrs. Stebbins informed me dispassionately that Togo was gone. He had chewed through his rope, she said, and if he came back again I must get a chain.

"Would you advertise for him?" I asked.

"Better wait a while," said she. "He may come back. They generally do."

I waited, but I was very restless. I seemed unable to concentrate my mind upon my work. I kept wondering where Togo was. Had some ill-fortune befallen him? A vision of his humorous eyes and his inquisitive nose kept intruding itself between me and my work. Frequently I found myself gazing out of the window.

It was about mid-forenoon, and I had at last succeeded in settling down to work, when I was startled by a great commotion next door. Whoever they were, the family there evidently kept chickens, for it was indubitably chickens that were responsible for the present uproar. From my window I caught sight of one trying frantically to fly over the fence. And such a squawking!

Then a white hen, with outstretched wings and neck,

Continued on page 61

QUEEN BEE

The first instalment of a new novel by

ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," "Faint Perfume," etc.

THERE was Benjamin Park, arriving sulkily at Mrs. Pepper's garden-party. Of garden-parties and their guests he disapproved, but was not able to take for granted his disapproval and instead rather boasted of it. He bulked upon the lawn, ambled about, declined tennis, evaded a walk in the white garden, went into the house because no one was likely to be there, into the library because nobody in that house ever entered the library. And there was Linnie.

She looked at him from the top of the desk whereon she sat. She was frowning, mouth drooping, chin high. She regarded him with the conscious composure of the early twenties. He said irritably: "Don't look at me like that." She replied: "I greatly prefer not to look at you at all." Something in the fall of her eyelids—he thought as he went over it later that it must have been her eyelids—held him; the fact that with her the quite ordinary process of winking was so slow. He said indolently: "Before you cease to look at me, may I light a cigaret?" She replied: "I am not looking at you now." When he begged, "Don't apologize," her frown became terrible, so that he added: "I came in here to get away from the confounded guests." "So did I"—she pointed that. He bowed, withdrew to a window, stared at the glossy lawn, where was now a general movement: they were all tending toward the pavilion. Gay garments fluttered through spots of shade. As beautiful fabrics transmitted the sun, were printed by shadows, these fabrics seemed to contain no bodies at all, or else to be of brighter values than such pale kernels. From the pavilion came the primitive rhythm of the orchestra.

ABRUPTLY the green and white and spangled prospect from the glass doors was blocked by the blue of Mrs. Pepper's gown. She was a hostess more concerned than considerate, and cried: "Well, Linnie! Come along and play—some tennis." The girl on the table said: "Nothing on earth could draw me there, thanks, Betty. I came to this party to rest." Mrs. Pepper exclaimed, chattered, hounded her guest with the tyranny of the overlord of any occasion, and scolded prettily with, "Don't be absurd, beloved." On which Linnie, with her deep composure, replied: "My dear Betty, you're breaking up a tête," and Mrs. Pepper saw Benjamin Park, greeted him fondly as "Benno," apologized with the absurdly knowing air of the forties for the twenties, bade them by all means go on with the "tête," but to come down to the pavilion presently and dance, and then she went deeper into the house.

Benno saying "Well played! Thanks!" was smitten now by the tragic face of this girl, and added: "I say, what's up? I beg your pardon——"

"Do sit down," said Linnie. "She may come back this way." And went on angrily: "Everything is so rotten. I can't stand parties. I can't stand them!" This ordinarily he would have recognized as "line" and a hackneyed choice, but her face was tragic, so as he mechanically asked "What's up?" there was something in his tone that was discreetly cherishing. She again said, rather weakly, that she hated a party. He replied that he thought most people do, after they arrive; and that as a man loathes getting ready, he gets nothing out of it. In alarm, he talked on, because he had become aware that she was struggling with tears. She tried to say something, but all that she said was, "I hate people," and when Benno ventured that he hoped some rotter hadn't hurt her feelings, she cried:

"I don't mind a hurt or a dozen like it. What I mind is that one is hurt and hurt all one's life. I saw that straight—now—sitting there on that table. I just saw it."

"There'll be layers of cotton-wool," he offered.

"Who wants cotton-wool?"

"It rests the bones."

She smiled; and either some remnant of brutality in him or else his liking for such gallantry as hers made him enjoy a smile through tears. She was not pretty, he thought, but her texture—he would have called it that—charmed him: fine, smooth, quick, light.

Now she regarded him, asked "Benno who? Why haven't we met? Or have we?" with a coolness and a cruelty amazing in one who had been deploring hurts on this earth. That dart he tossed back at her with: "If we had met, I should have taken care that you'd remember me." This she pondered, asked "How?" and went on before he answered: "All people. I hate them all. They seem like everything, but they act like nothing." But when he cried "What? Me? Already?" she explained that she hadn't been thinking of him; never had thought of him; added that men simply could not discuss a subject impersonally—she may even have said "philosophically." And at his lazy "Still, we're not bad to talk with—I'm *not*, you know!" she laughed, and he asked her to walk with him in the white garden. This was Mrs. Pepper's name for some beds of spiræa, a Sorrento bench and a yellow marble pool.

He now saw that she was still a child, for her mood changed with the light. Her look quickened, darted



ZONA GALE

When Zona Gale writes a new novel, it is an event in the literary world. "Queen Bee" is her new story, and it is the most striking thing she has ever done. Straight into the very heart of youth she plunges you; Linnie and Benno are epic figures, and yet they are as real as the boys and girls next door to you are real. The problem of love where there are no interests in common, the fight between the mind and heart—it is as old as the race, but it is always new. This is the problem of "Queen Bee," and Zona Gale has told it as no one else could

about, was a flower upon flowers—so he told himself flamboyantly. This strong sun, however, did not become her, and her mouth was still sulky. On the stone bench he asked "Which shall we talk about—you or me?" and she opened her eyes and said: "Me, of course. You're just a man—probably a lawyer; and I haven't a doubt that, excepting parties, you like everything you're supposed to like." But when he inferred "Then you're sure that I like you?" he did so with such a tired air of doing his duty, saying the inevitable, that she thought it was time to be charming, evidently, for she denied that *she* was everything, denied it so charmingly—her speech and her way so fine, so quick, so light—that Benno instantly and deliberately said that he could imagine her being everything to somebody and was left stranded with her "Of course." But then she went on: "I have always hated girls who went about saying: '*Is* life like that? *Are* people like that?' And yet I'm asking that myself. Of you. Now. I mean, is it *all* hedged round with rules?" And Benno, who was himself young but yet older than that, explained that life consists in keeping some rules and in outgrowing some rules, the latter a process temporarily known as breaking them—only you must, he assured her, know what ones to keep and what ones to outgrow. And who, asked he, knows that?

Now she asked "Could you bear it if I explain?" and at his grave encouragement she did so: Her family, she said, had gone to Europe, called by an illness. She herself was graduating the next month from Miss Mills's and Miss Spicer's. She wanted the house kept open until she had graduated and had sailed, the week following her graduation, to join the family. But her father had arranged that the house should be closed. That was the tragedy her young face held. And what was the point, what was there to decide, he asked blankly. Nothing, it appeared, since she had already decided to keep the house open and to pay for it herself out of her own pocket, "and have it for ducky week-ends." She had just quite suddenly made up her mind and given the order over the telephone, there in the library, when he came.

BENNO felt weakness flow in him like fear. He had been for three months home from Europe, a correspondent from the famine districts; yet it was not by such remembrance that he was assailed, but by this girl's serene self-indulgence in a personal tragedy of such pattern—and by the childlikeness of her self-absorption. To her "What would you do?" he returned a laconic "You've done it. Let's go and dance." At that she cried reproachfully "You don't see any problem!" And he frowned and assured her that he saw a frightful problem—but he knew he did not mean the one that she meant.

From an arbor in the shrubbery came a waiter, carrying a tray of emptied glasses. As he passed the bench, he tilted the tray, from which two glasses slid and grazed the girl's gown and her foot. She lifted one shoulder, looked full at the frightened servant, and said: "What a creature!" The man's white face, his breathless bowing, pierced Benno, but she did not observe either these or Benno's amazement. For her the incident was gone, agonized man and broken glasses together of no consequence. But her own look and voice were for Benno stamped somewhere about her, ineradicably. He now felt utterly alien to her, could have sworn that he would never see her after that day. Not only a child, but a cruel child, he thought, and wished himself away from her, wondered how he should escape, tried to think how he came to be there with her anyway.

Abruptly she rose, her body free and in curving motion; and she laughed and cried: "I don't care! I'm glad I did it. I'm not so keen about the house, but I couldn't have borne to submit like that. I may never go near the house, but I have expressed myself by giving that order to keep it open—and now I can breathe!"

"Magnificent," Benno began, "if you know what to do with your breath——"

She hardly heard him. She was off across the grass, sun hot on her hair, light thickening on her gown but thinning its frail fabric as if she should have gone clothed in light alone. Suddenly she belonged to earth, air and sun and flowed with their currents. She had the freedom of one who has spent years in interpretative dancing, but with no least curve of consciousness that any one was looking. Sulkiness, pretense of tragedy, cruelty, stupidity vanished and she became a strong fleet thing of life.

Benno said aloud, "Good Lord!" and ran at her. He was supple, his big frame was his vehicle, he bore down on her, caught her wrist, cried "Come!" They raced round the gravels of the white garden in luminous air and wind that smelled of phlox. When they halted, her body, wearing still its air of wings, was quick with an independent life, far more vital than her mental ranges. They stood staring at each other as if that unpremeditated



"ALL PEOPLE. I HATE THEM ALL. THEY SEEM LIKE EVERYTHING, AND THEY ACT LIKE NOTHING" *Drawing by Paul Meylan*

circling flight carried a new introduction with some new and lovely significance.

He cried: "You *are* a free thing!"

"Oh, I was just now."

"Do you dance as well as you run?"

"Shall we try?"

He thought: "You don't think as well as you run, but what of that? You're glorious!"

They crossed the lawn to the pavilion. A Mexican melody, "Chaparrita," muffled, swinging, ran through the air its thick, slow lines of meaning. These lines passed also through the flesh as if it, too, were ponderable. The shadowy open floor lay like a long pool beneath the feathery buoyant figures. He cried "Quick!" And they seemed to slip within the music.

AT MISS MILLS'S and Miss Spicer's school Benno could not be received until Friday afternoon—three days later. He retained sufficient detachment to be amused at the dragging of those days. Hope and cynicism in college; the adventure and disillusion of war; romance that had variously risen and fallen—these lay behind him; and now, at twenty-eight, his dreams and his negligible income and his considerable power of work were dedicated to that which he vaguely called "the new social order." For, "What else is there to think about?" he had been accustomed to say. Abruptly there was Linnie Bellairs. He had no notion of how it had happened. Nothing seemed to have existed prior to that hour of dancing in the Pepper pavilion. The scenes in the library and in the garden had disappeared as completely as all his previous experience. There was Linnie.

"Dancing-school, day-school, Miss Mills's and Miss Spicer's, and the family," she had offered as her autobiography, near the end of the Pepper garden-party. "I've subdebbed for three seasons, met thousands of celebs, been in love lots and got bored with life. That's me. I've found people out. I expect nothing——"

She talked like that. When Benno said "Piffle!" she was piqued. He teased her with: "If I asked you to think of the thing you most want, you'd say, 'To express yourself,' wouldn't you?" They were dancing and she missed his quizzical look and cried: "How did you know?" He laughed at her, but by that time he was ready to say that if ever she did cease applying to herself exclusively this fundamental love of freedom and begin to apply it to spots which cried for such application, her power would be glorious, creative. It was on this that he dwelt much in the three days following the garden-party. But chiefly he relived those moments of racing with her, swift, sure-footed, full-throated, and that thrill of her effort. The dancing had been well enough—she had merely followed him. But in running she had resisted him, giving herself only to her own exulting motion. Atalanta and Diana—he knew now who they were, he told himself without a grain of humor. And thought by the measurements of the distance to Friday afternoon.

THE school of Miss Mills and Miss Spicer stood outside the town. It dated from the days of cupolas, and its fat cupola craned high eyebrows above the maples. The sight of that cupola obscurely steadied Benjamin Park, approaching. "Bourgeois school, full of bourgeois flappers," he reminded himself, and was amazed that he could keep on toward the entrance-way. But he kept on.

"She's different," he thought, "different from all the rest. So free—so herself. Not just the pose they all take on—she's *free!*" And did not even smile at himself for that, did not even remember that when the self-conscious and sophisticated do fall in love they are thorough and lose their detachment like dew.

Oak hall, stone entrance, sham beams, fireplace too large for the room—these annoyed him. He thought of them, while he waited, as the aping of a formality out of place in a dismembered world. What was there in that rose window, these Chinese rugs, to indicate that millions were starving? "Sounds banal," he reflected, "only because the mind can't take in horror. The mind can only sip horror, make a face and turn away." He saw her coming down a corridor lined with closed doors opposing sunny windows, with flowering plants. She was dressed for tennis, in white, with a flame of color in her coat. She hummed "The day is your day and my day" and said: "Hello, Benno. I'm about to mop the court with you. Are you pleased?" She hardly looked at him; she was attentive to nothing, almost aware of nothing save her own happy power. As he followed her down the flowing steps to the grass courts, it came to Benno that it would be the most wonderful thing in life to focus this girl's whole attention, whole consciousness, whole being upon himself. "Hold on," he thought. "What's this?" And pretended not to know that he knew he was in love.

But that thought was there. It occupied him for a time to the exclusion of tennis, so that she won the first set. "Deuced unfair advantage," he grumbled. "You come out here looking like a—like a—well, you get the idea. And then expect me to care a hang what becomes of a dinky ball." Without looking at him she observed that beaten men always say that. After that he settled down to play and beat her without sympathy. She observed that she hated him for beating her and oh, how she would have hated him if he hadn't!

"You love that word hate, don't you?" he asked.

She returned: "I don't hate all that I say I hate or love all that I say I love."

Benno murmured: "I shall remember."

They were in the grove beyond the courts, sitting in the fine shadows of little trees. Momentarily, the quick blood of her exercise vesturing her pallor, Linnie was beautiful. He wondered idly if he could cloud that beauty and asked "How's the house?" The beauty remained unclouded, even sparkled a bit, as she answered: "I'm going to have a house-party there this week—just to show that I can." "Little baby!" he accused her. "For that," she said, "I shall not invite you. I was just about to invite you, from Saturday to Monday." But he said "I'm working, thanks," and was unimpressed. She turned and did momentarily focus on him all her attention. "Express regret!" she commanded. He grinned: "So sorry." His heart beat under that full momentary meditative look of hers.

HE BEGAN to talk of himself. "You never asked me about my work—it's time you did." She interrupted: "I shall love to hear, but why is it time?" "Because," he returned coolly, "I shall expect you to be interested in it," and met her "That depends" with a grave, slow repetition: "Yes, that depends." Laughter flashed between them then. And there leaped into the open and lit their faces that veiled and furious excitement, because each knew that the other might just possibly prove to be the ultimate, might fill the terrible intimacy of the word mate. This astonishing game was here valid, was played with the genuine hazards of youth and the future. "Now we'll go on from there," said Benno tranquilly, and the mile-stone almost stood white beside them.

What was his work, precisely, she wished to know. "Healing the universe," Benno told her absurdly, and went on about a young organization, hopeless of solution through political action or economic change until the way had been prepared. "Change is a spirit. We propose to liberate that spirit, to change thought. We propose—" She listened with charming absent-mindedness and he felt that she was following him, because he much desired to feel so. She was so quiet, she set so

delicately her nods to punctuate his pauses. She looked down the leafiness as if she were looking down the world, appraising, confirming. Benno talked well. Stretched on his back, under pallid birches and swarthy hemlocks, he wove the hopes of "New Youth" or, as he was pleased to call it, "the Movement." Their program was simple: To communicate the fire of enthusiasm for a new world by one and by one, to worm a way into individuals, into universities—he talked away, staring at the sky. She asked: "But what is the idea you have to communicate?" And he cried: "Fair child, my business shall be to teach it to you: The value of human life, beyond everything else, including money." She answered: "Of course," and he was enraptured. He thought that she knew what he had been saying. The curves of her cheek, of her mouth were perfect, perfect. Small, supple thing! In the delight of this occupation he forgot "the Movement" and talked of vast nothings. But she returned to it and said in her small voice that she wanted to play some part in the world, and he was shaken. "I'll help you," he vowed, their look met, and another wire for the current of them was drawn out, cast across and fixed.

"You must meet us all," he told her, "the New Youth group. We get together at Speyer's—a rowdy café in a cheap street, where we've got a room to ourselves. Will you go with me there some time?" When she besought, "Tell me about them," he took this to be not a parrying but a following. He told her: Well, there was Bede. Western half-back, glorious devil. Then Little Faxon—disgustingly rich. And Mary Luther— "Oh, Mary Luther?" Linnie inquired. "Girls, too? What sort of girls?" Her tone annoyed him. He explained that Mary had stopped short of college graduation because a degree seemed to her nonsense. "Oh, utter nonsense," Linnie agreed, but he discerned that her reasons were not those of Mary. "Has she family?" Linnie inquired next, and he shouted: "Every one has family, legitimate, illegitimate—all, all have family!" "Then why," Linnie asked smoothly, "insist upon it so?" and retreated to the safer ground of "Is she pretty?" This too annoyed him, it seemed. "What difference does that make?" he met her hotly; and she inquired with hauteur whether he would like her herself just as well if she looked like a letter-box. "But you," said Benno, "are the kind of people people marry, and Mary is not." To this Linnie replied, "We do not marry every one, however," and scrambled to her feet.

THEY went through the woods. Had she a lot of bourgeois opinions, Benno wondered. How could she help having them, since she went to such a school! But then her ear! What an ear, what a neck, what a shoulder! Her silence shut him out; he felt homeless. The contrast between Linnie's attention and her neglect was like the difference between bright Summer dawn over a fertile valley and a storm at sea on a Winter night. He felt that he should perish if she didn't turn and say something, gently, deliciously. He heard himself asking: "Don't you give a hang whether I live or die?" and then the warm home of her laughter.

An hour of this there was. The school wood seemed not a background but a participant, like the set of a stage: the rise and fall of the trails, the stressing and retreating of green masses, the thick imponderable light behaving almost as a presence. And the trees seemed to float by in the afternoon ardor of warm air. They came back by the road and looked down on the school buildings, like heavy dowagers chaperoning learning. Two weeks more and she would be done with these, she said, and added: "My children are never going to learn a thing excepting good manners. You can get through on good manners and good English—with a decent accent. I'll never make them do school." And such was his state of mind by now that Benno slipped entirely over what she had said and merely saw her surrounded by charming children who were hers, hers. He asked her mechanically if she hadn't a good word to say for the school, and she replied: "Oh, awfully decent girls—not a slouch among them. Right, you know. Every one of them. Of course there are spots in the faculty, too—several of them pass. But what do you expect? They're all old—not one of them under thirty. They don't keep up and they don't even notice that they don't. Takes them ages to tell the girls apart. Why is it that after a woman gets to be thirty she always says that all girls under twenty look just alike? I'll say one thing for the place, though: the food is as good as one has at home. And served as well. Not many schools do that." She looked down in surprise at her arm, which Benno was shaking. "How can you talk like that when half the world is schoolless and starved—and always has been?" She melted and quivered: "Oh, I know. What can one do?" He thought: "What a brute I am. When I find one little oasis of a girl that's unconscious of all that, why can't I keep still?" And he begged her: "No—I was wrong. Forget it. Just be you!" And when she said gently, her eyes traveling over his face meditatively, "I love your sympathy for—everything," he thought: "This little thing is the most glorious being who ever lived in th world."

As they entered the grounds, with parting five minut away, he felt a sharp pang of separation, smiled at hi self and at the anxiety with which he waited her rep when he begged to see her again. He still kept that muc detachment, though he lost it again in his delight wh he heard her asking him to her house-party. "A school," she said with composure, "I haven't mentione that the family has gone away. I merely go home f the week-end. There'll be ten of us—you didn't mea it when you said you'd be working?" He told he "I did, but I don't."

On the steps she asked: "Couldn't you bring with yo for Friday evening some of the 'New Youth'—Bede an Little Faxon?" He saw her against that background stately façade, thought of the significant and statel home address which she had given him. "Bring some 'the Movement'—really?" he asked. "How many? As many as he liked, for dancing. "They do dance, suppose?" she asked. "Are you sure," he inquire grimly then, "that you're not letting yourself in for som shocks?" But she answered: "You've no idea ho democratic I am!" All the way back to town he laughe at her, pitied her, rather hated her for her condescension But on Friday he telephoned to know if he was not see her alone throughout that whole house-party hers, and he heard: "How would you like to come i for dinner at seven to-night? dinner of scraps? With me. Ye at the house."



Drawing by Paul Meylan

FOR AN INSTANT HE HELD HER, HAD THE FRAGRANCE OF HER

"THE house" was of gray sto set in a small garden on a avenue whose land, Benno knew was a fortune a front foot. It w a house of beauty: delicate wall dusky floors, spacing, proportio all. Distinction was deepened b cause rugs were absent, furnitu was masked, draperies no long flawed any purity of line. Nettin swathed the light, so that emerged shyly, aware that it ha been stolen from heaven. In th midst of so much inhibition, Lin nie was a lovely positive.

He awaited her startled loo when she should see that he wo business clothes, but her look wa composed, non-committal. Hi "We don't dress in 'New Youth' she passed by with a nod. "Yo are dining with me alone. Isn't fun? No one but Mrs. Briggs an Malvina, who don't count. Mr Briggs has always lived with us we never think of them as presen at all. You and I are virtuall alone. Isn't it thrilling?"

On the hem of this statement Mrs. Briggs entered, a thin whit woman in black, with a manner o excessive graciousness. She sai only, "The evening is a little chill for June," and Linnie, having pre sented Benno, hardly gave her chance to say that. Mrs. Briggs poor little observation slipped ou of the room like a frightened kitten "Where's Malvina?" Linnie in quired, and she spoke with extrem irritation which agitated Mrs Briggs so that she began to mak excuses, was still making them when Malvina entered—a pale plain girl, with reddened lips, wh wore a gown of clear scarlet Presenting Benno casually, Linni broke upon their acknowledgmen by crying "Play for us!" and held out her arms to Benno. "Let' dance until dinner!" she cried The Briggses were "not there," simply—Linnie might have put i a record as impersonally as she commanded Malvina. Benno felt that Malvina Briggs would play "Sowing the Seed" fo waltzing, but with amazing vigo she dashed into a fox-trot. Step ping down the long rooms, in the ghostly light, to the music made by that stiff scarlet figure, and watched by that other motionless figure in black, Benno thought

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THE LITTLE WHITE LAMB

When two women take a man in charge—

By MAUD HART LOVELACE

IN A flare of bright Winter sunshine, amid a friendly chime of voices, Robert Burton stepped out of the limousine drawn up before the Security Bonding Company's grave gray offices on lower Fifth Avenue and lifted an impeccable hat.

"Thanks, awfully, for the lift," he said, revealing his very white teeth in a radiant smile. It was the smile with which he made all his exits and entrances on the pleasant stage of life. "Must now put my hand to the wheel or the plow or some such useful thing. Good-by, everybody!"

"Good-by, Bobbie!" "Leave a few pennies for the rest of us!" "Don't exhaust yourself before you plan my costume for the Moon Ballet!" They pelted him with laughing exhortations as he paused, still smiling, the sun on his bared head. Furtively, his eyes sought Sylvia's. She was exquisite in a lace hat as delicately yellow as her hair, a fur coat as shaggy as the chrysanthemum she wore. Her blue eyes answered his, speaking sweetly. Satisfied, he turned gaily back to the others.

"A bientot!"

"A bientot!"

The limousine rolled away and Robert Burton, extinguishing the smile with a certain weariness but retaining an expression of calm self-satisfaction on his handsome young face, hooked his cane over his arm and strolled leisurely through the impressive entrance. He was returning after a fortnight of vacation —returning a day late, to be sure, but with commendably good grace.

The Security Bonding Company never quibbled with Robert Burton about the matter of a stolen day. He was the friend and protégé of no less a person than Bostwick, president of the board of directors. He was particularly, to be exact, the friend of Mrs. Bostwick, who thought him a dear boy and couldn't give a dinner without him, and of Sylvia, for whom he made a safe and desirable escort. But Bostwick himself was fond of the agreeable chap, and Robert Burton made himself useful in the office—when he was there.

"Wonder what our little white lamb will do now?"

It was a small husky voice, discreetly lowered. Burton recognized it as belonging to the small snub-nosed inhabitant of the cage inside the door, who had been chatting with Grimes's stenographer when he passed her. Burton's relations with his fellow employees were pleasant—he was pleasant by nature and habit—but they had never been fraternal. His mental picture of this girl was dim — she always looked fresh-scrubbed and wore a red hat.

The remark caused him to flush uncomfortably.

"She didn't mean me! How could she mean me?" he fumed, but wondered a trifle uneasily just what she did mean. This uneasiness was increased when the office boy, with an anticipatory grin, told him, before he had time to dispose of his hat and stick, that Mr. Grimes wished to speak to him.

Grimes had been a first vice-president, but he sat in Bostwick's place. He was himself a young man—small, inflexibly neat, vibrating energy. He addressed Burton crisply.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Burton. Had a good vacation? We looked for you yesterday."

Somewhat at a loss to reply to the comment, Burton harked back to the preceding question and replied, smilingly, that he had had a delightful vacation.

Grimes seemed singularly unmoved by the smile.

"You've heard, doubtless, of the changes here. Mr. Bostwick resigned last week. Deuced sorry to lose him."

Burton had not heard. Why hadn't Sylvia told him? She had mentioned that papa was going to Florida.

"You will probably not care to stay under the new conditions," Grimes pursued briskly. "None of this day or two extra business, Mr. Burton. None of this ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. No pink teas or charming lady callers— He halted, looking quite prepared to say, "We accept your resignation with regret."

Burton felt an almost forgotten impulse, the impulse to strike out with a hard and furious fist at the nose of a fellow human being. His clenched hand remained at his side, but his face whitened. He said briefly:

"I'll stay on, if that's satisfactory."

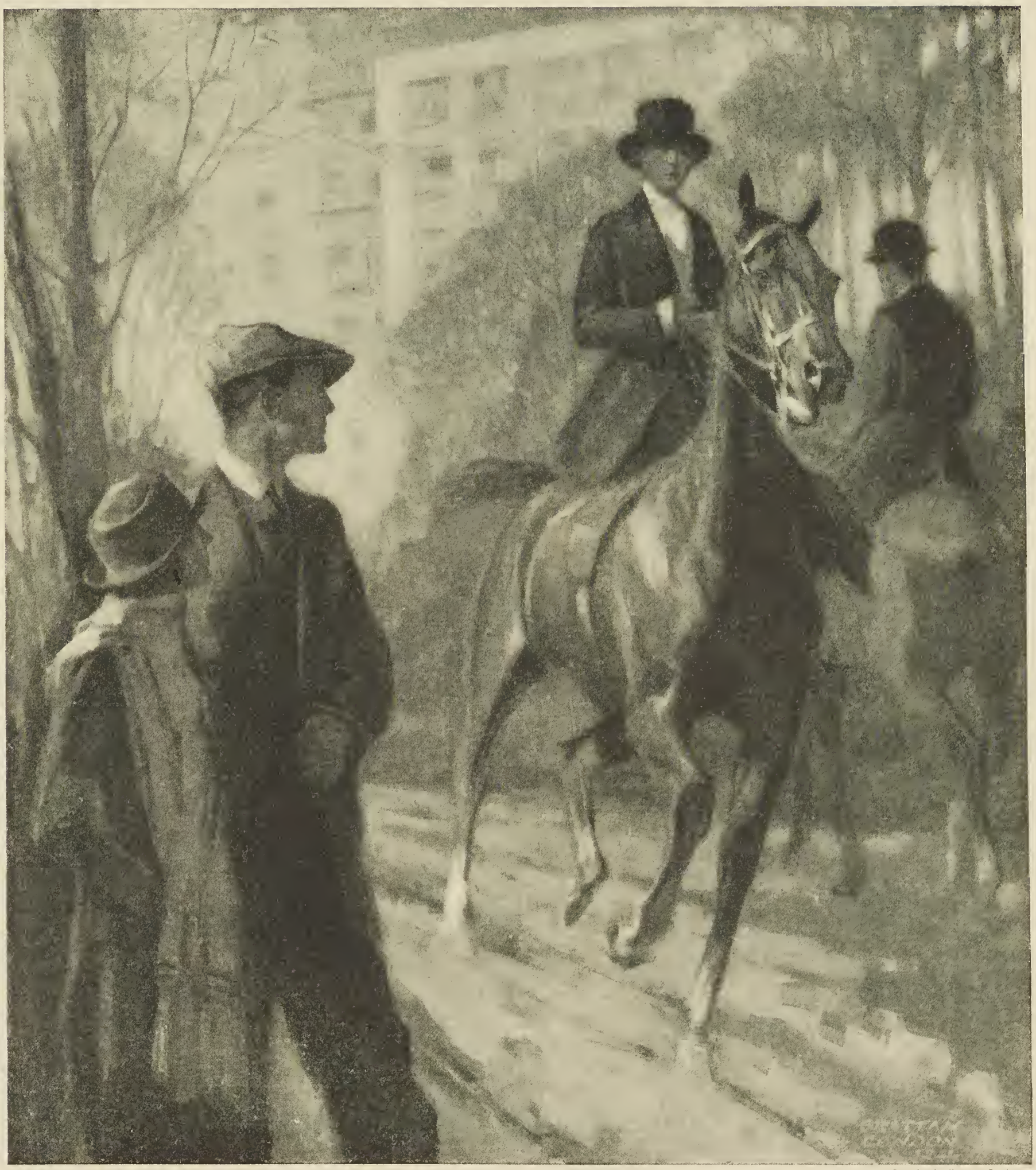
Grimes's face expressed surprise and faint annoyance.

"Well, we might try it for a month. I will see Mr. Daubney now, Jimmie."

Burton stalked blindly to his desk. A clerk approached with a sheaf of papers, and he was put, definitely, to work. He worked mechanically, his thoughts still battling with the new young president. A cub! A damned insulting cub!

TWICE during the day he heard the girl who had called him a little white lamb inform unknown ladies that they could not speak to Mr. Burton. "Employees were not called to the phone." It was plain that she gave the information with relish.

He took his lunch not at the quiet tea-room where he was accustomed to eat in gratifying leisure, but in a steamy, racketing place where the coffee was slopped from thick cups into thicker saucers and the



Drawing by Grattan Condon

SHE VOUCHSAFED A MERE "GOOD MORNING," SMILING IMPERSONALLY, AS SHE WOULD SMILE AT HER GROOM

oiled-paper-wrapped sandwiches were flung at the consumer only less speedily than they were consumed.

Buoyed up by rage, he hardly knew fatigue or the passing of time and was still seething when at five o'clock he passed out into Fifth Avenue, in the wake of a flippant red hat.

The red hat bobbed along ahead of him as he strode up-town. Impossible to regain his poise with that piece of impudence in view. It danced along, a teasing red imp, flinging out taunts: "Come on, little white lamb! Come on! What are you going to do now?"

Like a bull stung by a gadfly, he burst upon her at Thirty-fourth Street.

"Wait a minute, Miss—Miss Red Hat!"

She turned with a leisurely asperity, which, in spite of her diminutive stature, would have squelched the boor she expected to see.

"Oh—Mr. Burton." Her puzzlement was succeeded by a return of the asperity. "My name is Waters—Jane Ann Waters."

"And my name is *not* Little White Lamb," he retorted, red-faced, furious.

She stared in amazement, then broke into laughter.

"Oh, yes it is! I'm sorry you heard my remark, but that's your name. Really. You see—" she grew earnest—"each of us has two names. One is given us by our doting parents, who think we look like Launcelot or hope that Uncle Ezekiel will remember us in his will. The other is given by our associates. Now, take me, I was named Jane Ann, after my mother's twin sister, who died of measles when she was three, but I'm *called*, around the office, Scrubbie."

He remembered the impression he had had of her, one always freshly scrubbed, but his amusement at the nickname vanished as the significance of her remark thudded home.

"And I'm called the little white lamb, am I?"

"Yes. Now you're mad, but you won't fight. You'll hurry to some pretty lady to be petted and have your bow tied."

He halted in the midst of the traffic, glaring.

"I will not! I'll fight!"

Her laugh had a sparkle of malice.

"Well, cross the street first, do."

When they had gained the other side, he asked, "Will you fight on top of a bus?"

"You want to talk to me? I live in Morningside, and you may ride out if you like. But you won't fight. I've watched you for three years and I know. Still, if you *were* going to fight, you'd probably pick some one my size!"

ESTABLISHED on the swaying elephant's back of the bus, Robert Burton articulated thickly: "Permit me to say that I consider you insulting and cruel. If you were a man, I'd say it with my fists."

"Would you?" She lifted skeptical shoulders and looked down into the shifting crowds, ahead to the chill gray twilight in the park. Presently she tightened the pins in her hat, tucked the ends of her gauntlets into the furred sleeves of her coat. "It's glorious up here, isn't it? Let's talk polite. You can't fight worth a postage-stamp, and you're charming when you're pleasant. I've watched you with Miss Bostwick and the others, and you're just like—Valentino—only nicer."

He made no answer, and she turned to look at him. His head was bent, his eyes were lowered to his linked hands. He looked dejected, miserable and very young.

"I said let's be polite!" she repeated, more gently.

"When you say that, you're more insulting than you were before," he answered.

"You really want it out?"

He nodded.

They were jogging along now beside the park, and she looked into its dim snowy woodland for a moment. Then she spoke gravely.

"A little white lamb is—something pretty which is petted by the ladies. That's what you are. You're very handsome, and of course Mrs. Bostwick keeps you in your job."

"Not now," he broke in.

"No, and you'll probably lose the job. That's what we all expect. But another lady will find you another one. Or else you'll marry—some one beautiful and—rich."

It had, indeed, occurred to him that he could marry Sylvia. The recollection made his face burn.

"When I marry," he said stiffly, "I shall be well able to support a wife."

Her laughter was the bell on a jester's cap.

"That's bunk, you know. You don't know yourself, really, at all. Would you like an introduction?"

"Please."

"I've been three years with the Security Bonding Company. When I came on, you were already there. You had a minor clerkship, you still have it, and your chances of getting anything more are as dead as a whole doorful of doornails. You were explained to me soon after I arrived; I asked about you. The office tagged you for me—Western boy, good education, no money and the social bug. An active and successful bug, I admit that."

She looked away from him.

"I was sorry. But in time pity gets all tangled up with contempt. A man should fight his way through life, not be carried on a rose-colored cushion. You accepted everything that was offered to you, from a Mediterranean cruise to velvet portières for your apartment. You heard the opera from other people's boxes, drove to the races in other people's cars—in return for dancing with the wallflowers. You killed your self-respect, your ambition, your power to work. You stopped growing. Your face is—just a boy's face on a man's body. You aren't a vicious person. The harm you do is mostly to yourself. It hasn't been exactly fair, of course, for the rest of us to do the work that you were paid for doing, but that's a minor matter. Your great sin has been against yourself——"

She stopped abruptly.

"That's all. When are you leaving?"

"Damn it, not at all!" he cried out angrily.

HE HAD removed the impeccable hat as they neared the stiff breeze from the river, and his hair was ruffled into the crest of a fighting-cock. His eyes, black with wrathful indignation, glowered at her from a pale, drawn face.

"You mean you're going to stick by the job?"

"You're damn right I am!"

"And make good?"

She eyed him keenly for a moment. Then the snub-nosed little face was illumined by a smile.

"Shake on it!" The bus was lurching past Grant's Tomb. "I leave you here. Good-by. See you in the morning, and count on me to help all I can."

She was off, down the precarious stairs.

He was inevitably committed to reform. He acknowledged this, not altogether cheerfully, as he reviewed the day's events before the fire in his white-and-gray paneled apartment dining-room. Tired, depressed, utterly at sea about the future which lay beyond his "making good" with the Security Bonding Company, he retraced the steps which had brought him to his decision.

After all, even if he had followed Bostwick out, his position in life would not have been materially altered. There were other concerns in which Bostwick had an interest; there were other people—the Hilliards, Wrens, Devries—who would have been pleased to find him a berth.

"That's all. When are you leaving?"

Jane Ann Water's cool-edged query echoed in his mind. Thank God he had answered "Not at all!" Thank God he had chosen like a man!

But as fatigue lessened, his depression deepened. Was it regret for the world he was leaving—the world of play, the world of tinsel, Sylvia's world?

Sylvia with her hair like pale Winter sunshine, eyes of blue and cheeks faintly tinged with pink—Sylvia, misty in tulle, with slim silver-shod feet, wrapped in furs that exuded a delicate Parisian scent—the picture of her bloomed in his mind, beside that of Jane Ann Waters, straightly etched in black and white. Slowly the clarifying issues ranged Sylvia with the old life, Jane Ann with the new.

The table by the doorway bore a pile of unopened notes and letters. Robert Burton swept them pell-mell into the fire. As they floated upward in airy burning wisps he turned to the telephone and gave Sylvia's number.

"Your voice isn't natural, Bobbie," Sylvia complained.

"No wonder," he answered. "I'm calling to make a blanket revocation of all our engagements."

"Why, *Bobbie*—what on earth——"

"Work," he answered, "labor, toil, business, all that sort of thing."

"I'm so *distressed!*" she said.

But though her voice was very sweet, it did not sound particularly distressed. Robert Burton felt a heart wrench as he turned away.

WITH a mind grown rusty as an unused engine, he plunged into the business of making good at the office. He was dismayed to find how his powers of concentration had weakened. Mental discipline of the severest order was required to learn again how to work. The first week was pure grind, but before the end of the second he was beginning to hanker for more to do. The vital affairs of the office were handled, he perceived, by men no older than himself but higher up.

"As soon as I get really interested in a thing, I lose sight of it," he complained to Jane Ann one noon as they gulped their coffee and bolted their sandwiches together. "It's discussed in conferences that I can't attend and decided without my assistance."

"If you knew more about the Russian situation than he did, Grimes would ask your advice on it," commented Jane Ann thoughtfully. "The same thing holds true of any problem in the office. Study!"

On his way home from work that night, feeling a bit sheepish, he subscribed to the financial journals, other magazines which he had regarded as fearful bores. As a college student studies trigonometry, Robert Burton studied world affairs.

He came to Jane Ann with other troubles.

"Capital is what a man needs to get ahead," he proclaimed, frowning. "But how the deuce is capital acquired by a struggling young business man with perfectly healthy relatives and no gift with a six-shooter?"

"Not by spending every cent he earns, surely," replied Jane Ann. "Not by living in a West End Avenue apartment and keeping a Jap."

He was riding home with her for the second time.

"Why," he demanded, "are you always possessed to scold me the minute we climb on top of a bus?"

Jane Ann softened.

"I know it's a hopeless prospect," she said, "acquiring capital by saving from a weekly wage. But even a hopeless prospect is better than none at all."

So Robert Burton sublet his apartment, took a room in a cheap boarding-house, and began to bank a small sum weekly.

Jane Ann kept her word about helping all she could, and her all was no inconsiderable matter. She pointed out in the office the fact that the little white lamb was

Concluded on page 79



KATHLEEN NORRIS

is one of America's most popular novelists. For years her books have been on the lists of "best-sellers." And DELINEATOR readers know her through her two recent serials which have appeared in this magazine. Now Kathleen Norris has written a dramatic record of a life of love and service, of struggle and achievement. It is her own life-story—as fascinating as her most absorbing novel

Beginning in

THE DELINEATOR

for

JULY

A MODEL HOUSE OF BRICK

Another Delineator plan for a better home

Designed by DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects

FOUNDED BY THE DELINEATOR 1921
INCORPORATED AS A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION 1923
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS 1653 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE building of a home is, perhaps, one of the most important undertakings of one's life, not only because when the house is finished it stands as the symbol of the family, but also because it involves a money investment which in many cases represents the savings of a lifetime. To become a lasting satisfaction to the family, the type of architecture decided upon should be pleasing and fairly conservative, while the material used in constructing the house must be practical and durable.

Mr. Donn Barber in designing DELINEATOR House Number Nine has given to DELINEATOR readers the combination of a unique floor-plan with a most dignified Colonial exterior rendered in brick. Like other building materials, brick demands taste and discrimination in adapting it to type; but, as it has been used for centuries as a building material, it has been identified with all the architectural styles, so that now, whatever type of house the home-builder desires, there will be found ample precedent for its development in brick.

Contrary to general belief, there is to be found an endless variety of color tones in brick. The interesting texture which well-laid brick gives to a side wall, its economic merit as to upkeep and the fact that it is a fireproof, durable material, all these matters deserve careful consideration before one decides upon a substitute building material.

To be sure, the initial cost of building a brick house as compared with wood or stucco is from five to six per cent. higher; but considering that there is almost no depreciation and only small maintenance bills—such as painting trim, lattice, etc.—to say nothing of a considerably lower rate of insurance on the dwelling, the use of brick for small-home building is more than justified.

Labor and building conditions in the various sections of the country differ to such an extent that it is not possible to give an accurate estimate of the cost of building such a house as the one illustrated. It is important, however, in order to create a desirable individuality in the finished house, that the home-builder interest herself in its plans and specifications, and especially in the manner in which the builder or architect means to lay the brick.

The laying of the brick has much to do with the texture, design and color of the exterior walls of a brick house. The plain-running, the English, the Dutch, Flemish and pattern methods of laying brick all differ from one another and are suited for these various types of architecture.

This simple yet dignified brick house would fit admirably on a lot with a frontage of about sixty feet. The white Colonial doorway, the porch pillars, decorative railing on the roof, the window casings and shutters are the only wood trim used in the exterior construction.

The lower-floor plan of this house gives us a sizable living-room, dining-room, kitchen, square entrance-hall, breakfast-nook and down-stairs lavatory. The entire plan may be reduced and one of the fireplaces may be omitted to cut building costs or to make it adaptable to any size piece of land.

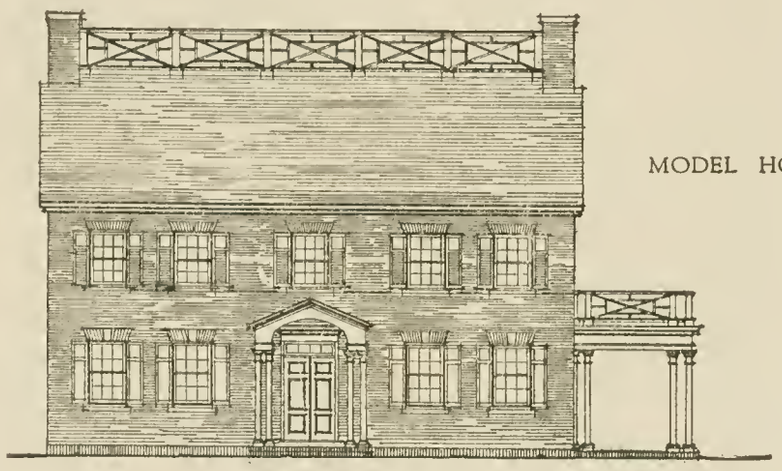
The many spacious closets are the most important feature in the upper-floor plan. Mr. Barber always spends much time in developing plenty of closet space for DELINEATOR home-builders. In the upper hall there is one closet for the up-stairs brushes and cleaning equipment, one for linens and two each in the bedrooms—not forgetting that one or two of these may be cedar-lined for the storage of Winter clothes. This is a small yet important feature too often overlooked in specifications.

Two sizable bathrooms are shown, but if only one is desired, the other may be made into a storage-room. If both bathrooms are necessary, the attic can be finished and reached by means of a drop or built-in stairway and either used for storage-room or play-room, or made into a finished extra room or two.

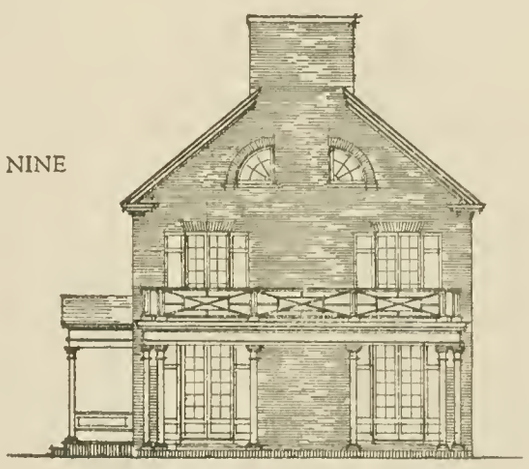
When one begins to consider style of decoration, the woodwork and walls should be the first consideration. Interior trim would be most suitable if finished in an egg-shell-ivory white paint. Then walls hung in reproductions of any of the Colonial wall-papers would help create an atmosphere of old New England. With waxed hardwood floors, a mahogany or walnut banister-rail and the upper rooms done in pale tints or paints, the house complete would indeed bear witness to its debt to the old houses from which came its inspiration.

This is the ninth of a series of model houses specially designed for THE DELINEATOR by Donn Barber, one of the most distinguished architects of this country. He has already done eight other ideal small houses for us—in wood, stucco and different materials. Sheets showing them all will gladly be sent you on request; and complete sets of floor-plans and elevations may be had for a dollar each. If you are thinking of building, this service will help you decide the kind of house you want. Address the Department of Home-Building, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City

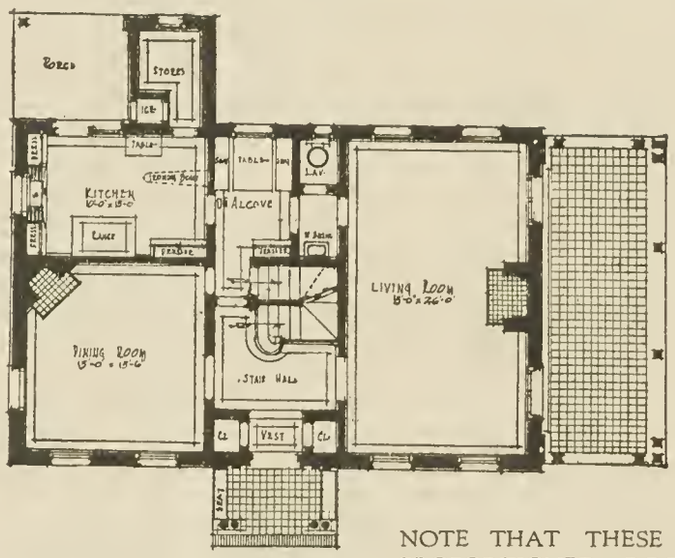
MODEL HOUSE NUMBER NINE



FRONT ELEVATION

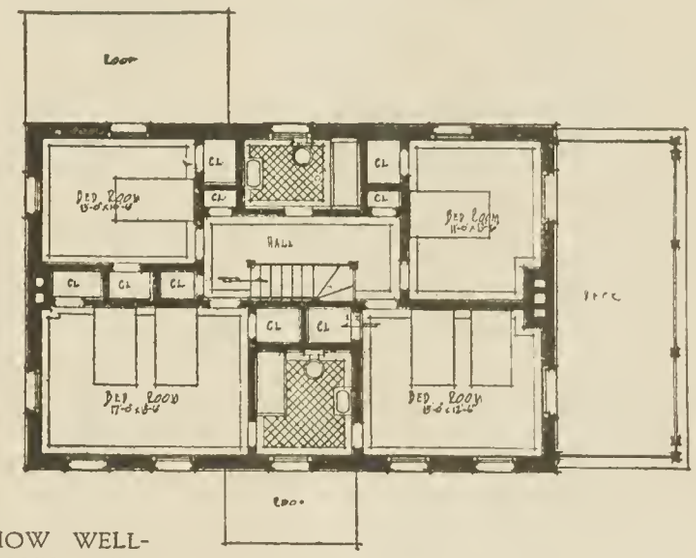


SIDE ELEVATION



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

NOTE THAT THESE PLANS SHOW WELL-PROPORTIONED ROOMS WITHOUT AWKWARD ANGLES OR PROJECTING CLOSETS



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



BILLIE BURKE REMEMBERS

An amazing story of an eventful stage career

By Herself, BILLIE BURKE, *Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld*

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

I SHALL never forget the curious contrast that I found between the American way of producing a play and the English manner. I had thought that Mr. Drew would take on the rehearsals as Mr. Hawtrey had done and would himself supervise the small details. I thought also that Mr. Frohman would attend the first rehearsals. But nothing like this happened. Mr. Drew merely read through his part; and when I asked him, for example, "When you go up the stairway, where do you want me to be?" he said, "*Be?* Why, be where you want to be!" Mr. Hawtrey always was very particular about these details. He would work out positions on the stage as one would work out a mathematical problem; but Mr. Drew never took a hand in any of the rehearsals. The responsibility for these details was left to Mr. William Seymour, Mr. Frohman's producing-manager. He sat in the middle of the auditorium and every now and then called out his instructions.



BILLIE BURKE PAYS AN AFTERNOON CALL ON YOUNG PATRICIA IN HER LITTLE PLAY-HOUSE

Mr. Drew was charming to play with. He was always considerate of me and my mother. We had a most delightful season in "My Wife," and then went on a tour, which took us to the Coast—a wonderful trip. We just sailed through the country, and it was like sailing on clouds. Mr. Drew was entertained everywhere. He had friends in every city we played in, and he used to take me along to many charming luncheons, teas, etc.

This engagement with Mr. Drew did not make me feel in any way that I was attached to the American theater. In fact, I thought that after "My Wife" was over I should return to England. I said to Mr. Frohman, "You won't want me now, will you?" He just laughed, and I knew by this that he was not yet through with me.

Again Mr. Frohman made one of his startling announcements. In fact, looking back on it, I can see why it is that people often refer to the "rapid rise" of Billie Burke. I thought it rapid myself when Mr. Frohman announced that the next season I would not play with Mr. Drew, but would become a star! The lovely thing about all this is that during one's youth everything is so impersonal; whatever happens comes as a matter of course, is all part of a big scheme which is not you, but with which you and every one seem to be connected. When I found myself starred, I was terribly frightened, terribly nervous, but never once did I fear that things would not go over all right. That is another delightful part of youth, its bravery and its confidence.

It was during the run of "Love Watches" that I came pretty near to letting my professional career slip through my fingers by getting married. I was engaged to an Englishman who had waited four or five years, thinking that sooner or later I would get through with this thing I called my career. Beautiful patience! One can not help but admire it! Ease and comfort were to be mine for the mere asking—even a title set invitingly before me.

Mr. Frohman got wind of it and called me to his office. He had another contract for me to sign, an agreement that for five years after becoming a star I would not think of marriage. So that gay bubble was exploded. I sat there with the Frohman agreement in one hand, with the offer of marriage in the other. The latter meant quite a lot to me, for I was much attached to the Englishman and somehow had always intended to marry him and settle down on his estate in Devonshire. Our association had been a very lovely thing, something that had kept me stable. But as I have said, when Mr. Frohman once wanted a thing he usually got it, and I found myself agreeing to this new contract. Of course it made a lot of difference in my life. I believe the young man married his cousin afterward and is now settled somewhere with a large family. How the good Lord must laugh at our little plans and the way they go to pieces and the unlooked-for channels in which we afterward find ourselves.

It was about this time that I adopted a child of twelve, or rather had it quickly and surprisingly thrust upon me by one of those strange turns of fortune that leaves one with no recourse. We were touring in the South, and by chance my mother ran across a family friend whose husband had died, leaving her with a child. They were in terrible circumstances, and we asked them to visit us when we returned North. I had a little place in Yonkers, having never overcome the habit of out-of-town living which I had acquired in England.



BILLIE BURKE, BABY PATRICIA AND THE GREAT BIG BEAR ALL WATCH THE CAMERA "BIRDIE"



A CLOSER VIEW OF BILLIE BURKE, PATRICIA AND THE DOLL—"TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DOG"

I still had my home in London, in St. John's Wood, for I went abroad every Summer and wanted a place to go to. So it was very natural that the following Summer when we went to England we asked our friend to keep the Yonkers house open for us and serve as a sort of secretarial representative for me. Some time later, just as we were about to leave England and go to Aix-les-Bains, I received a startling cable from my Yonkers doctor, stating that the mother had died and asking, very naturally, "What shall I do with the child?" There I was with the little girl on my hands, not knowing where her relatives were nor whether they cared about her or not. So I had the poor child sent to me, and she became a part of the family. On our return to America she went to school in Tarrytown, and when she became old enough she expressed a desire to go on the stage. This she did, appearing a season with Miss Rose Stahl. And, strange to say, she was married about the same time I was married. I suppose that is what the fictionists would call a happy ending.

AFTER "Love Watches," I appeared in "Mrs. Dot." I didn't like it very much, but, like many things about which we are indifferent, it made a lot of money for us; and I must have thrived, for I began to grow very fat. My next Summer in England was all cut out for me: I had to set to the business of growing thin again. A lot of exercise, a lot of horseback-riding and the expenditure of twenty-five guineas, and I lost twenty-five pounds!

I later appeared in a number of fluffy pieces, and then came my great chance in Pinero's "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," written during a time in London when there was a perfect epidemic of marriage between the younger members of the House of Lords and the bright



THE FAMILY GROUP COMPLETE: BILLIE BURKE, HER HUSBAND, MR. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, PATRICIA

flowers of musical comedy. It was such a play that Mr. Frohman wisely sent abroad for Dion Boucicault to come to New York to rehearse it. He worked very hard with me, and by the time I was ready I think I knew the value of every inflection in the piece. It has always been very difficult for me to learn a rôle; I am not like Ethel Barrymore, who has to do no more than read through a part and it is largely memorized. It is a painful process for me, through which I used to be helped patiently by my mother. She would shake every line into me in such a manner that I could almost say it backward. I can see us now—how vivid the memories when the realities are no more! She with the script, I stumbling through line after line until in hopeless despair my mother would send me up-stairs like a spoiled child, not to come down until I knew my piece. But such discipline did me a world of good.

And it was just such discipline in another direction that Dion Boucicault gave me, much to the annoyance of Mr. Frohman. Boucicault would say, "Now, when you come in through that door, you must bring in with you some atmosphere of where you have been, what you have been doing. The feeling must be in you, so that it may also be in your audience. As you meet the people in the play, your attitude must give some idea of whether you have seen them recently or a long while ago, whether they are intimate friends or merely casual acquaintances." We used to walk up and down apart from the company and hold these long conversations, and Mr. Frohman, tapping his little stick on the floor, would send for me and declare: "If you two walk back and forth like that, talking so eternally about this play, we'll never have it ready to act." And he would frown at Mr. Boucicault as a father would upon his bad boy and threaten him with: "I'll send you home by the very next boat!" And as it happened, Mr. Boucicault had to return to London before our first night, which amused us, considering "C. F.'s" threat.

But while "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" was a great success, it was too expensive to take on a long tour, so after a most successful run in New York and some of the larger towns, I returned to New York in the Spring with another Pinero offering, "The Amazons," a most delightful, rollicking farce in which we broke even Maude Adams's record at the Empire.

LOOKING back on the various plays I have appeared in, I find that, very much like the child at school in retrospect, there are various stages one would like to live over again; there are various contacts with persons that one takes as a matter of course while they are occurring, but that loom up richer and more fragrant in retrospect. For instance, I would like to be able to do over again W. Somerset Maugham's "The Land of Promise," which is one of the loveliest plays imaginable, but which I did not realize to the full at the time, because one has to go through a certain phase of life before one is able to grasp the richness of experience.

I suppose also that I specially recall "The Land of Promise" because it was while I was in it that I met my fate. Little did I think on that New Year's eve when I gave a dinner to Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott that things would happen at the end of the evening to change my entire course of life. Mr. Maugham was one of my guests, and he adored dancing. So he suggested that we go to the Sixty Club. It was getting very late, and I had a matinée the very next day. I remember my little manager, Victor Kinaly, following me around with a watch in his hand, saying over and over again, "Matinée to-morrow, matinée to-morrow!" As we entered the place I caught a glimpse of Ethel Barrymore, dressed as *Lady Teazle* and looking radiant. Mr. Ziegfeld was there, having come in as a tramp, with a beard and clothes out at heel and elbow. But he had just gone and changed into the most immaculate evening clothes. As we entered he was dancing most charmingly; he was noted for his dancing. They were doing the Paul Jones dances, and Mr. Fred Zimmerman, the man with the whistle, whether by accident or whether by bribery, blew it just so that I landed opposite Mr. Ziegfeld. The latter was very slim in those days, with beautiful hands which attracted me. He didn't speak much, and I took him for an Englishman. I did not know who it was I was dancing with, and had any one asked me anything about Flo Ziegfeld I would have said that he must be a man very much like the late Oscar Hammerstein.

So the romance began; but I didn't know it was a romance until the morning I was called to Mr. Frohman's office. "Look here," he said. "I'm told this man Ziegfeld has gone down to Sarony's and bought up every photograph there is of you. That must stop!" But Mr. Frohman took a wrong way to stop it; and besides, my five-year contract was ended, and I had notions that, having reached the sedate age of twenty-five, it was about time for me to settle down. Furthermore, I found Mr. Ziegfeld just as determined to marry me as Mr. Frohman was determined not to let him. So it was "Pull Dick, pull the other fellow!"

At that time I was living at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, my present home, and I did a lot of thinking as I rode back and forth during those days. After all, I owed much to Mr. Frohman, and even though our "no-marriage" contract had expired, I had a feeling of sympathy for him. Then, out would come beautiful flowers and hot-house fruit. Strange to say, Mr. Ziegfeld was the first man my mother actually wanted me to marry. And Mr. Ziegfeld sensed this feeling, for he laid siege to my mother quite as much as he did to me.

It was during the run of a little play called "Jerry" that the campaign reached its critical state. I had met Mr. Ziegfeld on New Year's eve, and just three months afterward, in April, we were married.

MY PROGRESS in the theater seemed to come to a halt shortly after my marriage. I finished my tour in "Jerry" and in the late Summer went to California for my first picture, "Peggy." I would have stayed there and continued my work, only it was too far from the gentleman whose name I now bore. It was the beginning of trying to compromise between home ties and one's work. Success is difficult to accomplish at all times; rarely does it come without giving up something for it. And, though I continued in pictures for quite a while, I did not do the work I should have done had my whole heart and soul been in them.

But something so exquisite came into my life in 1916 that I have not the power to describe it. I found in my arms one sunny October morning a soft-skinned, breathing, lovely little thing, with deep-blue eyes and a funny little bunch of red hair like a topknot. Then began a life worth all the plaudits and triumphs one could wish for—just the ordinary, simple desire that beats in the hearts of millions of women who have known the blessing: the desire to be a mother capable of bringing up the precious little thing that is entrusted to one's keeping.

Mr. Ziegfeld and I did one play during my picture period, for the stories I was getting from the Famous Players were becoming duller and duller, owing to the necessity of turning out a certain number of pictures per year, good, bad and indifferent. Our play was Somerset Maugham's "Cæsar's Wife," put on so beautifully by Mr. Ziegfeld. The last scene in Cairo was painted by that greatest of artists, Joseph Urban. It gave me a strange thrill every night I saw it; the wonderful blue moonlight on the Nile was heavy with atmosphere. But Mr. Maugham was rather uncertain about what he wanted his character to do, leaving the audience in an equally unsettled state of mind as to whether or not they liked the play.

Spring came, and I nearly accomplished my long-cherished desire to do "The School for Scandal." Practically all the arrangements had been completed with

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ROSE OF THE WORLD

In which the hour of love and retribution comes

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," etc., etc.

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

THE morning brought a troubled and fitful sunlight that was yet as sweet as June to Rose's waking eyes. Mary awakened her mother early; Rose groaned, laughed, kissed such portions of the sturdy little form as came her way, and finally dragged herself up, aching all over and feeling jaded and weary. Clyde was brisk and well groomed at the breakfast table, but Rose, who sat back wearily sipping her hot coffee, thought that he looked tired, too.

The wind was still blowing hard and strong, and the morning paper announced a heavy storm coming. Dark clouds scudded over the pale sky; the garden was battered and torn cruelly; the air was heavy with the coming rain.

Clyde warned her to secrecy at breakfast.

"I'm going to take the contract down to Hawkes, in San Francisco, to-morrow," he said. "Meanwhile, the less talk there is about it the better. But mind one thing, Rose: we're going to push this thing through to the finish! It's going to cost them every penny they have, before I'm through!"

"Don't say that, Clyde," Rose answered, with what spirit she could muster. "I'm in this, too, you know. There's no need to be cruel, or to hurt people——"

"Leave it to me!" he interrupted her briefly, in displeasure.

"Why not leave it to me?" she answered boldly, her heart pounding.

He gave her one look.

"If you propose to protect Jack Talbot in this matter, Rose," he said warningly, "you do it at your own risk. Cross me in this thing, and I'll prove that he knew of it—that his father told me so on his death-bed. I'll send him to jail."

"You can't," she breathed, outraged.

"You'll see if I can or can't! I'll tear this whole town wide open. I'll prove that you and Jack Talbot have been seen alone together, driving up at the dam—other places—and that to protect him you would rob your own child and your own family——"

"Why—how dare you!" she whispered, turning white.

"You'll see what I dare. Do you suppose I'm not ready for this? Play my game, Rose, and you and your family will be the big people of the town. But if you double-cross me——"

His eyes glinted; he was smiling. Rose felt sick with fear and shame and contempt.

"You could never prove that he knew any such thing," she began, "because when you told me of it you distinctly said that his father *hadn't* told him—and I'll say so!"

"And suppose I could produce a paper written by me a few days after the old man's death, repeating all that he had said, and that he had told his son this years before?"

"They would know you had written it five minutes before you produced it," she said hotly and scornfully.

"What?" he asked, with a simulation of smiling surprise. "How could they think that if it had been locked in old man Rogers's safety-deposit box for five years?"

She looked at him, feeling almost faint with repugnance and apprehension.

"You didn't—" she breathed, barely audible.

"Yes, but I did! I wrote the whole thing out while it was fresh in my mind, and handed that paper to Rogers, in the bank, five years ago. I told him to put it away with his own papers until I asked him for it." Clyde's triumphant tone dropped to one of persuasive yet confident advice. "Better let me handle this my own way, Rose," he said. "Whatever you do you can't save this man, who didn't think you were good enough to marry him, and you will only make an infinite amount of misery for yourself and your family."

He slammed the door behind him as he departed, and Rose stood still, staring dully at the floor. A second later a shout of almost animal anger from the garden frightened her, and she opened the front door again.

Clyde was running toward his car, and rising from the earth where he had stumbled or been pushed was Rose's patriarchal old grandfather, with his face livid with anger and one fist shaken at Clyde.

"You get out of here!" Clyde shouted, jumping into his car. "You hang around here too much! Get *out*——"

Rose, shouting herself, knew that her own voice and that of the old man were drowned in the roaring of the engine.

"Grandpa! Come back! Come in and see us!" she called as loudly as she could as the car swept away. But the old man did not seem to hear her. He brushed himself off, walking toward the gate meanwhile, and just as Rose expected that he would turn and come back to her he vanished at the top of the steep flight of steps that led down into State Street.

Disappointed, angry, agitated, she turned back. Suddenly she wondered if Clyde had left the contract upstairs. If he were really going to San Francisco tomorrow, he would not take it to-day to the office safe, where he kept all of his papers. In any case, Jack had access to that safe, and Clyde would never risk his finding it.

No, he had probably left it here. She had a sudden impulse to see it again, and while she put his room in order looked for it half-indifferently. But she did not find it.

The day dragged on, threatening, noisy, cold. There was unearthly color about the occasional rifts of pale sunlight that was somehow worse than the clouds.

LATE in the afternoon she stood at the side window, looking down over the steep side of the quarry, and as she looked her heart sank; the storm was coming now in good earnest. With a wild rush of gray rain it broke over the world, and in five minutes the downpour and the gathering Winter dark combined together to shut her into solitude.

Just before the worst of it Clyde came in, blown, pale and evidently tired; his white night had not agreed with him. He had a headache and seemed as nervous and uneasy as Rose was. He planned to get some sleep, he said, and catch the six-o'clock train in the morning for San Francisco. His head was very bad; he had almost had a fall in the office to-day from sheer vertigo and heaviness.

"You've been taking those horrible pills," Rose reproached him, automatically sympathetic, as she turned down his big, flat, lifeless bed and helped him into it. He seemed dazed with pain. "There's something I want to say to you, Clyde," she said gently when he had plunged wretchedly in. "I'm sorry to say it when you feel so badly, but I've made up my mind. I can't let you use this information about the Talbots in the way you propose. It's my affair, after all. I won't agree to publicity and revenge and all the rest of it—I can't!"

"You'll have to make the paper public, out of justice to your own people," Clyde said, his voice rising hollowly in the damp shadiness of the room. "The rest will take care of itself. I saw Judge Raymond to-day, and he says the paper is unquestionably valid."

"I don't have to make the paper public. It can all be arranged privately," Rose protested. But she was afraid of him again, despite her desperate effort not to be, and she knew that he knew it.



Drawing by George Wright

"I MUST GET DOWN TO RIVER STREET AND THE TROLLEY," ROSE THOUGHT. "BEFORE THERE IS A GENERAL ALARM, I MUST SEE MOM!"

"I won't discuss it. When you're needed in the affair, I'll consult you," he said into his pillow. "But that will be some time from now!"

She stood watching, bitterness choking in her throat.

"Clyde—" she began. There was no answer, and from the bed came the faint audible breathing of heavy sleep.

Rose watched him a minute, then went quietly in to get Mary and carried her down-stairs.

Drip, drip, drip. Outside there was nothing but splashing and trickly and sluicing darkness, the steady downward hammering of the rain. Rose, looking out, saw only the mirrored ugliness of the gas-lighted room and a battered branch of lilac bowed under the storm.

Lilac! Had there ever been balmy, perfumy days when the lilacs bloomed in the shade and the roses scented the whole town with their delicious sweetness? Had there ever been a gay, confident, happy Rose Kirby, dancing through life without a penny in her pocket or a care upon her soul?

She heard Clyde shouting and went up-stairs. There was too much noise in his own room, it appeared; he was moving to the spare room, to which Rose followed him with his hot-water bag and extra comforter. She left him chattering in the clean cold sheets and went into his own room to straighten it and remake the bed.

His clothes were flung upon a chair; it was not until she had his coat in her hands and was approaching the closet with it that Rose realized that the contract must be there.

CLYDE came down-stairs in his wrapper just at dinner-time, his face blotched from the effect of too-heavy sleep. He was too physically wretched to talk much; he ate his soup in silence, seeming to brood darkly as he ate.

"I've been upset to-day," he said, closing his eyes and breathing like a man who is ill.

"You had a bad night," Rose offered, almost suffocated by the rapid beating of her heart, against which the paper of the old contract rested. Her thoughts moved busily. If she could only get out to mom's to-night, if only Ned were home! She must talk this over with somebody before Clyde secured possession of this paper again, and he would surely discover its loss before he left on the six-o'clock train to-morrow! Ah, if only it were morning—just daylight! Things might be hard in daylight, but in the dark and storm of the evening they seemed frightening, insurmountably difficult, menacing.

At half-past seven the door-bell rang sharply, making them both start nervously in their chairs. Clyde, who had been drowsing heavily, was instantly alert.

"That's young Paul and Joe Bundy, from the office," he said. "There were some things I wanted to go over with them before I went to the city."

The two men, blown, breathless, shaking wet umbrellas, spreading wet overcoats, came in, and Rose welcomed them. But immediately, to her intense uneasiness, Clyde went up-stairs; and she knew when he came down and called her name from the hall a few seconds later that he had discovered the loss of the paper.

She went out into the hall, closing the sitting-room door behind her and so frightened that she was conscious of an instinctive sense of comfort that there were two men in the house and that Clyde dared not touch her.

"Rose," Clyde said measuredly, "give me that contract."

"Clyde," she answered, fright lending her a self-protective air of calm, "you took a dreadful chance with that paper—leaving it in your vest that way."

He was instantly quieted.

"My head was splitting!" he pleaded in a tone of apology colored by a deep relief. "Where did you put it?"

"Go in to those men," Rose temporized, her heart almost suffocating her, "and I'll bring it to you."

He obeyed her readily enough, and for one minute she stood in the hall with her hands pressed tight over her heart and her breath coming quick and light. She glanced up-stairs; all was quiet there. Rose dropped on her knees on the lower step of the stairs, her hands pressing her eyelids, her whole spirit and mind one wild prayer. If she put that paper into Clyde's hands, in a minute more it would be too late.

Then quietly, and feeling as if she had done all this before, she took her heavy coat from the rack and slipped out into the blackness and the storm.

The wind caught at her like a sentient thing, and for a minute the roar and riot about her frightened her and she blindly turned back to the gas-lighted bareness and quiet of the hall.

But the latch, she knew, was closed, and to rattle her house-key in it meant that Clyde might hear her and open the door. Rose hesitated no longer, but, catching her coat about her, ran down the drenching garden path, bending her head to face the howling gale and the beating deluge.

She gained the gate and struggled along the lane. Where she was going, or why she was out in this downpour, she did not know, but at the corner of the lane she steadied herself by a fence-picket, put the streaming tendrils of her blown hair into some sort of order and attempted also to order the wild confusion of her thoughts.

"I must get down to River Street and the trolley," she thought. "Before there is a general alarm, I must see mom!"

And immediately an investigation of her pockets told her that she had come off without a cent of money. Well, then, she must walk. And she set off almost at a run. The vicious wind tore at her and every few hundred feet found her resting, spent and dripping, against some unfamiliar bit of fence or clinging to some rough, kindly tree.

"I suppose we will get over this," Rose said aloud as she ran. "I suppose Clyde will not kill me, and things will get back into a normal groove, and Cecy will marry—and Summer will come! Oh, Summer!" she thought wistfully. "How I would love it to be Summer again, with the fields all yellow and the shadows of the oaks around the dam!"

And with the thought came that of Jack, and she found that somehow she had blundered into the Talbots' side garden and was in sight of the storm-dimmed lights that were their windows. Out under the swaying and creaking great trees came the heartening beams, speaking of shelter, peace, comfort; and no lost traveler in a strange forest ever staggered toward them more desperately, more gratefully than did Rose. She was crying as she mounted the porch steps and rang the bell, following the ring with eager knocking of her streaming hands against the door.

Instantly there was a stir within and Jack Talbot opened the door and stood in the pleasant ruddy warmth of the hall inside, staring at her, too much amazed to speak.

And when she saw him, Rose knew that she had always loved him and always would; fright, fatigue, anxiety seemed to drop from her like the wet cloak that slipped to the floor, and with a great sob of joy and relief she went into his arms.

They closed about her and she felt their delicious strength and gentleness and caught the old faint flavor of homespun and tobacco and clean, sunburned skin that she remembered from the happy long ago; and Rose rested her face against his shoulder and her hard-beating heart grew quieter against his own heart.

HE LOOKED down at her from his height; her glorious hair was blown loose into a sopping tangle of curls and waving tendrils, her eyes were shut and the dark lashes were sopping, too. But he saw the color come back into her white face as she clung there quietly like a spent bird, and for a long minute he held her so, asking no questions and voicing none of the concern he felt.

So big, so strong, so kind—Rose wondered why she had ever been nervous and worried and agitated about anything while Jack was in the world!

"Jack," she whispered, raising her head and opening her blue eyes, "I'm so glad to get here!"

Half-supporting her still, he only looked at her steadily.

"I'm—I'm in trouble! And I had to come to you!"

"Jackie!" his mother called very softly from the drawing-room. "Who is it, ducky?"

He glanced in her direction, nodded to Rose, and led her across the hall into the little study opposite the drawing-room, where he closed the door. There was a furnace down-stairs and the house was not cold, but Jack's first act was to light the wood fire that was laid in the fireplace. And as Rose knelt shuddering beside it, it seemed to her that the returning warmth and the quiet about her would stop her heart with the very shock of contrast.

The flames mounted crackling about dry logs and Jack lighted a shaded lamp behind him and went from the room without a word. When he came back, he was carrying something that Rose drank in two grateful swallows from a glass and over his arm was a great woolly bathrobe.

"Take off that sopping skirt," he directed her anxiously, "and those shoes and stockings. Here, I'll turn my back.

Continued on page 81.



Drawing by George Wright

EDITH, SNATCHING THE CONTRACT FROM ROSE'S HAND, THREW IT INTO THE FLAMES. "THERE, THAT'S WHAT I THINK OF *THAT!*" SHE EXCLAIMED IN A VOICE OF BITTER TRIUMPH.

RICKETS—THE DISEASE THAT DEFORMS CHILDREN

How simple home treatment will prevent or relieve it

By DR. HENRY RAWLE GEYELIN

Assistant Professor of Clinical Medicine at Columbia University

BEFORE beginning to write this article the thought occurred to me, "What does rickets connote to most non-medical people? What picture of this disease do most persons have in mind?" Upon questioning several laymen, I received the following variety of answers: "Rickets is a disease in which all the bones become soft and cause death." "Rickets causes all sorts of cripples." "It makes people bow-legged." "Oh, that is a sickness which poor children contract because of poor food."

To sum up, I got the impression that the prevailing belief among laymen is that rickets is a disease characterized by softening of the bones, followed by permanent deformities, mostly bow-legs—a disease caused by poor food plus unhealthy parentage, which, in many instances, leads to death. There also seems to be a universal belief that in the case of patients who manage to live the doctor contributes very little to this more fortunate outcome.

While much of the layman's point of view is true, there is much about it that is false; and I hope, in the course of what follows, to be able to give a clear idea of what medical men know about rickets and also how much the knowledge concerning this disease has advanced in the last decade. First of all, let us see what rickets is.

MOST writers agree that rickets is a nutritional disease, or, in more technical language, a metabolic disease. The specific failure of nutrition has to do with a deficiency of calcium or lime salts and phosphorus. It can not always be said, however, that children who suffer from rickets do not receive a proper amount of these substances in their food, for in some cases it is known that the food of children suffering from rickets contains entirely adequate amounts of these substances; and in other cases it is found that in diets where calcium and phosphorus were not originally present in sufficient quantities the addition of sufficient amounts of these salts to the food does not result in the alleviation of the disease. There must, therefore, be some other factor or factors of diet and hygiene involved; and the evidence on hand to-day points to a certain group of nutritional substances, the vitamins, as being the ones involved. We will have more to say about these substances later on.

As the result of an inability to properly use calcium and phosphorus, the bones of the growing child become soft, and when this happens they bend easily and are readily deformed, especially when the bones have to support weight. It is, of course, the deposition of calcium salts that makes bones rigid and hard.

Rickets may affect all the bones of the skeleton, but usually the ones involved are the long bones, such as those in the arms and legs. The ribs and skull are also very commonly affected, and the teeth. When calcium salts fail to be deposited and the bones become softer and more pliable, any influence which exerts pressure, such as the force of body weight or muscular activity, will gradually bring about bending and deformity. This is seen in bow-legs sometimes of extreme degree, or in deformity of the chest where the ribs join the breast-bone. Sometimes the bones become so soft that they break; and in certain types of advanced and severe rickets it becomes necessary to put children to bed in plaster casts in order to prevent broken bones or serious deformities due to unusual degrees of bending. Very often rickets causes softening of the teeth, leading to decay of existing teeth and tending to make the teeth of the second dentition faulty in structure.

Children suffering from rickets also become somewhat pale. That this pallor is often a sign of anemia is shown by the fact that the number of red blood cells and their coloring matter, hemoglobin, is also diminished. Rickets is not usually accompanied by a loss of weight. The children suffering from this disease are often found to be well nourished in appearance, although their muscles and skin may feel flabby and their general appearance be one of pastiness.

Children suffering from rickets rarely acquire it before the second month or after the fourth year. This is the period of high susceptibility to rickets. As has been hinted above, it may occur in a severe form involving many bones and causing great softening of all of them; or it may be a very mild disease with only a few bones involved and these only to a slight degree. If the latter is the case, this malady often goes on to spontaneous cure unrecognized by the child, the parents or the physician, and the only trace that it leaves is perhaps the remains of what is known as the "rachitic rosary." This consists of a row of beadlike knobs along the front of the chest where the ribs join the breast-bone, and sometimes persists for many years after all other evidence of the disease has disappeared.

Of course children who suffer from rickets are more apt to be "delicate children." They are more prone to develop certain forms of respiratory diseases, such as colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and also tuberculosis. In fact, such diseases, when they complicate the underlying condition of rickets, probably produce more fatal outcomes than does the actual rickets itself.

TO SAY that a child was a "rickety" child used to convey to the average layman some hint of unhealthy parentage or, in other instances, of parental neglect. It was supposed by many people that only the children of the least well-to-do suffered from this mysterious ailment; and this in turn was attributed either to poor inherited physical qualities plus poor food or to bad home surroundings, poor air and light and lack of cleanliness. It was also thought that rickets was a relatively rare disease, and that the children of prosperous, healthy people did not acquire it.

As far as this latter statement is concerned, we now know that such is not the case. In large and more or less congested communities the rich as well as the poor suffer from this affliction. In fact, it has been estimated by many competent observers that over ninety per cent. of all children in large cities suffer from rickets.

It is true that there are relatively fewer cases to be found in the rural communities than in the cities. The probable explanation of this fact leads us directly to the consideration of one of the important factors concerned in the treatment of rickets. This factor is sunlight, or even certain ultra-light rays artificially produced. If the anti-rickets dietary requirements are met and there is ample exposure of the uncovered skin to the rays of the sun, a great improvement is usually obtainable in the condition of the child suffering from rickets; many times a cure is effected. It certainly would seem that ample exposure to the sun's rays does much to prevent the development of rickets, because this disease is practically unknown in the tropical countries where the sun's rays are more intense.

The well-known fact that negroes living in the temperate zones are very prone to develop rickets is interesting, particularly in view of the fact that when treatment by sunlight is applied to large numbers of children of any community the members of the negro race, in contrast to those of the white race, show a lesser degree of improvement and require correspondingly larger doses of light to bring about beneficial results. This fact suggests that the pigment of their skin is more resistant to the effect of rays of light than the less pigmented skin of the white races. The stronger rays of the sun in tropical climates will, however, protect even the possessor of black skin.

The other curative factor that has been used for many years in the treatment of rickety children is cod-liver oil. By many doctors this remedy is considered a specific for rickets. In recent years the strikingly beneficial results of this oil have been attributed to the fact that it contains a certain substance known as a "fat-soluble" vitamin. There are several vitamins known to medical science, and all of them have been shown to be necessary to growth and to a normal state of health; but this particular substance, which is present in animal fat in a greater or lesser degree, is apparently specifically needed to protect against rickets. Vitamins are curious substances in that their presence in foods can be demonstrated by the fact that animals cease to grow or even develop certain diseases when a diet deficient in these vitamins is fed to them; but the chemical nature of vitamins is as yet unknown. As a group they are very necessary to growth, life and the prevention of certain diseases, such as rickets, scurvy and beriberi.

That the fat-soluble vitamin contained in cod-liver oil

Concluded on page 80



"The world is mine"

EDITOR'S NOTE

Nine out of ten children suffer from rickets. Yet often their parents know nothing about it, for the symptoms are not always evident. In this helpful article, Doctor Geyelin tells mothers how simple home care will do much to prevent their children from contracting this harmful disease.

Every month THE DELINEATOR devotes this page to an authoritative article on child health. Eminent doctors prepare these articles, giving to our readers the benefit of their years of learning and experience in different branches of child hygiene. This entire series was planned under the direction of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the world-famous baby specialist, whom every mother knows as the author of the book, "The Care and Feeding of Children."

These DELINEATOR articles constitute the most up-to-date scientific advice that it is possible to obtain—in any lay publication—on baby care and child welfare. The following, which have previously appeared, have now been reprinted in handy booklet form and may be had at the small cost of ten cents each. (This amount is fixed to cover cost of printing and postage.)

"The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City.

"The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt.

"Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President American Child Hygiene Association.

"The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas, Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California.

"The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, former Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

"The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director, Rochester Dental Dispensary, Rochester, N. Y.

"Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)."



A BIG FRAMED COVER LIKE THIS IS SECOND PRIZE IN THE "TOMMY TIPTOE" CONTEST. LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JUNE 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF

OUR "LITTLE DELINEATOR" MAIL-BOX

Toronto, Ontario.

DEAR EDITOR: I like THE LITTLE DELINEATOR so much that daddy drives five miles into the city to get it! Daddy said whoever is the best child gets it first. My brother got the last one first. I hope you get a thousand letters so THE LITTLE DELINEATOR will never stop. Your loving friend,

MOLLY BRAMFITT.

Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR MISS EAGER: We had a little dog named Zip. He was black and white. I got him when he was little and he played and played with me. When we would lie down on the davenport, he would get up on it too and go to sleep with us. When I would take him out to play, the children all around would come and try to catch him, but he would run and dodge around till we would get all tired out and we would have to stop. He also pulled us on our skates. One night we were having more fun than words can express when Zip saw another dog on the other side of the street and when he ran across to see the dog, a machine struck and killed him. The children in the neighborhood felt about as bad as I did and we often wish he was back. Yours truly,

OLIVE GOODING.



San José, California.

DEAR MISS EAGER: I liked Tommy Tiptoe best because it is a long story and is funny too. If I saw a grasshopper as big as a horse, I would take a ride too. When I get your letter, I will hug it. I have a fish named Spark Plug. We feed him bread and cake. I live in San José. It is never very hot or cold here. Yours lovingly,

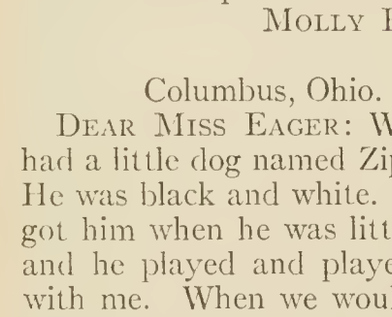
BEN SWEENY (Age 6).

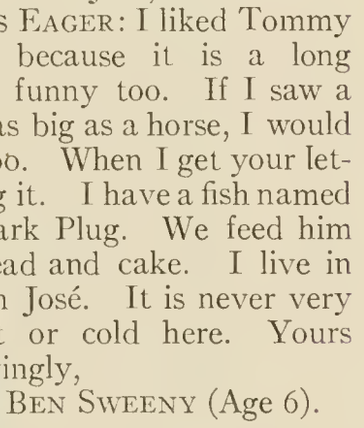
Keene, New Hampshire.

DEAR AUNT HARRIET: In THE LITTLE DELINEATOR I think that Deli-bear is the best, because it is funny, entertains the children and gives them something to do.

If I were Deli-bear, I think I would set up a manual-training school. Then I would grow rich and buy a silk cushion to sit on. That would be too hard, and I would buy a satin one. That would be too hard, and I would buy a velvet one, and that would be too hard, so I would sit on the floor. Your friend,

DOROTHY FARR.







MY LITTLE PAGE

WIN A TOMMY TIPTOE BOOK!

DEAR JUNE-BUGS:

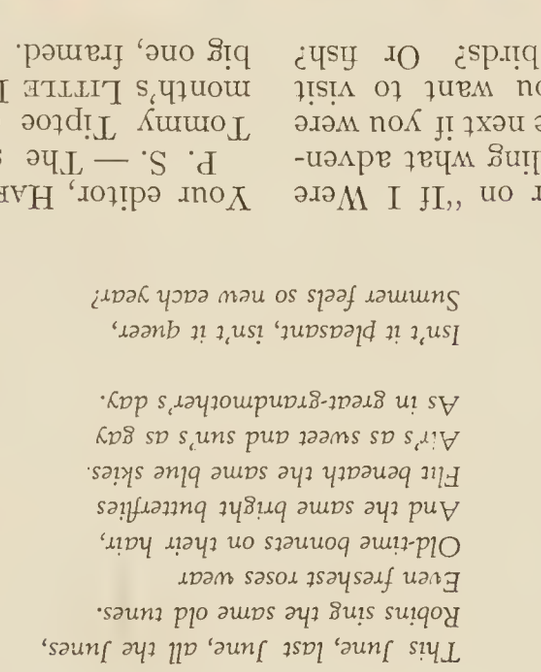
The Tommy Tiptoe stories are printed all together now in a book, called "The Adventures of Tommy Tiptoe." (Published by Alfred Knopf, New York City.) The chapters are the same as you have read in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, and I hope you will be glad to hear:

Now, here's something else you'll be glad to hear: Your editor will give a Tommy Tiptoe book as a prize for the most helpful, interesting letter on "If I Were Tommy Tiptoe," telling what adventures you would have next if you were Tommy. Would you want to visit more insects? Or birds? Or fish? Or what? Tell what you would do and why.

Please, everybody, write a Tommy Tiptoe letter, because even if you don't win the prize you will be helping me to decide what kind of a Tommy Tiptoe book to write next. So please write as a special favor to your editor and I'll answer every letter and tell you a secret about the big one, framed.

P. S.—The second prize in the Tommy Tiptoe contest will be this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR cover, a big one, framed.

Your editor, HARRIET IDE EAGER.



Isn't it pleasant, isn't it queer,
Summer feels so new each year?

This June, last June, all the Junes,
Robins sing the same old tunes.
Even freshest roses wear
Old-time bonnets on their hair,
And the same bright butterflies
Flit beneath the same blue skies.
Air's as sweet and sun's as gay
As in great-grandmother's day.

Isn't it pleasant, isn't it queer,
Summer feels so new each year?

Good-by, June-bugs! Happy Summer holidays!

Portland, Oregon.

MY DEAR EDITOR: I am very interested in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, and I would be very unhappy if it were to stop. I like to fill in the lines of Tom and Tillie on rainy days. And I like to read Deli-bear. And I hope that we can keep on having our LITTLE DELINEATOR. My mother said: "We will have to stop one of the magazines." I told her not to give up THE DELINEATOR because I was crazy over THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. We agreed on one condition, that was, that I come straight home from school and help her for three weeks, and I agreed. Sincerely yours,

DONALD HARKLEROAD.





EVERY up-to-date house has a sun-parlor, so of course every doll lady should have one.

Get a good-sized cigar-box, the ordinary flat kind. Stand it up so that the lid sticks out to make a roof. For the two columns to hold up the roof get the long, round boxes that wafers come in and paste one end to each corner of the lid.

Look through mother's old magazines till you find some outdoor picture to paste at the back of the sun-parlor. Paste narrow strips of dark paper across to make it look like a big window. Hunt through mother's scrap-bag and find some bright-colored goods you can use for curtains. Paste a narrow strip across the top of the window for a valance and have some other narrow pieces hanging down for the curtains. It looks prettier to fringe the edges.

If you want to have extra windows at the side hanging from the roof, cut these of light-weight cardboard, leaving a flap at the top to paste to the roof. For the glass, get some old photograph-films and wash them in very hot water to take off the gelatin.

To make your floor look tiled, use a scrap of oilcloth.

Now you are ready to begin furnishing. The first thing you need is a stylish chaise longue or chair-couch. Get three small safety-match boxes. Take the inside part of one and cut off the sides, leaving only a little at each corner to form the legs. Paste this to the outside piece. To make the movable back, cut up two long sides of the inside part of another match-box, or bend across the bottom. Slip the smaller end inside and paste it. Do the same for the foot-rest, only make it shorter and bend down instead of up. You can cover it by pasting cloth like the curtains on it, or coloring it with crayons or paints.


Madame Dolly at breakfast

Ask big sister for the little round flat cardboard centers to bolts of baby-ribbon, to use for making the round table. Get some short straight twigs from a pine or fir tree for the legs and fasten to the top and shelf with straight pins. Use fresh twigs so the pins will go through easily.

The chair is made the same way, but use a square box and have two of the twigs longer to make the back.

Paste little short pieces on to make the rungs of the chair. Every sun-parlor has hanging-baskets. Make them out of acorn cups, fastened with heavy thread which you run through the sides with a needle.

Take a trip to the woods for moss to put in them or make hanging vines by cutting streamers of green crape paper.

A small white cold-cream jar or tin box, or the top of a salad-dressing jar, makes a big flower-pot, and the plant can be some tiny artificial flowers or dried grasses from the fields.

To give a cheerful look, make a bird-cage from a tiny square box. Cut a small four sides and make the bars with black thread and a needle. Cut out a tiny bird and crayon it a canary yellow.

Now the sun-parlor is finished, and Madame Dolly can enjoy it any day the weather is too disagreeable to go outdoors.

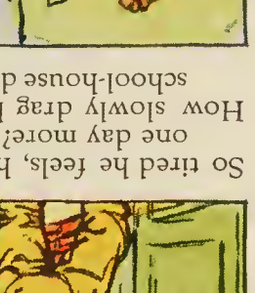
TRY THIS TONGUE-TWISTER—

Fred found six fresh fried finny fish in his sister's slim fist.

Can you say this quickly five times without stopping?

Stop, Look and Listen





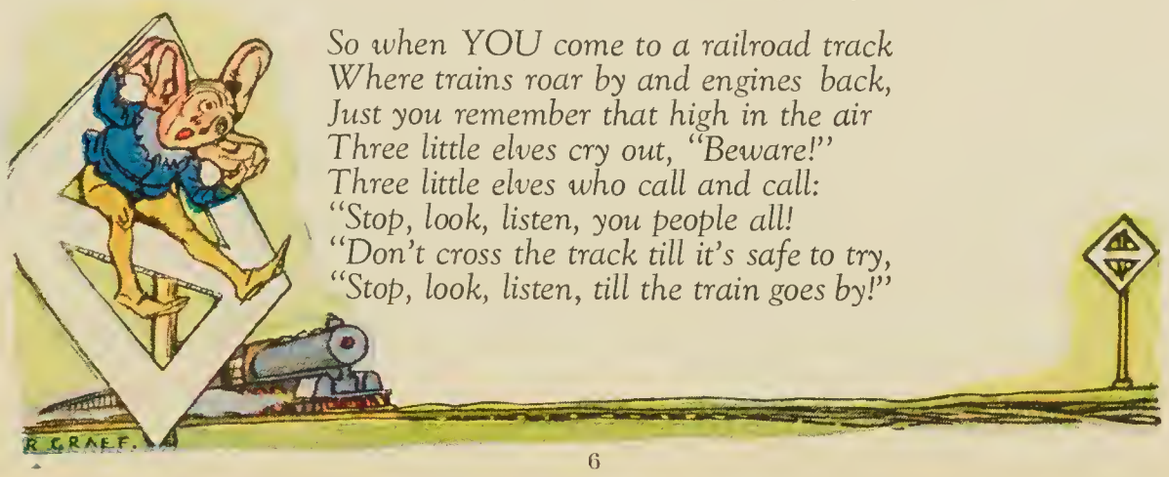
Wherever a roadway crosses a track,
Where trains roar by and engines back,
Up on a sign-post, high in the air,
Three little elves cry out, "Beware!"
Three little elves who call and call:
"Stop, look, listen, you people all!"

First little elf—his name is Stop—
All dressed up like a traffic cop,
Holds out a big white glove all day,
"Stop, stop, people!" he seems to say,
"Stop! Don't cross till it's safe to try,
"Stop, stop, stop, till the train goes by!"

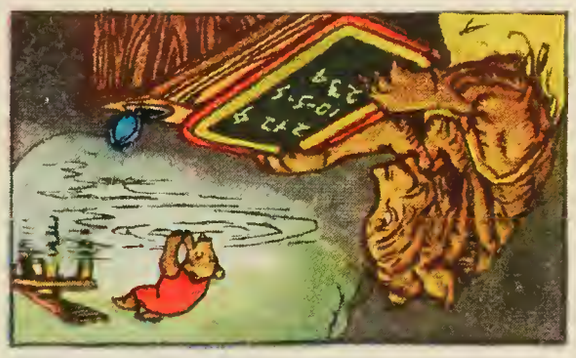


Second small elf—his name is Look—
Squints like a gnome in a picture-book,
Carries a spy-glass, stares all day,
Stares down the track and seems to say:
"Look! Don't cross till it's safe to try,
"Look, look, look, till the train goes by!"

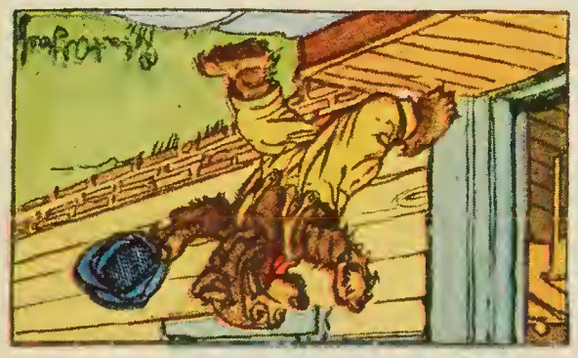
Third small elf named Listen—he
Wears big ears—one, two and three!
Ears like fans that he listens through,
Listens and listens and calls to you:
"Listen! Don't cross till it's safe to try!
"Listen, folks, please, till the train goes by!"



So when YOU come to a railroad track
Where trains roar by and engines back,
Just you remember that high in the air
Three little elves cry out, "Beware!"
Three little elves who call and call:
"Stop, look, listen, you people all!
"Don't cross the track till it's safe to try,
"Stop, look, listen, till the train goes by!"



When teacher talks about the pole and points it on the map,
He dreams of other kinds of poles and hungry fish that snap.



Instead of counting "What does five make into twenty-five?"
He thinks: "One bear into one pool makes—makes—one Deli-diver!"



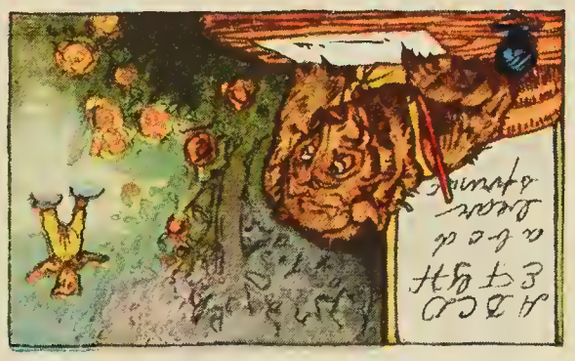
In history he studies war, but reads between the lines
To-morrow's thrilling battle between rival baseball nines.



Poor sleepy boy, perhaps he's ill—but what's this noise and shout?
Hip, hip, hooray! The bell has rung!
School's out, school's out, school's out!



So tired he feels, how can he study even one day more?
How slowly drag his Deli-feet beside the school-house door!



Poor tired boy, he writes the word "S-P-R-I-N-G,"
And sees the little rippling spring beside the big oak-tree.

"SCHOOL'S OUT! SCHOOL'S OUT!"

THE MAKING OF A BETTER HOME

By MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IF WE are to have better homes, we must work to secure them—and to do this we must have something definite in mind toward which to work.

There are two big things which are important in the making of a good home: the house and all the things that go with it to make human beings comfortable and healthy—shelter, clothing and food; and the people who inhabit the house and all of their reactions to the house and to each other in the effort to make themselves comfortable, healthy and happy. If homes are to be good and to become better, then anything which will do these three things—increase the comfort, improve the health and add to the happiness of the members of the family—makes a better home.

Just as in government or in business activities all the interests must center around one or two or, at most, a small group of persons, so it is in the home. The mother and the father are the ones who strike the keynote of the home. Once the income is settled, the mother is the one who becomes almost entirely responsible for establishing the standards of food, shelter and clothing which can be maintained on this stated income. The business of running the house is hers. Whether or not each dollar is to buy its full value in health, comfort and satisfaction depends on her ability.

The mother and father together are jointly concerned in developing that equally important, closely interknit and infinitely more difficult problem of establishing a right balance of interest and behavior of each to each and each to the others. Probably a great many more homes are spoiled or maimed by failure to develop good feeling and understanding between the various members of a family than by faults in the management of the business household. Of course the one depends on the other, for a well-run house reduces the possibility of friction and increases the willingness of the members of the family to overlook those small faults in each other which loom large when the house is dirty, food is poor and clothes are not mended.

THE problem of making better homes must be solved side by side with problems such as making healthier people, reducing disease, lessening the possibilities of war. It must be solved through education. The time must come when all women who assume the responsibility of being a partner in making a home must know the details of the business of home-making. They must be at least as well prepared to organize and put into smooth-running order all the details connected with feeding, clothing and sheltering the family as their husbands, who, through business knowledge and ability, furnish money for the family budget.

Are we doing anything to secure this type of education for our young women and men? It is with the deepest satisfaction that I am able to answer in the affirmative—we are. Departments and schools and colleges of home economics are growing in strength. Courses in home-making are improving and increasing. The most significant improvement in this whole phase of education is to my mind that there are springing up here and there throughout the country, at this college and that, and even in a few high schools, laboratories called "practise homes."

ONE of the splendid aims of the Better Homes in America movement will be accomplished when every high school in the country operates a successful practise home as a laboratory for its home-making department. It will not be without difficulties that this development will be reached, for even practise homes must have behind them the same spirit that makes a permanent home a success.

The practise home is along the line of other modern movements in education. It is in recognition of the need for real instruction in the responsibilities of a big and important and difficult job—the job of successfully rearing a family and making a happy, healthy family group.

When the duties of the home maker are fully realized, it is not difficult to comprehend that the best training and apprenticeship is not too much for their needs. Dr. Alice F. Blood, president of the American Home Economics Association, in a recent address, summarized her conception of the ideal American home in the following words:

"Every home should be an institution which is economically sound, mechanically convenient, physically healthful, morally wholesome, mentally stimulating, artistically satisfying, socially responsible, spiritually inspiring, founded on mutual affection and respect, and a center of unselfish love and service."

"Those may sound like big words," said Doctor Blood, "but they mean simple, common-sense things. They mean the sort of things to which the heart of every decent man and woman turns instinctively. They mean the kind of home in which every right-minded human being would like to have grown up from childhood. They mean the sort of foundation on which the United States of America can be built so solidly that it will endure long after the remote unborn descendants of the children of to-day have vanished from this earth.

"You can't get away from the home as the shrine of everything that makes life really worth while. That is why I view home economics as the greatest, most important science in the history of man.

"Outside of divorce cases based on infidelity, almost all the divorces in America can be traced to the discords of badly managed homes—and heaven alone knows how many of the cases of infidelity can be traced directly to the same cause.

"Undisciplined men and women can not make a successful home any more than undisciplined men can make a successful army. And they have to get their discipline in the home.

"Whether a man's income is $1,000 a year, $10,000 a year or $100,000 a year, the same principles govern the management of a home. There are homes happier and better managed on $1,000 a year than are some of the $100,000 income homes."

Some of our previous conceptions of what it means to be a good home-maker and of what is involved in training girls for the job of home-making must be revised. A girl can not get all the training she needs in her mother's home, for a private home is no more equipped to prepare her for the home-making job than it is to take over all the other problems of educating her. Each year I become more convinced that it is the business of educational institutions to do this important work for girls and women.

In addition to the ability to accomplish simple household tasks of cooking, sewing and cleaning, there are many highly complex ones: how to buy food; what to select to meet the nutritive needs of a wide range of ages and activities from the infant to the aged; how to make the right food the acceptable food; how to buy clothes that are attractive, durable and economical; how to buy household furnishings that are harmonious and beautiful, and how to arrange them artistically; how to measure the health of the family and check this against the way the money is being spent on food, shelter and clothing for its protection; how to spend each dollar so that it buys a dollar's worth of satisfaction and value.

Finally, there should be instruction in the governing principles of human behavior: how children should be trained and how adults may learn to live together harmoniously and happily. The average mother can not give to her daughter the training she needs to meet this situation any more than the average father who perchance is a physician can train his son to be a physician.

THE task is no small one. Yet it is one which the schools have undertaken. And it is my belief that they will meet it successfully. There is a great future before the school laboratories of home-making—their model practise houses.

The Better Homes in America movement, which THE DELINEATOR inaugurated in 1921, has as one of its aims the establishment of a practise house in connection with every high school and college where girls may be actually taught to select, furnish and equip homes of their own on the basis of good business, intelligent buying and careful managing.

Several high schools and colleges have already established such houses for their students, and in some cases have added even the experience of feeding and caring for a baby.

At Cornell we have the practise house, the students and the babies. The instruction is designed to prepare women students not alone as managers of their own better homes, but as teachers who will train high-school students to make better homes.

There follows a description of this practise home by the woman who serves as the "mother" of it:

"The practise home is a small, attractive cottage built on the university campus. It has eight rooms: living-room, dining-room, kitchen, nursery and four bedrooms. Five girls who are seniors in college, a baby and an instructor live there. The girls stay only five weeks at a time, but the instructor and the baby stay the entire college year. The girls do all the work, from caring for the baby and scrubbing the floors to getting meals under the direction of the instructor."

BUT is this really a course in home-making? Can such a group approximate a family? Is the ability to "do all the work, from caring for the baby and scrubbing floors to getting meals" the same as the ability to be a mother in a home? Few people would answer "yes" to the last question, and many would be doubtful about answering "yes" to the first ones.

A home involves two relationships: that of people to things—the mechanics of the household; and that of people to people—the thing that makes the home beloved by all. We recognize the importance of both, although it is a common thing to forget that they are probably equally important

Not long ago I heard this anecdote about a man whose wife is an excellent home-maker. At his house people never feel that they have overstayed their welcome, and they are always eager to return. "How does your wife manage the wheels of the machinery of your household?" a friend asked him. "*Machinery?*" he exclaimed. "There may be wheels in the machinery of our household, but if there are I am never conscious of them." No finer compliment could have been paid to his wife's managerial ability. And this woman had combined with her managerial ability the ability to make people comfortable and happy. Just such home-makers a practise house is to develop.

Martha Van Rensselaer



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

EDITOR'S NOTE

Martha Van Rensselaer is THE DELINEATOR'S editor of Home-Making. She is so eminent an authority in household science and has done such constructive work in this field that she was recently voted one of the twelve greatest women in America.

Each month Miss Van Rensselaer writes a special personal message to DELINEATOR readers. In addition, she edits and approves all the home-making articles that appear in these pages. And under her direction the recipes, labor-saving devices and other housekeeping aids presented in THE DELINEATOR are tested and approved at Cornell University.

If any of our readers has questions to ask about home-making in any of its branches, our Home-Makers' Department is at her service. We shall always be glad to answer any inquiry—and ask only that a stamped, self-addressed envelope be included for our reply.

MARIE M. MELONEY.

THE NUTRITIONAL MERITS OF EVERY-DAY FOODS

Showing that one food is not as good as another

By FLORA M. THURSTON

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Specialist in the Extension Service at Cornell University

EDITOR'S NOTE—*There are foods that merely satisfy hunger—and foods that actually feed. If you want to serve your family nourishing food that will give them strength and vigor, we will gladly send you a "Food-Value Chart." It will open your eyes to nutritional values and help you select proper food for your daily meals. Send a stamped return envelope to the Home-Makers' Department.*

A HOME-MAKER who hangs her score-card in the kitchen and turns to it day after day as a guide in selecting food will find that many questions pop into her mind.

If in order to eat properly the family must have fruit twice a day, does it matter what kind of fruit is chosen—or is fruit just fruit and one kind as good as another? What about jelly and marmalade? It may be that the family is especially fond of them. Surely they ought to be counted, since they are made from fruit.

Then there are questions about vegetables. If one provides greens frequently, does it matter which vegetables are chosen for the rest of the allowance? Where do pickles come in? They can hardly be called fruit, and yet they are not altogether like vegetables.

In order to make the score-card as valuable as possible to her family, the home-maker needs to know which foods are most valuable and what possibilities there are for substituting one food for another. She may already have somewhere in the back of her brain a very neat packet of information that tells her she must give her family protein and phosphorus for flesh, lime and phosphorus for bone and teeth, iron for good red blood, fat, carbohydrate and protein to keep them warm and give them energy to work and play, and minerals and vitamins to keep them well and help them grow. But when her packet of information is untied, there is nothing in it about potatoes and meat and Johnnycake and the other things she gives her family to eat. What can bridge the gap for her between foods as she knows them and foods as the trained nutritionist knows them? Perhaps a few practical conclusions made from a study of food values will help the serious home-maker to put her food selection on a scientific basis.

THE score-card aims to suggest approximate amounts of the foods that make up the bulk of a well-selected dietary. This article aims to show which foods of the various groups are most valuable and what substitutions are possible so far as similar food value is concerned. The comparison is based upon the relative composition of the various foods.

Milk is first on the list because by itself it goes a long way toward maintaining life satisfactorily, and also because it has a striking ability to supplement other foods. Compared with other foods, milk ranks high as a source of lime and of vitamins A and B. Since from four to eight times as much milk can be taken in a good dietary as can be eaten of any of the other excellent sources of lime, milk is by far its richest and most important source.

Although milk is low in its percentage of protein and phosphorus as compared with cheese, meat, fish, eggs, nuts and legumes, it is an important source of these materials because it can be taken in much greater amounts than any of these other foods. People who are not fond of milk as a beverage complain of its "melancholy mildness," but it is largely because of its lack of decided flavor that milk can be used in quantity and in combination with many other foods. If a quart of milk is taken daily, it becomes an important source of iron; and when as much as a pint is taken it is as good a source of iron as are the root vegetables.

Vegetables, like milk, do not hold a high place among the foods that are filling and that stay by, but they are rich in the minute and profoundly important materials known as minerals and vitamins. As a group they compare well with other foods in content of lime, iron and vitamins A, B and C. Unfortunately it is a common experience for people, especially children, to dislike, or at least to neglect, vegetables. The score-card suggests two vegetables in addition to potatoes daily, in order to encourage the use of vegetables that are more valuable than potatoes, and also to ensure a greater number of vegetables in the dietary because there is a degree of safety in variety alone.



MEASURE THE DAILY FOOD HABITS OF YOUR FAMILY BY THIS SCORE-CARD

	PERFECT SCORE	GOOD SCORE
Milk		
One quart daily for children under twenty years One pint daily for adults over twenty years	20	
One pint daily for children under twenty years Three-fourths pint daily for adults over twenty years		15
Vegetables *(in addition to potatoes)*		
Two or more servings daily	15	
One serving daily		10
If two or more servings weekly are greens, add	5	5
Fruit		
Two or more servings daily	15	
One serving daily		10
If one or more servings daily are fresh fruit or tomatoes (canned or fresh), add	5	5
Cereals *(including bread, breakfast cereals and flours)*		
One-half or more of all cereals in the form of whole cereal	15	
At least one-third of all the cereals in the form of whole cereal		10
Cheese, Eggs, Meat *(including fish and poultry)*		
One serving of any two of the above daily	15	
One serving of any one of the above daily		10
Water		
One and one-half quarts or more of liquid daily	10	
One quart of liquid daily		5
Total credits		
For each of the following undesirable habits deduct five: Tea or coffee for children; over two cups of tea or coffee or both for adults daily; eating sweets between meals		
Total deductions		
Total score		

To the above list should be added moderate amounts of fats, including butter, cream and other animal and vegetable fats and oils; and sweets, including sugar, honey, molasses and sirups. The amount of these foods as well as of the cereals in the diet should be determined by the individual's digestive power and by his need for fuel. Persons who are underweight should take generous amounts of these foods and those who are overweight should reduce these foods first of all.

Is your family's health in accord with its food habits?

HOW VEGETABLES RANK IN FOOD VALUE

THE following list of vegetables arranged in the order of their value may be helpful to the home-maker who is eager to secure from vegetables the greatest contribution they have to offer:

1. Spinach, turnip tops, chard, wild green leaves, cabbage, lettuce, string-beans.
2. Potatoes.
3. Carrots.
4. Onions, cauliflower, celery.
5. Parsnips, turnips.
6. Sweet potatoes, beets.
7. Asparagus, Brussels sprouts.
8. Cucumbers, eggplant, peppers, pumpkin, squash.

Leaves, including string-beans, hold the most conspicuous place among all the vegetables, because they are rich in all the materials for which vegetables rank well. Those which are eaten raw have no successful competitors among any foods so far as vitamins are concerned. Although it is true that a serving of leaves weighs about half that of a serving of roots or tubers, leaves have more than twice as much iron and in many cases they are much richer in vitamins.

It is fortunate indeed that the potato has survived the dietary changes of civilization, because it is a close second to leaves in the food materials that it contains. It is fair in iron and vitamin A and good in vitamins B and C. Carrots also hold an enviable place among the roots because they are good in vitamin A and fair in B and C. Parsnips and turnips are unusual in their content of lime and good in vitamin B.

The several true fruits which have been classed with vegetables because of their flavor and structure stand at the bottom of the list and seem to reflect little credit on either group. They may be valuable because of the variety they provide and because of the other foods which are eaten in combination with them. It is obvious, therefore, that pickles, even though they could be consumed in as large quantities as vegetables of milder flavor, would not rank well with them.

Peas, beans and corn, which are usually classed as vegetables, are similar to seeds in food value. Dried peas and beans are conspicuously high in protein, carbohydrate, lime, iron, phosphorus and vitamin B; while the fresh ones, because of their greater content of water, have a lower percentage of these materials and are considered by some authorities fair in vitamin A, good in B and excellent in C. Green corn, on the other

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"TO THE BRIDE!"

Felicitations are in order—and so are gifts

June again! And who among us does not know a bride for whom a gift must be bought? And always the choice is difficult. For the ideal gift must be appropriate, unique and—within means. . . . For you—if you have to purchase a wedding-present—THE DELINEATOR has prepared a list containing one hundred useful and unusual suggestions. This may be had by addressing Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Home-Decoration Editor. . . . And if there is any question in your mind about new and correct forms of invitations, announcements or other phases of wedding etiquette, address Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly, Etiquette Editor. . . . In each case, enclose a stamped return envelope





The new home-maker would be delighted with this Mah-Jong tea-set to serve refreshment after the game



A handy stand has many uses. It functions well at tea or luncheon, and at dinner may hold butter, water and bread



Round or oval plaques in oil are both decorative and useful in a dining-room



This graceful buffet or table decoration is of Italian pottery in blue, brown and black. The bowl would be most inviting if filled with fruit and the sticks with brilliant blue candles



A dainty china set is always a welcome gift. This one with white hawthorn blossoms against a background of green or yellow is appropriate for use in serving either salad or dessert



If the bride likes things that are quaint, she will undoubtedly be pleased with the decorative qualities of a pair of wrought-iron candelabras



Tea-wagons save the new hostess so many steps! This one is very complete with two drop leaves, a small drawer and a detachable tray top



To-day's good silver is an heirloom to-morrow. Here six small almond dishes of silver nestle into a holder. They would indeed be a worthy addition to the bride's dinner table



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

CARROT-TOPS—AND OTHER TOPS

In which woman's crowning glory is considered

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

HO! CARROT-TOPS, hear this! *"Not one head in a million is born lusterless!"* Babel of voices all about me; alien, exotic smells in my nostrils; sounds of people outside moving, swirling, jostling. And then the high clear voice of the seer rising above the mêlée: "Not one head in a million is born lusterless."

My mind went racing along the ages, behind and ahead, flashing over all the babies who had been born or who would be born, each with a little halo of luster about his head, shining and shimmering, coming confidently out of the Unknown into this sometimes rather flat but sometimes most inspiring Known we call the world.

Where are they? Where did the shimmering go? What have we done to them?

Quite a lot of mothers, a few poets and some of the great scholars seem to have kept their haloes of light. But where are all the rest?

"It's simply a condition of health."

I came out of the ages with a bang. I was not in a hall of learning with a flaming-robed prophet teaching me the truth about Man. I was in my chosen-above-all hair-shop, and the speaker was my pet hair-specialist talking about topknots.

"Honest Injun?" I called out to her.

"*'Course!*" she said, and came over to where I was. "People are born all right. If you have the hair, you have the shimmer. It's just health and cleanliness, and a little polishing with a brush to make it show. Most people lose their shimmer because they treat their hair like a red-headed stepchild!"

"WAIT a minute!" I clutched her clothes in my fingers and held her. "Tell me about them—the red-heads. What makes them red? And what can they do to stay red and shimmery and exciting until they're fifty or eighty, instead of having their hair get browner and browner as it slides along the years? And why is drab? And what can the drab-heads do? And what can those people with light-brown hair, the kind that has gorgeous green-gold lights in it and not so much as one gleam of red—what can they do as they grow older? Henna takes the green out of that color of hair and makes it sort of reddish gold; and then of course it won't match with the skin and eyes, for they have green-gold undertones and it has red-gold! And what do you think carrot-tops ought to wear besides that heavenly shade of yellow-pink — *peach* yellow — and gray, and white, and orchid, and pale lavender, and black velvet with deep-cream lace collars and cuffs, and rich dark green like a princess's riding-habit, and pale but living green like the first new little leaves in Spring, and nearly all the shades of tan, but never, never blue unless it's that dull blue that is almost gray? And drab-haired women—there are such heaps and heaps of her, aren't there?—what ought they to——"

Titian hair with glints of fire! Blond locks shimmering with green and gold! Drab heads, brown heads, every kind of head! Don't let your coloring fade! Keep your halo of light shining with luster and loveliness. Celia Caroline Cole insists that you CAN—and MUST. Let her be your beauty expert. And if you've any question about hair or looks or anything else—a question that you've never dared ask anybody—ask her

"Ouch!" she said and sat down.

And this is what we knew between us:

RED HAIR—that challenging, gay topknot which brings along with it thin, fine skin with a lovely, creamy tone, and cheeks of a shade of pink that only carrot-tops can know, and a waywardness which likes to express itself in temperament and freckles—comes not by chance, but by a chemical combination in one's little insides: copper and iron and red oil in one's color layer just a floor or two below the epidermis. And the fact that one's father or one's grandmother on the maternal side had it means simply that they had that same copper and iron and red oil and bequeathed it to you.

"Paint from the inside!" Cheeks and lips and hair—carrot-top, green-gold, ash-blond, brown or black—are all painted by youth and energy; drab and gray hair are painted most often by ignorant living. "Fight the drab!" ought to be given to every child the way golden quests were given to the knights of old.

When you're young, your nice red hair is a pain, and you're called "carrot-top," "terra-cotta roof" and "sorrel"; when you're a little older, it's a crown of glory and you're called a Titian type; and when you're older still, it's a regret gnawing at your heart. And all the way along it's a responsibility, for carrot-tops are expected to scintillate, to be quick on the trigger every time, to be nimble of tongue, changing as a cloud, dynamic, defiant.

Well, here's one thing you can do: You can henna more satisfactorily than any one else in the world. Only be careful to get the right kind of henna and put it on the right way—free of purple tinge or mahogany. This tinge comes from two things—adulterated henna and letting it steep too long. Get the pure, unadulterated Egyptian henna. Don't get it at a drug-store unless you know a lot about both the drug-store and the henna. Get it at a reliable hair-shop. Steep it into a paste and apply it hot. If your hair is fine, don't leave it on over five or ten minutes; if it is fairly coarse, a little longer. There is a shop in New York which carries the best henna and sends you personal guidance about how to put it on, if you send in a sample of your hair.

Then there is a golden-light henna for the drabs who were once bronzy and who are now going through the painful process of seeing all their golden ends going and their hair turning to a flat, colorless tan.

And oh, whether you do it yourself or have somebody else do it for you, remember that your hair belongs to your skin and eyes, and don't ever make them look as though they had been divorced. No radical change; only a gentle toning-up. Henna should be taken into your life just the way a husband is, because he, it—well, you know what I mean—he is so exactly the kind you want and need.

And then, my friends of the faded heads, there is a new electrical machine that says it can bring back the young, natural color to any head under fifty years of age—even to young gray heads, carrot-tops and everybody!

It does it through a concentrated ray which opens up all the pores of the scalp, and then through a magnetic ray which draws up all the lime deposits made by the accumulation of acids in your system as you grow older. These deposits, so far as your scalp is concerned, lie in your color layer. You've piled them up faster than Nature can take care of them, and they keep the pigment from functioning as it did in the glad days of your youth. After the lime is removed, the pigment is free again and goes on painting your locks with all the joy and abandon of yore!

It's so frightfully important, this matter of deposits! All the beauty specialists, and the hair people, and the doctors, and the philosophers all answer "Deposits!" whenever you take them a trouble. Old, worn idea deposits in our minds, deposits of regret and fear in our souls, too large or too small deposits in your banks, and lime and other acid deposits all over our helpless bodies. *They're* the slinking army that works for old age and death.

BUT back to the carrot-tops and the drabs. Be careful of your colors. If you're an honest-for-sure carrot-top, your hair is the glorious accent of you. Let it stay that way. Don't dim it with colors. And oh, do be careful about the color of the facing of your hat! If your eyes are blue, you might have a very dull gray-blue; but if they're brown, have it one of the many delicious shades of brown. Or a soft tan tulle hat. Or a gentle Spring-green tulle hat. Oh, but carrot-tops can be irresistible!

And the drabs—you can have all the lovely shades of soft, soft tan, and gray-blue—always a little softer shade than your eyes, but of the same tone. A hue-poem in a minor key, that's the delightful, subtle thing for a drab to be.

But drabs can have lights. And carrot-tops stay scintillant. This is a day of miracles for women. Honest, it is!



HERE COMES THE JUNE BRIDE

By Evelyn Dodge

THE WEDDING-DRESS (see page 29)—For the moment the bride's gown is more important even than the bridegroom. It is the hour in a girl's life when she must be supremely, radiantly beautiful and her wedding-gown must be the loveliest thing she has ever had.

Summer weddings are usually less formal than at other seasons. The brocades, silver metal cloths, moires and satins are set aside for lighter and more diaphanous fabrics. Lace is the most exquisite of all materials, though Georgette embroidered with pearls would be very beautiful. Crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe and silk crêpe can be used without any trimming at all with a lace veil; but if the veil is tulle it would be better to use embroidery, in silk or silver or pearls, on the dress. For the young and very slender bride one can use organdy or lace in the bouffant *robe de style*.

CHOOSE for your wedding-gown any style of the more formal afternoon type that is becoming. The neck should not be too low, and there must be a sleeve, even if it is a very short one. After the wedding the sleeve can be picoted and cut away to almost nothing so that you can use the dress for an evening gown. White is worn so much now for evening that you will not feel too bridal looking in it, and you can use a colored flower at the waistline to take away the all-white effect.

The veil can be of lace, or tulle, or tulle edged with lace, draped to the head in cap or tiara fashion and held with orange-blossoms or with strands of pearls. The tulle veil can be cut as long as the dress or long enough to make a train. Lace veils are usually heirlooms and one does not cut them—any length for lace is correct.

The slippers should be of white satin, silver cloth or silver brocade and can be the opera slipper or a sandal. The slipper may have an ornament of pearls or rhinestones or orange-blossoms. The stockings should be nude or white.

THE BRIDESMAIDS AND MAID OF HONOR AND ATTENDANTS (see page 29)—The bouffant fashions are decidedly the prettiest for the bridesmaids and maid of honor, while the little flower-girl and train-bearer should wear styles that are rather picturesque. One can have all the bridesmaids dressed in one color and the maid of honor in another color but in exactly the same style of dress. Or one can use a different sweet-pea or snapdragon color for each bridesmaid or each pair of bridesmaids and a different style of dress for the maid of honor. Pale pink, blue, yellow, mauve, green, apricot with powder blue, peach pink with Nattier blue, blue and lavender, pink and lavender, pale green with silver or with pale yellow, yellow with the snapdragon pinks and claret reds make charming wedding processions. The bridesmaids and maid of honor wear hats or head coverings—the high Spanish comb with a lace mantilla would be very lovely with bouffant gowns. Their slippers can match the dress, but the stockings should be "nude" color.

IF THERE is a train or ring-bearer, one can use the Fauntleroy type of suit in velvet, the tunic suit in satin, moire or heavy silk crêpe, or the high-waisted suit with the plaited frill and double-breasted closing made in white or colored linen or satin. The little flower-girl should wear Georgette, net, point d'esprit, very fine handkerchief linen, batiste or crêpe de Chine in a style that is becoming and will make a pretty picture.

THE TROUSSEAU—It is not practical to buy a trousseau for an entire year, for one can not tell in June what will be worn in December. The best one can do is to plan an outfit that will take you through the Summer and into the Fall. Some of the things—the top-coat, going-away dress, the wedding-evening gown and an afternoon-dinner dress and wrap can be worn through the Winter. On pages 28, 29, 38, and 39 are shown the trousseau reduced to its lowest terms. Everything is there that you will actually need, but you will probably want to supplement it with additional frocks, possibly a suit, etc. One can choose other styles, of course. The ones that are illustrated only represent the different types that you will need.

FOR YOUR GOING-AWAY COSTUME—A suit would be smart, but unless you are going to be in the city all Summer you will have more use for a silk-alpaca, silk-crêpe, flannel or wool-jersey dress that you can use either in town or in the country and which you can continue to wear under a coat next Fall and Winter. The two-piece frocks are very French and very young looking, and of course the new beltless dresses are extremely smart. You will want a dress on very simple, rather tailored lines for traveling, and the best colors are the beige shades of bran, mocha, sand or tan, with brown accessories—shoes, belt, etc. Gray is used a little and almond green is very fresh and young looking. Dark blue, black and dark brown are smart, but they are not particularly Summery or bridal looking. If your honeymoon will be spent in traveling, collars and cuffs of cream-colored crêpe de Chine or flannel will be much more practical than lingerie collars, which crumple and soil so easily.

YOUR COAT—With your going-away dress you will need a top-coat, one of the general-utility type that is not too elegant for trains and motors and not too sporting in character to be out of place when you want to wear it in town next Autumn. It should match your dress in color, for the first costume law of the present season is that every important dress should have its own coat. If you choose beige, however, you will have a coat that will look well with almost any color dress. The coat should be of wool material, but its weight will depend on the climate you live in. Soft pile fabrics, twills and kasha are nice for general wear and the plaids and striped coatings are used a great deal.

In addition to your going-away dress you ought to have a second frock of light-weight wool jersey, flannel or crêpe de Chine for every-day use. The smocked dresses (page 28) are new and very pretty and, like your going-away frock, are suitable for any hour of the day up till dinner-time and for any purpose except a formal tea, etc. This type of dress can be made in any of the charming Summer colors, but in Lanvin green, tomato or henna red, beige or powder blue you can also use it next Fall and Winter. The smocking can be done in one other color or in a combination of colors.

You will also need sports skirts and blouses and a sleeveless jacket or a blazer for the beach or country club. The skirts are worn narrow and fairly short and are made principally of the plaid, stripe or check flannels, with a plain colored suède or flannel in the sleeveless coat, or in the plain colored flannel with a striped blazer. One can also make the skirts of wool or linen or linen-finished cottons. The sports blouses are the over-the-skirt type, with boyish club collars, and are made of silk or cotton broadcloth, dimity, crêpe de Chine, radium or chambray.

SUMMER afternoon dresses are usually exquisitely simple and trimmed with drawn-work, hemstitching, tucks, embroidery or ruffles of the material or of very narrow Valenciennes lace. The hand-drawn dresses in the tinted cotton voiles, Georgette and fine cotton crêpes are worn in white, powder blue, mauve, apricot, yellow, pale pink and raspberry. They have either a short sleeve or are quite sleeveless, and many of the new ones have collars. White crêpe de Chine is extremely smart, but it is not so easy to draw its threads. It is very pretty with tucks.

FOR a more formal afternoon dress you can choose a style and color that will also answer for the theater, small dinners and dances. For this purpose the dress should have a very short sleeve and a collarless neck. The draped dress on page 28 in powder blue or Lanvin green would be charming. It would be delightful in that new rose-red for a dinner dress, but you would have less use for a red afternoon frock than for one of blue or green. The blue is really the best choice, for with it you can have a powder-blue cape which will serve as an afternoon and evening wrap and can be worn over the white wedding-dress when you are *en grande tenue*. The cape can be made of duvetyn, which will not be too warm for the few formal occasions you will need it this Summer, and which will be the right weight for next season.

ACCESSORIES—For your hats—you should have three if possible—a smart little suède or fabric hat to wear with your going-away costume, long coat and second wool dress, a sports hat for your skirts and blouses, and a more picturesque type of hat to use with your afternoon dresses.

For your shoes you will need simple day shoes, sports shoes, patent-leather slippers or pumps, and white kid slippers if possible to wear with your lingerie dresses. You can use your wedding-slippers for evening. Your hose should be "nude" colored—sheer silk for best, light-weight wool or lisle in pale beige for sports and traveling.

YOUR LINGERIE—For your undies (see page 39), it is advisable not to get too large an outfit, for their cut changes with changing styles. Six or eight each of pajamas or nightgowns, combinations, step-ins or envelope chemises, an evening slip, a fine slip to wear under lingerie dresses and slips of sateen or radium to use under your other clothes, and as bewitching a negligée or hostess gown as you can manage, will be all that you will need.

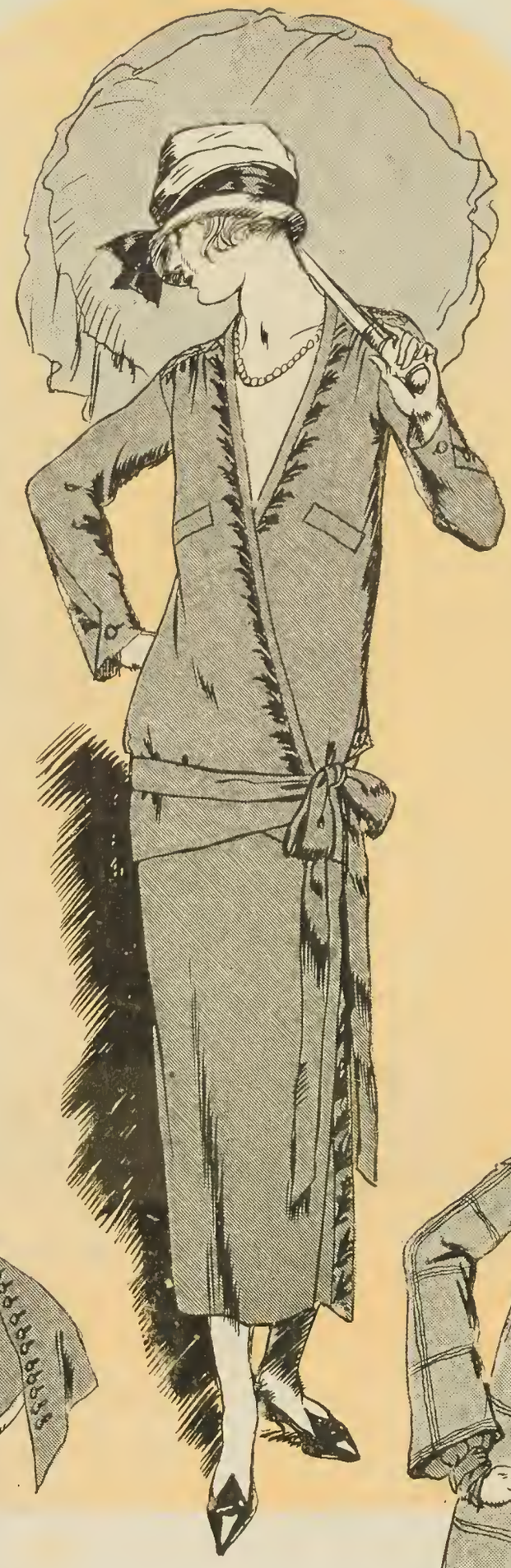
Most of your underwear will probably be made of silk, crêpe de Chine, radium, wash silk or satin or Georgette. These materials are more clinging than the cottons and so are more satisfactory under the present excessively slim styles. They can be white or of pale pink, peach, apricot, bud green, powder blue or canary color, and for a bride they can carry all the lace, rosebuds, embroidery and fallals that the law allows. The lingerie laces are the fine Binches, Valenciennes, filet, baby Irish, Venise and fine thread laces. The latest nightgowns, are in the sleeveless style and pajamas have the new bosom front.

HOUSE DRESSES AND APRONS (See page 38) are adorably pretty with their pink-and-white gingham checks, their gay chintz patterns and appliqué flowers. What you will want will depend on your housekeeping plans. Various types are shown on page 38. Choose what you need.

A SUIT OF CHIFFON, NEW COSTUMES, THE FLOUNCE RE-PLACED AT THE HIP, SKETCHED BY SOULIÉ



"This is quite new" your vendense would tell you if she showed you Worth's suit of cyclamen chiffon with its airy little coat trimmed gaily with coral-colored plaid ribbons. The skirt is also interesting with its corded panels overlapping each other like deep plaits



A type of suit that the Parisienne especially loves is one in which the jacket might easily pass for a blouse or part of a frock. Renée makes it to perfection of bottle-green rep embroidered with liliane braid at the cross-over closing of the coat and the side of the skirt



Worth places the circular flounce at the hip instead of the hem of a dinner dress of black satin made in the sleeveless style. The V neck is corded and the venise lace flounce is longer at the back while the hem is very narrow. Black satin is worn a great deal for evening



Every frock calls for its own coat is a well defined maxim of present-day dress. Renée's costume of black satin follows the mode with a capette, many buttons, a front closing frock en suite with its seven-eighths coat. Both coat and dress are practically sleeveless, the capette covering the arm for the street

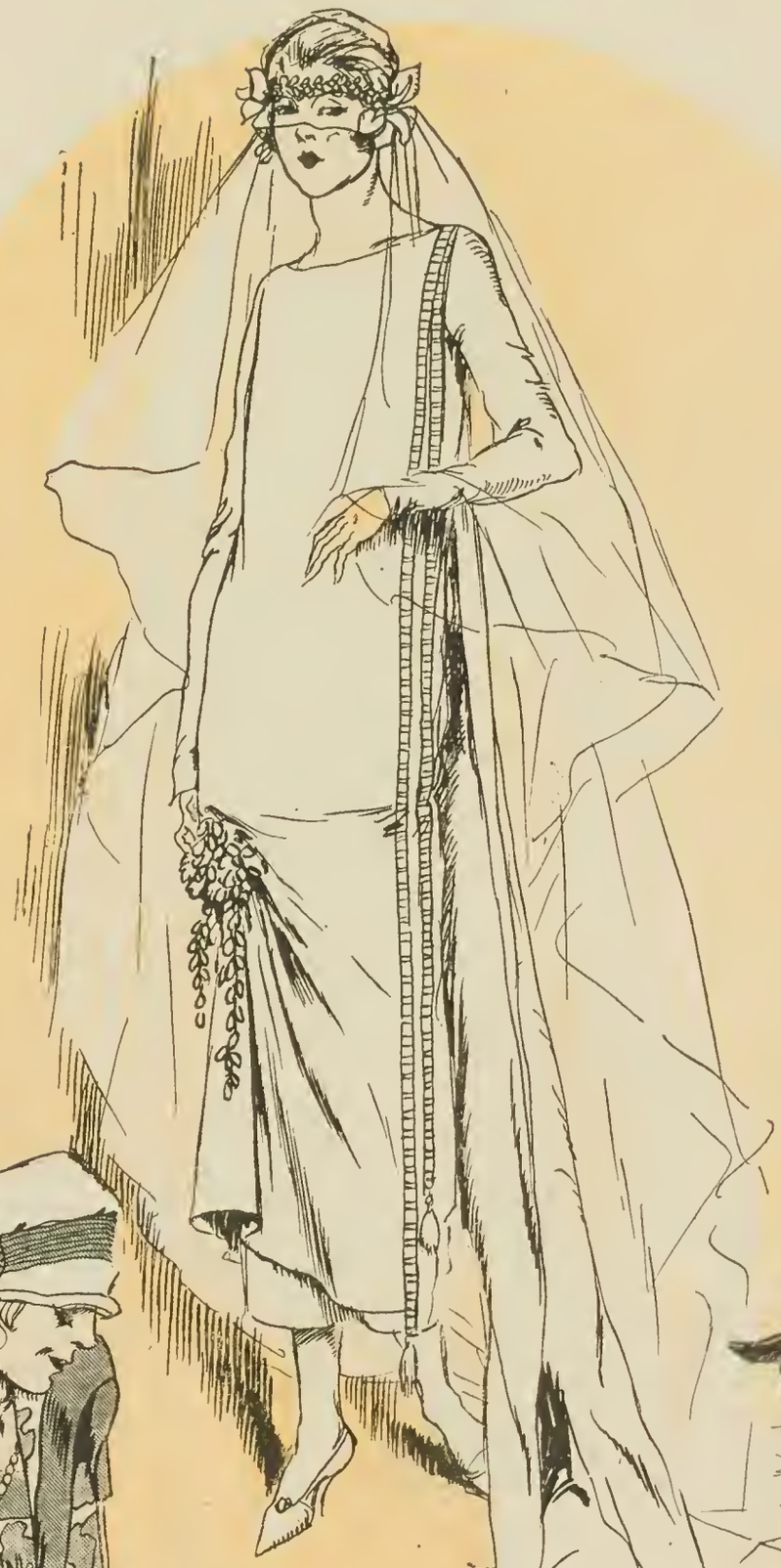


Doeuillet makes a charming costume of navy blue charmelaine and rose-red crêpe de Chine, the latter used for the jacket and blouse with the coat part stitched in blue to give the effect of a large plaid. The combination of points and plaits in the skirt and the belt of silver kid are interesting

SOULIÉ SKETCHES OF JUNE FASHIONS SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



Rising slightly at the side to meet a cluster of red roses, two deep flounces of plaited black tulle form the skirt of an evening frock, the bodice of which is blue taffeta with appliqué embroidery of mauve leaves. Gold and black braid border the neck and armhole and form the low belt. From Doucet



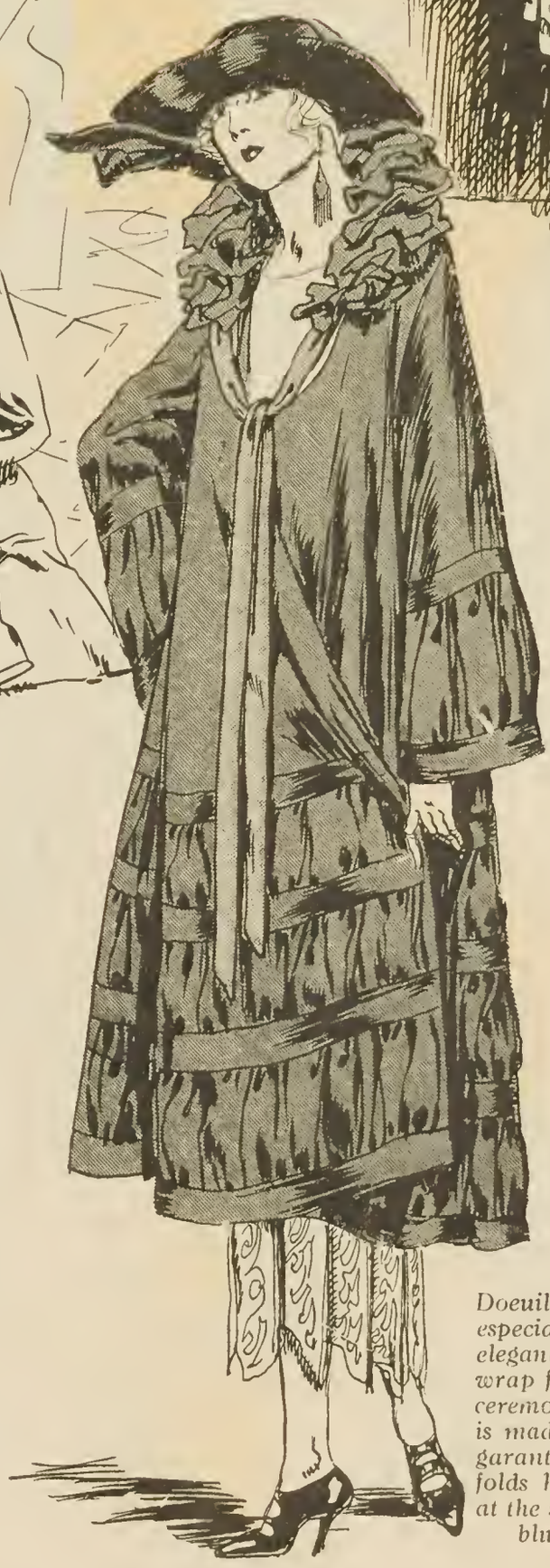
The French wedding-gown is always simple, always elegant and usually has the long close sleeve. Agnès (Mme. Havet) makes it of the traditional white crêpe satin draped with orange blossoms and embroidered with pearls and diamonds. A nun-like veil of tulle caught to the head with orange flowers falls over a long court train



In May and June when the Paris social season is at its height, the Parisienne dresses for her dinners and dances in gowns made splendid with gold and silver and stras. Agnès (Mme. Havet) makes one of the most beautiful evening gowns of the year of silver cloth with strings of diamonds at the waist and garlands of silver roses with rose-red hearts holding the flounces of silver lace



Doucet does delightful things with toile de Jouy and grain of powder-blue serge. The three-quarter length coat and the tunic blouse beneath it are made of écru-colored toile printed with rose, violet and green flowers and bordered with the blue serge. The short narrow skirt is plaited at the left side



Doeuillet has always designed especially for the extremely elegant femine du monde. A wrap for the races, for visits of ceremony, a wedding, or tea, is made entirely of black fulgarante satin with stitched folds holding puff-like bands at the sleeves and hem, and a blue ribbon at the neck



Dress 5301

Dress 5310

Dress 5285

Dress 5259

Dress 5270
Hat 5218
Embroidery design 10225

Dress 5295

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 92

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.



Dress 5253

Dress 5187
Guimpe 5234
Hat 4973

Dress 5215
Hat 4449

Dress 5265

Dress and
jacket 5263

Dress 5261
Hat and scarf 5218

Dress 5255

Dress 5233

Other views and descriptions are on page 93

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

THE BRIDE'S OWN TROUSSEAU INCLUDES TWO-PIECE, SMOCKED AND HEMSTITCHED FROCKS, A SLEEVELESS JACKET FOR SPORTS AND A MORE FORMAL COSTUME



Coat 5248



Dress 5002
Hat 5218
Coat 5248
Embroidery design 10191



Jacket 5280
Blouse 5228
Skirt 5125
Hat 4973



Dress 5229
Hat and scarf 5218
Embroidery design 10130



Cape 3788
Embroidery design 10208 Dress 5291



Dress 5289

Other views and descriptions are on page 92



Dress 5291

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

JUNE BRIDES SET THE STAGE FOR WEDDINGS WITH A LACE GOWN AND PICTURESQUE ATTIRE FOR ATTENDANTS

Dress 5287 Suit 4140. Dress 5287 *Other views and descriptions are on page 95* Dress 5293 Dress 4972

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

Dress 5269

Dress and knickers 5256

Dress 5260

Dress 5277
Hat 4491

Dress 5222

Dress 5271
Hat 4926
Embroidery design 10138

Dress and guimpe 5264

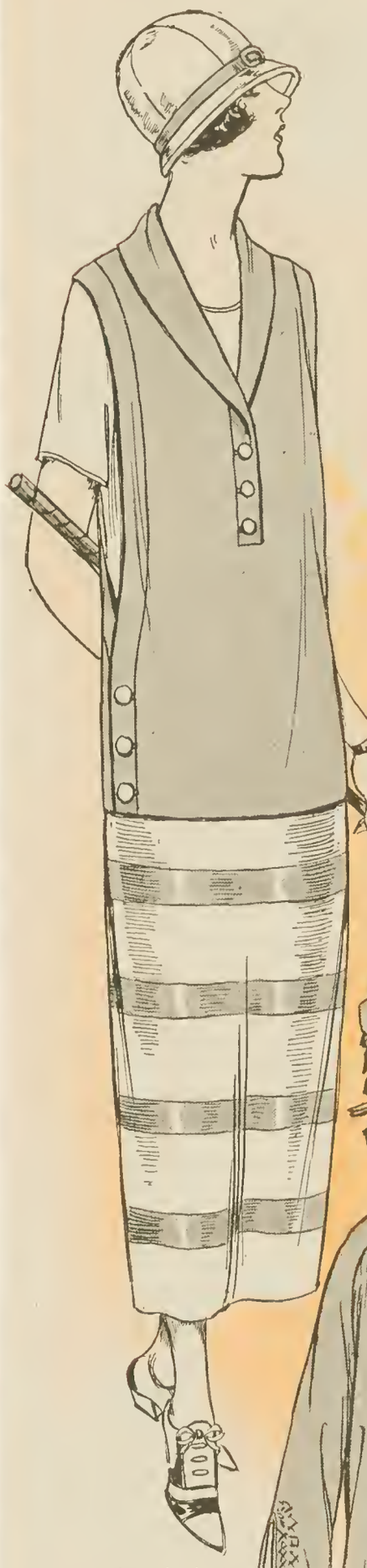
Suit 5276
Embroidery design 10221

Dress and bloomer slip 5275
Embroidery design 10890

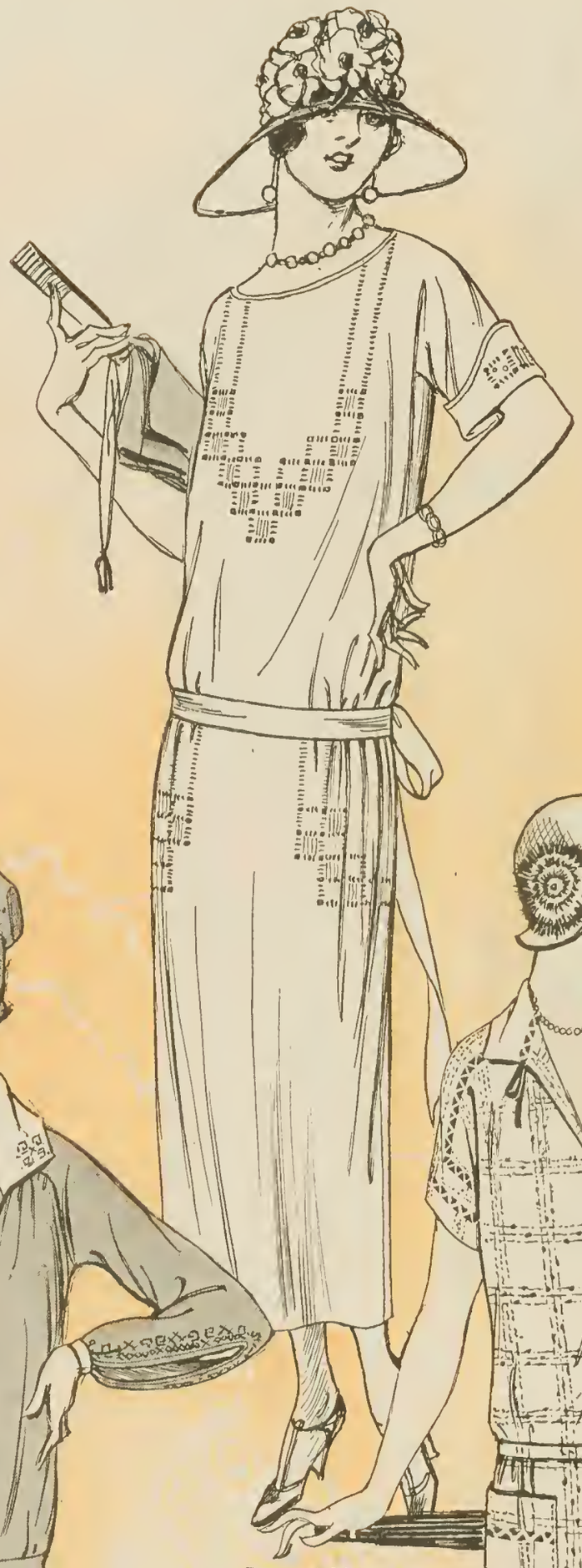
Other views and descriptions are on page 94

Dress 5254

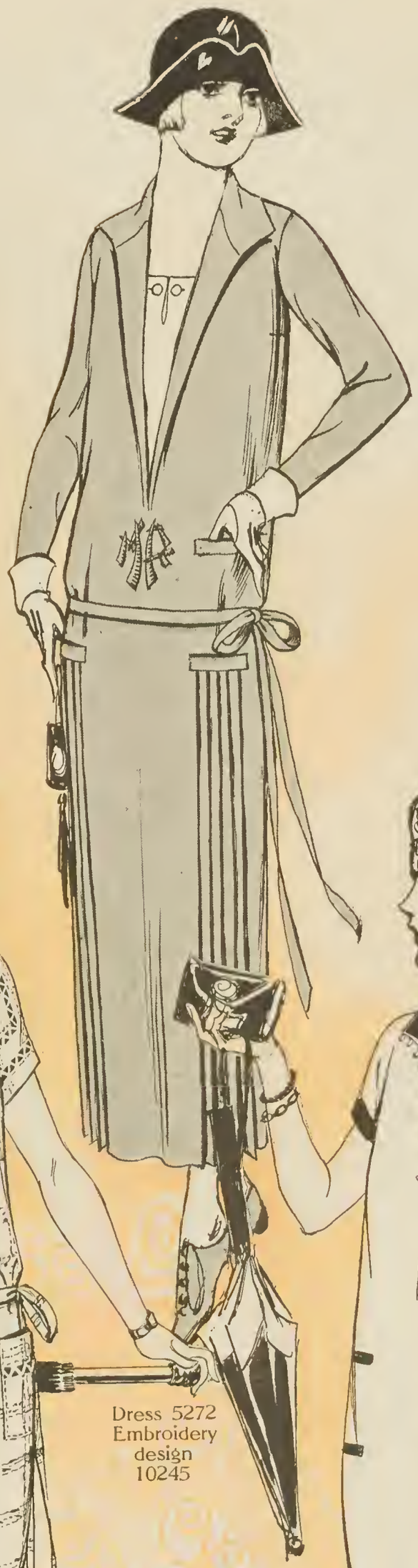
Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.



Sleeveless jacket 5280
Blouse 5106
Skirt 5079
Hat 4973



Dress 5281



Dress 5272
Embroidery design 10245



Dress 5268



Dress 5308



Dress 5274
Embroidery design 10146

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 95

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

Dress 5317

5257

Coat 5316
Dress 5317

5316

Blazer 5257
Blouse 5228
Skirt 4962
Hat 4973
Embroidery design 10233

5228

Coat 5315

THREE-PIECE COSTUMES AND A LONG COAT

5257—5228—4962—4973—10233—A flannel blazer worn with a slip-over tucked blouse and a four-piece skirt with a godet flare at each side in front and back. The hat has a gored crown. A club monogram trims the pocket.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3⅝ yards 27-inch flannel and 4¼ yards 27-inch flannel for skirt. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

The blazer, blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip; hat for ladies and misses.

5317—A tiered front is exceedingly smart for this two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a two-piece skirt joined to a long camisole lining. One may wear other separate blouses with this skirt. Use satin, heavy silk crêpe or satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5316—5317—Typically Parisienne is this new three-piece silk suit. The tiered front of the coat, continuing the tiered effect of the dress, may be omitted. The skirt can be worn with separate blouses. Use satin, heavy silk crêpe, satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 6⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat for ladies 33 to 44 bust. The dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5318—5319—This three-season straight-line coat can be worn with a dress as a three-piece costume. It has a straight lower edge and inside or outside pockets. The dress is described below. Use twills, kasha, plaid or striped coatings, satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc., for coat. Lower edge 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch kasha and 3 yards 54-inch novelty plaid flannel.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the dress for ladies 38 and 40 bust, also misses.

5319—Plaids, stripes or checks are used for one-piece dresses of the slip-over type with a straight lower edge. Use cotton ratine, silk broadcloth, tub silks, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 27-inch novelty plaid flannel. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 38 and 40 bust, also misses.

5315—Capettes appear on many of the smart Spring coats and often they are of the shoulder variety which is very light to wear. If one prefers the capette may be omitted from this coat. Make the coat of satin, heavy silk crêpe, faille silk, plaid coatings. For cool climates or for early Spring one may use soft-pile fabrics or twills.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 50 inches.

The coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5317

4962

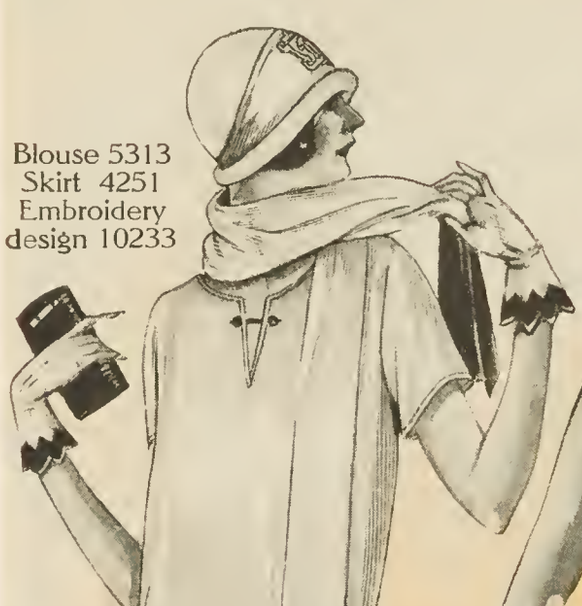
Coat 5318
Dress 5319

5318

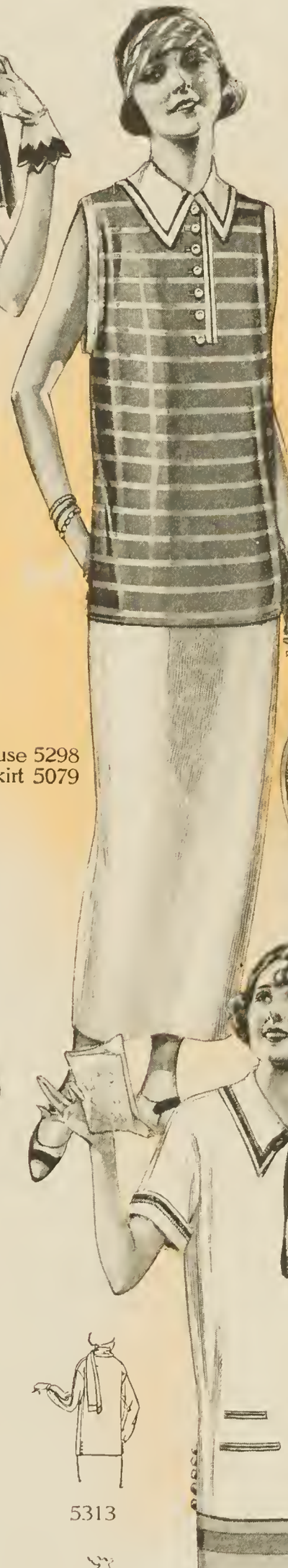
Dress 5319

5319

5315



Blouse 5313
Skirt 4251
Embroidery design 10233



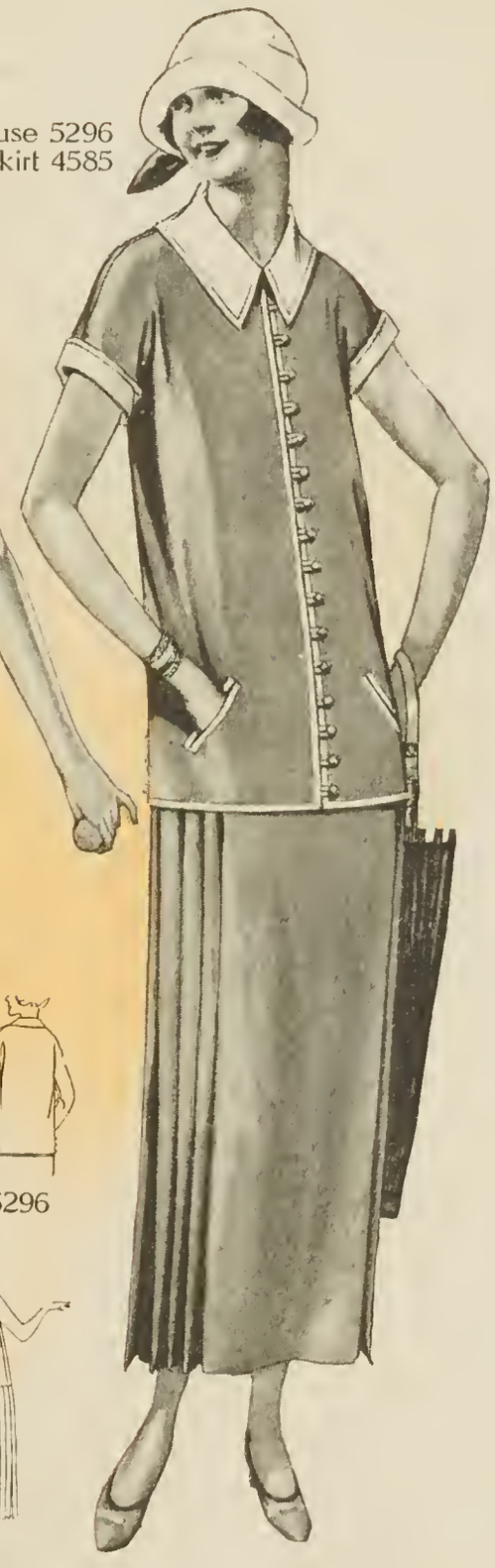
Blouse 5298
Skirt 5079



Dress 5278
Hat and scarf 5218



Sleeveless jacket 5266
Blouse 5230
Skirt 5042
Hat 4973



Blouse 5296
Skirt 4585



5296



4585



NEW FASHIONS IN BELTLESS OR SLEEVELESS FROCKS, CAPES, SLEEVELESS JACKETS, ETC.

Dress with sleeveless jacket 5245 Embroidery design 10214

Dress with cape 5197

Dress 5312

5245

Jacket 5266 Blouse 5091 Skirt 4983 Tam-o'-Shanter 3157

5314

Dress 5304 Embroidery design 10917

5304

5312—A Russian closing emphasizes the slim beltless effect of this straight-line dress with a straight lower edge. For certain types of figure, and when wide materials are used, there is no underarm seam. Use linen, linen-finished cotton, cotton ratine, novelty cotton dress materials, heavy silk crêpe, flannel, twills, wool crêpe, rep cloth, novelty wools, kasha, plaids, checks or stripes. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch linen.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

5245—10214—Sleeveless jackets are very smart worn with one-piece slip-over dresses. Use plain flannel or kasha with jacket in contrasting color, striped or plaid flannel with plain flannel or suède cloth jacket, flannel or kasha in two colors, etc. The embroidery is effective. Work it in color.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress and jacket are for misses 16 to 18, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5305—Fashion exhibits a new line for Spring in the beltless one-piece dress with a center-front closing, a caught-in effect at the waistline and a detachable capette. Make the dress of heavy silk crêpe, pongee, flannel, soft twills, stripes, checks or plaids. Lower edge 48½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

5311—5234—10245—With a sleeveless one-piece wrap-around dress of flannel, kasha, plaids, checks, stripes, heavy silk crêpe, linen, etc., she wears a guimpe with a slightly low waistline and made of net or mull with crêpe de Chine *gilet*, collar, etc. A monogram decorates the pocket. It is in Oriental effect.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 27-inch flannel, 1⅜ yard 39-inch batiste for *gilet*, sleeves, collar, cuffs and frills and 1¼ yard 35-inch material for guimpe. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses; guimpe for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

Dress 5305

5234 Dress 5314

5091

5266

Dress 5311 Guimpe 5234 Embroidery design 10245

5312 5197 5305

5311

4983

5197—The new cape styles are irresistible to the young girls who choose a circular cape to wear with the one-piece slip-over dress. Use plaid or striped wool with plain cape; or use soft twills, kasha, fine worsteds, wool crêpe, plaids, plaid, striped or plain flannel for the entire costume.

17 years or 34 bust requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch striped wool and 1¾ yard 39-inch plain. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress and cape are for misses 16 to 18, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5314—A diagonal line and attractive frilled collar and cuffs are new features of a one-piece dress on the wrap-around order. It has a straight lower edge. Use gingham, chambray, cotton ratine, novelty cotton dress materials, cotton homespun, soft linen, soft linen-finished cottons, tub silks or pongee.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5304—10917—Plaited sections at each side of this one-piece slip-over dress contribute the straight lines. It has a straight lower edge. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, flannel, wool crêpe or soft twills. The embroidery is effective. Work in color. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch linen.

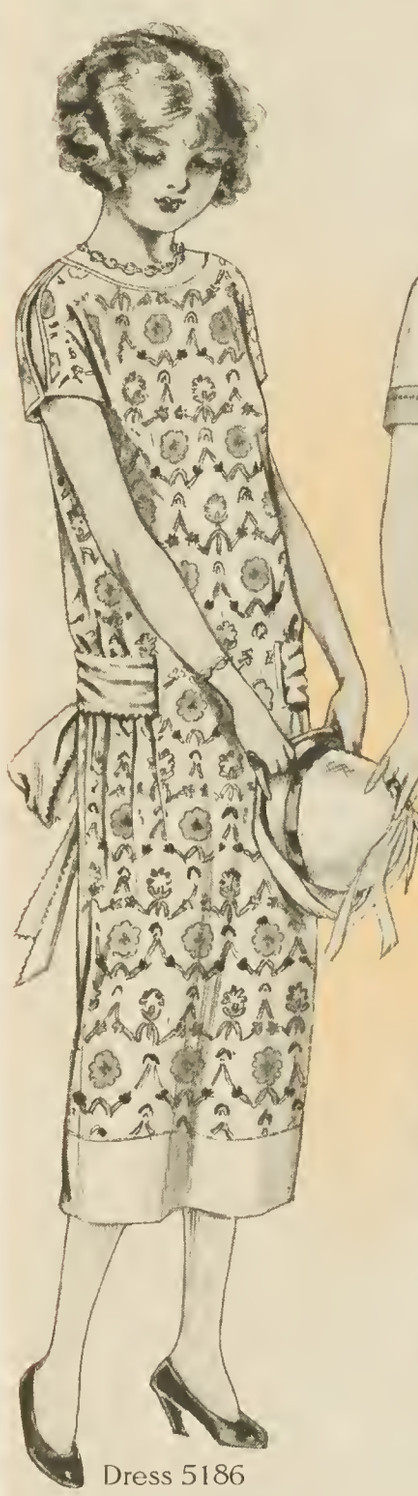
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5266—5091—4983—3157—A smart sports costume is composed of a sleeveless jacket of plain flannel or suede cloth worn with a slip-over blouse of silk crêpe and a two-piece skirt. Her flannel tam-o'-shanter is becoming.

17 years or 34 bust requires 1½ yard 27-inch flannel and 1⅞ yard 39-inch silk crêpe, and for skirt 1⅛ yard 54-inch plaid wool. Lower edge 51 inches.

The jacket and blouse are for misses 16 to 18, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; skirt for misses 16 to 20, also small women; the tam for misses, girls, children, ladies.

SASHES OR GIRDLES DEFINE THE WAISTLINE IN RUFFLED, TUCKED AND HEMSTITCHED FROCKS



Dress 5186



Dress 5297



Dress 5255



Dress 5205



Dress 5223



Dress 5231

5186—Printed and plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty and plain cotton voile or cotton crêpe, and novelty cotton dress materials with plain make happy combinations in a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge. One may also use satin crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed and 1¼ yard 35-inch plain silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5297—A cluster of plaits at each side gives a soft fulness to cotton materials in this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. With drawn-work or hemstitching, use plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, plain Georgette or silk voile; or use novelty cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 35 or 39 inch cotton voile. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 59 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5255—A quaintly draped basque, with a neck which may be cut in differently for evening wear, and ruffles on the straight skirt joined to a slightly long underbody distinguish this slip-over dress closing under the left arm and with sleeves sewed or snapped in. Use dotted swiss or dotted voile with bindings to match dot and black velvet ribbon bows, cotton voile, etc., with harmonizing color bindings, etc. Lower edge of skirt 1¾ yard.

17 years requires 6½ yards 27-inch dotted swiss.

The dress is new for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5267—10823—Embroidery decorates a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge. Work the flowers in color. Use plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with yoke and sleeve-bands of plain contrasting color to match embroidery, plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or satin crêpe with yoke and sleeve-bands of lace banding, printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, with yoke, sleeve binding, etc., of harmonizing color, etc. Lower edge 56 inches.

18 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5205—Whether she wears this dress for day or evening she looks as sweet as a rose. The tucked straight skirt is joined to the basque at a slightly low waistline. Make the dress of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, organdy, cotton voile, cotton Georgette or fine cotton crêpe.

17 years requires 4¼ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5223—By their flowers you know the newest frocks, for the designs in printed fabrics change simultaneously with the styles. This one-piece dress on the slip-over order is lovely in a printed fabric. It has a straight lower edge. Use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch printed crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5231—Young girls delight in the sleeveless Summer frocks with ruffles and a looped ribbon girdle. For the one-piece dress above, which has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head, use plain or printed cotton voile, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. One may use batiste or taffeta.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is soft and lovely for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5303—4451—10254—With a one-piece slip-over dress of plain or novelty cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, novelty striped or checked cottons, plain or printed crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile, novelty striped, checked or plaid silks, she wears a hat with a gored crown and a softly rolled brim. The dress has a straight lower edge.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 35 or 39-inch voile for dress. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20, also small women; the hat is for misses, girls, children and ladies.



5186



5297



5255



5267

Dress 5267
Embroidery
design 10823



Dress 5303
Hat 4451
Embroidery
design 10254



5303



5205



5223



5231

DRESSES IN TWO-PIECE OR SUIT EFFECT, JACKETS, COATS AND SUITS FOR VACATION



Dress 5299 Embroidery design 10233

Dress 5201—Hat 4973 Embroidery design 10787

Suit 5208

Dress 5216

5299—10233—This dress in suit effect with a one-piece back in one with a wrap-around skirt front is very new. There may be a back body lining. Use silk alpaca or flannel, wool crêpe, kasha, soft twills, rep cloth, fine worsteds, hairline stripes, plaids or checks. The embroidery is smart. Work it in color.

17 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel, ¾ yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5241—4926—10138—A sleeveless jacket and a one-piece slip-over dress of pongee, flannel, serge, wool jersey, etc., and a hat with a gored crown of wool jersey, gingham, chambray, etc., make a smart outfit. The wool embroidery is effective. Work it in color.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 54-inch flannel (including hat).

The dress and jacket are for juniors and girls 8 to 15. the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5202—An utterly adorable suit for tiny boys has a Russian closing and is most attractive in linen, linen-finished cotton, chambray, Japanese crêpe, gingham, chambray or wool jersey. It may be a shorter length for boys from 3 to 5 years old. The separate knickers have an inverted plait at the side.

2 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

The suit is for tiny boys 1 and 2 years old and for boys 3 to 5 years.

5208—Little brother will look his best in this suit with a waist of dimity or piqué and straight trousers of chambray, poplin or linen. One may use pongee in two colors, or the entire suit of linen, linen-finished cottons, chambray, Japanese crêpe, madras or pongee.

3 years requires ⅞ yard 27-inch dimity and ⅞ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 5 years.

5294—5292—For travel or wear at home, the junior selects the coat with a detachable capette and a tricorne hat. Use plaid, check, striped or novelty coatings, camel's-hair, tweed or soft pile fabrics for the coat and a hat of satin, taffeta, wool jersey, camel's hair, etc.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid coating and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5300—5292—Heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, cashmere or wool taffeta make a smart coat for little girls. It has a plain lining. For the tricorne hat use satin, taffeta, etc. One may use soft twills or broadcloth for coat and hat.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure require 1⅜ yard 54-inch broadcloth and ⅝ yard 35-inch taffeta.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 6, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5216—A frilly collar and cuffs trim this tucked dress with separate bloomers. Use crêpe de Chine, chambray, cotton pongee, lawn, handkerchief linen or pongee. This is a brother-and-sister dress and may also be used for tiny boys in any of the above materials except crêpe de Chine.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch handkerchief linen.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years, also for tiny boys 1 and 2 years old.

5290—5214—A sleeveless jacket of plain wool and a plaited skirt of check or plaid wool or flannel is worn with a plain cotton broadcloth or pongee blouse. The detachable straight skirt may be gathered. For her hat with a gored crown and a choice of corded or plain brim use taffeta, etc. One may use black-and-white check with scarlet wool or plain, check or plaid flannel, linen or linen-finished cottons with dimity; or use gingham, chambray, cotton ratine with dimity, pongee with dimity, etc.

12 years requires ⅝ yard 54-inch flannel, 1¼ yard 54-inch plaid wool and 1½ yard 35-inch cotton broadcloth for dress.

The costume is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5201—4973—10787—Young girls like the two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a wrap-around straight skirt joined to a long body lining to wear with a *cloche* hat with gored crown. Use silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe, a novelty jersey or silk crêpe with plain jersey or silk crêpe, etc., and satin, faille silk, etc., for the hat. The monogram tie is smart.

16 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey (including hat). Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women. The hat is for misses and ladies.

FASHION PREDICTS THE STYLES IN SUMMER GIRLS



5211 Dress 5211 Hat 5218



5286 5200

Dress 5286



Dress 5200



5196



Dress 5196



Dress 5283 Hat 4973



Dress 5224



5283

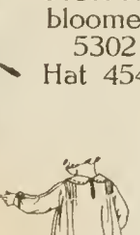
5224



5302

Dress and bloomers 5302 Hat 4547

4541



5193

Dress and bloomers 4541

Dress and bloomers 5193

5211—5218—Young girls wear simple one-piece straight dresses of novelty cotton crêpe or ratine, other novelty cotton dress materials of like weight, printed linen, novelty silk crêpes, etc., and hats of knitted silks, etc. This dress has a straight lower edge.

16 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 36-inch novelty cotton (including hat) and ⅝ yard 35-inch plain. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for misses and ladies.

5286—A draped basque closing under the left arm gives a quaint air to this slip-over dress with a ruffled straight skirt joined to a slightly long underbody. Use taffeta or crêpe de Chine; or use chiffon, Georgette, point d'esprit with a straight drop skirt and basque of satin or taffeta, the ruffles picoted with the color of bodice, bows of ribbon to match bodice. Dotted swiss or dotted voile with binding to match dot, cotton voile or organdy with bindings of harmonious color are pretty.

12 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5200—The side or accordion plaitings are of plain material to match the printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silks used in this one-piece dress of the slip-over type; or use crêpe satin with Georgette, chiffon or net plaitings, or the entire dress of plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, silks or crêpe satin.

11 years requires 2 yards 35-inch printed silk and 1½ yard 39-inch plain silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5196—Summer cotton frocks for juniors are simple in line and exquisite in shades of Madonna blue, blush rose, primrose yellow, etc. The graduated tucks and graceful hand-made rosettes are very charming points to a one-piece dress with straight lower edge and which slips on over the head. Use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, fine lawn, Georgette or crêpe de Chine.

12 years requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch voile.

The dress is lovely for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5283—4973—With her two-piece "boyish" dress of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or a light-weight wool jersey, the young girl wears a hat with a gored crown, of satin, faille silk or wool jersey. The blouse may have a tucked or a plain bosom front and slips on over a plaited straight skirt on an underbody.

17 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 3¼ yards 40-inch silk crêpe and ⅞ yard 35-inch contrasting material (including hat). Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for misses and ladies.

5224—Juniors display marked interest in the slip-over dress trimmed with frills and hand-made flowers. It has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use pin-dot cotton voile with organdy frills to match the dot, fine cotton crêpe with frills of contrasting organdy, batiste or fine lawn with Val lace frills, or the entire dress of plain cotton Georgette, plain cotton voile, batiste, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

13 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch dotted voile and ⅞ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5302—4547—Hand drawn-work is an exquisite trimming for a slip-over dress with clusters of tucks on each shoulder, a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. One may use machine-hemstitching. Use chambray, plain cotton crêpe, handkerchief linen, cotton pongee, pongee or crêpe de Chine. For the hat with a detachable crown, use piqué, cotton poplin, lawn, etc.

5 years and 20 inches head measure require 2 yards 35-inch handkerchief linen and ¾ yard 35-inch printed cotton (including hat).

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years, the hat for children 1 to 5 years.

4541—It is a maternal temptation to make many frocks like this slip-over dress with separate bloomers and an attractive hand-made trimming. Use heavy cotton crêpe, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, novelty cotton ratine with bloomers of plain cotton crêpe, pin-check gingham with chambray, printed sateen with plain, etc.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch pongee.

The dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 6 years.

5193—Little girls face a frilly future in sleeveless frocks with tiny yokes and ribbon bows. This dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, organdy, batiste, cotton voile or taffeta; without frills use fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss, chambray, pin-check gingham or pongee.

3 years requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch voile for this dress.

The dress is adorable for little girls 2 to 6 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

COSTUMES FOR WORKING HOURS TRANSFORM JUNE BRIDES INTO HOUSEWIVES



4480—10138—Housewives accept the morning dress as the correct costume for the house and attractive enough to wear to market. This dress has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use gingham, percale, chintz or cotton crêpe. The motif is a new trimming. Work it in contrasting color.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The morning dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4976—Amateur cooks or those seasoned in this art will like the one-piece dress which buttons down the front. Use gingham, chambray, percale, madras, colored cottons or seersucker for a house dress. In nurses' linen, sheeting, Indian Head, oxford cloth, cambric, etc., it is suitable for a nurse's dress.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 32-inch striped madras. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5096—10222—Good mixers in the housewives' guild realize the importance of a working costume and choose an attractive apron of check or striped gingham, figured percale, fancy cotton crêpe, chintz, chambray or black sateen. The flower appliqué marks its wearer as a believer in beauty for useful things. Appliqué the spray in bright colors.

36 bust requires 2 yards 35-inch dotted percale for this apron.

The apron is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4820—When one wants to look prettily busy she ties on this apron with its bewitching shoulder bow. Make it of chintz, printed sateen, cotton prints, fancy cotton crêpe, gingham, checked or dotted percale; or use black sateen, unbleached muslin or chambray with embroidery.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch gingham.

The apron is gay for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5043—Since science has transformed housekeeping from drudgery to a task requiring a minimum of time, effort and discomfort, the bride will want several attractive house dresses. For this wrap-around one-piece house dress use gingham, chambray, madras, percale, cotton poplin or linen-finished cottons. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 32-inch gingham.

The house dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5273—A front panel effect and inside pockets are attractive features of a new slip-over apron. Make it of check gingham, dotted or figured percale, black sateen trimmed with chintz collar and cuffs, or of black sateen, chambray or plain cotton crêpe trimmed with a bright color in appliqué, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 32-inch plaid gingham. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4434—3727—This slip-over morning dress has inside pockets and a straight skirt joined in a decorative way at a low waistline. Use check gingham with body of plain gingham or cotton crêpe, plain gingham or linen-finished cotton with chintz, etc., and a chambray sunbonnet. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 32-inch plain chambray (including bonnet) and 2¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham (including tie).

The morning dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the sunbonnet for ladies, misses, girls and children.

5026—An apron pretty enough to wear in the honeymoon garden has a straight lower edge and it slips on over the head. Make it of gingham, madras, percale, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, printed sateen, chintz, chambray, unbleached muslin, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 36-inch cotton print. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The apron is new for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.



Nightgown 5284



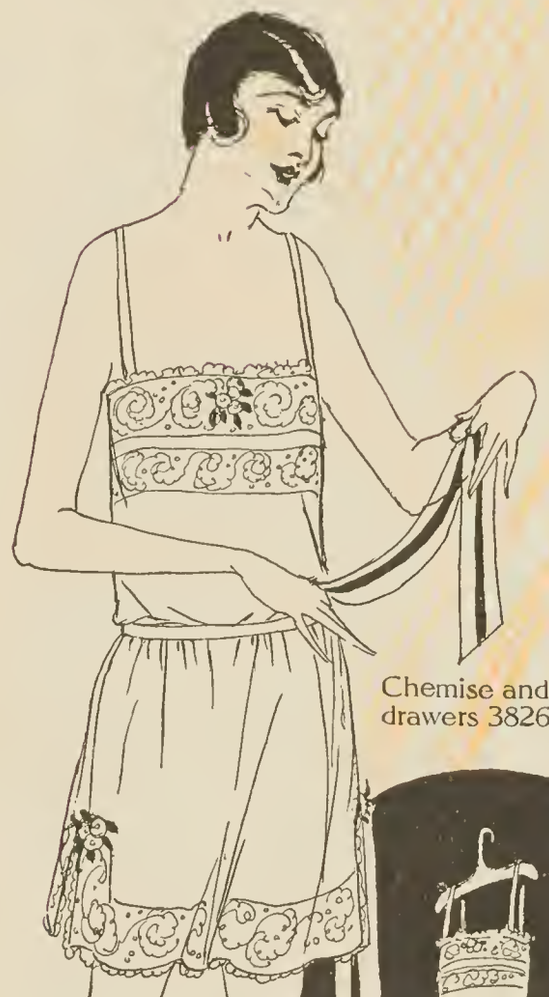
Slip 4270



Hostess gown and bandeau 5044

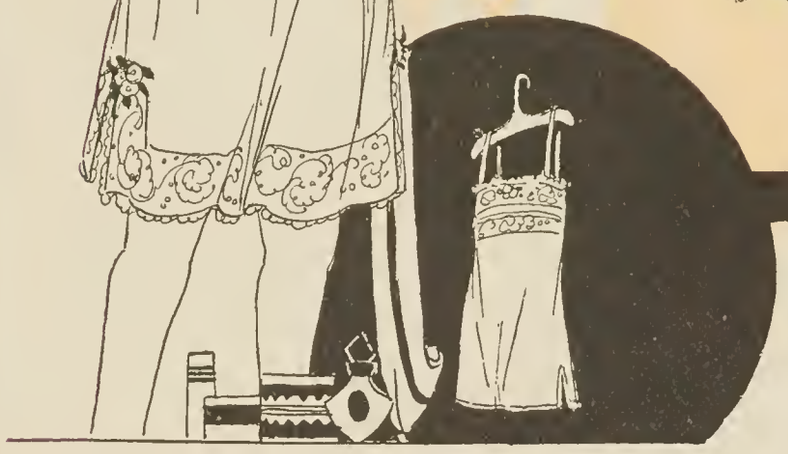
Step-in 4112 Chemise 5059

Pajamas 5309



Chemise and drawers 3826

5044



TROUSSEAUX RECOGNIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF BEGINNING WITH EXQUISITE LINGERIE AND BOUDOIR GARMENTS

5284—Crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, handkerchief linen, etc., will make a delicate trousseau nightgown with deep armholes, or use cotton crêpe, nainsook, etc. Lower edge 1¾ yd.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch to 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 2⅞ yards 2½-inch lace edging.

The nightgown is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3826—Cotton voile, handkerchief linen, cotton crêpe, nainsook, long-cloth or underwear mull may be used for this French chemise and one-piece step-in drawers. With lattice trimming or lace use crêpe de Chine, wash satin, tub silks, radium or batiste. Width at bottom of each leg 30 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine.

The chemise and drawers are French for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4270—This slip has a straight lower edge and may have a hip-depth shadow-proof hem or a three-inch hem. Use silk jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, radium, satin; or with a hem, habutai silk, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, China silk, tub silks, tub satin, crêpe de Chine, nainsook, long-cloth, sateen, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

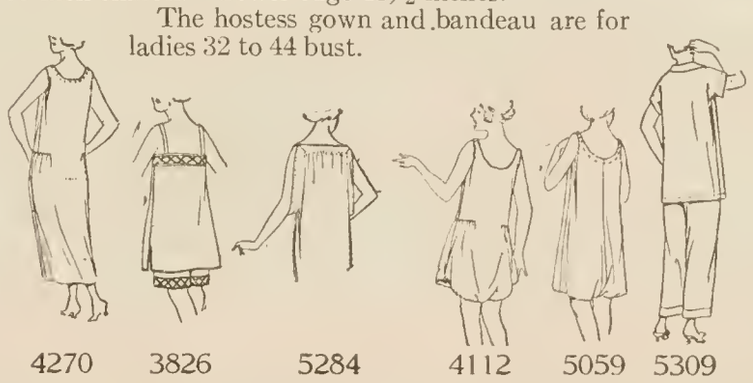
36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The slip is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5044—For this hostess gown use crêpe satin, printed or brocaded silk crêpe with Georgette or chiffon for sleeves and bandeau, or crêpe de Chine or printed Georgette with sleeves and bandeau of self-material. Make the center of the ornament of the material used for the gown, and loops and the tie of silver cord or the material; or use cotton voile for gown, etc., and a ribbon ornament.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch satin crêpe and 2⅛ yards 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The hostess gown and bandeau are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4270 3826 5284 4112 5059 5309

4112—A popular type of undergarment shown in the shops is a step-in combination chemise and drawers. For this use crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin, nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, etc. Lower edge of each leg 31 ins.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The step-in is good style for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5059—Many women prefer the envelope chemise trimmed with lace or hand-hemstitching. Use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, crêpe de Chine, tub silks or tub satin. Lace is a lovely trimming for delicate trousseau garments.

36 bust requires 2 yards 32-inch tub silk for the chemise.

The chemise is dainty for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5309—The bride may use these pajamas as a lounging-robe if she wishes. Make them of crêpe de Chine, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth or mull with lace and ribbon ties; or use novelty cotton voile or cotton crêpe, dimity, mercerized fabrics, trimmed with the same material in contrasting color, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe de Chine and ⅜ yard 30-inch lace.

The pajamas are the new type for ladies 33 to 44 bust.

COSTUMES FOR SEAFARING MAIDS AND SOME NEW AND USEFUL GARMENTS FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES

Bathing-costume 5194 Embroidery design 10242

5194—10242—One is completely equipped for beach life in this bathing-costume with a cape to button on the shoulders when she emerges from the waves and there is a turban. The bloomers are separate. Use wool jersey, with collar, cuffs, vestee, etc., of white piqué or linen; or use soft surf satin or soft surf silk, with same material in white for collar, etc. A boat motif trims the cape. Work it in outline or satin-stitch.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing-costume is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5306—This is the correct type of garment for the operating-room. The gown is well cut and easy to get into, and both the gown and cap are very easy to make. Linen-finished cottons are usually selected for this sort of garment. It is much less expensive to make this outfit for the surgeon.

38 breast requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen-finished cotton.

The operating-gown and cap are for men 34 to 46 breast.

5204—10242—The sea-lover who takes an active part in the season's aquatic competitions prefers this type of bathing-costume. It is quite simple in cut, buttons on the shoulders and the tights are joined to the body. A heavy wool jersey or a heavy jersey tubing are appropriate materials. The fish motif is a smart decoration. Work it in outline or satin-stitch embroidery.

18 years or 35 bust requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing-suit is the correct style for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

5210—She will very nearly want to live all day in this bathing-suit. It is just like the grown-ups' suits and feels most comfortable. Heavy wool jersey in black or in colors may be used for this suit. It buttons on the shoulders and the tights are joined to the body. It is well cut and very easily made as well as comfortable. The wool next to the body is advantageous.

10 years requires ⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The bathing-suit is appropriate for girls and little girls 2 to 14 years.

Operating-gown and cap 5306

Bathing-suit 5204 Embroidery design 10242

Bathing-suit 5210

5194

5204

5210

5306

5065

Bloomers 5065

Blouse 4637 Overalls 5258

4637

5258

Pajamas 5282

5282

5065—Circular bloomers joined to an underbody may be worn instead of a petticoat. If serge is used for the bloomers, make the underbody of lining material; or use a cambric or muslin underbody with chambray, gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons or cotton poplin.

8 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch poplin.

The bloomers are practical for girls 2 to 16 years.

4637—5258—Mother will like these overalls of denim, khaki, drill or duck and the blouse of madras, galatea, percale, khaki, cotton or silk shirtings or pongee.

8 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch khaki and 1⅝ yard 32-inch madras.

The blouse is for boys 4 to 16, the overalls for boys 2 to 12 years.

5282—Men like this type of pajamas, which may have a fly and be made without the collar if desired. Silk broadcloth, madras, percale, fine cotton, wash silks, shantung or outing flannel are suitable materials for this night-garment.

38 breast requires 6 yards 32-inch striped madras.

The pajamas are suitable for men 34 to 54 breast.

View A View B

Hat 5292

5292—Make this tricorne hat of the same material as the coat or dress if suitable; or use satin, taffeta, wool jersey, serge, duvetyn, velours, or camel's-hair.

The hat for 6 years or 20½ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 35-inch material for View A, ⅜ yard 54-inch material for View B.

The hat is smart for girls 2 to 12 years.

Money can't buy finer vegetables!



They make it a meal!



Better vegetables don't grow.

If they did, they would be used in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

To make good vegetable soup, the vegetables *must* be good!

We are constantly at work on our own great farms to produce more perfect, better tasting, more nutritious vegetables.

We search the markets of the entire country for the finest produce.

No effort, no expense is too great. For "every single can contains our business reputation."

Fifteen tempting vegetables are blended in this hearty and delicious soup. Broth of fine beef, cereals that are rich in nourishment, dainty herbs and seasoning!

Can't you just taste it!

Luncheon Dinner Supper



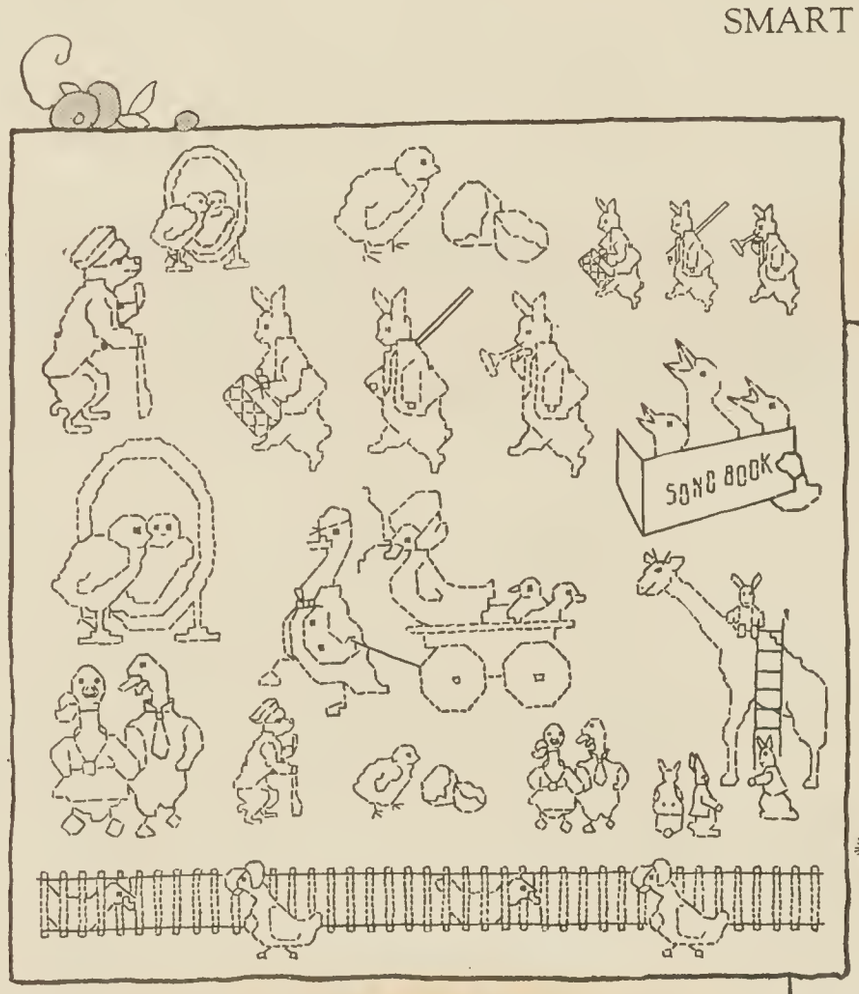
21 kinds
12 cents a can

Snappy work and sparkling play
Come from eating soup each day.
Campbell's make me feel so fine
I can hardly wait for mine!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

SMART TRIMMINGS IN HEMSTITCHING, CUT-WORK, FLOWER MOTIFS AND BEADING FOR THE NEW SUMMER DRESSES

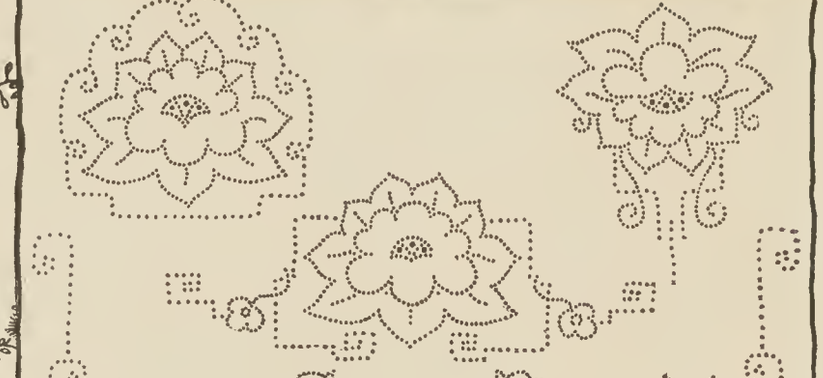


Embroidery design 10254



10254





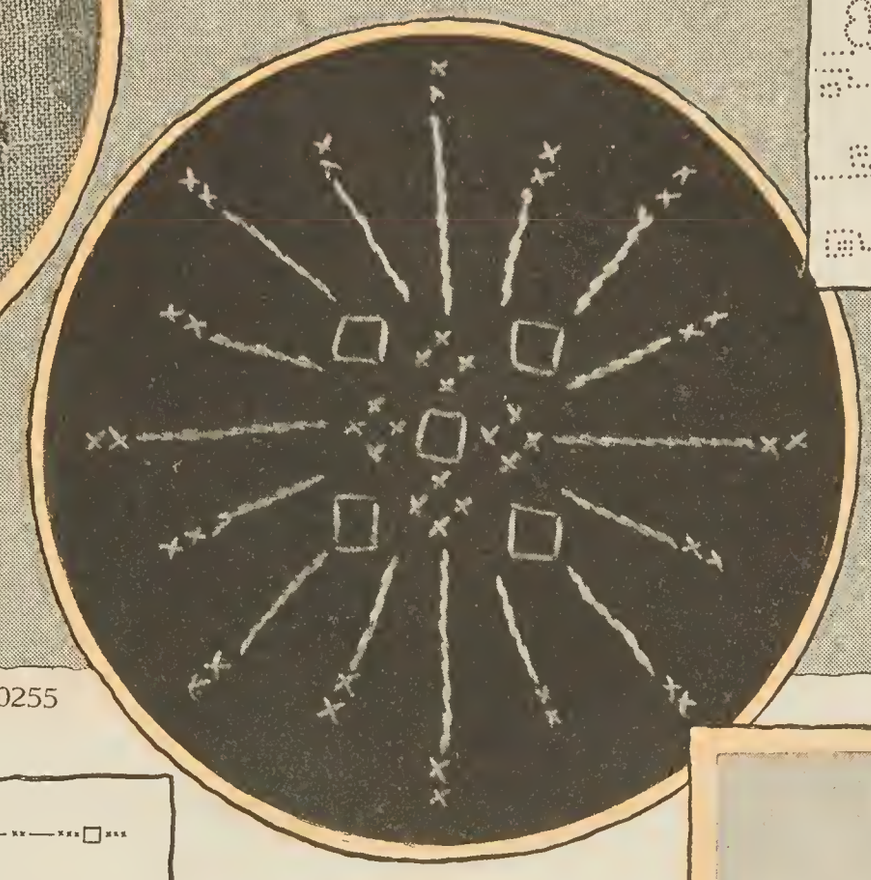
Embroidery design 10253

10253—Beaded flower motifs of varied sizes are used a great deal on the new dresses, especially evening dresses, blouses, skirts, etc. The bandings and motifs of this design may be worked in French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of 6½-inch banding, 4⅞ yards of 1-inch banding, 2⅝ yards 2½-inch banding, 3 motifs 5 by 13½ inches, 3 motifs 6¼ by 7 inches, 3 motifs 2 by 10¾ inches, 3 motifs 2 by 4 inches, 6 motifs 6 by 7¾ inches and 6 corners 5½ by 11 inches.

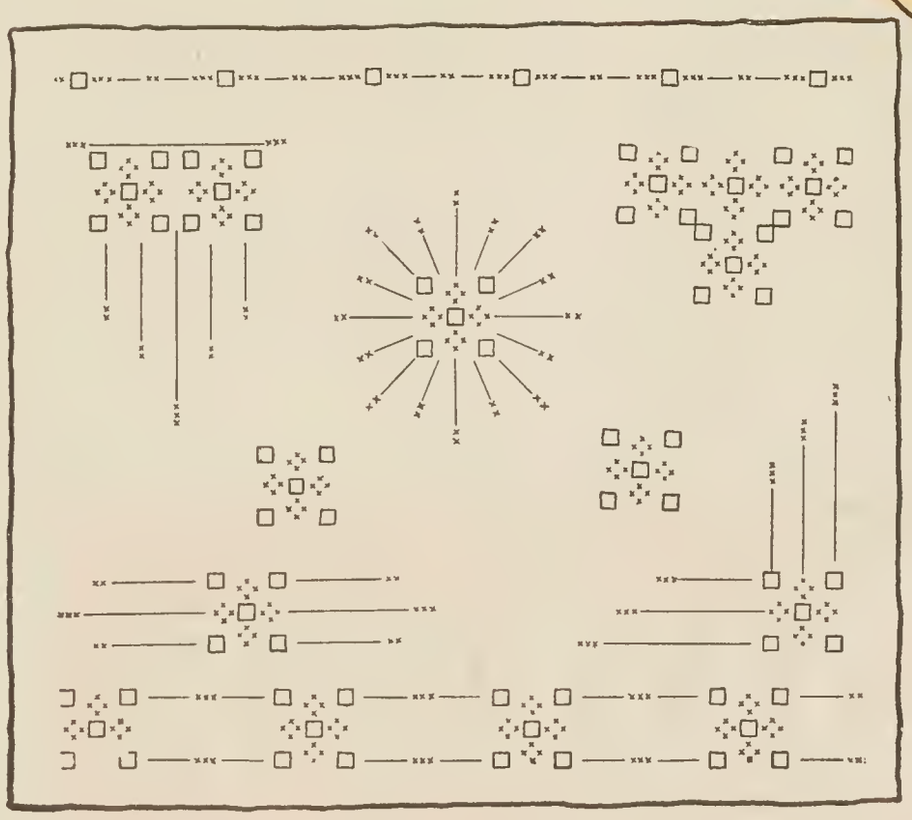
Embroidery design 10252



10252—The barnyard folk furnish their quota to trim the children's clothes. The chicks, ducks and the animal motifs may be worked very rapidly in one-stitch embroidery and used on children's dresses, bibs, aprons, wrappers and nursery furnishings. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of 2½-inch banding and 54 motifs in 8 assorted styles and 2 sizes.



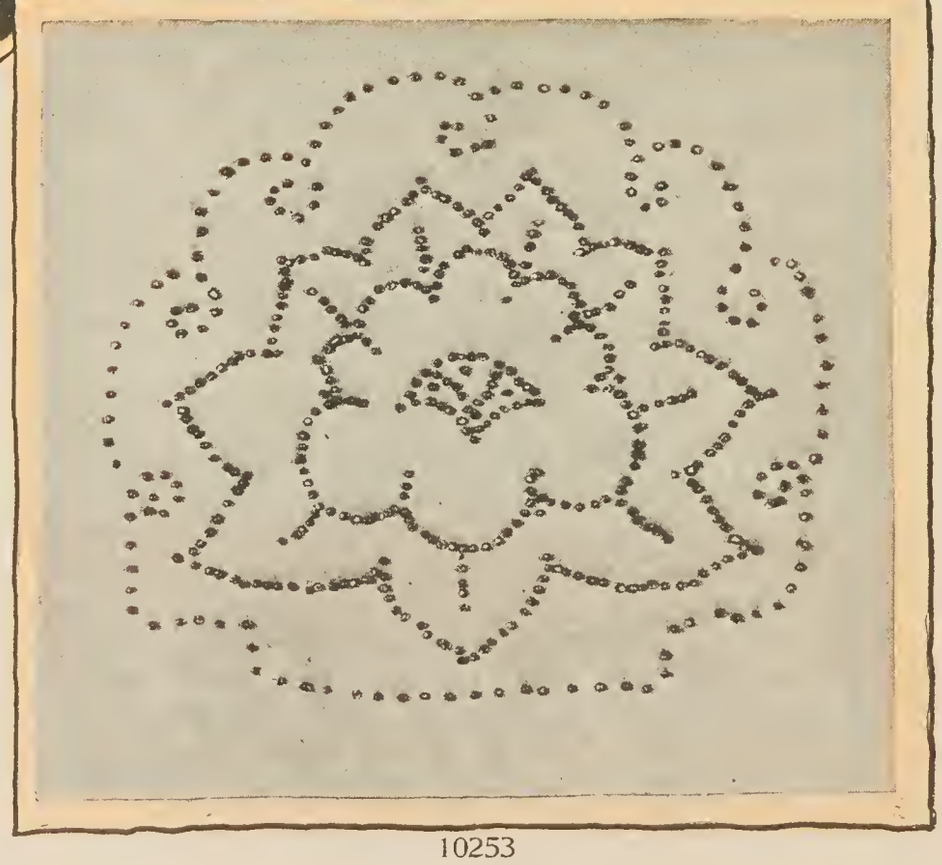
10255



Embroidery design 10255

10254—The large flower motifs of this embroidery to be worked in lazy-daisy, outline and one-stitch, may be used to advantage on dresses or blouses. The banding and motifs may also be used on skirts, hats, children's clothes and household linens. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard 2½-inch banding, 3½ yards 2-inch banding, 2 motifs 12½ by 17 inches and 24 motifs in 8 assorted styles.

10255—Motifs and bandings for the smart trimming in hemstitching, cut-work and cross-stitch are suitable for dresses, blouses, skirts, children's clothes, etc. They may be worked in satin-stitch, cross-stitch and outline for hats, etc. The design can be adapted to 3⅛ yards 2-inch banding, 3½ yards ⅜-inch edging and 30 motifs in 6 assorted styles.



10253

"I FELT 'fagged' in the morning when I went to the office. At luncheon I ate my food with a growing resentment at the necessity of eating. At dinner I merely nibbled at morsels of food. I was nervous and irritable. Then I began eating yeast—Fleischmann's—and noticed my appetite returning. My face lost its sallowness, and the pimples on my skin disappeared; my grouch went the way of the eruptions."

(*Extract from a letter of Mr. A. F. Lockhart, of St. Louis, Mo.*)





"FIVE years ago as an office worker in Milwaukee, I could answer to the description of the 'run-down, nervous, suffering woman' in the patent medicine ads. My sallow complexion was my greatest worry and I was always troubled with constipation. I had taken medicine for four years, but the doctor said that drugs could not effect a permanent cure. Two years ago I learned from the girls in the office to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I am frequently complimented on my fresh complexion and am told I don't look more than twenty-two. I hold the championship record for swimming and tennis in our club. I still have one incurable habit—half a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily with a glass of milk."

(*Extract from a letter of Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald of Ypsilanti, Michigan*)

"WE restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomach in a hurry. No wonder it gets sluggish and refuses to perform its duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on.

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(*Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.*)



You may not realize its amazing power

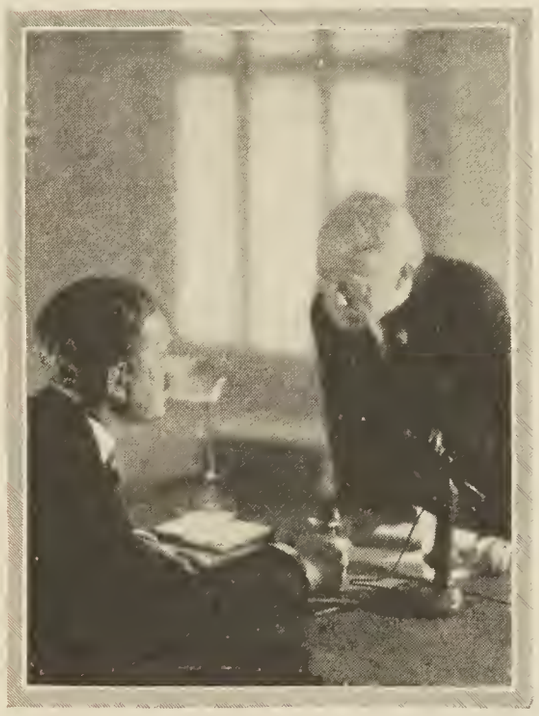
—*Put this familiar food to work for you*



These remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.





"I AM 62 years of age, and looked like 80 — a fitter subject for the Old People's Home than an active, outside insurance solicitor. Constipation had been the bane of my life. My feet could hardly carry me along, and my conversational powers were exhausted during business hours. About 12 months ago I was recommended as a last resort to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I can hardly believe it, neither can my associates—that I am the same man of a year ago. 'You look and act like a man of forty,' say my friends today."

(*A letter from Mr. Russell Carolan of St. Louis, Mo.*)

"I WENT fishing up North about 250 miles from Vancouver in the Spring of 1920, and had an attack of boils in a very bad form which lasted for one year and five months—from 7 to 10 at a time. I tried all kinds of remedies. A fisherman friend made me a bet that Fleischmann's Yeast would cure the boils if I took 3 cakes a day. He said he would buy the yeast cakes. In 10 days my boils began to dry up, in 4 weeks only the marks were left and no new boils coming. I lost the bet and paid for the cakes, but I have not been troubled with boils since."

(*Extract from a letter of Mr. John Faulkner, of Nanaimo, B. C.*)



"A PHYSICAL wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(*Extract from a letter of Mr. Clair C. Cook, of Los Angeles, California*)





Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package —it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in *your* ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-5, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

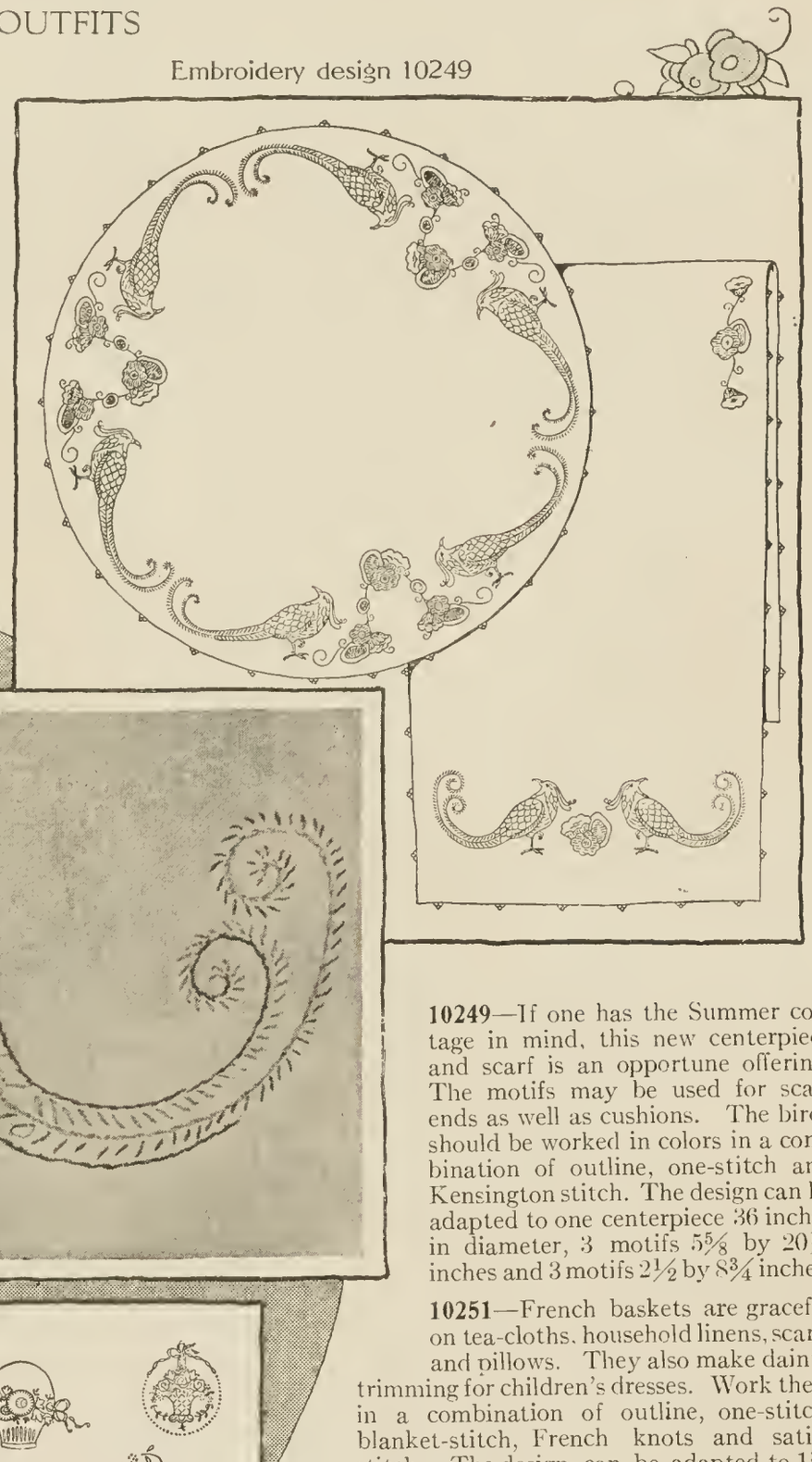
BRILLIANT BIRDS AND GRACEFUL BASKETS FOR HOUSEHOLD LINENS AND BABY CARRIAGE OUTFITS

10250



10250—An exotic bird in brilliant colors is an attractive decoration for a pillow, a scarf or a lamp-shade. There are corners in this design which may be used for new tea-cloths. One should work this design in a combination of one-stitch, French knots, outline, satin stitch and lazy-daisy embroidery. It can be adapted to 4 corners 8⅛ by 13¾ inches, 2 motifs 10½ by 13½ inches, 4 motifs 6 by 10¾ inches, 2 motifs 11½ by 14 inches, 4 motifs 8 by 8½ inches, 6 motifs 3 by 3¼ inches and 6 motifs 2⅛ by 4⅛ inches.

Embroidery design 10249



10249

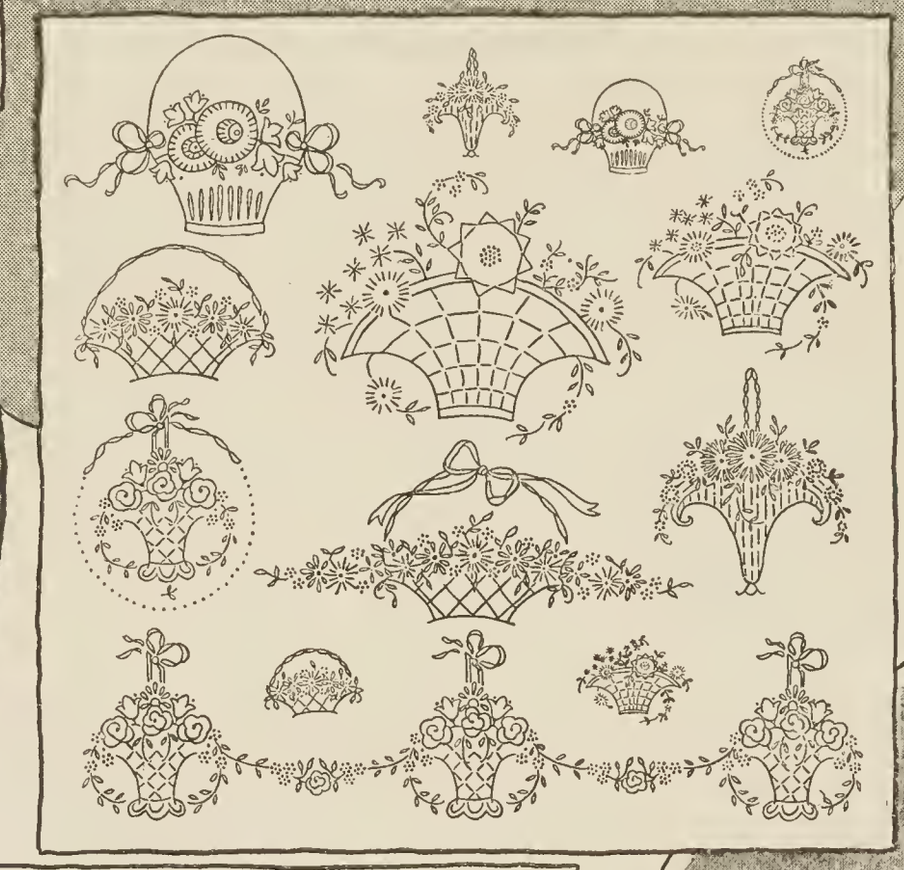


10249—If one has the Summer cottage in mind, this new centerpiece and scarf is an opportune offering. The motifs may be used for scarf ends as well as cushions. The birds should be worked in colors in a combination of outline, one-stitch and Kensington stitch. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, 3 motifs 5⅝ by 20½ inches and 3 motifs 2½ by 8¾ inches.

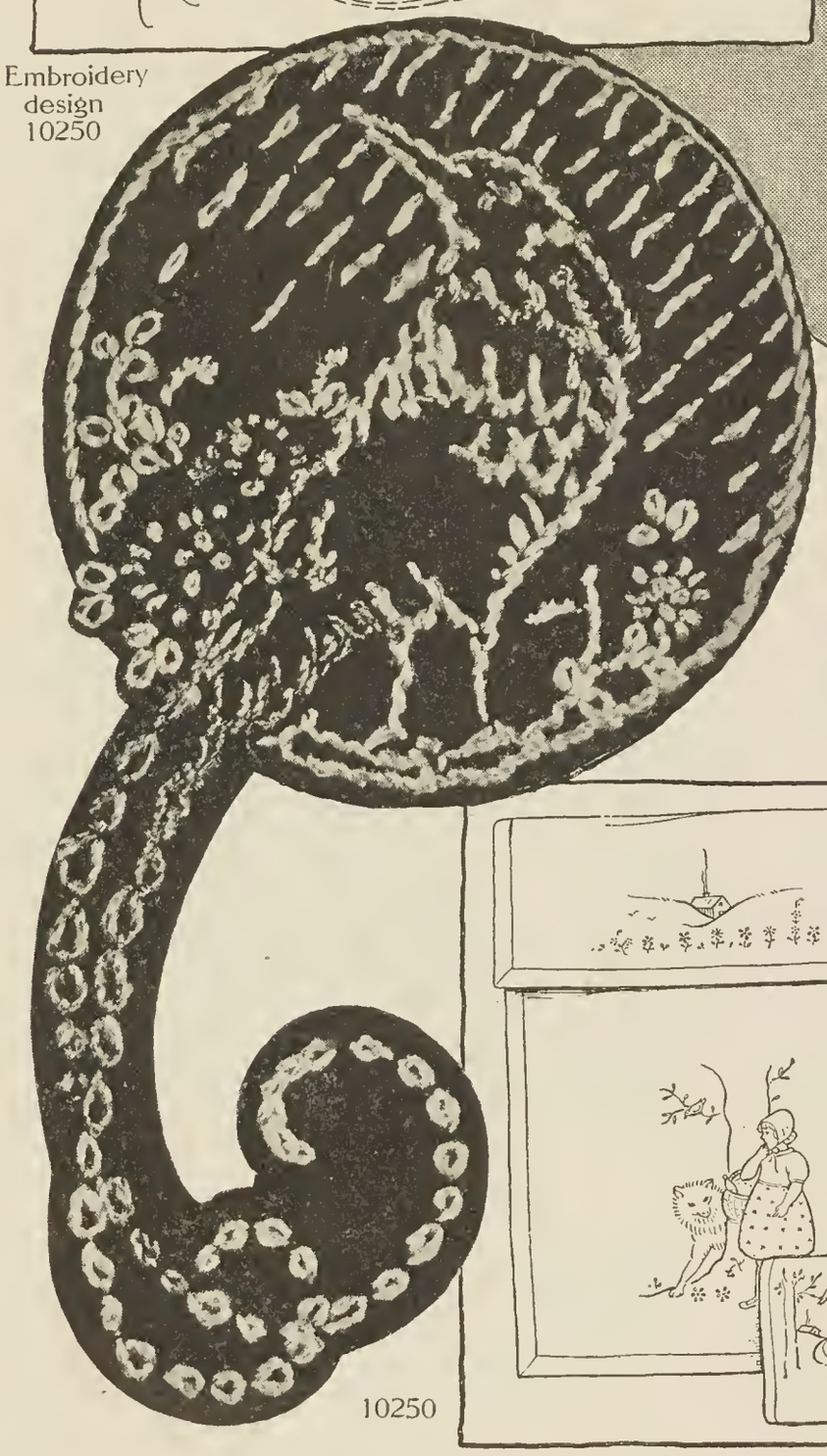
10251—French baskets are graceful on tea-cloths, household linens, scarfs and pillows. They also make dainty trimming for children's dresses. Work them in a combination of outline, one-stitch, blanket-stitch, French knots and satin-stitch. The design can be adapted to 1⅜ yard of 4¾-inch banding, 2 motifs 4½ by 11¼ inches, 2 motifs 6½ by 8¼ inches, and 60 assorted motifs.

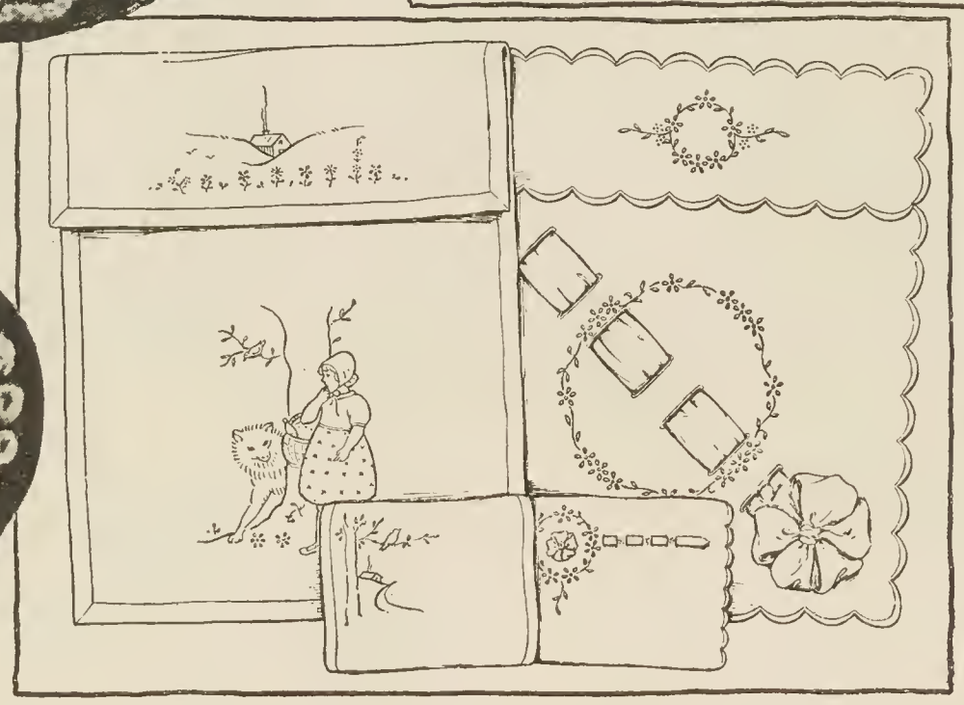
10248—Embroidery offers new carriage covers and pillows for the Summer baby. The motifs are worked in outline, one-stitch, eyelets, French stemming, French knots and satin-stitch. The design contains scalloping. It can be adapted to one carriage cover 30 inches long and 25 inches wide, ⅝ yard of smaller scallops for a pillow, 2 style motifs for the center, 2 style motifs for the pillow and 2 style motifs for the lap.

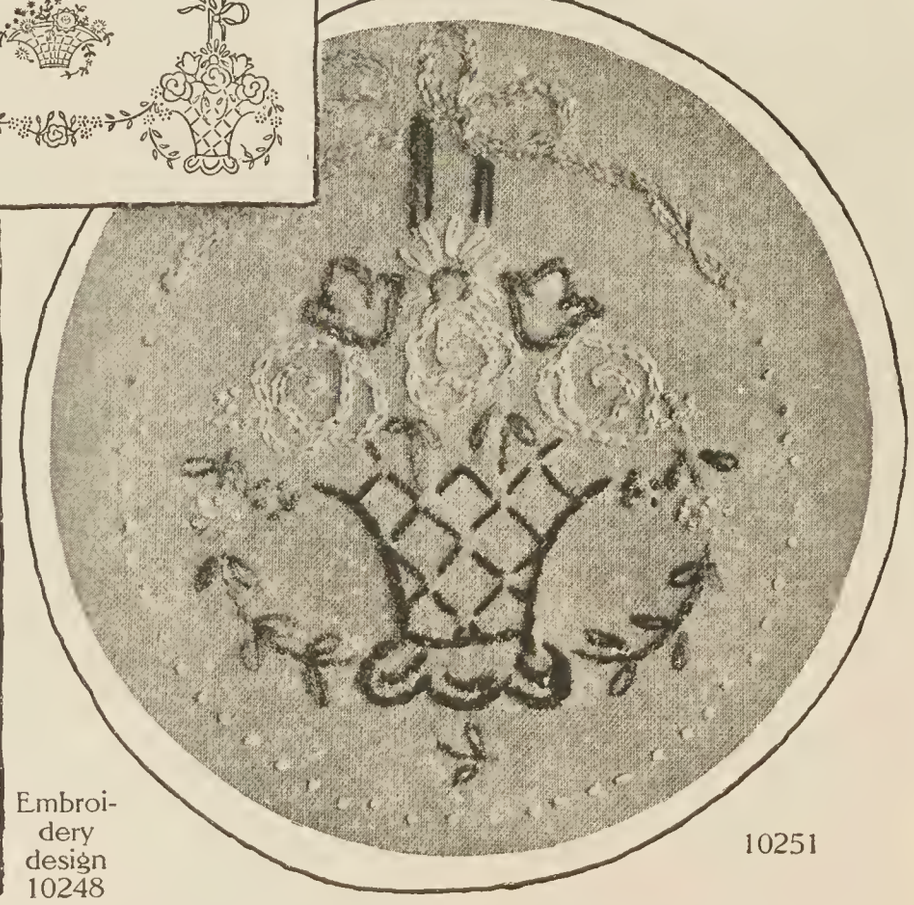
Embroidery design 10251



Embroidery design 10250







10250

Embroidery design 10248

10251

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 90.

Many Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Users Personally Thank the Nestle Company, and Mr. Nestle, Original Inventor of Permanent Hair Waving

They Curled Their Hair At Home Permanently With This Dainty Invention, And Write, "It Came Up to Expectations"



"The Home Outfit Is Simple To Use—and The Waving Is Quick, Safe and Comfortable."

"Waving my hair was interesting,"—MISS ADELINE LIPMAN, 3124 State St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Outfit lasts a lifetime and can be used on as many heads as you desire.





"I now enjoy all the convenience of naturally curly hair," MISS DALE MARTIN, 125 S. 14th St , Quincy, Ill.

"It is GOOD to have naturally fluffy hair at last," MRS. SOPHIA GRABOWSKI, 105 First St., Solvay, N. Y.





"My LANOIL Wave improved my personal appearance 100%," MRS. G. T. ALCOTT, Main St., Platteville, Wis.



"I used to dread rainy weather, but no more!" MISS FRANCES MROVKA, 327 Park Avenue, Collinsville, Ill.



"I have waved myself, and several others successfully," MRS. H. E. HERBERT, Green Cove Springs, Fla.





"My wave has been in three months," MISS MARION BLAKELEY, 5869 W. Lafayette Ave., Detroit, Mich.

"A most wonderful invention," MRS. ROBERT M. EBY, 4316 Barker Ave., Omaha, Neb.

"My hair curling troubles are over," MISS DOROTHY CARLSON, 33 Woodcrest Ave., Dayton, Ohio.



THERE is nothing that women and girls appreciate more than a useful invention which adds to their daily comfort and beauty. But we doubt if ever any other invention aroused such spontaneous approval in thousands of American women, as has the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit.

For *this* invention gives freedom to slaves. No other term describes her who is compelled to sleep in curlers every night, or to use hot irons daily. Nor can other terms describe the mother who has to curl her children's hair daily.

"What a relief Mr. Nestle has brought me," they write. "I have not had a curler in my hair since I used your marvelous Outfit."

"It does the most wonderful thing on earth," others tell us. "Every straight-haired woman should hear about it."

And they are *right*. Every woman *should* know of the Nestle invention. No other form of hair curling, whether by nightly curlers, fluids or hot irons can possibly approach the results of the Nestle PERMANENT wave by the LANOIL Process. A single waving gives you permanently curly hair. And so simple and fool-proof is the Home Outfit that children can handle it.

On 30 Days' Free Trial

Send for your Outfit with free trial supplies today, and if you are not satisfied with the results, return the Outfit, and every cent of its $15 cost, deposited with us or with your postman will be refunded to you immediately. Just imagine your hair, naturally curly. Imagine how free you will feel when your hair looks pretty ALL THE TIME, and rain, bathing, perspiration and shampoos only make it look prettier.

The coupon below, or a letter or postal will bring you either our illustrated free booklet on the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit, or better still the Home Outfit itself on this liberal free trial basis.

If you have any doubt as to the Nestle Company's responsibility, write to this magazine, or to the Harriman National Bank, or the Equitable Trust Company of New York City. Nestle's have been established in Berlin, Paris and London since 1905, and since 1915 in New York, where in their two establishments, each day several hundred prominent women of fashion and the stage get their Nestle LANOIL Permanent Waves.

You have every assurance that you will either get satisfactory, naturally curly hair, or your money back promptly, and without question, so send for your Home Outfit today.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. 22
Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

(From foreign countries, send $16 check, money order or cash equivalent to United States currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street, W., Toronto, Canada, $20, duty free.)

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. 22
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

☐ I prefer to deposit the $15 with my postman when the Outfit arrives.

OR, check HERE ☐ if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

(From foreign countries, send $16 check, money order or cash equivalent to United States currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street, W., Toronto, Canada, $20, duty free.)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Send For Free Illustrated Explanatory Booklet

A USEFUL ADDITION TO THE NEW HOME

"We did hesitate quite a while before deciding to take this little place, Margaret. . . It is a tiny one, isn't it? We couldn't figure out how we could ever have any house guests in it, for there's no place for a guest room.

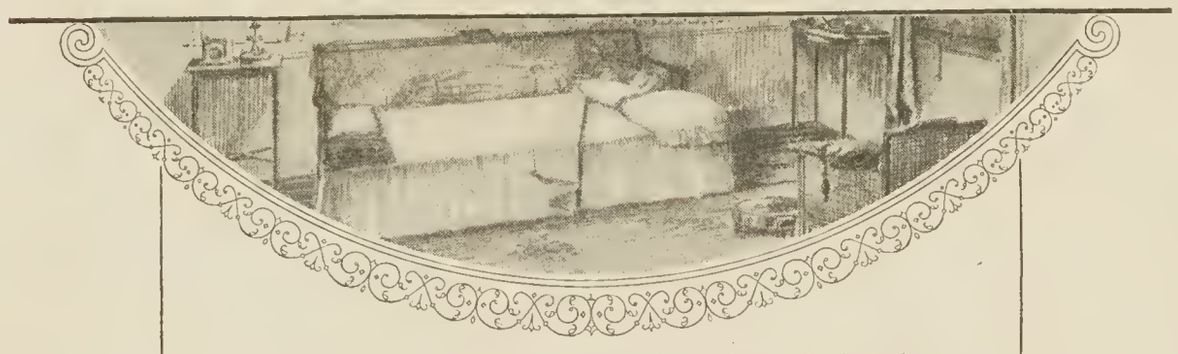
"When we were looking for furniture, though, we suddenly had our problem solved by the salesman who was showing us through the store. He overheard our discussion and directed our attention to this lovely davenport. We admired it, of course, but we didn't see how it filled our need until, with a deft motion he opened it up, and there, lo and behold, was a bed with real bed-springs and a real mattress.

"He certainly earned our gratitude, and we have had wonderful service from it, both as a davenport and as a bed. It's so snug and cozy, and adds so much to this room, doesn't it? And it is such a good example of modern living room furniture?"



The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



Thousands of families are changing their place of residence, and for many of them the Davenport Bed will solve the guest room problem gracefully and efficiently.

Equalling in craftsmanship, design and upholstering the best in modern living room furniture, the Davenport Bed gives no suggestion to the eye, in its daytime use, that a restful bed is concealed within it.

Your furniture merchant will show you Davenport Beds in a variety of designs, one of which will no doubt fit in perfectly with your colour scheme and arrangement plan. Chairs may be had to match each design.

"The Home in Good Taste" is a pleasing presentation of correct home furnishings, accompanied by photographs of many styles of Davenport Beds. Write for a copy.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA

(More than 80 individual manufacturers)

1130 Standard Oil Building, Chicago



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D. B. M. of A.

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



THE DELINEATOR is interested in good suggestions for saving the housewife's money, labor, food or fuel and will pay five dollars for each item used in this department. (*NOTE: The offer of ten dollars each month for the best suggestion received has been withdrawn.*) Unavailable manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please write on one side of the paper only and address: "Save Dollars and Hours," THE DELINEATOR, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

SAVE ON ADJUSTING PETTICOAT LENGTHS

My two growing daughters had much trouble in finding princess slips just the right length for the different dresses they were wearing. We overcame this difficulty by making three buttonholes on each shoulder-strap. This makes it possible to lengthen or shorten the slip very easily.—MRS. H. K. MILLER, Fairland, Okla.

SAVE THE COST OF NEW OVERDRAPES

When we moved into a new house recently, I discovered, much to my alarm, that my cretonne bedroom drapes were too short for the windows. However, with the help of rick-rack braid, I lengthened them and they are very attractive. In one room where the drapes were rose I placed rose rick-rack braid on either side of a plain piece of rose-colored material and inserted it just above the hem. In another room I lengthened the drapes by inserting a group of plain pieces varying from one to three inches in width; here, too, I used the rick-rack as insertion. It was not only unnecessary to buy new drapes, but the attractiveness of the old ones was greatly increased.—MRS. JOHN A. GOE, Sheridan, Wyo.

SAVE TIME IN MAKING SANDWICHES

When it is necessary to make a supply of sandwiches for a social or picnic, I ask my grocer to slice the bread for me on his cutter. He is glad to do this for a few cents and I am saved all the work involved in cutting the bread to the proper thickness.—M. F. SCOTT, Cornwall, Ontario, Can.

SAVE GETTING BITTEN BY MOSQUITOES

Those of us who live in sections where mosquitoes are a real pest can destroy them when they are on the screens or walls by the use of the vacuum cleaner. The suction from the vacuum draws the mosquitoes through the pipe into the sack.—MRS. HENRY F. BURT, Providence, R. I.

SAVE YOUR PRESERVES FROM SCORCHING

Place a large tin or plate covered one-fourth inch deep with salt under the kettle in which preserves are being cooked. This makes constant stirring unnecessary and prevents the preserves from burning.—MRS. A. E. ELDERKIN, Lancaster, Calif.

SAVE ON SPICE

When merely the taste of the spice is desired in pickles or preserves, place the whole spice in a tea-ball and place the tea-ball in the kettle with the other materials.—MRS. W. L. HALLOCK, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

SAVE WHITE COTTON FROM IODIN STAINS

An iodin stain on white cotton material is very difficult to remove. I find that it will respond to boiling in turpentine water. Use one tablespoon of turpentine to a bucket of water and soap. Boil the garment. If the stain does not disappear, boil it a second time. As turpentine is hard on the hands, care should be used in handling the cloth and the garment should be well rinsed.—MRS. JOHN A. GOE, Sheridan, Wyo.

SAVE TIME IN JELLY-MAKING

When straining pulp for jelly, when draining sliced potatoes and when making cottage-cheese, I have found the following helpful: Instead of having to tie the strainer cloth or call upon a second person to hold it, fasten the cloth to the sides of the kettle or pail with clothes-pins.—MRS. J. E. BALTZELL, Port Byron, N. Y.

SAVE SEARCHING AMONG PAPER BAGS

When fruits or vegetables are delivered in paper bags, roll the edge of each bag over on the outside about half an inch. Continue to roll it over and over until the food can be seen easily. This saves the time usually spent in fumbling among many bags to find oranges or onions.—MARY F. HENRY, Denver, Colo.

SAVE TOWELS

I save my good towels from being cut by razors by making razor-cloths from bath-towels that have become worn and thin. I cut these in quarters and bind the edges with pink or blue bias-tape. I then fasten a loop of the tape to one corner and hang the cloth on a hook in the bathroom.—MRS. ARTHUR T. WELDON, Lynn, Mass.

SAVE DIFFICULTY IN CUTTING FROM PATTERNS

Place sheer silks, voiles and similar materials on the silence cloth used on the dining-room table, and then place the pattern. The silence-cloth keeps the material from slipping and makes the cutting much simpler than if the material were placed on a smooth surface.—MRS. CHARLES A. RHOADS, Boone, Ia.

SAVE ON RUBBER BANDS

An old inner-tube is never discarded in our household, where neatly cut rubber bands of various widths are always in demand. A paper-wrapped package is quickly fastened with one or two of them. My paraffined jelly-glasses, if they have no tin covers, are covered with circles of paper and held in place by these rubber bands. Flowing sleeves or paper cuffs, to protect long sleeves while working, may be held in place with them. My small daughter uses them as garters to hold bands in her bloomers.—MRS. LULU J. CHEESMAN, Olympia, Wash.



COMPANION OF HER HOLIDAYS

Anticipations of a joyous, carefree vacation are abundantly realized when a Ford closed car provides easy access to town or country.

The attractive upholstery and all-weather equipment of the Fordor Sedan suggest comfort and protection on long trips, while the simple foot-pedal control assures ease of operation in crowded city traffic.

An increasing number of women who prefer to drive their own cars, are selecting the Ford Fordor Sedan for their personal use, knowing it to be an outstanding value as well as a possession in which they can take pride.

TUDOR SEDAN, $590 FORDOR SEDAN, $685 COUPE, $525 (All prices f. o. b. Detroit)

Ford
CLOSED CARS

What 600 kitchen-talks taught two young women

JOTTINGS FROM THE NOTE BOOKS OF M. C. AND M. S.



LEON, the West Indian cook in an exclusive home was—well, Leon was certainly a Crisco enthusiast. I happened to enter Leon's kitchen at the very moment he was taking his Crisco pies from the oven. After I had explained my errand, Leon, who was a rapid talker, launched into a long list of reasons why he preferred Crisco. He gave dozens of which I remember these:

"'Crisco makes a delicious and very flaky pie crust—people tell me my pies are wonderful. Crisco fries quickly, too, and after frying anything with it I can strain and use it all over again. I always use it for cakes and people say my cakes are delicious—light and moist. I don't have to put Crisco in the ice-box. I just leave it out on the kitchen shelf and it keeps sweet and fresh.' "

This and the following comments were selected from the note-books of two young women who keep us, the makers of Crisco, in touch with the cooking problems of the women who use it.

"Mrs. H. of New Rochelle was away, but her husband was at home and turned out to be the proprietor of a fine bakery. Every day, it seems, he makes 160 dozen doughnuts and 300 pies—with Crisco. He has tried every shortening and settled down to Crisco. It was easier to use, he said, and gave more delicious results.



"Miss L. and her mother (a gentle old lady of long cooking experience) were very partial to Crisco. 'In cooking with Crisco,' said Miss L's mother, 'I am sure of such delicious flavors. Crisco blends so delicately that it seems to bring out the fine natural flavors of the ingredients themselves—the real secret of all good cooking.'

"One house, apparently a residence, turned out to be a sanitarium in whose kitchen Crisco was the only shortening. 'The doctor,' said the head cook, 'insists on Crisco because of its ready digestibility.' "

The choice of 2,000,000 women

And so, through the pages of reports which would take you hours to read we find this same enthusiasm for Crisco—the enthusiasm that has made Crisco the largest selling brand of shortening in America—the favored shortening in more than 2,000,000 homes.

Wherever these two young women went they found the same friendly enthusiasm for Crisco. They discovered, however, that some old Crisco users did not yet appreciate the *vegetable* origin of Crisco; that Crisco is made from the pure sweet oils of growing plants.

Again, a certain number of housekeepers were surprised to learn that Crisco *alone* serves every frying and shortening purpose. For example, a woman would compliment Crisco on its tender, flaky pie crusts while forgetting that it also makes deliciously light cakes and crisp, digestible fried foods.

If you yourself have never used Crisco we suggest that you take advantage of the special offer printed just below.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Address Section F-6, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Three of the foods in this simple Sunday night supper were prepared with Crisco—individual chicken short cakes, finger rolls and Devil's Food Cake. Here is the recipe for Devil's Food Cake with Marshmallow Frosting:

½ cake chocolate
1 cup milk
2 teaspoonfuls vanilla
½ cup sugar

Put in small saucepan over the fire and stir until it boils five minutes. Remove from the fire, add vanilla, and set aside to cool.

½ cup CRISCO
1 cup sugar
½ cup milk
2 eggs
2 cups flour
½ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful baking soda
3 tablespoonfuls boiling water

Cream the Crisco, add the sugar and cream again. Then add the eggs well beaten and beat two minutes. Next add the milk, the soda dissolved in the boiling water, the flour, salt and chocolate mixture. Mix well and bake in two layer cake tins in moderate oven 25 minutes.

Marshmallow Frosting

2 cups granulated sugar
½ cup boiling water

Cook until it threads from the spoon. Add to the well beaten whites of 2 eggs. Beat well and add ½ lb. of marshmallow cut in small pieces. Flavor it with vanilla. Spread over cake before cool.

© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

MENUS FOR THE JOYOUS WEDDING FEAST

By Jessie A. Boys

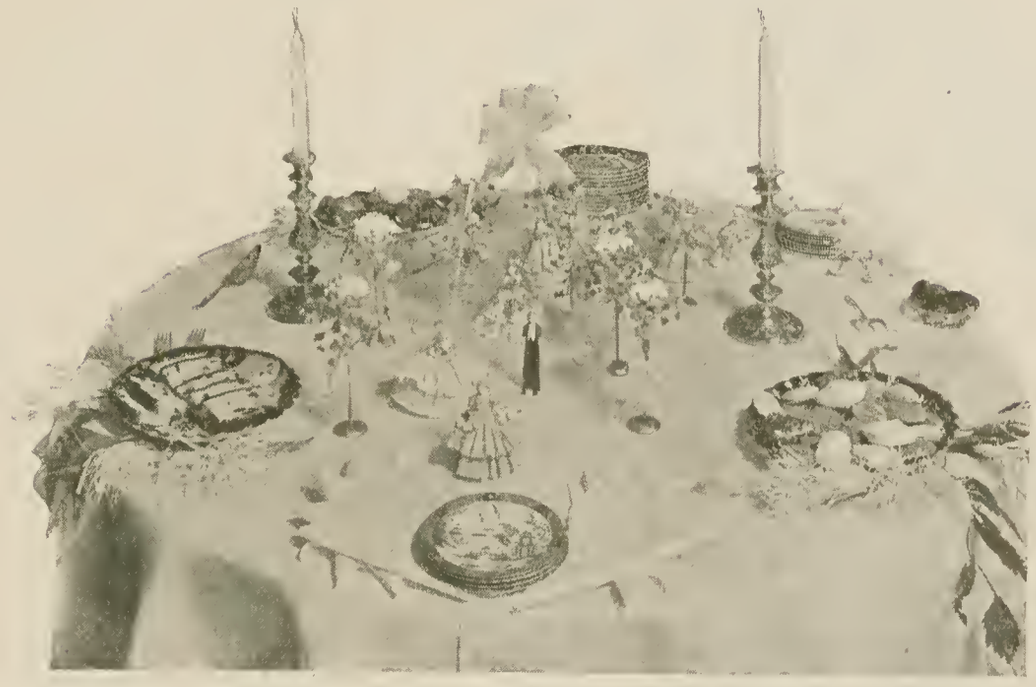
Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



The maid of honor



One of the bridesmaids



Directions for making a bridal party and other paper table decorations may be obtained from the Home-Makers' Department. Enclose a stamped envelope



And this is the bride herself, and the tall and stately groom

EDITOR'S NOTE—*These menus are quite unique in that they are planned to follow certain color schemes. We suggest that they would be most enjoyable for parties and other festive occasions, as well as for weddings.*

THE food served at the wedding-party must be given particular attention in order that it too may contribute to the joyousness of the occasion. If a certain color effect is used in the costumes and decorations, this can be accomplished in the menu also. These menus are suggestive of what may be done in developing a color scheme; but if everything called for in any menu can not be secured, some adjustment may have to be made. For example, if the fancy molded ice-creams, such as wedding-bells and roses and brick ice-cream with heart shapes in it, are not available locally, the plain ice-cream in the suggested colors may be used, and the same decorations will still be appropriate.

The ice-cream wedding-bells may be served on a thin slice of sponge-cake with a bow of glazed-paper ribbon dropped upon it. The molded roses are very effective if placed upon real rose leaves, selected for perfection and size and, of course, thoroughly washed and shaken dry.

To secure a color which is not natural in a food material or dish, any of the following suggestions may be used. You must, of course, suit the expedient to the foodstuff in question—for example, egg-yolk or saffron added to baking-powder-biscuit dough gives a satisfactory yellow color. However, the color device should be tested out ahead of time so that there will be no uncertainty as to the process, the amount or the result.

Yellow is obtained by using egg-yolk, saffron or color pastes.

Pink is obtained by using pressed fruit-juice, color paste, liquid coloring or cochineal. Care should be exercised when using these, as some intensify rather than fade upon standing.

Green may be obtained by squeezing finely chopped spinach, parsley, green pepper and watercress; by color pastes and liquid coloring. Some color pastes give tints which fade out when used in mixtures containing egg.

MENUS

THE following menus are planned to carry out a definite color scheme. They are suggestive only, and any one may be simplified or made more elaborate, according to the need, by leaving out or adding courses or by changing the character of the dishes or courses. Though they have been planned with the June wedding in mind, they can be used in most cases at other seasons by making slight changes; or they can be used for announcement or other bridal parties. And if there is no wedding on the calendar, they may even be considered as company menus.

BREAKFAST

(*Yellow-and-White Color Scheme*)

Pineapple Cocktail
Creamed Chicken and Mushrooms in Patties
Mashed Potato
Celery Stalks Stuffed with Yellow Cheese
Orange Marmalade *Hot Rolls (Buttered)*
Yellow Brick Ice-Cream with White Heart Molded in the Center
Sunshine Cake *Angel Cake*
Coffee

LUNCHEON

(*Yellow-and-Green Color Scheme*)

Chilled Fruits
Olives *Amber Jelly*
Baked Chicken *Mushroom Sauce*
Glazed New Potatoes *Buttered New Peas*
Yellow Biscuits Cut Heart-Shaped
Cucumber-and-Watercress Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing
Yellow Nut-Bread Sandwiches
Wedding-Bells of Pistachio Ice-Cream
Sponge-Cakes *Bride's Cake*
Turkish-Mint Paste *Salted Almonds*
Coffee

LUNCHEON

(*Pink-and-White Color Scheme*)

Tomato Bouillon *Crisp Wafers*
Icicle Radishes *Rhubarb Jelly*
Halibut Timbales *Shrimp Sauce*
Mashed Potatoes *Buttered Beets*
Sliced Cucumbers *Hot Rolls*
Lettuce Hearts *Russian Dressing*
Finger Sandwiches
Strawberry Ice-Cream Molded as Roses
Angel Cake *Decorated White Cake*
Pink and White Mints *Roasted Almonds*
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR DINNER

(*Pink-and-Green Color Scheme*)

Choice Strawberries
Consommé with Peas and Diced Beets
Paprika Crackers
Steamed Filet Flounder *Bechamel Sauce*
Savory Potatoes
Beef Tenderloin *Browned New Potatoes*
Buttered Asparagus
Hot Rolls
Gooseberry Jam *Tomato-and-Celery Relish*
Cucumber-and-Radish Salad
French Dressing
Pimiento, Green-Pepper and Cottage-Cheese Sandwiches
Vanilla-and-Mint Coupé *White Cake*
Decorated Bride's Cake
Bonbons *Mixed Salted Nuts*
Coffee

OUTDOOR SUPPER

Crab-Meat Salad *Mayonnaise Dressing*
Sliced Tomatoes *Olive Sandwiches*
Heart Molds of Strawberry Ice-Cream
Frosted Cake
Punch *Coffee*

RECEPTION

Bouillon with Whipped Cream
Chicken à la King in Heart-Shaped Timbales
Watercress Sandwiches
Pear Salad *Pink Mayonnaise* *Wafers*
Vanilla Ice-Cream in Sponge-Cake Baskets with Crystallized Rose-Petal Decoration
Punch *Coffee*

RECIPES

(*These recipes provide fifty ample servings*)

YELLOW NUT-BREAD

6 cups flour
6 tablespoons baking-powder
1½ tablespoons salt
1 cup sugar
1½ cups nuts
4 egg-yolks
3 cups milk
¼ cup melted butter

Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add the nuts. Beat the egg-yolks and add to the milk. Then combine the mixtures and beat in the melted butter. Last, pour into greased tins, let stand twenty minutes and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit).

CHICKEN À LA KING

1 cup chicken fat
1 cup butter
½ cup corn-starch
1 quart chicken stock
1 quart hot milk
½ tablespoon salt
1 pint cream
2 quarts chicken
½ pound fresh mushrooms
1 pint pimiento
8 egg-yolks

Melt the chicken fat and butter, add corn-starch, and when well mixed pour on the chicken stock. When beginning to boil, add the milk and cream. Stir constantly and carefully until thickened, then cook over water one-half hour, stirring occasionally. Add the chicken (cooked and cut in small pieces), the mushrooms (peeled and sliced) and the pimiento (cut in strips). When thoroughly heated, add the beaten egg-yolks and salt. Add more salt if desired.

FRUIT PUNCH

1 quart fresh pine-apple-juice
1 quart lemon-juice
1 quart orange-juice
1 quart white-grape juice
2 quarts black tea infusion
5 quarts water
2 pounds sugar
1 quart red fruit-juice or ginger-ale

Make a sirup of the sugar and one quart of the water and let cool. Extract the fruit-juices and strain. Combine the ingredients and let stand several hours in the ice-box. If ginger-ale is used, it is added just before serving so as not to lose its sparkle. Serve the punch well iced. Washed sprigs of mint or borage may be added to the contents of the punch-bowl if desired. If borage is not obtainable, some cucumber parings will give a similar flavor.

SUPERIOR WEDDING-CAKE

1½ pounds shortening
1 pound granulated sugar
¾ pound brown sugar
1 cup strong coffee
1 cup molasses
1 cup fruit-juice
1 orange—juice and grated rind
1 lemon—juice and grated rind
20 egg-yolks
2 pounds flour
2 tablespoons mace
2 tablespoons grated nutmeg
1 teaspoon clove
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons soda
5 pounds currants
4 pounds seeded raisins
2 pounds citron
20 egg-whites

Prepare raisins by separating each one and spreading them out to dry a little. Wash currants thoroughly, as they are apt to be sandy, and dry on towels. Slice the citron thinly and cut in slivers, but do not mix with raisins and currants. Use one cup of flour for dredging the fruit. Mix and sift the flour, soda and spices. The brown sugar should be free from lumps.

Cream the butter till very soft and mix in the sugars until the mixture is foamy. Add beaten egg-yolks, molasses, then part of the flour and alternate the rest of the liquids with the remaining flour. Add floured raisins and currants and mix in the stiffly beaten whites at the last. Line the pans with greased paper, bottom and sides, putting a double thickness on the bottom. Put a one-inch layer of the mixture in the pan, sprinkle with one-third of the citron and when the pan is half full, add another portion of citron. The remainder is to be sprinkled just below the top. If nuts are desired, a few almonds — blanched, shredded and dried—may be sprinkled over the top. The top may have to be smoothed before the nuts are dropped on.

Bake in a very slow oven (240 degrees Fahrenheit) for four hours, or steam three hours and bake two hours. If steamed first, greased or waxed paper must be tied over the top to prevent moisture from being deposited on top of the cake.

This amount will make about twenty pounds of cake and is sufficient for serving fifty or more people.

If a pan of large size is not owned, this mixture can be put into a clean dishpan.

A LIST OF QUANTITIES NEEDED TO SERVE FIFTY PEOPLE

Potatoes—15 pounds
Beets (canned)—1 gallon
Asparagus (fresh)—10 pounds
Peas (fresh) 1 bushel
Fowl—15 pounds
Olives—2 quarts
Strawberries—5 quart boxes
Crackers—1 pound
Butter—1¼ pounds
Lettuce—5 heads for flat salad; 10 if cut into sections
Coffee—1 pound
Cream—1½ quarts
Lump sugar—1½ pounds
Jelly or marmalade—6 glasses
Salted nuts—2½ pounds
Mayonnaise—2 quarts
Relish—3 pints
Sandwich-bread—1 or 2 loaves, according to size of sandwich

1,782

Domestic science experts say, "*Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best*"

Recently a representative group of Domestic Science experts in all parts of the country was asked "which type of baking powder do you use and prefer?" 83% unhesitatingly replied "Cream of Tartar." An overwhelming sentiment in favor of cream of tartar for perfect baking.

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THE BRIDE'S FIRST COMPANY DINNER

By Anne Madison

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

EDITOR'S NOTE—*There never was a bride who did not want her guest dinners to be a success—right from the start. We invite all brides—and experienced housekeepers, too—who have difficulty in selecting menus, preparing dishes or deciding on methods of service to write our Home-Makers' Department for advice. We always want to help. We ask only that you enclose a stamped envelope for our reply.*

MAKE your first company dinner a success. Do not plan more elaborate dishes or a greater number of them than you can accomplish. Begin with a small number of guests—at most six persons at table—until you have learned your powers. If you are inexperienced, reconcile yourself to the fact that it will take you several times as long as it would take an experienced person and cheerfully limit your number of guests. Choose a menu which gives attention to preparation well ahead of time, so that your last minutes may be free for your duties as a hostess. Make a plan and learn to visualize each step you take.

The following simple menu is suggested to help the new housekeeper. It consists of three courses—four if coffee is included. That is about all that a hostess who is cook—and, perhaps, waitress and housemaid as well—can accomplish with credit. It is a type of meal which can be served at any time of the year:

Grapefruit or Fruit Cocktail
Chicken or Veal en Casserole
Stuffed Baked Potatoes
Green Peas or String-Beans
Bread and Butter
Jelly
Strawberry or Other Fruit Shortcake, or Fresh Strawberries or Other Fruit

With this meal, or similar meals, much of the cooking may be done in the morning, leaving the kitchen clean and in order for the latter part of the meal, thus preventing the hostess from being weary or overwarm.

THE following suggestions are for preparations which may be completed in the morning:

Prepare the grapefruit or cocktail and set it away in a cold place. It should be all ready except to go into the dishes in which it will be served.

Bake the potatoes, then stuff them and make the stuffing slightly softer than you would if the potatoes were to be used immediately. Brush the tops with melted butter, arrange in a baking-pan and set away in a cold place until twenty minutes before they are to go into the oven to be reheated.

Prepare the chicken en casserole and let it cook until it is nearly done. Cool and set away in a cold place until one hour before the meal is to be served. The beauty of a dish of this kind is that it can be prepared ahead of time. Not only will it be ready and delicious, but it will save that last-minute difficulty, which even old housekeepers experience, of getting everything transferred from pot to plate and from kitchen to dining-room while at the same time trying to leave the kitchen looking presentable.

When buying the chicken for this dish (if six persons are to be served), secure a large chicken of four pounds or more or two small ones. Ask the butcher to cut it up as for fricassee. When serving the chicken, give a piece of white and a piece of dark meat to each person. The backs should not be served the first time around the table.

Get the peas or beans ready for cooking and put them into the pot in which they are to be cooked. The top of a double boiler is suggested for this purpose. Then when the peas are done this pot may be set over the hot-water receptacle and the vegetable may thus be kept hot without being overcooked.

Make, bake and split the shortcake and butter it while it is hot. Put it back in the baking-pan ready to reheat. If the shortcake is well made, no one will know that it is not a last-minute product.

Cut the butter or make butter balls or butter rolls and place in cold water until ready to put on the table.

The bread may be cut and wrapped in a slightly dampened cloth, or rolls may be buttered, to be warmed just before serving.

IF THE hostess is an old hand at getting things done, an hour is all that will be needed to complete preparations for the dinner. The novice, however, should be on hand at least one and one-half hours before she expects her first guest to arrive. She should be entirely ready as to personal appearance, except to make a quick change of dress at the next to last minute. The following organization of schedule will show how, with good planning, she can make things run smoothly even if it is her first attempt at entertaining a dinner-party:

5 to 5:20. Set the table and arrange tray for serving coffee. Nothing should be forgotten, from the smallest spoon to arranging the dishes which are to be heated for the middle course.

5:20 to 5:45. Get oven ready for cooking. Wash, hull and prepare strawberries for shortcake. Fill cream-pitchers for shortcake and coffee.

5:45. Put casserole in oven.

5:45. Put vegetables on to cook in top of double boiler. Arrange to have water heated for lower part of double boiler. Arrange heat under vegetable and for oven so that it may be left while you complete your toilet. Get coffee ready to be made.

5:50 to 6:05. Change dress.

6:05 to 6:25. Complete cooking of vegetables and when ready drain and place over lower part of double boiler.

6:20. Put potatoes in oven. Make and strain coffee and place it where it will keep hot, unless it is to be made in a percolator at the last minute. Arrange fruit and place it on the table. Prepare for serving of bread or rolls and water. See that heat in oven is low enough so that casserole and potatoes can cook safely for at least twenty minutes longer.

You are now ready for guests. It may not be necessary for you even to look into the kitchen until you carry out the plates after the fruit course has been eaten. When you do that, and after you have taken the casserole and potatoes from the oven, lower the heat in the oven to 275 degrees Fahrenheit, which is a slow heat, and put the shortcake in, leaving the oven door slightly ajar.

While you are changing plates for the second course and before you sit down again, fill all the glasses and see that every one has bread and butter and that there is enough bread to last through this part of the meal.

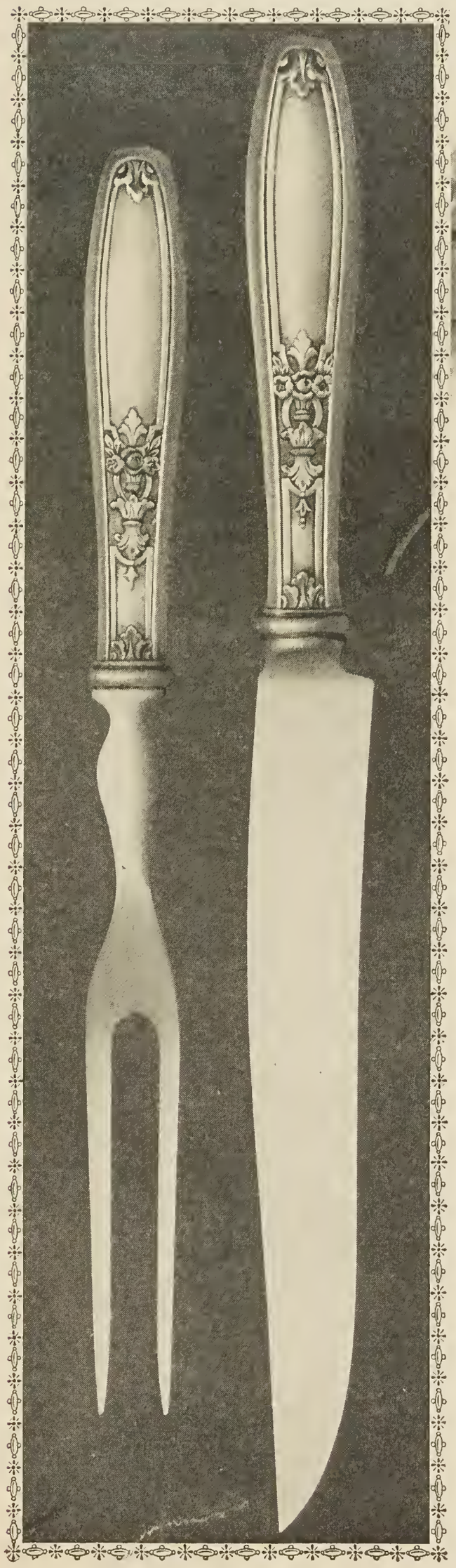
NOTE—*For housekeepers who are interested in experimenting with this meal, directions will be sent for preparing the dishes described—rules for table setting and serving—further menus for company meals.*

The wanderings of Polly

How could a mother help being a little disappointed when Polly's vacation developed into one long series of parties—always at the homes of her school friends? Last night she went to the Osgoods; the night before to the Clarks; to-night she is being whisked away to a dinner-dance at little Miss Baxter's. In vain had mother suggested luncheons and dinners at their own home. Polly had been evasive. At last, however, she admitted they just didn't have the necessary things to entertain as the other girls did. Silverware, for instance!



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May we send you a copy of our booklet T-17, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense," with authoritative table settings made in the Good Housekeeping Studio of Furnishings and Decorations? You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day. International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

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Science Finds Health in Gelatine

Extracts from a Special Article in the New York Times

SCIENTISTS at the Mellon Institute, University of Pittsburgh, have recently completed an investigation of the health value of gelatine. The following extracts are from this report:

"Co-operative experiments with baby clinics have shown remarkable results from the use of gelatine in infant feeding and malnutrition of children. Babies who lost weight on the usual milk formulas recovered remarkably when 1 per cent of dissolved gelatine was added, and children thrived on gelatine with milk or cream when nothing else agreed with them."

"Gelatine is of great digestive and nutritive value for invalids, especially those suffering from fever, tuberculosis, and diabetes."

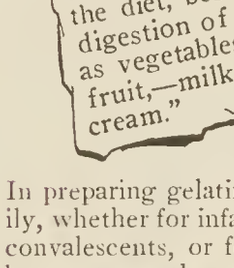
"Gelatine, added to milk with rolled oats or oatmeal makes a highly nutritive breakfast food, which may be prepared by adding granulated gelatine to the cooking cereal some five or ten minutes before its removal from the double boiler."

"Gelatine, which Dr. Thomas B. Downey of the Mellon Institute has found to have 75 distinct applications to food uses, is a valuable addition to the diet, because it aids in the digestion of other foods, such as vegetables, fresh or canned fruit,—milk, eggs and ice cream."

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Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

THE ART OF COOKING FRESH VEGETABLES

By Winifred Moses

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



Spinach may be cooked without water other than that remaining on the leaves after they have been washed and drained

IT'S as easy to make sure that the vegetables so necessary for the family health are on the daily menus as it is to lead the proverbial horse to water. But to be sure that the vegetables are eaten and full value received is as difficult as it is to make the proverbial horse drink. The greatest skill in cookery is necessary to make the average family eat vegetables.

One general rule for making the most of both the flavor and the food value of vegetables is to bake or steam them instead of boiling them; and if they have to be boiled, to cook them whole and in their skins rather than cut in small, peeled pieces.

The French cook vegetables en casserole with stock and keep all the vegetable flavors. The English use plenty of butter. Here are some hints for American cooks:

Vegetables to be boiled should be plunged right into boiling water. Strong-flavored vegetables, such as cabbage, onions, cauliflower, turnips and Brussels sprouts, should be boiled rapidly in an uncovered vessel with much water. Mild-flavored vegetables, such as string-beans and peas, should be simmered in as small a quantity of water as will cook them. They should also have the cover slightly ajar, for all vegetables require some ventilation during the cooking process.

When cooking young, tender vegetables or potatoes, the salt may be added at the beginning of the cooking; but in cooking old or withered vegetables the salt should not be added until the last.

Asparagus—Asparagus is a vegetable of very delicate flavor. It should not be mangled by overcooking; it should be tender, but crisp as well. If boiled or steamed, asparagus should be thoroughly drained when done.

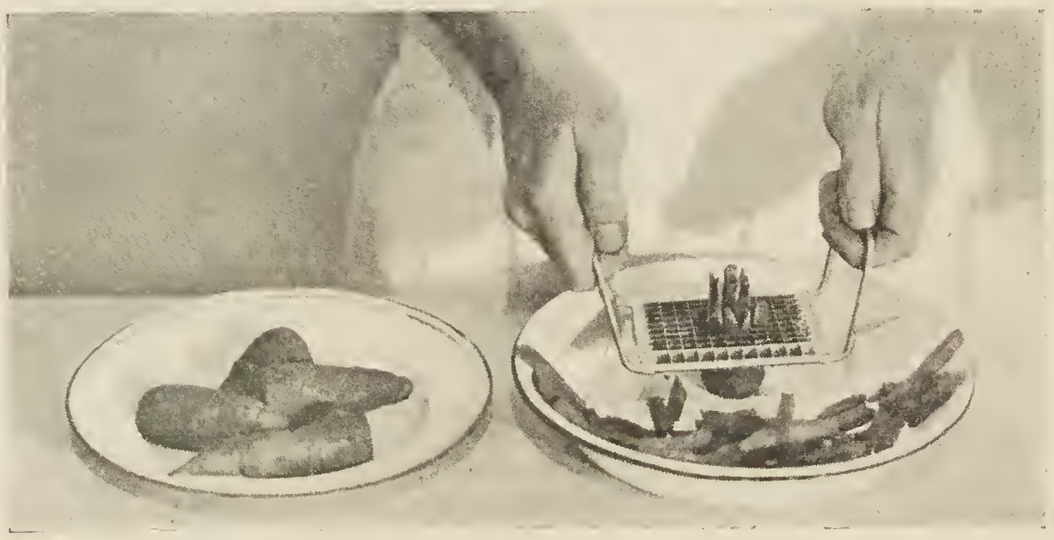
The best and simplest way to serve asparagus is to dress it in melted butter. However, it may be served with cream, Hollandaise, mouseline or drawn-butter sauce; or it may be served cold with sauce vinaigrette. Another way is to cover the cooked stalks with melted butter and grated cheese and put the whole in the oven until the cheese melts. Allow about six stalks of asparagus for each person.

The coarse ends of asparagus should not be thrown away; they should be boiled in a little water, and this water should be utilized in flavoring soups and sauces.

Peas—Green peas, if they are to be at their best, should pass from the vines to the table via the shortest route. The flavor of peas is so delicate that they should be cooked in just sufficient water to prevent burning. It takes from five to twenty minutes' cooking to make young peas tender. They should not be drained, but the water should be evaporated nearly to dryness. As soon as they are nearly dry, add butter, pepper, salt—and cream if you have it and like it. Allow two tablespoons of butter and one-half teaspoon of salt to one pint of peas. This method of cooking and seasoning is known as *l'Anglaise*.

String-beans — Another vegetable that comes into the market about this time is the string-bean. String-beans, like peas, are at their best when cooked immediately after picking. In selecting string-beans, choose only those that are crisp and tender; avoid those that are tough and have a withered appearance or that have an abundance of tough strings.

Concluded on page 55



Cutting every-day vegetables in new shapes gives them a fresh appeal to both eye and appetite. It also makes better seasoning possible

MENU

FRUIT CUP
*CHICKEN OR VEAL LOAF
HOT GREEN PEAS IN CASES
ROLLS
*ORANGE AND ENDIVE SALAD
served with cheese straws or balls of cream cheese rolled in chopped nuts
*STRAWBERRY MOUSSE
ANGEL FOOD OR FANCY CAKES
COFFEE
CANDIES (French Dainties)

For the June Wedding or when Entertaining

LET us send you an especially prepared list of charming and original dessert and salad recipes for the Wedding Feast and other entertainments. For example, these recipes printed below have invariably proved prime favorites.

*Strawberry Mousse

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ¼ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar Juice 1 lemon
2 cups crushed strawberries
1½ cups cream or evaporated milk, whipped

Mash two cupfuls of ripe berries. Sprinkle with the sugar and lemon juice; let stand for one hour. Then rub through a strainer. Soften gelatine in the cold water ten minutes; dissolve in the boiling water. Add to strawberries; cool in a pan of ice water until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in cream, whipped stiff, and pour into large or small molds. Cover top of each mold with buttered paper before putting on cover. Bury in equal quantities of salt and finely crushed ice; let stand two or three hours.

*Chicken or Veal Loaf

1 envelope of Knox Acidulated Gelatine
1 cup cold water 2 cups stock, well-seasoned
1 onion, peeled and sliced 1 stalk celery
2 cups chopped cold cooked chicken, veal, ham or beef
⅓ cup canned pimentoes, cut in thin strips
½ tablespoonful finely chopped parsley

Soak gelatine and one-half teaspoonful of the lemon flavoring (found in the Acidulated Package) in cold water five minutes. Add onion and celery to stock, bring to the boiling point; let boil three minutes; strain and pour over soaked gelatine. When mixture begins to stiffen, add meat, pimentoes, and chopped parsley. Turn into brick mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold, and cut in slices for serving.

*Orange and Endive Salad

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water 1 cup orange juice
1 cup sugar 2 cups boiling water
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add orange and lemon juice. When jelly is set force through a potato ricer. Arrange thin, crosswise slices of orange (first removing seeds), on a bed of endive. Surround with jelly, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

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"Why, it was the easiest thing in the world! What dust there was lay on the surface, and brushed right up. They are simply no trouble at all to keep clean.

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"When I got acquainted with my new neighbors, I learned there were several houses on our street with linoleum floors. One woman had linoleum floors in every room in her house. The women were all delighted with them because an occasional waxing and polishing is all the care they ever need. If we build, I am thinking seriously of having linoleum floors in all my rooms. I will certainly have them in my bedrooms and sun porch."

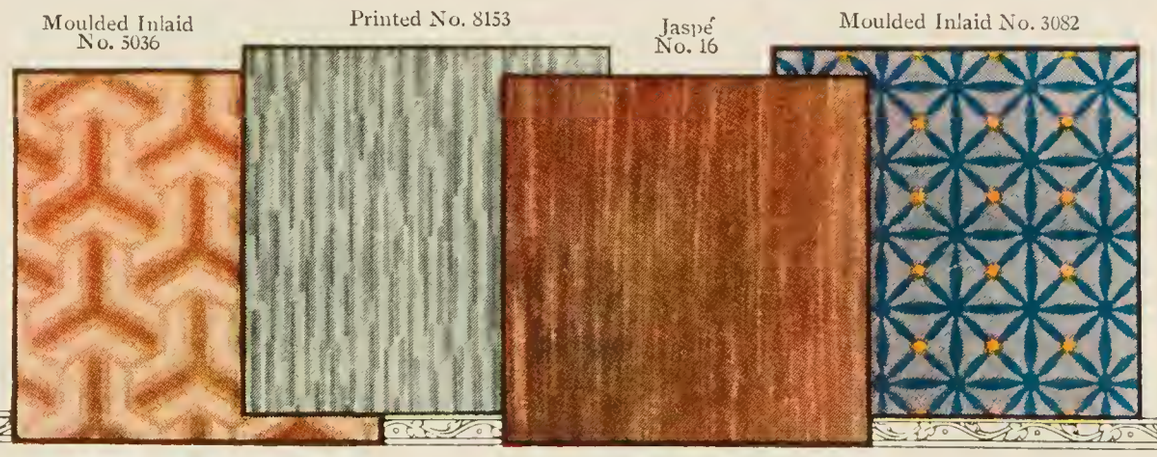
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If you have upstairs floors that are a never-ending problem to you, visit a good merchant and look at the many beautiful new patterns of Armstrong's Linoleum floors. In many cities there are good local merchants keenly desirous to show you what they can do if given an opportunity to lay a fine design of Armstrong's Linoleum as it should be laid. Talk to the merchant who features good laying.

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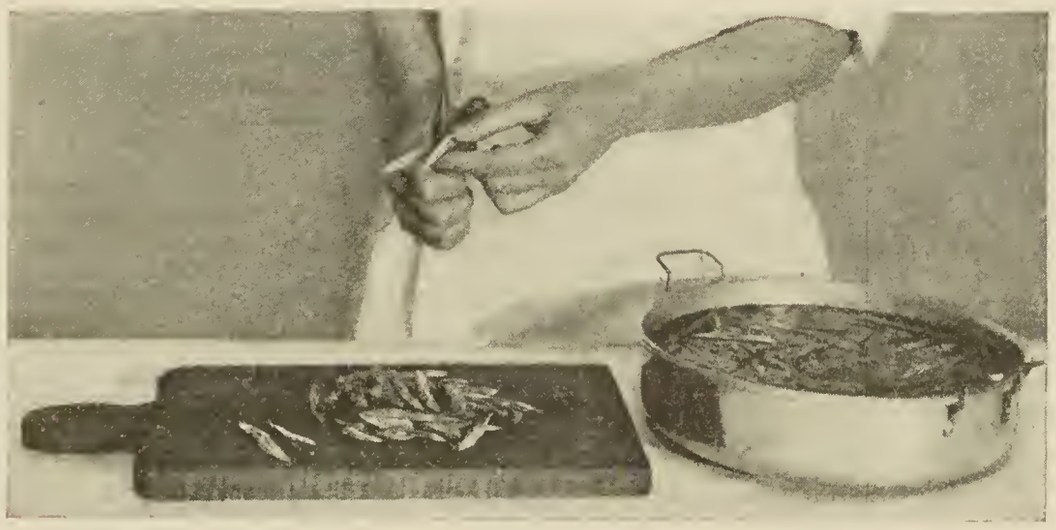
HEINZ 57

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2 Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork—*Boston Style*
3 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat—*Vegetarian*
4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans
5 Heinz Peanut Butter . . . . . .
6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup . . .
8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup. .
9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti . . . .
10 Heinz Cooked Macaroni . . . .
11 Heinz Mince Meat. . . . . .
12 Heinz Plum Pudding. . . . . .
13 Heinz Fig Pudding. . . . . .
14 Heinz Cherry Preserves . . . .
15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
16 Heinz Peach Preserves. . . . .
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
22 Heinz Apple Butter . .
23 Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly
24 Heinz Currant Jelly
25 Heinz Grape Jelly
26 Heinz Quince Jelly
27 Heinz Apple Jelly
28 Heinz Dill Pickles
29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins . . . . . .
30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins . . . . . .
31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles . . . . . .
32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins
33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives . . .
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives. . . .
40 Heinz Ripe Olives . . . . .
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil . . .
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
44 Heinz Chili Sauce. . . . . .
45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce . . .
46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce. . .
47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce
48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup . . .
49 Heinz Prepared Mustard. . .
50 Heinz India Relish . . . . .
51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish
52 Heinz Salad Dressing . . . .
53 Heinz Mayonnaise. . . . . .
54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar
55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar
56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar
57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar. . .

THE ART OF COOKING FRESH VEGETABLES

Concluded from page 52



If string-beans are cut in long, thin diagonal slices, they cook better and taste better. But be sure to remove all the strings

In preparing beans for cooking, wash them thoroughly and be careful to remove all the strings. If the strings do not pull off easily, cut them out by running the sharp point of a knife under them. String-beans are more attractive and are more tender when cooked if they have been cut in long diagonal strips.

Cook string-beans in a small quantity of boiling salt water until tender. Beans require long cooking—usually not less than an hour and often longer. Evaporate the water nearly to dryness, taking care that they do not burn during this process. Season with salt, pepper, butter and cream, allowing one tablespoon of butter for each pint of beans.

Beans may also be served with a thin white sauce and the beaten yolk of egg added just before serving; or they may be served with sauce poulette.

Cold cooked beans may be utilized as follows: Allow one tablespoon of butter and one of flour and one small onion minced to one pint of beans. Melt the butter, add the onion and cook for five minutes; add the flour and cook, stirring constantly. Add one cup of chicken broth or stock and let it boil. Still stirring, add the beans and let simmer until heated through. If desired, a finely minced clove of garlic may be added with the beans.

Another method of serving cold beans is with sauce vinaigrette garnished with green gherkins and sliced lemon dipped in finely chopped parsley.

Greens—This is also the season for greens of various kinds—spinach, chard, beet greens with or without the tiny beets, turnip or radish tops and dandelion or other wild greens. In selecting greens, choose only those that are crisp and fairly clean. Remove the wilted leaves and the roots, except in the case of the beets. These should be scraped. Wash thoroughly in many warm waters. In washing greens, lift them from the water into another receptacle. If the water is drained off, the dirt remains in the leaves; if they are lifted out, it remains in the pan.

Beet greens with the tiny beets left on or turnip greens are delicious boiled with salt pork or ham. Greens cooked in this way should be boiled at least one hour. Dandelions should be cooked in the same way; but in order to prevent the bitter flavor which often makes them distasteful dandelions should either be soaked in salt water or parboiled before cooking.

Spinach—To cook spinach, put thoroughly cleaned spinach into a large pan with little or no water except that on the leaves. Cook until the leaves are wilted. This is the first secret of well-cooked spinach. The second is to evaporate all the surplus water before serving. The simplest method of serving it is to chop it rather fine and then season it with pepper, salt and melted butter and cook it for a few moments in the seasonings. Slices of lemon or of hard-cooked egg may be used as a garnish. If spinach cooked in this way is to be at its best, it must be well buttered.

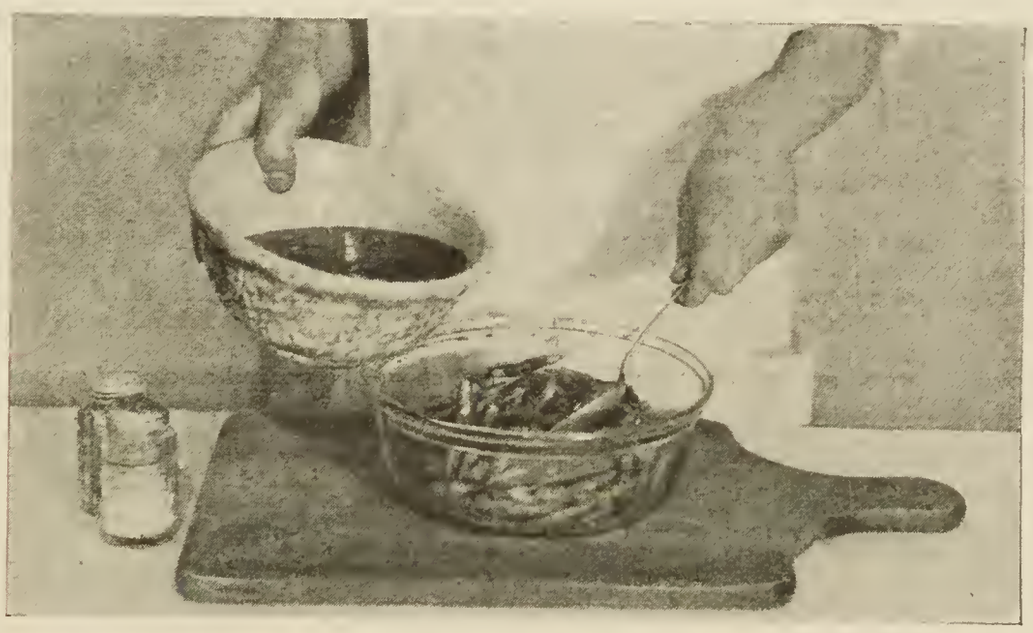
Spinach may also be cooked in stock with or without the addition of a slice of onion and a bouquet of herbs. Another way to cook spinach and one that renders it more appetizing to some palates is to boil it with a few strips of bacon, ham or salt pork.

Cooked spinach may be put through a sieve and served as a purée, or chopped and tossed in a white sauce or with gravy. Allow one cup of white sauce to three of spinach. Left-over cooked spinach may be utilized in timbales, soufflés and pancakes that are to be served with sausage.

Carrots, Beets and Turnips—These young, tender root vegetables are just coming into the market. They are delicious boiled and buttered.

If one wishes to serve a real combination of the fresh vegetables, there is nothing more attractive or more calculated to satisfy the palate of an epicure than a brown lamb stew made with the little new vegetables such as carrots, potatoes, turnips and onions, with dumplings as an added attraction.

EDITOR'S NOTE — Recipes for sauces mentioned in this article will be sent on receipt of a stamped return envelope. Address The Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, *New York City.*



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A noted Chef's recipes for making savory soups, stews, gravies, sauces and other tempting and delicious dishes.

Chicken Mexicaine

1 teaspoon Kitchen Bouquet; dark meat of fowl, cut small, 3 tablespoons butter, 2½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup fresh mushrooms, 2 cups brown soup stock, ½ tablespoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup hot croutons. Cut mushrooms into small pieces and simmer, covered, in butter for ten minutes. Add flour, stir over fire for two minutes, add stock, salt, pepper and meat. Stir until sauce is slightly thickened and the meat hot. Add Kitchen Bouquet and lemon juice and pour on a heated platter, sprinkle top with croutons and serve with parsley decoration.

Corn Timbales

1 tablespoon Kitchen Bouquet; 1 cup milk; 2 ounces canned corn; 3 eggs, beaten; ½ gill cream; salt and Cayenne pepper. Beat eggs until light, add salt, Cayenne pepper, Kitchen Bouquet, milk and cream, mix well and add corn. Fill buttered timbale moulds two-thirds full, set in a pan of boiling water, cover with buttered paper and bake about 20 minutes in medium hot oven. Unmould on a hot dish and serve with a cream sauce.

Mock Terrapin Soup

Boil 1¼ pounds of calf's liver in salt water for half an hour; add small herbs; 6 grains of pepper; one teaspoonful cloves; a few slices of onion, carrot, etc. When the vegetables are done, take them out and mash by putting them through a colander. Make a Spanish sauce by frying bacon; put into the fat a little slice of onion, 6 peppers, two sprigs celery, one-half cup tomato and cook brown. Make a paste of one teaspoonful of salad oil, a yolk of hard-boiled egg, dust of Cayenne pepper, make into small balls; put these into Spanish sauce, then put the sauce into the soup. When they come to the top, skim them out. Add 1 teaspoonful Kitchen Bouquet. Put in the tureen a slice of lemon, and pour in the soup, then cut the calf's liver into small bits and add it.

Chop Suey

3 tablespoonfuls Kitchen Bouquet; 1 pound veal steak cut in cubes; 2 cupfuls celery, diced; 1 cupful chopped Spanish onions; 1 large can mushrooms; 1 tablespoonful chopped peanuts; 2 tablespoonfuls butter; 1 teaspoonful salt; ⅛ teaspoonful pepper.

Melt the butter in frying pan, add the veal and cook until seared, or white all over, turn in the celery and onions and cook gently until the onions and celery are tender; then add the mushrooms with their liquor and a third cupful of water, together with the nuts, salt, pepper and Kitchen Bouquet. Cover and simmer for twenty minutes. Place in a mound on a chop platter, surround with boiled rice sprinkled with paprika and serve very hot.

Tomato Fritters

1½ teaspoons Kitchen Bouquet; 3 tablespoons butter; ½ cup cornstarch; 3 cloves; hot, deep fat; 1 onion, minced; 3 tablespoons sugar; 2 eggs; 1 can tomato; sifted bread crumbs; salt and pepper.

Cook tomato, onion, cloves, sugar, salt and pepper for 15 minutes, then strain. Melt butter, add cornstarch and strained tomato and boil 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add 1 beaten egg, Kitchen Bouquet, stir well, pour into shallow, buttered dish and when cold, cut into fritters; dip in slightly beaten egg, then bread crumbs, and fry in hot deep fat. A good luncheon dish.

Chicken Curry

2 tablespoons Kitchen Bouquet; 2 cups chicken, cut small; 1 large onion, sliced; 1 teaspoon sugar; 1 sour apple, peeled and chopped; 1 cup cream; 3 tablespoons flour; 1 tablespoon curry powder; 4 tablespoons butter; salt and pepper; 1½ cups water or stock. Melt butter, add onion and cook tender, add flour, sugar and curry powder and stir over fire for two minutes; then add apple, liquid and chicken and cook slowly for half hour. Then add cream, Kitchen Bouquet, salt and pepper and serve with border of boiled rice.



KITCHEN BOUQUET

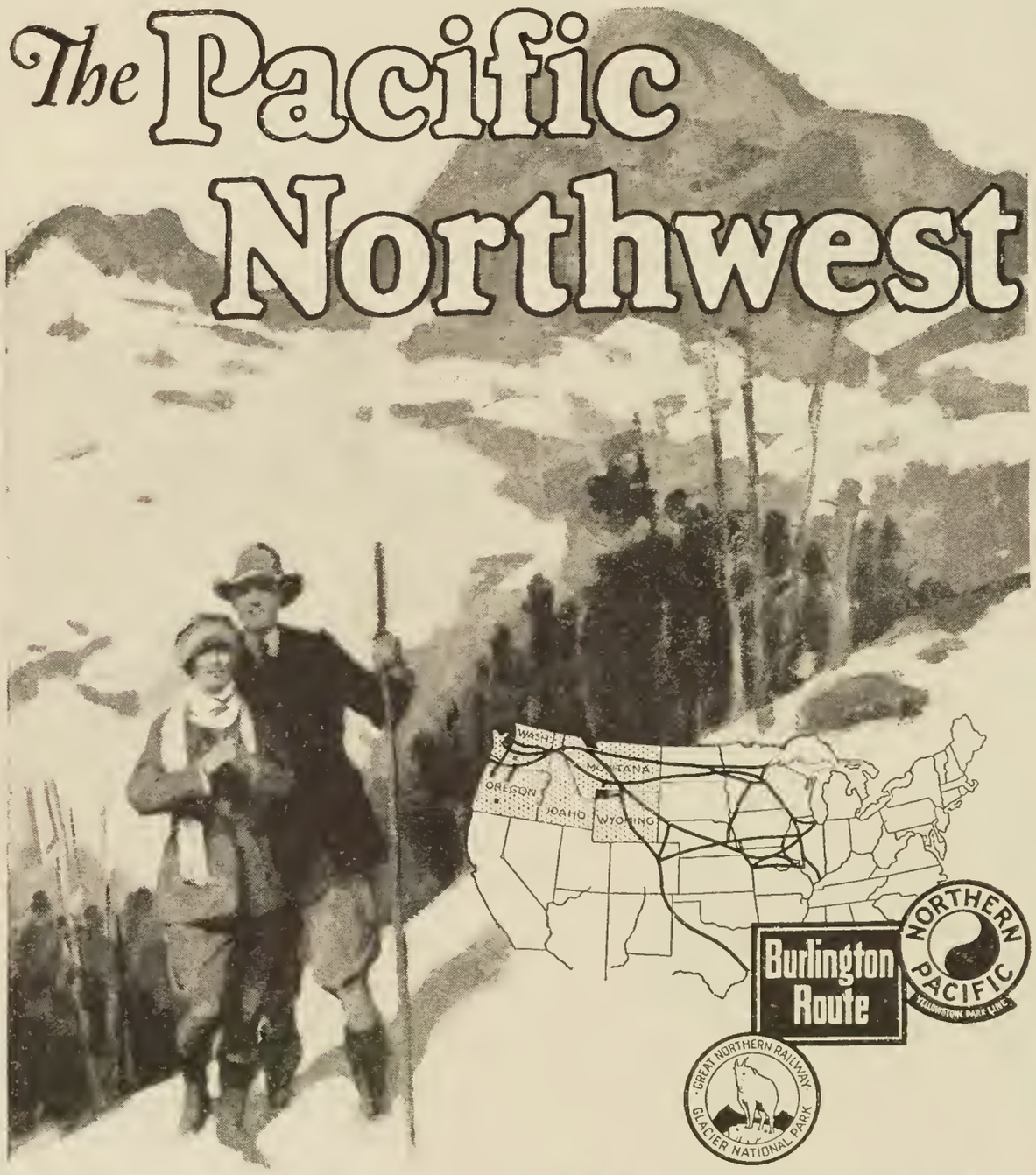
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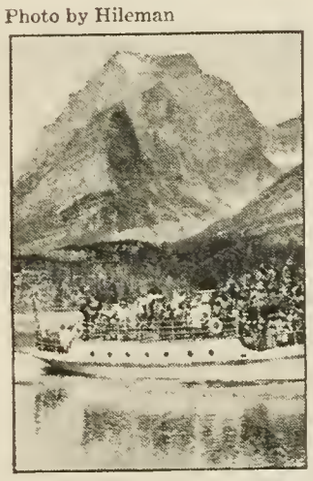
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HOW DIFFERENT FRUITS SHOULD BE CANNED

By Lucile Brewer

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Housewives who like to put up their own wholesome preserves will be delighted with this article and its helpful hints. To supplement it, we have a handy "Time-Table for Canning Foods" which gives a lot of information in very simple form. It is yours for the asking, if you will write our Home-Makers' Department and enclose a stamped return envelope.*

THE rules for canning fruit may be very simple and the directions easy to follow, but it is the exception to the rule that causes trouble. Only an intimate acquaintance with each fruit reveals its reactions to the canning process.

Rhubarb should be caught while it is young and tender. Do not skin it and so permit it to lose its richness of color. And be sure not to reject the tender tips of the stalks. Rhubarb is best when canned in sirup or with sugar without water. Because of its acid, rhubarb will of course keep if canned in water alone, but the product will have so little color, flavor and texture that it is hardly worth the trouble. One thing to be sure of with rhubarb is that a good supply of the juice is saved, either for jelly-making in combination with other fruit-juices whose jelly-making properties are complementary or with an extracted pectin.



Avoid mutilating your pears by removing the cores with a potato-ball cutter

Jars of peaches that are good to look at are packed with the halves overlapping

Strawberries do not keep their color, flavor or texture well except in the presence of a large amount of sugar. For this reason strawberries canned in a thin or medium sirup are not highly successful, and it is really more satisfactory to prepare them as preserves, jam or conserves.

Pineapple, either sliced or shredded, gives a better canned product if it is first cooked in a small amount of clear boiling water until tender. For the cold-pack method, it may be steamed in the can for fifteen minutes before the sirup is added. If the open-kettle method is used, the sirup should be made from the water in which the pineapple is cooked. The pineapple should be cooked in the sirup for only a short time. Cooking the raw pineapple in the sirup hardens the fruit and long cooking darkens it.

Scrub pineapples thoroughly with a brush and soapy water and rinse them well before beginning to pare them. The parings and cores may then be covered with cold water and simmered for thirty minutes and the juice extracted by draining in a jelly-bag.

Cherries, if sweet, are best canned with the pits for the almondlike and delectable flavor that the pit gives. Sour cherries are better pitted. All kinds of cherries hold their color and shape better, whether canned by the cold-pack or open-kettle method, if the sugar and water are made into a sirup before adding the fruit.

Berries need careful gathering and handling to prevent crushing. For canning, select the largest, finest berries and only those of a uniform ripeness and soundness.

It is not a good policy to use softened or darkened berries for jam or marmalade inasmuch as they discolor the product and may affect the flavor. It is better to use the small but perfect berries for this purpose and to extract the juice alone from the less choice fruit. A better color can be obtained in canned berries if the sirup is made from this extracted juice and sugar instead of from water. All berries should be washed by water running over them in a colander or basket. A thin sirup gives a more natural fresh flavor to canned berries than either a heavy sirup or no sugar at all.

Plums need to be selected for firmness, uniformity of size and ripeness. Pricking each plum on two sides with a fork will keep the skins from bursting and give the canned fruit a better appearance.

Peaches will not have their full delicacy of flavor unless they are fully ripe when canned. They are usually canned whole for preserves, and in halves with the stones removed or in slices for sauce. In a few halves the stones may be left for flavor; and in cans of slices a stone or two may be tucked in for the same reason.

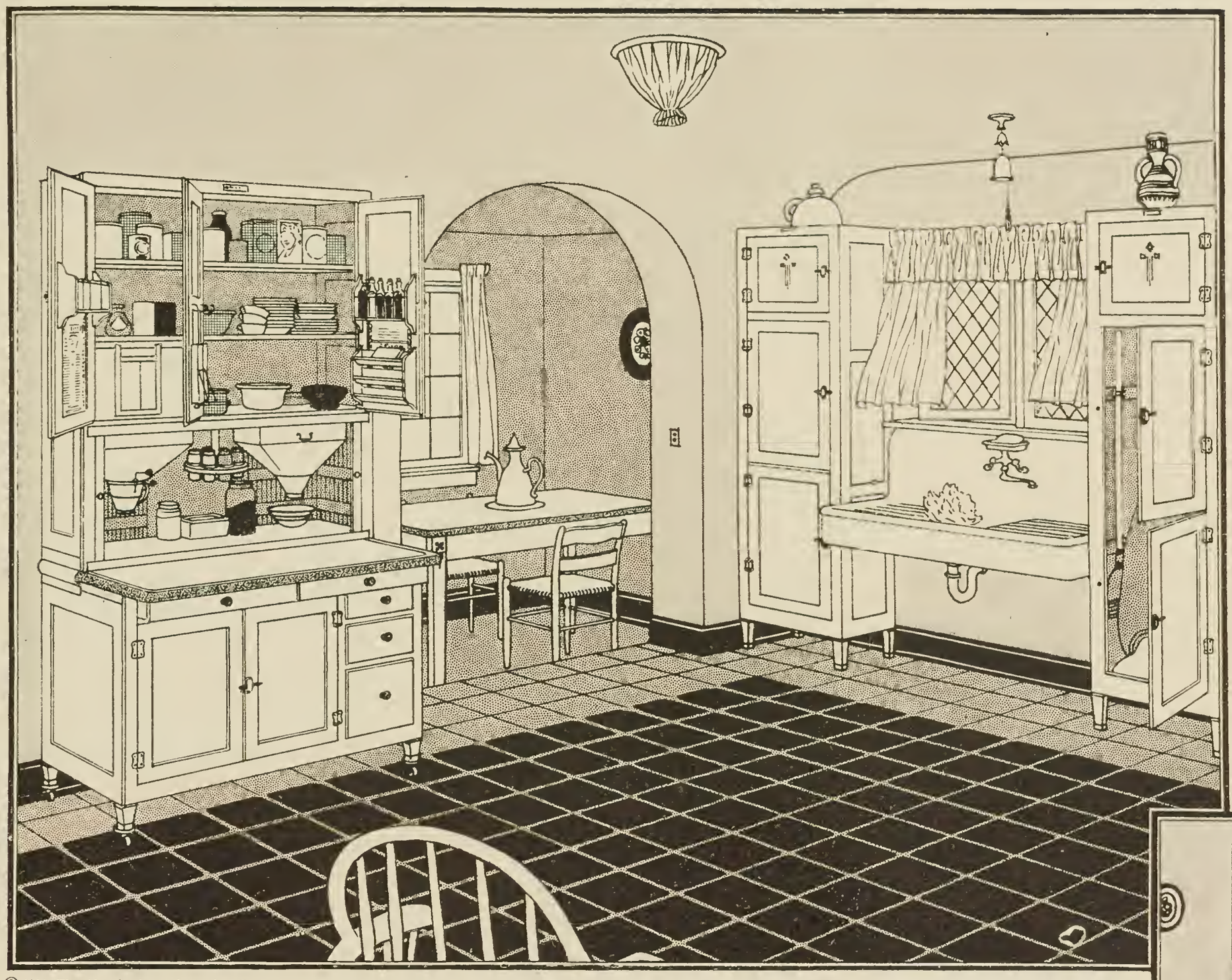
Pears should be canned at the magic moment when they are thoroughly ripened but not soft. To catch them at this stage often means canning only a jar or two a day, for in any quantity of pears only a few are in perfect condition for canning at the same time.

Small pears are canned whole, especially if spiced or preserved. The larger pears, such as the Bartlett, which is everywhere popular for its flavor, are pared, cut in half and the core removed but the stem left on. A potato-ball cutter is an excellent device to use in removing the center of the cores. The remainder of the core should be cut out with a sharp knife, leaving a small groove. Hard pears should, like pineapple, be given a preliminary cooking to soften them before they are placed in sirup.

Apples shrink considerably in canning and to prevent this, if the cold-pack method is to be used, it is well to blanch the fruit in steam for three or four minutes before packing them in jars.

Aside from these individual idiosyncrasies, any fruit will fade if too little sugar is used and will darken if cooked too long.

The packing of the jars is an individual job for each fruit. Berries and cherries must be carefully handled to avoid crushing, but should be packed as closely as possible. For cold-pack canning, use the round side of a wooden spoon and press the fruit down lightly. When the jar is full, let it stand a few minutes so that the fruit can settle; then more may be added. Peaches and pears should be packed in layers with the halves overlapping and the rounded side of each half uppermost. This gives a close pack and an even, uniform appearance to the jar. Pears are best if the halves are packed in layers, with the stem end of the half upward.



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BY LOIS M. WYSE, DIRECTOR HOOSIER TEST KITCHENS

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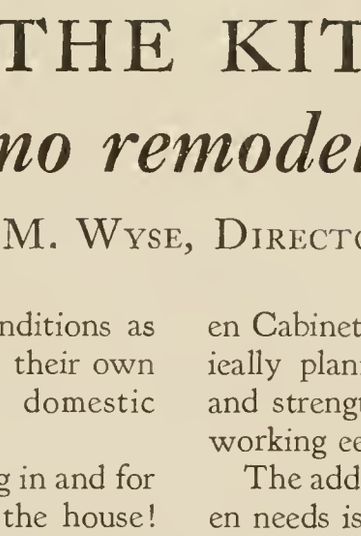
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GETTING READY FOR SUMMER

Odds and ends of preparation for warm weather

By Ruth M. Kellogg

Assistant Professor of Household Management at the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

GETTING ready for Summer means more than taking off the storm-windows and putting up the screens, swatting the first fly and planning the Summer vacation. Each of these things is important in itself; but in that outer nimbus which surrounds the coming of Spring lurk hazy responsibilities for things to be done to Winter furnishings, garments and equipment before one can settle down with a clear conscience to the enjoyment of Summer and the Summer's work.

Those who use separate heating-stoves during the Winter know that it is a good thing to get them down and out of the way as soon as feasible. They should be stored in a dry place if possible. Where the climate is moist, there is great danger of rust forming on any uncovered cast-iron or steel parts. This makes it necessary to go over all such parts with a good oil. This oil, thoroughly rubbed in, forms a protective coating which prevents the air from coming in contact with the metal and hence prevents the rust from forming. Use an oil that is sufficiently heavy to stay on the stove once you have applied it. If you attempt to use fat that has been discarded for cooking purposes, remember it must be unsalted, as salt and rust are on very friendly terms.

A furnace means a different problem. After the fires are out is an excellent time to have the furnace inspected and any difficulties remedied.

Hot-air furnaces are often accused of being dirty. Every one admits that they have their faults as well as their virtues; but do not blame them entirely if the trouble is in part your own. Does a great deal of dirt and dust come up through your registers and settle throughout the room with the hot air? Then look down beneath your register and into the pipes a distance and you will often find its hiding-place.

Sometimes the dirt is almost "felted" together so that quite a strip can be pulled out at a time. All of this needs to be cleaned out; and if it has gone so far as to require the taking down of the pipes, you may need a furnace-cleaner for the job. However, if you have a vacuum cleaner, here is a good use for it. The small nozzle attachment, without the brush, used at the end of the hose can reach a considerable distance and will take up a large amount of dirt. Pull the hose out now and then in order to be sure that it is not choked.

Cold-air intakes and their pipes need cleaning just as the registers and pipes do. As soon as the registers, pipes and the intakes are cleaned, close them and leave them closed throughout the Summer.

Hot-water and steam-heating furnaces present different problems. Here, too, a general inspection of the furnace and of the pipes is advisable. It is well to drain off the water from the boiler until it is evident that the loose sediment and deposit have flushed out. When the water begins to run clear, discontinue drawing it off and add enough more water to fill the system with the required amount. Leave the water in the system throughout the Summer.

NOT all problems, however, have to do with stoves and furnaces. We have to consider heavy hangings that in Summer-time shut out too much air and also acquire outside dust when the windows are open. These may well be taken down, thoroughly brushed, aired, cleaned if need be, and packed away for the season. Any curtains used at the windows in Summer-time should be light, airy, washable ones. Where the climate is very warm and humid, many people prefer to have window-shades only, so that every possible breath of air may circulate freely.

Large, heavy rugs may be taken up and smaller rugs or bare floors used during the Summer months. If you have a good vacuum cleaner, you can easily remove all dirt from the rugs before you store them away; but it is well to have the rugs taken out-of-doors if possible and sunned. Lay them face down on the grass. This sunning and airing, plus brushing, will tend to destroy any possible moth-eggs or larvæ, as well as other insect pests. If you haven't a vacuum cleaner, the rugs will need to be beaten. Do this while they are lying on the ground, for then the dirt will more easily fall out of the rugs and they will not be worn out so much as they would be if beaten over a line. There is considerable strain on the fibers of a rug where it is hung across a line, and beating it in this position increases the strain. A flat reed beater is desirable.

After being thoroughly cleaned, sunned and aired, the rugs may be rolled up and completely covered with paper, the folds and ends of the paper being sealed with heavy strips of pasted paper or cloth so that no insects can get at the rugs and injure them. To protect them doubly against moths, add one-half to three-fourths of a pound of naphthalene flakes or balls scattered throughout the entire roll. Or if they are particularly valuable rugs, you may desire to have them kept in cold storage after you have them cleaned and aired.

Whether or not you have to contend with heavy hangings and large rugs, you surely have extra blankets that involve the question of washing or otherwise cleaning them before they are stowed away. The washing of woolen blankets is not really a difficult matter. If one understands its whys and wherefores, it may even be an interesting job.

WOOL fiber under the microscope shows that its surface is covered with little horny scales. When wet, this fiber expands so that there is a loosening of the scales; as the cloth dries, these scales on the fibers tend to interlock, thus drawing the fibers closer together. If the cloth is dried slowly, the interlocking is slight.

However, there are certain things which increase this trouble, as, for example, brisk rubbing of the cloth while wet, or the use of strong soaps which contain free alkali that reacts harmfully on the fiber. Also, hot water is injurious, and so is a sudden change from quite warm to cold water, and vice versa. All these things being true, we have before us a rather straight and narrow way in which we may wash out blankets if we want them not to emerge as shrunken, boardlike coverings.

Soft water is always to be preferred for washing woolens; but if that is not available, we may "break" the water with sufficient ammonia or borax so that a good suds may be obtained when soap is used. Throughout the entire washing process have the water a medium temperature, so that it feels neither hot nor cold. Use with it a mild soap. This soap may be in the form of cake soap, chips or flakes, but any one of these should be dissolved in a little hot water before being added to the wash-water.

Soaking the article for ten or fifteen minutes causes the fibers to expand and so loosens the dirt. Agitate it in one way or another, but avoid brisk rubbing. If you have a washing-machine, this agitation is a simple matter; if you haven't one, you will find a vacuum-cup plunger a very useful device. As indicated before, the rinsing-water should be of the same medium temperature.

After the final rinsing, the blankets may be hung evenly on the line, where they will dry in smooth, good shape. If the blankets must be wrung by hand, squeeze the water out gently instead of twisting vigorously. If a wringer is used, the rolls should be set loosely and the blankets folded evenly so that there is no unnecessary strain or pressure on the blankets.

After being washed, there are of course no moth-eggs or larvæ left in the wool, so it becomes a question of preventing the moths from getting into it. Cedar probably repels the moth, but does not kill either the eggs or the larvæ. However, it appears that naphthalene flakes or balls, when used in sufficient quantity, do kill moths, eggs and larvæ. Use one-half to three-fourths of a pound of flakes or balls, scattering them through the layers of material stored away in the average-sized trunk or tight container. Another method is to store the blankets in paper boxes or packages sealed with pasted strips of paper.

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Once it was a real undertaking to wash them—an undertaking that you dreaded because the results were so uncertain. You were careful, painstaking, but even so your blankets would shrink, get stiff and board-like.

Lux has changed all this. You can wash your blankets—big, handsome, all-wool ones, light weight wool and cotton, wool nap—every kind you have—in pure Lux lather without fear of their shrinking or matting.

Ordinary soap or a harsh soap chip takes the life out of any blanket, shrinks it almost beyond recognition. A single careless washing with such soap has been known to make a blanket shrink eighteen inches—a full half-yard!

Lux keeps your blankets like new. It won't shrink or mat them. Year after year you can wash them in these pure bland flakes, and keep them soft, cozy and fluffy. Whatever you can trust to pure water alone you can trust to Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

The North Star Woolen Mill Co., makers of the finest blankets in America, says, "We have assured ourselves that Lux does not contain free alkali or any other chemical injurious to the finest grade of wool. The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets."

The makers of Ascher's Knit Goods, Carter's Knit Underwear, the Fleisher Yarns, recommend Lux for the safe laundering of anything containing wool.

How to Wash Your Blankets

A rich, live suds throughout the entire process is essential in the washing of blankets. To obtain this, use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water used in the washing.

Dissolve Lux thoroughly in very hot water, whisking it into a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Put the blanket into the rich suds, souse it up and down and squeeze the suds through the entire blanket.

If the suds die down, too much water has been used in cooling the solution, and more dissolved Lux should be added to restore the suds.

Take care to press the suds through the very soiled spots, but be sure never to rub the blankets. Rinse in three or more, if necessary, lukewarm waters, of the same temperature as the suds.

* * *

Drying: It makes blankets fluffier to let them drip dry. If this is not convenient, run them through a loose wringer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching and dragging hang the blanket double, and if possible lengthwise, over the line and pin it at frequent intervals.

5 Special Points on Blanket Washing

Extremes of heat and cold shrink wool so that it is just as important to maintain a moderate and even temperature in drying blankets as in washing them. In warm weather dry blankets out of doors in a shady place where they will not flap and blow in the wind. In cold or windy weather dry them indoors. Do not brush.

Rubbing: Blankets are given a nap to make them soft and fluffy and to give them warmth. They should, therefore, never be rubbed as this will remove some of the nap and will also felt and shrink them.

Ribbon bindings will not pucker if stretched taut several times while the blanket is drying, and pressed lightly with a warm iron after the blanket is dry.

Baby's knitted blankets and afghans: For washing follow directions for blankets. Never hang knitted things but spread them on a bath towel to dry, and pull into shape—according to measurements made before the article was washed.

Summer Blankets are sometimes only partly wool, but should be washed as if they were all wool.

WOOL IS AS SENSITIVE AS A BABY'S SKIN

Wool is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. The wool fiber is an animal fiber—made up of tiny horny scales which overlap very much like the scales of a fish.

Rubbing cake soap on a woolen garment or rubbing the garment to get the dirt out makes these scale-like fibers interlock, or draw up and shrink. A soap or soap flake at all harsh will also shrink wool as well as coarsen and yellow it.



Careless washing, using harsh soap, has been known to shrink a blanket eighteen inches—a full half-yard—in a single washing.

IMPORTANT USES FOR LUX

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Babies' Milk Bottles	Porcelain
Dishes	Rugs
Linoleum	Automobiles
Paint	Shampoo

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we have selected the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION: There is such a difference of opinion as to whether it is good for the health to drink water with meals. Will you tell me about this?

Answer: It is now the belief of our best scientists that water with meals distinctly favors digestion in the average normal digestive tract. It seems further to improve the power of the intestines to absorb food and to help in keeping them free from putrefaction.

Question: Do you think that it is unhealthy to eat fried food?

Answer: No and yes. When food is fried in clean fat free from rancidity at a temperature which does not permit the fat to burn, it is as wholesome as any other food rich in a similar fat. Fat is a food which is very concentrated in energy. Therefore, any food that is rich in fat should be eaten in amounts which are regulated to the muscular work of the person eating it.

Fat is a food which many persons find difficulty in digesting. If fried foods cause the threshold of fat digestion to be crossed, then they should not be eaten to any great extent.

If fruits are eaten at the same meal with fat-rich foods, they seem to raise the level of the amount of fat which can be eaten. To condemn fried foods in a wholesale way is unwise.

Question: How high should I plan to have the long table built at which I am to work in my kitchen?

Answer: That depends on your height, the length of your arms and whether you stand or sit at your work. As a rule it is best to have it built for standing, since it is always possible to acquire a comfortable high chair or stool in case you desire to sit down. Remember that a table too low for standing means real hardship. The table should be high enough to prevent you from bending but not high enough to make you raise your shoulders or arms.

The following schedule of heights may be of service in helping you to determine the correct height for your table:

Height of Worker	*Height of Table*
5 feet	29 to 34 inches high
5 feet 3 inches	31 to 36 " "
5 " 6 "	33 to 38 " "
5 " 9 "	35 to 40 " "

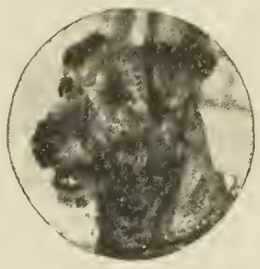
Question: Please give me a recipe for pop-overs? Is it necessary to have iron or earthenware molds for baking pop-overs? Are they very difficult to make well?

Answer: Excellent pop-overs can be made with the following recipe:

1 cup milk	7/8 cup flour
2 eggs	1/8 teaspoon salt

Put all the ingredients into a bowl and beat with a Dover egg-beater until well mixed. Pour into hot, well-greased gem-pans, filling at least two-thirds to three-fourths full. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until puffed and thoroughly done. It will take about forty minutes.

It is not necessary to have either iron or earthenware molds for making good pop-overs. The ordinary tin gem-pans will answer perfectly. The greatest fault in making pop-overs is that they are often incompletely baked and begin to sag or fall in as soon as taken from the oven. This need not happen. No hot bread is as easily made or as certain of success as pop-overs once the trick of baking them long enough is learned.



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

Continued from page 5

screaming bloody murder, scooted around to the front of the house, pursued by a yellowish-brown embodiment of unrestrained joyousness. It was Togo.

I leaped to my feet and ran out of the house. Simultaneously I saw Mrs. Stebbins go rolling across the yard toward the tumultuous scene and a female figure pop out of the house next door. The female figure held the strategic position and was soon in pursuit of Togo. He dodged and doubled, enjoying hugely this new element in the game, but the lady was determined. At last she managed to catch him—I don't know how—and just as I reached the fence I saw her, to my horror, slap him vigorously on the flank.

"My dear young lady," I cried, "you shouldn't do that!"

She raised to me a face from which the wrath was already beginning to fade. I was struck with the fact that it was a very comely face. Her eyes were flashing, her cheeks flushed.

"Why not?" she asked.

"He might bite you," said I.

She laughed scornfully, and to horrify me more she thrust her hand into his very mouth and shook him. Then she released him and he came bounding over to the fence. I reached down and lifted him over.

"Is he your dog?" inquired the lady.

"Yes," said I, holding Togo uncertainly in my arms and wishing Mrs. Stebbins would tell me what sort of reparations might be expected of me under the circumstances.

"If I'd known that," said this amazing person, "I would have called you to punish him yourself. It's always the best way."

"I doubt if I should have known how," said I. "I'm very grateful to you for relieving me of the duty. Did he—did he kill a hen?"

"No, fortunately. But he must be taught not to chase them. It's a bad habit. You'll have to train him. I didn't know you had a dog."

"I didn't until last night. He was bequeathed to me unexpectedly."

"I see," said she, laughing.

"I don't know what to do if he chases your chickens. What would you do under the circumstances?"

"Oh, whip him, scold him, tie him up, anything to teach him that it doesn't pay. A terrier puppy is full of the dickens, but he's smart. He'll learn."

"I wish," said I, "that you would help me. I mean, if he offends again, I wish you'd punish him. And if he does any damage, I'll be only too glad to——"

"You want me to help you train him?"

"Exactly."

She came to the fence and began rubbing Togo's head. He seemed to harbor not the least resentment toward her. He wriggled in my arms with evident pleasure.

"I'd love to," said she. "He's a darling. What is his name?"

"Togo."

"Good-by, Togo. We'll see more of each other soon."

It may have been fancy, but I thought that her parting smile was not wholly for Togo.

"Who is that young lady?" I asked as Mrs. Stebbins and I struggled over a piece of wire with which we hoped to fasten Togo more securely.

I was conscious of a glow stealing over me under her scrutiny.

"I didn't know that you were interested in young women, Mr. Norcross!"

"It's part of my business," said I. "I study them as types."

"Ah!" And then, after a pause: "Well, she's got a beau, anyway."

"A beau?"

Continued on page 62



"MENNEN'S"

say doctors—

"for baby's Health and Happiness"

NO baby can be comfortable or healthy if the skin causes constant pain. Yet an infant's skin is so sensitive, so easily affected, that constant care must be given it.

Doctors classify the enemies of a baby's skin into three groups: *Moisture*, *Friction* and *Infection*. Because Mennen Borated Talcum is scientifically made to combat all three foes, baby specialists and nurses recommend its daily use.

Perspiration, urine and bath-water are all moistures highly irritating to the tissues if caught in the skin-folds of an infant. Towel-drying cannot reach the secreted liquids.

Mennen Borated Talcum consists of millions of tiny flecks, each one as porous and absorbent as a fairy sponge. These drying flecks remove all inflaming moisture from the skin.

This soft, pure powder then forms a delicate protective film over the skin, guarding the nerves from the effects of friction. This film minimizes the rubbing action of clothes and bedding and the constant chafing of the skin-folds.

As a third protection, Mennen Borated Talcum contains a wonderful compound of therapeutic ingredients. Five carefully tested elements in the famous Mennen Formula combat skin infections and help to keep the skin soft and lovely.

One of these elements affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency, and counteracts acidity. For baby's sake, never omit the Mennen shower after bathing and changing diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM



SHINOLA
SHOE POLISHES

The handy key-opening box. Black, Tan, White, Ox-blood and Brown.

SHINOLA Home Set. Genuine bristle dauber cleans the shoes and applies the polish. The big lamb's wool polisher brings the shine with a few strokes.

"look at your shoes!"



A great executive who is an uncanny judge of men, says this:

"Three things I look at first. Shoes, shave, finger nails. A dull and dusty shoe, to me, suggests a dull and dusty mind. A slovenly appearance suggests slovenly habits all through a man's or woman's nature."

Keeping your shoes well shined is simply a habit, like brushing your hair in the morning.





Look at your shoes... then you can look the world straight in the eye, without any apology for your personal appearance.

Buy a Shoe Shining Outfit today—and use it!

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N.Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

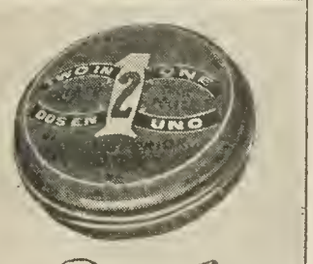
BIXBY'S
SHOE POLISHES



A Success of Years

Everybody is pleased with Bixby's JET-OIL Shoe Polishes. They clean, dye and shine.

Easiest to use. Good for shoes. For Black, Brown, White, and Ox-blood shoes.



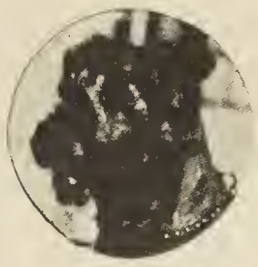
2 in 1
SHOE POLISHES

Everybody knows the quality. Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-blood.



2-in-1 Shining Kit

A big, fine quality brush, and dauber, of South American horse hair, with polishing cloth—complete—in durable box.



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

Continued from page 61

"Lansing Minor, the cashier of the bank, has been calling on her pretty regularly for three months past."

"I see," I replied weakly. A bank cashier sounded formidable.

Later on Mrs. Stebbins was pleased to become more communicative. My neighbors, it appeared, were named Huntington. Mr. Huntington, who had been something important in the knitting-mills, had died a few years before, and the family now consisted of the widow; Miss Margaret, the daughter I had seen, who conducted the household when she was not running in to the city or gallivanting around to club meetings and things; and a younger sister, Lucy Belle, who was away at college.

THROUGH the medium of Togo I managed to strike up a sort of acquaintance with Miss Huntington. She seemed very forceful and very attractive. But I was not quite sure of my opinion of her. Or of her opinion of me. Sometimes I suspected her of poking fun at me in a restrained, ladylike way. But with Togo she established a free and open-hearted friendship.

My own feelings toward Togo were undergoing a remarkable development. The afternoon of that first day after his arrival he found his way into my study. He must have been in a somewhat subdued state of mind, for he was very quiet. I was not, in fact, aware of his presence until I felt something resting on my knee. I looked down. It was Togo's chin. His tail was moving slowly, as though in doubt whether to wag with joy or droop dejectedly. His eyes looked beseechingly into mine. Was he asking my forgiveness, or begging me to go for a romp, or merely seeking to bridge the psychological chasm between us? I could not tell. But when I laid my hand on his head, he responded instantly, as though that was what he most wanted. He made a little whining noise in his throat and raised himself up, resting his paws on my leg and straining upward with his moist nose. I leaned toward him, obeying a foolish impulse, and felt his warm tongue caress my cheek.

I surrendered to Togo. After that, whenever he ran away for a few hours, as he not infrequently did, I worried unreasonably over his absence, making myself quite ridiculous, I am sure, in the eyes of Mrs. Stebbins. The house seemed silent and deserted, lacking a bright and joyous presence. I missed the sound of busy, pattering feet and the touch of the cold, wet nose. I kept listening for a scratching on my door, and when at length a short, sharp bark sounded outside, I hastened to the window, smiling absurdly, to observe with my own eyes the return of the unrepentant prodigal.

I became acquainted, I say, with Miss Huntington, but only Togo at first enjoyed any intimacy with her. I have always been a bit shy, I suppose, and Togo did not know what shyness was. Perhaps I should have learned a lesson from him. But then, there was the bank cashier. I disliked him from the first, though I knew him not at all. Perhaps it was because Miss Huntington seemed to like him; perhaps it was because he and Togo did not seem to like each other. I don't know. I observed him calling frequently, observed also Miss Huntington's smiling welcome. He was a much younger man than I, dark and handsome. I dislike handsome men. He utterly ignored Togo; I could see that from my chair on my front porch. I was not, I think, in love with Margaret Huntington at this time. But when I was with her—which, on account of Togo, was not infrequent—I was conscious of a certain warmth in her presence.

WE WERE walking out with Togo one evening, as we sometimes did when Lansing Minor was not coming. It was a soft, Summer evening, scarcely twilight yet, and the air was filled with the scent of locust bloom. June madness fell upon me. I can account in no other way for the recklessness, the impertinence of my speech.

"I can not tell you how much I enjoy these walks," said I. "I only hope they are pleasant also for you. I don't wish to offend the proprieties."

"The proprieties? I don't believe I quite understand. You don't call this wanton naughtiness, do you?"

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that. But Mrs. Stebbins was hinting—I mean, I hope Mr. Minor doesn't object."

"Mr. Minor? Why should he? Any more than you should object to his calling?"

"I don't know. I thought——"

"I don't believe you did think, or you wouldn't have said that. I'll tell you something: I have one accepted lover, and that is Togo."

"Love me, love my dog," said I.

I don't know how I came to let such an absurd, irrelevant and banal thing pop out. There was a moment's silence, during which I felt myself burning with embarrassment.

"Now what," said she, "made you make that silly remark? And what does it mean?"

"I—I don't know!"

Then she laughed and pinched my arm. I felt the thrill of it go right up through my shoulder and spread over my chest.

"I wonder," said she, "if one could speak of a transparent goose!"

While I was puzzling over that, she changed the course of the conversation, and I was able to get through the rest of our walk without making any more of a fool of myself.

THIS experience had a temporarily steadying effect on me, and I watched myself more carefully when with Margaret. But the romantic mood stayed with me. I took to early morning walks, while yet the dew was on the grass and the air still cool and refreshing. Togo loved this hour.

On such a morning we passed along a street behind my house. There was a vacant lot here, once part of an old apple orchard. It was a squalid place, with the unlovely signs of real-estate agents planted among the weeds. But above them rose the gnarled branches of ancient apple-trees, sturdy and picturesque. As I rounded the corner, Togo was barking fiercely at the foot of one of these trees. A cat, I thought, or a squirrel. I hastened to avert a possible tragedy.

A few feet from the tree I stopped, thunderstruck. From among the leafy branches appeared the laughing face of a pretty girl. Such a young, happy face, all pink and white, as though the apple blossoms had returned. She seemed to be waving wildly at Togo.

"Wait a minute," I cried. "Don't be frightened. He's only playing. Wait a minute and I'll catch him, and then I'll help you down. I'm awfully sorry——"

"I'm not frightened," she replied in a voice that sounded like a brook gurgling over pebbles. "And I don't want to come down yet."

"Why, what are you doing up there, then? I thought he had treed you."

She replied with a tinkle of laughter. "How funny! I came up here to read 'Jurgen.' Mother doesn't approve of 'Jurgen.' Then this lovely dog came and I was trying to persuade him to jump up here with me."

"Togo can't climb trees," I informed her, though I could see that he was frantically endeavoring to accomplish the impossible feat.

"Well, if he won't come up, I'll have to come down. I want to speak to him."

She tossed her book to the ground. Then a pair of trimly stockinged legs swung out of the leafage, followed by gray knickerbockers and the rest of a bewilderingly charming girl. She dropped lightly to earth, and she and Togo literally flew into each other's arms.

When this astonishing demonstration was ended to the apparent satisfaction of both parties, she stood erect and tossed back her hair. Her face was glowing and her eyes sparkling. I couldn't recall ever having seen such a pretty girl before. She fairly took my breath away. It was like stumbling upon the bower of some dryad.

"Now I think I'll go up again," said she. "You may give me a boost if you like."

I clasped my hands and she set her little foot in them and climbed again to the branches. I passed up her book.

"Thank you," said she. "You're the Harold Lloyd sort of person who lives next door to us, aren't you?"

I hadn't the slightest idea what she meant by that.

Continued on page 64

Two hundred miles for a pair of shoes!

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of the Nation. No. 3



TWO school teachers from Detroit were spending their vacation in the northern woods.

They were proving the fact that teachers are just as glad as the children when school is out. In other words, they were having a wonderful time, canoeing, swimming, hiking. They were the "life of the camp."

One day they paddled far up the lake. A storm came on them suddenly, and before they could reach cover they were drenched. They arrived back at camp that evening, happy as ever, but without a dry stitch on them.

That night they hung their clothes in front of the big fireplace in the camp lounging room. Their shoes were so dreadfully soaked that they were placed right up against the glowing embers.

The next morning they discovered that their only hiking shoes were completely ruined, burned almost to a crisp.

"Oh, what will we do?" exclaimed Mary. (We'll call them Mary and Jane.) "These are the only shoes I can walk in."

"And just as we were beginning to have a really good time, too," said Jane.

"Maybe we can find a store in the village that sells them," and Mary's face brightened.

They inquired at all three of the general stores, but without success. In fact, they realized that they were lucky to get any kind of shoes. The dealers had heard about Arch Preserver Shoes, but, as one explained: "We ain't never handled nothin' but th' old-fashioned stuff."

Mary and Jane held a "conference" on the matter, a gloomy, desperate meeting it was. "I suppose we could get along somehow," said Mary. "We used to wear ordinary shoes."

"Yes, we did. But we used to hobble around, too. It'll just about ruin our vacation, but I don't see anything else to do up here in this wilderness."

So they bought "just shoes," and went ahead with their vacation. The first day they tried to hike they made two miles and returned, limpingly dejected.

The second day they sat around camp until noon. Then they started for another hike. After about one mile, Mary gave up. "I'm not going to stand this any longer."

Jane threw herself upon the grass without replying. She understood, and agreed with any kind of gloominess that might be proposed.

Mary sat for a moment looking out over the landscape. Then she jumped up. "Come on, Jane. I'm going to settle this thing right now."

"What in the world are you going to do?"

"Why, I'm going to get me a new pair of Arch Preserver Shoes. That's the only thing to do. I've suffered enough."

"But Mary, you poor simp, we'd have to go clear back home. Detroit is two hundred miles from here."

"I don't care if Detroit is a thousand miles away. I'm going there, and I'm going to start today."

"All right, I'll go with you. I can't have any fun here until you get back."

And so they got on to the train and traveled the two hundred miles back "to civilization" to get new Arch Preserver Shoes.

A couple of days later they appeared again in camp. They were greeted with loud laughter, and much bantering.

A fat man from Philadelphia was most persistent in his fun-making about the new shoes. "Two hundred miles for a pair of shoes," he laughed. "I'll say that's good."

"Well, I'll say it was worth while," replied Mary, a bit seriously.

"Worth while? Gosh, I'd like to hear you explain why you have to have those particular shoes? They must be made of gold, or something."



Copyright 1924
The Selby Shoe Co.

"Well, I'm a crank about comfortable feet," said Mary. "I spent six years of my life hobbling around, with my feet nearly killing me. These shoes keep my feet comfortable, so I can walk and run and have fun. I can't do it with any other shoes."

The fat man became serious. "Well, perhaps there is something in them. Tell me about them, and maybe I'll get a pair for my wife. She wouldn't come up here with me because she said she couldn't walk."

Mary had a sincere listener now, while she explained the special built-in arch bridge and how it held up the foot so that the ligaments, muscles and bones that make up the weight-carrying structure of the foot arch couldn't be strained. She found that she had remembered most of the things the salesman had told her, and she enjoyed explaining each detail.

"But that isn't anything unusual," interrupted the man. "My wife gets such an arch as that put into her shoes when she buys them. It doesn't help her much."

"But there is a big difference in the way this arch is made, and being built into the shoe it is firm and stable. Besides, this isn't the only feature of the Arch Preserver Shoe. It has a flat inner sole, which allows the foot to spread naturally so there won't be any cramping or pinching of the nerves, blood-vessels and bones of the front part of the foot."

"I'm beginning to see," said her listener.

Then Mary explained the fitting system, how the Arch Preserver Shoe is fitted by a different method of measuring so that the foot is placed correctly upon the built-in bridge.

"Really, this is one of the most important things," she said. "It means that you get the fullest advantage of the other points."

Then the man looked closely at the shoes she was wearing. "I suppose they have plenty of style? My wife says that all of these special shoes are ugly."

"Well, most of them may be. But these shoes of mine are just as stylish as any I ever wore. I wear Arch Preserver Shoes to dances and parties, and everywhere."

There was no more kidding about the shoes that Mary and Jane had gone two hundred miles to buy. They quickly lost themselves again in their vacationing, and continued to be the life of the camp.

Six months later, back in Detroit, Mary received a short note from the "fat man from Philadelphia." It was about shoes.

"I persuaded my wife to try these Arch Preserver Shoes," he wrote. "She's wearing them now, and is tickled to death. She says she is going to the camp with me next summer.

"By the way, she declares she'd go a thousand miles to get more like them if she had to."

Two hundred miles for a pair of shoes! This is just another of the stories back of the wonderful progress made by the Arch Preserver Shoe. Such a story makes it easy to understand why this shoe "changed the foot wear ideas of the Nation."

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade Mark

It is on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2,000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
195 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Makers of Women's Fine Shoes for more than Forty years



No. 678



No. 30371

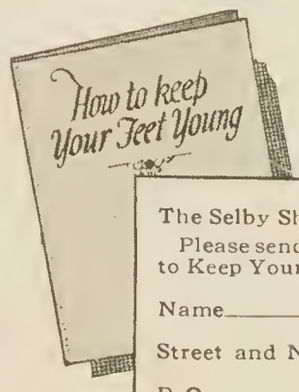


No. 95



No. 114

Send for this interesting booklet—"HOW TO KEEP YOUR FEET YOUNG."



The Selby Shoe Co., 195 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 185, "How to Keep Your Feet Young," and name of dealer.

Name_____

Street and No._____

P. O._____ State_____

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

Your 12,000 meals in the last 10 years



—what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

THE TROUBLE you have with your teeth and your gums can be traced directly to the food you eat.

Three times a day, thirty days a month, all year round, you eat the soft food of civilization—rich, creamy and over-refined.

People who eat rough, coarse food never in their lives suffer from pyorrhea. Coarse food is good for gums and teeth. It keeps them in condition, for it stimulates blood circulation in the gums.

How soft food weakens gums and ruins teeth

But the trouble with present-day food and with ordinary brushing is one and the same. Neither stirs up the gums to healthy circulation. That's why you need Ipana, a tooth paste which stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

Use Ipana Tooth Paste—*good for tender gums*

UNDER YEARS of soft food and inadequate cleaning, gums are growing soft and tender. Troubles whose source is in the *gingiva* (gum structure) are on the rise. "Pink toothbrush" is the first symptom, the warning, of graver troubles to come.

It is because of the increasing prevalence of troubles from the gums that thousands of dentists have adopted Ipana Tooth Paste in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many dentists, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Because of the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, Ipana has the power to aid in the healing of soft and bleeding gums. Indeed, Ipana has become known as the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush, and the friend of healthy gums and teeth.

Try a tube of Ipana today

So that you may judge for yourself its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste, we shall be delighted to send you a trial sample of Ipana.

But the effects of years are not to be repaired in ten days of good care, and the sample tube will be only the start of good work. So, if your toothbrush "shows pink," or if your gums are tender, go to your druggist and get your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. Let it start its good work today.

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LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

Continued from page 62

"I'm Henry Norcross."

"And I'm Lucy Belle Huntington. Now we're introduced. Good-by. See you later, I hope."

That evening I strolled over to the house next door. Margaret was sitting in a chair on the porch, and with her, as I had hoped, was her fascinating sister.

"This is our neighbor, Mr. Norcross," said Margaret.

"I know," said Lucy Belle, smiling at me now for the first time. "We've met before."

I seated myself on the top step opposite her, watching the play of her lovely features. I can not remember what she said, but it was all very pleasant. Margaret sat watching us with a curious little smile on her face. Togo became bored and went to sleep.

That night, when I retired, my brain was in a whirl. What had been happening to me, anyway? What smouldering fires had been awakened in my breast? Surely I was not in love with this merry creature. I didn't know a thing about her. I had not the slightest acquaintance with her mind or her soul, and all my philosophy as a writer had taught me that love is a matter of minds and souls. I felt enchanted, bewitched and ardently desirous of hastening again to her side at the earliest opportunity.

DURING the sunny days that followed I courted Lucy Belle Huntington to the best of my rusty ability. I knew she was amusing herself with me. She called me Oliver Goldsmith and Cyrano de Bergerac and all sorts of absurd names and was deliciously familiar. I knew I was being dangled at the end of a silken cord, but I did not mind.

I suppose I treated Margaret a trifle rudely. It was now Lucy Belle whom I begged to walk with me in the twilight. But Margaret had her bank cashier, who called punctually and regularly and conversed with her in low tones upon the porch.

Little by little I began to suspect that I did not entirely satisfy the cravings of Lucy Belle's youthful spirit. She seemed restless and abstracted sometimes when she was with me. I found it difficult to entertain her, and I fancied I saw her casting speculative glances at Mr. Minor.

Lansing Minor was not as susceptible as I had been. It took a fortnight for Lucy Belle to cast her spell over him. Perhaps his slowness to respond piqued her a little and made her more determined. At any rate, signs of conquest at length began to appear.

Personally, I was dropped. But I did not mind that so much as I thought I should. I sighed deeply and mooned about and told myself I was most forlorn. But I discovered in myself unsuspected powers of recuperation. At length I reached the conclusion that the soft enchantment in which I have been wandering, delightful though it had been and strangely warming to a somewhat encrusted heart, could not have been love. I found myself, by slow degrees, capable of thinking of other things. I began wondering how Minor's dereliction was affecting Margaret.

For he was evidently now infatuated with Lucy Belle. He bought an automobile and took her riding in the moonlight. Sometimes they came back very late. But Margaret gave no sign of emotion of any sort. She was polite and smiling as ever to Minor and affectionate with Lucy Belle. I could not understand it. Was she callous, or very brave? It was a mystery to me.

Togo, however, was less enigmatic. He was neither polite nor smiling toward Lansing Minor. He quite plainly did not like him.

Then came the boy. He was a very nice, fresh-faced boy named Roswell Worthen. I don't know where he came from, but it was evident what brought him. He had lodgings at the Inn, but the Inn didn't see much of him. Lucy Belle did. It was quite apparent that she had seen a good deal of him before. They were on terms of amazing intimacy.

I say he was a nice boy, and yet I could not quite make him out. He was a big fellow and looked well in his knickerbockers and cream-colored, fuzzy stockings. Very collegiate looking. He and Lucy Belle conversed rapidly in a dialect that was only partially intelligible to me. He made himself at home all around. He called Lucy Belle "sweetheart" openly, though without sentimentality. Margaret he addressed as "sister," and Mrs. Huntington as "little lady." He spoke of Minor as "Uriah." What he called me behind my back I don't know; he usually addressed me as "old timer."

Roswell had a speedy roadster, and Minor's shiny black car was left in its garage. Minor himself hovered disconsolately around, but rather on the outskirts of things. He was definitely demoted. And he didn't like it a bit. He looked dark and sour, sometimes tragic. He even attempted to quarrel with Roswell, but that was quite impossible. The boy only grinned and offered him cigarets.

Solomon was not the only person to be puzzled by the way of a man with a maid. Minor had been very earnest in his attentions, but the boy won his victories, apparently, with nonchalant ease. He walked away with Lucy Belle as cool as you please.

BUT Minor kept on calling at the house next door. He had evidently returned to Margaret. Well, I hoped she liked it. She seemed happy. I heard her singing about the house sometimes, and when I spoke to her, over the fence, she seemed her usual good-humored self. But I made no attempt to pry into her feelings. Our talk was usually of Togo and his escapades.

For my own part I was not happy at all. I sincerely wished I had followed the advice of Mrs. Stebbins and minded my own business. How had I ever managed to entangle myself in these affairs anyway?

But curiosity, or something, made it impossible for me to turn my back on my neighbor's house. Consequently I found myself witnessing a little evening drama.

Minor was calling upon Margaret, and I thought I observed an air of determination as he came up the steps. He drew his chair close to hers and it was not long before I noticed something urgent in his manner. He was leaning forward, arguing or pleading. Then he took her hand. I could not see her face, but she did not draw her hand away.

A strange sort of pain seized my heart. I didn't want this thing to happen. Most ardently I desired it not to happen. I didn't like Minor. And Margaret— But apparently it was going to happen, and the whole little comedy would soon be at an end.

Then I was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt. I had no business to be watching this. I mustn't watch it. I rose quickly to my feet, intending to steal indoors, but out of the tail of my eye I saw Margaret rise as quickly. I still could not see her face, shadowed as it was by the wisteria, but she seemed to be protesting. I could see Minor's face, however, and I did not like the look of it.

He drew closer to her, seemed to be trying to draw her to him. I saw her stiffen, resist. I was conscious of a conflict of purposes, conscious of a growing conviction that Minor was a brute. Still I hesitated to interfere and so disclose my questionable position.

MINOR made a sudden movement which brought a low cry of protest from Margaret. I heard a menacing snarl, and Togo sprang from somewhere in the shadows and leaped upon the man.

It was all so unexpected that I had no time to question whether Minor had really hurt her or not. Obviously Togo thought so. He is not a big dog, but he can produce an illusion of power and ferocity out of all proportion to his size.

The attack must have been disconcerting, to say the least. Minor jumped hastily back, then thrust the dog away with his foot. But Togo returned savagely, with bared teeth, and there was an unmistakable purpose in his fierce barking. Minor retreated behind a chair; Togo followed him furiously.

I think Minor soon recovered from the startling effect of Togo's first rush and became more angry than frightened. After all, he had little real harm to fear from Togo. The terrier weighed only twenty-eight pounds, was quite inexperienced in warfare, and had no weapons but his teeth. The

Concluded on page 67



Accidentally She Discovered It—

A HOUSEWIFE writes: "One day I was making an orange layer cake for supper and discovered I had no butter to use for shortening. I tried Mazola, which is always in our kitchen for salad dressings, and I have never used any other shortening for cakes since that day.

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"Of course, Mazola costs me less than butter and I use ¼ to ⅓ less than the amount specified for butter."

ORANGE LAYER CAKE

1 cup Sugar
½ cup Mazola
½ cup Water
1 Egg Yolk
2 Whole Eggs
Juice and Rind of 1 Orange
1½ cups Sifted Pastry Flour
3 teaspoons Baking Powder
½ teaspoon Salt

SEPARATE eggs. Beat yokes slightly, add sugar and one tablespoon water taken from water in recipe. Beat one minute with Dover egg beater. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Add grated rind of orange. Add orange juice to water, and add to sugar and eggs alternately with dry ingredients. Cut and fold in beaten whites of eggs.

ORANGE FILLING

½ cup Sugar
3 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
¼ teaspoon Salt
¼ tablespoon Bread Flour
1 tablespoon Mazola
¾ cup Water
1 Egg
1 tablespoon Lemon Juice
Juice and Rind of 1 Orange

MIX dry ingredients. Add water and Mazola and cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler, after mixture thickens. Beat eggs slightly, add to cooked mixture. Add grated rind of orange, with orange and lemon juice. When cold spread between layers. Use plain white frosting on top.

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LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

Concluded from page 64

realization that he had given ground before so inconsiderable a foe, and thus shamed himself in the eyes of the lady of his desire, doubtless added fuel to Minor's rage.

Standing with clenched fists in my hiding-place, I became aware of the fact that Togo was in greater danger than Minor. The dog was a fool for courage. No thought of the disparity in size and resourcefulness apparently entered his head. He charged again and again, his whole imperiled being intent on punishing this hated man. Minor, his face quite livid with rage, stood waiting his chance. I saw what was in his heart; I wondered if Margaret did.

Then Minor kicked savagely. Togo was quick, but the heavy shoe caught him a glancing blow on the hip. He went scrambling down the steps, only to start up again. Minor stood on the top step, ready to catch him under the chin.

I could stand it no longer.

"That's my dog, damn you!" I shricked, or whispered — I don't know which — and started to vault over my piazza rail, when I was again brought up short. Margaret swept between them and called Togo to her side. Instantly he ceased his barking, and though he continued his muttered growls, he obeyed her. I was utterly astounded by her power over the dog.

I saw Margaret's profile, clear and distinct in the light of the street-lamp. Her face was pale, her head held high. I fancied I could even see her dilated nostrils and flashing eyes. Still she did not raise her voice. She spoke to Minor and pointed toward the gate. He hesitated, but finally turned, saying something I did not catch; and, trying rather unsuccessfully to twist his mouth into a sneer, he walked rapidly to the gate and down the street. I was not a bit sorry for him.

"Hell," I thought, "hath no fury like a woman scorned—except one whose dog has been kicked!"

MARGARET sank back in her chair and called Togo to her. She lifted him bodily into her lap and they sat there for a long time like one rocking shadow.

I had forgotten all about my intention to go indoors. I sat for I don't know how many minutes, pulling on a dead pipe and gazing up through the branches of my maple-tree. I was scarcely thinking; I was merely nursing a sense of frustration.

From this mood I was awakened by the sound of pattering feet on my front steps, and Togo appeared. He came up to me and thrust his nose into my hand. The contact gave me a strange sense of companionship and comfort, but it did not last long. He trotted presently to the edge of the porch and stood looking back, whining a little. Then he began running back and forth.

I arose to see if he had brought up a dead rat or something to show me, the way a cat does sometimes, but it wasn't that. He gave a little bark as if pleased and dashed down the steps. Obeying an instinct that I did not comprehend, I followed him. That was quite evidently what he wanted. He led me across the lawn, and before I was fully aware of what I was doing, I found myself entering the Huntington gate.

It was too late to turn back now, and I mounted the steps with a feeling of trepidation. Margaret was still there in her chair.

"I don't mean to intrude," said I. "I was sitting on my porch and Togo came and seemed to want me to go with him. He led me here."

"Yes," said she. "I knew you were there. I sent him for you."

Merciful Heavens! She knew I was there, and I had thought myself so effectively concealed. And she had sent Togo for me! Well, if I was in for a scolding, I would take it. I deserved it.

Much to my relief, however, she made no reference to what had recently taken place on the porch. She asked me to sit down, and then, after a pause, she said: "I was feeling lonely. I wanted company. Why have you been so solitary of late?"

I could think of no adequate answer to that. I don't remember what I mumbled. I was thinking of her loneliness. My heart went out to her. Of course she was lonely, and doubtless hurt. She had been treated abominably. But I was glad she had sent Minor about his business. I hoped her loneliness would not cause her to weaken. But of course I could not express any of that. But Margaret was apparently not thinking of Minor.

"I had been counting so much on having Lucy Belle at home here," said she, "now that she's through college. But she's going to leave. Roswell won't wait. I suppose you knew they were engaged."

"No," said I, "I didn't know."

"They're to be married in September. It seems so soon."

I mumbled again and another silence followed. I yearned to say something sympathetic and comforting, but I simply didn't know how. It seemed wrong, somehow, that a fine high-spirited young woman like Margaret should be left like this, to be lonely and perhaps lose all her sunniness and never sing about the house any more.

"HENRY," she said at last, and I was a bit startled to hear her use my Christian name, "I am trying to get up the courage to ask a great favor of you."

"If it's anything in my power—" I began, but she checked me.

"Don't commit yourself too hastily. Do you know who my best friend is—the one I want more than any other? It's Togo. I think I could struggle along if I had Togo."

"You mean you want me to give Togo to you?"

"Yes. I know you never wanted him in the first place, or I wouldn't think of asking such a thing. I know I can see him often, in any event, but I want to feel that he's mine. You may like a dog, or even love a dog, but it isn't the same thing as having him for your own dog."

Well, I had come to understand a little of that. Perhaps I have been a bit lonely in my own life—more so than I knew. During the past weeks Togo had come to mean a good deal to me. I should never have believed such a thing possible. But now that I thought of losing him, of feeling that he belonged to some one else, a sort of sorrow entered my breast. Of course I should hear his toe-nails at my door again, and feel again his strong little head under my hand, and look again into his mischievous, loving eyes. It wouldn't be as though he had died. But he wouldn't be my dog. That, strangely enough, makes such a difference. It is almost like having your sister get married. I could see just what Margaret meant, just what it was that she so much wanted.

I arose from my chair and, stooping down, put my arm about Togo's neck. In the shadow I kissed the top of his dear little trouble-making head. Then I led him over to her and placed her hand in his collar.

"Togo is yours," said I.

I stole a quick look at her face, and then I had to drop my eyes. Had I seen tears in hers? She drew Togo tenderly to her. It seemed to me that I should have to go now, but her voice called me back.

"Togo is really my dog?"

"Togo is yours," I repeated, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Love me, love my dog," said she, in a voice very low, very sweet.

SHE was not poking fun at me; even I could tell that. I stood there with my brain in a turmoil, praying for understanding, praying for guidance that I might be making no mistake. I dropped to one knee, just like some early Victorian suitor, and ventured to lay my hand on the slim one that rested on Togo's head.

"I do love you, Margaret," I said. "I've loved you all the time."

"If I hadn't known that," said she, "do you suppose I should ever have asked you for Togo?"

With her free hand she smoothed back my hair. A sort of ecstasy stole over me, a concentrated happiness, and a great peace, too.

"And then," I cried, inspired, "Togo can be *our* dog?"

"Oh, Henry!" was all she said, laughing and crying a little at the same time. Then she bent down and kissed me, and simultaneously I felt Togo's rough tongue at my ear.



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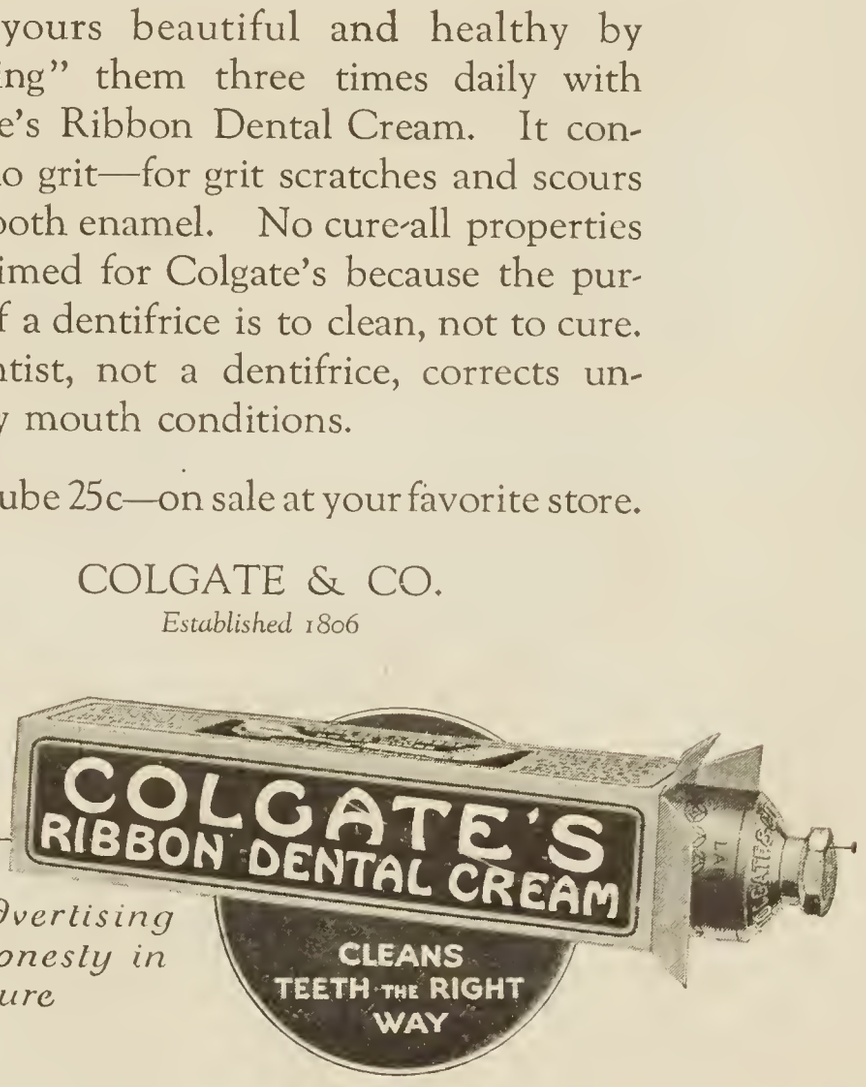
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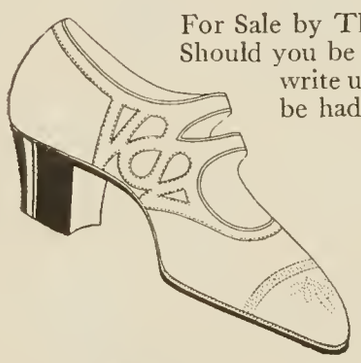
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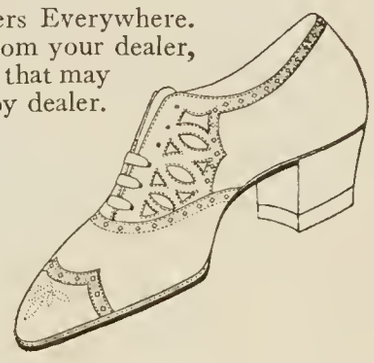
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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 8

"What's happening? Is it an initiation?" But Linnie in his arms was sufficiently real, for when they reached the far end of the rooms she murmured: "This house could be such fun—and it's a cave of bones." Benno observed: "It ought to cheer you to know that you're adorable." And suddenly she threw back her head and looked in his face, whispering: "Am I? Tell me that, then. I'm so deathly sick of everything." Benno spoke savagely: "I'll do nothing of the sort! You're spoiled enough already!" She returned pleasantly: "Swine!" And dinner was announced.

TO BENNO'S embarrassment, Mrs. Briggs and Malvina insisted on his preceding them. "Ah, please do permit us—we couldn't think—" Mrs. Briggs murmured, head and shoulders swaying forward in excesses of graciousness. Malvina, with a curt nod, fell behind her mother. They even murmured protests when he seated them while the man-servant hovered over Linnie and held his chair. Linnie ignored them and talked to Benno: The red parrot had died; she wondered what the family would say to that. Probably they would take the next boat back, even though Paula was soon to be presented. This word irritated Benno. "Presented with what?" he blandly wanted to know, and did not permit himself a glint of smile. "To the queen—to Queen Mary," Linnie explained gravely. When Benno pursued it, wanted to know offensively if the queen was interesting, worth going to all that trouble, whether Wells or Shaw was not a more reasonable goal, Linnie said imperturbably that of course one was always presented, and slipped into another subject—cathedrals. "Mama dear is visiting cathedrals—think of it—with a straight face, after having been to Europe yearly for life. She's mad about them—or at least she pretends to be, but I think it's really ridiculous of her." "But"—Benno pretended to be puzzled—"doesn't every one visit cathedrals?" "Oh, not after extreme youth," Linnie told him, "or else people take you for a ghastly tourist." "Very well, then," said Benno, "you've got free of cathedrals—why can't you get free of being presented at court?" All this she swept away with a smile. "It's frightfully bad form to be free of some things, you know." He gave her up, decided that she was simply incredible, murmured that he hadn't meant to hold forth in that fashion, and heard her say, "You must be a privileged person," with a long slow look which laid him down at her feet. Her skill was unerring, that slight jerk of hers on the string when she felt him slipping! He knew this and frankly didn't care, wanted only to feel that signal to return to her.

TO MRS. BRIGGS, to whom he felt a tugging of dim duty, he spoke now of the cool light of the arched windows against the early evening, blue and green. What he said was, "Ripping effect, that." Mrs. Briggs graciously noted these windows, this light, their effect and said so, with slow forward feints of head and shoulders. "It reminds me of a window in our hotel at St. Moritz. Are you fond of St. Moritz?" Benno said that he was so only because he knew that he should be if ever he got there, and encouraged her with a question so that she went on: "I was there at one time with a charming party—distinguished people—a bishop, a dean and a vicar." "Good heavens," said Linnie, "what a crew!" If at this interruption Mrs. Briggs experienced the shock which Benno felt, she gave no sign, but went on: "One of the difficulties of travel is the low class with which one is obliged to mix—don't you find it so?"—and all so graciously delivered that Benno felt as if he had been granted an audience. "I can't think," she added, "where they find the means to travel about so much." Benno was now stupefied to hear Linnie say absently: "Oh, shut up, Briggs." Mrs. Briggs subsided, with a pleasant smile.

He glanced at Malvina—her face, save for those burning lips, was quite white. Her breath was swift, her eyes cast down. Constrained to say something to cover a situation of which Linnie seemed unaware, Benno muttered: "Frightful lot of boredom connected with traveling. A walk down one's own street is best in June, isn't it, Miss Briggs?" The girl lifted eyes whose defiance pierced him. But, "I agree," she said hoarsely, and actually smiled. "You know you don't, darling," said Linnie. "Why lie?" She spoke still from some preoccupation, did not glance at Malvina. Benno's wretched glance swept the face of Mrs. Briggs, who smiled and moved her head—graciously.

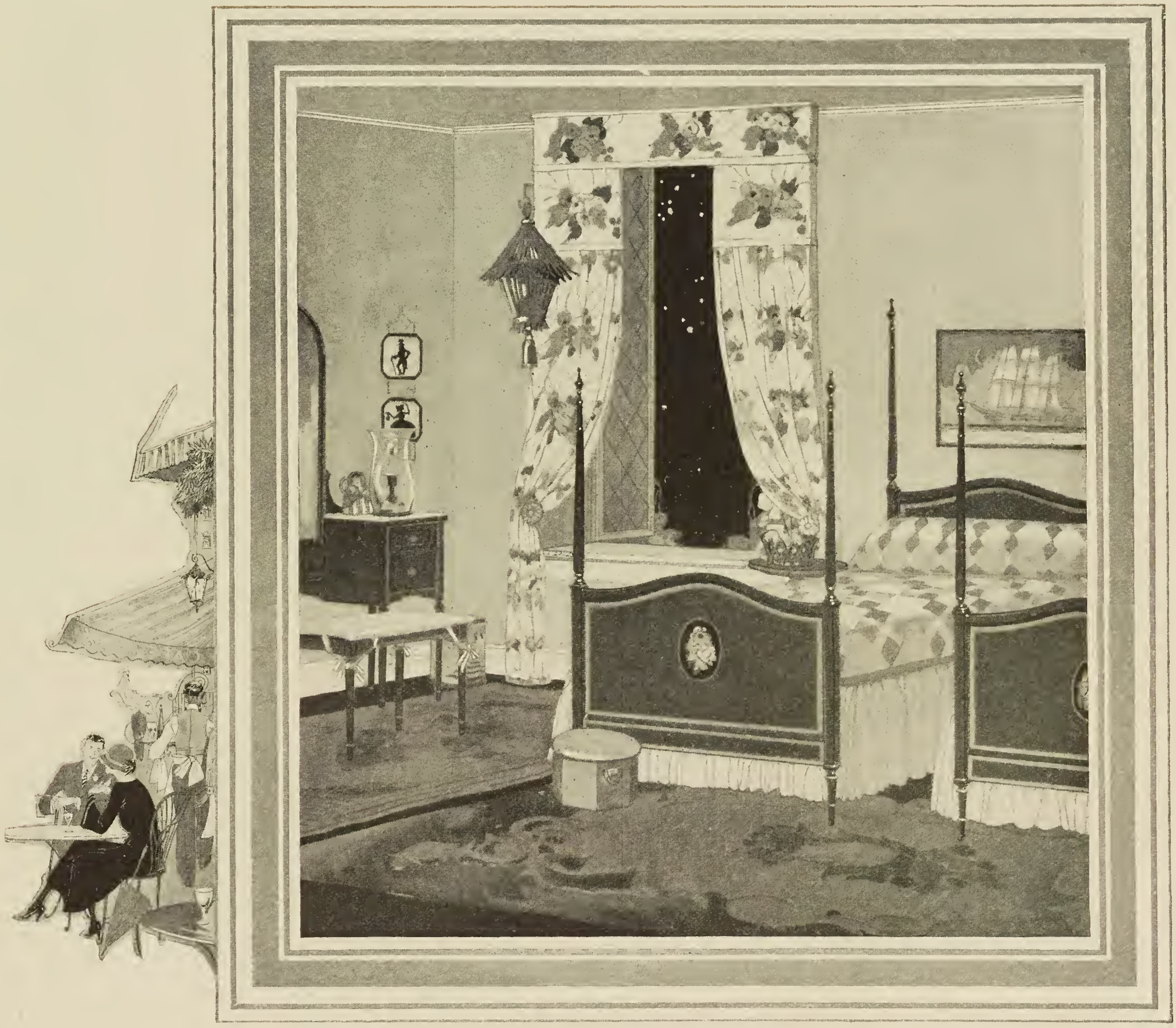
In the ache of his indignation for the sake of these two and in the pang of his amazement at Linnie, he turned and looked at her. She was not looking at him; her head was thrown back and she was looking at the upper glass of the conservatory doors. "Oh, see," she said, "that little adorable." A canary, escaped from its cage in the conservatory, was fluttering against the panes, flew above their heads. Linnie rose to give it chase, and as he ran with her he was conscious of her, as some bright figure from a frieze, flying with lifted arms and eager face in the fine formal room. As they drove the bird back through the doors she was saying: "The darling! Oh, if he should hurt himself; oh, if he should hurt his little wings—" and more of the same sort. In the midst of this Mrs. Briggs and Malvina rose from the table, dessert being finished, and Linnie said: "We shall not need you to-night, Briggs—don't stay down-stairs, you know." And to Malvina: "You'll play for us later."

IT CAME to Benno that if Linnie had been clad in skins she would on occasion have said, "Take Briggs away and hang her by the thumbs," and with the same indifference. Yet Linnie was still palpitating for the bird, the bird!—and led Benno to the conservatory to find him. He went first to open the door ceremoniously for Mrs. Briggs and Malvina. He had never seen anything quite like the mixture which the departing Mrs. Briggs presented—that deprecatory, servile murmur at his act, yet that curious flow of graciousness down neck and shoulders. As he closed the door on Malvina's low "Thanks," delivered without looking at him, he understood that as her curtness was her armor, so graciousness was the armor of her mother, both defenses unconsciously assumed to protect them in a situation long intolerable.

He was silent when he reached the conservatory, but Linnie did not observe. She was standing before a strange cactus, whose blossoms seemed to breathe. She cried, "Benno! Do you see? *That flower was once dirt!* Isn't it more than one can bear?" In her eyes were tears. There she was, a little sensitive thing, alive to contacts to which few could have responded. She felt the flower. She felt the bird. Mrs. Briggs and Malvina she felt no more than the floor. Benno walked by her, trying to puzzle through. Here the air was not of June, but of deep Summer—and not our Summer, but another. In these odors were distance, the tropics, changed light, a new world. To avoid a trickle of water on the tile, Linnie stepped back abruptly into Benno's arms. For an instant he held her, had the fragrance of her, forgot the Briggses as if they were not. The current of her attraction for him went on as if it involved a different self from that of the distaste and alienation of his mind. He thought: "There must be more here than I know. She is perfect!" When he released her, the Briggses were far off, erased, as if they had lived ages ago. He growled, "Don't get in my way like that," and she said airily, "I promise never to do that again!" On which he advised her not to make so many promises.

AS THEY entered the drawing-room, they passed a little glass-topped cabinet, in which lay a half-dozen miniatures, framed in gold or pearls. Benno looked at the lovely faces: one empty, one complacent, one vivid, one austere. "Aunts and things," Linnie explained. "That's my grandmother as a flapper." "The ruling class," said Benno meditatively, and she cried proudly: "Yes! Don't they look it?" "Are you really proud of it?" he demanded. She looked at him in amazement: "Proud of it? Why shouldn't I be? There's blood and breeding in every one of them—and such spirit! Aunt Marcia—" she indicated the vivid one—"went to a fancy-dress ball as Cleopatra—hour-glass waist, low sleeveless bodice—and shocked the old ladies to death—but she carried it off!

Continued on page 70



You eat when you are hungry: do you sleep when you are tired?

When nature tells you that you are hungry, you eat until the hunger is gone. But when you are tired, do you always go to bed and sleep until you are thoroughly rested?

Because it seems to many to be a waste of time, sleep is often the most neglected necessity of life. Yet it would be better for you to miss a meal any time than to lose an hour of the sleep you need.

Even when you retire as punctually as you eat and average no less than eight hours in bed, you may be *starved for sleep*—just as you would lose weight if you ate only coarse foods that fill but do not nourish.

You may not suspect your spring or mattress. You may be so used to light, broken rest that you do not know how much strength and energy you sacrifice daily.

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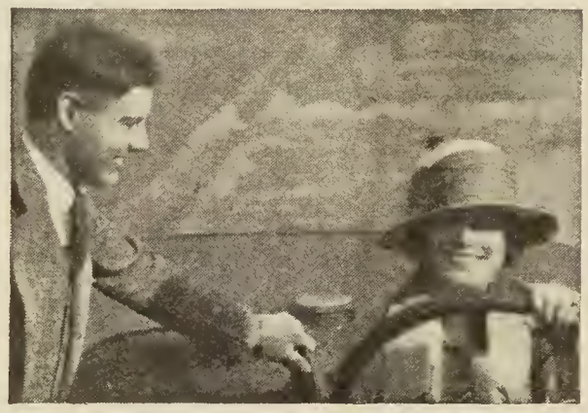
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This tooth paste helps the natural cleansing processes of the mouth







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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 68

Of course she was a Bellairs—she could do it. There's Aunt Louise—married three times and kept the respect of her church—she was a Bellairs. She could have put anything across." Benno regarded her in a new amazement. "Would you want to put anything at all across for that reason?" he inquired. "I'm a Bellairs too," she replied. "I'm waiting my chance!"

THE house-party was already arriving—fifteen girls, but they were, Benno thought, like one girl fifteen times repeated: bright, powdered faces, massed and rounded hair, a half-length of silk, large white slippers. All were scornful, shrugged and frowned incessantly. Their smiles were slow, restrained, old. Their motions were slow, they winked slowly, they seemed slightly sullen. The men in their wake were either thick, warm and pink, and in a continued high vivacity, or else they were white, fine, feminine youths, with a manner of shrinking from contacts and slightly sullen. Benno understood both and sat in their midst silent, grim, making occasional barbed observations. The talk ran:

"Been to the Players' last?"

"Ghastly business."

"So I hear. Been to the Maskers?"

"Ghastlier still."

"So I hear. Going to the Haresfoot?"

"Yes. But probably it'll be ghastly."

"Always is. Where's some cigarets?"

"Where'd you get the earrings?"

"Snatched them in Paris. Terrible, aren't they?"

"Look at mine—aren't they ghastly?"

A new arrival invariably replied to "How are you?" with "Rotten, thank you." There appeared to be a mania of censure, of disapproval, of complaint. It was an infection. If they had all been leaving for exile, they could have criticized the order of things no more despondently—not, however, the order of vital conditions, but of their symbols. Books were mentioned: all were ghastly. The pictures in a new exhibit: rotten, rotten. Some of the boys were going abroad in vacation: ghastly bore. But there had been in the town the night before a murder of three persons, and that was ripping.

"What's the matter with *you?*" one of the older boys addressed Benno—as if, of course, something was the matter.

"I'm dying," said Benno. "Only way I can get the best of it."

They regarded him with a growing respect.

Benno watched Linnie. With the astonishment to which she served him at every turn, he perceived that in this company she became like the others. Nothing could veil her distinction, but she did her best to conform. He recognized that note which she had struck in the first hour of their meeting in Mrs. Pepper's library. She hated everything. She was scornful, slightly sullen, delighted to come out as often as possible with "I don't agree with you," though this carried no sort of conviction. You knew that in the next hour she would be holding quite as stoutly to the other side. He thought of her as she had been in that hour in Mrs. Pepper's white garden, when she had run like Atalanta, and thought: "With me she'll be like that."

Toward ten o'clock she said, with her drooping air and high disconsolate eyebrows: "Might as well dance, mightn't we?" And they said, "Oh, well, yes, might as well." She bade Benno: "Get Malvina, please. We've got to put up with her."

Malvina he found in the library, where Linnie directed him. The library was a highly unfrequented room; one knew that as one detects from the aspect of a dog that he is not loved. At the polished idle-looking table she sat. He saw her before she saw him, and he was amazed to find her face in repose wearing a sweetness. She glanced up, and instantly her face set and she frowned. In that strong light the face showed its magnificent modeling, heavy, vigorous, almost brazen in its strength. When he said, "Miss Bellairs asks if you will come and play for the dancing," she rose, smiled sourly and said: "What a charming translation. So free!" He felt that he must say something more to her, she was so alone, aloof, a petrel in that house. To his "That was a topping fox-trot you gave us before dinner," she said: "It would have been better if I didn't like music." As they passed into the hall, with its high reflected light warming the stone floor, Mrs. Briggs came from the foot of the stairway where she seemed to have been standing and joined them. "I wouldn't, mother," said Malvina quickly. Mrs. Briggs made her slight stooping motion, said "I must, really," and accompanied them into the drawing-room. She moved, a gaunt black figure, among the groups. Every one rose, little automatons of habit. Otherwise no one paid the slightest attention to her. Linnie glanced at her and went on talking. Mrs. Briggs, appearing to see no one individually, inclined her head as in a royal progress. At the piano she lingered while Malvina seated herself, made some light, smiling comment and passed down the room. Little errands she made, a shade adjusted, a vase. She was not expected, not wanted, had manifestly no way to make herself felt, but Benno instantly divined that she was satisfying some personal requirement of propriety by giving thus her brief presence to the party in the house. In some amazing manner she contrived the impression, though probably no one but Benno observed this, that it was she who was paying no attention to the guests, these variations upon her quiet!

AT THE music's first chords, Linnie held out her arms to Benno, they slipped down the long room and accidentally overtook Mrs. Briggs near the glass cabinet. "Go to bed, Briggs, there's a dear," said Linnie. "Good night." Mrs. Briggs inclined her head with her beautiful graciousness; her tone was, in its indulgence, the tone of royalty. "Hardly as yet, I think," she said, and moved from the room.

"May I demand," said Benno, "may I demand why you call her 'Briggs'?"

"Because," said Linnie, "because she *is* a Briggs."

Now the floor was filled with the slow dancers. They did little more than pose in varying duration, extemporizing to the theme of "You Are Momentarily Mine." Interpretative dancing it was, of youth and attraction and even love. "This could be love for me," Benno thought, moving delicately with Linnie. "Could it be, I wonder, with her?" Color, motion, music, all were resolved for him in the girl as she seemed in that moment.

Once he looked toward the piano. Malvina, playing, sat with her head so posed as to watch the dancers. In her scarlet gown, her plain pale face turned to the dancers, she played and watched. There were no intermissions. She went from one dance to another, changing the rhythm as it pleased her; and thus, as it pleased her, they danced. In her scarlet gown, with her plain pale face, she seemed to be one who had summoned all these to dance for her as she pulled the strings. He had these occasional fleet glimpses of her, in the midst of the color, motion, sound. "It's as if we danced to please her," he said to Linnie, and she replied: "What on earth are you talking about?" but not as if she cared in the least. "I don't think I'm ever going to let you stop dancing with me," said Benno, and when she looked up at him with her good little grin, he thought: "That's conversation enough!"

"Where," she inquired after a time, "is this 'Movement' effect, whose presence I have promised to amuse my guests?" Benno lost not a beat of the music, but his eyes hardened. "So that's how you think of them?" he said slowly. "Don't be a beast to me," she begged. "I wasn't thinking." "Well, you will think," he returned grimly. "You'll think of me, do you hear? As I am thinking of you—" To her inevitable "How are you thinking of me?" he had meant to return a long look, but he changed his mind and replied casually: "Oh, so—so." And his brain went on furiously: "What fools! Why does she let herself in for all this? Why do *I* bother with all this—or with her? But she is adorable. By all the many gods, it's up to me to get her out of such a crowd. Oh, you fool, you know you love her!"

IT WAS toward eleven when "the Movement" began to arrive. Little Timothy Faxon and his wife, Miss Olive Mallory. A

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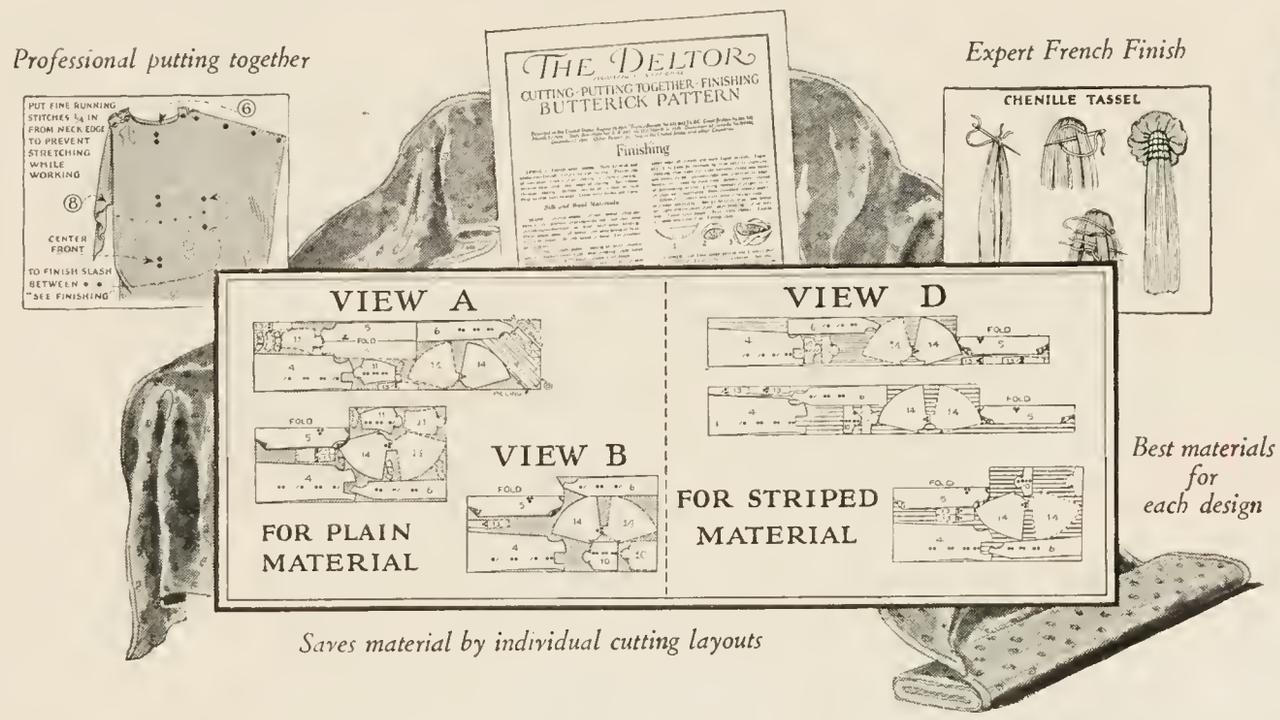
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QUEEN BEE

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slim, fine, pale youth, he had married a girl all out of drawing, large of head, of girth, of movement. They seemed intended for the illustration of different-size books, Little Faxon for a quarto and Miss Mallory for a royal octavo. To meet them in succession, one seemed to have adjusted the focus of the glass, even to be looking swiftly through first one end and then the other. Then Bede and Bergstrom, of the university, and Mary Luther. Alla Lord, who was Bergstrom's wife, came in alone—she was a dramatic critic, had partially written her review in the taxi and disappeared to the library to finish it while the messenger-boy was arriving. Lester and Pippin, of *The New Review*, came later, and Bertha Parker, who was Pippin s wife. Benno could never remember that party without laughter. "The Movement," charmingly tolerant of the hackneyed elegance of this house, to which they had come to please him, were at first delighted with these picturesque youngsters from the school. The youngsters from the school, on their side, were at first impressed by the rumor of the "artistic" running before these others, and accepted their clothes, which were good, and their manners, which were according to a standard both freer and more constrained than those of the youngsters—that freedom and that constraint being rather differently distributed, and different sets of subtleties obtaining. But the newcomers began to talk, and that was disconcerting. They began to talk about what Bede called "the curious and arbitrary separation of man and nature," and they were off on one of their joyous arguments, every one lining up with ardor. Most of the "youngsters" were bored and slipped away, but a few remained; and in the midst of a heated presentation of nature, including human nature, as the villain of the piece, Bede was caught by the silence of an Alpine peak on the wall and cried: "There's salvation for that mountain only in peopling it. I'd like to have that picture in my bedroom to remind me of my mission!" Little Faxon piped: "That's no bedroom picture." "What is a bedroom picture?" Lester wanted to know, and Little Faxon replied seriously: "Oh, a nymph, with mushrooms." And the laughter drew "the youngsters" back again, but they had nothing to say.

BENNO was watching Linnie. She would, he knew, catch little that was being said, but he was curious. Would her attitude be bored, superior, interested? Her attitude was nothing. She listened, smiled, remained expressionless. This was true of all these schoolgirls. Had breeding, Benno wondered, completely taken the place of brains? Their average age was eighteen. Some of them must have mental reactions to the unknown! They were not shy—they were almost violently at ease. What did go on in their heads, then, and what went on in Linnie's head? Could she think at all? One of the girls leaned forward with an air of beautiful animation. He listened. She said: "I did some mountain-climbing last Summer—it's so much harder to come down than it is to go up." "Ghastly on the knees," assented another beauty. Benno wondered what their men would have had to say if they had taken a turn. Their men were all silent, webbed, detached. Impossible to tell whether they were impressed or scornful. Barlow, the pink comedian of their crowd, now murmured: "Did anybody ever hear of an old nymph, by the way?" and pretended to remember the superior age of these others and to be embarrassed. Benno had observed this habit of defense among the younger—this pretense to embarrassment for a pretended break which yet thus bore its barb safely. "Let's dance," he said lazily. "That's safer." He glanced at Malvina, still on the piano-bench; he saw her vivid, animated, sparkling. On his way to Linnie he stooped to her: "Fairly good talk a little earlier," he murmured, to try her. She murmured: "It almost made one prefer men to mountains."

"The Movement" danced as well as it talked. It danced with the "youngsters"—Linnie was already dancing with Bede before Benno found her, so he took out a small yellow figure who demanded: "Isn't this floor simply perfection?" Benno felt an abrupt and passionate pity for such youth. It had so much to face with its frail equipment of good taste and dimples. But it was impossible to pity Linnie. Her poise and charm as a hostess were another of her amazements to him. He divined that such poise and charm would belong not less to these other young girls. He wondered if this implied a power of adaptability to better service; thought: "It would be so with Linnie. She understands and appreciates these others here—I know it. All she needs is to be rescued." He pictured her, in two years or more, taking her place in talk with Bede, with Faxon, with Mary Luther. She might even choose a profession!

THEY sat out a dance and he tried her with: "Wouldn't you find it thrilling to be doing criticism or journalism?" Her reply was an impeccable "Oh, thrilling!" He pressed her: "But wouldn't you really like it?" And she said: "Oh, going around by myself in taxis, late at night—having tickets to everything, meeting all the queer people—I should adore it." He wanted to force her to prove herself, and went on: "And the chance, Linnie, to find out the new thing, the right thing, and to—to encourage it—to be close to new movements—" He felt helpless, aghast at this kindergarten expression of his great passion to serve; and he searched her face to see if she understood. She cried, "Rather! But Benno, isn't it better to have you teach me about them? You know, I think you'd be a wonderful teacher." Not unmindful that he was being taken in, he yet yielded to this method. He wondered: *Was* he a good teacher? Well, perhaps he was. At any rate, a sympathetic teacher. Aloud he said: "Who wouldn't be at his best teaching you?" She regarded him, said: "When you're personal, I don't seem to mind. Now, with most men I mind awfully." And Benno murmured: "Don't you see what that *might* mean? That we're in the same rhythm, Linnie—" And reflected: "My Lord, I'm talking about rhythms—I'm lost!" And wanted to be lost. Wanted to be lost.

When they went out to supper, he was near her and caught her exclamation of bored impatience, saw, as she did, moving from the fireplace, the elegant and detached Mrs. Briggs, heard Linnie's sharp: "This is unnecessary, Briggs. I told you to go to bed." And Mrs. Briggs said softly: "You are most considerate—I am quite equal to it, dear Linnie," and moved about the room on little errands. All this had been audible to those who had been near them, and as Mrs. Briggs moved away Linnie's voice must have reached them: "This is intolerable. I shall cable to papa. As if I wasn't in my own house—" Benno intervened with a gay "What's up? Shall I throw anybody out?" And Linnie returned a languid "Thanks, yes. I do hope you've no poor relations."

AT THIS word, delivered in a tone of frightful distaste, Benno was as stupefied as if a butterfly had bitten him. His look said, "It can't be possible that she is a relation," but he waited until they were seated and then put the question sedately, without his secret wonder: "A relation—and treated like that?" He heard: "Father's own cousin's wife. Isn't it unfortunate?" And he brought out coolly: "Rather an interesting mother and

Continued on page 74

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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 73

daughter, I thought, for you to order about—what?" But she said merely: "Interesting? She? What a quaint thought. She's paid to look after things, and she thinks that includes me. Says father 'entrusted her with my care' until I sail. As if anybody with self-respect would stand being entrusted. Or chaperoned in one's own home by a paid dependent." His aching distaste for all this Benno tried to cover with "Have a heart—she's trying to make the place appear respectable." Linnie laughed, said that of course one expected such people about the house—every establishment had them—"but when they try to run one—" Looking about the room, Benno now said: "I am reminded that Miss Briggs is having no supper. Shall I fetch her?" And was told: "Oh, she wouldn't care to come—she wouldn't be comfortable. *She* has a proper sense of her position." And when he hesitated: "Really, no," she said. "I can't have Malvina in—I can't begin that." And when Benno proposed, "Let's send her in something, then, shall we?" his slow and somewhat sleepy insolence carried, and she replied: "Of course, if you like. Have one of the maids take her something in the library." He strolled back to the table. The maids were all busy. He filled a plate. Still the maids were busy. He took the plate through the hall to the library.

THE library was empty, quiet, dim, its thin curtains blowing in warm air, their transparency starred by the lamps without; and diffused light glimmered on the polished table. Benno arranged plate and punch-glass, and drew toward them a vase of spiræa. He had turned to leave, when he saw Malvina Briggs framed in the long French window opening on a balcony at the side of the house. She was stepping back into the room when a man, on the balcony, suddenly swung round and took her in his arms. She kissed him—it was as if this were one more farewell, after farewells just taken. Then he was gone and she came into the library. There was no time for Benno to escape. The best that he could do was to look unconscious. He reached for a cigaret and said, "Supper." Malvina was more composed than he. She regarded him with a gravity and a poise not so much flawless as inexorable and replied: "Thanks! You thought of this yourself." He tried to parry, but she added: "This has never once happened to me before, you know." He mumbled that it was nothing and was retreating when she stopped him. "You saw that man," she said serenely, with a glance toward the balcony. "It's only, I think I'd like you to know, that Linnie doesn't like him to come here, so I am obliged to meet him as I can. I expect to marry him." Benno stared at her, cried: "Oh, I say! Surely, surely you're free to have whom you will come here—" but his voice trailed away. Without further words he knew that this was exactly what Linnie would do if she didn't approve of this lover. "Good heavens!" he said feebly. "I'm most awfully sorry—I'm most awfully sorry that I saw, too." "That?" she said. "That's nothing. I'm rather glad. You seem human."

AS HE looked into her plain face he had an experience not unknown to him—sense of momentarily being the person before him. Her stillness seemed to him the stillness of one long in anguish, which he seemed now inexplicably to be sharing. At every risk of tact and the possible, he said: "Forgive me—I see more than I should see. You're in torture." And he went on recklessly, drawn by her dumb uplifted look: "Do forgive me—could I help?" There was a scarlet cord about the throat of her gown and this she began to twist and to knot. She said: "It's mother. This gives her the chance to be occupied—for money. She can do nothing else. I can not leave her here alone—for the present. I'm going to stick it for a while. Thanks, though—you can't know how much." He muttered: "I oughtn't to have said anything." And then she flashed out: "That's no use—I've tried all the ways. Thanks for supper. I was starving." She moved to the table, and added: "And the people you brought here to-night—I was starved for talk like that, too." He asked, quite deliberately: "Would you go with us some time—with Miss Bellairs and me—to one of the meetings of 'the Movement'—that's the group in there? In their cellar, you know, down-town?" She shook her head. "Linnie wouldn't like that. But it's nice to have been asked." He said: "We'll go some night," and went back to the supper-room.

Afterward he remembered that when he rejoined Linnie he had regarded her with something like distaste. He said to himself that he would talk with her of Malvina, was bound to do so, since she might listen to him, and evidently she listened to no one else. He intended to talk with her of this when, the "Movement" having taken leave and the others having resumed dancing, she said, "Come in the library and let them play." As they went he asked, "What do you think of 'the Movement?'" And she said, "Oh, charming and amusing! What do you think of the bunch?" "Oh, amusing!" he cried, in her own tone. There it dropped, but his annoyance mounted. By that table beside which he had talked to Malvina he intended to make clear to this child (he said) that he thought her incredible. But how could he do this immediately when she curled down on a divan and observed, "I think you're the cleverest and kindest and grandest thing I ever saw." Sophisticated, he was yet man, and paused over her statement, considered it, wanted to know indulgently how she could be so foolish. "You are," she informed him, "so wonderful to every one. To all those children—and some of them *are* children, aren't they? But you were as wonderful (she loved that word) to them as to your own friends, saying all those wise things with them. What a lot you must know!" Like this she went on, meditatively, almost as if he were not hearing. She was not trying to impress him, he thought, but merely stating things as she saw them. Benno began to see that he *was* rather spectacular. So there he sat beside her, listened, caught her fragrance, watched her perpetual charming motion, hands fluttering up to adjust a shoulder-strap or down to touch at an off-heel slipper, or pushing at her heavy, careless hair. Of these he understood every trick and guile, but in what she was saying about him he was inclined to see no guile, an over-appraisement perhaps, a generosity on her part—oh, well, perhaps a perfect understanding of him. She seemed actually to believe him that which he wanted to be, seemed to read his motives, his heart. Suddenly he caught her wrist and kissed her arm. Her startled look he held for a breath, and took her in his arms. For an exquisite moment she yielded, then she cried violently:

"Why did you do that?"

"You know."

"How can you—possibly?"

"I do. Have from the first minute I saw you."

"That's not true—it's not, you know."

"What difference does that make? It's true now. It always will be true. Is it true for you?"

"Sometimes—I think it is."

"You've thought that! You've thought of me—you love me!"

IT WAS not wholly that it would have ruined the moment to tell the truth, to admit the mental limitations of these confessions. It was that in that hour these *were* the truth. They sat there, in the momentary truth of love, as each was accustomed to think of it. If that moment was no more significant than the April mating of the migratory birds, if hardly a greater permanence might have been expected of it, yet in that instant it was an ultimate. The instant was but an instant. He asked, "When will you marry me?" She cried, "Don't spoil everything by being so prosy!" Then the others came calling them.

At two o'clock, as soon as he reached his room, Benno called her up.

"Look here—you'll marry me the minute you get back from Europe?"

"I'm not going to Europe."

"You—you——"

Linnie said: "I'll marry you as soon as I graduate—if you want me. And we'll spend the Summer in this house."

Continued in the July DELINEATOR

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Just ask your Grocer for





THE NUTRITIONAL MERITS OF EVERY-DAY FOODS

Concluded from page 20

hand, is a true cereal, but it scores only fair in carbohydrate and fair in phosphorus and can not successfully compare with a real vegetable as a source of iron or vitamins. It is because green corn does not rank well as a food that its use in large amounts to the exclusion of the more valuable vegetables is to be discouraged.

HOW FRUITS RANK IN FOOD VALUE

THE following list shows fruits in the order of their importance as sources of minerals and vitamins:

1. Tomatoes, oranges, lemons, grapefruit, dried dates, figs, currants, prunes, raisins, raspberries.
2. Apples, bananas, grapes.
3. Peaches, pears, plums, cherries, pineapples, berries, currants, fresh rhubarb.
4. Muskmelon, cantaloup, watermelon.

Citrus fruits and tomatoes rank high with other foods as sources of vitamins B and C; and dried dates, currants, figs, raisins and prunes are actually, as well as relatively, high in sugar, iron and lime. Apples, bananas and grapes are only fair in their content of carbohydrates and vitamins B and C, while orchard fruits, most berries, pineapples and rhubarb do not offer any conspicuous contributions aside from flavor, color and roughage. Muskmelons, cantaloups and watermelons are at the bottom of the list.

Apples when they are eaten raw and in large quantities become an important source of vitamins B and C. Emphasis therefore should be placed upon raw fruit in general, because cooking tends to destroy vitamin C, and upon citrus fruits, tomatoes and the dried fruits mentioned above. It is obvious that jellies, jams and marmalades, although they are made from fruit, are less valuable than fresh or slightly cooked fruits, and that they are at an added disadvantage because only limited amounts of them can be eaten. Any one who attempts to substitute fruits for vegetables is likely to lose both in money and in food value.

FOOD VALUES IN CEREALS

THE custom in the use of cereal foods is overwhelmingly in favor of the breakfast foods and the flours which have been refined for whiteness, appearance and keeping qualities. Whether such a movement away from grains in their natural form is an expression of more fundamental truth than science has yet discovered remains to be seen; but on the basis of composition and feeding experiments, unrefined cereal products score high in comparison with those which have lost their coating. Refined and unrefined cereal products have a fair amount of protein and a high percentage of carbohydrate and are of almost equal value as flesh-making and fuel material.

The statement sometimes heard that whole-wheat flour is not as fattening as white flour is not sufficiently supported by evidence either in the composition of the products or in actual feeding practise to be accepted as a fact. Both are highly starchy foods and pound for pound will supply calories in greater amounts than fruits or vegetables. The advice that in reducing weight it is more important to cut down the consumption of potatoes rather than of bread is ill-founded, because pound for pound bread is over three times as high in fuel as potatoes.

In some sections of the country white rice is used extensively "as a vegetable." Unfortunately, rice can not be made the equal of any of the vegetables (except in protein and carbohydrate), because white rice in whatever form it is served remains a refined cereal and can not compete with vegetables in minerals or vitamins.

It is difficult for a home-maker to know which cereal products come nearest to being made from the entire original seed. Graham flour, most oat products, entire-wheat flour, brown rice, water-ground corn-meal and most of the dark breakfast foods tend to be products of the whole seed. White flour, corn-starch, corn-meal, white rice, macaroni, hominy, buckwheat flour and the light-colored and white breakfast foods are lacking part of the seed which is rich in phosphorus, iron and vitamin B and which contains some lime and vitamin A.

Most people have the impression that cereals cooked at home have more food value than those purchased ready to eat. The difference in value lies in the kind and wholeness of the cereal, not in its state of preparation.

Brown bread successfully made is often a more popular loaf than white bread. White flour to which have been added the valuable ingredients of the whole grain may make a bread which ranks high in nutritive value; but sound economics and education point to a wider use of the natural foods which may contain even more that is valuable to the race than science has yet discovered.

THE NUTRITIONAL VALUE OF ANIMAL FOODS

THE animal foods—milk, cheese, eggs, meat, fish and poultry—are used chiefly for their protein, lime, phosphorus, iron and vitamins A and B. The tendency to reduce the use of meat has often resulted in too great a reduction in protein and iron foods because other foods rich in protein and iron have not always been substituted. Muscle meat is uncertain in vitamin and low in lime, but it contains valuable proteins, phosphorus and iron.

In case of reduction in the use of meat, other foods of animal origin rich in these materials, such as eggs, milk products and leaves or other foods rich in iron, should be substituted in adequate amounts. Vegetable foods, especially dried peas, beans and nuts, are frequently used as meat substitutes because of their high content of protein, phosphorus and iron. Such substitution is justified in part but not entirely because of the superior quality of animal protein.

OTHER FOODS OF DIETARY VALUE

NUTS and legumes are rich in lime and vitamin B, materials in which meat is low. Meats derived from the organs of an animal are more nutritious in some ways than the muscle parts, and could be well used in larger amounts than are now consumed. The popular belief that meat is flesh and that fish and poultry are not is not well founded. All flesh of muscular origin has about the same composition, the red meats having somewhat more blood than fish or poultry. Fish from the sea has superior value due to its iodin content.

Some persons who are fond of salads and light foods may take insufficient quantities of flesh and other protein material. To insure against this danger, the score-card suggests a moderate amount of these foods.

In the use of white sugar and all the products made from it one finds a situation similar to that of white flour. The unrefined sweets—molasses, brown sugar and maple-sirup—are high in lime and iron, while sugar as it appears on the table is just unadulterated sugar. It is true that sweets because of their high flavor could not be used in very large amounts; but much of the value which might be derived from them is lost in the refining process. A person who is decreasing weight can afford best to greatly reduce sugar in the diet, for unlike most other foods it carries with it no valuable minerals or vitamins.

There are many persons who dislike milk but are fond of cream and who raise the question "Won't cream do just as well?" For protein and phosphorus, milk is superior in content; but cream retains a good amount of the lime and iron and is as good a source as milk of all the vitamins. The animal fats as a group are richer in vitamin A than are vegetables; but pound for pound their fuel value is the same.

Cod-liver oil, which in the past has been considered in the same class with medicine, is rapidly coming into its own as an important food, especially in localities where there is little sunshine and where an abundance of vitamin A and the anti-rachitic factor are needed.

Even after the most valuable foods are chosen, their contributions to health can not be made unless their value is retained through all the stages of the cooking process. Foods that can be eaten raw have a double advantage of escaping the destructive effect of heat on vitamins, particularly vitamin C, and the extraction of their minerals and vitamins into the water, which is too often thrown away.



How to Make Strawberry Jam in 15 Minutes

By ANN PROCTOR

You can do it easily—with never a failure. And the result will be the best strawberry jam you have ever tasted—at less cost than ever before.

A nationally-known, expert jelly maker has found the way to extract that substance in fruit which makes fruit juice "jell" or set when boiled with sugar, and then to refine and concentrate it for American housewives. Over five million women have quickly adopted the use of this wonderful product, called

CERTO
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Jelly-making is a household science now—as simple and as accurate as "two and two make four." No one can fail, if they follow a simple CERTO recipe. With CERTO you boil only one minute—not the indefinite boiling of the old method. The one minute's boiling saves not only your precious time over a hot stove, but it also saves the juice, the flavor, and the color of the fruit that formerly was boiled away. Consequently, with CERTO you make about one-half more jam or jelly than by the old method with the same amount of fruit. Your jams and jellies also have more of the natural color and flavor.

CERTO is not gelatine nor related to gelatine, and contains no preservative. It is an absolutely pure fruit product, highly recommended by food authorities and cooking experts to use with any fruit or fruit juice.

Get a bottle with book of nearly 100 recipes of your grocer today and try it with strawberries. You will be delighted.

Everybody loves strawberry jam. No home ever has too much of it with its varied uses. Make a lot of it for your family this year. Get some fully-ripened fruit, and follow this recipe for

The Quick and Easy Way to Make Strawberry Jam

Crush about 2 quarts ripe berries in separate portions, so that *each berry* is mashed. This allows fruit to quickly absorb the sugar during the short boil. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed berries into large kettle, add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. *Boil hard* for one full minute, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) CERTO. From time jam is taken off fire allow to stand not over 5 minutes, *by the clock*, before pouring. In the meantime, skim, and stir occasionally to cool *slightly*. Then pour quickly.

Use same recipe for Raspberry, Blackberry or Loganberry Jam.

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Let us send you a free trial half-size bottle—enough to make twelve large glasses of strawberry jam as per the above recipe. To help pay postage and packing cost, send 10 cents (stamps or money). Please also include your grocer's name so you and your friends can be supplied.

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My name_____
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Malnutrition

More and more the main source of human ills is being traced to this one thing—*malnutrition*

Yet you can do much to protect yourself from its evils if you will

"We now know definitely that the regular diet of a large portion of the people of the United States is falling short of maintaining satisfactory nutrition."
—*American Home Diet*

A hundred and forty-five thousand doctors and forty-eight thousand dentists are interested in what you eat.

Back of these men there are others, biological chemists, who are devoting their lives to find out just what it is you need.

They haven't spoken to you about it. Even your own doctor hasn't mentioned it to you unless you have been ill.

They haven't spoken because they know that except when you are ill you will eat what you want to eat.

Eat "what you want to eat" but see that the food you do eat is such that your body can turn it into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest.

"A set of healthy teeth is necessary for good digestion and to get all the nourishment out of food."
—*Teeth, Diet and Health*

Grape-Nuts is in a form which makes you chew. This gives your teeth healthful exercise and makes your mouth do its work, which, if it doesn't do, your stomach must do in addition to its own.

Malnutrition is not limited to the poor. It takes its toll from those whose tables are loaded with food as well as from starving people.

In the mouths of the American people are more than one billion bad teeth. At least one-third of our adult population suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia. Hardly a man or a woman today who is not from time to time troubled with constipation.

And all of these — dyspepsia, bad teeth, constipation—lead slowly but surely into far worse ills.

Doctors, dentists, and biological chemists—men spending their lives to find out just what your needs are—more and more are tracking down the main source of these conditions to this: *malnutrition.*

Malnutrition means that your body is not *taking up* sufficient nourishment for its daily needs. Food and nourishment, these authorities will tell you, are two very different things. Food is *what you eat.* Nourishment is *what your body gets out of it,* what it can digest.

In this food is nourishment you need, in the form your body can digest

AT LEAST one-third of all your nourishment *should* come from the *carbohydrates* (starches and sugars). For the *carbohydrates* are your greatest source of strength and vitality—your power to do work.

But if they are not rightly prepared—if they are not broken down as your body wants them, they may become a heavy burden and *still* leave you undernourished. They must be in a form your body can utilize.

* * *

Grape-Nuts gives you the *carbohydrates* in the most easily digested and most nourishing form.



Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains

More than three-fourths of the contents of Grape-Nuts are the precious *carbohydrates.*

They have been *dextrinized,* that is, scientifically broken down into the form *your body most readily digests and transforms into strength and vitality.*

No matter how much you have abused your body with difficult foods, you can digest Grape-Nuts quickly and easily. It is good for your digestion and it gives you nourishment you should daily have.

And Grape-Nuts *starts* digestion right. It comes in crisp, golden kernels you must chew. This chewing keeps your whole mouth healthy, and starts the proper flow of the salivary and gastric juices—the first step towards sound digestion.

Eat Grape-Nuts for a week and see how much better you feel.

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"2000 Miles of Startling Beauty"

(419)



BILLIE BURKE REMEMBERS

Concluded from page 13

William Faversham, who was to have played *Charles Surface*, and with a most charming cast. But, unfortunately, Mr. Faversham was taken quite ill; and as luck would have it I toppled over soon afterward. So it was my dream came to nothing.

I did not find a play for two years thereafter, when there came into my hands a manuscript which Miss Adams had been considering but had done nothing with. This play brought me in touch with two of the most charming people I ever hope to meet, Mr. and Mrs. Tarkington. I had long worshiped at Booth Tarkington's shrine. When I finally decided to do his play, there were two or three little scenes that needed changing in the second act. Mr. Tarkington could not be budged from his retreat at Kennibunkport, Maine, so up I trotted in fear and trembling—for it is a foregone conclusion that an author will never change anything in his play.

When I alighted from the train in that quaint little old seaport town, there was that wonderful person, his very own self, to meet us. I think his courtliness and grace of speech and manner must have been handed down to him for generations in fullest measure. His learning and genius have made him the most modest of men, with a manner as though he possessed something with which he was entrusted. And his lively, humorous stories kept me in gales of laughter.

WE HAD a delightful run in Mr. Tarkington's "The Intimate Strangers" in New York. But I suffered an experience in Washington, where we gave our first performance, that I did not know could happen to any one who had once been cured of first stage-fright. Yet here I was suffering from that very same thing so badly that I nearly ruined the whole play. I stumbled over some lines in the first act. You see, my mother's health no longer permitted me to draw on her for help and inspiration, and I suppose my having been away from the theater so long made me more nervous than I realized. I was literally terrified, but managed to stumble through to the end of the act. But to go out on the stage for the next act was another matter. I wanted to run out of the stage door, down the alley, find the railroad tracks—and home!

I finally got a grip on myself, and then th other acts went along smoothly. But it was agony while it lasted. I made a long speech after the second act, thanking the audience for their kindness and trying to tell them it was my fault and not Mr. Tarkington's; that something strange had overtaken me at the end of the first act. This piece of Tarkington's brought forward three splendid young players, Alfred Lunt, Glen Hunter and Francis Howard—all climbing high.

We started on tour, my baby, nurse, cook, maids and chauffeur—and two puppies. But I had not gone farther than Philadelphia when I learned in my morning telephone call to my mother that she was not so well. For four years she had been getting further and further away from me as her brilliant mind had become clouded—"sweet bells out of tune." She had continued living with me at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. We little dreamed that the end was so near, but at the close of my engagement in Philadelphia I lost her.

We resumed the tour shortly afterward, as my work helped to dispel the gloom her going had left about me. Hers is an immortal spirit, I know, if there is such a thing as immortality.

My baby had her first glimpse of America on the tour. Boston found her skating and playing on Commonwealth Avenue as though she were a native. By taking small houses or apartments, I was able to live more or less comfortably with my little family wherever I played; and Patricia was not off her schedule ten minutes the whole time.

The next year I did a Tarkington play, but the golden thread was delicate, and it snapped. It was called "Rosebrier," and I hated to see it fail.

Suddenly my theater season came to an end and I found myself in another company—a limited company of two others and myself. There was a rather attractive-looking man, with clear olive skin, brown eyes and a prominent nose, a mouth with plenty of humor lurking in each corner, hair the color of platinum—and beautiful hands; and a slender bronze-skinned child, looking rather like a boy in her white duck trousers and blouse, with a shiny, copper-colored head, and eyes as blue as the sky, giving the impression of a straight wide line of blue across the upper part of the face, and with the curly, flexible mouth of the man. Two sunburned fishermen, the two greatest in the world—Mr. Ziegfeld and Patricia! They were my company down in the Florida Keys, where, one day, I had the thrill of my life when I caught and landed my first tarpon! A triumph in the theater is worth working for, but the excitement that comes when you are working to keep your fish from jumping off your hook and everybody in your boat is holding his breath to see if you'll land him—well, I think you feel a little bit more swankie about the one than you would ever dream of feeling about the other, if you know what I mean. That tarpon of mine is on the stage now, in Mr. Ziegfeld's production of "Kid Boots," and on the program there is a line which tells that it was "caught by Miss Billie Burke." I have be n on many programs, but not with any more pride than in this instance.

MY WORK has brought me in contact with many interesting people. I think of the times spent with Clare Kummer, who wrote "The Rescuing Angel" for me; I recall the days when I used to visit Mark Twain in his old house on Ninth Street, introduced originally by Mr. William Gillette; I remember with gratefulness the tonic effect Henry Miller had on my work when I played in his company. But perhaps one of the greatest spirits I know is Edward Sheldon. He is perfectly marvelous in his capacity as listener, and often I talk over with him my ambitions some day to do some of the great plays, like Shaw's "Captain Brasshound" and Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." There was a moment last season when I very nearly gave Ibsen's "The Doll's House." This year I was to have done "The Swan," but the old prejudice Mr. Ziegfeld held against my going to any other management than his persisted and prevented my doing it, lovely as it was.

During the time of the "Rescuing Angel" I was under the management of Arthur Hopkins, and it was while there that he tried to instil into me the desire to do Shakespeare; *Beatrice*, I believe, was the part he had in mind.

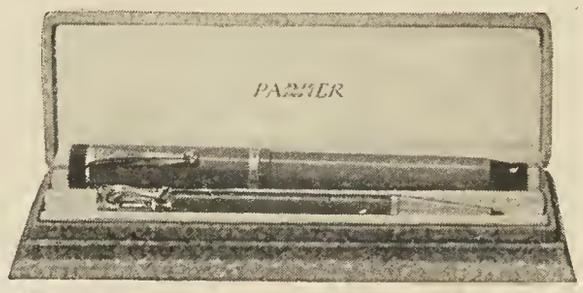
I have an amusing memory of Mr. Hopkins's beautiful production of "Hamlet." I had gone one afternoon to see John Barrymore, and sat there enthralled by the fine sensitiveness of his work. It must have gripped me profoundly, for I found myself crying at moments in sheer tribute. There was an old woman sitting next to me, and I felt her eyes upon me. Suddenly a hand touched my arm. "My dear," she said, "are you Billie Burke?" I had to confess that I was. "And you are enjoying this play of 'Hamlet?' " she persisted. "Yes," I replied, hesitantly, not knowing what next to expect. "Well," gasped the old woman, who turned out to be a veteran actress, "I am glad to hear it. I never thought you had it in you!"

"Wad some power the giftie gie us."

AS I live along, I find that whatever compromises I have to make with life have not forced me to be one whit less sincere in my attitude toward people and things. I don't believe in my whole life I have ever cultivated sham. Things tumble out of me as they happen to present themselves. Things have tumbled out of me for these reminiscences. I hope their unpreparedness will be their value.

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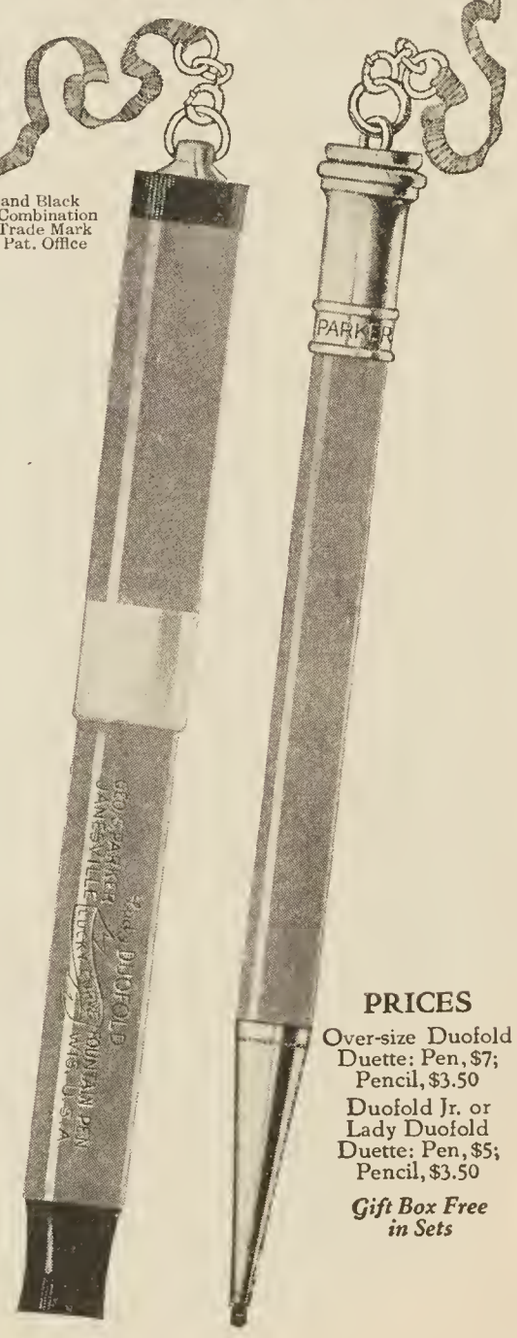
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THE LITTLE WHITE LAMB

Concluded from page 10

getting down to work, attested her belief in his sincerity, and prophesied his success. She threw the weight of her popularity into his struggle for honest recognition.

When butterflies fluttered into the office in search of him, she shooed them out with marvelous tact. She consciously dignified the announcement that Mr. Burton was busy and could not be disturbed. She was no less skilful in handling the telephone calls which continued to come in for him. She discouraged his practise, which he described to her, of shunting his invitations into the fire.

"Those social contacts of yours may be transformed into invaluable business contacts," she warned him. "Entirely legitimate that they should be, too."

But though she decried ignoring invitations, she did not recommend accepting them until he could repay them in kind, and in spite of his academic study of world affairs, Robert Burton found his evenings very long and lonely.

JANE ANN offered to sit by his side, second balcony, first row, at one of the theatrical successes.

"Let me pay for your ticket," Burton begged. "I've had so deuced many people pay for mine."

But Jane Ann said "Dutch treat," and "Dutch treat" they went. Second-balcony parties—preceded by dinner at the Italian *table d'hôtes*—came to be semiweekly occurrences, and it was jolly being with Jane Ann. They talked business and world affairs and compared bank accounts.

Yet there is no denying that Robert Burton was unhappy. There is no denying that, on the fashionable first night when from his seat beside Jane Ann he glimpsed Sylvia's landau halted by the traffic and Sylvia, looking like dawn, within, he wanted desperately to seek her giddy goal.

Sylvia, like the greater number of his former friends, had reconciled herself to the estrangement. He had spoken to her on only one occasion since their climatic interview over the telephone, and on that occasion he had not been alone. It was a Sunday morning, and he and Jane Ann were hiking through the park, when, crossing one of the bridle-paths, they encountered Sylvia, mounted.

She looked, Jane Ann afterward remarked, like royalty. Burton himself was vaguely reminded of a photograph of some slim, fair-haired princess in a riding-habit. She had vouchsafed a mere "Good Morning," smiling as impersonally, he felt, as she would smile at her groom. Burton told himself it was well he had decided that Jane Ann was the girl for him.

Jane Ann was the girl for him, and the new life was the life for him. He repeated this to himself night and morning and in the pauses of his busy day, keeping his goal clear-cut in his mind, according to the recommendations of modern philosophy. He must make good at the office and marry Jane Ann and be forever after a useful and exemplary citizen. He must make good at the office and marry Jane Ann. There lay the way of his salvation.

WINTER was almost over before he felt he could lay claim to having made good. It was the first week in March when he received the promotion and the raise which represented recognition of his value. To be sure, the month of probation had passed with no notice that his services could be dispensed with. But he had not even marked the day when the fourth week had merged safely into the fifth, so absorbed had he become in the conquest of his work, so fully did he feel an integral part of the office.

Grinning like a youngster, he emerged from Grimes's office after the bestowal of the accolade and hurried to Jane Ann's cage by the doorway. It was after five o'clock and she had gone. Bursting with impatience, he chased a Number Five bus for half a block, and, having achieved it, proceeded to further its progress up the Avenue by pushing till his muscles ached.

He had made good. The satisfaction—the welling sense of power — were sensations more delightful than any other he had ever known. He had made good and was on his way to tell Jane Ann—to ask her—to marry him.

It was, undoubtedly, the wistful Spring in the air which caused him gradually to relax in his seat, to forget the stoppings and startings of the bus and to look off into space. Winter was crowding in again with the night, but Spring had a fingerhold and kept it tenaciously, in the fresh hues of the waning sunset, in jonquils flashing by and the shouts of children playing. Spring crept into Robert Burton's heart and, slowly, his exultation died.

Jane Ann was—a darling. He didn't have a better friend. But she just wasn't moonlight to him. She just wasn't moonlight and madness. Now Grimes, he knew, was a bit sentimental about her, colored when she came in his office, stuttered when he spoke her name. But he—Robert Burton—well, no one but Sylvia made the blood rush, tingling, to his face, no one's name but Sylvia's was mixed up with "dear" or "sweet love" on his tongue. Never mind! Sylvia and her moneybags were behind him. Jane Ann and the Security Bonding Company were ahead. The bus paused at Grant's Tomb and Robert Burton scrambled down, toward the towering new apartment house where Jane Ann and a group of efficient young business women did cooperative housekeeping.

Jane Ann was housekeeper that week. She came out into the narrow hall to speak to him, enveloped in a blue apron with white rickrack braid, her cheeks hot and a fork in her hand. Pork chops were hissing invitingly behind the half-closed door.

"Goodness me, what is it? You look like a funeral."

"Like a funeral? It's—it's good news, Jane Ann. Grimes gave me a raise and a promotion."

"Bobbie!" Jane Ann squealed. She caught his shoulders in ecstatic hands. "I'm so glad! I knew you'd show 'em. Poor Jane Ann! She's lost her little white lamb."

"But you haven't lost me. I came up—I wanted to know—if you'd marry me."

"If I'd *marry* you?" Her hands dropped. Leaning back against the door, she regarded him in stupefied amazement.

He could say nothing more. He had done his duty. He had said his say.

"Robert Burton!" ejaculated Jane Ann. "You big booby! Do you mean to tell me you don't know that you're crazy mad in love with Sylvia Bostwick?"

He didn't deny it.

"It's her money, you see. I can't give up my job. I'm going up; Grimes said so. I have a future——"

"Don't marry her money. Marry her. Go to her this minute and say: 'Sylvia, I've made good on my job. I'm making money enough to support you. Will you marry me?'"

Burning pork chops scented the air. Seizing him by the shoulders, she turned him forcibly toward the elevator.

"Hurry! And do just as I say."

SYLVIA was dressing. He waited rigidly in the stiff gold-and-white drawing-room which he had not entered for so many months.

"Bobbie!"

She stood—a shaft of moonlight, a shaft of sunlight—in the doorway. He felt the hot blood pounding in his cheeks. He shot to his feet and rattled out the formula:

"Sylvia, I've made good on my job. I'm making money enough to support you. Will you marry me?"

She did not move or answer, but looked at him intently. He went on in a choked voice.

"We'd have to live just on *my* money, Sylvia. I'm not a little white lamb any more."

With a soft tender cry Sylvia flew across the drawing-room and into his arms.

After a beatific interval, Bobbie put an inquiry:

"Did you think I'd stopped loving you? Did you wonder why I was so busy all of a sudden?"

"No-o." She evaded his eyes, twisted in his arms, burrowed her pale-gold head deep into his shoulder.

"I thought—I was afraid—I wanted to be sure— Oh, Bobbie, I *asked* daddie to resign from the Security Bonding Company just to see what you would do!"

"Well, I did it," said Bobbie triumphantly.

Three winners in one family



Daniel Edward
the oldest

IT was her doctor who first recommended Eagle Brand to Mrs. D. E. Provost, 10 Baldwin St., East Orange, N. J. Since then she has needed no better recommendation than her three healthy, happy children—all of them Eagle Brand babies.

"Outside of a few colds none of my children has ever been sick," writes this mother. "And I feel a large part of the credit is due to the food they were started on in infancy. Even now when the two older children see me preparing a bottle for baby, they coax for a drink."



Miriam Anna
the second

Roger Sherman
the baby

THE biggest booster of Eagle Brand is the mother who has used it. Whole families—sometimes to the third generation—have been brought up on this milk. Its reputation has spread from mother to mother until it has become the accepted baby food everywhere, with a successful record that no other baby food has ever attained.

By all means, nurse your baby if you can. But if you must resort to bottle feeding, Eagle Brand is the safe way, especially in the hot summer months.

Eagle Brand is pure cow's milk and cane sugar combined in a way that makes it exceptionally digestible. It is absolutely free from harmful contamination. Even if you must travel with your baby, you can take Eagle Brand with you and buy it wherever you go. Its uniformity is guaranteed—every can the same.

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EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

"Baby's Welfare," written by a physician, is a useful guide for young mothers. If you want a copy we will send you one free.





End the day the Fairy way!

TAKE the Fairy way to dreamland! Before retiring wash or bathe with Fairy Soap and experience the glow of perfect white cleanliness.

Smooth and mild. Nothing in Fairy Soap to irritate the most sensitive, tender skin. It cleanses and soothes and helps you hold that youthful freshness.

Millions of people use Fairy Soap daily for toilet and bath. To young and old it is bringing new skin health—a new appreciation of a pure white soap

The handy, convenient oval cake helps, too! Fits the hand and wears down to a thin wafer without breaking.

It's white! It's pure! It floats!

FAIRY SOAP



RICKETS—THE DISEASE THAT DEFORMS CHILDREN

Concluded from page 16

and in all animal fats is not the factor which cures rickets is demonstrated by the fact that all animal fats contain fat-soluble A, but of all these fats only cod-liver oil protects children or animals from rickets. There must, therefore, be some other substance present in cod-liver oil which is present in only small amounts in other animal fats. This substance may be designated X.

Butter fat contains an ample supply of the vitamin fat-soluble A, and yet it does not protect a child from rickets. It must, therefore, be poor in substance X, which is so abundantly found in cod-liver oil. By definition this substance X is not a vitamin, because it does not occur in adequate amounts in a "general diet."

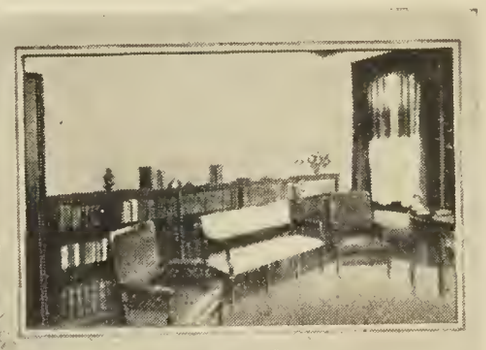
The great addition to our knowledge of the treatment of rickets lies in the demonstration that the sun's rays, naturally or artificially applied, are a very necessary adjunct in both the prevention and the treatment of rickets. It is the absence of sunlight, perhaps more than anything else, which has made rickets such a scourge among the poor children in unlighted tenement districts. The vague term "poor hygiene," so often used in the past to account for the existence of rickets among the less-well-to-do, can be changed to "poor food" and "poor light."

Both cod-liver oil and rays from the sun are capable of altering the improper balance between calcium and phosphorus that exists in rachitic children. This improper balance of calcium and phosphorus may be a deficiency of either one or the other or a deficiency of both substances.

JUST as in the case of many other diseases, though even more so in rickets, should we insist upon proper methods of prevention, or at least upon early diagnosis. Various health agencies in all the larger centers of population are struggling to educate the young mother in the proper care of her child. She is taught modern methods of infant-feeding and how to apply them. She is taught the importance of cleanliness and the need for prompt medical attention in case of acute infection; the value of preventive inoculations against smallpox and diphtheria, and many other measures aimed at the better safeguarding of her child's health. Many doctors are much interested in adding the prevention and treatment of rickets to the already long list of ways and means now employed by various health agencies to improve the health of the growing generation of children.

After all, in the light of our present knowledge it would seem to be a relatively simple procedure to safeguard the children of to-day from the ravages of rickets. Sunlight and animal fat are easily obtainable. But unfortunately those who are interested in spreading proper educational propaganda concerning rickets tell me that they meet with many obstacles: first, ignorance and indifference; second, unwillingness to follow advice; and finally, an obstacle that obtains in large cities—the great difficulty of getting a proper amount of sunlight in the poor tenement districts, where overcrowding is prevalent. This difficulty constitutes a very real problem in any campaign designed to obtain better health conditions, not only in the case of rickets, but also as it applies to other more fatal diseases, such as tuberculosis.

With the abolition of extreme overcrowding in the poor districts of large cities and with the thorough spread of information concerning the ways of preventing rickets, this disease should become a rarity rather than a condition affecting the great majority of our children. Rapidly vanishing rickets in the children of the next generation will also mean a rapidly diminishing number of adult cripples who in many instances eventually become State charges.



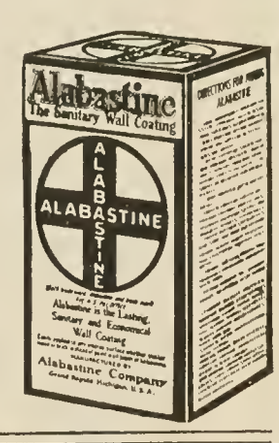
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IN a picture background colors have been selected to harmonize with all others. In the home which pleases, wall colors have been selected with equal care. To secure the color which harmonizes most perfectly with your rugs and furnishings, use

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Alabastine is for all interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes; comes in standard colors which intermix to make many shades—mixed with either cold or warm water—is so uniformly satisfactory that you may do the work yourself when decorators are not available. Sanitary, as well as artistic, Alabastine is the acceptable wall coating wherever beautiful walls are desired.



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Write Miss Brandon of our "Home Betterment" department how best to improve all your rooms. Make of your interior a beautiful picture—a home in which you will enjoy living. Write Miss Brandon and get her advice free.

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To cleanse tender skin so that infection may never have a chance—to quickly soothe pain that tears may as quickly disappear—to help nature heal so that no blemish may be left—that's why Absorbine, Jr. occupies a never-empty place in so many thousands of medicine cabinets.

A few drops of this clean, safe, and reliable antiseptic liniment, with its agreeable odor, suffices in most instances.

At all druggists', $1.25 or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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Cuts — Tired Feet
Strains — Swollen veins
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SANI-FLUSH cleans and purifies the toilet bowl and hidden trap—it was made for that particular purpose—and it does that one job better than you can by any other means.

Sani-Flush removes all stains and incrustations. Sanitizes the unhealthful trap, too, without injury to plumbing connections. Destroys all foul odors.

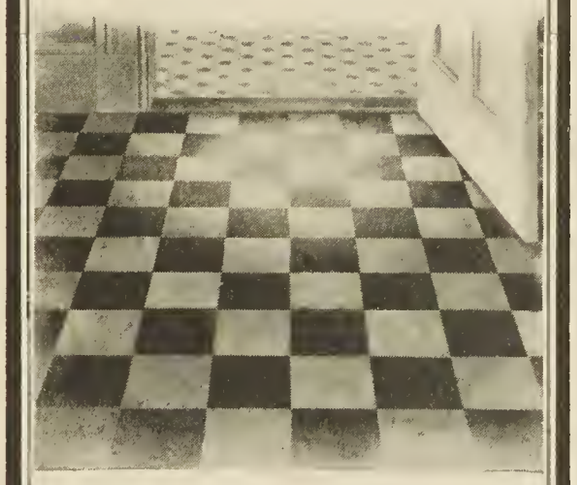
No scrubbing. No hard work. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

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THE BUTCHER POLISH CO.
245C State Street
Boston, Mass.

Used By Three Generations



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 15

Take off everything that's really wet through, Rose, or you'll be ill. Here, here are slippers—look at your poor foot in my big slippers! Get into that chair. Now take your time."

Exquisitely warm in the big muffling folds of the wrapper and with half her clothing spread upon davenport and chairs in the warm gloom of the room behind her, Rose's recuperation from cold and strain was almost instantaneous. She lay back luxuriously, her drying hair in damp strands over the chintz back of the chair, her bare feet thrust into the big slippers.

"Rose, would you drink some coffee if I went and got a pot of it and put it right here?" Jack asked, watching her with a sort of concerned satisfaction.

"No, no!" she answered quickly, and he noted with some surprise that she was drying a little sheet of folded, creased paper by holding it toward the flames.

"I told mother that a man had come to see me to talk about the tennis-courts at the club," Jack said, "and I can take you home without your being seen, so take your time. Edith is sick, you know——"

"Edith sick?" Rose asked, with widening eyes. "Why, Mary and I saw her riding yesterday I thought."

"Yes, she was," he answered briefly, with a slight frown. "She— Nothing serious. But she's been reckless, and Newman was pretty well worried about it for a while. She wrenched herself while dismounting yesterday—not serious. as I say. But there's no sense in taking such chances."

"JACK," Rosalind said suddenly, folding the dry paper and turning a little pale, "I wanted to talk to you."

"Your coming," he answered slowly, as she paused, "is—I think—the nicest thing that has ever happened to me. Just to have you sitting there, in my wrapper—" He stopped. "Well, I suppose we may have that much friendship, mayn't we, Rose of the world? That you will come to me when I can help you!"

"Or you," she added quickly, her heart beating with a sort of dizzying ecstasy, "or you come to me when I can help you, Jack!"

"You always do," he said seriously. "The world is a better place for me just because you are in it, and whether I see you buying a box of apples in River Street, or walking along the lane with Mary, or waiting in the office for Clyde, I like to carry that picture until we meet again: of a woman who is always sweet, always helping somebody, loving somebody, smiling at somebody——"

He was smiling himself as he stopped, but with eyes suddenly misted; and Rose's firm lips trembled a little as she listened, and she looked down.

"What a nice mess we have made of things, Rose!" he said, with a whimsical smile.

"You first—" she reminded him, trying to joke.

"I first! Well, we have this hour when you have come to me. Clyde got off on the evening train, then? He had such a frightful headache in the office to-day that he could hardly keep on his feet."

"No, Clyde's at home," Rose said.

"At home!" Jack echoed in astonishment. "Good heavens! Does he know that you're here?"

"No; Paul Long and Joe Bundy are there."

"But, my dear girl—won't he resent— What did you tell him?"

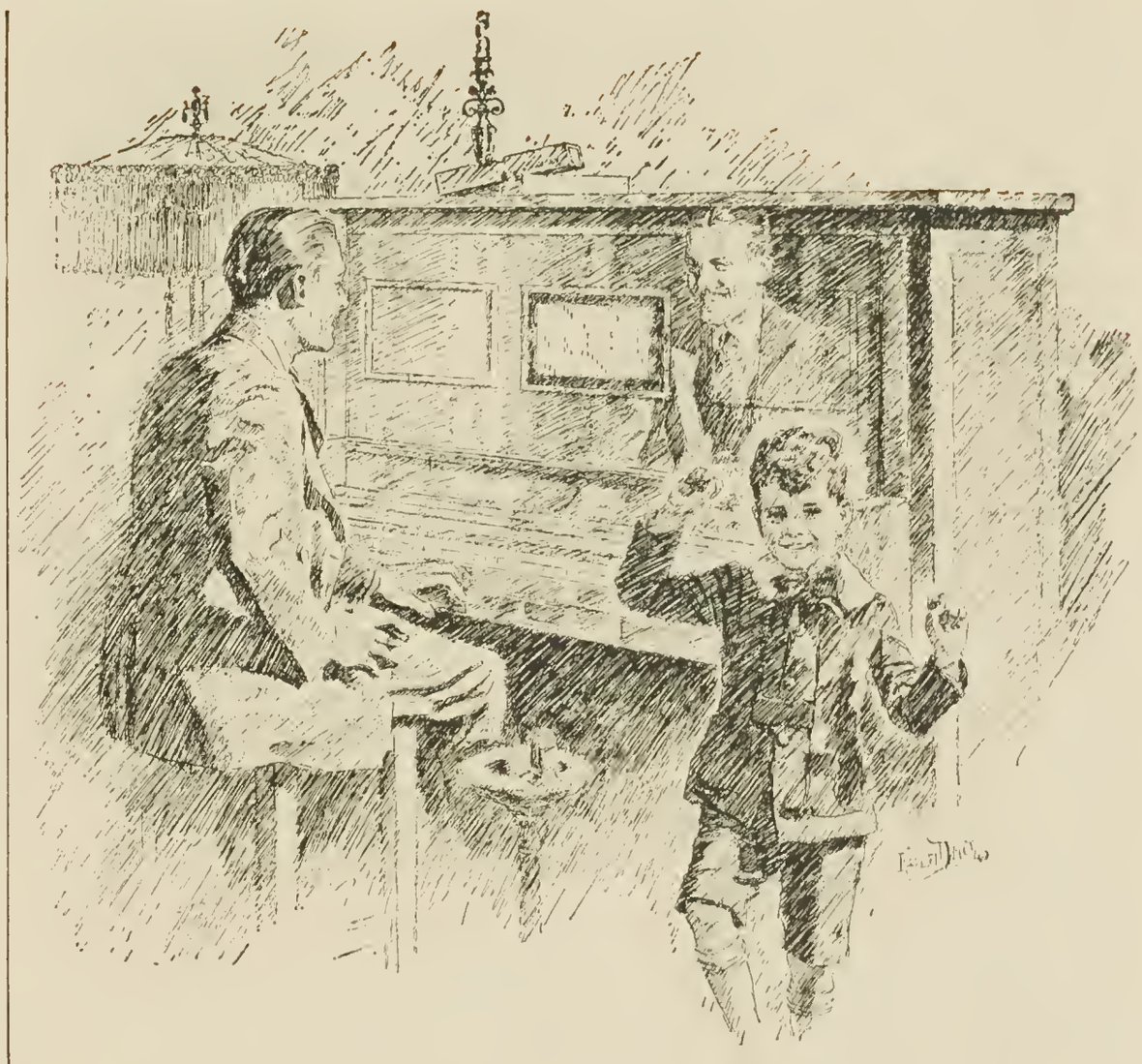
"I didn't tell him, Jack. I—ran away!"

"You've—left—him?" Jack asked slowly.

"No, not exactly. This is it," she said abruptly. "Something has come up that I know will surprise you. I *have* to talk to you about it—there's nobody else. Did you ever hear that your father and my grandfather had entered into a contract together thirty-five years ago?"

"About the 'Centipede'? Yes," he answered, to her astonishment, puzzled eyes upon her face.

Continued on page 82



Son—As Well As Father—Can Play This Delightful Instrument So Easily! The

Story & Clark Repro-Phraso

personal reproducing piano requires ***no special music rolls. You can insert any 88-note music roll*** in this beautiful piano, and by a simple, new and exclusively patented means play the music you like best.

No need for Dad to drum out chords or pick out an idle tune. No need for Sonny to hate practice time. They'll have great fun in playing their favorite tunes!

There is no other instrument like the Repro-Phraso. You must hear it, and see how easily it plays—just as though it were alive—to appreciate it truly. You will marvel at the beautiful expression you can obtain. And you will marvel when you hear the melody sing out with bell-like beauty against the whispering background of accompaniment.

Visit your nearest Story & Clark dealer. He will be glad to show you the Repro-Phraso, and from him you can purchase one on terms within your income. Your present piano will be accepted in part payment.

Price—$650.00 and upward. Freight added.

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If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or player-piano, we will gladly send you a beautiful brochure—*FREE. Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. D. D. J., 315-317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:* Please send me the brochure showing the various styles of your instruments, and the name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player-piano ☐ the Repro-Phraso ☐

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Many times you don't have access to — or time for — a tub or shower. Yet so often your fastidious inclinations will not permit you to be comfortable in going out without considering these things.

Right there Listerine steps in as a friend in need. You simply apply this dependable antiseptic with a towel or wash cloth. Note how delightful and exhilarating the effect really is. Try it some time.

It is an interesting thing that this scientific preparation that has been used for so many years as a surgical dressing should possess these remarkable properties as a deodorant.

Test this yourself by rubbing a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

Moreover Listerine is absolutely safe. It will not irritate the most sensitive skin nor injure the most fragile fabric. You will be delighted with this new use. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

Interesting news!

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. * * While we frankly admit that *no* tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations. * * They are 25 cents a package.

And, of course — *For* HALITOSIS  *use* LISTERINE



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 81

"Did you know what that contract was, Jack?"

"No, I didn't know anything, except that it worried my father a little toward the end," Jack answered innocently. "But I didn't pay much attention. He said that your grandfather had helped to design the 'Centipede,' I think, and that he—that is, my father—always felt responsible for your grandfather's accident. Something like that—you know how much they all talk of old times! It didn't register with me."

"He told Clyde—differently," Rose said slowly and significantly. "Before his death your father sent for Clyde and told him that he and grandfather had signed a contract about the iron-works, which were of course just a little village shop then, and that that contract was valid, and that for all he knew grandpa had it still!"

Jack looked at her, stupefied.

"Dad told Clyde Bainbridge that?"

Rose nodded, swallowing.

"I didn't know this until after we were married," she said, and as an expression he neither fully sensed nor could control leaped into Jack's watching eyes she flushed faintly under the curling aureole of her burnt-gold hair and nodded. "Yes, that was why he married me," she said simply. "He has told me so, fifty times! After we were married, he spoke to me about the contract for the first time, and it seems that then, immediately after your father's death, Clyde sat down and made a very careful record of the whole thing, and had old Mr. Rogers, who hadn't of course the slightest idea of what it was, put the record into his safety-deposit vault."

"It sounds like Clyde," Jack commented dryly, in a pause.

"Doesn't it? Well, for years he has been talking about this paper——"

"Why didn't he come to me?" Jack demanded.

"He had no proof."

"We might have found some. My God," Jack exclaimed in disgust, "how he does love to scheme and contrive and intrigue! What—has he any idea what the terms of the contract were? We can talk it over, I suppose. We might even find some one living who remembered it."

THE whole matter seemed to Rose to be moving from the noisome, dank shadows of the long darkness into the curative, normal daylight.

"It has been found," she said.

"Found!" he echoed incredulously.

"Yes; I found it yesterday—it seems a thousand years ago! It was shut into a volume of the set of encyclopedias that mom gave the library. You know every one thought that volume had been burned when grandpa's offices were burned after the accident, but I found it. And in it was this contract."

She held the paper out to him and Jack took it into his hand. But his eyes did not leave her face.

"You should have been having a percentage on the 'Centipede' all these years?" he asked dazedly.

"Not only the 'Centipede,' Clyde says. The interests of the whole iron-works!"

"My God!" he whispered. "You and little Cecy and your mother taking roomers! Why, what was the matter with my father?" he asked, in simple bewilderment.

"Well, grandpa was hurt, you know, and your father did pay all his bills——"

"All his bills!" Jack echoed, suffocating with shame and astonishment. "All his bills! Why, I don't care if it had been five per cent., it would have kept you from need—from all you had to put up with when you were only a plucky, brave, hard-working little clerk in his office! Does Clyde believe this is legal?"

"Oh, perhaps it isn't!" Rose exclaimed thankfully. "But he is sure it is," she added in a suddenly depressed tone.

Continued on page 83



What are the faults of your skin?

The loveliest women of New York, London and Paris come to Elizabeth Arden for her advice on the care of the skin. Elizabeth Arden has developed a scientific method to correct every skin fault. She has a treatment for coarseness, wrinkles, oiliness, pimples, blackheads—every blemish that mars the natural beauty of your skin. But even if you cannot go to Elizabeth Arden's Salons for treatment, you can still enjoy the benefits of her science and wonderful skill. For Elizabeth Arden's method is so simple and natural, that you can follow it at home with wonderful results. Use the coupon below to give Miss Arden information about the condition of your skin. She will send you in reply a letter of personal advice, outlining the correct treatment for your skin, suggesting the special preparations which you need, and telling you just which shops near you carry the Elizabeth Arden Preparations.

Check the faults which keep you from being your loveliest. Elizabeth Arden will send her personal suggestions.

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Yet you can quickly and easily free yourself from that most embarrassing of all beauty blemishes—superfluous hair.

Just spread a soft paste of Del-a-tone over the offending growth. In a few minutes rinse off in warm water—and marvel at the result!

Del-a-tone leaves the skin smooth, dainty, and absolutely hairless. You have no idea what a wonderful difference it will make in your appearance.

This reliable, scientific preparation, made by The Sheffield Co., Dept. 36, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, has been in use for fourteen years. It is recommended by reputable physicians and careful beauty specialists.

At all good drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for one dollar. Generous sample in plain wrapper, ten cents.

The New Freely-Lathering
Cuticura Shaving Stick
For Tender Faces
EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC



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are assured the woman who wears

Featherbone Girdle No. 4070

Light in weight, yet sufficiently boned, of a special fabric and excellent elastic webbing and designed to give long straight lines; it is ideal for warm weather occasions.

Ask for it by name in your local dry goods store

In case you are unable to find it we will send you one on receipt of $2.00 and your waist measure
Even sizes 22 to 32

"Warren's"

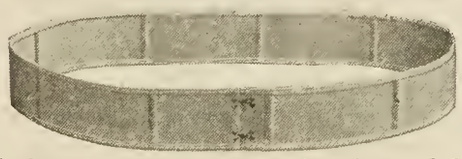


For your new suit

In made-to-order garments request "Warren's" Girdelin for the belt in your suit or when replacing a flimsy belt in a ready-to-wear suit use this dependable belting. It assures the straight, smooth line so necessary in the new severely tailored models.

It comes plain or with Featherbone supports and is made in a variety of widths, including the very narrow now so popular.

On sale at all notion Counters



"Warren's" belt length of Girdelin finished with hooks and eyes.

The Warren Featherbone Co.

General Offices and Factories
Three Oaks, Michigan
New York Chicago
San Francisco Toronto



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 82

Jack, who was reading the contract, looked up.

"Rose, it wasn't fifty per cent?"

She flushed distressedly, exquisite, troubled, her blue eyes shining sapphires in the rose and white of her face. She leaned toward him in the warm glow of fire and lamplight.

"That's—*il*, Jack!"

"And you starving in Old Mill Lane," he said under his breath, as if half to himself. "You and Cecy pressing your dresses and working in offices! Well, Rose, between us, we have pretty well ruined your life, father and son!"

She slid to her knees, half-embracing him with outstretched warm arms, bringing his cheek against her own, her eyes brimming with quick tears.

"Jack—Jack—don't say that!" she pleaded, trying to laugh. "Why, those were the happiest days of my life! I'll never be so happy again! Do you think *money* is going to make me so? Why, I have been more wretched since I found this yesterday than ever in my life before!"

"This is my father's handwriting," Jack said, "and one of these witnesses is still alive. Half! Well, with Clyde owning what he now does, and you half of all the remainder, you practically own the old plant, Rose." He pushed back the rioting masses of her glorious hair and kissed her solemnly on the forehead he framed with his big, lean hands. "I congratulate you, dear!" he said.

BUT immediately, as she went back to her chair and he reread the old paper, his eyes clouded afresh.

"Strictly speaking," he began thoughtfully, "or not so strictly speaking, either, speaking only in common justice, you could make this very bad for me, Rose. There might be a question of back payments here, of interest—compound interest——"

He looked at her and instantly saw that this was no new thought to her, and for a long minute they sat silent, looking at each other.

"That's why I came to you," Rose said then simply. "That's what Clyde wants to do. I came to tell you."

"It ruins me—it ruins us all——"

"It shall not," she promised gravely. "But I don't know what to do. What shall I do? I can't keep this from mom and Cecy; they have equal rights, even if I am legally the person who gets it all. And Clyde threatens——"

"What?" he asked.

"Everything!" she said, with a desperate motion of her hands. "He threatens to take your last cent, to brand your father as a thief—he even says that he will implicate you with conspiracy in grand larceny——"

"He can't do that!" Jack assured her. But he was rather pale. "It's so rotten—coming just now, for mother and Edith. But there's no reason for a scandal. I can just stay along in the works—on a salary——"

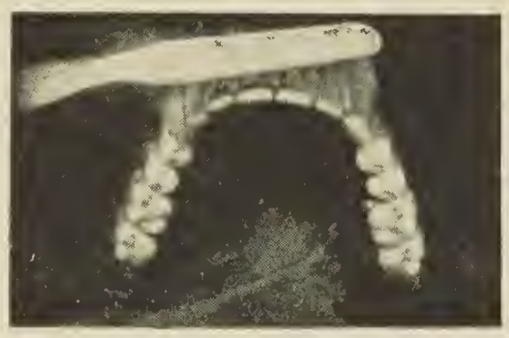
"I can do a great deal with Clyde," Rose said anxiously, "but not everything. There are moods——"

"You don't have to say anything to me, Rose. I see him at the office, you know."

"Well, then, you know! There are times when he is hardly sane. He would hurt me through Mary—through mom and Cecy—anyway, anyhow, just to force his will upon me. He says—" her eyes were luminous in their earnestness and distress—"he says that he doesn't want you to have anything to do with the works any more. And Jack, Jack—he means it! If we are to avoid publicity and scandal, we shall have to move very carefully."

"Why, my dear," Jack said, catching one of her hands in his own, "you mustn't worry so! Mother has this house, and Edith's father will stand by her until I get on my feet. Many a man has had a harder thing than this to live down. But I would

Continued on page 84



Can you pick up pins with gloves on? *It's just as hard to dig tartar out of crevices between your teeth with the wrong kind of brush. Look at this photograph. It is a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush at work. The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts dig in after tartar and germs like a dog digging for a rabbit. Germs haven't a chance against a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush rightly used.*

Teeth are beautiful *when they are clean*

YOUR own teeth grow to suit your appearance. Nature creates your teeth in harmony with your face and form. They need not be small, or even uniform, to be beautiful. Your teeth are beautiful when you keep them clean and gleaming white.

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The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is correctly designed to keep your teeth clean. You can see in the photograph above how the Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans the outer surfaces of all teeth. The photographs below show how it cleans the inner surfaces and the big back teeth.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—adult's, youth's, and child's—come in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Always look for the Yellow Box when you buy a tooth brush. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on the care of teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Dept. C-2, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

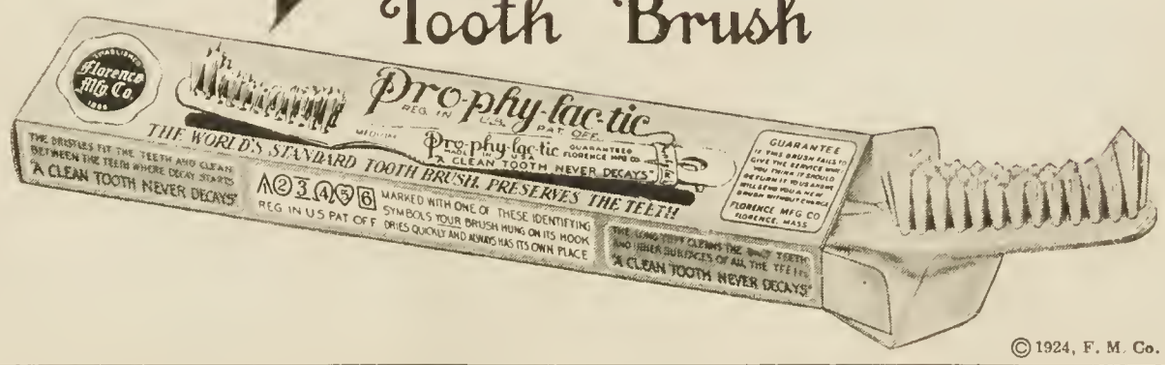


The saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach the outside surface of every tooth and all crevices.



The large end tuft cleans the inside surface of every tooth, especially the backs of back teeth.

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Tooth Brush



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Write for interesting booklet on the new mode in Corsetry.

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Sensitive skin

Keep it soft and smooth by this special treatment



Is your skin easily irritated?

This irritation may be due to dust. Dust is a harmful irritant to a sensitive skin.

Use the following treatment, to keep it from getting rough and painful:

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft wash cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.

This treatment will help your skin to resist irritation.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. *Or send six cents for sample cake.* Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 24 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 83

be glad if he spared my father's memory, just for the sake of mother and Edith."

"I think," Rose said thoughtfully, "that I can promise you that. If I make it my one and only condition that there is no publicity, and if I threaten to fight otherwise—but that might mean Mary!" she interrupted herself in a whisper.

"You would divorce him, Rose?"

For a minute she did not answer, and Jack, studying the slender muffled figure in the gay-chintz chair, the tumbled glory of the burnt-gold curls, the flushed cheeks, the grave blue eyes that were fixed upon the fire, thought her suddenly the most radiant vision of womanhood that he had ever seen.

"If I said 'yes' to that, Jack," she answered presently, with a long sigh, "it would be as much for his happiness as mine. It is his nature to—to torment whatever belongs to him. As for me," she added, "I can not think of the tiniest cabin anywhere, in woods, on a beach—the simplest three rooms—where I could not take my baby and be happy!"

"He would try to get possession of the baby?"

"He *would* get possession of her—part of the time, anyway. And he would never forgive me—I know his nature—nor spare her."

"Is it partly that dope he takes, Rose?"

"Oh, partly," she was beginning, her hand still linked in Jack's, "and partly those blinding headaches, and partly, perhaps, a little of the old jealousy of you——"

THE door was flung suddenly open, and pale, panting, furious, Edith Talbot stood on the threshold.

Jack's wife wore a Japanese wrapper, her hair was in a braid. She absorbed the picture by the fire for a long minute before she broke the silence with a clear:

"Well, so *that's* who it is, is it? That's the 'man you had to see on business,' is it? Oh, I like that—I love it! Rose Kirby, was it——"

She advanced into the room, and Jack, who had arisen, half put his arm about her as he said placatingly:

"Come in, dear! Rose came to see me on some important business and——"

"Don't touch me!" Edith gasped, jerking herself away from his hand. "I was trying to sleep, and I heard your voices—and heard your voices— It was business that Clyde couldn't attend to, I suppose? No—oh, no! —of course not! It was business that brought Rose Kirby out on a night like this——"

"Edith, don't be so ridiculous as to suppose that if Jack and I wanted to see each other we'd choose a time or a place like this," Rose interrupted, half-angry and half-pleading, for something unnatural in the light in the other woman's eyes, the pallor of her face and the difficult breathing frightened her.

"Edith, my dear child!" It was Jack's mother speaking now as she anxiously clasped the girl's shaking form in her arms. "Don't, dear! You know what Newman said about agitation after yesterday?" she begged.

She had rushed into the room at the sound of the raised voices; now, half-pushing and half-guiding her daughter-in-law into a chair, she turned for the first time her astounded gaze upon Rose, exquisite and flushed in Jack's big wrapper, with her hair tumbling about her shoulders.

"Jack?" she asked gravely.

"Rose has brought me very serious news, mother," Jack said, feeling that the full explanation was the only thing for the situation now. And handing her the little contract, he sat watching her while she read it. "That was discovered yesterday," he told her, when both she and Edith had bewilderedly studied the few lines. "And Clyde Bainbridge intends to push his advantage as far as he can."

"H'm! I don't believe it!" Edith sniffed

Continued on page 85

"Mum" is the word!



"Mum" prevents all body odors

What a comfort!—to preserve all day that fresh, "after-the-bath" feeling of daintiness!

"Mum", the snow-white cream—not only prevents *perspiration* odor, but *all* body odors. "Mum" is so effective and so safe that dainty women use it with the sanitary pad. 25c and 50c at all stores.

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In order to introduce to you two other toilet essentials we make this Special Offer: 25c "Mum"; 25c "Amoray" talc—the Powder Perfume whose fragrance lasts all day; and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit—the quick, safe way of removing hair. *$1.25 worth for $1 postpaid.* Or we will send you the items separately. Please give dealer's name and address.

Mum Mfg. Co.
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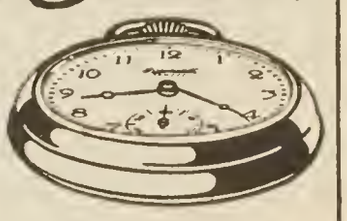
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Be Careful

Lest your breath offend

In every close contact be sure of sweet breath. Many a cause may make it offensive. And a foul breath kills every charm.

Combat it, whether the cause is the mouth or stomach. You want a pure breath—a breath like spring.

A May Breath tablet instantly overcomes bad breath. It combats the odor of cigars or cigarettes. It acts to deodorize when the mouth or stomach is at fault.

Dainty people when they meet eat a tablet to be safe. Then they know that a spring-like breath greets those who talk with them.

Try this once and you will make this ideal way a habit.

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A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

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And a box will be sent you free.

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The improvement will delight you. Unlike other preparations, absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not spread or smear on the face or stiffen the lashes. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.* 75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear this out *now* as a reminder.



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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 84

scornfully. Her whole body was still convulsed by the violence of her breathing.

"Fifty per cent? Is that one-fiftieth of everything, Jackie?" asked his mother.

"More than that, dear. Half."

"If you're crazy enough to throw your money away like that, throw it!" Edith said airily, with a pretense of a yawn.

"It's not my choice, Edith. This paper gives everything, everything we have—the works, the buildings, the business—to Rose!"

Edith swallowed, with a dry throat.

"Oh, I don't believe it!" she exclaimed contemptuously.

"Jackie, dear, you said half," his mother reminded him, very white.

"But there's interest, mother, compound interest, for almost forty years!"

"Jack," she faltered then, ashen, "your father wasn't—dishonest, dear?"

"No," Rose answered quickly; "the paper was lost."

"Ah, then I don't mind being poor," said Jack's mother, beginning to cry quietly.

"I never heard such a pack of rubbish!" Edith commented negligently. But she was very pale. "Rose Kirby coming here with a trumped-up story like that, and you both swallowing it whole! She just remembered she had that paper, I suppose, and thought she'd like to come out this pleasant Summer evening and have a little neighborly chat about it with Jack!"

"It was only found yesterday," Jack explained gently. He reviewed the long story again.

"You'd believe anything anybody told you!" his wife assured him sharply.

"ROSE came here to tell me this herself, before Clyde Bainbridge set the whole thing in motion, Edith," said Jack. "We don't want it to be made public if we can help it."

"Oh, Mr. Bainbridge telephoned an hour ago to ask if by any chance you were here, Rose," Mrs. Talbot remembered suddenly. "He didn't explain, and I took it for granted that he meant you had been kept somewhere this afternoon by the storm. Oh, dear, oh, dear, I said that you weren't! I said that a man had come in to talk to Jack about the courts—but how should I know?"

"Thank God you didn't!" Rose, who had turned white, said fervently. "I shall have to go back. I'll tell him that I started to my mother's—that's sure enough—and couldn't get there because I haven't any car-fare."

"Jackie—I'm dazed!" his mother said gently, staring blindly ahead of her. "Does it mean that we're paupers—that Rose Kirby owns the iron-works over which your father worked and toiled so long?—little Rose Kirby—whom you used to admire so—years ago——"

"Don't worry, dear!" he said, kneeling beside her chair to take her flat, faded little figure into his arms.

Rose, coming out of the shadowy background with her still damp little silk dress once more slipped over her head and with her big coat over her arm, picked up the contract from the table and replaced it in its envelope.

"I will do what I can," she said slowly to Jack's mother. "If Clyde will let things go on as they are, outwardly, for a while, and if Jack will go on managing things at the works, I don't see why any one except ourselves need know."

They all looked at her; Jack was standing half-facing the room, with his elbow on the mantel and his forehead resting against his hand. Edith, panting and watchful, breathed through her nostrils, gritted her teeth and was silent. Mrs. Talbot quietly wept.

"This is your revenge, then, Rose of the world?" Jack asked, with his old smile.

"All I want!" she stammered, laughing through tears. And in the second of silence they could hear the unsatisfied screaming of the storm and the slashing of rain and the creaking and sweeping of the trees.

Then Edith, with a quick movement, was

Continued on page 86



Will Your Hair Stand Close Inspection

Is it soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking—full of life and lustre

YOUR hair, more than anything else, makes or spoils your whole appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

Wear your hair becomingly; always have it beautifully clean and well kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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Mulsified
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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

See for yourself— how a beautiful skin is developed and kept lovely



So that you can learn in a few minutes what years of scientific experience in the care of the skin has taught him, Mr. Ingram has devised the Dermascope. He believes you will join the millions who are now using Ingram's Milkweed Cream when you make the fascinating Dermascope test.

A few minutes with the Dermascope, following Mr. Ingram's instructions, will show you *how* and *why* Ingram's Milkweed Cream develops a healthy, beautiful skin—how it successfully wards off the signs of age which are creeping in, unnoticed, every day.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, used over thirty years, is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature—certain *remedial* properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, freckles and slight imperfections. *No other cream is like it.* No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. $1.00 and 50c jars at all drug and department stores—the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

There is Beauty in Every Jar



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Applies so evenly and smoothly, its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin. In thin metal vanity box with mirror and pad—50c. At your dealer's or by mail from us. Next time be careful to get ***Ingram's American Blush, the Delicate Rouge for the Delicate Skin.***

Send for this interesting test today

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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 85

out of her chair and had snatched the envelope from Rose's hand before anybody could begin to suspect her intent. In another second the paper lay upon the center log, which received it with a bellowing banner of gold flame.

"There, that's what I think of *that!*" she exclaimed in a voice of bitter triumph in the frozen silence of the room.

Rose was the first to speak. With a face of utter terror she turned to Jack. "Jack, I dare not go back to him without it!" she whispered.

"Edith—my God! Do you know that Bainbridge could send you to prison for that?" Jack exclaimed.

"All right—I'll go to prison!" Edith half-sobbed, half-shouted, with a heaving chest. "I'd rather go to prison than see Rose Kirby taking my place in Gates Mill—having every one look down on me."

"Now I shall have to go back with you, Rose, and explain this whole thing to Bainbridge," Jack said gravely. "And I can make a full statement at once of exactly the circumstances and have it witnessed tomorrow. That will satisfy him, and we must simply face the music; all the world will know it in a few days. I'll have to promise him everything, and you will, too, poor child—if we are to save Edith!"

"I can say that I burned it," Rose suggested, still shaking with fright. "He can't—he can't kill me, Jack, and it is through me, after all, that he has this hold on you. My dear, my dear," she said in her tender tone, with one hand upon his shoulder, "I'm so sorry!"

"Jack—" Edith said, in a strangled tone.

Her husband, and the two women who were mothers, looked at her quickly, for there was something strange in her voice. Then Rose's arm was about her and was half-supporting her as she said quickly: "Jack, she's ill! Get the doctor—help me take her up-stairs!"

BUNDY and young Paul left Clyde just before nine o'clock, and it was then, with a face set like an iron mask, that he telephoned to Rose's mother and, after a second's bitter and incredulous thought, to the Talbot house. He had no real suspicion of finding her there, however, and Mrs. Talbot's innocently misleading answer was reassuring.

"Rose isn't out in all this storm, Clyde!" Cecy had gasped, when he called the Kirby house.

"I'm not home, I'm in the office, so I don't know!" he answered untruthfully.

"Oh, I see! And she doesn't answer? I guess she's asleep." And Clyde was left to his lonely vigil again.

The wind whined, argued, attacked and retreated. Sometimes there were ugly mutterings from the trees before the house, sometimes he could hear the fury of the storm gathering itself far off and high above the roof for a thundering smash of air and water.

Clyde, wearied with loss of sleep, fatigue, excitement and pain, felt himself scornfully to be as nervous as a woman. All day long odd voices had been sounding in his ears and strange, undefined fears fluttering at his heart. He dozed in his chair, awoke frightened and perspiring, mended the fire and dozed again.

The anger that was gathering in his heart against Rose was not unpleasant to him. There was almost a joy in its quiet, steady increase. He would break her for this. She would be another sort of woman after this night's work. But first she should sign what he pleased, agree to every condition he chose to make.

She had flown to her mother, of course. But what could those vacillating, ignorant women do? If he touched the child—his child as well as hers—Rose would be instantly a writhing mass of subjection and entreaty at his feet. And she should learn that she

Continued on page 87



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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 86

might not play fast and loose with him!

Another furious onslaught of wind and water. He thought he heard the front door slam; she would see the light from the sitting-room and would not dare to go up-stairs without an explanation. Clyde faced the hall door expectantly, thinking every second that the knob would turn and Rose come through.

But the seconds went by and were moments, and Clyde, staring fixedly at the door in the gas-lighted, warm, ugly room, became gradually aware of a sensation that filled his mouth with water and dried his throat and made the cold sweat stand out on his hands.

Somebody—behind him—was looking at him!

He seemed unable to stir a muscle, but his heart took a sick downward plunge of utter terror. All the horrors of the previous night returned—the fright he had had of some one being at the window, the battering at the side door.

There was a pistol in his dresser drawer; he thought of it now. But to move himself and so perhaps increase his agony of fright and provoke some one—something else simultaneously to movement seemed beyond his power.

There was a hideous silence in the room, and the loud crashing and sweeping of the elements continued without.

Then Clyde heard a knock at the window-pane.

He turned, like one in a horrible enchantment, and saw a rain-streaming face, eyes—in the blowing blackness of ivy leaves and night, with the placid gaslight reflection against them.

Could it be Rose? he thought, with a great uprushing emotion of relief—Rose, who couldn't make the door-bell ring perhaps? Ah, if it were only amiable, patient little Rose—so anxious to make everything smooth and right——

"Rose—!" he stammered, moving stiffly toward the window.

He halted half-way, his heart turned to water. For the window was now slowly pushed up from the sill and it was the leonine, rain-drenched form of Rose's magnificent old grandfather that was revealed there.

Old Tallifer's white mane was soaked; his face was blown into more than its ordinary ruddiness by the storm, which swept into the room from behind him. He folded his great arms upon the window-sill and regarded Clyde steadily above them with a terrible smile. And into the younger man's icy heart came a sickening sense of prescience; had he done this before—was this the outcome of all the fears and shadows that had been following him for so long?

Moving like a man in a dream, Clyde, aroused and revived by the cold rush of wild air, came toward the window.

"Come round by the door, Tallifer!" he said in a voice he tried to make steady, thinking of the stairs and a rush for the pistol. "I'll let you in! Can't stand this cold air!" he added, with teeth that chattered, but not from cold.

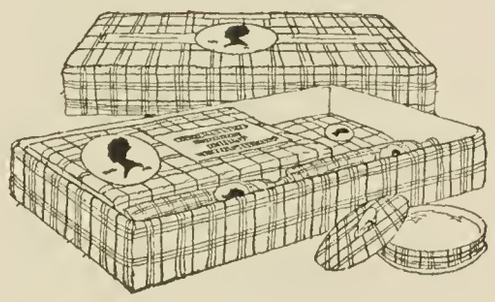
He was close to the window when one of the great arms shot in from the wild dark and uproar of the night and gripped his wrist as if it were a child's wrist and pulled him from his feet. The ugly bright room, the papered walls, the sleeping fire and the wind-blown papers revolved in one hideous panorama before Clyde's eyes as he fought desperately with ineffectual hands and screamed a wild scream that broke upon a sob of helplessness and horror in his throat.

IT WAS after one o'clock on the wildest and stormiest night Gates Mill had ever known that Jack Talbot came down-stairs to the sitting-room in his own home and found his mother and Rose sitting by a roaring fire. Mrs. Talbot was weeping; Rose had her child in her lap and looked weary and white.

There were other persons in the big, quiet

Continued on page 88

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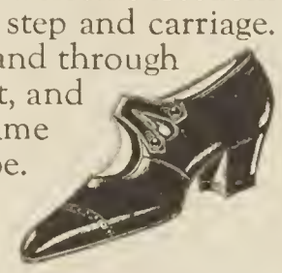
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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 87

room: Mrs. Terry, her full face mottled with tears; her husband, sober, elderly, gray; Mrs. Newman, the doctor's wife; Judge Raymond, whose face was very grave. And with Jack, whose hair was rumpled and whose face ashen, came Doctor Newman.

They all looked up as the two men came in, and Mrs. Talbot rose and moved a step toward them.

"Not—" she asked tremblingly.

"Yes," the doctor said briefly and quietly, and Mrs. Raymond broke into bitter crying.

"Doctor," Rose whispered, "not Edith, too?"

"Yes—she couldn't rally. It was the heart at the end. She had no idea of it, poor Edith—poor little girl!"

"The baby?" Rose breathed.

"It didn't live at all. Poor child! I warned her when I came yesterday that there must be absolute quiet, absolute rest. She couldn't do it—it wasn't in her!"

"Heard from Clyde, Rose? He can help Jack out with a lot of business matters," the doctor said wearily.

"No," Rose answered in a low tone. "Judge Raymond and Jack went to our house, you know—this was, oh, two hours ago—when we just thought that Edith—Well, it was when it seemed as if everything was going along normally. They had tried and tried to telephone, but Clyde didn't answer. And they found the window wide open in the sitting-room and the wind and rain pouring in, and not a sign of Clyde. We telephoned to my mother's house, and they hadn't seen him. Cecy said he had telephoned an hour before, but she had gotten the impression that he was at the office. But I know Clyde wasn't at the office to-night, unless he went there in all this storm with Joe Bundy. And even then he wouldn't leave the window open and the lights going."

"He didn't come here?" the doctor asked.

"He didn't know I was here," Rose answered, with a level, composed look. "I came to talk about a little business, business of my grandfather's, with Jack. And while I was here poor Edith was taken sick. Jack and the judge brought Mary back, rolled in a blanket, because they didn't like to leave her alone in the house."

Presently she carried the sleeping child to the library couch and went quietly about the strangely animated house, where lights and moving figures and hushed voices turned the blackness of the stormy night into an unnatural semblance of daytime.

To-morrow, thought Rose, life and Clyde must be faced again. But to-night she and her child were shut by sorrow and storm into this little community of safe love and sympathy, and her exhausted soul found peace here.

"ROSE, will you give us five minutes in the study?" Jack asked at about four o'clock, appearing in the dining-room door. He looked white, his eyes were red-rimmed and his hair in disorder. But he was perfectly composed. He and the old judge and Rose crossed the hall, and Rose took the chair she had occupied a few hours—half a lifetime!—ago and looked from one man to the other.

Jack started the fire again while he said: "I've explained to the judge exactly what occurred here last night, Rose. It seems Clyde took the document to him to-day, and he feels—as I do—that it is probably valid. If it had ever been canceled, my father would have made that public fast enough! I've told the judge that it was destroyed to-night," Jack said steadily, "but that I stand ready to turn over every cent of my holdings, and my mother's, in any fashion you think best or at any time. Clyde may want to fight, but without the contract I don't see how he can. You will have to come to the best understanding you can with him——"

"I congratulate you upon becoming a rich woman overnight, Rose," the judge said,

Continued on page 89



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ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Continued from page 88

with old-fashioned courtesy, "although of course this is very surprising news to me."

They discussed the business aspects of it for some moments, Rose's distressed eyes upon Jack's weary face the while, and then, as they turned to leave the study, she said to him pleadingly: "You couldn't lie down here and rest, Jack? You look so utterly exhausted."

"I don't know why I should," he answered sensibly. "I feel more—more shocked than tired. I feel—dazed! We always treated Edith's recklessness as a sort of joke, you know," he added as the judge left them alone in the little study. "It seems now that we might have saved her if we had had any suspicion——"

"Jack, you were a good husband to her," Rose said earnestly, blue eyes raised to his face and one hand laid on his shoulder as she stood close before him.

"We didn't see this end to the road, did we, Rose?"

"No, life seemed so sure to be happy!" she answered seriously. "What we did didn't seem so important."

"Rose, will Clyde make this hard for you?"

"Not—" She hesitated. "Not any harder than it is always! But—but somehow tonight has clarified it all in my mind, Jack," she went on, feeling for her words. "I feel as if, somehow, I've grown up! All the old jealousy of Edith, and of all you people of Upper River Street, seems so petty now! I wanted to be rich, I wanted to be one of you, I wanted to make you sorry—I've done it all! And yet life is harder and sadder for me now than I ever dreamed it could be. That's what I've learned—to pick it up as it is and to be patient and live for other people if I can't for myself! I'm going to use my own judgment in all this, Jack. It seems so simple now, yet it was all so utterly mixed up yesterday! I shall tell mom and Cecy and Ned everything. I shall insist that they know all about it, and then we will work it out as best we can. And I know that when Clyde realizes how utterly brutal it would be to give you any fresh trouble now, just the respect of other people—it means so much to him!—will persuade him to do as I ask."

"I may leave Gates Mill," Jack told her gravely, "unless my mother may be spared what will hurt her and shame her here. Otherwise I may go over to Terry. Isn't it a curious thing that he wants me?"

"No, I don't think it's curious!"

HE QUITE suddenly and seriously put his arms about her slender shoulders and brought the beautiful roundness and softness and fragrance that was the living woman close to him. Rose was pale, and in the creamy pallor of the beautifully modeled face her eyes shone darkly in faint blue shadows. The careless sweep of her rich hair lent a certain youthful sadness and dignity to her whole aspect as she looked straight into Jack's eyes.

"What do you suppose the next six years will bring us, Rose of the world?" Jack said.

"Sometimes I wonder. Do you think, Jack, that one ever has a second chance? Do you suppose one might begin now—as we might have begun then—and build better?"

"We could try, dear!" he answered. "But when I am with you I feel that I could try anything! And then afterward it all seems confused and hard again!"

"I know!" she said.

The storm had lulled suddenly to peace. Over the saturated garden the first cold uncertain light of dawn was breaking.

"Thanksgiving morning, Rose," Jack said soberly.

Suddenly there was the strangely disquieting sound of many footsteps on the porch outside. The door-bell was rung repeatedly and agitatedly in the house of death, despite the great bow of violet satin ribbon

Concluded on page 90



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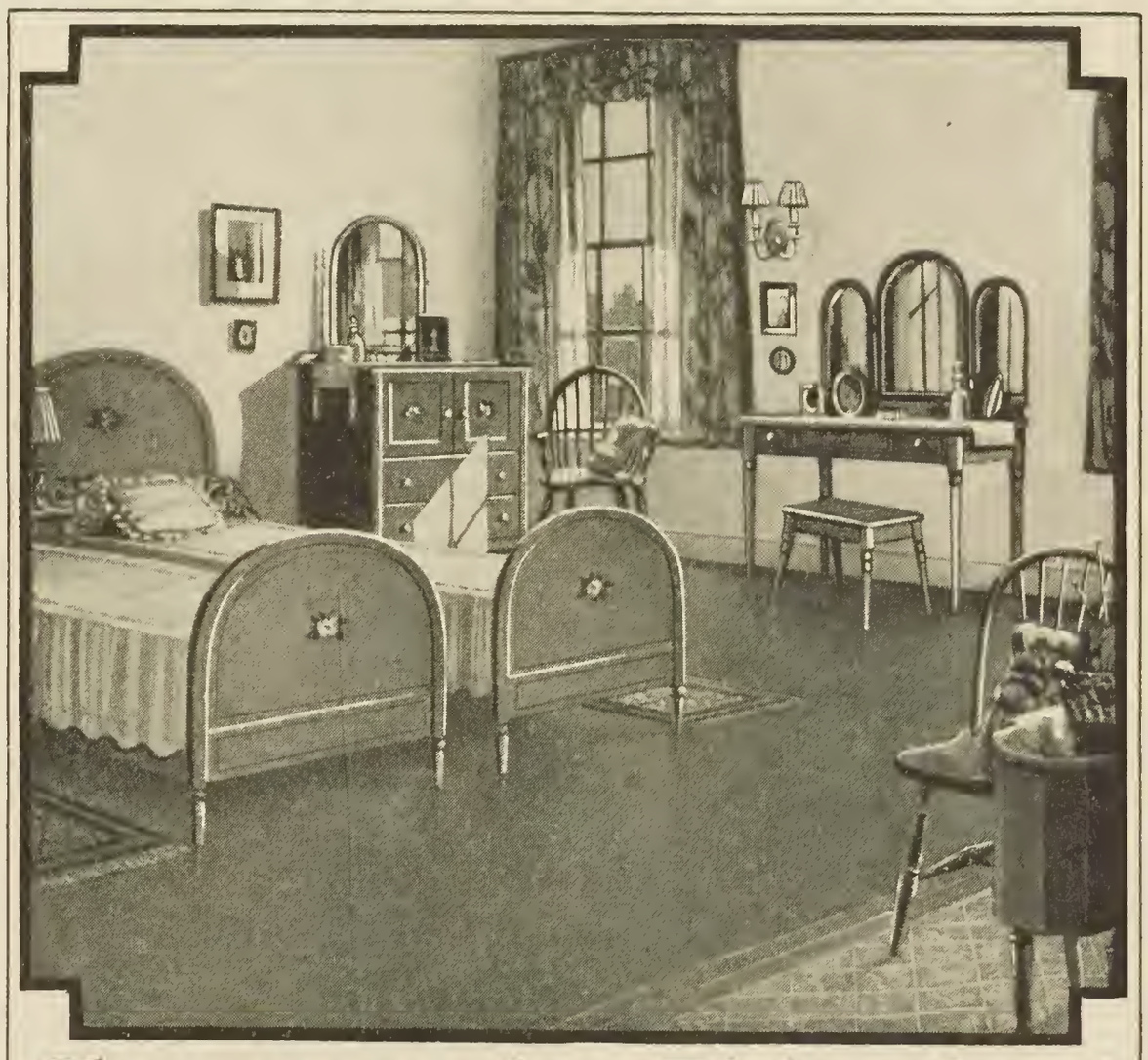
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Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

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BLABON Art Linoleums

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5057	30	5108	40	5159	45	5210	30	5261	45	5312	45
5058	45	5109	35	5160	35	5211	40	5262	35	5313	35
5059	30	5110	45	5161	45	5212	25	5263	50	5314	40
5060	45	5111	35	5162	35	5213	45	5264	35	5315	45
5061	35	5112	40	5163	45	5214	25	5265	45	5316	45
5062	45	5113	30	5164	35	5215	45	5266	35	5317	45
5063	30	5114	40	5165	50	5216	30	5267	45	5318	45
5064	50	5115	45	5166	30	5217	35	5268	45	5319	40
5065	25	5116	45	5167	45	5218	30	5269	35		
5066	45	5117	45	5168	35	5219	45	5270	45		
5067	30	5118	45	5169	40	5220	30	5271	35		
5068	40	5119	45	5170	35	5221	45	5272	45		
5069	35	5120	45	5171	50	5222	35	5273	30		
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5073	30	5124	35	5175	45	5226	35	5277	35		
5074	45	5125	35	5176	35	5227	50	5278	45		
5075	30	5126	50	5177	50	5228	35	5279	35		
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5087	45	5138	35	5189	35	5240	50	5291	50		
5088	45	5139	45	5190	50	5241	35	5292	25		
5089	40	5140	35	5191	25	5242	50	5293	50		
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5095	45	5146	35	5197	45	5248	45	5299	45		
5096	30	5147	45	5198	30	5249	45	5300	30		
5097	35	5148	35	5199	45	5250	45	5301	45		
5098	30	5149	45	5200	35	5251	45	5302	30		
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5100	35	5151	40	5202	30	5253	45	5304	45		
5101	45	5152	35	5203	45	5254	35	5305	45		
5102	35	5153	45	5204	35	5255	45	5306	35		
5103	45	5154	35	5205	45	5256	30	5307	25		
5104	35	5155	45	5206	35	5257	40	5308	40		
5105	45	5156	30	5207	45	5258	25	5309	35		
5106	35	5157	45	5208	30	5259	45	5310	40		

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10225	30
10226	30
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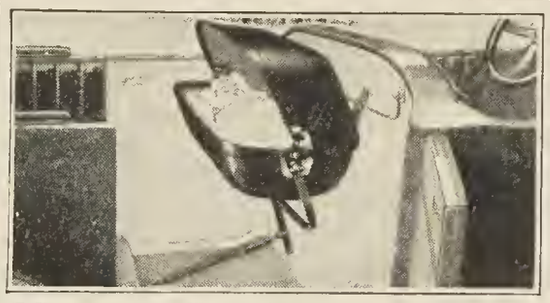


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Have Baby Comfy

In a Gordon Motor Crib. More pleasure for you when motoring with baby tucked snugly in this convenient crib. "The safest way, the doctors say." Crib easily strapped in any touring car. Spring arrangement absorbs all shock over roughest roads. Hood when raised protects against weather. Fold crib flat or detach when not in use. Sold everywhere or sent parcel post prepaid.

Send for illustrated booklet and dealer's name

GORDON MOTOR CRIB CO.
1519 So. Wabash Avenue Dept. 12 CHICAGO



ROSE *of* THE WORLD

Concluded from page 89

that had been tied there. Jack and Rosalind, going out into the hall, were met by the other men and women coming from the sitting-room, all of whose faces reflected their own surprise and uneasiness.

Some one opened the door. There were four or five of the town men there, unrecognizable yet familiar faces.

Something was said, there were confused exclamations, she caught the word "accident" repeated and repeated, she heard one of the women wail and heard a man say, "He done it in the office, no later than yesterday—stumbled like he would fall!"

Her head began to buzz; they were all looking at her oddly, and some man's arm was tight about her shoulders supporting her. Her bewildered gaze went from one kindly, horrified, concerned face to another and she felt the ground plunging beneath her feet and the crowded hallway go black before her eyes.

Then her mouth was dry and a loudly sobbing servant had run out with Mary, dewy and bewildered and crying, in her arms, and Rose knelt down before her baby and gripped the little living form as if its warmth and vitality might help to hold her own fast-slipping consciousness.

"This is very silly—I have never fainted before—" she found herself thinking quite calmly as she curled quietly down upon the rugs and all the confused and swimming recollections and emotions of the long hours faded together into the comforting dark.

AT ELEVEN o'clock she awakened, with the heavenly Winter sunshine streaming into Amy Rogers's spare bedroom, a wood fire crackling and an unearthly peace and quiet all about. Cecy, sitting in a rocker near her, came quietly to kiss her, gripped Rose's hand warmly and put her in touch with the events of the last few hours.

"They brought you here, Rose, after you came to, and the doctor gave you something to make you sleep, don't you remember? Mary's with Amy's children, and mom's coming, and Ned, too. Newman says there's no question that Clyde went to the window for air," Cecy continued, quietly matter-of-fact, but watching Rose keenly, "and the rush of the cold air brought on one of those attacks of vertigo. Hunt, the barber, saw him lying this morning down at the foot of the quarry——"

Rose caught a sharp breath, and Cecy saw her press her white fingers tightly across her eyes.

"Newman's attending to everything. He says that it was probably his heart, and that he died as he fell," Cecy went on gently. "I thought you'd want to know. He and Ned have attended to everything. 'Death from accidental causes,' Coroner Billings said. We didn't hear about it, or about poor Edith, until seven—mom was getting up. Grandpa was starting breakfast, and we all ran down—it was Teddy Renfrew who came to tell us. By now the whole town's talking about it. Rose, do you feel strange?"

"Very," Rose said slowly and solemnly, rubbing her sister's hand softly with her slender thumb, her blue, blue eyes on Cecy's face.

"Grandpa was in one of his utterly queer moods," Cecy added, smiling, with a soul entirely at peace. She was wondering how Rose was going to look in a black veil. "He was rambling to Ned all through breakfast about seeing Si—that's Jack's father, of course, who has been in his grave for years—about the horse, and all that. Oh, and Rose, that reminds me, the old encyclopedia was found, wasn't it? Miss Gately told mom yesterday about it!"

Rose did not answer. She shut her eyes; Cecy thought that she was dozing again. But in the heart of Jack's Rose of the world there was absolute consciousness and peace and gratitude and the timid beginnings of joy.

THE END



So Simple—
with a Bissell!

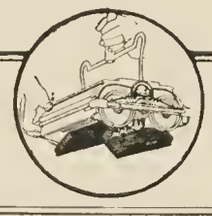
Just run a Bissell back and forth a little every day over your rugs and carpets—and you keep them clean, bright, lintless. Empty the Bissell occasionally with a mere thumb pressure. A Bissell is easy to use—easier to empty.

Its simplicity and handiness make a Bissell Carpet Sweeper ideally convenient for the every-day sweeping, and its frequent use prevents most of the dust accumulation that would require other means of removal.

With a brush of pure bristles, "Cyco" Ball Bearings, and many other exclusive mechanical features, a Bissell is more than just a carpet sweeper. And its 10 or 15 years of work-saving service makes it cheapest in the long run.

At furniture, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores. Patterns at various prices around the $5.00 mark, depending upon style and locality. Toy Bissells for the children, 25c and up. Booklet on request.

BISSELL
CARPET SWEEPER CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Carpet Sweeper



Easy to use and *Easy to Empty*

YOURS—
for the writing

Read over the advertisements in this issue of THE DELINEATOR. Note the number of new booklets, modern housekeeping suggestions as well as usable samples and trial toilet assortments that you may have sent you in return for just a few minutes spent writing your name and address on the coupons.

If you have never answered the advertisements you see in THE DELINEATOR, you will be agreeably surprised at the real practical value to you in helpful ideas that lie behind the suggestion: "Fill out and mail this coupon."

Try it NOW—get your fountain pen before you forget.



The Man Who Sold You Your Vacuum Cleaner

probably showed you the sturdy little motor that runs around almost 2,000 times a minute and explained how the right kind of oil would keep it from wearing out too soon.

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The High Quality Household Oil

is exactly right for your vacuum cleaner. Penetrates quickly. Oils perfectly. Won't gum or dry out.

Every light mechanism will be benefited by regular oiling with 3-in-One—sewing machine, talking machine, washing machine motor; the baby's go-cart and brother's roller skates.

At all good stores in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans and in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles.

FREE Generous sample and illustrated Dictionary explaining all the many uses for 3-in-One. Write for both on a postal.

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Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal
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Puts Sunshine

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Gives a durable, easy-to-clean surface. Will not crack or chalk.

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Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)*

Babies and Children—In this department, which was inaugurated and developed under the editorial advisership of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent baby specialist, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the most authentic information on baby care and child welfare. See on page 16 the list of valuable pamphlets which may be had for ten cents each. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Better Homes—This national movement for Better Homes in America, which THE DELINEATOR organized in 1921, has now been incorporated as a public service under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. Plan-books may be had telling how to organize local campaigns. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to furnish information and to forward inquiries; or you may write direct to headquarters.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of whatever house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Children—We've a page of children's prayers, and also a list of books that will help develop good reading habits. A two-cent stamp will bring one or both to you.

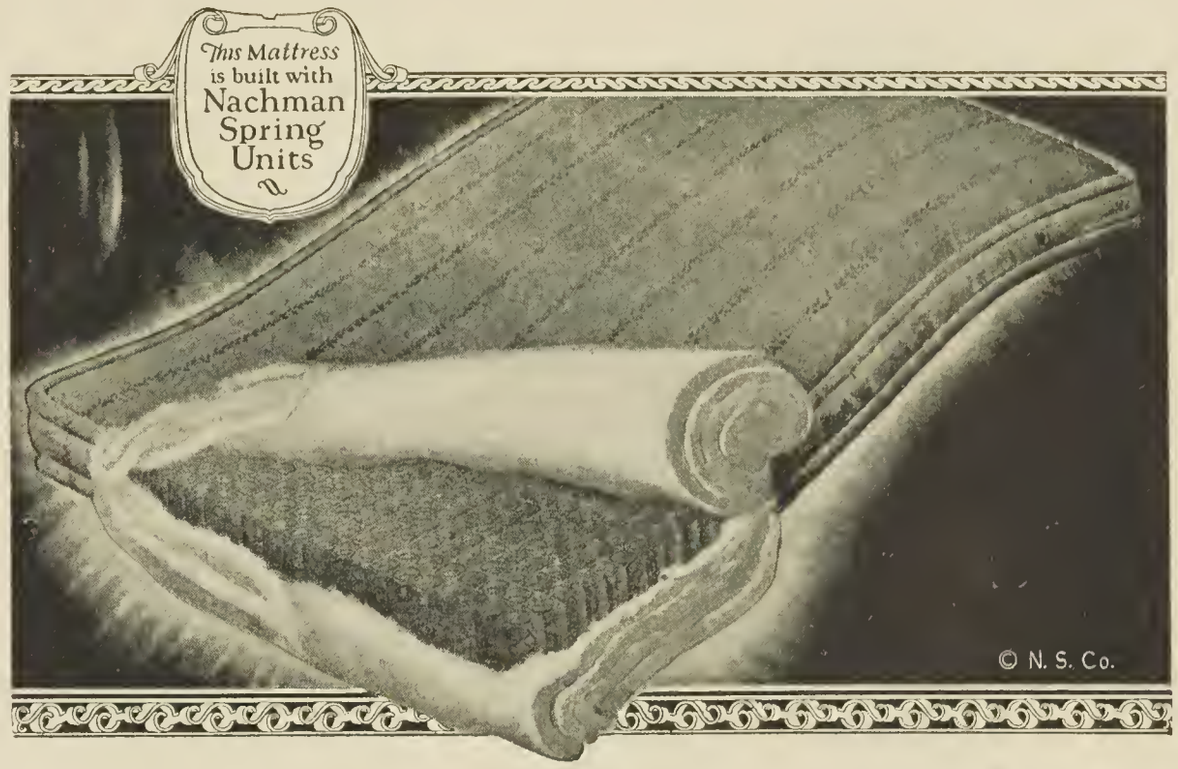
An attractive little binder that will hold twelve numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may be had for twenty-five cents. The binder is red in color and has the words "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the front cover.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

An illustrated booklet of exercises for women, called "Keeping Fit at Home," may be had for ten cents.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have three new parties, "The Trivialities of 1924," a Spring revue; "The Sky Is the Limit," a junior-senior entertainment; and "A Mail-Bag Social," suitable for church entertainment. Two cents will cover return postage.



First Know "What's Inside"



Upholstered Furniture too is built with Nachman Spring Units. Write for free book, "WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW."

IN buying mattresses, "What's Inside" is vital. Mattresses built with Nachman Spring Units are an achievement in luxurious comfort and lasting service. You just seem to sink into them. The Nachman Spring Units are enveloped in thick layers of felted hair or cotton, never get out of place, creak, sag, buckle or break through, and never lose shape. Sanitary; ventilated; insulated against draughts. Insist on knowing "WHAT'S INSIDE." Look for the name "NACHMAN" together with the maker's name on the label. *Send for our FREE book*, "SLEEP YOUR CARES AWAY."

Nachman Spring Units

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Bedbugs Carry Dangerous Diseases

TYPHUS fever and probably other infectious diseases are carried from one person to another by bedbugs. Keep your home free from these dangerous insects by the regular use of BLACK FLAG, which kills them quickly, safely and at the cost of only a few cents plus a few minutes of your time.

BLACK FLAG is now made in two forms—powder and liquid. Use either for bedbugs. Blow the powder (with a powder gun) over beds, mattresses, into cracks in beds, floors, walls, etc., or spray the liquid into the same places. Repeat at frequent intervals until insects disappear. BLACK FLAG also kills flies, fleas, roaches and waterbugs, ants, moths and mosquitoes.

Powder (3 Sizes) 15c, 40c, 75c. Except west of Denver and foreign countries

Liquid (4 Sizes) 25c, 45c, 85c, $2.50. Except west of Denver and foreign countries





Genuine BLACK FLAG may be had of druggists, grocers, department stores and hardware dealers in red-and-yellow-wrapped glass bottles (powder) and red-and-yellow tin cans (liquid) bearing the BLACK FLAG trade-mark. Or sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

BLACK FLAG, Smallwood & Eagle Sts., BALTIMORE, MD.

BLACK FLAG

The Nation's Insecticide



Now You Can Be Free of Hair!

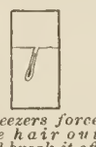
RECALL last summer. Those embarrassing moments when you wanted to look your best. Those critical glances of your friends. Those offending hairs on your arms and limbs.

Don't subject yourself to the same handicaps this summer. Others on the beach will be free of every tiny hair, for they have learned the secret and the magic of ZIP.

You can be one of the favorites during the coming warm days at the beach, at the dance, yes, even at your daily occupation, if you will take my advice now and destroy your objectionable hair before the heat of summer strengthens it again.



Shaving, pumice and ordinary depilatories remove only surface hair (chemical shave) and throw the strength Back into the Roots.



Tweezers force the hair out and break it off above the roots, irritating the hair duct.



The electric needle often fails to strike the root and is apt to mar the skin.

ZIP IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
EPILATOR

Quick as a Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs gently and painlessly and in this way ***destroy the growth.*** The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the ***scientifically correct way*** to destroy the growth.



ZIP, being applied warm, temporarily opens the hair ducts and gently lifts out the Roots with the Hairs.



Lasting Results

Mere surface hair removers have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. With ZIP, however, you gently lift out the roots, leaving the skin soft and smooth, really ***adorable.*** Use ZIP once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

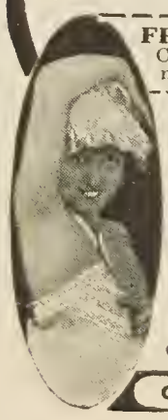
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FREE BOOK and Free Samples Massage Cream and Face Powder with my compliments. Guaranteed Not to Grow Hair.

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Please send me FREE samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder, and your Free Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful by using ZIP. (Please Print your name.)

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CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5310—The lingerie frocks for Summer are characterized by hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching, a graceful collar and cuffs and a simple string belt. For this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge use soft linen, soft linen-finished cotton, chambray, cotton homespun, novelty cotton dress materials, cotton ratine, gingham, tub silks or pongee.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch soft linen. Lower edge 53½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5270—5218—10225—Embroidery trims this two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and straight skirt plaited at each side, and also the hat. The skirt joins an underbody. Use light-weight flannel, wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, etc., for the dress and flannel, knitted silks, plaid taffeta or wool, kasha, etc., for hat.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 3 yards 54-inch flannel (including hat). Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

5285—Fashion concentrates on the waist and produces the utterly delightful basque dress with a tucked or plaited *gilet* joined either to the dress or to a separate long guimpe. The straight skirt of this slip-over dress is joined to the basque at a low waistline. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or moire with crêpe de Chine, organdy or batiste for *gilet*, collar and cuffs; or use organdy, dotted swiss or cotton voile with organdy *gilet*, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe and ¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5295—An exceedingly graceful dress has a hand-made ornament and graceful girdle, three tiers on the straight skirt joined at a low waistline and a capette. The dress closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and has a long body lining with a choice of camisole top. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5301—Hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching is smart trimming for this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and clusters of plaits and a casing and elastic arrangement at each side. Use plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, plain Georgette or silk voile. The threads are more difficult to draw in crêpe de Chine. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch voile.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 52 bust.

5259—Very simple one-piece slip-over dresses are well adapted to the new printed silks and cottons. This dress has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. Use printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with yoke, sleeve binding, string belt and flower of harmonizing color; or use plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or satin crêpe with string belt and flower lined with contrasting color, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch printed and ⅞ yard 35-inch plain silk.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5310 5259 5270 5301 5285 5295

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5248—5002—5218—10191—For her wedding journey or motoring the bride chooses this *ensemble* composed of a coat in kimono style with inside pocket, a "boyish" two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a straight skirt with a wide tuck at the left side, and a flannel hat. Embroidery trims the coat.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 5⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill and for hat ⅜ yard 54-inch flannel. Lower edge of longer coat 1⅝ yard, of dress 47 inches.

The coat and dress are for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

5229—5218—10130—For general wear a most attractive combination is a hat and scarf of flannel, knitted silks, etc., to wear with this one-piece slip-over dress of wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, etc. It has scant smocking and a straight lower edge. The monogram on the scarf is smart.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey and ¾ yard 54-inch flannel for hat and scarf. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

5291—For informal dinners and dancing the bride selects this slip-over dress, knowing that she may wear it for afternoon bridge and restaurant or theater engagements as well. The draped straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. Use satin crêpe all one material or combining the dull and shiny surfaces or with the body in contrasting color, plain or printed crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5280 — 5228 — 5125 — 4973 — The correct sports costume includes a flannel sleeveless jacket worn over a slip-over tucked blouse of silk broadcloth, etc., and a three-piece plaid skirt. The hat has a gored crown.

36 bust, 38 hip and 22 inches head measure require 1⅝ yard 27-inch plain flannel for jacket, 2¾ yards 32-inch silk broadcloth, 1¼ yard 54-inch plaid flannel and ½ yard 35-inch satin for hat. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the blouse and skirt for ladies 32 to 44 bust, 35 to 52 hip; hat for ladies and misses.

5289—A complete trousseau should include at least one lingerie one-piece slip-over frock with clusters of tucks at each side in front, a straight lower edge and trimmed with hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching. With this trimming use plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette or Georgette. In plain crêpe de Chine the threads are more difficult to draw. Without drawn-work use novelty cotton voile, dotted sw ss, etc. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch voile.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3788—5291—10208—When she wears this dress (described at the left) the straight cape of duvetyn, silk crêpe, satin or charmeuse, etc., is most appropriate. The flower motif is a smart trimming for the scarf collar. Work it in colors harmonizing with the shade chosen for the cape.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch duvetyn for cape. Lower edge in longer length 1¾ yard.

The cape and dress are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the cape is also good for misses.



5002 5280 5228 5125 5229 5218 5289 5291 3788

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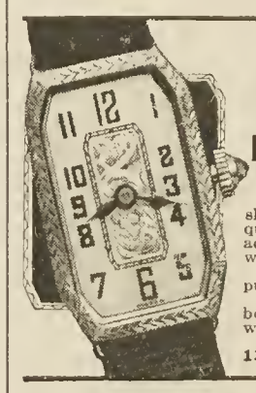
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5253—A hand-made bow and tucks are soft and pretty on this one-piece slip-over dress of plain cotton voile or cotton Georgette, batiste, silk voile, Georgette or crêpe de Chine.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 35 or 39-inch voile. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5187—5234—4973—Flannel, kasha, plaids, checks, stripes, etc., make a sleeveless one-piece dress to slip over a guimpe with slightly low waistline. Her satin hat has a gored crown.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 27-inch striped flannel and ⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for *gilet*, sleeves, collar, cuffs and frills. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress and guimpe are for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat for misses and ladies.

5215—4449—A plain flannel box-plaited blouse which slips on over a plaid, striped or checked flannel wrap-around straight skirt joined to a long body lining makes a smart two-piece dress. Her hat is of suède kid.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 27-inch plain and 2⅜ yards 27-inch plaid flannel for dress. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat for misses, girls, children, ladies.

5263—Use crêpe de Chine to match for the body of this straight line slip-over dress and plaid or striped flannel or wools for the sleeveless jacket and straight skirt joined at a low waistline; or use novelty with plain silk crêpe or Georgette, etc.

17 years requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch plain crêpe de Chine and 3⅛ yards 27-inch plaid flannel. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5261—5218—A one-piece slip-over dress with scant smocking, straight lower edge and detachable linen collar and cuffs is smart in wool jersey tubing, wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, etc. The flannel hat and scarf are new.

16 years requires 2 yards 54-inch wool jersey for dress. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

5265—Hand or machine-hemstitching trims this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and tucked or gathered sections inserted at the sides. Use plain cotton voile, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ¾ yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 54½ inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5255—The draped basque of this slip-over dress closes under the left arm, and for a dress to wear in the daytime sleeves may be sewed or snapped in and the neck cut higher. The ruffled straight skirt is joined to a slightly long underbody and the straight drop skirt may be omitted in taffeta, etc.

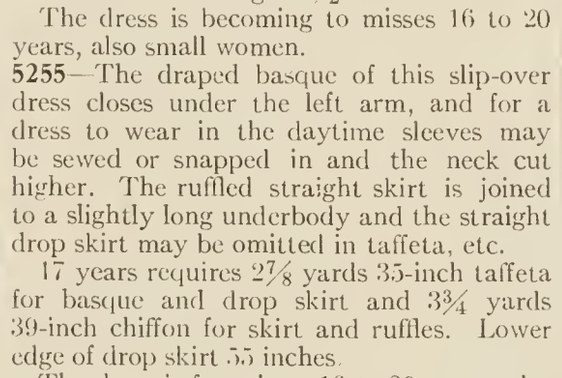
17 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch taffeta for basque and drop skirt and 3¾ yards 39-inch chiffon for skirt and ruffles. Lower edge of drop skirt 55 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

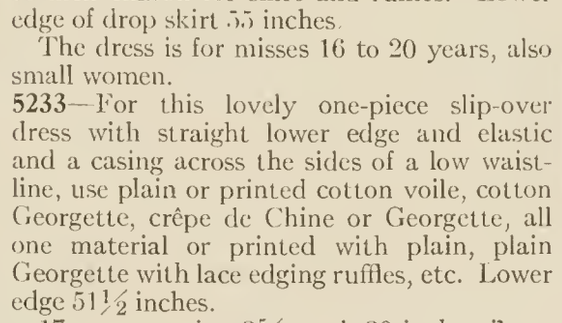
5233—For this lovely one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge and elastic and a casing across the sides of a low waistline, use plain or printed cotton voile, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine or Georgette, all one material or printed with plain, plain Georgette with lace edging ruffles, etc. Lower edge 51½ inches.

17 years requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch voile.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



5253 5234 5187 5215 5263



5261 5265 5255 5233



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 30

5269—Novelty cotton crêpe, novelty cottons, cotton ratine, gingham or dimity make a new slip-over dress with straight skirt joined at a low waistline; or with embroidery, use chambray, plain cotton crêpe, pongee; or use striped cottons or tub silks.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch gingham and ½ yard 35-inch linen-finished cotton.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5256—An adorable slip-over dress has separate knickers with an inverted plait at each side. Use chambray, cotton pongee, pin-check gingham, madras shirtings, light-weight cotton prints or pongee.

4 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5260—The straight skirt is joined at the low waistline of this slip-over dress of Georgette or crêpe de Chine with satin flowers and bands, velvet flower-centers and satin ribbon ends, silk crêpe or taffeta with contrasting ribbon ends, plaid taffeta, printed silks, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5277—4491—Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta, cotton voile, cotton Georgette, organdy, fine lawn, pin-dot swiss or batiste makes a becoming slip-over dress with straight lower edge. Use any soft transparent material used for the dress for her hat with a shirred brim.

8 years and 20¾ inches head measure require 2½ yards 27-inch dotted swiss (including hat).

The dress is for little girls 2 to 10, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5222—Hand-made flowers and a shaped hem are effective on this slip-over dress with straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use printed cotton voile with lace-edging frills, or make entirely of plain cotton voile, cotton Georgette, batiste, crêpe de Chine.

11 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch printed voile.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5271—4926—10138—For this two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a side or accordion plaited or a gathered straight skirt use wool jersey, light-weight flannel, pongee, etc. The satin hat has a gored crown. The embroidered motif is smart.

12 years requires 2 yards 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5264—Juniors like the dress with a plaited or gathered straight skirt joined to a jumper and a separate guimpe of plain or striped cotton broadcloth. One may use plain flannel, wool jersey, wool crepe, etc., for jumper and skirt.

14 years requires 1½ yard 32-inch cotton broadcloth and 2 yards 48 to 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5276—10221—Use linen, cotton rep or poplin for the waist and a contrasting color for the straight trousers of this suit. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in color.

4 years requires ¾ yard 35-inch linen for waist and ⅞ yard 35-inch contrasting linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.

5275—10890—This slip-over dress has a bloomer slip and a straight lower edge. The cherry motifs are gay. Use pin-dot voile, striped or plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or cotton prints, pin-check gingham, chambray, etc., with organdy or fine lawn frills.

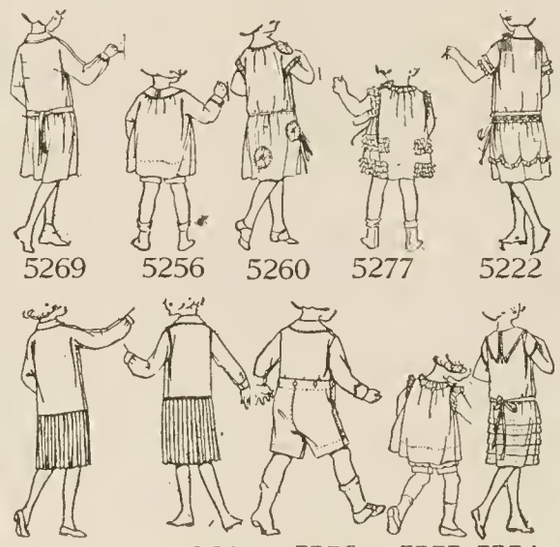
6 years requires 2¼ yards 38-inch striped voile.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5254—Tucked one-piece dresses of the slip-over type and with a straight lower edge are soft and pretty in plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton Georgette, batiste, or in plain or pin-dot cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with or andy collar, etc.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards 35 or 39-inch voile.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.



5269 5256 5260 5277 5222

5271 5264 5276 5275 5254



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NERVOUS HEADACHE
massage the temples with cooling, soothing
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5287—The June wedding-party rivals a Spring garden in the delightful colors of its costumes. The bride, herself in white, selects this dress to be worn by both the bridesmaids and her maid of honor, choosing one color for the maid of honor and a harmonizing color for her maids. This is an attractive one-piece slip-over dress with straight ruffles across the sides and a straight lower edge. Use taffeta, Georgette alone or crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or Georgette with lace ruffles and bandings. For a dress for ordinary wear use these materials or cotton voile, cotton Georgette, organdy, dotted swiss, novelty cotton voile, stripes, etc.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4140—Small but important parts are played by the younger members of the bridal party. The train-bearer or ring-bearer wears a pretty little moire suit in Russian effect with a blouse and straight trousers. If mother wants this suit for ordinary wear, she may use wool jersey, silk-and-cotton jersey, poplin, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, madras or soft serge.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 36-inch moire and ¼ yard 36-inch lace.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 6.

5293—The June bride selects lovely lace for her wedding-gown. It closes under the left arm, slips on over the head and the tiered straight skirt is joined at a low waistline. For weddings use lace or Georgette, or satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine with self-color China silk foundation skirt; or for other occasions use novelty or plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette. The Brussels net camisole and foundation skirt match the lace dress in color.

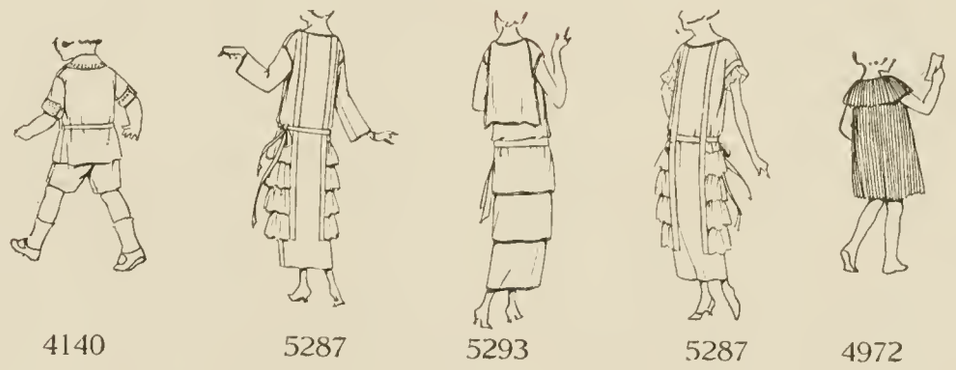
36 bust requires 1⅜ yard 30 to 35-inch all-over lace, 1½ yard 11½-inch lace flouncing for upper tier and 2¾ yards 12½-inch lace flouncing for middle and lower tiers. Lower edge of lower tier 46½ inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4972—Looking like a June rose herself in an accordion-plaited Georgette dress, the flower-girl leads the procession. Her one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge may be side plaited and omit the straight bertha. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, light-weight silk crêpe, point d'esprit, net or chiffon. For ordinary wear one may use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or batiste.

4 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is adorable for girls 2 to 12 years.



4140 5287 5293 5287 4972

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5280—5106—5079—4973—The country club or sports costume puts a colored flannel or suède sleeveless jacket over a slip-over blouse of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., and a one-piece wrap-around straight skirt of striped silk. For the hat with a gored crown use wool jersey, satin, faille silk, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 27-inch plain flannel for jacket, 1⅝ yard 39-inch silk crêpe, 1⅝ yard 39-inch striped silk, cut crosswise. Lower edge 48 inches.

The jacket is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; blouse and skirt for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 45 hip; hat for ladies, misses.

5272—10245—Plaited sections which are inserted at each side in the front and back of this one-piece dress give an easy width to the skirt. The dress slips on over the head and the monogram in oriental effect is smart. Work the letters in satin-stitch. Use linen, linen finished cottons, satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine. One may use soft twills or wool crêpe for travel.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch linen. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5268—The hand-hemstitching is very simple to do on a one-piece dress of the slip-over type and with a straight lower edge. Use plain cotton voile, cotton Georgette or fine cotton crêpe, or crêpe de Chine, in which the threads are more difficult to draw; or use novelty cotton voile, or cotton Georgette, novelty fine cotton crêpe or tub silk.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch novelty cotton voile. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5281—Hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching is a delightful trimming for this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge of plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, plain Georgette or silk voile. In plain crêpe de Chine the threads are more difficult to draw. One may use a hand-drawn or novelty cotton voile, novelty fine cotton crêpe, etc. It has an elastic and casing at a low waistline at the side.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch voile. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5274—10146—An attractive surplice vestee is used with this one-piece slip-over dress with raglan sleeves, a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at the low waistline Make it of wool jersey tubing, wool jersey, tub silks, pongee, silk jersey, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or gingham. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in cross-stitch.

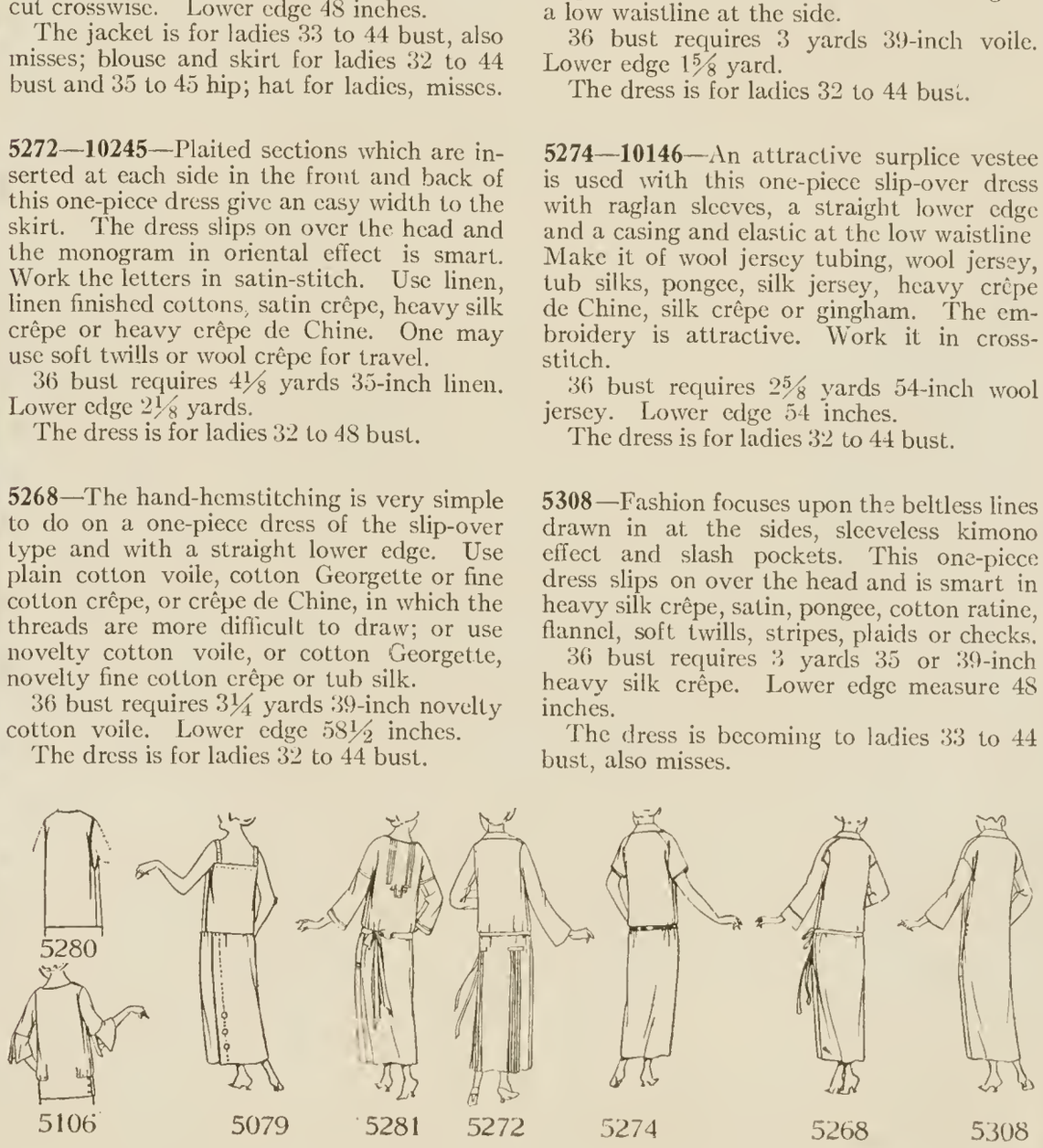
36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5308—Fashion focuses upon the beltless lines drawn in at the sides, sleeveless kimono effect and slash pockets. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and is smart in heavy silk crêpe, satin, pongee, cotton ratine, flannel, soft twills, stripes, plaids or checks.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35 or 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge measure 48 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5280 5106 5079 5281 5272 5274 5268 5308



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The Author of "Queen Bee"

Last month, in commenting here on the career of Miss Zona Gale, whose newest novel, "Queen Bee," begins in this issue, we referred to her winning of a short-story prize contest conducted by THE DELINEATOR in 1912. By a rare coincidence that prize contest has since been vividly recalled to us by a refer ence to it in another manuscript we have jus been reading, and the heartache that the re ward caused a struggling young woman writer of that day is referred to elsewhere on this page. To return, for the moment, to Miss Gale: Her happy faculty of winning prizes and of writing plays that are as popular as her novels has aroused more curiosity about her personality than the author's retiring habit has permitted her to satisfy. Miss Gale lives in a Wisconsin town of five thousand population, where she shares a home with a devoted mother and only at rare intervals comes East for consultation with editors, publishers or theatrical managers. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that an author whose interest in the lives of normal small-town folks is unceasing should prefer to live among them, but in Miss Gale's case it is significant because her choice was made when a most brilliant career seemed to be opening up for her in New York. For a year she worked as a reporter on one of the big metropolitan dailies, taking all kinds of assignments at all hours of day and night and handling all of them well. Yet, in the moments snatched from covering murders and robberies, interviewing celebrities and writing news stories, she managed to find time to write fiction and lyrics—and what is more unusual—to sell them. In that comparatively brief space of time she made many friends among appreciative discoverers of talent, clearly demonstrated her ability and was pointed toward inevitable success. When she felt that she had enough and that to do her best work she ought to return to her little Wisconsin town, she resolutely set about it. The results seem to have justified her decision, for since then the famous "Friendship Village" stories, as well as "Birth," "Miss Lulu Bett," "Faint Perfume" and her current dramatic success, "Mister Pitt," have consistently borne out the promise of her youth. Although physically Miss Gale is slight, even fragile, she is one of those indefatigable workers who can always be counted on to give her readers the best that is in her.

The Story of a Full Life

The struggling young author who received the news of the prize-contest award to Zona Gale with bitter disappointment because her own manuscript was rejected by the judges was Kathleen Norris, then a newcomer to New York and an ambitious but undeveloped writer of fiction. Readers of Mrs. Norris's novels have rightfully inferred that her inexhaustible supply of stories, her sympathetic interest in self-supporting young women and her broad understanding of human motives must come from the abundant store of experience, travel, observation and human contacts that are the reward of an unusually full life. Such readers have guessed the truth that editors have known for a long time, but it remained for the Editor of THE DELINEATOR to induce Mrs. Norris to tell the story of her interesting career. And the result is a vivid, absorbing narrative of facts that rival the fictional episodes of her own creations. It is the story of a California child, one of a family of six who were left orphans at an early age and who had to shift for themselves with no reserve resources other than an unusually strong bond of family affection and keen interest in one another's happiness. Although Kathleen had a marked gift for story-telling from her earliest years, the opportunity to develop it into a profession did not come easily. There was a long period of hand-to-mouth existence as one of the family bread-winners, of trying this job and that with indifferent success, of early years of married life that demanded simple living standards and rigid economy, and finally the dispiriting uphill struggle to make her way as a writer of fiction. Mrs. Norris's own story will be completed in three instalments, beginning in THE DELINEATOR for July.

Better Teeth for Children

Parents and others who have followed the series of DELINEATOR articles on baby and child health, prepared under the general supervision of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, will recall one article in particular that seems to hav been badly needed by those responsible for the care of the teeth of children in their charge. It was written by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director of the Rochester Dental Dispensary and a specialist in treating children's teeth. Doctor Burkhart's contribution was such a complete, clear and thorough presentation of the subject that many mothers who followed his advice found themselves better informed than their local dentists. As a result the official publication of the American Dental Association has made a special appeal to the profession for higher standards in children's dentistry and both the American Dental Teachers' Association and the American Dental Association, at their annual meetings this year, will devote parts of their programs to the preliminary steps in a campaign leading to the same end.

Another Distinguished Contributor

Shortly after Doctor Holt's death, we received other evidence of his unerring judgment when it came to selecting the right man in the profession to present his specialty for magazine readers. Among the subjects that Doctor Holt considered most essential to a parent's knowledge of children's diseases was the modern physician's improved technique for combating diphtheria. Accordingly, there appeared among the earlier articles in THE DELINEATOR'S "Happy Child" series one on the prevention and treatment of diphtheria by Dr. William H. Park, professor of bacteriology and hygiene at New York University and for twenty years Director of the Bureau of Laboratories of the largest municipal health department in the world—that of New York City. In recognition of his distinguished contribution to science, Doctor Park, an American, has recently been elected a member of the French Academy of Medicine. It is extremely doubtful if any one save Doctor Holt, with his lifelong devotion to child health, his ability to write for the lay reader and his skill in selecting competent associates, could have secured for any publication a more brilliant group of experts than those who have contributed to THE DELINEATOR within the past year. Fortunately, their articles are still available in pamphlet form, and those readers who are interested are referred to another page in this issue for particulars.

A Soldier in the Making

Considerable comment will be aroused, particularly among mothers, by an article that is to appear in the July DELINEATOR. "Why I'm Raising My Boy to Be a Soldier" is the title, and the title is in no way misleading, for the article tells very sincerely and earnestly just why one mother considers it her duty to prepare her son for the prospect of a possible war. In presenting a somewhat unusual point of view, we are fortunate in having it represent the convictions of a woman who will need no introduction to many of our readers—Mrs. Honoré Willsie Morrow, a former editor of THE DELINEATOR and one of our best-known novelists. Many mothers may disagree with her views, but none will doubt the genuineness of her sentiments. It happens that Mrs. Morrow was impelled to think about this subject because of unusual circumstances in her own life, leading to conclusions that she supports with interesting anecdote and thought-compelling comment.

A Bouquet for Our Cook-Book

It is a truism in the book-publishing business, we believe, that Bibles and cook-books are in universal demand at all seasons, year in and year out. Nevertheless, we were not quite prepared for the favorable—even enthusiastic—reception of "The New Butterick Cook-Book." We felt that we had to publish one because our old prewar cook-book has long been out of print, yet people still write to ask about it and subscribers to THE DELINEATOR constantly refer to the need of such a reference in their letters to service editors. Miss Martha Van Rensselaer was put in charge, with the simple instructions to make a better cook-book than any other now in existence. The following, being the first unsolicited opinion from an authoritative source, made a particularly pleasant impression on those of us responsible for the book and aware of all the painstaking care that went into its making. The quoted paragraph is from a letter from M. Adele Chaney, Department of Home Economics, St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York: "It is the most complete book of its type I have seen and am delighted to adopt it as a text-book for cookery classes in our department for next year."

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

FROM time to time there comes increasing evidence that our labors in this tiny vineyard are not in vain ◈◈◈ Two months ago we urged upon our fair pewholders the need for educating young men against the wiles and snares of the never-sufficiently-praised sex ◈◈◈ Already our efforts seem to have borne fruit, for the Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A., *Brooklyn, New York*, announces a six-weeks' course for "earnest bachelors," aimed to fit them for the job of picking a wife. The course, according to the prospectus, "will give the single man knowledge of the economic, physiological and psychological aspects of marriage, as well as training in the care and education of children" ◈◈◈ Although we applaud this scheme as a step in the right direction, we predict that graduates who marry will be appointed committees of one to assume *all* family responsibilities and that the crop of *Mah Jong* widowers will be correspondingly increased ◈◈◈ Evidently such training is already in vogue abroad, for a newspaper in *Weimar, Germany*, publishes the following want ad: "Pretty young woman who has a profession and can support a family desires to meet, for the purpose of immediate matrimony, a young man who can cook and keep house. Some one in the chocolate business preferred" ◈◈◈ Our campaign for equal rights for women has also been resultful in a most encouraging way. In *Winona, Minnesota*, for instance, the first woman automobile driver to be convicted of manslaughter has been sentenced to five years in the State reformatory, where she will be assigned to hard labor, just like the men ◈◈◈ Progress is reported, too, from *Northumberland County, Pennsylvania*, where a woman has been committed to a ninety-day jail term for beating and cruelly treating her husband ◈◈◈ A woman who opened an account in a *New York City* bank was asked to fill out a deposit slip. She listed the items as follows: *Checks*, $200; *Bills*, $140; *Specie*, female ◈◈◈ Club women in any town that supports a zoo can easily get themselves locally famous by stirring up a controversy such as has recently split the *Philadelphia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* into two factions. It appears that the python in the city zoo eats only once in nine months and then dines on a live pig. One faction of the society opposes such cruel treatment of the pig, but as the reptile will eat nothing else, another faction thinks it cruel to let a creature starve to death and so favors sacrificing the porker ◈◈◈ A *Missouri* man who has ten children pasted small photographs of himself, his wife and his half-score offspring over the numerals on his watch so that the hour hand points to him at one o'clock, to friend wife at two o'clock, to little Johnnie at three o'clock, to Baby Ermintrude at four o'clock, and so on ◈◈◈ The recent religious controversy between *Fundamentalists* and *Modernists* led us to undertake some research on our own account. As a result we dug up for our fair pewholders the information that in the *Breeches Bible*, a famous version printed in *Geneva* in 1606, the third verse of the seventh chapter of *Genesis* reads: "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches" ◈◈◈ The Legal Aid Society of *New York City* finds that the mother-in-law does more to break up homes than any other influence. "There are three reasons for this," reads their report, based on forty-seven years of free legal service to the poor. "First, no mother thinks any other woman's child is good enough for her own; second, a mother frequently sees in the marriage of her child the thwarting of her own plans and ambitions; and third, where the boy or girl is a wage-earner, the mother dislikes sharing her accustomed income with another or giving it up" ◈◈◈ *Sir Charles Bell*, who has returned to *London, England*, after a year's sojourn in *Tibet*, reports the extraordinary privilege of having tea with a goddess. The lady ranks as an incarnation of a *Buddhist* deity and is described as being about twenty-four years old, with a pensive mien and an air of quiet dignity. She rules over a monastery of fifty-nine monks, whom her Tibetan subjects believe she can convert into pigs whenever she likes. As she enjoys the highest social position in the land and has a huge income from donations of the faithful, we infer that she is sitting pretty, even if she never had seen a watch until *Sir Charles* presented her with one.



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W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

LOOSE TONGUES

THIS is a political year. It is a year of national conventions and a presidential election. It has stirred bitter partizan hatreds. It has brought to the surface the worst faults of our national life. It emphasizes the false and vicious in individuals and groups. It is the heyday time of gossip.

The time is come for those of us who believe that the American Republic must survive to put a check-rein on ourselves so that we may hold others in leash.

We have steadily developed in this country the age-old vice of gossip. We have become loose-tongued. We stand on the street-corners and hear soap-box orators deliberately tear down the ideals for which men of seven generations have been willing to die.

Gossip is one of the oldest vices in man. It began with original sin. It is an expression of the basest intellectual impulse of man. It is irrational and destructive. It has probably ruined more individual lives than any frailty of human character. It is responsible for race hatred, for distrust of government, for failure of business and for the defeat of public good.

Gossip is no new fault in the American people. It is as old as the birth of the Republic. It has made and unmade public leaders. It almost destroyed George Washington. Along with the good that is remembered of The Father of Our Country are vicious tales which idle tongues in each generation have whispered against the founder of this Republic. With no records, no evidence to support their ugly stories, there had been in each generation a sufficient number of evil-minded men and women to pass on to clean, loyal Americans spicy tales of the philanderings of that great spiritual and political leader.

With regard to the last event of his life—even that—the scandal-mongers, reading through their own diseased minds, passed down to posterity a vicious tale of gossip. When I was twelve years old, I remember hearing a wit of that day discussing George Washington with old General Sickles and Daniel Daugherty, a famous orator of the time:

"George had been philandering and Martha locked him out of the house. That's how he caught croup. He was a gay old boy!"

That was vicious, groundless gossip.

Later on the mid-Victorian drawing-rooms of our national capital carried the whisper that Harrison was not kind to his wife.

And that was *vicious, groundless gossip.*

Grover Cleveland's administration started a new type of tongue-wagging. "The Honorable Peter Stirling," a popular novel of that day, was reported to be the story of Grover Cleveland and Frances Folsom. The only basis for that rumor was the fact that the hero in the novel became the Governor of New York and that he married the daughter of a former associate.

More *groundless gossip.*

There was another absurd tale whispered about the Clevelands: God had punished them for something; one of their children had been born without ears. The inspiration of that falsehood lay in a fashion which was new to Washington then, but common enough in New York. Little Esther Cleveland wore her bonnet tied under her chin with two curls pulled out in front of the ears. I can remember seeing the wife of a congressman from Minnesota at an Easter-Monday Egg-Rolling pull back the gold curls and exclaim with disappointment, "The child *has* ears!"

Still more *vicious gossip.*

Gossip has touched almost all our Presidents and many other public men in official life in this country. Theodore Roosevelt was a shining exception. His vigilant pugnacity and his unhesitating policy of nailing a liar to the mast made idle tongues wary of touching him. Only once did they try it, and it cost such a price in money and public humiliation that gossipers left the colonel alone.

After this severe disciplining, the succeeding administration lived in peace for several years, and President Taft was left comparatively free from gossip, except for such ridiculous rumors as "He goes to sleep at church service and public functions, and they say it is a disease."

Another bit of *vicious gossip.*

Time has given that tale the lie. Mr. Taft has been one of the great servants of the Republic. He is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In every national or international crisis his judgment is sought and accepted by men in all political parties.

But all the idle chatterers resumed their habits when Mr. Wilson became President. Articles full of innuendo were published. Fiction stories vilifying the President were printed.

There was born in the eleventh hour of the bitter campaign of 1920 the groundless, shameful story that Warren Gamaliel Harding was part negro. Decent men of his opposing party repudiated this falsehood, but Washington went on whispering it.

Death, which frequently gives men pause, had no effect upon the gossipers around the national capital. They were whispering in their corners while a multitude of loyal, staunch Americans stood uncovered as the funeral train crossed his beloved country. Men who really know the inside workings of the political machine and who were close to Warren Harding would stake their lives on the clean intentions of that kindly man.

But not so the gossipers in Washington. When a new story began circulation and there was no source to blame for its origin and no victim to nominate, the idle talkers laid their tales at the door of the dead President.

The time has come when this country must be governed by laws built on facts and not by investigations based on gossip.

The one steadying foundation on which we stand is individual justice. We have boasted that we are the land of the "square deal." We must make it so. We must believe in our public institutions and in our national leaders.

What a shameful chapter in history we are permitting gossip to write! We have gone one step farther than the French law which requires that the innocent must prove their innocence. Here, under the rule of scandal, the innocent do not have ever an opportunity to prove their innocence. Whisper touches them, and immediately their usefulness in political or social life begins to die.

There is an obligation upon all of us who love this free land and desire to see it preserved for the future that our faith shall not be lost in our government or in our national leaders. We can build a wall for its defense if we meet every vicious tale-bearer's whisper with the question, "Where was this proved?"

In this Summer of bitter political hatreds, of whispered lies, of scandal repeated unthinkingly, let us keep our feet on the ground, let us demand facts and *proof.*

There are forces attacking the life of the Republic—even as there were in 1917 when it organized for defensive warfare. Loss of faith in American institutions and American leaders means the death of the Republic. Let us not be loose-tongued or thoughtless, but rather seek knowledge and guidance as fervently as we seek divine and spiritual truth; for if men are to be free and this democracy is to continue, it must be by the voice of the people spoken in truth and courage, not whispered in doubt or falsehood, nor yet in that most destructive of all scandal-spreading practises—in thoughtless repetition.

The whole world is looking on, and we present the sorry spectacle of a proud and splendid people seeking corners in which to whisper and bending ears to catch rumors. It is a destructive epidemic. It is up to every one of us to carry on a militant warfare for the defense of truth—even in politics.

GROPING

By ANGELO PATRI

We are restless creatures, never at peace with ourselves, never content with our lot, ever in search of an abiding-place and finding no rest for the sole of the foot. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field take no thought, but man searches and questions and will not be stilled.

"Who is God?" asks the grave-eyed self. I don't know. I look into the sky on a night when it is deep dark blue, filled with swimming stars. Over my head arches the Milky Way: a spray of star-dust shot through with millions of gleaming stars—a gesture of the Creator.

Low in the sky rides the cool, shining moon, flooding the earth with light indescribable, throwing shadows purple black under the trees, creating a fairy world for lingering lovers. I look with wonder-startled eyes, but no hint of the matter comes to me. I would gather and hold to me a glint of this beauty. But the light wind of morning wafts it away with the promise of other loveliness.

Close to the old rail fence stands a cluster of mallows that glow in the sun, each huge flower of a texture and sheen beyond the skill of mortal weaver, of a line and form that fills the heart of the artist with adoration and despair. Gay, taunting, aloof and bewitching they grow by the old rail fence. I stand beside them in wistful silence. They are of God. I can know no further.

"True," says the prodding soul, "the loveliness of this earth is past knowing, but why am I here? I work and I play; I suffer agony and again I rejoice greatly. I pass away as I came, a lonely, questing stranger, groping endlessly. Why?"

I don't know. On the plains of Judea there was born in a manger a child of poverty. A star lighted his birth and sank from sight. He struggled and lived—a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief. He was blameless; there was no fault in Him—yet He died the death of a malefactor. Died, and lives always.

Countless hosts of men have come here asking the same question and answering it by their eager desire to live high-spiritedly, holding hard to their deep-rooted faith in the immortality of their living.

"Ah, but what is life that we cherish it so? What is it that defies time's effort to bind it; that eludes pursuit, only to return and return eternally when we have ceased to be concerned?"

Once the students of a famous laboratory pressed their master for an answer and he set them a problem: "Take these barley-corns and analyze them. Now make some barley-corns complete, perfect, in their chemical elements. So. Now I shall plant some barley from my field and do you plant the barley of the laboratory and we shall see."

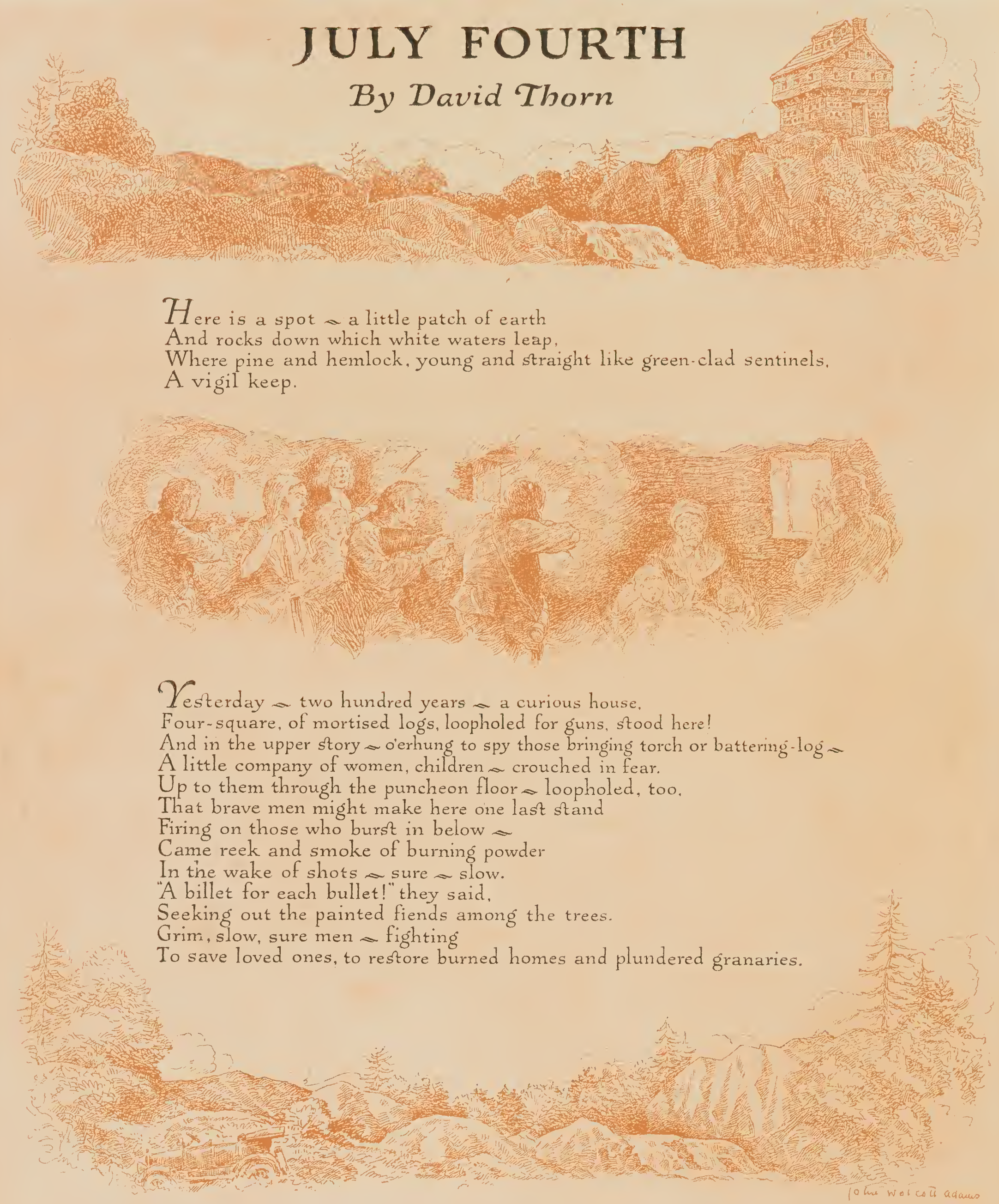
From the barley of the field came new barley, but from the scientists' barley came no sign save silence. "What, then, did you leave out of your barley? Certainly no material element. 'Twas the life germ, the breath of the Creator."

We believe. We trust. We have faith in this breath of life that is breathed into our souls directly from the soul of the Creator—and we know we are here for some destined end and good. For God would have it so, and God is good.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 80

JULY FOURTH

By David Thorn



*H*ere is a spot ~ a little patch of earth
And rocks down which white waters leap,
Where pine and hemlock, young and straight like green-clad sentinels,
A vigil keep.

*Y*esterday ~ two hundred years ~ a curious house,
Four-square, of mortised logs, loopholed for guns, stood here!
And in the upper story ~ o'erhung to spy those bringing torch or battering-log ~
A little company of women, children ~ crouched in fear.
Up to them through the puncheon floor ~ loopholed, too,
That brave men might make here one last stand
Firing on those who burst in below ~
Came reek and smoke of burning powder
In the wake of shots ~ sure ~ slow.
"A billet for each bullet!" they said,
Seeking out the painted fiends among the trees.
Grim, slow, sure men ~ fighting
To save loved ones, to restore burned homes and plundered granaries.

*T*o-day ~ a holiday ~ July the fourth ~
A motor hums along the distant road,
Slows down ~ turns in and to this little patch of gay, green, watered earth,
Brings, picnicking, a chattering load
Of aliens, speaking a tongue stranger than the red man's ~ and from lands
Where lead and torch just brought the same red stain and glow!
Was it just for this ~ two hundred years ago?

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To compare the art of one country with that of another may prove little, but it is one of the most frequent impulses. Therefore no collection of Victor Records is complete without a number of examples of the art of Albert Coates and the Symphony Orchestra, which represent at their best the efforts of a great orchestra playing within the influence of European taste. Among the sixteen selections we suggest:

	Double-faced	
Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 1st Movement, Part 1 (Beethoven) Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 1st Movement, Part 2	55165	$1.50
Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 2d Movement, Part 1 Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 2d Movement, Part 2	55166	1.50
Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 3d Movement Symphony in A Major, No. 7, 4th Movement	55174	1.50

Olga Samaroff touches the piano, not as though it were a thing of wood and metal, but a living creature asleep. It seems to wake and to tell its dreams, sweet or placid, tender or sublime, at the touch of her fingers. That this great artist should make records for the Victor and having given her approval of them as worthy examples of her capabilities is to give them an identity and a value to every lover of music or of beauty.

	Double-faced	
Liebestraum Nocturne in E Flat (Chopin)	6269	$2.00
Sparks Turkish March (from "Ruins of Athens")	825	1.50
Spring Song (Mendelssohn) Naiads at the Spring—Etude	826	1.50

DeGogorza sings with equal ease and with equal beauty and depth of appeal, in half a dozen languages. He seems a singer of the European continental type. He is an American who has been so closely associated with the talking-machine art that he brings to the making of these records a technical skill which can come from experience alone:

	Double-faced	
Non è ver O sole mio	6075	$2.00
Beauty's Eyes Could I	573	1.50
In Old Madrid Juanita	581	1.50



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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.







Butterfly Clothes

should not be washed by caterpillar methods

THERE was a time when, without second thought, one could "toss into the general wash" stockings, underwear, nightgowns, shirtwaists, skirts—practically one's whole wardrobe.

But that was the age of lisle, muslin and duck. In this day of lovely silks and delicate woolens, one's garments shrink and fade almost at the very thought of the general wash!

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Silk stockings should be washed in Ivory suds before the first wearing, and after each wearing. The acids of perspiration quickly injure silk.

* * *

If stockings have clocks different in color from the body fabric, be sure to stuff cheesecloth or a small towel into the ankle while drying.

* * *

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* * *

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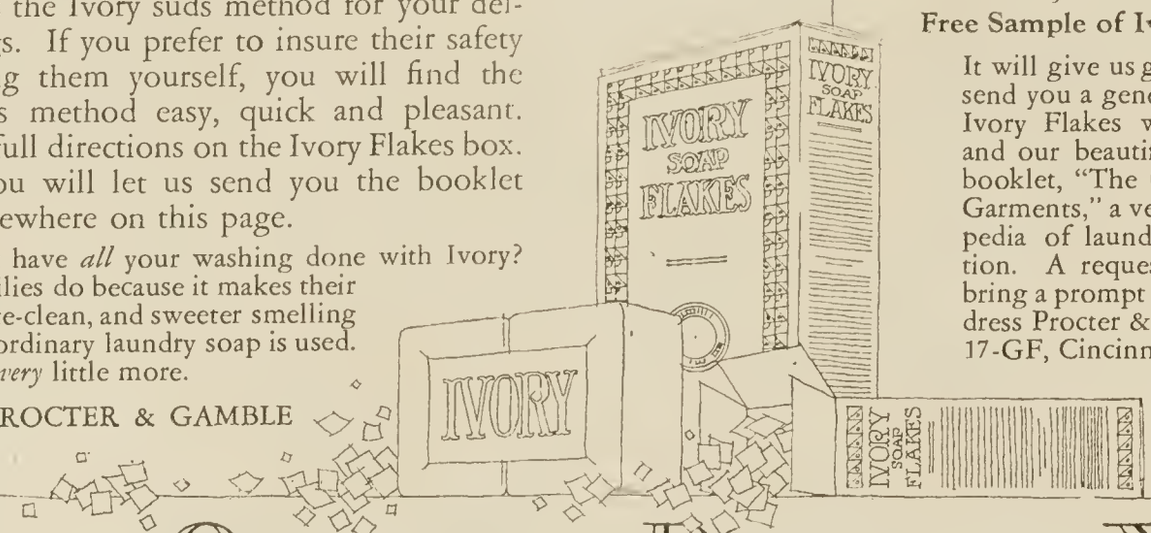
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NOSEY

The "call of the wild"—with a difference

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

HIGH on Grizzly Knob the quaking asps were beginning to turn with the first touches of frost; it was early September in the Elkhorn Range. On the mesas the mowers were droning at the last cutting of alfalfa; the mountain roads resounded to the creaking of wagons as men, women and children, all combined at the tasks, dragged below to the sagebrush country their Winter supplies of wood. The feverish activities of Autumn were in full swing. The Elkhorn Range of Colorado, far across the Continental Divide, is not a thing to be dallied with once the gold appears on the aspens and the cattle begin to drift out of the Forestry and congregate at the line fences in dumb waiting for the Autumn "shove-down." There must be haste and constant effort—an undiminished vigilance against the time when the sarvis-brush is hidden in the tremendous drifts, when the jackrabbits, horde after horde of them, break their way to marauding inroads upon the precious haystacks, when the long roads crackle to the grinding of sleigh-runners and all the world is white. Then it is that the homesteader, forgetful of the promised penalties of the game laws, treads the sage in spite of his fatigue and salts down his kills of sage-hen and grouse in fifty-gallon barrels in preparation for the weeks when there may be no other food. Then, too, by moonlight and by gray of dusk and dawn the assembled families work in the hayfields, each lending a concerted effort to the task at hand, and moving from ranch to ranch that all may benefit by their coalition of effort. By such tactics is the impossible accomplished in the homestead country—there are few laborers, as such.

NOW it was early frost-time, and the mesas resounded to the efforts of haying. The cattle bawled dolorously in the draws, awaiting the "shove-down," when the countryside should turn to the Autumn round-up and the bringing of the beef into more sheltered quarters for Winter feeding.

Out of the whole great expanse of mountain settlements only one man labored at something other than the routine work. His life in the hills was just starting; a year must pass before he could even think of such luxuries as a stack of hay or the fruits of a round-up.

Now he labored with ax and cross-cut saw in a clearing in the quakies. About him were piles of branches, trimmed and stacked within easy access for use in the bitter months of an Elkhorn Winter. A rickety wagon stood in the timber, with two bony, hobbled horses foraging about it. A few chickens scratched and clucked and pecked at the soft layers of leaves beneath the tall, white-trunked trees, the crate in which they had been lugged overland thirty miles from the railroad standing open near by. In the middle of the cleared space was reared the beginnings of a rude log hut, to which the little, hard-working man dragged log after log of aspen, swinging each one into place by leverage or by skids—his home of the future.

He worked with the will of a man who labors at a longed-for thing; and as he toiled he sang: songs of the circus, lilting music of the parade march, swinging waltzes which the band had played in a time now gone. Or halted in his singing that he might consider his efforts with a big female black bear. The bear, neck ruffed by a leathern collar, sat amiably against an aspen-tree watching him with comical seriousness, as though this all were part of a matter in which she had been consulted time after time and which required her particular attention. In this view the man apparently coincided.

"'Twon't take long to get this ole wooden place shaped up now, Nosey," he remarked during one of his periods of survey. "About six more of these warpy logs on each side and then I can begin to roof 'er in. After that there won't be anything to do except to sling all the mud in the creek bottom into these chink holes an' build your hangout. Won't chink your place though—like fresh air too much."

At which the bear grunted, slapped at a fly in comical fashion, then, with vapid interest, stared into the timber. There had come the faint sound of a crackling branch, indicative of some one on the trail. A moment later a bechapped cowpuncher jerked at his frightened horse, whooped with excitement, swung back into the timber, then came out at the far side of the clearing, one hand extended toward the rillebutt which showed from the boot of his saddle. At last he grinned.



Drawing by Morgan Stinemetz

ON HIS RETURN, NOSEY GREETED HIM WITH HAPPY GRUNTINGS. HER DAY HAD BEEN REPLETE WITH JOY AND CONTENTMENT

"PLUM scared the life out of me, pard. That thing yourn?"

"All mine," said the little man. "Come on up—she won't hurt you. Tame as a kitten."

"Yeh?" The cowhand grinned. "I can see it now. But it shore locoed me for a minute. Plenty of them varmints around here that *ain't* tame. Don't know whether this ole hoss of mine— Go on up thar, Major, she's tame."

A moment of fretful urging, of pirouetting by an excited cow-horse. Then the puncher leaned from his saddle and extended a hand.

"Larrimore's my name, pard—Bart Larrimore. Figurin' on homesteadin'?"

"Guess I am," answered the cheery little individual as he freed his right hand of the ax. "My name's Shorty—that's what everybody calls me—Shorty French. Just thought me'n Nosey'd come up here and see how we'd get along on a claim. Maybe you've seen Nosey——"

"Nope. Don't think I ever met th' lady. I usually shoot fust an' meet 'em afterward, them varmints. Powerful lot of 'em over there around Baldy."

Shorty grinned and shook his head.

"Not her kind," he answered. "This is the first time she's ever been out this way. Circus bear."

"Sho' now?"

Continued on page 73



A MOMENT LATER THE RED COATS TRAMPED INTO HER PRESENCE AND DEMANDED FOOD

Drawings by J. Scott Williams

PATCHWORK

A tale of two Independence Days

By HARRY ANABLE KNIFFIN

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations." DEUTERONOMY, 32:7.

THE girl opened the door upon pitchy darkness; the musty odor of a long-closed room met her at the threshold. She paused hesitantly and spoke to the young man in the hallway behind her.

"Turn your flash this way, Bob, or I'll fall over some of these precious relics."

A thin blade of light cut swordlike before her. The sparkle of a dancing-slipper, the sheen of a silken ankle, and she thrust aside a footstool that threatened to trip her.

"Do you do this stunt often, Sylvia?" The tone held a questioning note, faintly disapproving.

The girl laughed breathlessly.

"Not under these circumstances. Never before at night, accompanied by a man."

"I'm glad to know that." He followed her in the darkness. "It seemed rather strange—leaving the dance at the Baltusroll Club and driving to this deserted house in the hills."

"It *would* be strange if this were not a—a sort of shrine. But I can't explain to a disembodied voice. There are candles somewhere; please find them."

The light swung in a slow arc and came to rest upon a three-pronged candelabrum standing on the mantel. A match sputtered; the candles flared up, revealing the pleasing face of a young man in a dinner-jacket bending above them.

The girl, dressed in a filmy evening gown, glided to the windows and flung them open. Turning, she faced the room, with its quaint furnishings, its quiet air of long-dead days. Faded chintz curtains draped the windows; spindle-legged Windsor chairs stood invitingly about; a mohogany high-boy loomed from the shadows beyond the fireplace, in which a copper kettle hung suspended.

The girl smiled up at the young man. "It's like living in the day of the Colonies, isn't it?"

He nodded, quietly impressed, and dusted a chair for her with his handkerchief. She thanked him and sank into it.

A little breeze stole in through the windows, bulging the curtains into a semblance of hoop-skirts. Like wraiths from a forgotten past, they bowed and curtsied in the candle-light.

The girl glanced reverently about, as if the room were a sort of sanctuary. "And they're jazzing it down in Baltusroll!"

Her companion leaned forward. "Tell me about this house, and why you insisted upon coming here."

She regarded him seriously.

"It is the home of my father's people. Dad loved it. He had it restored—just as it was during the Revolution. He and I always came here on the Fourth, to—'to renew our patriotism,' he called it. And now"—her voice trembled—"since he— Now I have to come alone."

"I understand." The young man spoke with quiet sympathy and rose to examine a sampler that hung on the wall. It had an old-fashioned border of silver bells that attracted his attention, aside from its quaint sentiment, which he read aloud:

"Life is a meaningless patchwork
To all save the Great Designer."

The girl looked up.

"That's the work of Mistress Prudence Tellfair, once the toast of the countryside, and my paternal grandmother several times removed. Her portrait hangs opposite." She hesitated, then continued wistfully: "Look at it, Bob, and tell me what you think of her."

"She has fine eyes." He spoke from beneath the portrait. "Blue and brave, though vaguely troubled."

"Yes!" Sylvia's own eyes brightened.

"And dark hair, with glints of bronze in it. The features are by no means perfect, but—but the face has a haunting beauty."

Sylvia sighed in content. And yet, despite the striking resemblance between the two, there was a slight difference. The eyes of the maid in the portrait held a look of appeal, a suggestion of sadness. She gazed down upon the quiet, old-world setting, seeming to say: "Hear, and consider my story."

And so, to obey that mute request, the clock is turned back to earlier times.



THE EYES OF THE MAID IN THE PORTRAIT HELD A LOOK OF APPEAL, A SUGGESTION OF SADNESS

THE manor-house of Squire Jonathan Tellfair on the ridge back of Westfield was the scene of many gay parties—when the Boudinots and the Daytons came a-visiting from Elizabethtown. The lovely Mistress Prudence attracted to herself many swains from the surrounding countryside. It was even rumored that the gallant Stephen Dale, Colonial heir to an earldom across the sea, had sold his holdings in Massachusetts and had come to New Jersey to be near her.

But with the breaking out of the Revolution came a change in the social life of the colony. Men foregathered on the slightest provocation and engaged in heated discussions. Women, the dread of war's heavy toll in their hearts, quietly supervised their household affairs.

Stephen Dale, dashing and debonair, was often called away—to Philadelphia, it was said, or to New York Town, on secret business of his own. Upon his return from these visits he hastened to pay court to the demure Prudence.

Gradually she began to listen for the clatter of his horse's hoofs, for the low call of a whippoorwill, with which he always announced himself. Later he would enter her presence, a gay quip or a gracious compliment upon his lips. She fancied she read in his dark eyes a sentiment he was reluctant to express, for the times were far too parlous for a declaration of love. When away from his side, Prudence's heart fluttered at the thought of his return. On each of his visits she looked forward to seeing him with a sword. All the young men were wearing them now, and the absence of a scabbard from the side of gallant Stephen Dale sorely disappointed her.

The heated blood of the Colonials mounted like mercury in a glass. Feeling ran high. Neighbors grew suspicious of each other. The word "Tory" became an epithet of contemptuous scorn.

Stephen Dale at this time had been absent for some months in New York Town. Rumors of reckless escapades in which he figured, of gay parties at the homes of British sympathizers, began to filter across the border and to worry Prudence. Men frowned darkly and muttered the word "Royalist" whenever Stephen's name was mentioned. It was recalled that, upon the death of an uncle, he would inherit a title and estates in England. Squire Jonathan Tellfair, in a fit of rage, forbade his daughter's having anything further to do with him.

And so Prudence went about, hiding the hurt that was in her heart. Once, when she opened her wardrobe door and saw a certain flounced dress, tears came to her eyes



AS THE PRISONER'S EYES MET WASHINGTON'S, A SLOW FLUSH OF SHAME SUFFUSED HIS CHEEKS

and her lips trembled, so vivid were the recollections it brought of her first meeting with Stephen.

It was on a bright Sunday morning in the elm-shaded drive of the old Westfield church. She had alighted from the carriage and joined a group of friends from an outlying estate. Their guest, a dark-eyed, attractive young man, was presented. He bowed above her hand with courtly grace, while from the belfry above came a sweet-toned peal, joyous as wedding-bells. Strangely confused, she blushed and drew her hand from his lingering clasp. Never after did she hear the Westfield bell without recalling that Sabbath morning — and the handsome Stephen.

In the days that followed she heard it often—when it gave warning that the British were scouring the countryside for forage and the harassed farmers hastened past, driving their cattle into the hills; or again when it rang out summoning the patriots to the battle of Springfield, which stopped the Red Coats' advance upon Morristown, where Washington and his army were encamped.

After the battle a wounded militiaman rested at the Tellfair house and was given refreshment. He glowingly described the fight—the critical moment when the wadding for the muskets gave out and Parson Caldwell rushed from the Springfield church with an armful of Watts's hymn-books, tearing out the pages and crying, "Give 'em Watts, boys—give 'em Watts!"

The story of the parson's action fired Prudence with a desire to share in the hostilities, and it was only a few days later that her opportunity came.

Her father and mother had driven over to a neighbor's and Prudence was alone in the house, the slaves being in their quarters. Startled, she looked from her window upon a small company of British soldiers that had stopped before the door. A moment later the Red Coats tramped into her presence and demanded food. Outwardly calm, but inwardly trembling with excitement, she set bread and meat before them. After they had eaten she casually mentioned a barrel of cider in the cellar.

Shouting noisily, they left their guns stacked in the corner and descended the cellar stairs. Prudence quickly slammed down the trap-door and bolted it, then summoned the groom and coachman. With a British gun in her hands, she ordered the enemy to come forth, and forced them, under escort of the armed blacks, to march to the gaol in Westfield.

But life was not all thrills and exciting exploits. Many hours Prudence spent in torturing doubt, wondering about Stephen Dale. In her heart she could not quite believe in his treachery.

ABOUT this time a company of infantry was formed in Westfield which was to be mustered into the Continental Army at Morristown by General Washington. On the night preceding its departure, Richard Wayne, the company's captain, and Doctor Barnet, a Revolutionary army surgeon, were entertained at dinner by Squire Tellfair and his ladies.

Seated in the ingle after the cloth had been cleared, Doctor Barnet told them how his house in Elizabethtown had been plundered by the British.

"Damn it, sir," said he, "they emptied my feather beds in the street, broke in my windows, smashed my mirrors and left the storeroom bare! I could forgive them all that, but the rascals stole from my kitchen wall the finest string of red peppers in all Elizabethtown!"

He had barely finished speaking when there came the sound of hoof-beats rapidly approaching. Some distance away they stopped, as if the horse had suddenly been pulled up or else was continuing its way on the soft grass at the roadside. Presently, barely audible above the conversation, sounded the faint call of a whippoorwill.

Prudence's heart leaped wildly under her bodice. She half rose, then sank back again as she saw her father look up. When he had again resumed speaking, she quietly got to her feet and, with a murmured excuse, made her way to the kitchen. Softly opening the door, she stepped out into the night and passed round the house. A moment later she stood breathless before a dim figure bending down above her from a foam-flecked horse.

"Stephen, Stephen, is it really you?"

"Prudence!" His voice was husky with emotion. "For the first time you've called me by my Christian name!"

"Oh, I—I— Forgive me! I've been so worried!"

"Worried—about me?" In a flash he was down from his horse and at her side.

"Oh, pray—you mustn't!"

His arm was about her; he drew her close to his breast.

From below came the silvery peal of the Westfield bell, summoning the pious to meeting.

The stars looked down upon her half-hearted resistance which quickly ended in surrender. For a brief moment the troublesome world vanished; they floated in a new realm of happiness. Then realization came to her and she pushed him from her. "Oh, what have I done!"

"Listen, Prudence! I've dared many dangers, ridden many miles for a sight of your dear face. Don't regret the natural result of that impulse!"

"Dangers?" Her blue eyes widened with alarm. "What threatened you?"

"Hark!"

From far off came the sound of a horse's hoof-beats.

He drew her in among a clump of young alders that grew near the road's edge across from the house. His horse followed, nosing his arm. In the darkness they waited. The rhythmic clatter grew louder. Presently a lone horseman drew rein before the home of Squire Tellfair. He dismounted and tied his steed to the gate-post. A moment later, in answer to his knock, the door opened.

A LONG MOMENT OF SILENCE BEFORE SHE TURNED WITH A HAPPY SIGH AND RAISED HER FACE TO HIS

The rectangle of light revealed the tall, cloaked figure of the visitor. Stephen Dale suppressed a start as the man passed within. Prudence became uneasy. "I must go at once, or father will miss me!" Her heart fluttered at the prospect of parting.

"I, too, have little time to spare!" It was no longer the lover who spoke, but a man grave with the sense of a duty to perform. They hurriedly crossed the road and he accompanied her to the rear of the house.

"Prudence," he said, when they reached the kitchen door, "these clothes may endanger my journey to-night. Have you, perchance, an old coat you could lend me?"

She thought a moment, her hand upon the latch. "Yes, in the barn. The door is unfastened."

He stooped to embrace her, but she drew shrinkingly away. "No—not again, until——"

"Good-by, then, heart's desire, until the dawn of brighter days!"

HER eyes misty with tears, she opened the door of the kitchen and entered. She quickly smoothed her hair; then, with an air of forced calm, joined the assembled company. Distressingly pale she looked in the candle-light.

"La, child," said her mother, "what has kept you so long?"

Prudence parried the question with another, asking the whereabouts of her father.

"He is closeted with a visitor in the library." The good lady turned and continued her conversation with Doctor Barnet.

For the succeeding half-hour Prudence chatted and laughed with Captain Wayne, hardly conscious of what she was saying.

Presently her father flung open the door and pompously announced: "Ladies and gentlemen — General Washington!"

Astonished, they rose as the commander-in-chief entered, followed by Squire Tellfair. Prudence made her prettiest curtsy in acknowledgment of the introduction. Her heart leaped as the general stepped forward and bowed above her hand.

"My dear," he said kindly, "I fear the war has stolen the roses from your cheeks. Let us hope they will reappear with the safe return of the young men!"

Squire Tellfair smiled knowingly. "Yes, yes. Playmates all gone—or going away." His glance rested significantly upon young Captain Wayne. "Ha! Quite an ordeal for the young, general."

The sound of voices and the champing of horses came from without, followed almost immediately by a knock at the door. A servant opened it and a young corporal stepped in.

"Captain Wayne," he said, saluting—"General!" In surprise he turned to Washington. "Sir, we've captured a man we've long been suspicious of. He can not give the countersign that went into effect to-night. We think, sir, he's a British spy."

Squire Tellfair instantly began to bluster. "Hang the scoundrel! Give him no quarter!"

"Bring the man in," said General Washington quietly.

Prudence's world came toppling about her head as a disheveled young man was led in, his hands securely tied

Continued on page 60

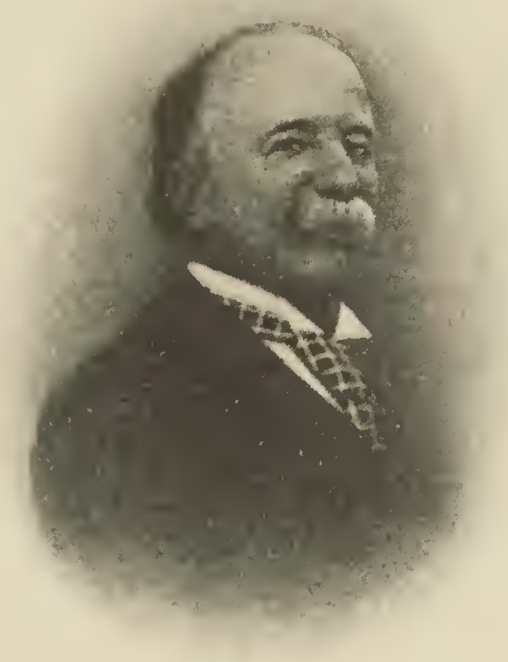
MY OWN STORY

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THE AUTHOR'S FATHER WAS A MAN OF "SANE AND SUNNY COMMON SENSE—ALIVE IN EVERY FIBER OF MIND, HEART AND SOUL"



OF HER MOTHER KATHLEEN NORRIS SAYS: "SHE WAS QUIET, EVEN DELICATE—WRAPPED IN HER CHILDREN AND IN HER MUSIC"



KATHLEEN NEVER LACKED FOR YOUTHFUL PLAYMATES. SHE (RIGHT) AND TERESA, WHOM SHE PARTICULARLY LOVED, ARE HERE HOLDING BABY MARGARET



AND THERE WERE THREE BOYS, TOO—LITTLE FRANCIS; JOE, THE ELDEST OF ALL THE CHILDREN, AND FRED. KATHLEEN CAME NEXT TO JOE

FORTY years ago, in what was then California's largest city, a bank clerk upon the modest salary of three thousand dollars a year could enjoy almost all the luxuries of life.

One such bank clerk, at thirty-five, owned a little seven-room brick house with iron balconies and a deep garden upon one of San Francisco's seven-times-seven hills and could employ two good servants to keep his wife and his five first-born children comfortable therein. These children had for their earliest memories the little iron balconies over the garden, and the garden itself, with its paths neatly outlined in white stone bottles, and the fresh, salty tang of the sea, which lay at the end of the street only a few blocks away.

This was a simple day. Remembering the middle eighties, one remembers one's elders humming "The Mikado"; one remembers bustles, bonnets, tin bathtubs, smoky stoves and much use for the word "genteel." There was a general conviction that children should be repressed, silent, obedient and industrious—and so we were, perhaps, to the adult eye.

But among ourselves, my earliest recollection is of intrigue and plot. We murmured interminably together; we planned, discussed, dissected everything that went on about us. We liked or disliked, usually with violence, every caller, every casual pedler at the gate, and we had a sort of club life among ourselves.

I was the second child; there was an older brother, always the object of a painful and intense idolatry, and after me a sister, not two full years younger, and then two smaller brothers. The youngest of these brothers was destined to leave us in his third handsome, sturdy little year, and much later there were two more children, of whom my mother used to speak lovingly as her "second family."

Lovingly—that was my mother's word. She was a tall, silent woman who would have been beautiful in her thirties and forties to-day, but who was then quite content to fade into beaded mantels and close bonnets. She never thought of cold-cream or face-powder; she never in her life had her magnificent masses of copper-red hair touched by any other hands than her own. She was quiet, even delicate, wrapped in her children and in her music.

What she felt for her children was an actually consuming devotion and concern. She built about us a world of love. Sometimes she would get all five of us as close to her knees as possible, or into her arms, and amuse us with the histories of her childhood on a cattle-ranch, or with tales of our own irresistible charms in babyhood. She made us feel that of all wonderful achievements the acquiring of a family of small children was the most worth while. We, in turn, idolized the baby brothers and the sister, and I may say that every one of us to this day—so many worlds later!—becomes irresponsible upon the sight of a baby.

My mother was extremely religious, and we were brought up strictly in her faith and my father's. But she was also practical in a way not common to such devotion, or perhaps my father's sane and sunny common sense worked upon her. From the earliest days I can remember she never permitted angry words in the house, arguing or altercation. Justice had nothing to do with it; she simply would not allow it, whoever was right or wrong. The gentlest, the most retiring, shy and the least sociable of women, yet she could be adamant there.

"I want you to do more than like your sister," she would direct me calmly, in the jealous little-girl days when the younger Teresa so easily outstripped me in everything. "I want you to love her. The day is coming when you will feel as jealous for Teresa's happiness as you are now for your own. I would rather feel that my boys and girls would never have an angry moment against each other than leave them a million dollars. When you are my age, I want you to be able to say that, for my sake, you children have never been anything but loyal and devoted to each other."

"My Own Story," copyright, 1924, by Kathleen Norris

In "Mother," my first little book, written ten years after her death, I tried to capture some of the loving strength and the firm sweetness that was my mother, and that I somewhat succeeded was far more to her credit than mine. For I have only to think of her to have it all come rushing back, the goodness, the self-sacrifice, the gentle hand when we were ill, the slender, graceful figure at the piano, with the drooping copper-colored masses of hair. Her last message, on the dark November afternoon of her death, comes back to me with the memory of her solemnly and suddenly opened eyes: "Take care of my children. Love one another."

My mother's one luxury was music, and the only entertainments she enjoyed were musical ones. There were no movies then; she never went to plays or vaudeville. But she did go to operas, at the old Tivoli in San Francisco, and to Clarence Eddy's organ recitals, and to hear the famous "Henschels." And between times she entertained her houseful of children with whole evenings of piano music, which we would demand by name as we looked up from "David Copperfield" or "The Wide, Wide World." She played Chopin and Mozart, and she loved all her old convent "arrangements with variations." And above all we loved the various operas—all the old Italian operas and "Faust" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." We all sang "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" and the "Grande Duchesse" and "Girofle-Girofla" from cover to cover, and all the old Civil War songs, and whole books of old German *lieder*—Schumann, Franz and Schubert.

OUR schooling was erratic, partly because both my father and my mother belonged to the generation that was overschooled. Both paid for it with years of ruined digestions and blinding headaches.

So they feared schooling for their children, and when I was about eight we left the city behind us, crossed the bay and moved up into the mountains to the north, where there was not a school for miles. Here, for exquisite years, we ran wild.

Eventually there was an ungraded little school, to which my father loaned us. I was by this time twelve, and taking charge of the five or six infants in the lower grades, by right of having taken care of babies all my life. My father used to interrogate us sternly now and then: "You didn't bring a book home? You're not straining your eyes? You aren't worrying about lessons? I shall take you out of school this instant if you are, remember."

Under these terrible threats we flourished, "weedily," as my mother once wrote to a friend. About us was all the magic of great woods, miles of redwoods rising hundreds of feet above our heads. To the north lay the gracious slope of mountains that was our barometer; ten miles to the west was the ocean shore, where we carried our picnic suppers. The garden was full of flowers—lilacs and roses and verbena and sweet peas; the book-shelves were bursting with books; the kitchen was full of cookies and sandwiches; the piano ready to yield us music; and our parents thought we were the nicest, the smartest, the best-disciplined children in the world. That was our world. There were no problems; there was nothing beyond.

Mill Valley had been a single ranch years before; a silvered old hand-hewn Spanish flour-mill still stands upon its little river and gives it its name. It is a two-pronged cañon running up against the flanks of Mount Tamalpais, heavily and beautifully wooded, one of the exquisite places in the world. In Sicily, in all the beauty spots of the Riviera, I have seen nothing more naturally lovely.

Our two acres of redwoods cost my father three hundred and twenty-five dollars—as I remember, with all the keenness of an anxious child who was listening unnoticed to the grown-ups' discussion of ways and means. Could we afford it? The property would cost three hundred and twenty-five dollars and the plans for the eight-room house—selected after ecstatic agonies from "Shoppel's Modern Houses"—fourteen hundred dollars.



"TREEHAVEN," THE FAMILY HOME IN MILL VALLEY NEAR SAN FRANCISCO WHERE KATHLEEN AND HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS GREW UP IN HAPPY, SUNNY SURROUNDINGS

"This," said my thoughtful mother, "runs into *money*."

However, to every one's later satisfaction and pride, we did afford it, and for many happy years Mill Valley was home. Perhaps there was the germ of certain much later activities of mine in my father's serious talk to us little children about his reason for selecting Mill Valley. Mill Valley was to be "bone dry" for twenty years anyway—perhaps for longer. I don't remember that he took any active part in the steps that had made it so in the very beginning of its existence. Certainly my mother did not; she had a perfect horror of what she called "strongmindedness" in women; she made us feel—what I think all children felt then—that public issues were a little coarse and that "nice people" did not associate themselves with social economics.

IT WAS my father who was the real influence upon our childhood, and his children have come to look upon him as one of the most extraordinary of men. He was sturdy, rosy, squarely built, optimistic and sunny; he was alive in every fiber of mind, heart and soul. He loved life, and he idolized his own family. One could not ask him the most casual question about a book but he was all attention.

When we read "Vanity Fair" or "Pilgrim's Progress" or Macaulay's "England," my father flowed with eager interest. When he took us to see "Jim the Penman" and "Diplomacy" and Mrs. Kendal in "The Ironmaster," he would carefully point out to us wherein the dramatic crises lay, what emphasized them and caused them.

We read actual thousands of books, architectural, historical; we read dim old Levers and moldy theological controversies; we read the encyclopedia. My father taught us chess, and we read bright-red chess books, with little gold boards depicted on their covers. We had the New York *Sun* daily, if always six days late, and we had *Harper's* and the *Century* and THE DELINEATOR and the old *Metropolitan*, which was a sort of theatrical catalog then, and a magazine weekly, called the *Illustrated American*, which has gone out of existence. We talked about Birch's and Gibson's and Chip's and Abbey's illustrations as glibly as if we had known them all, and about Ada Rehan and Georgia Cayvan and Mansfield. My aunt taught us music, and there was frequently a fiction on foot that my mother was teaching us French.

Every week-day my father made the train-and-boat trip to San Francisco and back, and on Sunday he took us for a ten or twelve or fourteen mile walk over the mountains. We carried a simple lunch, and we went in directions that rarely promised a lift home. Many a time have our twelve and fifteen year old hearts and legs staggered, appalled at the prospect of the last six or seven miles after a really exhausting scramble.

At these times all the richness of my father's rich nature was at our disposal, and he entertained us. He had been born in Hawaii, had lived in China, Ireland and New England, his father coming from a Boston family. He was manager of the bank now, and president of the club he loved, the Bohemian Club in San Francisco, and his six children and wife thought him remarkable, and he was absolutely happy. He did not want more money, and he not only told us he did not, but actually declined it, on more than one occasion. He said he was afraid of money.

He set poverty, service and hard work before us in such glowing terms that we quite gloried in the thought of them. There was a goodness and earnestness, a fundamental faith in the right, back of everything he said, and that could not but influence children. Lincoln was his hero, Washington only a lesser light, and he believed in America with all his heart. He read us the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg address and talked to us of the glories of our nation.

WHEN the two youngest members of the family were perhaps four and six and I sixteen or seventeen, I began my story-telling. I never remember telling stories before they persuaded me into the regular custom of a story, illustrated, after our early country dinner. At seven they would settle beside me at the dining-room table and I would begin to draw pictures and tell stories. The pictures were rarely finished and had little to do with the tale; perhaps they were merely an instinctive device to keep me from self-consciousness. The children themselves chose the stories, for although none was ever repeated, there were certain popular characters kept alive for years. Gipsies and Indians were supremely successful; there must be a dog in every story; and aunts were supposed to be always cruel, although our own were in several cases hardly older than ourselves and uniformly indulgent.



THE THREE GIRLS GROWN UP. IN THE CENTER IS KATHLEEN—WHO WAS ALREADY A WEAVER OF STORIES; MARGARET, LEFT; AND THE CHARMING TERESA AT THE RIGHT

This went on for the last year or two of the happy Mill Valley life five evenings out of six. Then my mother died suddenly and was buried on Thanksgiving eve, and my father followed her on his own birthday and was laid beside her on Christmas Day. He died a few days before their twenty-first wedding anniversary, remarking with that quiet content, that almost triumph that seems sometimes given to the dying, that his wife could not keep the day without him.

Thus we were left—the oldest brother twenty, the youngest pair hardly of school age. There was no one to help us, except with affection and advice, and there were last bills that ate great holes in the three thousand dollars that was our entire legacy.

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Drawings by J. Scott Williams

IN HIS LIFE HE HAD KNOWN FOUR WARS FOR AMERICA ALONE

WHY I'M RAISING MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

Author of "Judith of the Godless Valley," "The Enchanted Canyon," etc.

MY MOTHER was a self-contained New Englander who seldom wept. My father was very much the man of the world. I saw him moved to tears but twice in my life. Once was the time which I am about to describe; and one was when my mother died.

Mother died in the Fall of 1917. Up to within a short time of her death she was active in war work—Red Cross, war garden, and always the knitting of gray garments. She was so keen, so active, surely death made a mistake in withdrawing her so soon.

Early in that Summer I ran up from my work in New York for a week-end with father and mother. It was evening when I arrived. Father sat on one side of the library-table reading, and mother sat on the other, knitting on a gray sock while "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" lay open before her. Mother and I had been talking for some time when father looked up from his paper.

"Let me read you something!" he said with a chuckle. "It's an editorial on the boasted New England leaven. Some writer is taking a fall out of New England pride." He cocked rather an impish blue eye at mother. As a Westerner married to a Yankee, he had not come through altogether unscathed by that same New England pride!

He then proceeded to read us a virulent indictment of Puritanism which ended with the statement that America could be thankful that the so-called New England leaven was extinct; that the little towns had become chiefly the abode of shriveled old maids and half-imbecilic old men; that the rocky fields, long since left to be tilled by the weak and the degenerate, had returned to the birchen jungle; that——

But the reading was interrupted by mother. "Willy! Willy!" she exclaimed. "How can you read me a thing like that? It's a dastardly lie! My cousins still live on one of those farms. The house has loopholes under the eaves where they fought the Indians. They are people of intellect. My dearest recollections center about one of those little towns. It's still a well-spring of the old ideals. In the cemetery up there is the grave of my Uncle Perley, who died a prisoner at Andersonville, and of Uncle John, who was killed the second day at Gettysburg, and Uncle Hiram, who was shot escaping from Libby Prison, and my brother Orin, whose wound received at Bull Run never healed. And my father, who was a friend of Webster and Emerson and Bronson Alcott. And my mother, who was so benign an influence that to this day people tell me they are the better for having known her. Oh, how could you read me that!" and my mother buried her face in the sock she was knitting.

My father walked the floor in his remorse and embarrassment and apologized in every way he could. And he was not infertile in that art, bless him! After a moment, mother sat erect.

"You'd better read something else," she said in her best New England manner, "to take the taste of that other out of our mouths."

With alacrity, father picked up the *Youth's Companion*, which even after we children left home he'd not been able to give up. "Here's the story of an Old Home Week. A woman who had pioneered in the West and whose children never thought of her as anything but a drudge comes back to her home town and tells a tale of her experiences that is the hit of the whole week, a really wonderful tale."

Mother's eyes twinkled and she looked at me. "Isn't it like your father to bring up that particular story at this particular moment? Go on with it, my dear."

Father read us a really great little story of frontier hardships—hardships that were as familiar to him as the old New England life to my mother. He was deeply moved by the recital of the building of a certain fireplace, and his voice broke a little as he read the lines with which the narrative closed:

"Backward, turn backward, then time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night.
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Backward, flow backward, O full tide of years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears——"

Suddenly father cast the magazine aside, his face twitching. "I built my mother just such a fireplace right after—right after the battle of Shiloh. She—God, how my mother worked!" and suddenly he, too, buried his face for a moment in his hands.

WELL, both of them, with their hidden memories of the life that built the nation, are gone. A thousand times that little scene in the old living-room has returned to me. A thousand times I have tried to interpret the unwonted emotion. A half-knit sock and the copy of "Mr. Britling" lie in the knitting-basket in the attic. In the attic, too, is the old carpet bag in which my father's father carried a huge old Bible that always hung beside his saddle-bags. He was a Methodist circuit-rider and a chaplain of soldiers in the Civil War. The knitting-basket and the carpet bag, mute emblems of—of what? And the tears! What countless memories lay at their source? A thousand times I wondered, yet I never dared to ask.

Father was with me often after mother's death, reading, his greatest solace. He often sat for hours in the study with me, apparently absorbed in his book. One afternoon my little son Richard, then about eight years old, came in to ask me to take him to see the Memorial Day parade. I vetoed the request. Father suddenly looked up.

"Let the boy go!" he said. "What's your idea in refusing him?"

I hesitated, looking from father to Richard and back again. "I think the child has known enough of the tragedy of war and I want him to forget it."

"*Forget it?*" exclaimed father. "My heavens, don't tell me you've turned hen-minded at your age! How can he or any one forget it? Why should you want him to? It's your business to see that he remembers the Great War and every other war the family has fought in. We are all civilians, but we've been soldiers when we were needed."

"But mother said," piped up Richard, "that you had been too young to be in the Civil War and too old to be in the Great War. I was sorry, because I think you would have been a fine soldier."

Father suddenly flung his book to the floor. "Too young was I? Was I, indeed?" He stared at the child. "So you are going to grow up with the idea, too, that I never did a man's part!" He slowly thrust out his left foot and slowly rolled up his trouser leg. Then he pointed to a little round scar thus exposed in the calf. "There's a bullet in there, that I got on the field of Shiloh."

"Father!" I gasped. "You have never told that before! What in the world——"

Father rolled down his trouser leg and picked up his book. "No, I haven't. And if I hadn't thought you needed the shock, I wouldn't have told you now. I was





SITTING IN THAT SAFE AND SILENT ROOM, I THOUGHT IT ALL OUT

only a little fellow in years then, but enormously big for my age. I had four older brothers fighting in the Northern armies. I ran away and—well, I was a drummer-boy at Shiloh. My father came after me, and, wounded though I was, he took down my trousers and gave me a licking before my captain and half the regiment. Me, who had played a man's part! Then he took me home and there every one made fun of me for trying to be a soldier, the idea being, I suppose, to shame me out of running away again. Well, it shamed me. And this is the first time that I've ever spoken of it. Parents can do strange things to children. See to it that you don't make some fundamental mistake in handling yours. It's a hellish fighting world and always will be. Gather yourself together to face facts, my girl, and see that Richard does likewise."

To face facts! I looked at father eagerly. "Have the years taught you to face them, father?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied grimly, "but too late."

"Grandpa," asked Richard, "does the bullet wiggle when you walk?"

"Don't ever refer to the matter again in my hearing!" ordered father sternly; and he returned to his reading.

TO FACE facts! For the child's sake! It would take a long time to think that through! In the meantime I laid aside my work and took Richard to view the parade. The little boy throughout the parade and afterward was flushed of cheek and fidgety as a child is apt to be after witnessing a scene between grown-ups. He was very silent, however, until he was going to bed that night. Then he said:

"Why didn't he tell? I mean, after he grew up and got over being ashamed?"

"But, you see, he never got over being ashamed. He was so young that his mind was like that moist concrete on the sea-wall that you pressed your hand on a year ago. The mark will be there as long as the wall is."

The child nodded. "But what does he want you to teach me, mother?"

I paused for a long time. Through the nursery door I could see into the study where my father sat beside the lamp, his white head bent over his book. I wondered if his mother had made fun of him too, that mother for whom he had built the fireplace after the battle of Shiloh. She had died before I was born, so I could only guess at what she really was. Did she know of the shame? Had he hidden the wound from her, too?

"Mother, please!" urged Richard.

I turned back to the little boy with the bronze hair tumbled on the pillow. He was at the impressionable age. What was I molding into his plastic mind? Near the window on a low table was an old Bible, the one my father's father had carried through frontier villages for nearly fifty years. Every day Richard read a few verses aloud to me from it. He liked to have his grandfather tell him of the old book's adventures. I wished that, into the adventures, he had woven whatever it was he felt that I should have been teaching the boy. Then Richard would not now be pressing so hard on my bewildered mind. What did these two, the old man and the boy, with the sixty-four years dividing them, expect me to say? What miracle was I to perform? Father already had found me inadequate, and Richard was suspicious of my capacity.

"He wants me," I said at last, "to teach you that you must train yourself to fight for America. That some day you will have to fight for her."

"He said"—Richard's voice expressed satisfaction at the opportunity to use the strenuous English—"that it was a hellish fighting world and always would be. You don't want to believe that, do you, mother?"

"No, Richard, I don't want to believe it."

"But I think he knows more about such things than you do. He is old and he's been a soldier. Don't you think he knows more than you do, mother?"

"Yes, I'm sure he does, Richard."

"Then when are you going to begin teaching me the things he wants? Gosh! Wasn't he a lucky guy to go to war and get shot! But mother, why did they shame him so hard?"

"You see, dear, his family was afraid he'd run away again. So they made fun of a child trying to be a soldier."

Richard eyed me wonderingly. "Weren't they proud he wanted to fight? Were they quitters? Did they do anything for America?"

"They had four sons in the Civil War. Grandpa was only a little boy, really too young."

"It wasn't fair to the kid," mumbled Richard sleepily. I made no comment, but watched his eyelids droop, and in a moment he was off in the sudden slumber of childhood.

I SAT long beside him. Below the open nursery window the waters of the sound splashed softly on the rocks, "the stern and rock-bound coast" of New England. How often during the war I had listened to this splash of waters and had told myself that these very waves had washed the shattered victims of the *Lusitania*, had received Lord Kitchener into their mysterious unrest, had merged forever in their green twilight the countless living tombs that men called submarines! Never was I to sit in Spring dusks again with this murmur of little waves below me without feeling all that I had felt during the war.

"Oh, the horror of it! The uselessness of it! How we tried to prove to one another that there was something glorious to come from it that could pay for the unthinkable cost! How we strove to push on the colossal machine of war! How we sacrificed and sweated and ran about like distracted ants on whose cloistered hill a gigantic foot had been planted! How we talked! Dear God, what oceans of words we poured forth on the glories of patriotism, on the awfulness of Germanism, on anything and everything which we hoped would hasten to an end the abomination that was smothering us! And beneath all the talk, all the gesticulation—what? Let me listen to the waves again. Yes, now it comes back to me.

Beneath it all a conviction that one tried to ignore; a conviction that life was controlled by inexplicable forces and that human beings had no more chance than ants in an ant-hill; a conviction that no human being is fitted to endure and remain normal. Yet for four years we endured it. Could any of us ever look on life again with the old surety, the old sanity?

And now my father out of the experience of seventy-two years was asking me to face what he called a fact: that again and yet again we must endure such wars. It could not be true! It must not be true!

Yet in his life he had known for America alone four wars: the Mexican, the Civil, the Spanish-American and the Great War. And still I could believe that—that—No! No! With that steady, relentless splashing of little waves in my ears, I forced open the eyes of my mind and gazed once more on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and I said to myself as if through set teeth, "*It is human nature that causes wars, and human nature does not change. We are dealing with conditions as inevitable as the swing of the planets in their spheres.*"

I looked at my little son asleep in his quiet room. Oh, those other myriad sons, asleep in their far-off beds! Alan Seeger keeps his rendezvous with death at some disputed barricade; John McCrea lies "in Flanders fields where poppies blow;" and for Rupert Brooke "there is some corner of a foreign field that is forever England." My little son? Aye, surely, surely if life permitted these losses to be, there is no end to the possibilities of its cruelties. We shall be struck again and still again until, out of our imperfect metal, ages and eons of suffering shall have wrought the perfection which God seeks.

And this huge scheme, which will use the inevitable, recurrent brutishness of human nature for its great, remote purpose, was the thing from which I had been planning to hide my son! Poor, weak, female fool!

How could I equip him? How could I train him to look upon such a stupendous fact unblinkingly and to steel himself to see it through? Sitting in that safe and silent room, I prayed for wisdom. Then I went back to the study where father read and dozed and read again.

THAT was three years ago. A year ago last April we took father up into New England and laid him beside mother in that little cemetery which she had defended so vehemently that Summer night. The very

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BENNO WAS ACHINGLY AWARE OF THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LINNIE AND THESE OTHERS

QUEEN BEE

A story in which love is not blind

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," "Faint Perfume," etc.

SYNOPSIS

WAS this the way that some men spent their lives? Trying to remember only the sweetness, doing their best to forget folly, pettiness, well, yes—stupidity? Must he live by clinging to such moments and letting the rest go? By forgiving everything, overlooking everything except the power which held them together? These were the fears that tortured Benno whenever he faced the thought of life with Linnie—Linnie who fascinated him with her sweetness, her charm, and repelled him by her insolence, her cruelty to those she considered beneath her. Linnie was just graduating from a fashionable school. Benno was older—mature, thoughtful, aflame with revolt against injustice and desire to set things right. The young people of "the Movement" to which he belonged and the boys and girls of Linnie's fashionable set moved in two different worlds—but not even the dance at Linnie's which revealed to him the gulf between his serious-minded group and Linnie's irresponsible friends—not even Linnie's incredible insults to Mrs. Briggs, a "poor relation," and her daughter Malvina, could kill the love that Benno had felt for her from the first moment of their meeting. They loved each other, and yet in all that seemed essential to every-day living they were as far as the poles apart. This was the problem that faced Benno. How he solved it makes the story—which moves from this point with tremendous intensity and power.

PART TWO

THEY were like old-fashioned lovers, but with rôles reversed: Linnie insisting on marriage when school closed, a honeymoon at home until the return of the family; Benno resolute not to marry or to take his place in that house in the absence of her family. She showed him how old-fashioned he was. He listened. "I'll stick, though," was all that he said. She of course found a compromise. They would cable to the family—cable credentials and all. "At best they'll ask me to follow you on the next steamer," Benno prophesied. "They'll think if I'm presentable at all, we can be married over there. But I haven't the money. My limit is a flat—not a grand tour. Especially not a grand tour and a flat too." Linnie contended: "And suppose you did cross, and then they didn't like you. Then we'd be in for all the bother of eloping. We're idiots not to go along here while we've got all America to ourselves." He marveled: "You don't mind giving up a Summer in Europe for the mere novelty of marriage to me?" She replied that from her youth up she'd been dragged about Europe every Summer. He smiled at "from her youth up," and reflected that her spirit and courage were enough for any man. It was true that he had intended to marry a woman who would have felt within herself at least once in her life that there were social ills which must be cured. Whereas Linnie evidently felt nothing save that she was a point of sensation, floating in a bright sea of life, which it was her rôle to criticize, luxuriously, for trivialities which didn't matter to him two cents. "And she'll never be different if I don't save her," he thought. This made him feel himself a fine fellow. He said this over every day. His complacence was unconscious but colossal. Then he would confront himself with: "What's this? Do I feel that I must have an alibi for loving her?" An hour in her presence and he was self-exculpated. She was adorable. Enough!

Cables were sent, having been laboriously counted out in the wood of birches and spruces back of the school. It was no easy thing to write out in a cable Benno's father, Benno's college, Benno's business and Benno's ardent hopes. "All rot," said Benno. "This doesn't impart an atom about me, and your father'll jolly well know it. My mother's over there somewhere about," he added reflectively. "If I knew where she was, I might ask her to act as emissary." Linnie looked at him, reflecting. "Your mother?" she said. "I didn't know you had anybody, Benno. Doesn't that show how democratic I am?" He could have shaken her. The worst of it was that, as when he had an impulse to shake a child, he loved her next moment the more because of compunction. He talked on quietly about his mother. She was a quiet sort, interested in bugs or something. She was in the British Museum, looking at bugs, he thought. He loved her no end. But no, he could not see her as ambassador to all the Bellairs. "We don't need any ambassador," said Linnie. "What a fuss we're making over marrying. It's done every day." Benno looked at her wistfully, wondered if he wouldn't like it better if she weren't quite so modern, remembered that she was in all probability not so modern as she tried to sound. It was a fashion, like bulbs of soft hair over the ears. He folded the cables, put them in his pocket and observed: "To-morrow at this time they'll know." "We," Linnie reminded him with superiority, "know now."

THEY were to dine the next night with Benno's friends of "the Movement," at Speyer's "rowdy café." When he asked whether she had her permission, and how she got it, Linnie said: "Briggs is to come and get me and leave me at the very door—and go home to our house without me." Benno looked his distaste. "I say, that's rotten on Mrs. Briggs—I can't do that. Why shouldn't she come to the dinner—she and Malvina, too?" Linnie flushed, frowned and with her sulky assent he left her and telephoned to Mrs. Briggs. He thought: "If I'm going to teach her to belong to the human race at all, I might as well start in with the lesson that Mrs. Briggs and Malvina are members."

Speyer's "rowdy café" was a quaint, neat spot off a dirty court, where one dined for little and talked for nothing at all. Folk from up-town were "beginning to find it out," but usually "the Movement" had it to themselves. A dozen or more of them passed Benno as he waited outside for Linnie's taxi. Bede came and inquired frankly why he was waiting, heard and frowned without concealment. "Benno, old man! Adorable, but not in your class, you know. What does she know or care about all that's eating us?" Benno asked warmly whether others were not to be given an understanding. Bede said slowly: "It isn't that. We both know girls of twenty who are a fire of understanding of what civilization is up against. But it isn't only that she—she doesn't care a whoop about anything like that. It's worse than that. It's in her breed to regard herself as queen bee. You can't change that. Ideas won't change that! Not when it's in the blood—it's virulent then. Forgive me, you know—if you can—" Benno made no reply and Bede went on into the café. Benno thought: "Well, she *is* queen bee. How's she to help knowing she's different—" He thought about bees swarming in box-elders, and the rushing flight of the queen.

When the taxi came, it was with an understanding deepened in the interval since he had left her that Benno watched Linnie step down. In that dull quarter of the world her distinction was brilliant, was echoed in the rightness of her dress, the freshness of her body and its fabrics. When she entered Speyer's and greeted the others, Little Faxon said to her: "It's almost old-fashioned to be so beautiful." Beside her, Malvina's pallor looked sallow, her clothes stale, and Mrs. Briggs, her mind on her own graciousness, hardly existed.

On the bare, dull tables steaming soup-tureens were set, from which one served oneself. The soup was savory, but the dishes and glassware were heavy and motionless-looking, the paper napkins too accidental, the

waiters hurried, noisy, and they went wiping warm faces on the cloths with which— Linnie could not look. Abroad, Linnie had eaten strangely for a lark; but this, with Benno, she seemed to be required to take seriously, to take even casually. From the first her discomfort was evident. "I never *saw* the ox-tails before, swimming in the plate," she said. And Little Faxon chimed in: "Makes 'em seem like the live tails of oxen, switching," and feigned aversion. Next he said to her clearly: "Ghastly soup, isn't it?" and Linnie said fervently that it was ghastly. "What do you think of this place?" he wanted to know, and Bede inserted wickedly "Rather ghastly, isn't it?" and Linnie agreed. "Smells of the kitchen," Bede went on. "I fancy servants must own the place." Linnie glanced about and exclaimed unwarily: "How extraordinary!" Bede proceeded liberally that of course they had to live, and Little Faxon threw in that it was pretty ghastly though, and at the familiar word "ghastly" Linnie again agreed. She was utterly unconscious of their irony, of their smiling satire. For these young people there was no such absurd ground as Linnie lived on, talking her jargon of things and people being ghastly, of enjoying coming to "weird places like this." Benno was achingly aware of the difference between her and these others, a difference not attributable to age, for Linnie was socially far more sophisticated than they. But he shrank from seeming to rescue her, and it was Malvina who turned the talk, though Linnie looked at her coldly as if she had interrupted. The talk broke up into comfortable fragments, and the others went on with their usual discussions. And it was not, Benno reflected, that they were "highbrow," whatever that meant, but merely that the flux and friction of fine interests had given them the culture of compassion for all living beings. Even for Linnie, on whom they looked with a certain tenderness—save Bede and Little Faxon, whom Benno suspected of trying to rescue him from Linnie!

HAVING found her voice, Malvina Briggs went on talking. A newspaper had said editorially that some recent incident proved woman's wish to assert herself for the pleasure of asserting herself, rather than for belief in her principles, and magnanimously held to the naturalness of this after her years of repression, and philosophically stated that it would be so for generations. And Malvina cried:

"Why, when women seem to like to assert themselves, it's sometimes their old coquetry functioning unconsciously. The wish to have the center of the stage, to be applauded, to be admired in order that they might be sure of receiving food and shelter—it's sometimes a trace of that still in their blood, in all these new relationships." And while the men were amusingly seeing something in this doctrine to be always applicable, Malvina coolly went on: "And sometimes it's combativeness, and sometimes personal interest in the group standing for anything, and once in a while it may be vanity. Yes, certainly. Exactly as it is with men. Some day we'll find both men and women asserting themselves because they've ideas to assert, and for no other reason." She went on with this, talked well, held the table, her plain pale face lighted and livened. When there was an interval, Bede turned to Linnie and drawled: "Well, Miss Bellairs, and what do you think of all this?" And Linnie sparkled and dimpled, her eyes all animating; and every one leaned to hear what she would say. And what she said was:

"Oh, I think women when they talk in public usually say the same thing—and never any jokes that are jokes. And so badly dressed—those who come to school to convocation! I think women public speakers are rather terrible, except maybe the highly paid ones."

Bede said: "How about it, Mary Luther? You do a good deal of it." And pretended to be painfully embarrassed at his pretended break. Benno was bound to say that Linne carried it off well—that was the kind of thing which her training had enabled her to carry off: "Really, do you?" she said to Mary. But she added: "Isn't it a ghastly bore, that kind of thing?" "No," said Mary Luther only, "No." And Linnie merely stared at her and said: "Oh, really?"—her choicest and sweetest insolence, brows raised, lips parted, words half-articulated. Mrs. Briggs, her shoulders and head in their lateral forward motion of deprecation, now offered her sole observation: It was, she said, a pity that the classes could not be kept distinct—no doubt in time they would be: charming people (with a gracious inclination to Mary Luther) for charming occupations, refined, genteel; but the heavy public things for the coarser classes. And Bede wickedly said: "That's *your* point of view, isn't it, Miss Bellairs?" which of course it was, but Linnie didn't care to be bracketed with Mrs. Briggs and so said coldly that she would hardly put it *exactly* like that, and looked through Bede. It was one of the most uncomfortable hours of Benno's life. The climax of his discomfort came when Linnie said to him, audibly,



BENNO ADDED: "I THINK THAT YOU AND MRS. BELLAIRS ALREADY KNOW THAT I WANT TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER"

that Malvina really ought not to make herself so conspicuous by having so much to say; that it wasn't her place— Benno added: "Her place as a paid dependent?" And now it was through Benno that Linnie looked.

IN THE taxi Linnie said: "Malvina, you were very much at home to-night, weren't you?" And when Malvina cried gratefully that it was for her a completely happy evening, Linnie commented coolly: "I didn't know you could talk so much." And to Mrs. Briggs, interposing with, "Malvina and I were so proud to be asked to meet your friends," Linnie replied: "They're not *my* friends, you know." On his low seat Benno crouched, saying almost nothing the whole way. He was dreading the interval between depositing Mrs. Briggs and Malvina at Linnie's house and leaving Linnie at the school. He was deeply disappointed, did not trust himself to be tactful or wise. He suspected that she was angry with him; he dreaded the tearing away of that veil when she should turn upon him with her displeasure and when he should retaliate with his questioning of her attitude toward his friends to whom, he decided, she had been insufferable. In his confusion he could not tell what might result when they tried to talk of all this.

They did not try to talk of all this. When they were alone, Linnie put out her hand with a sound inarticulate, brooding, and drew him to her She murmured: "Oh, Benno, to-night hasn't been like being with you at all. I want to see *you*—let's just be quiet—let's just be sure I'm I and you're you, and that we're together." She had a hundred tender ways. Benno thought: "Not now. Not now." Gradually a strange poison pervaded him: He thought, "Isn't this enough?"

In his bed he lay long awake, trying to live over their good night, trying to forget the rest. And now he thought: Was this the way that some men spend their lives? Trying to remember only the sweetness, doing their best to forget folly, pettiness—well, yes—stupidity? Possibly, he reflected without humor, some women also had to forget everything save such moments, were obliged to live by clinging to these and letting the rest go. He thought of husbands and wives whom he knew, who, now that he thought of it so, almost certainly lived like that, stodgy, dead, save for their hours of tenderness. When people said: How did so-and-so come to marry him? Or her?—then that must be the answer. Each forgave the other everything, overlooked everything, save the power which held them together, as he was held to Linnie and Linnie to him. She did not enjoy his friends, he did not approve her attitude toward them; she did not approve his ideas, she had none for him to approve or disapprove; her attitude toward life was to him ridiculous. Yet his whole being sang with the mere thought of her.

His telephone whirred and there was Linnie. Her voice, broken, was clear: "Benno, I couldn't sleep!" "Where are you, Linnie?" "Down in the school booth—the public booth. In the dark. And this is the corridor that had the rat. But I couldn't sleep—did I wake you?" "Oh, what if you had? No, you didn't—Linnie, how dear of you!" "What were you thinking?" "Of you, of course." "You're sure you do—" He told her how sure, focusing on the phone with immense and comic tenderness. Such tenderness was also in her voice, in her words. He and she flowed together over the miles of wire; fragrance filled their worlds. He cried: "Go back to bed, dearest—*dearest forever!*"

THE morning brought him a letter from his mother. She was in London for some shopping and might, she said, leave England very soon. The probabilities were that she would return to America. For that reason she was not writing to him about something important which had been happening to her, was to happen to her still further. She would wait until she saw him, which might be within the month. She could not resist saying that much, and she had weighed very seriously consulting him about the whole thing before she committed herself; but she had finally decided that twentieth-century mothers were far more independent than formerly, their children's independence having rather communicated itself to them. So, in a burst of self-assertion, she had concluded to keep her own counsel make her own

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Courtesy of George W. St. Amant

THE MILK WE DRINK

How to make it and keep it our greatest food

I think I know from my own personal experiences and observations what a wonderful food milk is and how to make it and keep it so. This problem lies close to the hearts of all mothers and fathers, involving as it does their own health and the health of their little people. This article is a personal message from me, as president of the company publishing THE DELINEATOR, *to you, the* DELINEATOR *readers.*

GEORGE W. WILDER

WHEN Noah led the animals into the Ark, probably the cow was first; surely, if Noah was the wise man we are taught to believe. When our forefathers crossed the Atlantic, among the first animals brought over was the cow, and, as the Star of Empire westward took its way, the cow has been its ever-constant satellite. The heavens declare the family glory in the constellation Taurus—the bull—but, since the purpose of this article is to pay homage to the female of the species, no further reference will be made to the male, though the writer's masculine prejudice compels the one remark that all good breeders say "the bull is half the herd."

How little we realize what a large part of our daily food is milk! We of course recognize cream and butter as milk products, but without thought of cow or milk we eat our bread, cream soup, custards, puddings, ice-cream, cake, cheese, cocoa, chocolate, chowders, junkets and a hundred things of which mere man can not think, all of which contain milk. We use milk on cereals, cream in coffee and combine it with vegetables. Close to one-fifth of all our food is cow's milk itself or in some combination, and one-fifth of all the money we spend for food is for milk in some form. We read daily market reports for prices of wheat, corn, barley, beef. We never read about milk, and the story is not there; but during the year we spend much more for milk products than for any grain that the country grows. *And the money spent for a quart of milk can not buy greater value in any other food.* This tremendous fact should be held in mind throughout the reading of this article. Milk is a really great food—a food from which man can not escape even if he would, and, if he is wise, would not let escape him even if he could.

THE earliest people discovered that, for reasons unknown to them, cow's milk was an almost perfect food. Following this realization of the value of cow's milk came the observation that some cows carried less beef and gave more milk, and some carried more beef and gave less milk. Out of this grew the attempt to develop a cow which should give much more milk than her young could consume—a dairy cow for milk purposes. We are only started on this development, far from its complete realization. Even to-day there are thousands of so-called dairy cows which do not yield milk enough to pay their feed bills, and which, were the interests of the farmer alone considered, should be sold to the butcher. Were such a course followed, however, the ensuing shortage of milk would bring untold misery. The development of the dairy cow is a slow process, the cost of which, according to economic law, some one must pay.

In the last forty years we have learned much about the food value of milk. To-day we know it to be extremely valuable for children because it contains the very materials children need for growth; it is good for grown-ups because it repairs the body and supplies fats that make heat and energy to run the human machinery; and it is a food which, subject to minor modifications, may be made almost as perfect for infants as mother's milk—*and we know why.*

Before S. M. Babcock, chief chemist of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, invented the so-called Babcock test in 1890, milk was milk. We knew some to be chalky in color, some pale blue, some yellowish-cream; some milk tasted "richer" than other milk. But until the invention, milk was milk. After the invention of the Babcock test, and analyses by other men, milk became butter-fat or cream, proteins, casein, milk-sugar, minerals; and finally to-day milk includes vitamins A, B and C.

The Babcock invention also demonstrated that some milk contained three per cent. butter-fat, some four per cent., some five per cent., some even more than five per cent. and some even less than three per cent. Including all food—butter-fat, proteins, sugar, minerals—some milk ran thirteen per cent. to fourteen per cent. in value and some ran eleven per cent. or less. Here was a great variation in food value—all milk was no longer worthy of the name. Then what fluid that comes from the cow is worthy to be called milk?

PEOPLE became interested and through town and State governments began action. Laws were passed declaring milk must not be adulterated. No longer could the dishonest farmer work the pump-handle or use "the old oaken bucket that hung in the well" as a source of a part of his customers' milk supply. But this law did not legislate against removing part of the cream and selling skim as milk. Who could prove the pump-handle had been worked? Who could prove fat had been removed? The answer in some instances honestly was, "This is the kind of milk my cows give." What, then, is milk? Milk *must* be defined. How? By the Babcock test. Cities, then States, began to define milk. Laws were passed declaring it must contain three per cent. butter-fat; later many cities and States declared for three and one-half per cent., then four per cent. Probably to-day more cities demand milk containing three and one-fourth per cent. butter-fat than permit a lower per cent. Later laws were passed declaring that beyond butter-fat, milk must contain eight per cent. to nine per cent. of other food solids. The New York Milk Committee has recommended a general standard calling for three and one-fourth per cent. butter-fat and eight and one-half per cent. other solids.

With every jump in per cent. of butter-fat required, cows which could meet requirements grew less in number. Milk delivered by cows giving less than three and one-fourth per cent. butter-fat and eight and one-half per cent. other food solids must be improved by introducing into the herd cows giving milk testing higher. This means for the farmer more cows, investment, expense in pasturage and feed made necessary by law. Who should pay? Knowledge of milk developed by Professor Babcock was a great contribution to humanity, but not an unmixed blessing to the farmer.

MILK became a subject of discussion. It was voted a great food. Children must have it—but of course it was beneath the notice of grown-ups unless mixed or contaminated, as your view may be, with other liquids now forbidden under constitutional amendments. But for children, YES! Milk became a matter for study, experiment and investigation.

History teaches that no sooner does anything achieve distinction than some one offers criticism, finds fault—may even discover sins! Milk was no exception. Bacteriologists got after it and discovered BACTERIA. One cubic centimeter may contain one thousand bacteria and it may contain one thousand million bacteria. Some bacteria may be valuable and *in some may lurk death.* Milk, the most perfect food for man, affords also the most perfect breeding-bed for the deadliest enemies of man: the bacilli of tuberculosis, typhoid, septic sore throat, dysentery, diphtheria and probably other deadly germs.

Years ago milk was no problem; keeping a cow was no matter at all, and getting your milk from a neighbor was less so. No one knew that milk was a breeding-bed for disease germs. With the coming of knowledge, *milk became a problem;* and this problem was intensified by the sudden tremendous growth of our cities, the consequent driving of cows out of the cities, the increasing demand by the cities and the ensuing long haul from cow to consumer. Milk became a *real* problem. Something must be done.

Probably I feel strongly on milk because of the personal experiences of my father, Jones Warren Wilder. About 1886 he began breeding dairy cattle in Rindge, New Hampshire. As the cows came into milk the dear old dad shipped them to Long Island to a place a few miles out of the then City of Brooklyn, where he established what in those days was called a wonderfully clean dairy. He knew the food value of milk; but, without just knowing why (bacteriologists had not then made their milk discoveries), he held unclean milk under suspicion. Possibly he was just a "doubting Thomas" named Jones. He believed unclean milk was an avenue of transfer of tuberculosis from the bovine to the human family. He thought if he could run a clean dairy and preach the gospel in a city, he would render a real service, receive recognition and reap a fair return. He opened the dairy on Long Island before 1890. Milk was selling in Brooklyn for eight cents per quart. He tried to get ten cents. He hired a man to canvass the Brooklyn doctors to get endorsements; then he hired other men to canvass the residents of Brooklyn; he organized expeditions for people to visit the dairy. He received a little recognition from some doctors; he got some applause from other people. But ten cents?—no! He ran that dairy for about four years at a loss of several thousand dollars.

I remember the day he called me into his office and said: "Boy, I want you to investigate why that dairy keeps on losing money." And better still, I remember the day I came back with my report, because I knew that the dairy, the idea behind it, the service the old man wanted to give, was the pet of his heart, and I knew what he was going to say to me. I told him the dairy was losing money and could not be made to pay because not enough people in Brooklyn could be converted to his idea so that they would drop the required ten cents per quart in his contribution-box. Three weeks after that he closed the dairy.

AND then another thing befell him. He decided that tuberculosis had got into the herd in New Hampshire. This was about 1892 or 1893. Koch had just developed his tubercular test. It was not in use. Father sent for a well-known veterinarian in Worcester, Massachusetts, Doctor Penniman. I recall the days spent by Doctor Penniman in going over the cows, examining them, studying them, judging them and passing decisions. I recall the condemnations—how many I do not know, but a large part of a herd of four hundred—and I can hear the dear old dad ordering them shot. He would not sell them because he believed—he did not know why—that they might convey tuberculosis to some one's babies.

And probably I feel strongly on milk because in 1916 I started a dairy for certified Guernsey milk in southern California. In the towns and cities near by milk was selling for eight cents per quart. For certified milk I tried to get fifteen cents. Not a quart could I sell. I began to advertise, to "sample" my milk. Finally customers began to come and kept coming. In 1920, with the rising costs in everything, milk sold much higher and there was a waiting-list, many of whom were telephoning daily begging for milk. A part of the world had waked up in these few years to what the word "milk" may mean.

WHEN those who knew the great food value of milk learned of dangers in unclean milk, they were greatly disturbed. Something must be done. We must have this wonderful food, but we must protect our babies.

Different men, different ideas. Hundreds said "Clean up the sources of supply," a task impossible of realization in one's lifetime. Aroused public opinion had laws passed. Boards of inspection were appointed. The farmer was made to adopt certain cleaner and more sanitary methods. This added to the farmer's costs. On the security of the milk supply for a great city, it did not make a dent. All milk brought to milk depots could not be tested. Milk from clean farms was mixed with milk from unclean farms. Dipped milk—milk taken with a dipper from a large can and poured into a customer's pail—might be milk from several places; and the pail itself might be so dirty that it would contaminate the cleanest milk a cow ever produced.

Clean milk added to the dairyman's costs. But public opinion or the law says the dairyman must maintain a higher degree of cleanliness. Some one must pay.

It was proved that bovine tuberculosis was transferable to humans. This produced new laws. Milk from a herd not tested for tuberculosis could not be sold in cities unless pasteurized. Some States decreed tubercular cows must be destroyed. That law had to be recalled. But testing for tuberculosis and destruction of tubercular cows cost money. Some one must pay.

THE degree of watchfulness required to keep the milk supply free from disease germs could not be attained in years, even at a staggering cost. The pace is too fast. From the minute milk is out of the cow—in fact in some cases even before the milk is out—things begin to happen. Germs of disease come from hand or hair of the milker, from his clothes, from the pail into which he milks, from the body of the cow, from somebody's cough, from flies, from the air, fall into the milk and are multiplied into millions. Some one discovers that this multiplication can be stopped by cold and heat. The idea comes: "Make the farmer ice the milk." A law is made. Ice and icing cost something. Somebody must pay. But how shall it be kept safe on the journey to consumer?

Here comes Pasteur. Milk contains valuable bacteria; it may contain bacteria carrying death. To save valuable and destroy deadly bacteria, to destroy deadly bacteria and not cause undesirable changes in chemical composition of milk was the aim of Pasteur's investigation. He discovered that by heating milk to one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit and holding it there for twenty minutes disease-producing bacteria were destroyed, undesirable changes were avoided in the chemical composition and some beneficial bacteria remained undestroyed. Then, if the milk is cooled below the souring-point, fifty degrees Fahrenheit, bottled and sealed to prevent introduction of new bacteria and delivered iced, it is safe. In this discovery lay the salvation of thousands of lives.

NATHAN STRAUSS, the well-known philanthropist of New York, became its enthusiastic advocate. Dubbed a crank by many good people, he fought for his faith, as a devotee will, until to-day the necessity of pasteurization of milk for large requirements is universally recognized, and Mr. Strauss has lived to see the idea he promoted only by agitation and appeal enacted into law.

The law of pasteurization was decreed by nearly every city of size. This required large pasteurization plants, large investments, men to run them; more handling; bottling-machines, men to run them; bottles and bottling; ice-machines, men to run them; ice and icing, and many other expenses of which one not in the business knows nothing.

Bottles (how little we think of bottles!) and bottling are absolute essentials to safe milk. How little we think of the cost! One morning a few years ago while walking down Riverside Drive, New York City, before the garbage gatherers had made their rounds, I was struck by the quantity of milk-bottles—broken and unbroken—laying among the ashes or the garbage in the as yet uncollected cans. At the side entrance of one apartment-house I counted forty-eight bottles thus disposed of, some broken, some not. Those bottles cost probably around seven cents each. The broken ones were gone for all time. The unbroken ones may possibly be recovered through a bottle exchange. But what a waste! One day's destruction of one apartment-house—and some one must pay. The price of milk to-day includes not only costs of safety but of carelessness, thoughtlessness, indifference.

BUT those bacteriologists! If bacteriologists had never discovered bacteria, we would never have had the fun of kicking against the price of milk but would have gone on indefinitely suffering the pain of paying the bills of the doctor, and only too often also those of the undertaker. The word pasteurization is a monument to Pasteur and a constant reminder of what bacteriologists have done for the human race.

Nothing is one hundred per cent. perfect. A choice between something all good and something all evil is never offered us. So with pasteurization. Handled commercially, where the human factor enters in, pasteurization is not one hundred per cent. perfect. Besides there are prejudices and some fair objections.

At first pasteurization was confused with boiling. In many homes enthusiasm cohabited with ignorance and brought forth the proposition: "If one hundred and ten degrees (Fahrenheit) of heat make milk safe, why not two hundred and twelve degrees, the boiling-point, and make it safer?" Commercialism grabbed pasteurization to promote business, not thoroughly realizing at first that there was in the movement all that scientists claimed for it and that its success lay in rendering real service to humanity. Some tried to improve on Pasteur—and are still trying. The flash method of pasteurization (one hundred and sixty-five degrees of heat for thirty seconds) was one of those attempts, later condemned in many places. Every departure, resulting in failure of one sort or another, was used to belittle Pasteur and pasteurization. Methods are not of particular interest. The one approved by the United States Department of Agriculture is to heat the milk to one hundred and forty-five degrees Fahrenheit, hold it there for thirty minutes, then ice and bottle.

Some doctors say that infants relying on pasteurized milk alone develop a mild form of scurvy. They prescribe orange-juice for additional food. Recently we have learned that vitamin C does not stand a heat of over one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The wise ones say that in vitamin C is the antiscorbutic power—and now doctors add potato-water or tomato-juice to orange-juice. All of these contain vitamin C. This failure in perfection seems easily remedied *if one knows enough to do it.*

And there are fair objections: Pasteurization, through the fact of the large investment required, puts the delivery business in the hands of a few large dealers. It puts small dealers out of business. The farmer, who years ago drove to the city with a few gallons of milk, can not afford a pasteurization plant. That farmer and thousands of others are in the hands of the few large dealers. The large dealers make the price for the dairyman. Such power is objectional to our democratic senses, but used wisely may be for the public good. The large dealers, if they will, can use that power to make unclean producers clean up; they can award clean milk higher prices than unclean milk; they can pay

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A DOCTOR'S ESTIMATE OF MILK

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

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Milk is an essential article of diet. It contains all the materials necessary for the support of life.

Milk, however, is one of the most difficult foods to produce and distribute with safety to the consumer. It is often a vehicle for the transmission of tuberculosis and infectious diseases, and is responsible for more sickness than almost any other food. For this reason public-health authorities enact ordinances to safeguard the various steps in the production, transportation and distribution of milk from the cow to the consumer.

To produce clean milk, the farmer must have healthy cows, cleanly milkers and sanitary utensils. The dealer on his part must deliver milk promptly, pasteurized and properly iced. The consumer also shares in the responsibility, for the milk, as soon as it is delivered, must be kept clean, cold and covered. It is a sad truth that very often the care of milk in the home is the weakest link in the chain of events from milking to drinking.

Milk is not alone our best food, but it is also our cheapest food—even at the price of the highest grades. Only the best and highest grade of bottled milk should be used for feeding babies, young children and invalids. The best is none too good.

Leading authorities claim that milk is as important a food for adults as it is for children. A quart of milk or its equivalent in other products should be the daily portion of every person in this country. This quart includes the cream contained in butter, used on cereals and in coffee, the milk contained in cheese, gravies and desserts, or taken as a beverage.

Pure, safe and clean milk will prevent much unnecessary sickness. It should be available in proper quality and quantity in every community of the United States. Consumers can not be too insistent in their demand for milk of the very best grade.

SHOULD CHILDREN GO TO THE MOVIES?

A question which every parent has thought about

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association and Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

SOONER or later the question of the movies enters into the lives of young children. The lure of the motion-picture appeals to both young and old, city folk and those living in remote villages. Careful and conscientious parents must face the facts and settle this problem for the best interest of their children.

The health of the child is of course the first consideration. His future welfare and happiness depend on his mental and physical well-being.

Movies are to older persons a source of entertainment and relaxation; but young children do not require this. What they need and must have is rest, play, exercise and recreation.

Play is one of the earliest instincts of all the higher animals. It is a normal, natural and healthy impulse. It is spontaneous and should not be curbed but rather guided and directed along right channels. Play is recreation. To get the most benefit out of play it should be in the open air. Here the little children can romp, sing or yell with freedom of motion and absence from all restraint. Children who have the movie habit and whose parents indulge them in it are deprived of such wholesome and healthful play.

A conservative estimate of the number of children attending movies was made in one of our large cities and it was found that over ninety per cent. of the school children between the ages of seven and fourteen attend the movies regularly.

Such children as a rule do not patronize the large well-built, well-ventilated theaters, but go to the neighborhood theater, often a rebuilt store with narrow, uncomfortable seats placed far too close together. There is no ventilation worthy the name, and the same air, too often contaminated with offensive odors from the persons or garments of the great unwashed, is breathed over and over again by successive audiences. Patrons attending cheap theaters are not very particular about coughing, sneezing and expectorating, and they freely distribute and disseminate various kinds of disease germs. Surely no one can claim that such air and such surroundings are conducive to health in children.

Children generally attend the movies in the afternoon, when they should be out playing in the open and breathing fresh air. The afternoon audience at many of the picture-houses is often made up chiefly of young and unchaperoned children. Sad to relate, there are mothers and fathers who take young children and even babes in arms to the movies in the evening. These are generally thoughtless parents who have no one to leave the children with and who want to go to the movies themselves so take them along. There are also weak and indulgent parents who, not being able to resist the pleas and the tears of their children, give them the money to go to the evening movies.

Added to the evils of poor ventilation, bad air and danger of contagion from crowded surroundings are the evils of late hours and loss of necessary sleep. "Early to bed" is a golden health rule for children. Going to the movies at night means a late bed hour and fewer hours of sleep. Sleep and rest are absolutely essential for the proper physical and mental development of a child. When you deprive him of them, you handicap him in his growth as much as when you reduce his food.

ANOTHER possible bad effect of movies is on the eyes of young children. The child's eyes are not fully developed. They are immature, easily fatigued and when gazing steadily on one object are very apt to become strained so that permanent injury may result.

Doctor Pollock, an eye specialist in Glasgow, made an extensive study of the effect of motion-pictures on the eyes of young school children and found frequent congestion of the optic nerve, as well as cases of squint and cross-eye and eye-strain among the children who attend the movies two or three times a week. Teachers told him that it was difficult to retain the attention of children who had spent two or three hours in a picture-house the night before.

There can be no doubt that the movies are a prolific source of eye-strain and of other permanent injurious effects upon the eyes of young children. These come from the glare, the flicker, the rapidity of motion, long displays, short intervals between pictures, poor and faulty illumination and fixed staring at one object for a long time. These not only cause eye-strain, but fatigue, headaches and lassitude as well.



"The world is mine!"

DO YOU KNOW THE STORY OF THIS "HAPPY CHILD" PAGE?

It was begun in 1922 by the best friend babies ever had—Doctor L. Emmett Holt. Mothers know this great doctor because he wrote the book on which almost all babies are brought up, "The Care and Feeding of Children." He was a very distinguished child specialist, recognized by fellow doctors as foremost in his field.

When Doctor Holt undertook the editorship of THE DELINEATOR'S Happy Child Department, it was with the understanding that it would present baby information of the highest standard ever set up in a lay magazine. Doctor Holt wrote many of the articles himself, and others he arranged to have written by experts in various branches of child hygiene.

Now Doctor Holt is dead—and the world has mourned a great loss. In his memory THE DELINEATOR dedicates this Happy Child Department and pledges itself to maintain the same high standards that Doctor Holt set up. A worthy successor will be found to assume his duties toward our readers. Meanwhile we are continuing this series of articles, all of which were prepared under Doctor Holt's direction.

"Should Children Go to the Movies?" is by a very distinguished specialist, Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, who has written for us before. He presents from a health point of view a problem that should interest all parents.

Previous articles of the Happy Child series proved so helpful that mothers asked for additional copies of them. We have been very glad to reprint them in handy booklet form and are now offering them at the small cost of ten cents each. This amount was fixed to cover the cost of printing and postage. The following are available:

"The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City.

"The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt.

"Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President American Child Hygiene Association.

"The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, former Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

"The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director, Rochester Dental Dispensary, Rochester, N. Y.

"Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)."

Motion-pictures may exert a bad effect on the immature nervous system of the child. The brain in young children is very immature, and it and the nerves should be very carefully protected. Children who night after night gaze open-mouthed at exciting episodes and thrilling escapes become peevish and irritable. They have restless nights and nightmares. They are the children who acquire blinking eyes, twitching muscles and Saint Vitus' dance. Such children do not get along well at school and have little or no powers of concentration. Their thoughts are more apt to dwell on the scenes and actors in the movies than on their lessons.

IT IS impossible to entirely separate the moral from the health phase of this problem. A prominent judge in an address on delinquency in children said, "I believe the source of much delinquency in children to be the movies. The story of the picture may be ever so moral, but the moral escapes the child. He remembers that a boy stole an apple from a fruit-stand, that a policeman chased him, that the policeman fell down, permitting the boy to escape. Then he goes ahead and imitates the little thief in the movies."

The morals and immorals of the movies may pass entirely over the heads of young children, but the thrills and fears affect them more than we realize. One has only to go to a motion-picture house some afternoon and hear the children groan and hiss the villain, applaud and stamp and yell with approbation when the hero rescues the perishing, to see how great is the impression produced. Excitement of any kind is a decided irritant to the child's brain and should be avoided.

Again, the movies create an appetite and craving for excitement which is as unnecessary as it is unnatural. It takes them away from play and the initiative of play, and, in fact, it makes them forget how to play. It produces an unhealthy mental stimulus and has a harmful effect on the emotions. It makes real life unreal and unnatural to the child.

However, if we deprive children of the movies we must substitute more and proper play. Mothers and fathers ought to play more with their children, and it is a great pity that the rush and stress of modern life prevents this helpful intercourse. Opportunity for play and recreation should be provided by every town. Local playground associations should receive hearty support.

But there is a real and rightful place for the movies. Educational movies in the schools, if not shown too often, are of real value. A large number of excellent films are available on many subjects which not alone teach but also interest the children. Every teacher knows the tremendous importance of visual instruction. It is more effective for the young than oral instruction. What goes into one ear of the child too often seems to pass directly out through the other, but what enters through the eye is more apt to remain.

Junior movies which have been carefully selected and censored could be shown with advantage on Saturday mornings in a large well-ventilated theater, provided that adults accompany the children and that the picture does not last over one hour. There is no objection to a clean and spirited comic which amuses and entertains the children. In some places the mother's club or parent-teacher association sponsors and supervises these junior movies. It is difficult to set an age limit, but ordinarily children under eight years should not be allowed to witness motion-pictures. These junior movies should be shown only during the Winter months, never in the Spring or Summer. Temptation must not be placed in the way of obeying nature's springtime call for the out-of-doors.

BRIEFLY, the movies are a poor substitute for outdoor play and recreation. They provide inaction in place of exercise. They tend to produce strain on the eyesight, to expose children to contagion, undesirable companions, poor ventilation and impure air in place of outdoor air. They encourage late hours with insufficient sleep, excite the emotions, exhaust the delicate nerves and immature brain and make children nervous and irritable. In addition they tend to increase juvenile delinquency and possible physical injury through emulation of heroes and to lessen the child's power of concentration and "teachability."



PRIZE OF FIVE DOLLARS FOR JULY COVER WON BY FRANK FOLT, AGE TWELVE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

JULY 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT CRAFE

CHILDREN'S NUMBER





WHAT TO DO ON A RAINY DAY

Other Children Tell About Their Fun



THE SHOE-BOX GAME

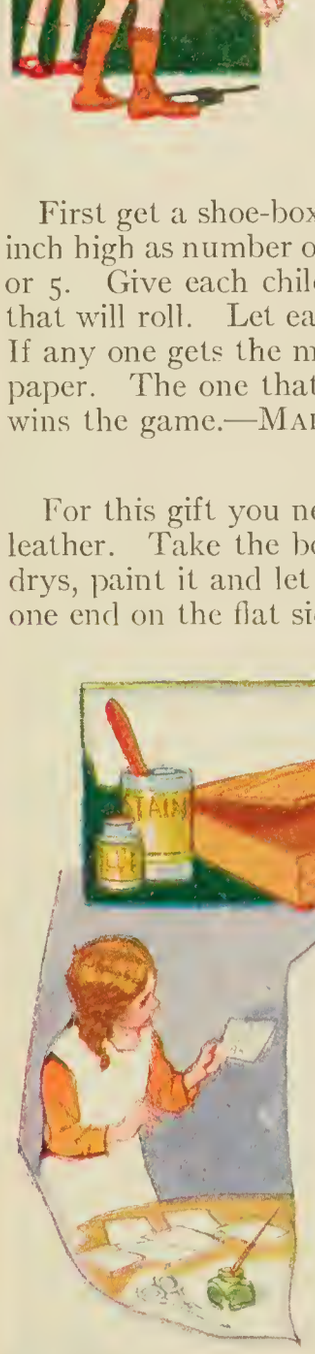
(Two-Dollar Prize)

First get a shoe-box or any kind of a box, then cut as many little doors one-inch high as number of children. Number the top of each little door 20, 15, 10 or 5. Give each child the same amount of marbles or anything like marbles that will roll. Let each child have his turn rolling the marbles into the doors. If any one gets the marble in the little door, put the number he gets down on paper. The one that gets the highest score when the numbers are added up wins the game.—MARY CLEVELAND (*age ten*), Palestine, Texas.

MY VANITY CASE

For this gift you need a small cigar-box, a small can of stain and a piece of leather. Take the box and soak the paper off, and then let it dry. After it drys, paint it and let it dry. Take one and one-half inches of leather and tack one end on the flat side that doesn't open. Then take a snap and glue it in a hole bored in the flat piece that opens. Then take the other part of the snap and glue it on the leather. This forms a very attractive case.—MERCY WHITE, Porterville, California.





SURPRISE PAPERS

On a rainy day when everything is dull and dreary and there is nothing to do, get a piece of paper, fold in the middle and then fold again, cut it into blocks and on each one write something like this: "Help Mother," "Make the Beds," "Draw," "Water-Color," "Read," etc. Then turn the slips face down and shuffle, draw one and do what it says. Sometimes you will be surprised. This will keep you busy for a long while.—ANN BENNETTE GREEN (*age eleven*), Denton, Maryland.

JUMPING THE CREEK

Two handkerchiefs or long strips of cloth may be placed on opposite sides to mark the width of the banks of the creek. The child starts at one end of the room and tries to jump over the creek. A pillow may be placed on the far side to prevent bumps. After each trial, if the child has not got wet by falling in the creek, the child may go farther up the creek as it widens near the river, and this is shown by placing the handkerchiefs or strips of cloth farther apart.—MARY ALICE HILLIS, Terre Haute, Indiana.



MY LITTLE PAGE



DEAR "LITTLE DELINEATOR" ASSISTANT EDITORS: Your editor doesn't dare to tell you how proud she is of you for fear you'll get too puffed up with pride. I've been buried under your contest letters. And they were such good ones that it has been very hard to choose the prize-winners. I hope you will all think I have been fair.

Now, Im sorry, but you can't get away without a little scolding. Some of the pictures and poems sent in the Children's Number Contest were copied. Please remember for now and always that everything you send to LITTLE DELINEATOR contests must be entirely *your own work*.

And here's my same old complaint again. Won't you try to write more neatly and distinctly? Suppose THE LITTLE DELINEATOR printed in a faint pencil scrawl with no margins, how many of you would read it? Yet you expect your letters to be read. There! That's all the scolding for this time. I hope you don't mind too much.

Your editor

HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS!

Don't you need money for something very special that you've wanted a long time? Your editor will give a prize of five dollars for the most interesting, helpful letter on "How I Use THE LITTLE DELINEATOR."

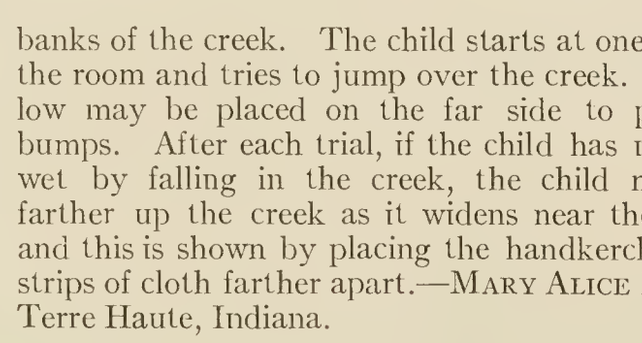
If the Tommy Tiptoe stories have helped you in nature study, or if Deli-bear has taught you lessons, or if you have used LITTLE DELINEATOR plays or ideas in school, or if you have made some of the things to make, tell about it. Explain just exactly how THE LITTLE DELINEATOR has helped you and how you have used it. Every letter will be a great help to your editor.

Letters must be here by July twentieth. Address July Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

has a big surprise for you next month. Oh, just you wait till you see it. I'll tell you this much: it's about Deli-bear, who is now —but sh-h-h! that's the secret. All of Deli-bear's friends will be very pleased, and you will all want to—but sh-h-h! that's the secret.

No, it isn't a Deli-bear book, as some of you have guessed. It's something else and much better and funnier. It's almost as good as having Deli-bear come alive. You see it's—but sh-h-h! that's the secret. Wait till next month!

HARRIET IDE EAGER.



THE RIBBON GAME

An interesting game for a rainy day is: You get some ribbons or cord all different colors about a yard and a half long. One person holds in his hands an end of all the ribbons, while the others sit in a row, each holding an end. Then the person that is holding all the ribbons starts to tell a story, when suddenly he stops and pulls at one of the ribbons in his hand. The one whose ribbon is pulled goes on with the story. Any number of people from two on up can play.—IRMA DILATUSH, Hightstown, New Jersey.



THROWING JAR-RUBBERS

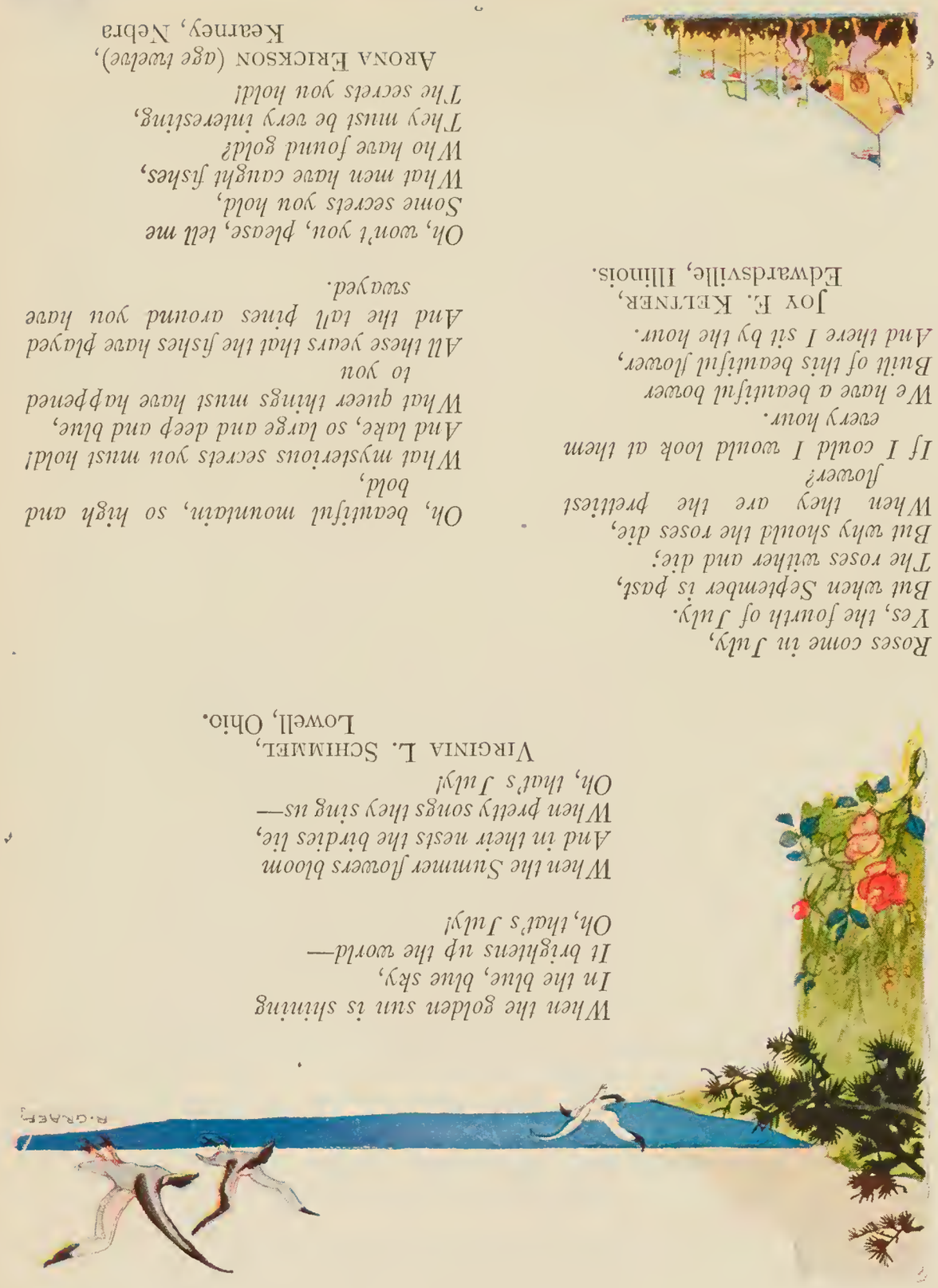
First I took a board about sixteen inches square and drove nails about five inches apart. Then I cut numbers from an old calendar, such as 1, 3, 5, 8, etc., and pasted one number about each nail. Then I leaned the board against a wall, and my friend and I stood off at a distance of ten feet and tried who could make the highest score by throwing the rubbers over the nails.—HELEN STUDEBAKER, Tacoma, Washington.

DOG HIDE AND SEEK

If you have a dog, take a small piece of meat and let him smell it. Then have some one hold him in the kitchen or any place out of sight. Take the meat and go and hide. Then call him once to let him know you are ready. When he comes bounding to you in triumph, give him the meat. This will furnish lots of fun if your dog likes to play.—OPAL HEUSTON, Cushing, Oklahoma.







JULY POEMS

So many pretty verses came in that your editor thought you would want to see more than only the prize-winners. Leonore's poem was so good that before giving it the prize your editor wrote to ask her if it was her own work. Leonore's mother answered, explaining that Leonore did it entirely alone, and that she loved poetry and had much of it read aloud to her.

PRETTY POEM
(Two-Dollar Prize)

Oh! July, how I love your velvet firs,
Swaying and laughing to themselves.
Your Summer days are sweet-smelling
Like primroses of the sunny meadows,
And the heavy hemlocks hanging low.

Oh! July, how I love your deep blue ocean
And the seagulls dropping kisses to it.
The hermit-thrushes sing the little children to sleep.
Your golden sunsets spread their thoughts above the gray mountains,
And your evening star shines on the sleepy meadows.

LEONORE DRESSER *(age ten and one-half)*,
Bath, Maine.

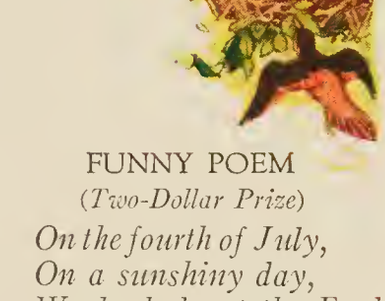
I love the happy July month
With all its pretty flowers
That grow among the woods and fields
Awaiting for the showers.
And now vacation time is here
And, oh, how glad are we!
We wander down the winding path
That leads us to the sea,
And there we have a jolly time
As happy as can be.

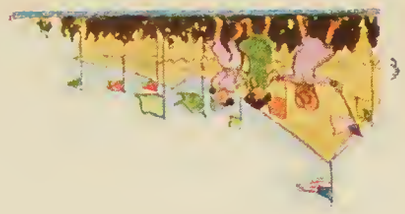
MARJORIE PROUD *(age ten)*,
Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada.

FUNNY POEM
(Two-Dollar Prize)

On the fourth of July,
On a sunshiny day,
We backed out the Ford
To town to stray.
We ate hot dogs
And drank pink lemonade,
And danced all night
With the crowd so gay.
We cranked the Ford
At break of day
And went right home
And "hit the hay."

DOROTHY H. PEASE
(age ten),
Elkland, Pennsylvania.





Yes, the fourth of July.
But when September is past,
The roses wither and die;
But why should the roses die,
When they are the prettiest
flower?
If I could I would look at them
every hour.
We have a beautiful bower
Built of this beautiful flower,
And there I sit by the hour.

JOY E. KELTNER,
Edwardsville, Illinois.

When the golden sun is shining
In the blue, blue sky,
It brightens up the world—
Oh, that's July!

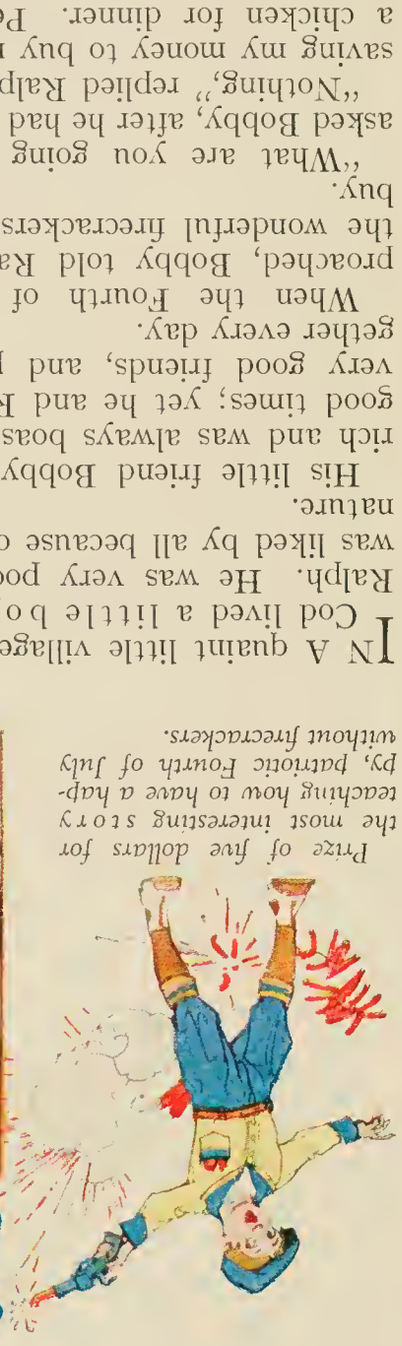
When the Summer flowers bloom
And in their nests the birdies lie,
When pretty songs they sing us—
Oh, that's July!

VIRGINIA L. SCHIMMEL,
Lowell, Ohio.

Roses come in July,
Oh, beautiful mountain, so high and bold,
What mysterious secrets you must hold!
And lake, so large and deep and blue,
What queer things must have happened to you
All these years that the fishes have played
And the tall pines around you have swayed.

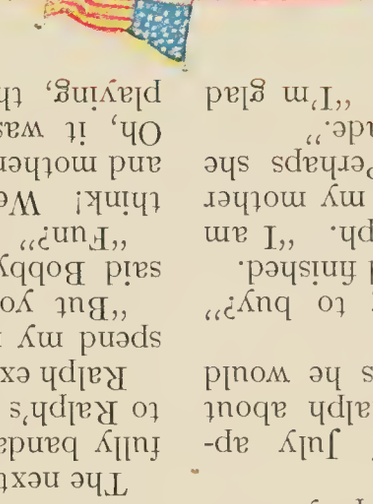
Oh, won't you, please, tell me
Some secrets you hold,
What men have caught fishes,
Who have found gold?
They must be very interesting,
The secrets you hold!

ARONA ERICKSON *(age twelve)*,
Kearney, Nebra



The Best Kind of a Fourth

By BARBARA V. HODSON
Gloucester, Massachusetts



IN A quaint little village on Cape Cod lived a little boy named Ralph. He was very poor, but he was liked by all because of his good nature.

His little friend Bobby was very rich and was always boasting of his good times; yet he and Ralph were very good friends, and played together every day.

When the Fourth of July approached, Bobby told Ralph about the wonderful firecrackers he would buy.

"What are you going to buy?" asked Bobby, after he had finished.

"Nothing," replied Ralph. "I am saving my money to buy my mother a chicken for dinner. Perhaps she will take us to see the parade."

"Pshaw!" said Bobby. "I'm glad I'm not poor."

At last the glorious Fourth arrived. Early in the morning Bobby was up and dressed and firecracker exploded.

When he woke up, he was lying in bed, with mother bathing his forehead. His eyes burned, and his face and hands felt very sore.

The next morning, after being carefully bandaged, he went slowly over to Ralph's house.

Ralph exclaimed, "I'm glad I didn't spend my money for firecrackers!"

"But you didn't have any fun," said Bobby.

"Fun?" replied Ralph. "Just think! We had chicken for dinner, and mother took us to see the parade. Oh, it was wonderful! The bands playing, the soldiers marching and the American flag waving over all!"

"I guess you're right," said Bobby. "It pays to be careful, too."



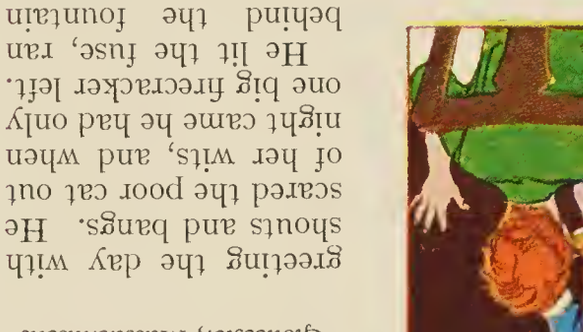
Prize of five dollars for the most interesting story teaching how to have a happy, patriotic Fourth of July without firecrackers.

greeting the day with shouts and bangs. He scared the poor cat out of her wits, and when night came he had only one big firecracker left.

He lit the fuse, ran behind the fountain and covered his ears, but nothing happened. Then he cautiously approached it. Nothing happened. Growing bolder, he started to pick it up, when suddenly the

LAZY DELI-BEAR OVERSLEEPS

The winner of the prize of two dollars for the best Deli-bear idea.
Sent by Mildred E. Polite, age fourteen, Prescott, Ontario, Canada



"Gr-r-r! Aw-yah!" yawns Deli-bear, "I'll sleep ten minutes more."
But twenty minutes pass and still he snores his Deli-snore.



Quick! Up he jumps, throws on his clothes in half a Deli-shake,
And gobbles breakfast down so fast he'll get a tummy-ache.



Then off for school—but here's a friend who calls him on the way:
"Duck on the rock! Just once. Come on!" So Deli stops to play.



But one game leads to two, and somehow Deli doesn't care.
That's what a lazy start will do for any boy or bear.



But what's this ringing far away? *"Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!"*
The school-bell's calling nine o'clock. That road looks very long.



He's late, he's late! The teacher frowns, the Deli-children grin.
So while the others romp and run, poor Del will be kept in.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT IT?

By MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

"CAN I afford it?" is a burning question with most home-makers. It is a good question, but it needs to be matched with another: "Can I afford to do without it?"

To weigh values in this thoughtful manner is one of the home-maker's most important responsibilities. Now, as never before, she needs to know values if she is to be successful at her job—that of creating health and happiness. Her approach to the problem of "milk enough" is an illustration of this. It seems simple, but it is complex.

The modern commandment "If you wish to do the best that is possible in feeding your family, give to each boy a quart of milk a day until he is twenty-one; give to each girl a quart of milk a day until she has weaned her last baby; give to all the others at least a pint of milk a day" leaves the housewife's spirit troubled. She is apt to wail, "But my milk bills are already huge and we are not using nearly that much!" Or else she urges the time-old argument that the members of her family won't like it and won't use it.

To buy more milk may mean sacrificing the family's taste for something they prefer. How can the mother do it? Are we sure it is worth it? Our sympathies are with her, for if she has not earlier solved her problem of cultivating family tastes it will now be a job to make her family like something they haven't liked previously. But in this case we know it is worth the supreme effort.

There is certainly no doubt that in this land with "milk and honey blest" we owe ourselves and our families every possible chance to build up good health. We stand ready to assure every mother that to use milk in the abundance of the modern commandment will help to carry her and hers a long distance on the road to good health; and therefore we urge her to make her plans to obey the commandment. We believe that the problem of a sturdy, healthy, enduring race is in the hands of the home-makers. The very first step in solving it is to attack the family milk supply. Each home-maker should ask herself: "Is it adequate? Can I improve it?"

To be sure, in this rich and great country there are some families where the income, even when wisely used, will not prove large enough to buy the protection afforded by an abundance of milk. There are many more families, however, who are not buying health protection in milk who could well afford to do so if they would but open their eyes to the relationship it bears to the money they are spending in trying to restore health that has been lost or resistance which has been lowered. A cleared vision could not fail to show that money spent wisely on food is a constructive use of money.

IT HAS always been our contention that it is easier to earn money than to spend it wisely. If the food allowance for the day or month is to buy health for the family, the average home-maker has on her hands a task worthy of her intelligent study. There are measuring devices which will guide her in her first efforts at doing this. Here is one for trial: Although a quart of milk a day for the child and a pint a day for the adult is the best kind of health insurance, half of this is better than none, and a pint a day for the child and a cup a day for the adult will at least be second best. If this smaller allowance of milk costs less than one-fifth the amount of money spent for daily food, the home-maker then may feel sure that more milk can be afforded.

In another article in this magazine, "How Much Should I Spend for Food?" by Flora M. Thurston, a nutrition expert at Cornell University, the reader will find a simple scale showing what fractional parts of the family food budget should be spent for milk, vegetables and other articles of diet. The home-maker will do well to acquaint herself with this scale and to follow it conscientiously.

A good rule which comes as a result of the work of some of our best scientists is that no butter should be bought for the family meals until each child has been assured its quart of milk a day and each adult a pint of milk a day. That brings some of us up standing. In many "can't-afford-more-milk" households butter is bought in abundance and without question. In a family of five persons with three children this rule would mean no butter until three to three and a half quarts of milk had first been bought.



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Home-makers near and far have heard of Martha Van Rensselaer. So distinguished and so helpful has been her work in household science that not long ago she was voted one of the twelve greatest women in America. She is THE DELINEATOR'S editor of home-making; and all the cooking and housekeeping articles published in these pages are edited and approved by her. She invites all DELINEATOR readers to ask her any question they wish—about any phase of home-making. She will be very glad to give them the best judgment of her years of knowledge and experience.—MARIE M. MELONEY.

Of course it will mean readjustments to do this. The whole daily program of meals both as regards planning and preparation may need to be changed to get the milk to the family table in a form that will compensate in some way for the absence of some other much-loved and now-to-be-lost food. In this connection let it be said that the popular belief that milk is milk only when it is drunk from a glass is wrong. To settle this evil spirit of an idea let us say that milk is still milk when it appears as creamed chicken, custard pie, oyster stew or corn-starch pudding. It is as much milk when it is made into bread as when it is eaten with bread in a bowl.

ALL of this is, after all, but a question of point of view. To be sure, it is about milk, but it might as well be about one of a dozen other things which affect the health and happiness of the family. Three things need to be made clear. First, the home-maker now as never before needs to know the facts of the case. Second, she needs to have skill in applying these facts to the problem of bringing up her family. Third, she must foster in herself, if she has it not already, the point of view that she is the one mainly responsible for the health of the family and that it is her individual responsibility to cultivate in the family right points of view toward health problems.

HOME-MAKING FEATURES IN THIS DELINEATOR

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HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

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Many home-makers who, having seen the light, set about making an eleventh-hour change in family practises will probably be met with ridicule. We can hear the father of the household announce that "Mother is getting to be one of those impossible faddists." Being a home-maker bent on reform certainly has its dark side.

Educators are beginning to recognize the immense nutritional values of milk. One of the most significant things that has happened recently is the taking over of one more function of the home. In a number of our cities and towns the schools are putting on a milk program and milk is served to the children in the middle of the morning or at noon. In this way many children who receive little or no milk at home are insured against the damage of a milkless diet.

Two demonstration stations for the feeding of entire schools were established on the basis of a two-year program in two public schools in New York City. Half-pint bottles of the best quality milk were sent to the schools every morning by the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association in sufficient quantities so that every child might have at least one bottle. Many children took two bottles daily. The children paid three cents a bottle for the milk in these two schools. This low price was made possible through the interest of the Dairymen's Cooperative League Association in the demonstration.

On Monday morning the children brought their money for milk for a week, although a child could have extra milk at any time. In one school a fund maintained by means of gifts and school entertainments was used to furnish milk for the children who were too poor to buy it.

The children were weighed and measured every month and the change in appearance, the silkiness of the hair, the color and texture of the skin, the "pep" put into play and work and the low sick-rate in the school during the Winter were marked by the principal, the teachers and the school nurse.

The commissioner of the department of health remarked that it was the most interesting change he had seen in any group of children in years and that the demonstration was so successful that in his mind the work should be pushed rapidly forward in other schools.

BENEFICIAL as this is to some of these children, it comes often four or five years or more too late to do the greatest good to them. The child's greatest growth is made in the months before it is born and in the pre-school years. It is therefore impossible for the school to accomplish for the child what a home in the hands of an intelligent and active mother can do. We have come to recognize the fact that the mother must have help in educating her child after it is four, five or six years old. We seem to be saying that she needs help in feeding it, too. How about the child before it goes to school? Is the mother entirely ready to meet the problem of educating and feeding it, or must better plans be devised all along the line? This, too, seems to be coming, for in the two big extension movements, the home bureau on the one hand and the Sheppard-Towner on the other, definite progress is being made in many States to help mothers who are expecting babies and mothers who already have babies and little children.

A corner-stone in this service is the work now being done everywhere to show the value of milk in constructing the human machine and in making it run normally. Many lessons are taught around this simple theme: the lesson of food as a creative force; the lesson of the mother as a master builder of new, human machines.

In our eagerness to plead the cause of milk we must not be guilty of leaving the impression that the home-maker who buys the right amount of milk for the family can fold her hands and say, "That's that, and the family's health is insured for keeps." There still remain several other things for her to do not only on the food side, but also in connection with sleep, fresh air, exercise, correcting physical disabilities, regulating work and play and so on. The business of being a home-maker can not be scorned on the ground that there is not much to it.

NOTE—For home-makers who are interested in increasing the use of milk in the family dietary, we have twelve recipes for milk dishes which we will gladly send on request.

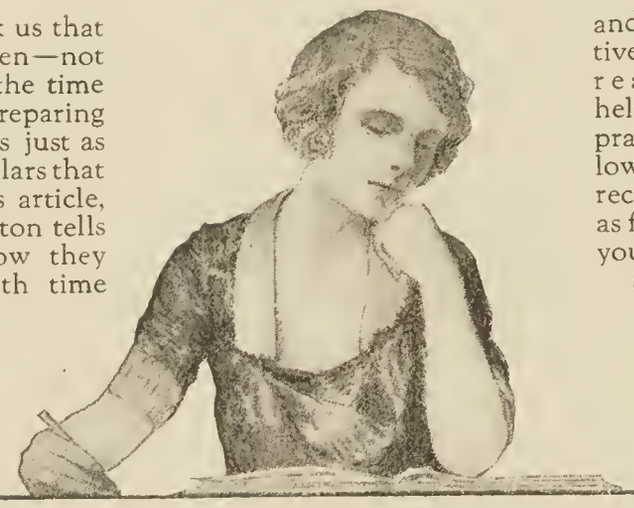
Martha Van Rensselaer

"HOW MUCH SHOULD I SPEND FOR FOOD?"

By Flora M. Thurston

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Expert in the Extension Service at Cornell University

Housewives ask us that question so often—not realizing that the time they put into preparing their food costs just as much as the dollars that buy it. In this article, Flora M. Thurston tells housewives how they can spend both time and money most effectively. And by way of real and immediate help, she offers a set of practical, easy-to-follow menus that are correct dietetically as well as financially. They are yours in return for a stamped envelope



IT WOULD be hard to find a class of persons who have become as skilful in the fine points of economy as have those home-makers who know their jobs. Even without special training for her vocation, many a home-maker has made ends meet with almost superhuman effectiveness. How much more might she do with a background of definite knowledge!

No item of the family budget is more insistent in its demands than the one for food. Families that do not produce food and are obliged to buy all of it at the market or corner grocery pay on an average one-fourth to one-half of their incomes for food. The lower the income the larger is the place this item assumes in the family budget.

The real cost of food for a family can not be determined by the amount of money paid for raw material. The finished product as it appears on the family table is worth far more than it is when it comes from the garden or grocery, because some one has added to it the skill of preparation. If this value is contributed by the mother of the family, it is labor of high grade that is used, for the time of a home-maker is worth to her family what it would cost to replace her.

Since it is as difficult for a busy home-maker to live on twenty-four hours a day as on a limited income, it is important that she spend her time with as much discrimination as she does her money. Any preparation of food that can be done outside the home without detracting from its value as a food that the family can afford may be so much capital in terms of "mother time" added to the social wealth of the family.

Time used in the careful selection and skilful preparation of food is well spent, but effort expended in making complex or fancy dishes is seldom justified.

IT IS poor economy, on the other hand, to pay less for food both in time and money than is necessary for an adequate diet. The first expenditure should be made for the necessary foods; then, if there is a surplus, wider variety and food luxuries may be included. The kinds and amounts of food should be selected as nearly as possible according to the standards of the score-card. The following rules, which are taken from "What to Spend for Food," by Flora Rose, Cornell Reading Course for the Farm Home, may be used as a guide:

1. Buy, if possible, one pint of milk for each adult and one quart for each child.

2. Spend about as much money each day for fruits and vegetables as is spent for milk.

3. Buy at least two or three ounces of fat in some form for each grown person each day. If a quart of whole milk is not bought for children, use some fat—butter if possible.

4. Buy only one and one-half to two and one-half ounces of sugar or other sweeteners each day for each member of the family if money is scarce.

5. For bread, breakfast foods and other cereals, allow one-fifth to two-fifths of the amount spent for milk, fats, sugars, vegetables and fruits.

6. Allow not more than one-fifth of the average food allowance of a moderate income for meat, eggs, fish and poultry.

The allowance for food may be divided as follows: one-fifth for milk; one-fifth for vegetables and fruits; one-fifth for cereals; one-fifth for meat, fish, poultry and eggs; one-fifth for fats, sweets and miscellaneous articles.

Since food value is something that only the scientist can determine with accuracy, home-makers have little opportunity to know what foods yield the largest returns for the least money. The cost of food is no more a criterion of its power to nourish the body than the high price of a coat is proof of its protecting qualities. Some of the most expensive foods are among the poorest in food value, and at the same time the cheapest foods are often among the most important.

Foods from distant soil add to the variety and enjoyment of our daily meals, and many times to their real worth, but they do not always contribute in proportion to their cost.

Cereals that are treated in various ways, cooked and boxed, are more costly than uncooked cereals bought in bulk, because of the additional labor involved, and sometimes they are of no greater dietary value, but they save time, effort and fuel in preparation, and especially in hot weather are more attractive to a passive appetite.

ONE of the reasons for the increase in the price of milk is the cost of labor required to produce it. Since milk is among the most essential foods, and since it is especially susceptible to contamination, the additional labor required to bring to our doors milk that is clean and wholesome is well worth the cost.

Also the labor of producing canned goods is worth paying for if a housewife can not afford to do her own preserving—and granted, of course, that the quality and quantity of the material is in proportion to the price.

Too often home-makers deceive themselves by thinking that even though a certain food requires far more effort to prepare than another it is necessarily cheaper because the price is less. Hickory-nuts even given away would be far more costly than an equal amount of shelled peanuts at fifty cents a pound, because the labor of preparing the hickory-nuts would far exceed the price of the purchased peanuts. The same is true of small potatoes and wormy apples.

The greatest discrepancy between cost and real value is usually found in foods that are purchased out of season. When perishable foods come a long distance to the market, the cost both of transportation and of loss due to spoilage is charged against the product. The result is a price so far out of proportion to the nutritional value of the food that only the wealthy can afford to pay it.

When a man goes to market, he is likely to buy in large quantities, because he wants to take advantage of the saving involved. His careful wife hesitates to purchase large amounts because she is loath to tie up her money in a few things. If such a large amount is bought that some of it spoils or deteriorates before it is used, the money one hoped to save may not be saved after all. On the other hand, if staple foods that could easily be stored for some time are bought in small quantities, a legitimate saving is lost.

Considerable observation is necessary to determine when it is wise to buy the best quality of food and when the next best. In buying the finest cuts of meat, one will probably pay a large percentage of the cost for flavor and tenderness alone, while if one bought the cheapest cuts she would run the risk of paying too much for the bone. Unless one purchases meat for the fat in it, the most economical cut of any grade is the one that gives the largest proportion of lean or lean with a moderate amount of fat to the total weight of the cut.

Small potatoes and apples or somewhat defective grades may cost less than those that are medium or large and perfect; but when one counts the time and labor involved in preparing them for the table one may find that they belong to the class of luxuries.

Medium-priced canned foods are often less expensive than the cheaper varieties because they are more likely to contain more of the actual product and less of the juice. Fancy packed fruits, vegetables, cakes and other foods are most attractive in their containers; but no home-maker who is concerned with purchasing food that will nourish her family most economically can afford to yield to the temptation to buy looks instead of food.

THE most fundamental basis on which the cost of food may be determined is its nutritive value. Such comparisons should not be made on a basis of calories alone, because one is concerned with the protein, mineral and vitamin as well as with the fuel value of foods.

Prices change from time to time and vary somewhat in different localities, so that a discussion of actual costs can not be accurate for a long period of time or for every locality. However, the different classes of foods hold about the same relationship to one another in regard to cost, even with varying prices.

Cereals, milk, sugars and certain fats, potatoes and so-called common vegetables, such as onions and cabbage, are usually among our cheapest foods when their food value is considered; while tender cuts of meat, shellfish and choice fruits and vegetables are among the most expensive.

One of the most important needs of the body is energy. If too little is supplied, the body grows thin and lacks vigor and ability to keep itself warm and active. If too much fuel is supplied, the body is likely to store it as fat and overburden the body with an unnecessary surplus. Fuel is not expensive if secured from the following foods: the flours, meals, fats and potatoes when they are plentiful will supply one hundred calories for less than one-half cent; products manufactured from cereals (such as bread, crackers, uncooked breakfast cereals), sugar, beans (dry) and molasses, vegetable fats, peanuts and peanut-butter (bulk) will cost slightly more for one hundred calories, but can probably be purchased in most localities for about one cent for this amount; ready-prepared breakfast cereals, macaroni, butter, cheese, chocolate and bacon, for energy, cost from one to two cents per one hundred calories; dried fruits, nuts, cocoa and cream (forty per cent.) cost from two to three cents for the same amount; and eggs, canned fruits and fresh and canned vegetables cost over three cents, usually five cents or more, for one hundred calories.

The value of this list is merely that it shows the relative costs of foods as sources of heat and energy. Since all of these foods except pure fat and sugar contribute other values to the diet, it is well to consider them also from other points of view.

The home-maker who is following the score-card printed on this page in the April, May and June DELINEATORS as a guide to selection of food will be concerned with the problem of selecting the cheapest as well as the best foods in each group.

Since milk is an essential food for the best development of growing children and an abundant source of food materials needed by adults, one would consider milk a necessary purchase, even at a high price. However, if one were at all skeptical of the importance and the cheapness of milk and its products in the diets of both young and old, he would need only to compare milk with other common foods in the amount of lime it furnishes at very low cost. To secure the lime needed for a day from such sources as the leafy vegetables or eggs, which are rich in lime, one would need to pay from two to eight times the cost of milk.

As a source of animal protein, milk and its products are at least as cheap as and in many cases cheaper than other foods. Cereal proteins are cheaper, but for satisfactory nutrition they should be supplemented by generous amounts of protein from animal sources. Milk also stands well as a cheap source of phosphorus and vitamins A and B.

OF THE vegetables, the inexpensive leaves give the most food value for the least money. Where cabbage, turnip tops, spinach, chard or other leaves are plentiful they should be used as a large part of the family's vegetable diet. Cabbage is particularly valuable because it is popular in a raw state, and in that form it is most nutritious. Along with the cheap leaves, potatoes are a very inexpensive source of vegetable food. When they are cooked in ways that destroy or impair their value, however, they become more expensive because they do not yield their utmost to the family's welfare.

In the North, for instance, the best of all the fruits produced is the tomato, and yet few tomatoes are preserved or eaten fresh in proportion to other fruits. Where the citrus fruits are grown they lead the list of the most desirable fruits.

The dried fruits are as cheap as eggs or meat as sources of iron.

In addition to what has been said about cereals from the standpoint of the iron, phosphorus and vitamin B content, whole cereals are far cheaper than refined products. However, all cereal products can not be made successfully with unrefined flour, and therefore a home-maker will need to decide how much of the cereal foods of the family she will select from each kind.

In selecting the foods that are used primarily for their protein value, the home-maker needs to keep in mind the different food values contributed by each. Milk and meat are about equally cheap as sources of protein. Cheese is cheaper than meat in this respect. Meat, on the other hand, has higher flavor and a greater iron content. Eggs, which are also rich in iron, are frequently the most expensive of this group. Each has its place in the diet, and if the score-card is followed the result will be a maximum of nutritive value for the least expenditure of money.

HERE IS A GUIDE FOR THE WISE SPENDING OF YOUR FOOD ALLOWANCE

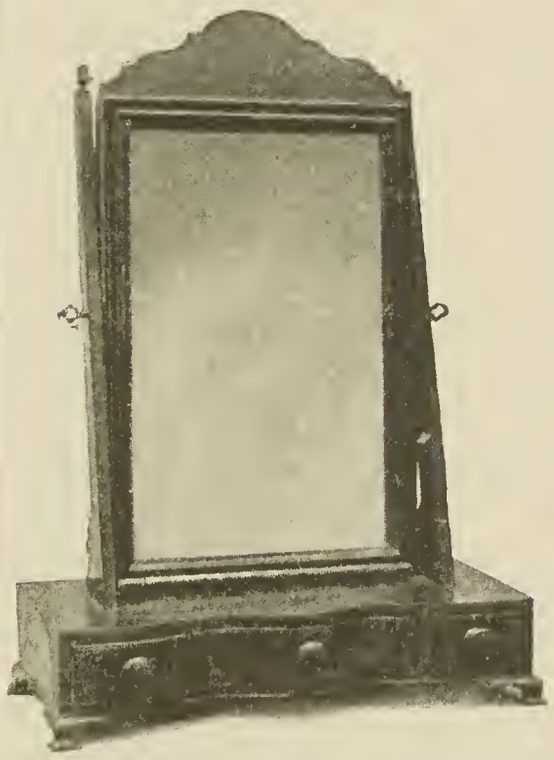
Divide your budget into fifths and spend

One-fifth for whole milk
One-fifth for vegetables and fruit
One-fifth or more for breads and cereals
One-fifth or less for meat, fish and poultry
One-fifth or less for fats, sweets and miscellaneous food

The one-fifth that you spend for milk should provide a quart of milk a day for each child and a pint of milk a day for each adult. That is a generous allowance which builds for future health protection as well as for present safety

OUR INHERITANCE OF AMERICAN FURNITURE

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Editor, Department of House Decoration



A type of dressing-stand mirror that was much used during the eighteenth century

NOTE—*Colonial furniture—so called—is enjoying a tremendous vogue. Antique-shops are selling old pieces; modern furniture-houses are copying them. But copies vary—some are good and some are bad. It is to help our readers know and select good reproductions that Mrs. Sanders has written this timely article. If you own any old cherished pieces about which you would like to ask questions, or if you have an inquiry to make about furniture of any kind, write to Mrs. Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration. Her expert advice will cost you nothing but a stamped return envelope.*

TO HAVE an American house, furnished in the American manner with furniture of American design and manufacture—that is the ambition of many a good American housewife. And when it is achieved she has a home of great simplicity and charm, of comfort and of good taste.

Perhaps the most distinctive type of American furniture is that which came to us originally from the workshop of Duncan Phyfe, a New York City cabinetmaker. Although a Scotchman by birth, Phyfe may rightly be called America's foremost furniture designer and maker.

To be sure, Duncan Phyfe's creations were by no means entirely original. In the beginning they showed very decidedly the influences of Heppelwhite and Sheraton. Later, toward the year 1802, the French Empire influence, which had been rapidly increasing in popularity, gave him certain other elements of design which he combined successfully with his English forms. In the end Duncan Phyfe furniture became a simplified French Empire style, ornamented in a restrained manner with gilt-bronze feet and drawer-handles.

Phyfe's principal articles of manufacture were tables, sofas and chairs, with the addition of a few sideboards, dressing-tables and sewing-tables. It is in the design of his tables that Phyfe gave most to the American home. Without exception they may be classed among the most graceful and beautiful ever made. The living-room tables are usually oblong and have either narrow drop-leaves at the sides and small drawers at the ends or two small drawers on one side and drop-leaves at the ends. These oblong tables are often supported by a form derived from the lyre ornament.

The smaller tables, some of which are square and some oval, are usually supported on center pedestals which have below them four outward-curved legs and above them a support in the form of a carved lyre, a solid urn or a group of two or four carved columns. When four long outward-curved legs are used, they are usually fluted. Very often, however, they are carved with acanthus leaves and finished with dog or claw feet of brass. Large drop-leaf dining-tables were also made by Phyfe.

Next to his tables Phyfe put his greatest art in his sofas and chairs. The sofas may be identified by their wooden back-rails and frames, which sometimes are carved, but more often plain. The body of the sofa and the high flaring arms are upholstered, and frequently, where the material meets the frame, a row of brass-headed nails finishes the joining. The legs of the sofas are definitely characteristic, showing either a lion's leg or an eagle's wing and claw.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
FOUNDED BY
THE DELINEATOR
1921
INCORPORATED AS A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION 1923
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
1653 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.



Typical of Pennsylvania Colonial furniture is this William Penn armchair

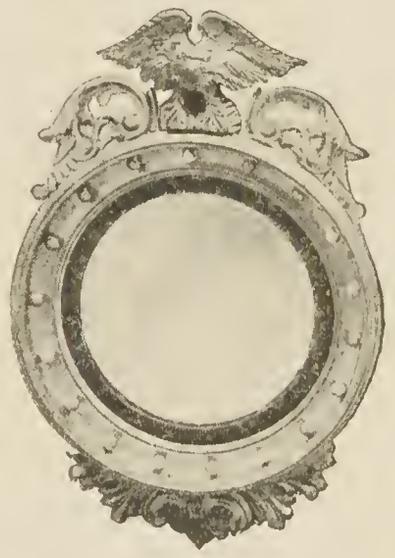
Phyfe chairs may be recognized by the top rail of the back, which is usually curved to fit the sitter, and also by the center supports, which are in the form of a lyre, of X-shaped fluted bars, or of oval or round wood medallions.

Among other pieces of Empire furniture which can not be credited entirely to Duncan Phyfe, but which none the less have been copied by our modern cabinetmakers, are certain types of sideboards, long painted wooden settees and a variety of mirrors. These sideboards have pillars and pilasters running from top to bottom along the framework between the drawers and always finishing in a carving of pineapple, acanthus or floral motif. The pillars themselves may be either carved or perfectly smooth and round.

OTHER AMERICAN FURNITURE

BESIDES these Duncan Phyfe types of American furniture there are other varieties commonly called Colonial or Early American. The term Colonial as applied to furniture is really without meaning. The pieces designated by this title are in most cases genuine designs of Chippendale, Adam or Sheraton. True, they might have been used during the Colonial period (which is generally accepted as the eighteenth century), having been brought across the Atlantic by the early settlers; but in the crossing they lost none of their English characteristics. Nor did those first pieces which were made on this side of the Atlantic differ much from the English style and design prevailing at the time.

It is true, however, that later on some of the more elaborate motifs and carvings were omitted, so that gradually a large portion of our Early American pieces came to be simplified Chippendale, Sheraton or whatever other type they copied.



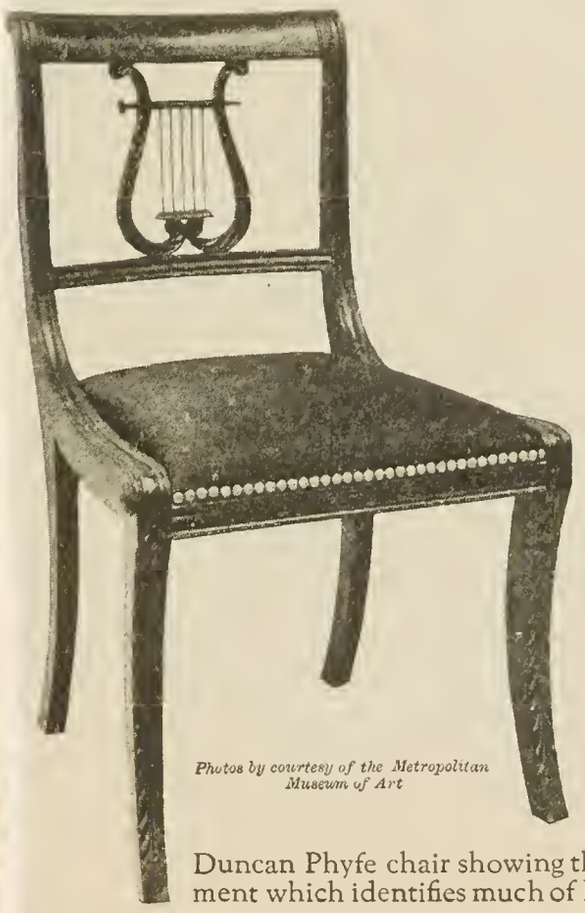
Early American Girandole mirror in a gilded frame

For the convenience and interest of the present-day purchaser, I shall distinguish three general groups of Early American furniture, classified according to style and locality. The first is the New England group; the second that which comes from New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; and the third from Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas.

From old New England comes the great bulk and wealth of inspiration. Because of the thrifty character of the New England people, much of the old furniture brought from England has been carefully perserved to this day. We still have Jacobean stools, dressers and chests. William and Mary and Queen Anne pieces are conspicuously evident in many of our well-preserved old houses. And the Chippendale, Adam, Heppelwhite and Sheraton models are so abundant in both originals and copies that they have confused the average American to the point of calling them all "Colonial."

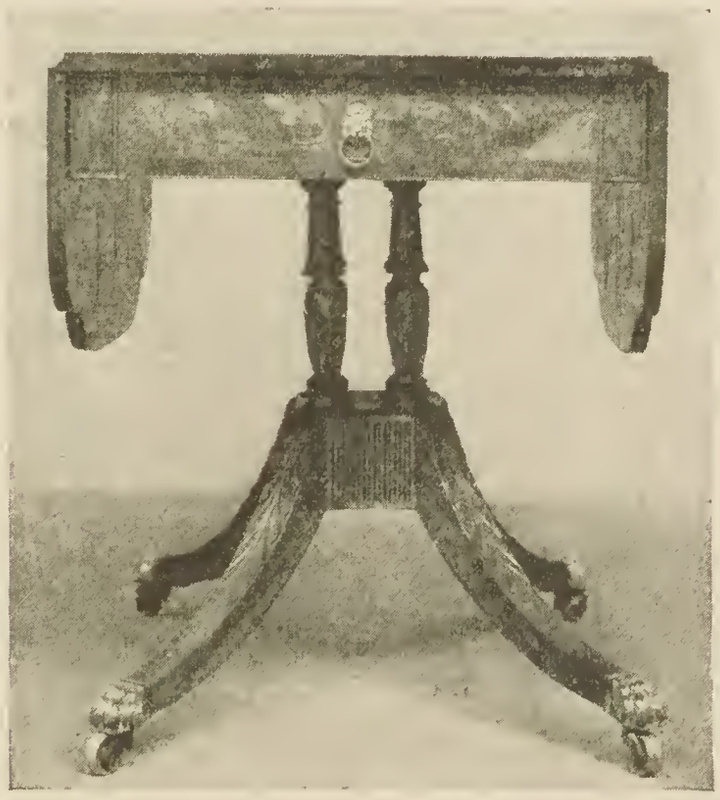
In New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania we find other old furniture of English and also of Dutch origin. There are rush-bottom, slat-back and bannister-back chairs, low-boys, high-boys and chests, which originally came from Holland or were copied from Holland importations.

From the South come some of our finest Georgian pieces. In this section of the country there was also originally a great wealth of Sheraton, Chippendale and especially French Empire furniture. Though little of this has been preserved, its inspiration has lived, and to-day many of our modern French Empire pieces are copied from lovely old ones still standing in our Southern mansions.



Photos by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Duncan Phyfe chair showing the lyre ornament which identifies much of his furniture



A pedestal drop-leaf table with brass claw feet —a decoration often used by Duncan Phyfe



Windsor armchairs, originally from Holland, were copied in New York as early as 1768



FLYING JIBS

By Celia Caroline Cole

Flying jibs! Can you guess what they are? Here's hoping you haven't got them! But those other things that Celia Caroline Cole calls "Pennants of individuality"—here's hoping you have just lots of them, and entrancing ones, too. Better write for the things Mrs. Cole wants to send you. They're yours for only a two-cent stamp. And while you're writing, why not ask her that beauty question you've had in mind for so long? She's an expert, you know!

ONCE not long ago I went to see the perfectly new baby of a great beauty. On my way there I asked a friend, "Does he look like his mother—you know: all sunlight and lavender mists and Spring from a hilltop?"

"He has flying jibs," came the answer.

Before my startled mind leaped a ship instead of a baby, one of those beautiful old four-masted schooners on a night-blue sea with angry, white froth, and high up on top of a foremast something flying out and showing its teeth in a savage grin of mutiny. You see, I didn't just exactly know what flying jibs were, except perhaps something flying and a ship gone on the loose. What on earth did that baby have?

"Why, ears! Ears that stand out almost straight from the side of his head. Flying jibs. But he's a boy, so it doesn't matter so frightfully."

Well, I'm a feminist, too, and if uncomfortable things have to happen to people. I usually prefer them to happen to men. But not flying jibs. Because rushing to the rescue of that flying-jib face can come the long, soft, "drapy" hair of women, while men have not so much as one puff allowed them!

I'D NEVER met flying jibs before, face to face, but I'm told that there are lots of them in the world. And that there needn't be any.

If it's a baby, take him instantly to a surgeon, the finest you can find. He can tell you with one look whether you should bind them with a soft bandage until those too ambitious little muscles are weakened and the ears can lie down and behave.

Almost always, in the case of a baby, the ears can be bound into shape. Of course, that's not so awfully jolly for the baby; but what's a bandage more or less to one who, having played hide and seek among the stars, arrives in this land of rattles and safety-pins and shameful swaddling-clothes!

And there's his whole future self-consciousness at stake. To go through life always conscious of something in his personal appearance that people want to laugh at, or pity, or give thanks that they don't own—that's a burden no parent should ever bind on the sensitive soul of a human being.

A surgeon or a trained nurse can show you how to bind back the ears in the most comfortable way.

If you're a grown-up and have flying jibs, of course binding won't help. A surgeon is the only thing for you, and the best there is, so as not to harm the formation of the ear.

In the case of a woman, flying jibs is not such a serious matter in these days when ears are so private and modest that the public gaze must not rest upon them. Dress the hair so that neither from the front nor from the back can the flying jibs be suspected—loose, soft draping. No bobbed heads, of course.

And then make those flying jibs the keynote of your personal appearance. They give one, even when covered—because the hair must stand out on either side—a look of action, of independence, of curiosity as to what's going on in this dizzy world. Never try to be the mysterious type if you have flying jibs somewhere under your hair, nor coy, nor Grecian, nor "queenly," nor anything but an alert, up-and-coming traveler-on-his-way—direct, buoyant, open and free. That's what a flying jib leads you into!

Ears have a distinct message to the physiognomist. Your character, your tendencies are revealed by the shape and color and size of your ears. And the beauty specialist is always concerned with ears, patting heavy cream into the skin where the ear meets the jaw because there and around the eyes come the first fine lines of age.

People with very long ear-lobes should never wear earrings. (Personally, I think almost nobody should ever wear earrings who doesn't want to look older and more sophisticated than she is.) Earrings add chic and brilliance to the woman-of-the-world type, heighten the lure of the Oriental type, deepen the hiddenness of the mysterious woman, accent the charm of the quaint one; but we have yet to see the woman to whom they do not add a few years. If you're the child type, with wide eyes and bobbed hair, and with that magic quality that can wipe out lines by a flash of joy and suddenly look twenty when you're forty, or if you're the boy type, never wear earrings no matter what the occasion is. It's suicide. And, of course, never, never wear earrings on too prominent ears.

And whatever you are, don't have your ears pierced. The modern earrings just clutch and hang on.

Always rouge the lobe of the ear if you rouge your cheeks. Just a little rosy tip-end. And even if you don't rouge your cheeks but have waxy-looking ears, rouge your ears. It adds to that look of radiant health, being "in the pink!"

THERE'S you. Your mind, your soul, your body, your face. And all the other things about you are sort of accessories: your ears, your hands, your voice, your feet, your hair, your teeth. And just as your shoes and hankie and gloves and purse and perfume betray whether or not you're really soignée, dainty and fastidious and delightful to live with, just so all these flesh accessories give inside information—little flying pennants which he who runs may read.

For instance, to be harmonious a flying-jibs person should have buoyant, shimmery hair—never sleek and satiny. And, by the way, there's a little book on hair, only recently published, that one can have for the asking, and it tells, simply and entertainingly, all there is to know about hair: how to diagnose the scalp, how to brush and cleanse and exercise the hair so that it will be abundant and glossy and full of life; what to do about dandruff and the kinds of dandruff there are; about too oily hair, or too dry, or gray hair that has a yellow cast. Oh, it's a beautiful little book. I'd like to send a copy to every woman on earth.

And in it it quotes: "Any woman once past thirty who remains ugly is just simply stupid." Isn't that a kindling thing to know! I believe it, too, because I've seen it. Heaps of unattractive wallflower girls blossom out around thirty and after into perfectly fascinating women who not only emerge from the wall but are never "hung up" for even one dance or one moment at the dinner-party. And they—every one of them—did it by realizing at last what women and life are for, and by attacking their personal appearance and keying it up to its highest note, and then living up to it. It always works. I never get over the miracle of watching it—a woman learning through vastly improved personal appearance that she has power and that she can choose, instead of waiting around to be chosen. It takes a certain amount of courage we'll admit, but we all have that courage or we would never have been made by the great and glad Creator the mothers of men.

ONE of our most stimulating friends is a woman of thirty who looks twenty-two and feels twenty-two except that she is conscious of having much more to give than she had in her early twenties and of knowing far more definitely and joyously what it is she wants out of life. She knows now what matters and what doesn't.

But she said to me the other night: "You know, I can have a perfectly gorgeous time with youngsters of twenty! When I go into a room where there are boys and girls of twenty, without the slightest effort on my part those boys are soon all around me, talking to me. Because I'm thirty and know how to handle myself—and them. I have a different kind of courage and understanding than those young girls, adorable and wise as they are. Mine comes from knowledge and experience; theirs from half-knowledge and premature experience. They know so much these days and yet have so few real values. It's quite interesting and I have a wonderful time. And then suddenly, dancing past the mirror, I see myself, and there are lines in my gay face, pulling down, instead of those up-turning, up-reaching curves of a few years ago. What can I do? My gaiety and energy aren't forced — they're real! What's the weather?"

Another little flying pennant. When you're thirty and going the pace of twenty, as so many do nowadays, you have to put your hand softly, firmly under Nature's elbow and help her along a bit. The wise thing to do the moment you see those lines looking back at you is to make your next partner take you out of that excited room under the stars or into some other quiet room and stop being "peppy" for a fifteen-minute respite. A woman is always more compelling than a man if she'll just use the powers she has and with charm and lightness control the situation, instead of letting him do it. An utter change of mood to something restful, quiet. Take him into it with you. Let go and consciously relax your face and eyes and mind and tempo. One doesn't need to lie down to be refreshed; only change the mood and tempo.

THEN, too, women of thirty or more should lie down or at least relax between the afternoon gaiety and the night affair. Cleanse the face with cream—it's relaxing. Then put on that incomparable oil mixed with light skin-food for ten or fifteen minutes. Wipe off, then pack the face in ice-cold moistened absorbent cotton wet with astringent. (That means absorbent cotton squeezed out of ice-cold water and then dipped and wrung gently in an astringent. Five pads of it, under the chin and over it, around the neck, on each cheek and on the brow, covering the whole face except the mouth and eyes.) Then over each eye lay a small cotton pad wet in face-tonic instead of astringent. Lie and rest.

Even better than the food and oil for removing lines is a beautiful—the most beautiful I know—home-treatment cream spread all over the face and neck after cleansing and left on for half an hour, not less. Wipe off and use the cold astringent pack for fifteen minutes. After the treatment, run a piece of ice swiftly all over face and neck, never pausing nor running it too long or you'll look a little mottled. It's incredible how it wipes out the look of years and weariness. Wait long enough after the ice to get back only your own color before you make up.

AND there's a thing about teeth I simply have to tell about again. A mouth-wash I have been trying out for the last two months; and I'd pawn my best chiffons to get it, if I had to. It makes you feel the way roses look on a dewy June morning. You swish it around in your mouth for at least two minutes and, by the time those two minutes are up, there isn't one little corroding crum left hidden anywhere in your mouth waiting to make acid and decay. I don't remember who manufactures it, but it isn't expensive and all good dentists lift their hats or kneel when you mention it. Your teeth shine like radium, and your breath smells like new, pure morning. You can get it at any large drug-store. I'll send you the name privately if you'll write me.

Oh, the feel of being crisply clean, and beautiful, and groomed — what it does to us!

Beauty, blinding and terrific as the wrath of a god, gentle and healing as sunlight, stimulating and reassuring as a beautiful human being—what it does to us!

O'DOYÉ'S CAMERA TAKES A HIGHLY PICTORIAL VIEW OF THE NEW FRENCH FASHIONS FOR SUMMER



Brilliantly lovely is the pattern of a foulard on which birds and trees are printed in black on a white ground. The sun and the band on the scarf cravat are in orange. Modèle Molyneux. Photo by O'Doyé



Narrow two-edged ruffles of organdy scalloped in black distend the spread of the full skirt of a Lucien Lelong frock of white organdy trimmed with bands and "chute" of black satin and black-hearted daisies. Photo by O'Doyé

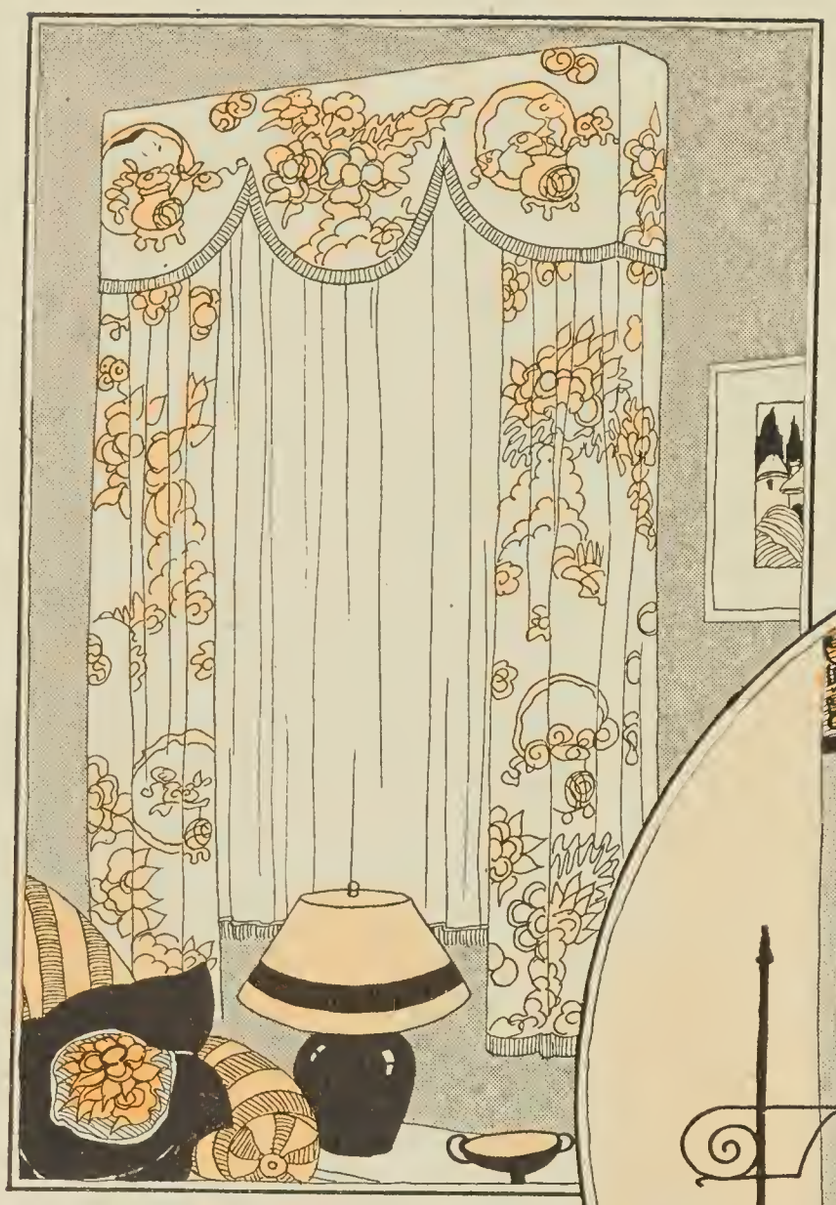


A charming Summer costume from Paul Poiret discloses his wonderful sense of color in the lilac of the crêpe de Chine and the rose red of the embroidery. Three jabots follow the narrow line of the frock. Photo by O'Doyé



An originality of Paul Poiret's is the use of a printed square for the pelerine and peplum of a sleeveless frock. The border is printed in a polychrome design in rose red and is edged with plaited organdy. Photo by O'Doyé

NEW DECORATIVE POSSIBILITIES OF DIFFERENT TYPES OF WINDOWS AS SEEN IN SIX EXTRAORDINARILY LOVELY ARRANGEMENTS OF DRAPERIES

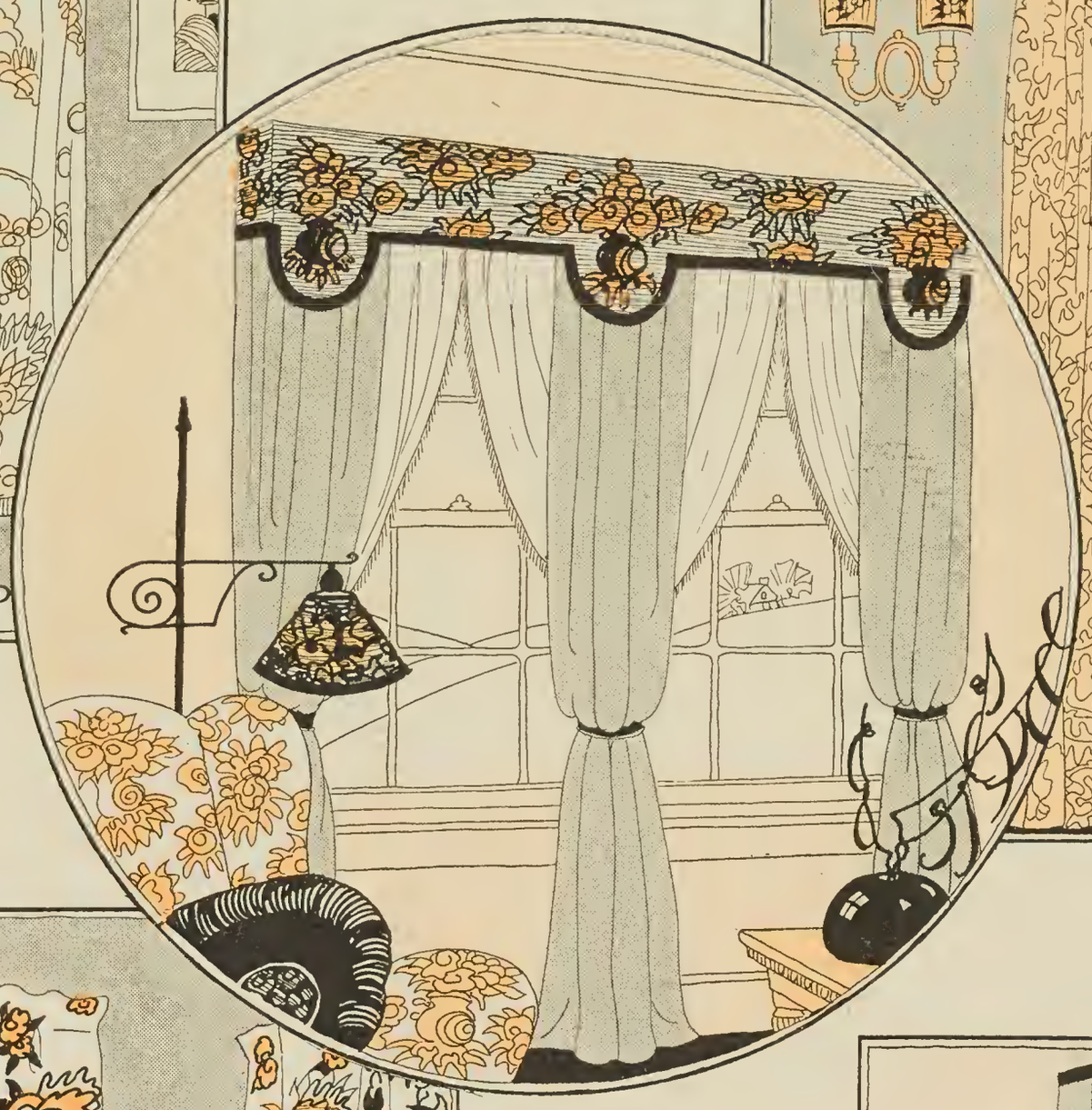


No. 50 Style 1

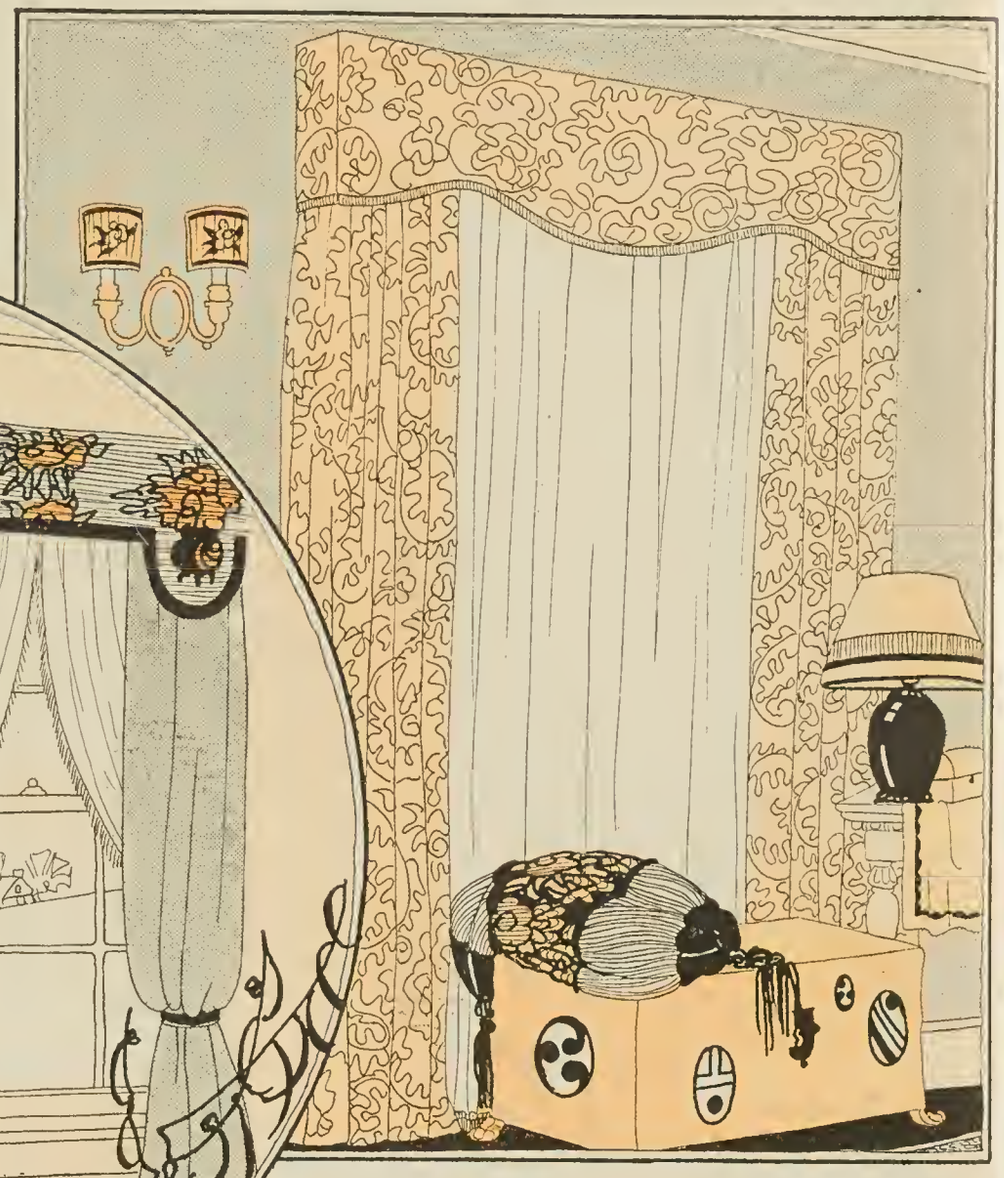
Use damask, cretonne, or sun-fast fabrics for the draperies and silk gauze, net, scrim, or theatrical gauze for the glass-curtains.

No. 50—Graceful shaped valances add charm to three widely different window arrangements.

No. 50 Style 3

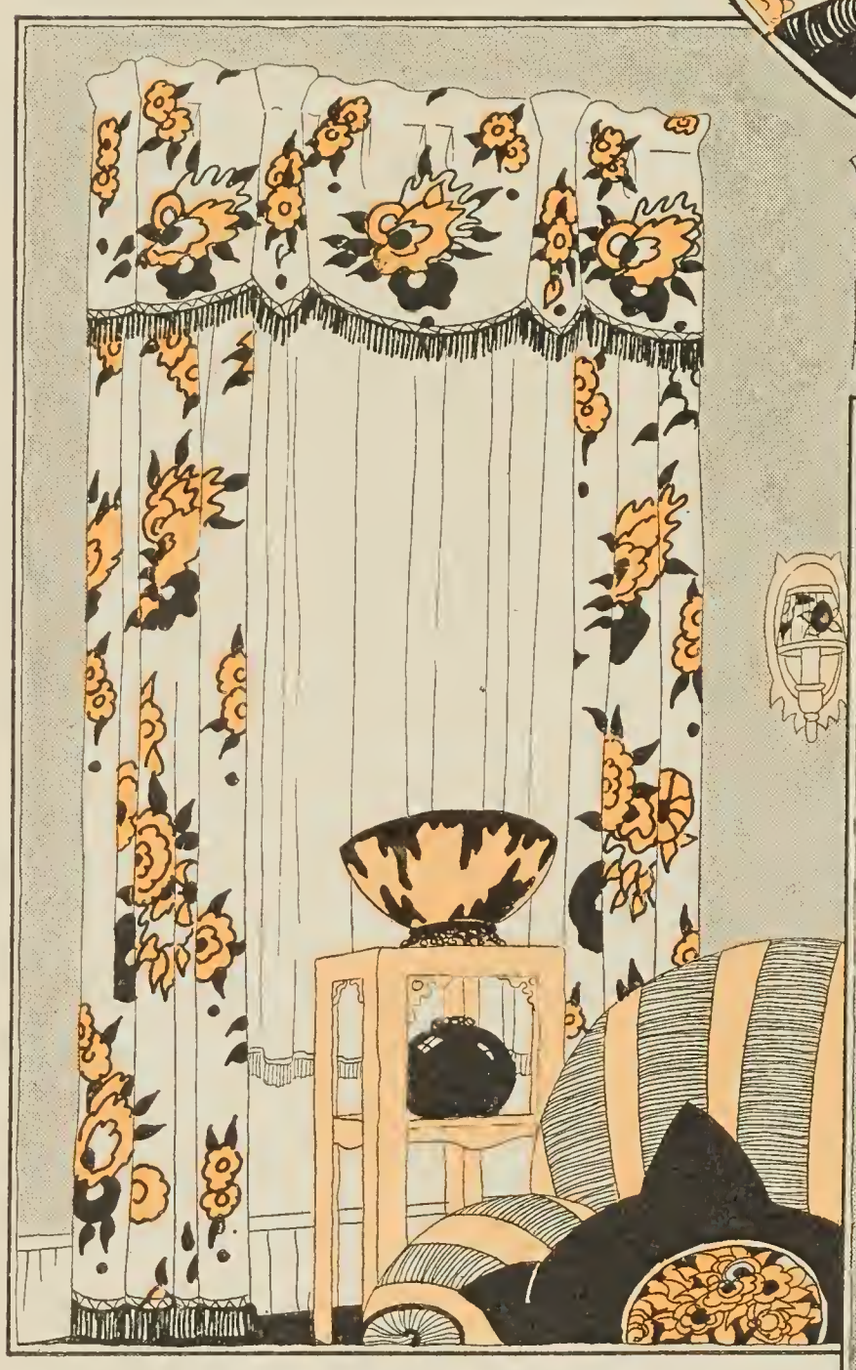


The side draperies can be long or short, wide or narrow, unlined, lined or interlined. A shaped tie-back can be used when desirable.



No. 50 Style 2

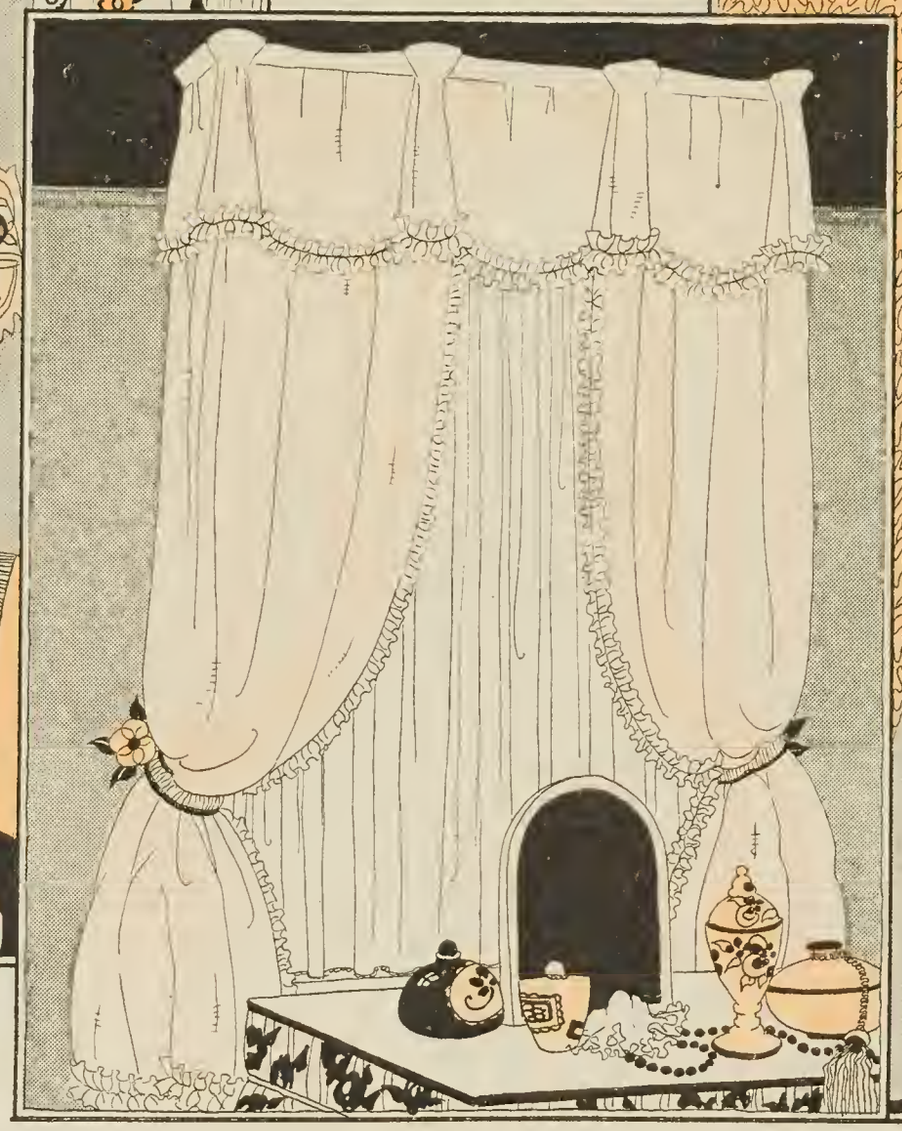
The side draperies can be straight or looped back, wide or narrow, lined, unlined or interlined.



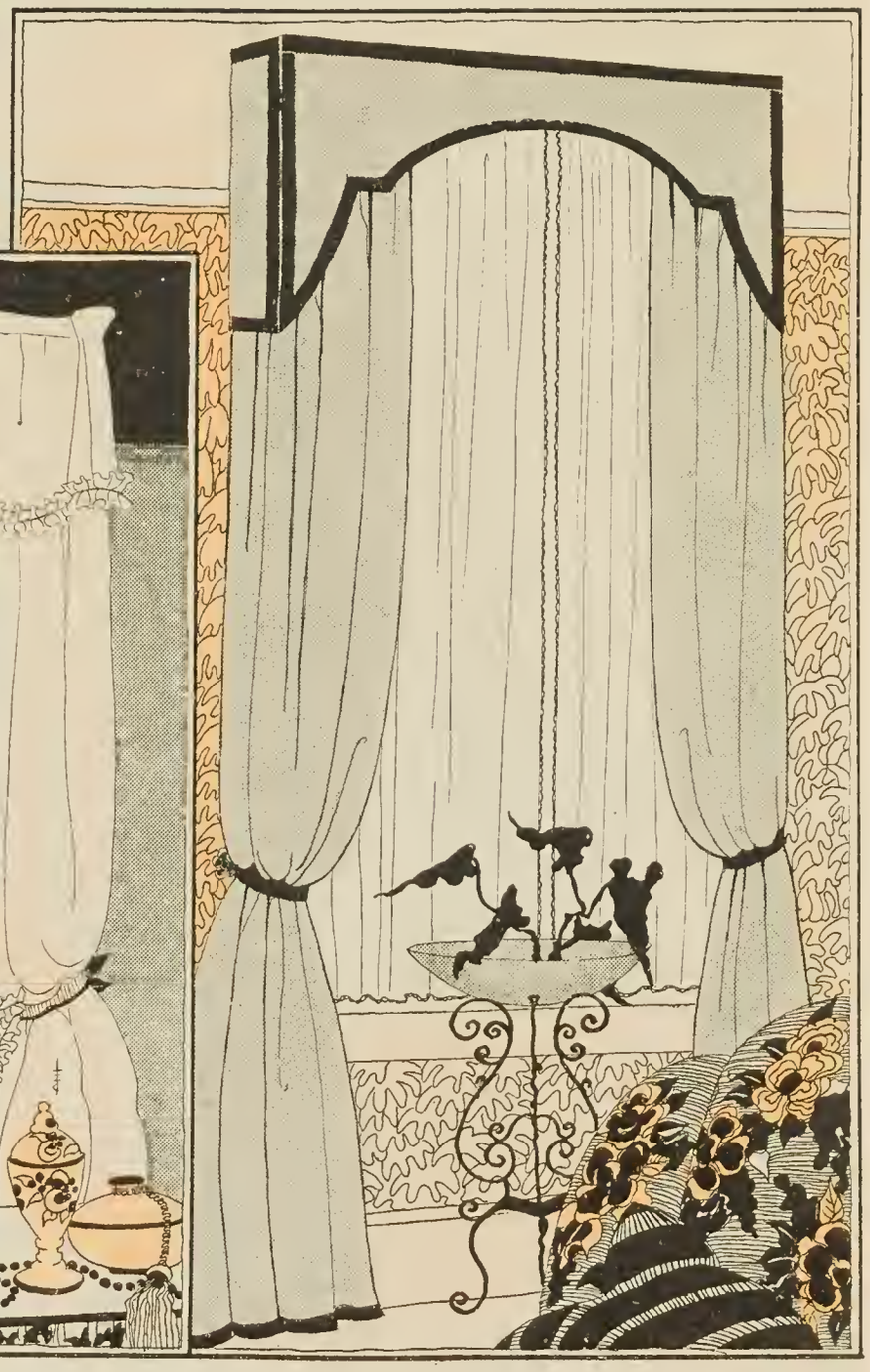
No. 51 Style 1

The shaped valance is adapted to more formal windows and materials, the plaited valance to softer materials and informal living-rooms and bedrooms.

No. 51—Charming window arrangements add grace to three very different window treatments.



No. 51 Style 3



No. 51 Style 2

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES OF MID-SUMMER FRENCH MODELS SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



Paul Poiret, a great artist in color, makes an evening cloak of striped silver and cyclamen lamé faced with violet and weighted with tassels of silver. The lower part is narrow and the sleeves have a graceful cape-like cut

Meeting the vogue of the sleeveless frock half-way, Poiret uses close-fitting elbow-length cuffs of black taffeta with organdy frills in a dress of black, white and pink plaid silk

An evening gown of singular simplicity is made by Chéruit of white satin with striped rouleaux of silver and copper cloth, with an ornament of silver and copper lifting the drapery

No well-regulated French evening frock goes out alone, but is accompanied by a wrap of the same material and color. Jenny uses pink taffeta with turquoise ribbon and feathers

Most amusing is the balloon design worked in black, green and red on the white crepon of a frock called, very properly, "Printanière." The collar, vest and inverted plaits are of rose-red taffeta. From Martial et Armand

Jenny makes a smart Summer costume with the new long suit coat of beige-colored poplin over a dress of poplin and rose and green plaid taffeta

Dyed lace is excessively smart for both afternoon frocks and evening gowns. Louisebonlanger makes a draped dress of fuchsia-colored satin with cascades of dyed lace falling over the drapery of the skirt. The surplice bodice is, of course, quite sleeveless

The scarf, the button-like embroidery and the occasional plait mark Premet's latest version of the two-piece frock, made of white kashan banded and embroidered with yellow

Martial et Armand hints at the new Directoire influence in the collar and cravat of a cape and tunic dress of green "cabline" embroidered in rust and string color

Again the long suit coat; this time with a flounce and made like its flounced companion of black, green and white printed crêpe and black taffeta. From Premet

MID-SUMMER FROCKS GO THEIR WAY HEIGHTENED BY DRAWN-WORK, FABRIC TRIMMINGS, SLEEVELESS STYLES; ETC.



Dress 5368

Dress 5350

Dress 5333



Dress 5360



Dress 5381
Embroidery design 10198



Dress 5379

Other views and descriptions are on page 76

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Dress 5295



Dress 5278



Dress 5352



Dress 5348



Dress 5301



Dress 5341

Other views and descriptions are on page 76

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FASHIONS IN A HOLIDAY SPIRIT FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION



Dress 5343



Dress 5339
Hat 4926



Dress 5302
Hat 4491



Costume 5290
Hat 4451



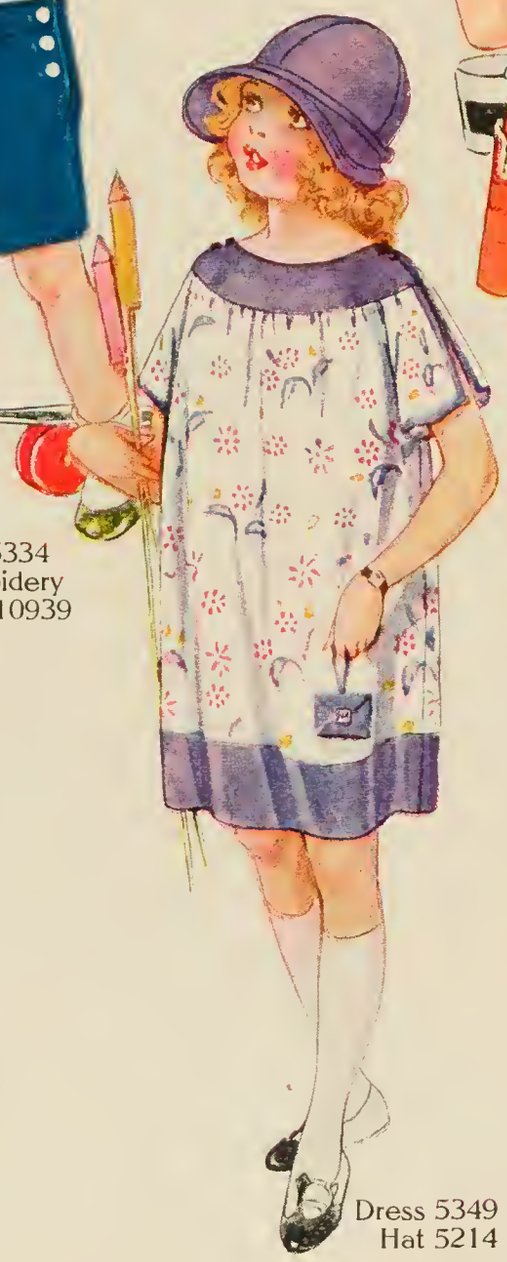
Dress 5286



Dress 5332



Suit 5334
Embroidery
design 10939



Dress 5349
Hat 5214



Dress 5326
Hat 4547



Dress 5328
Embroidery design 10130

Other views and descriptions are on page 77

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

Dress 5303
Embroidery
design 10254

Dress 5327

Dress 5267
Embroidery
design 10239

Dress 5329

Dress 5325

Dress 5337

Dress 5297

Dress 5283
Hat 5218

Other views and descriptions are on page 78

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

Dress 5356

Dress 5371
Hat 4973

Dress 5346

Dress 5311
Guimpe 5234
Hat and scarf 5218

Dress 5304
Embroidery
design 10254

Dress 5321

Other views and descriptions are on page 79

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

INTEREST TURNS TO BLOUSES, TUXEDO-FRONT COATS, BLAZERS, ETC.

Coat 5318
Dress 5308

Blouse 5370
Slip 4533
Embroidery design 10238

Blouse 5320
Skirt 4251
Hat 4973

Other views and descriptions are on page 79

Gilet blouse 5330
Skirt 4753

Blouse 5376
Embroidery design 10723

Blouse 5351
Embroidery design 10138

Blouse 5347
Skirt 5042

Blazer 5257
Blouse 5230
Skirt 4046

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

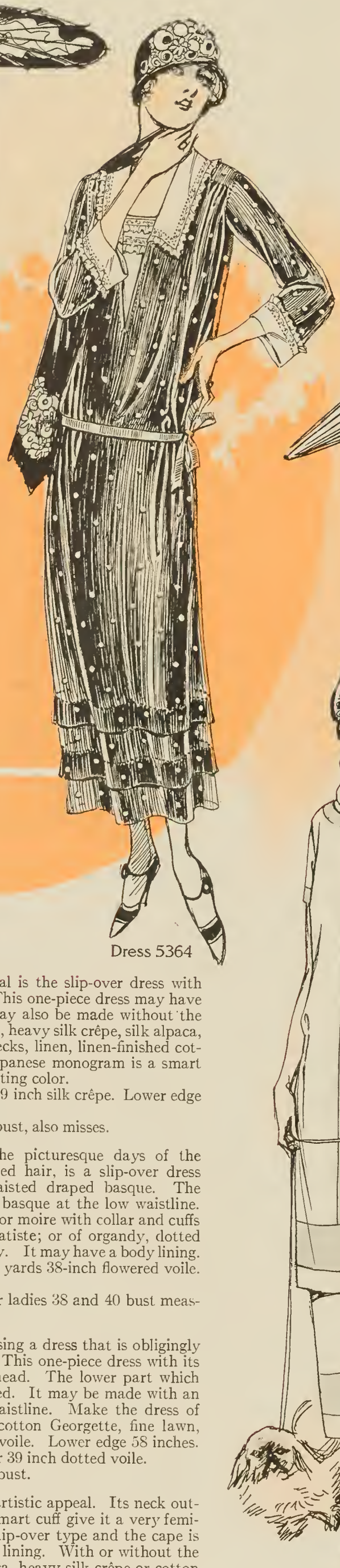
THE PARISIENNE VARIES HER STRAIGHT LINE WARDROBE WITH AN OCCASIONAL PICTURESQUE FROCK

Dress 5383
Embroidery
design 10138





Dress 5384



Dress 5364

Dress
5385

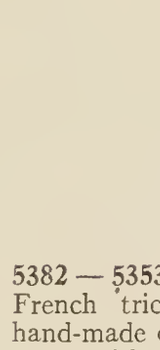


5382

5382 — 5353 — The new French tricorne with its hand-made ornament is smart with a one-piece slip-over dress of plaids, checks, stripes, heavy silk crêpe, silk jersey, pongee or cotton ratine, etc. The dress has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining. Make the hat of taffeta, wool jersey, serge, etc.

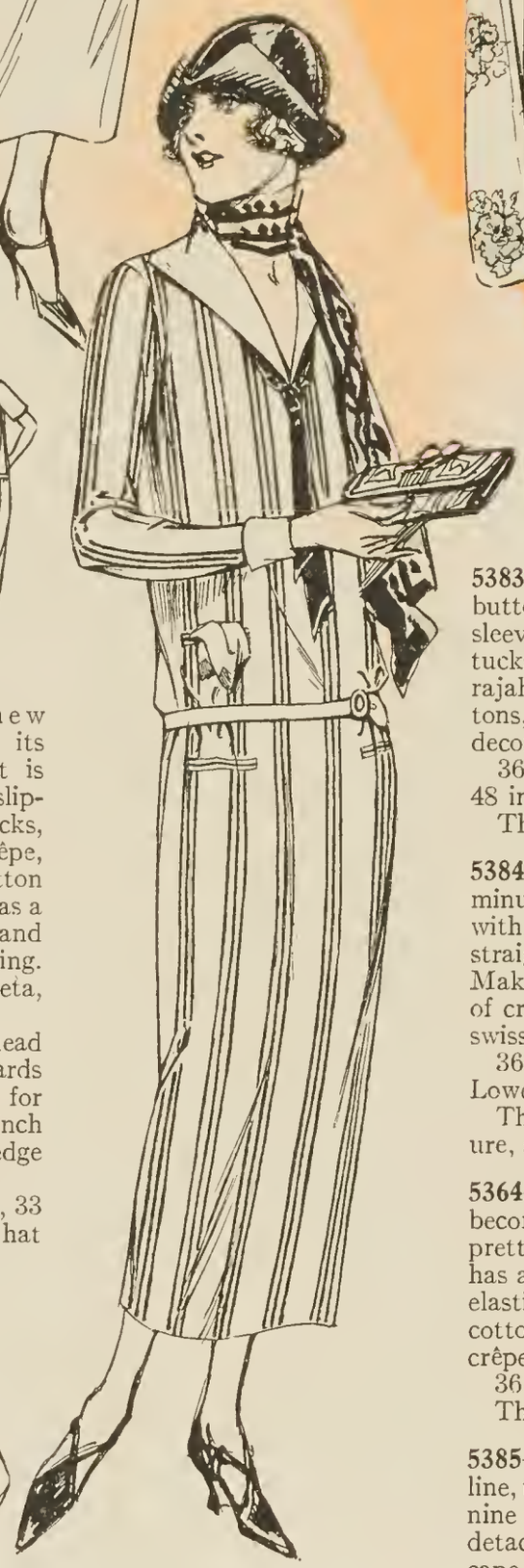
36 bust and 22-inch head measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch striped flannel for dress and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin for hat. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies, 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies and misses.



5383

5384



Dress 5382
Hat 5353

5383—10138—A charming radical is the slip-over dress with buttons from armhole to hem. This one-piece dress may have sleeves and a body lining. It may also be made without the tucks at its side. Make it of satin, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, rajah, flannel, plaids, stripes, checks, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, etc. The Japanese monogram is a smart decoration. Work it in a contrasting color.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35 or 39 inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5384—Faintly reminiscent of the picturesque days of the minuet, hoop-skirts and powdered hair, is a slip-over dress with a full skirt and a low-waisted draped basque. The straight skirt is attached to the basque at the low waistline. Make it of satin crêpe, silk crêpe or moire with collar and cuffs of crêpe de Chine, organdy or batiste; or of organdy, dotted swiss, or cotton voile with organdy. It may have a body lining.

36 bust or 19 years require 2⅞ yards 38-inch flowered voile. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 38 and 40 bust measure, also misses.

5364—One plays safe when choosing a dress that is obligingly becoming to almost every type. This one-piece dress with its pretty vestee slips on over the head. The lower part which has a straight lower edge is tucked. It may be made with an elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Make the dress of cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile. Lower edge 58 inches.

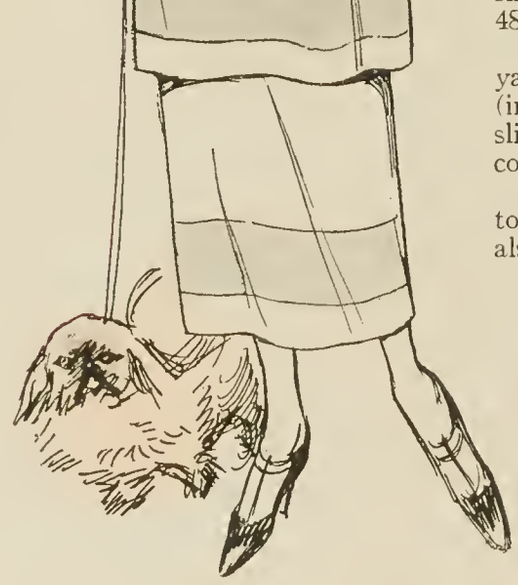
36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 35 or 39 inch dotted voile.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 52 bust.

5385—This smart frock has the artistic appeal. Its neck outline, the collar and the new and smart cuff give it a very feminine air. It is of the one-piece slip-over type and the cape is detachable. It may have a body lining. With or without the cape make it of flannel, silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe or cotton ratine; or for town wear of soft twills, cashmere, wool rep, wool crêpe or kasha. Without the cape use linen or linen-finished cottons. Lower edge 47½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



Tunic blouse and slip 5386

5386

5386—The new tunic blouse is being worn a great deal. It is made of satin crêpe, satin, charmeuse or silk crêpe and is worn over a slip of the same material. This slip-over blouse is sleeveless, the sleeves being sewed into the separate one-piece slip. Lower edge of slip 48½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (including lower part of slip) and ⅞ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5385

5364

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

DRESSES ARE TUCKED AND BELTED OFTEN SLEEVELESS AND MONOGRAMED



4609

5336

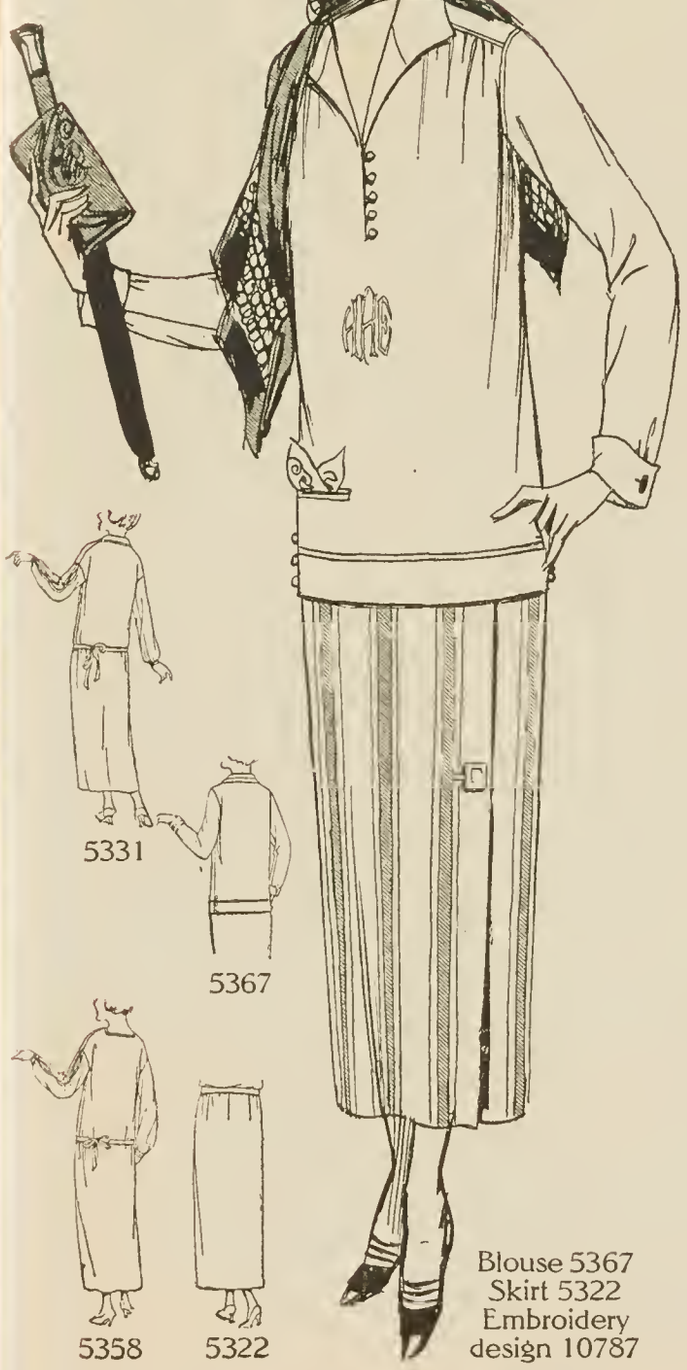
Dress 5331

Dress 5358 Embroidery design 10787

Sleeveless dress 5336 Shirt-waist 4609

Dress 5366

Coat-dress 5338



5331

5367

5358

5322

Blouse 5367 Skirt 5322 Embroidery design 10787

5336—4609—With sleeveless one-piece dresses of light-weight flannel, soft linen, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, etc., one wears a mannish shirt-waist of heavy crêpe de Chine, tub silks, etc. This slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and an elastic in casing at the low waistline across the sides.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch wool jersey and 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses; the shirt-waist for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

5331—A slip-over one-piece frock with a straight lower edge may have a body lining. Use tub silk, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, cotton ratine, wool jersey tubing, flannel, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch tub silk and ¼ yard 35-inch plain material. Lower edge 54 inches.

Dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5358—10787—Silk broadcloth, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, pongee, tub silks, cotton ratine, etc., may be used for this slip-over, one-piece dress with straight lower edge. It has an elastic in casing at the low waistline across the sides. A monogram trims the pocket. Work in color. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35 or 39 inch heavy crêpe de Chine.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5367—5322—10787—A slip-over blouse with straight lower edge looks best over a straight, wrap-around skirt with set-in pocket which may be made with an outside belt only. The monogram is smart. With silk crêpe blouse use flannel, stripes, plaids, checks, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe for blouse, 2⅝ yards 27-inch striped flannel for skirt attached to camisole body.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust, and 35 to 47½ hip measure.

5366—A slip-over dress of dotted cotton voile with a ribbon sash has an elastic in a casing and the tucked straight skirt is attached at the low waistline. Make it of fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards 39-inch dotted voile. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

Dress is for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

5338—The coat dress makes such a smart costume for the street. The one-piece, beltless dress is new and the collar and closing are exceptionally nice. It may be made with a body lining. Use flannel, stripes, plaids, checks, plain or novelty wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpes, linen or linen-finished cottons.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards 27-inch flannel. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress is smart for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

5335—Plaits flank the one-piece panel-like front and back of a frock that attaches its straight skirt across the sides. The closing is placed at the left of the front. It may be made of gingham with plain collar and cuffs, of chambray, cotton broadcloth, silk broadcloth, tub silks or pongee.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch gingham and ⅞ yard 35-inch plain material. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2 yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 52 bust.



Dress 5335

5338

5366

5335

THE SPORTING SIDE OF SUMMER CLOTHES FOR THE NOVICE CLASS

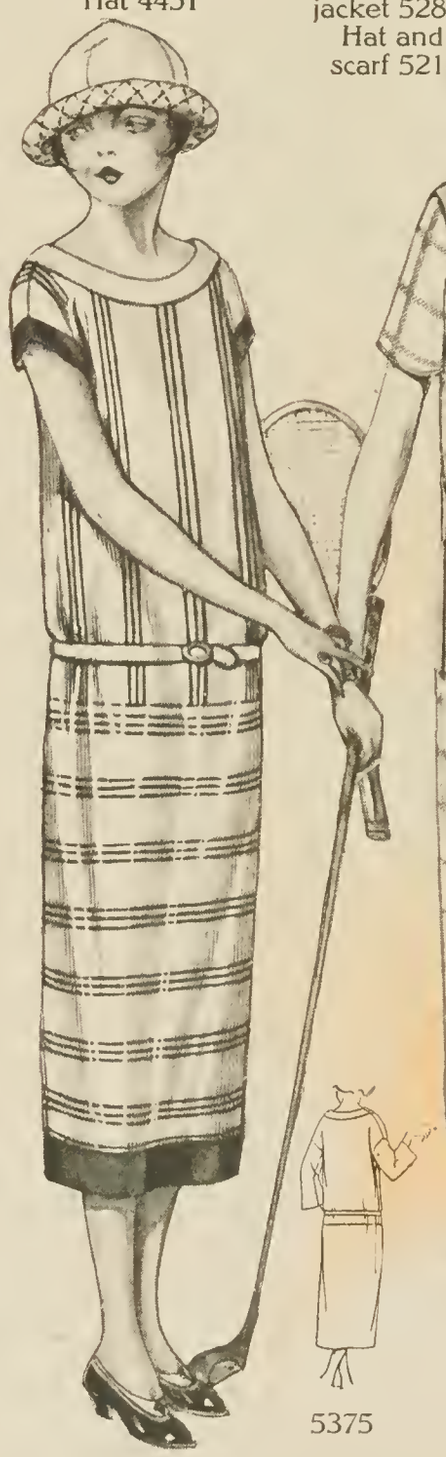
Dress 5375
Hat 4451

Dress 5119
Sleeveless jacket 5280
Hat and scarf 5218

Dress 5363
Embroidery design 10787

Dress 5311
Guimpe 5234

Hat 4973



5375









Dress 5323

Sleeveless jacket 5266
Guimpe 5234—Skirt 4983

5375—4451—Stripes in flannel, cotton pongee, cotton ratine, tub silks, etc., make charming slip-over dresses, to be worn with a gored-crown hat with a softly rolled brim. The straight skirt is attached to a long body. Lower edge 45 inches.

17 years and 21¾-inch head measure require 2⅝ yards 32-inch tub silk, ⅜ yard 35-inch for contrasting bands for dress; ⅝ yard 36-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat for ladies, misses, girls and children.

5234—5266—4983—4973—A sleeveless jacket is worn with a guimpe, a two-piece skirt and a gored-crown hat.

17 years or 34 bust and 21¼-inch head measure require 1⅛ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for *gilet*, sleeves, collar, cuffs; 1⅛ yard 35-inch material for guimpe; 1½ yard 27-inch flannel for jacket; 1 yard 54-inch serge for skirt; ½ yard 35-inch satin for hat. Lower edge 51 inches.

The jacket, guimpe and hat are for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, and ladies; the skirt for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5340



Suit 5340

5357

Dress 5357

5280—5119—5218—Smart for sports is a sleeveless jacket, one-piece slip-over dress, which may have tucks at sides of the low waistline, hat and scarf.

18 years or 35 bust and 21¼-inch head measure require 1¾ yard 54-inch plaid wool for dress; 1⅛ yard 54-inch flannel for jacket; ¾ yard 54-inch flannel for hat and scarf. Lower edge 46 inches.

The jacket and dress are for misses 16 to 18 years, or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

5340—For the strenuous business of playing, tiny efficient suits work overtime to make themselves comfortable, serviceable, fashionable and irresistible. This sports or play suit consists of a blouse and trousers. The blouse buttons on to the trousers which have wide legs. Make it of linen crash, linen, linen-finished cottons, khaki, jean or pongee.

4 years requires 1¾ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is good style for boys 2 to 9 years.

5254—The Puritan-like collar of a tucked one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge is belied by frivolous sleeves and festive hand-made flowers. Use plain crêpe de Chine, plain Georgette, plain cotton Georgette, or batiste, all one material; or fine cotton crêpe, etc., with an organdy collar.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch dotted cotton voile.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5374—3727—10734—Wild flowers trim a one-piece sleeveless romper and a little sunbonnet. Work in colors. Use dimity, pin-check gingham, linen-finished cottons, cotton crêpe, cotton poplin, cotton broadcloth, etc., with cotton print sunbonnet.

2 years and 20-inch head measure require 1⅞ yard 32-inch chambray (including sunbonnet).

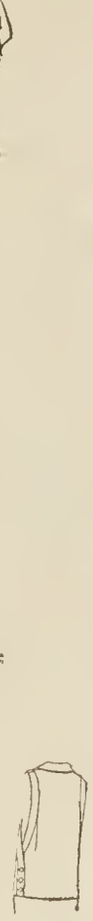
The romper is for children 1 to 4 years; the sunbonnet for ladies, misses, girls and children.

5363

5254



5119



5280



Dress 5254

Romper 5374
Sunbonnet 3727
Embroidery design 10734

5374

5234

5311

5323

5266

5234

4983

5323—The slip-over blouse and a straight skirt plaited in clusters make a popular two-piece dress. The skirt is attached to a long body lining with elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, satin crêpe, pongee, lightweight flannel, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1⅞ yards.

16 years requires 4 yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5234—5311—The closing is diagonal on a one-piece dress of the sleeveless, wrap-around style, made of flannel, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, novelty cotton dress goods, etc., worn with a slightly low waistline guimpe. Lower edge 45 inches.

18 years or 35 bust requires ⅞ yard 35-inch batiste for *gilet*, sleeves, collar and cuffs; 1¼ yard 35-inch material for guimpe; 2¾ yards 35-inch linen for dress.

The dress and guimpe are for misses 16 to 18 years, 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5363—10787—When one goes in for strenuous exercise one chooses the one-piece dress that slips on over the head. It may have a detachable capette. Use flannel, stripes, checks, plaids, cotton ratine, heavy cotton crêpe, gingham, chambray, etc. The monogram is decorative. Work in color.

13 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5357—The very young feminist expresses herself in bloomers and a dress with pockets. The dress is in raglan style and the bloomers are separate. Make the dress of chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy cotton crêpe, cotton prints, unbleached muslin, rajah or flannel.

3 years requires 1¾ yard 32-inch gingham.

The dress is attractive for little girls 1 to 6 years.

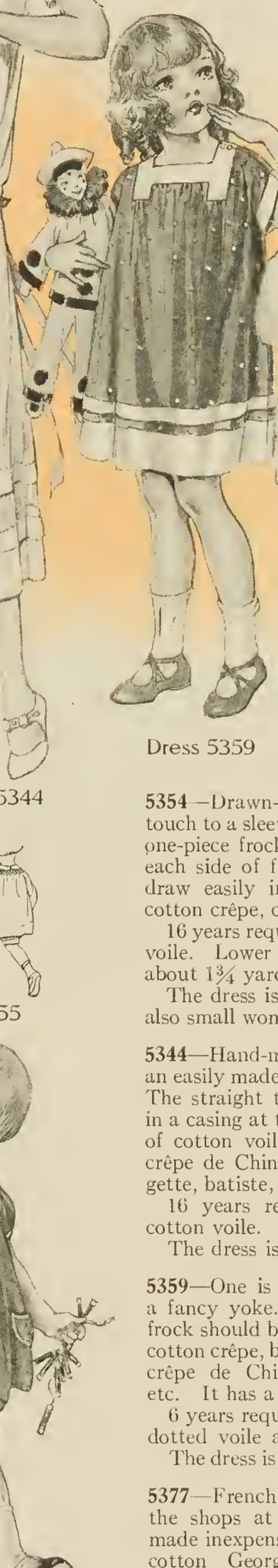
Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

SHORT SLEEVES FOR LONG IS THE SONG OF SUMMER



Dress 5354





Dress 5359



Dress 4466



Dress 5345



Dress 5264



Dress 5373
Hat and scarf 5218
Embroidery design 10787

Dress 5344

5377

5355



Dress 5355

Dress 5377

5354—Drawn-work gives the French touch to a sleeveless slip-over dress. This one-piece frock has a cluster of plaits at each side of front and back. Threads draw easily in plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge with plaits drawn out about 1¾ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5344—Hand-made organdy flowers trim an easily made dress of the slip-over type. The straight tucked skirt has an elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Make it of cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton Georgette, batiste, etc.

16 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 59 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years.

5359—One is very good in a dress with a fancy yoke. This one-piece slip-over frock should be made of cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, gingham, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee, flowered silks, etc. It has a straight lower edge.

6 years requires 1⅛ yard 35 or 39-inch dotted voile and ¾ yard 39-inch plain.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

5377—French lingerie dresses shown in the shops at prohibitive prices can be made inexpensively of plain cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, Georgette, etc. The fabric yoke, belt and ornament are smart. This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 59 inches.

The dress is exquisite for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5355—Adorable little peasant dresses with separate bloomers are smocked, shirred or gathered. This raglan style dress with a straight lower edge may be made of chambray, plain cotton voile, batiste, nainsook, plain lawn, crêpe de Chine, pin-dot swiss, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, mull, pongee, etc.

3 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is good style for little girls ½ to 6 years.

4466—A gay little slip-over dress and separate bloomers can be made of light-weight cotton prints, pin-check gingham, pin dots in cotton voile or swiss, dimity, or of fine cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, chambray, etc. It has a straight lower edge.

3 years requires 1⅝ yard of 35-inch cotton print and ⅜ yard 32-inch plain material.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5345—Up to its neck in ruffles is a slip-over dress with hand-made flowers. The ruffles, straight or scalloped, are sewed to a foundation slip. Use crêpe de Chine or taffeta on silk mull slip; Georgette, chiffon, net or point d'esprit on net; swiss, etc., on lawn of same color.

7 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

5264—In a smart frock the straight skirt is attached to a jumper and worn with a guimpe. With a separate guimpe of dimity use flannel, linen, or linen-finished cottons; pongee, cotton ratine.

13 years requires 1⅞ yard 48 to 54 inch flannel and 1½ yard 32-inch dimity.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5373—5218—10787—Flannel makes a two-piece sports dress of blouse and straight skirt, hat and scarf. The monogram is smart. Work in color.

17 years and 21¼-inch head measure require 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel for dress; ¾ yard 54-inch flannel for hat and scarf. Lower edge 45 inches.

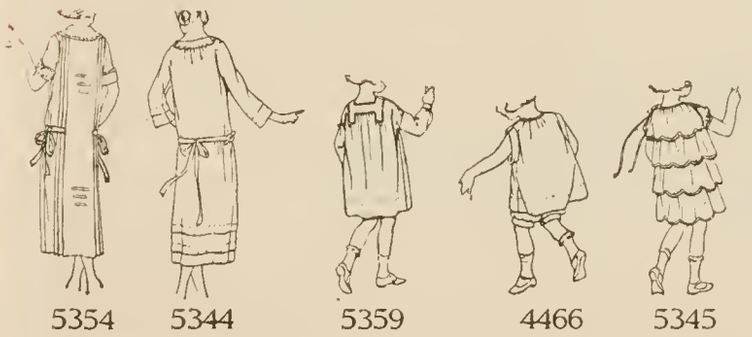
The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women. The hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

Dress with sleeveless jacket 5263
Hat 5353 Embroidery design 10130

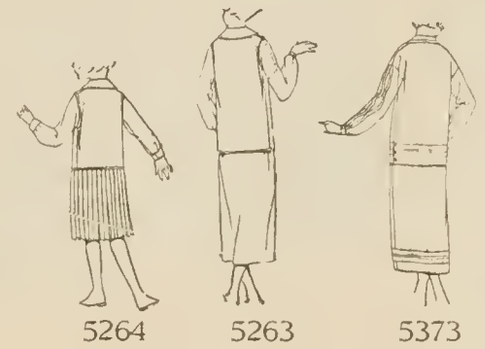
5263—5353—10130—A tricorne hat is new with a slip-over dress with sleeveless jacket. The straight skirt is attached at the low waistline. The monogram is smart. Use pongee, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

17 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 3 yards 27-inch flannel. 21½ inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 35-inch silk.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for ladies and misses.



5354 5344 5359 4466 5345

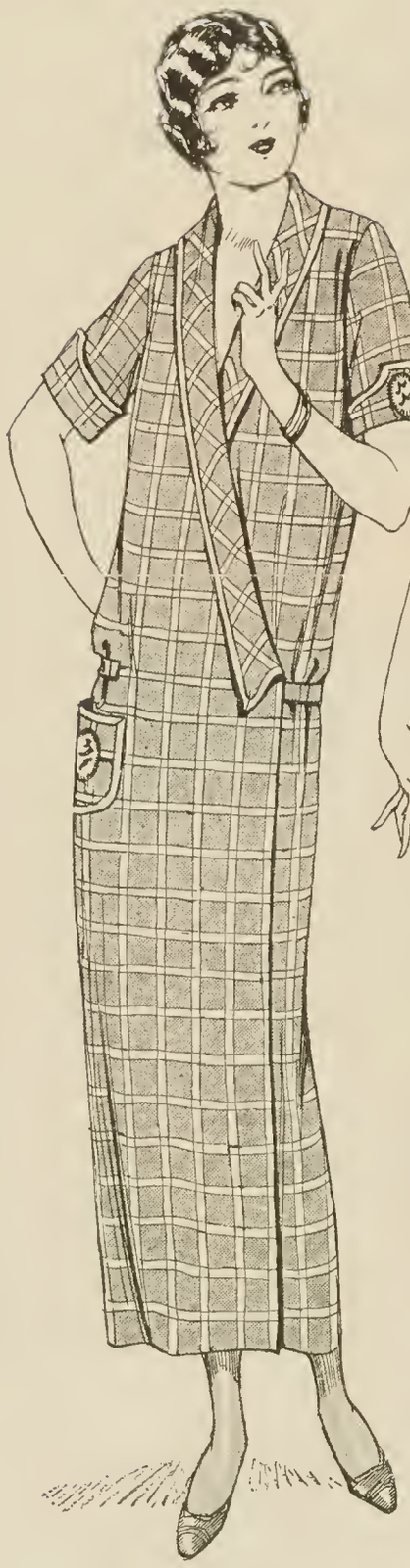


5264 5263 5373

A VARIETY OF GARMENTS FOR A VARIETY OF PURPOSES

Infants' outfit 5372
Embroidery design 10863





Housedress 5362
Embroidery design 10138

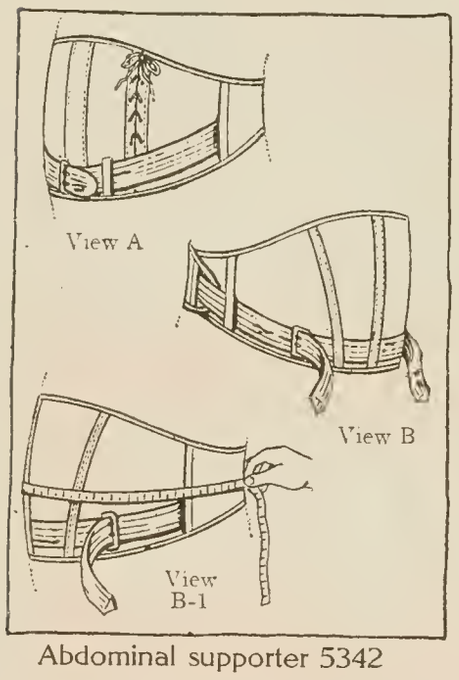
5362—10138—Easy to put on, easy to launder, this one-piece wrap-around house dress is perfect. The embroidered motifs are smart. Work in contrast. Use gingham, chambray, percale, striped madras, etc. Lower edge 59 inches.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 32-inch gingham.

The house dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



View A Hat 5353 View B



View A
View B
View B-1

Abdominal supporter 5342

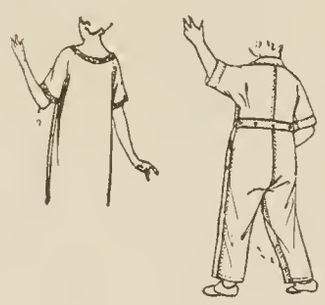


Nightgown 5380
Embroidery design 10245

5380 — 10245 — Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, dimity, cotton voile, cotton crêpe or crêpe de Chine is suitable for this attractive nightgown with its raglan sleeve. The soft fulness at the neck is becoming. A Japanese monogram trims the front. It should be embroidered in a delicate color or white. Lower edge 1⅞ yd.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 35-inch batiste.

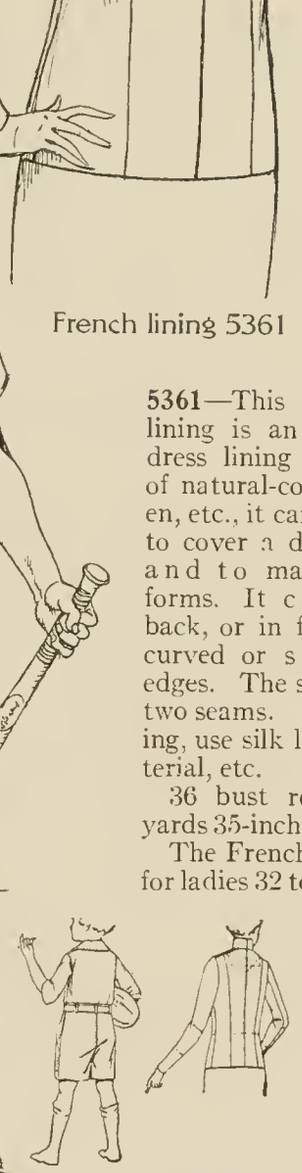
The nightgown is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5380 5365



Play suit 5365 Suit 5378



5378 5361

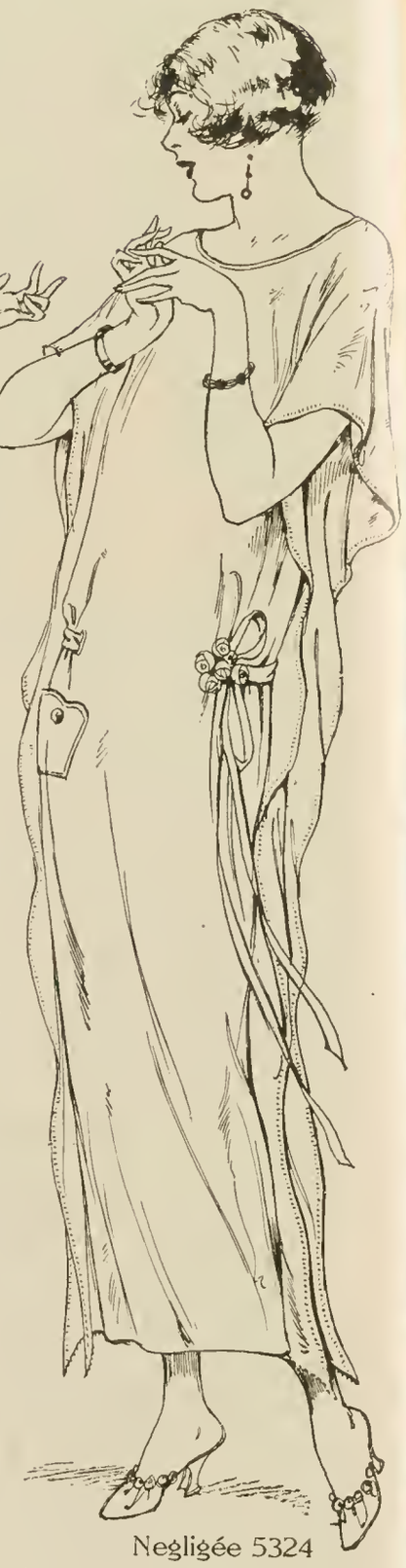


French lining 5361

5361—This French lining is an excellent dress lining or, made of natural-colored linen, etc., it can be used to cover a dress form and to make sleeve forms. It closes in back, or in front with curved or straight edges. The sleeve has two seams. For a lining, use silk lining material, etc.

36 bust requires 2 yards 35-inch material.

The French lining is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Negligée 5324

5324—This negligée wears a little bouquet of hand-made flowers and is lovely made of plain or printed silk crêpe, novelty silks, satin crêpe or novelty cotton voile, etc. It is of the one-piece slip-over style. Lower edge 56 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The negligée is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5372—10863—This infants' outfit with its hand-hemstitching includes a dress, slip or nightgown, a kimono wrapper or sack, petticoat, pinning-blanket or barriecoat, bib, shirt, band and bootee. It is in 25-inch length. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste, etc., for dress, slip and petticoat, cashmere for wrapper, cambric for nightgown, etc. The embroidery is new. Work in white.

Infants require 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste for dress.

The outfit is for infants.

5353—One of the latest arrivals in this country from Paris is the smart little tricorne hat with its gored crown. It boasts a hand-made ornament on its brim. Make the hat of wool jersey, serge, soft twills, duvetyn, broadcloth, camel's-hair, satin or taffeta.

22-inch head measure requires ⅝ yard 35-inch taffeta for view A and ½ yard 35-inch satin for view B.

The hat is for ladies and misses.

5342—This maternity belt or abdominal supporter in two styles is made of heavy satin, jean, coutil, linen mesh, corset batiste, flannel, elastic webbing, etc.

36 inches, measured as shown, requires ⅝ yard 27 or 35 inch material for views A and A-1; ⅞ yard 12-inch elastic webbing for views B, B-1 and B-2.

The maternity belt or abdominal supporter is for 34 to 50 inches, measuring as illustrated.

5365—The spotlessness of one's knees is assured if one wears an overall or play suit when one gets very close to nature. Make this very serviceable play suit of cotton khaki, denim, duck or jean. The body of this play suit is attached to the trousers and the sleeves are made in kimono style. The pockets will endear it to the young collector.

9 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch khaki.

The suit or overall is for boys 3 to 14 years.

5378—Camping togs are part of the fun of "roughing it." This sports or play suit made of linen crash, linen, linen-finished cottons, khaki, jean or pongee should stand the hardest wear. It consists of a blouse and trousers with wide legs. This is an excellent sports suit and will be popular with the Summer camper.

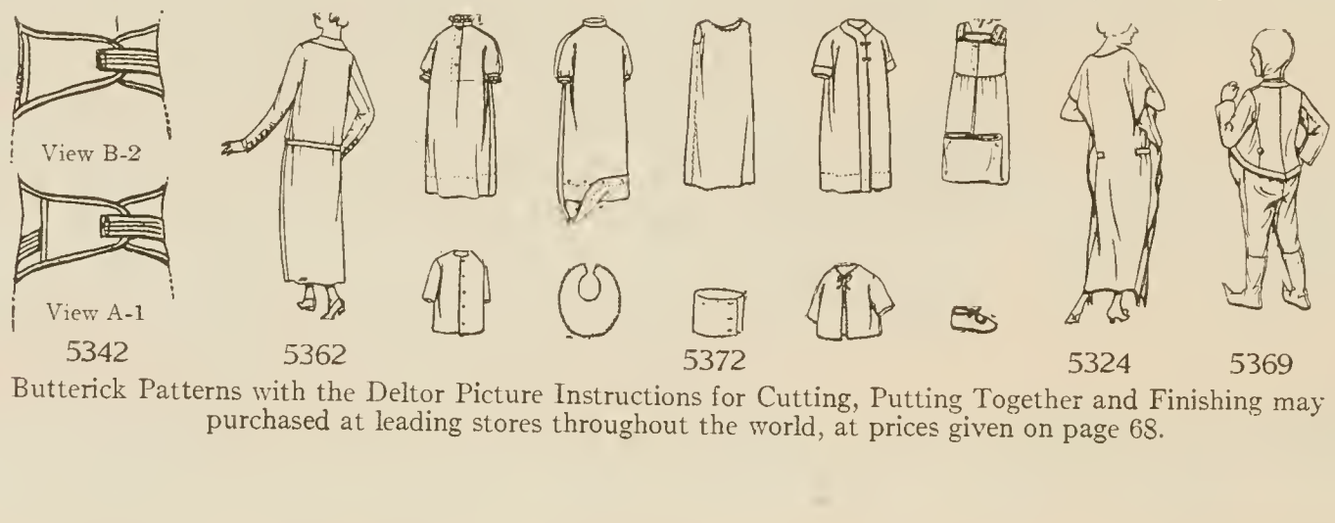
12 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch linen crash.

The suit is for boys 10 to 16 years.

5369—An elfish little Brownie has two caps for his capricious taste. The costume is made of flannel, paper muslin, silesia, sateen or cambric. It is easy to make and it is quaint in brown with yellow bands, dark green with white, deep purple with white, red with brown, or gray with red bands.

8 years requires 3¼ yards 35-inch sateen.

The Brownie costume is for boys 4 to 12 years.



View B-2
View A-1
5342 5362 5372 5324 5369



Brownie costume 5369

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Your appetite will never forget *this* Purée of Pea!



CAMPBELL'S!

So tempting in flavor that many people consider it would be impossible to make a more delicious soup!

Such a wholesome, nourishing vegetable FOOD that it is one of the great family dishes of America!

It's the rich, smooth puree of fine, selected peas, blended with fresh country butter and deftly seasoned to make it even more inviting.

Nothing could be more wholesome for your children's lunch or supper.

Nothing could be daintier to set before your guests than pretty bouillon cups of Campbell's Pea Soup topped with whipped cream.

Here's a soup that is a favorite with just about everybody—and no wonder!

Cream of Pea at its best!

Follow these simple directions:—Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.



Oh, why complain if it should rain
Outside, when you're invited?
For when you dine on Campbell's fine
Inside you'll be delighted!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

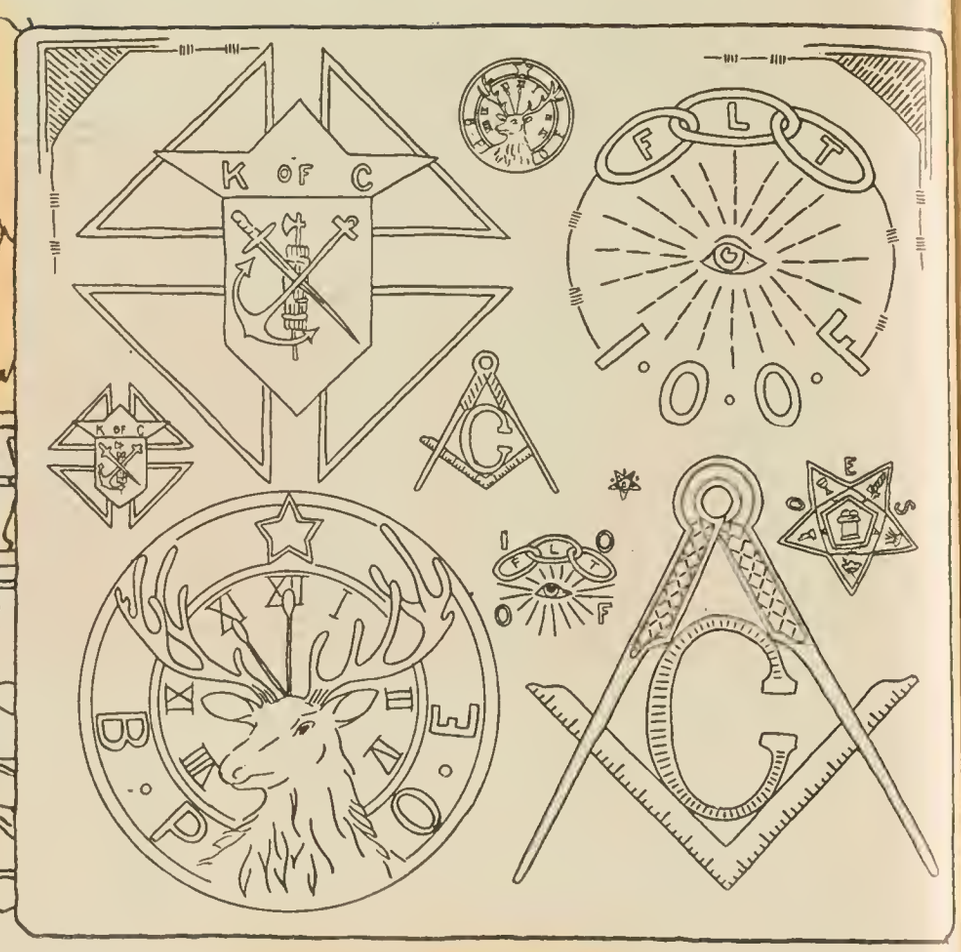
Soup for health—
every day!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EMBROIDERY JOINS THE LODGES

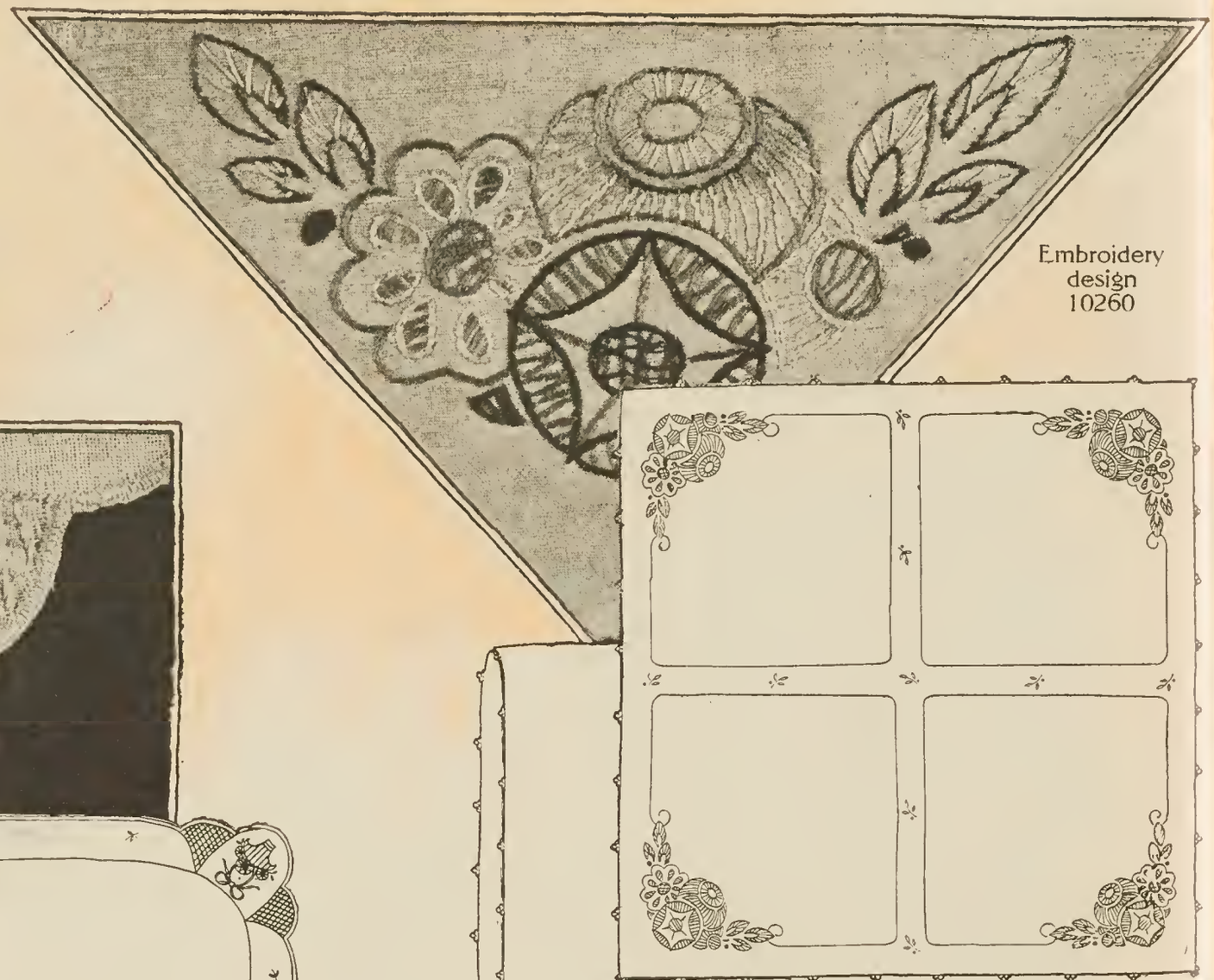




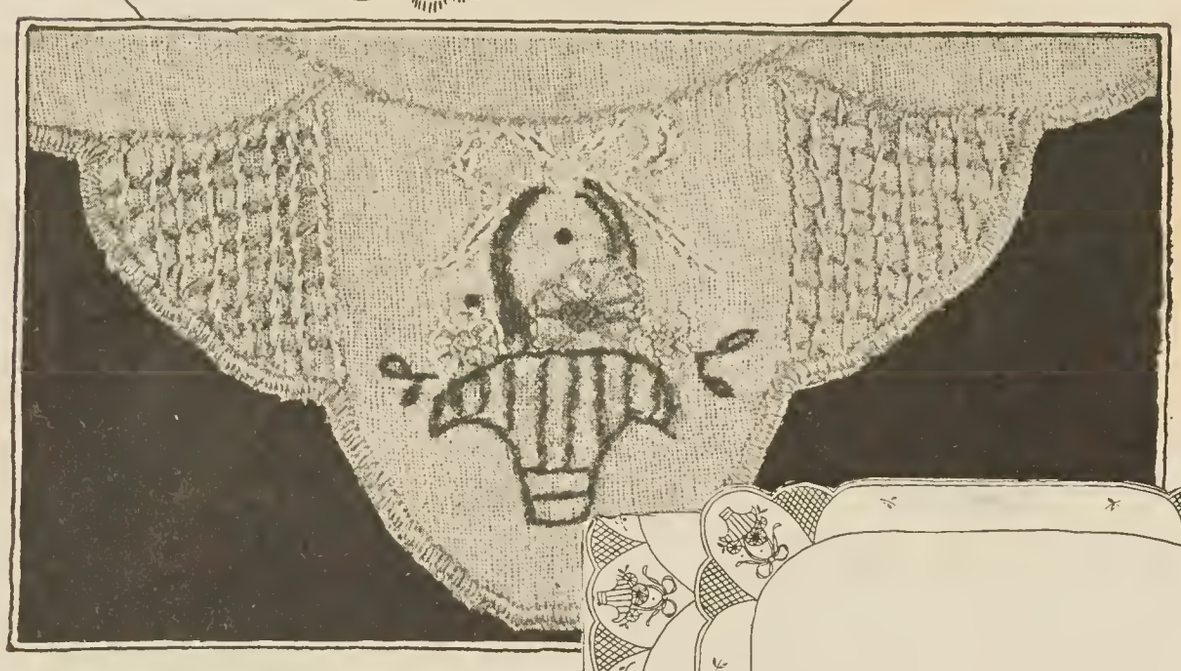
Embroidery design 10262

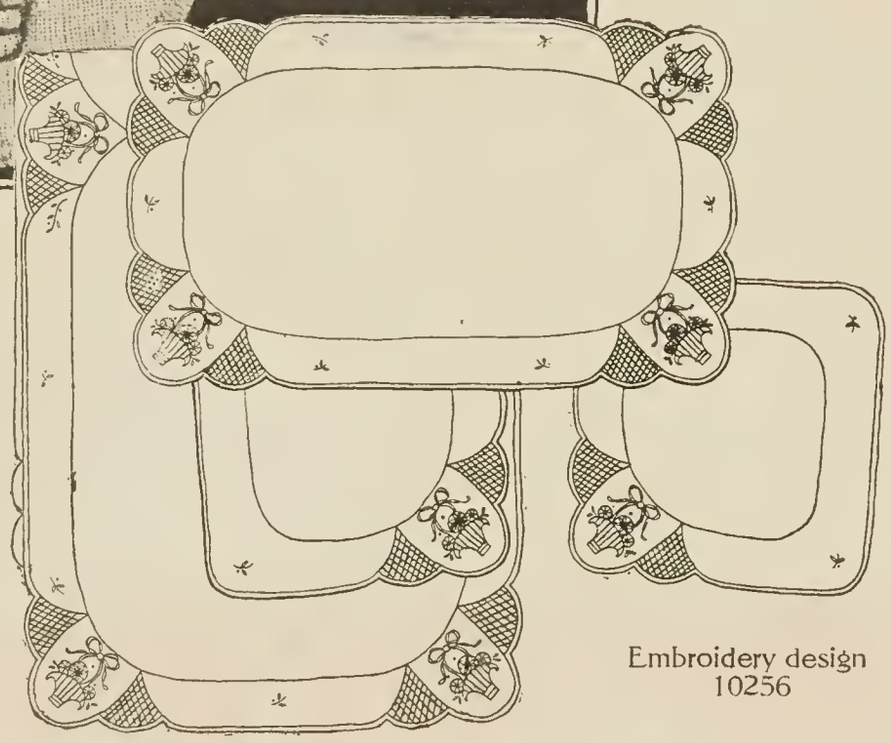
Embroidery design 10258



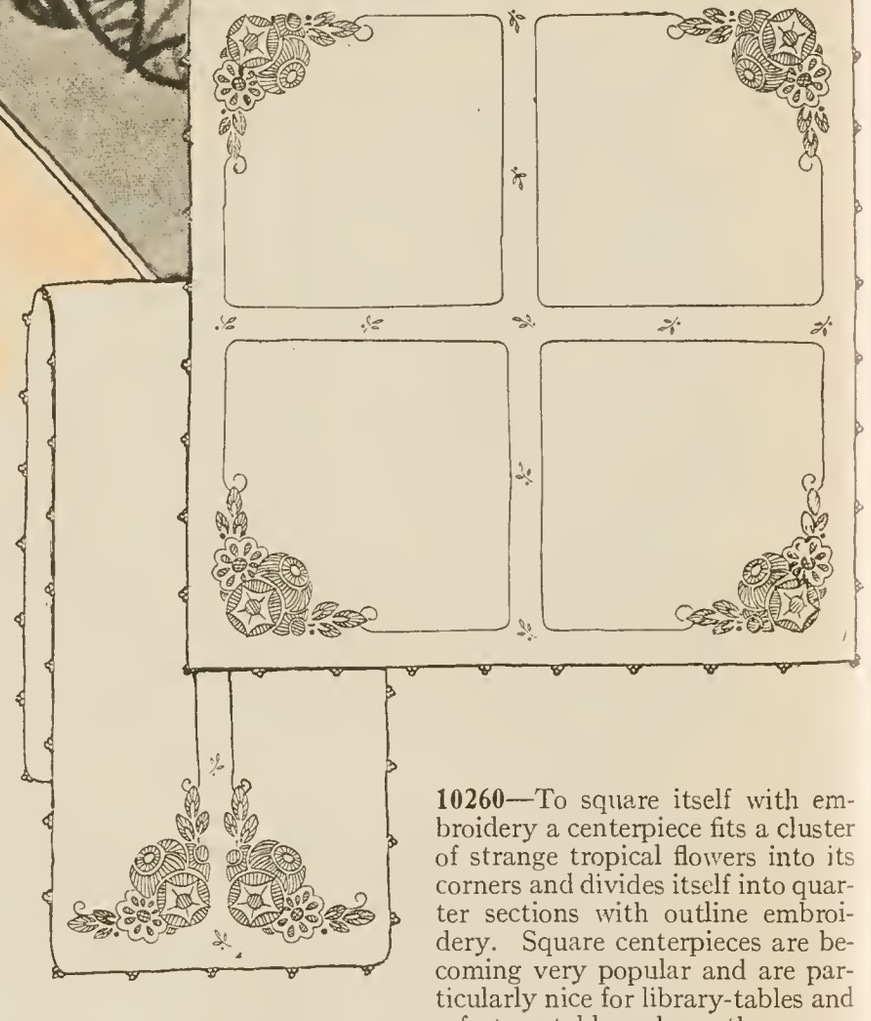


Embroidery design 10260





Embroidery design 10256



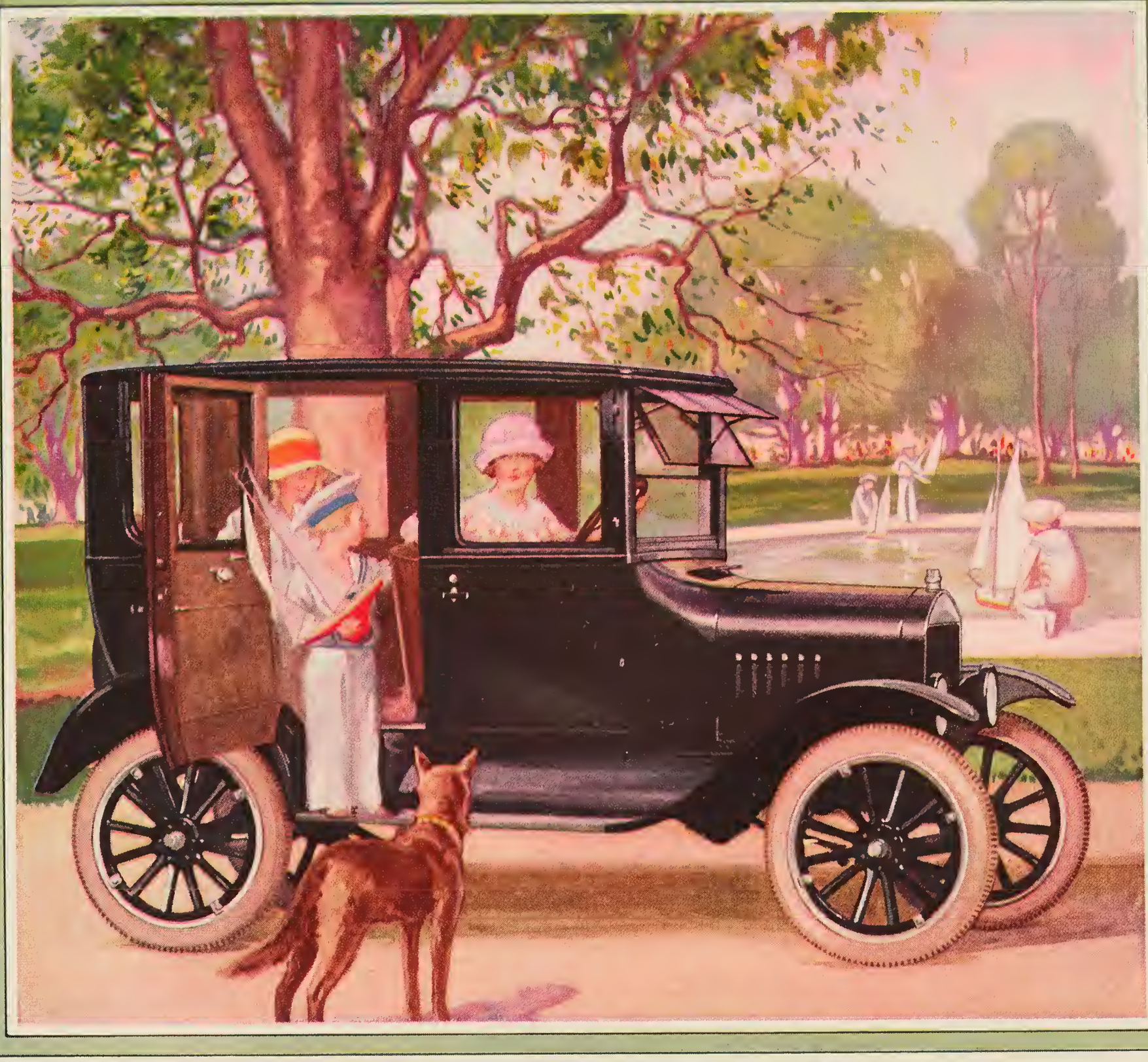
10258—A gorgeous bird of paradise in a dream-like confusion of feathers, flowers and butterflies makes an exotic decoration for dresses when embroidered in brilliant colors and placed at the left of the waistline. It is suitable also for coats, hats, skirts, blouses, etc., and should be worked in a combination of one-stitch and outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to 3½ yards of banding 3 inches wide, 2 motifs 15 by 18 inches and 12 motifs in four assorted styles.

10256—Embroidered on net bordering a linen center, this dainty flower-basket and its accompanying latticework resembles the delicate tracery of shadow lace. Or work in colors on linen. It should be worked in outline embroidery and button-holing, lazy-daisy or satin-stitch and French stemming. The design is intended for three-piece buffet-sets and buffet scarfs or for vanity dresser and bureau scarfs. It can be adapted to one doily 13 by 22 inches, two doilies 11 by 11 inches and enough banding for a scarf 18 by 48 inches.

10262—World-famous lodges enter the lists to compete for embroidery honors in a design that is for use on cushions, banners, etc., or as a decoration on personal apparel. The motifs should be worked in outline and satin-stitch and one-stitch. The design can be adapted to a Masonic emblem 13½ and another 4½ inches high, an Elk emblem 12¾ and another 3½ inches in diameter, a K. of C. emblem 10½ and another 3½ inches square and an Odd Fellow emblem 10½ inches in diameter and another 3 by 4 inches, and an Eastern Star emblem 4½ and another 1 inch in diameter and 4 corner motifs.

10260—To square itself with embroidery a centerpiece fits a cluster of strange tropical flowers into its corners and divides itself into quarter sections with outline embroidery. Square centerpieces are becoming very popular and are particularly nice for library-tables and refectory-tables where they carry out the straight lines. The design is also for use on scarfs. It may be embroidered on heavy linen or in brilliant colors on black satin, and it is lovely worked in metallic threads on black chiffon velvet. It should be worked in a combination of outline and one-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 31½ inches square and four corners and 1½ yard of banding for use on a scarf 16 inches wide and any desired length.

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AS COOL in summer, as it is snug and weatherproof in winter, the Ford Closed Car has an unfailing appeal to women and children, who appreciate its many features of comfort.

Furnishings and equipment of the Sedan are of the highest order, including soft, durable cushions, revolving type window lifts, windshield visor, cowl ventilator, rugs, dome light, door locks, electric starting and lighting equipment.

And the Ford Closed Car costs so little to own and operate that mother and children can use it daily for every errand of business or pleasure.

TUDOR SEDAN, $590	FORDOR SEDAN, $685	COUPE, $525	(All prices f. o. b. Detroit)

Ford
CLOSED CARS

26 Million Women
wash all their fine things this way
from sheer silk stockings – to big handsome blankets

Twenty-six million—yes, it's astonishing! At first you can hardly believe it.

Then you start to think about it and you realize that almost everyone you know uses Lux for her choicest things—things that used to go to the cleaner.

As one enthusiastic woman wrote: "You will never guess what I've just washed in Lux—a velvet dress! It came out perfectly—and I've saved the $5.50 it costs to have it cleaned!"

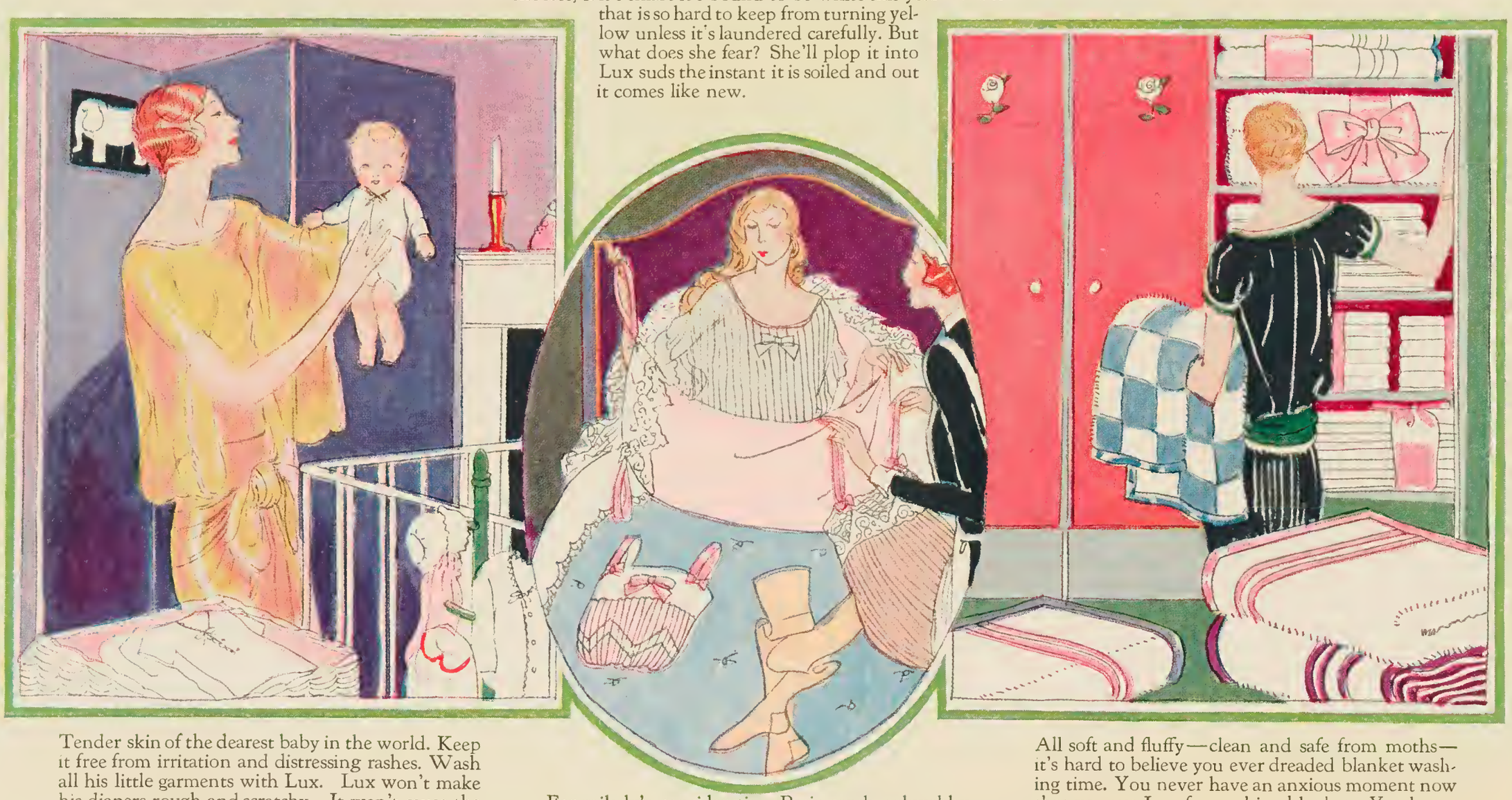
How startling Lux was even in form! Never before had there been anything like it. Just pure essence of soap in tissue-thin flakes that dissolve instantly. With Lux of course, you never have to rub sensitive fabrics. Just squeezing this rich, cleansing lather through them is enough.

Partly because of its form—but chiefly because of its remarkable purity, makers of all kinds of fabrics urge women to use Lux for washing fine materials. Their tests prove that any fabric that is safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

So today—26,000,000 women in this country alone wash their silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens with Lux.



Modish tuck-in—trig, mannish, shirt—whichever model she chooses, if it's smart it's bound to be white this year—white that is so hard to keep from turning yellow unless it's laundered carefully. But what does she fear? She'll plop it into Lux suds the instant it is soiled and out it comes like new.



Tender skin of the dearest baby in the world. Keep it free from irritation and distressing rashes. Wash all his little garments with Lux. Lux won't make his diapers rough and scratchy. It won't cause the dread diaper rash, the source of such severe suffering to babies. Lux is safe for all the clothes that touch his sensitive skin.

For milady's consideration Paris sends cobwebby hosiery in all the smart shades—noisette, nude, bois de rose; ravishing peach step-ins and costume slips to match the fairest gown of all. Not extravagant now to buy the lovely things! You know they'll last if you launder them with Lux. For all fine fabrics, Lux is just as safe as pure water alone.

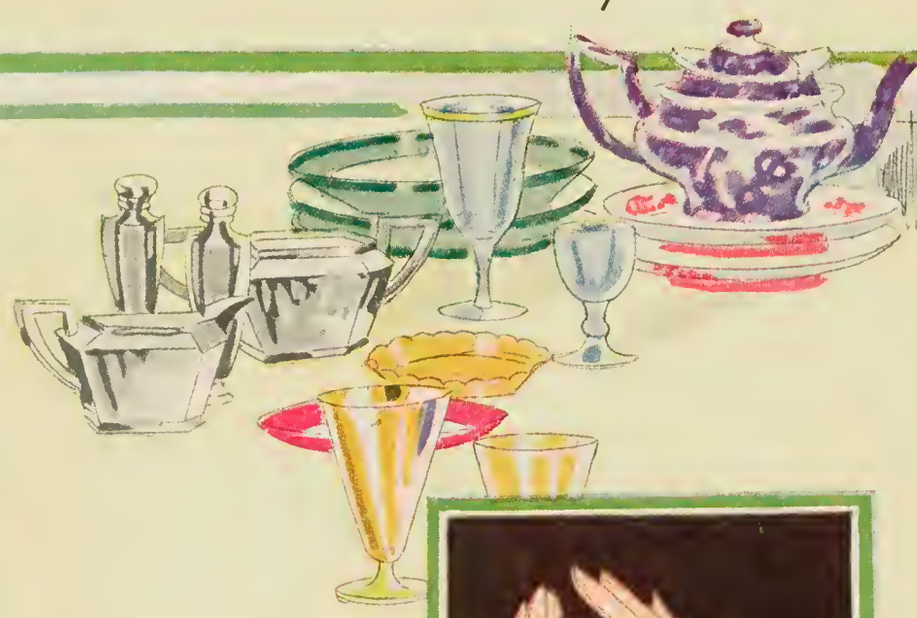
All soft and fluffy—clean and safe from moths—it's hard to believe you ever dreaded blanket washing time. You never have an anxious moment now that you use Lux for washing blankets. You know they'll tuck in with the same generous allowance as when they were brand new. Lux won't shrink woolens—won't coarsen or mat them.

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS , WON'T YELLOW OR FADE SILKS

Now - they're using Lux for Washing Dishes

For when they used harsh soap in the dishpan – it was like washing their hands with kitchen soap three times a day







Choose your soap for washing dishes with the same care that you choose your toilet soap and your hands will instantly respond.

Of course Lux would bring relief to your hands!

Why when you use kitchen soap for washing dishes your hands are exposed to its ravages an hour and a half every day! It's like washing your hands with kitchen soap an hour and a half every day.

Lux is as easy on your skin as fine toilet soap. There is no strong ingredient in Lux to give your hands that in-the-dishpan look. It keeps them soft and smooth to the touch.

Toss in a teaspoonful

That's all you need. You wouldn't expect so tiny a quantity would make such generous suds. But it's Lux—and every flake is pure essence of soap. A teaspoonful washes your breakfast or lunch dishes. For the dinner dishes you may need two if there are a lot to wash. Get Lux today. It comes in *two* sizes, now. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

He washed the whole outside of his house with it

"Our house was painted last fall and due to the soft coal used was far from looking fresh at the end of the winter. This spring my husband washed the house —all of it—with Lux and the paint looks as good as new. Sometimes I think it looks better than new. And it took surprisingly little Lux.

"From silk hose to the whole outside of a house is quite a repertoire."

Mrs. F.W. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.







For all the laundry

"I have used Lux now for the laundry for over four years — that means everything. For real soiled clothing I just put clothing and Lux in cold water and let boil. They come out white as snow. The joy of it all being that your hands are free from an ugly red appearance."

Mrs. C. F., San Jose, Cal.



Cheated the Painter

"I was disgusted when I started my spring cleaning,—ceilings and walls seemed to have a coat of smoke and smear. That was because we had for some time to burn just what the coal dealer could give his customers.

"So now since the old hungry furnace is closed up and not much funds on hand for a new coat of paint, 'French Velour' in flat finish, I trusted to my Lux.

"And a joy—I not only saved money, but cheated the painter out of this year's job. You would think we had freshly painted every single room in the house."

Mrs. B. B., New York City

A new use—Shampoo

"For about a year I have used Lux for shampoo with wonderful success. I have curly light auburn hair and I have always been very proud of it. It used to be hard to get the soap out, so one day I tried Lux. I have never used anything else since that lucky day and my hair never looked better. I use it every two weeks and have no dandruff or trouble of any kind. I cannot say too much good of Lux."

Miss D. L. T., Annapolis, Md

RIDS YOUR HANDS FOR GOOD OF THAT IN-THE-DISHPAN LOOK

The Most Delicious and Wholesome Mayonnaise Made at Home in 3 Minutes

You Know Home-Made Mayonnaise Is Fresh and Pure Because You Use Fresh Eggs

EVERY particular housewife likes home-made foods. Not only because they taste better, but because she *knows* they are pure.

That's why thousands of women are now making their own mayonnaise at home with Mazola. They know, that by using Mazola, they can prepare in 3 *minutes* a rich, creamy mayonnaise—equal to mayonnaise served in the finest hotels.

You can be sure of the purity of Mazola Mayonnaise and of its wholesomeness. For you know that the eggs you use in it are absolutely fresh.

Mazola blends perfectly with all your other salad ingredients. And inasmuch as Mazola thickens more quickly, you save time and labor. Mazola-Mayonnaise always remains firm, fresh and smooth. It keeps longer without separating, or getting rancid.

Use the Mazola you have, or get a can from your grocer, and try the recipe given here. See how easy it is to make!

Even though Mazola is equal to the most expensive salad oils, you can buy it at practically half the price of the best imported olive oil.

Make this Delicious Mayonnaise Dressing

1 cup Mazola 1 Egg Yolk ½ teaspoon Salt
½ teaspoon Sugar ⅛ teaspoon Paprika
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice or Vinegar

Add well mixed seasonings to egg, with one teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar and beat well, adding one teaspoon Mazola at a time until mixture thickens, after which the Mazola may be added more rapidly. Thin with lemon juice or vinegar when necessary.

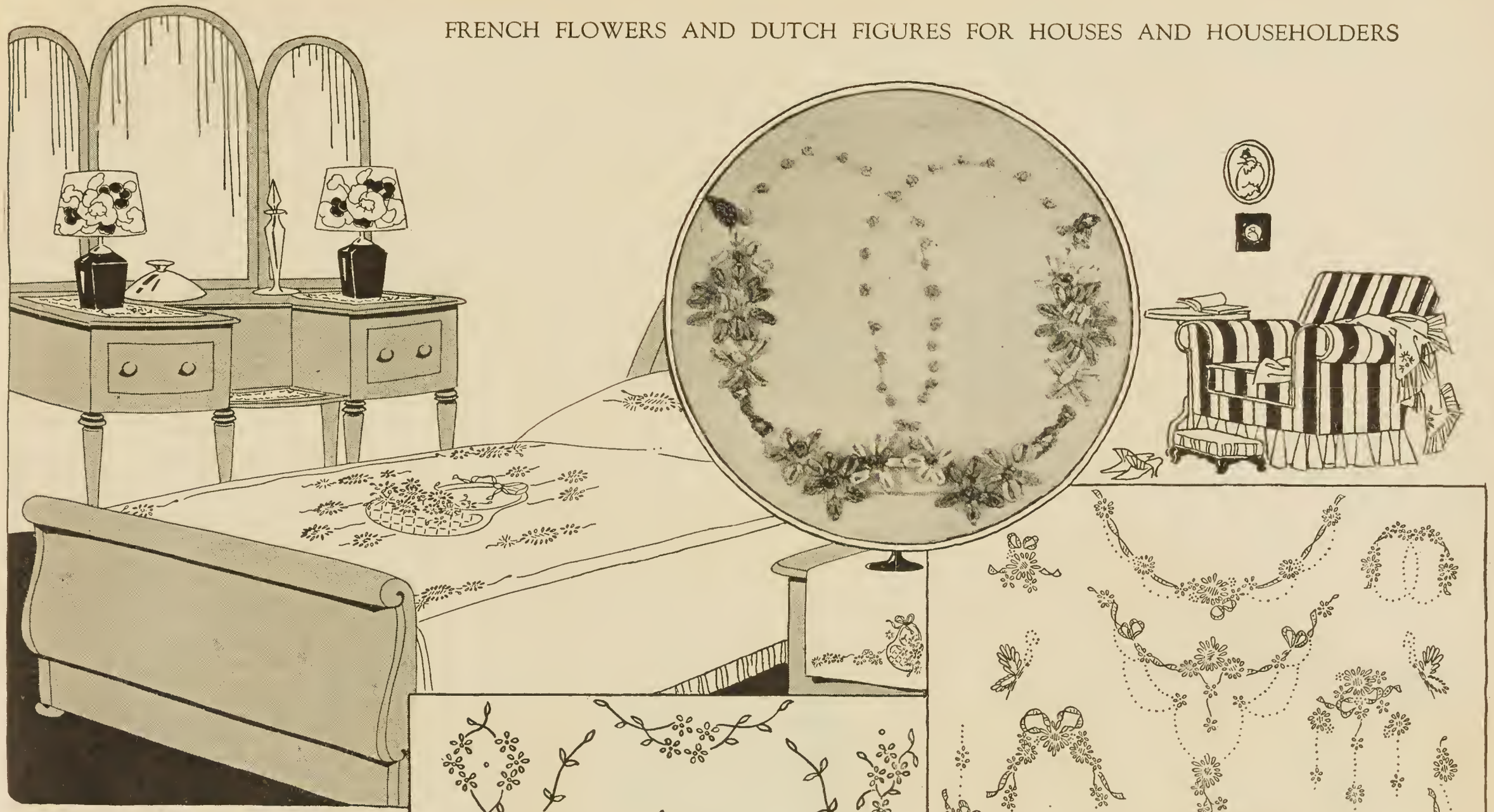
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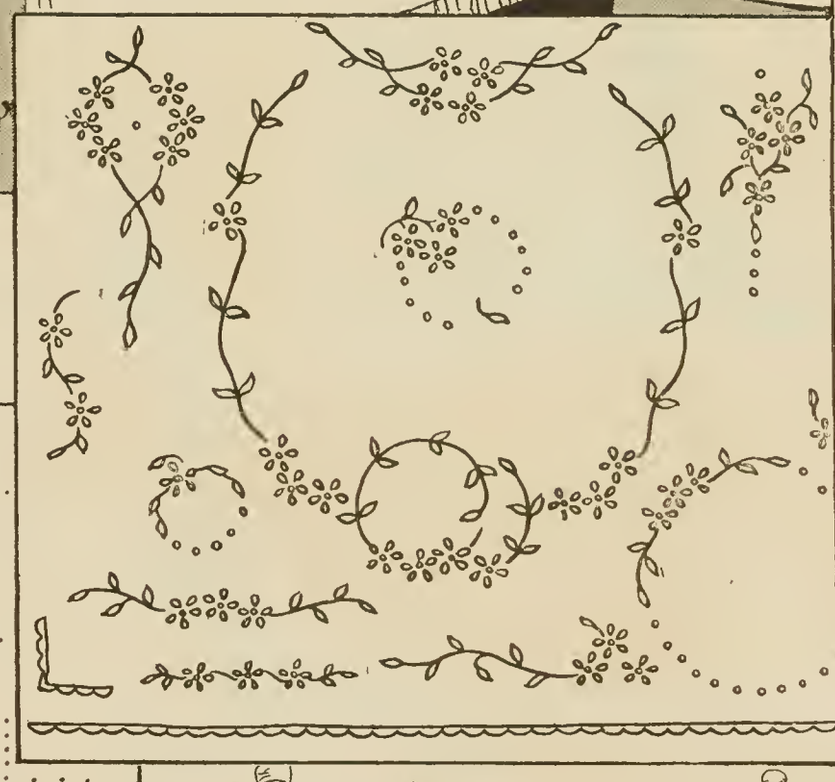
A PLEASANT THOUGHT

"Mazola is as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes."

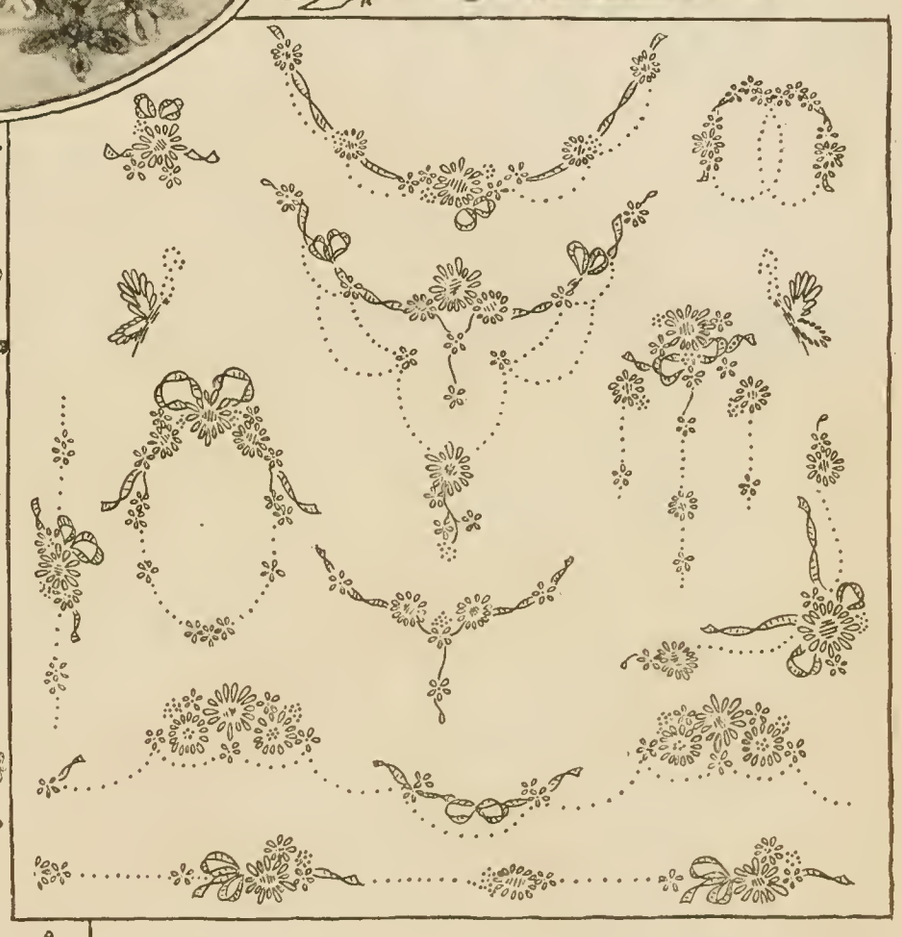
FRENCH FLOWERS AND DUTCH FIGURES FOR HOUSES AND HOUSEHOLDERS



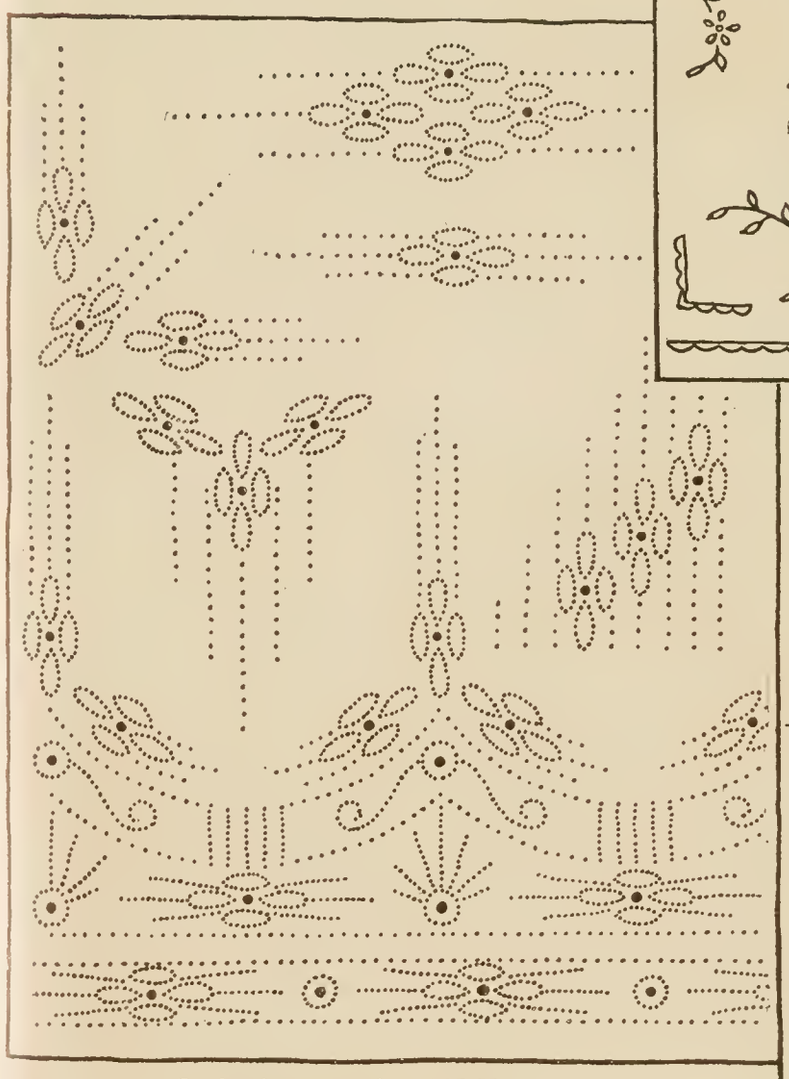
Embroidery design 10259



Embroidery design 10264



Embroidery design 10257



Embroidery design 10263



Embroidery design 10261

10257—Entwined medallions, worked on Nile-green linen in dull orange, soft yellows, lavender and faint pinks make an enchanting bit of embroidery that will have many uses. The sprays, motifs, etc., are attractive for children's clothes, ladies' blouses and underwear and for household linen, etc. Work them in a combination of lazy-daisy, outline and French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding, 3⅛ inches wide, 1¾ yard of banding 1½ inch wide, 3 neck outlines and 26 assorted motifs.

10259—Lazy daisies recline upon a lovely bedspread and make it indeed the "pleasant land of Counterpane." This design with its artistic flower-basket is for bedspreads. It has a companion in similar arrangement (10234) of baskets and daisies for use on scarfs, etc., for the chiffonier or bureau and vanity dressing-table. It should be embroidered in a combination of outline, satin stitch and lazy-daisy stitch. The design can be adapted to a motif and banding for a single, three-quarter or double bed.

10264—Embroidery for baby clothes must be very fine and delicate. Tiny eyelets make the most exquisite embroideries and they are used in a design which contains enough scalloping, fine sprays, etc., for an entire outfit for the baby. The design is for use on little children's clothes, lingerie for ladies and fine household linens, etc., as well as on infants' clothes. It should be embroidered in eyelets, satin stitch, French stemming and scalloping. The design can be adapted to 10¼ yards of scallops and 69 assorted motifs.

10263—The misty wavering appearance of lilies under water is caught in a design of an elongated four-petaled flower with radiating stems. It is lovely worked in beading and it may also be embroidered in French knots. This design makes an effective trimming for dresses, blouses, skirts, hats, etc. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of banding 10¼ inches wide, 5 yards of edging 1⅛ inch wide and 28 assorted motifs.

10261—The windmill district of Zaandam furnishes busy Dutch children and flat Dutch landscapes, geese and ducks for the embroidery world. The stolid little Hans and the demure Gretchen are very popular motifs for children's clothes. The design can also be used on household linens, aprons, etc. It should be worked in outline, one-stitch and cross-stitch embroidery. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard each of 3-inch banding of children and 4-inch banding of Dutch scenes and 46 motifs in 8 assorted styles and 2 assorted sizes.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 68.

GIVE YOUR REFRIGERATOR A CHANCE

By Ruth M. Kellogg

Assistant Professor of Household Management at the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

UNFORTUNATELY many refrigerators have been selected either for their good looks or for the low figures on their price-tags, with little thought of how well they would actually perform the work expected of them. Even the best refrigerators have been handicapped in the performance of their duties by owners who, with the best intentions in the world, have mistreated them shamefully.

To give good service, a refrigerator must have insulation and circulation of air that will make it possible to maintain a temperature low enough to prevent the growth of organisms in food.

HOW TO SELECT A REFRIGERATOR

If you contemplate buying a new refrigerator, do not expect to get a truly good one for a few dollars. The most expensive refrigerator may be the cheapest in the long run, and a poor refrigerator may be an ever-present extravagance.

Be sure to buy a size that fits your needs, remembering that a small amount of ice is ineffective. From seventy-five to one hundred pounds of ice is suitable for families of from four to six persons. Be sure that the "hundred-pound" refrigerator you select will actually hold a hundred-pound cake of ice. Having to cut or chip ice to make it fit is a constant waste. So be sure that the opening to the ice-compartment will permit the easy entrance of ice in the standard-size cakes. (A hundred-pound cake of ice in the standard size of eleven by twenty by fourteen inches requires an opening of thirteen by twenty-six inches.) And don't select one of even this size unless the ice-chamber occupies at least twenty-five per cent. of the interior space in cubic feet.

Insulation—The woman who has burned her hand on the metal handle of a skillet knows that she prefers a wooden handle. This is because metals in general conduct or convey heat readily. Materials of vegetable and animal origin conduct heat poorly. If a substance does not conduct heat readily, it is spoken of as an insulator. Any non-conducting material in which air is caught and held in small cavities without motion is extremely efficient for insulating purposes.

Cork, which owes its lightness and buoyancy to air enclosed in tiny spaces, is excellent for insulation within a refrigerator. If used in the granulated or pebbled form, it needs to be so placed that it does not have a chance to settle or pack down and leave an empty space at the top. In cork board the cork particles have been forced by heat and resins into a solid mass with the air-spaces still intact. This offers one of the best types of insulation possible. Balsa wood is another substance having the lightness of cork because of enmeshed air-spaces; but unlike cork it has structural strength and may be cut in widths of from two to eight inches in thickness.

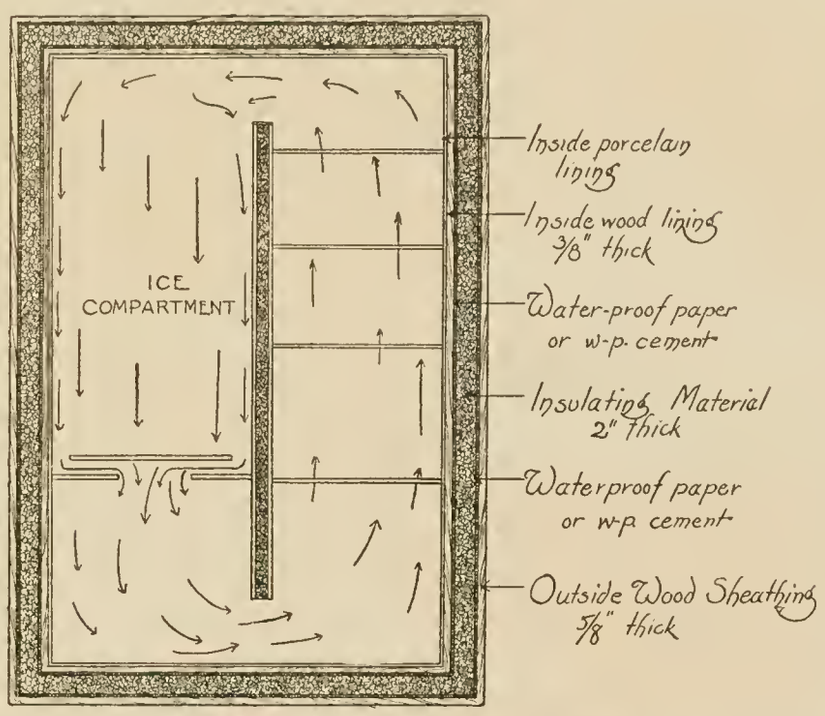
Mineral wool (not steel wool) and substances of vegetable fiber felted or matted together are excellent insulating substances if provision is made to prevent their settling and leaving empty spaces.

In some refrigerators the walls are broken up into as many as ten different parts or layers to prevent the passage of heat into the refrigerator. One of these layers may be a narrow air-space.

The walls of a refrigerator must be as waterproof as possible; consequently, waterproof paper or cement is usually used on both sides of the main insulating material. All corners must be tightly fitted. Laminated wood is found in some of the better refrigerators. These layers of wood are cut different ways of the grain and tend to prevent the wood from shrinking, warping or swelling, any of which conditions would immediately break down the insulating qualities of the refrigerator.

The insulation and the way the walls of the refrigerator are built up are of prime importance. It is unfortunate that very little of this can be seen by looking at the outside of the box. To meet the inquiries of housewives who buy carefully and wisely, most manufacturers have a cut section of their refrigerator which the merchants are glad to show if requested. The bottom and the doors of the refrigerator should be as well insulated as the sides and top.

Other points to look for are tightly closing doors and strong and positive latches. Rolled rubber cushions or gaskets on refrigerator doors against which they actually close form a tight seal. The latches must be strong and must close easily. Too often both hands are full and the housewife will want to be able to close the door by pushing it with her shoulder or knee.



When you select a refrigerator, examine its insulation and air circulation. The construction of the walls must prevent the entrance of outside heat, and the interior arrangement must be such that cold air from the ice-compartment circulates freely through the food-chamber and returns again to be chilled and purified. To give your refrigerator a fair chance, you must have it always well filled with ice, keep the dishes from blocking the circulation of air and arrange your foods so that the milk, butter and fresh meats are in the coldest, driest place.

TELL US YOUR REFRIGERATOR TROUBLES

If your refrigerator has too greedy an appetite for ice

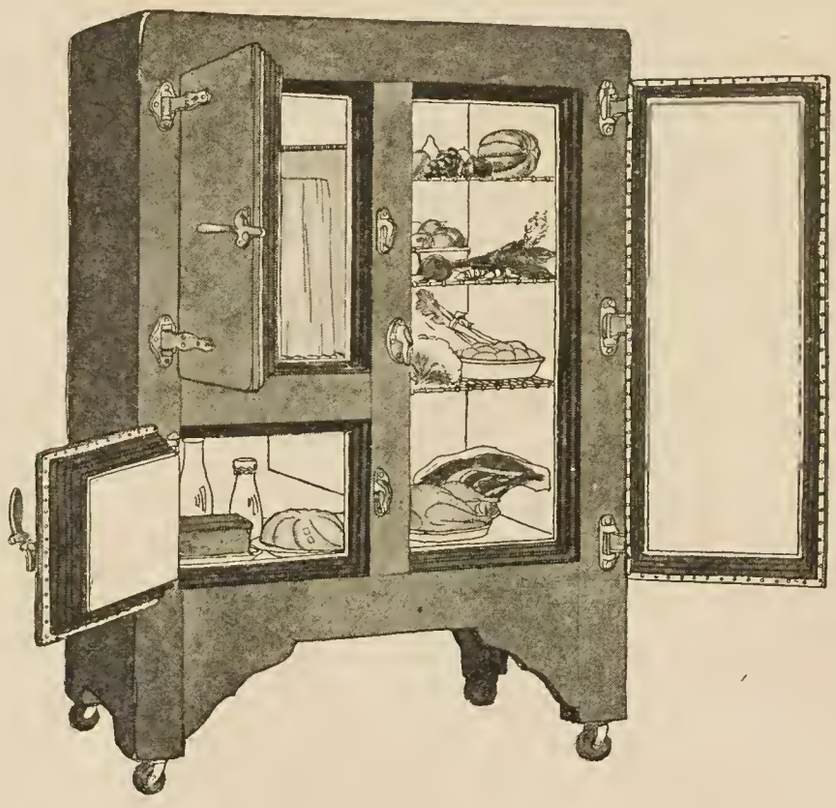
If it runs a temperature higher than you think it should

If it sweats, smells, or molds

If foods spoil frequently

Write us about it—perhaps we can help!

Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City



Air Circulation—That cold air falls and hot air rises is a recognized fact. It is one of the principles upon which refrigeration is based. The cold air given off by melting ice circulates through the food-chambers and absorbs the heat that leaks in through the walls of the refrigerator or enters with the food. The efficiency of the refrigerator depends upon keeping these air currents constantly in motion. And for this purpose it is necessary that there be adequate space and proper openings for the warm air to return to the ice-chamber to be cooled and for the cold air to escape into the food-compartments.

In a refrigerator with a side ice-chamber the openings are in the wall between the side food-compartment and the ice-chamber and in the bottom of the ice-chamber itself.

The cold air from the ice-chamber falls down into the food-compartment directly beneath the ice, passes into the other side, and, gathering heat from the foods, rises to the top, where it goes through the opening into the ice-chamber. When it comes in contact with the ice, the air is chilled, and since cold air can hold less moisture than warm air, the moisture is squeezed out. Overmoist air in a refrigerator hastens the growth of molds and the growth of organisms, causing decay in foods.

In this squeezing process the air loses odors it may have picked up in journeying through the box. These odors are absorbed by the film of water over the melting ice and pass out of the ice-chamber down through the drain-pipe. Consequently the air directly below the ice-chamber is not only the coldest, but also the purest and freest from odors. For this reason foods that require lower temperature or that would readily absorb odors, such as milk, butter, broths or eggs, should be placed in this compartment.

On the top shelf should be placed foods that have higher odors of themselves, such as some of the fruits, the reason being that from this point the air passes directly over the ice and is freshened again before it comes in contact with other foods.

Sanitation—This is of course largely in the housekeeper's hands, but the ease and degree of accomplishing it depend on the interior finish or lining and also on the drain. Side ice-chambers mean shorter drain-pipes than in the top icers; the drains are easily removed and should be taken out, cleaned and scalded at frequent intervals. Drains placed in the front of the refrigerator are more easily removed than those placed at the back. The drain should possess a good water-seal.

What is really desired is a lining that has no seams, cracks or crevices in which food particles or odors may lodge; that holds no odor of itself nor absorbs any other, and that is easy to clean.

In less-expensive refrigerators galvanized linings are found. These do not rust, but they are not so easily kept clean. Find out whether enamel linings are enamel paint or real enamel, which is a glass mixture fired on steel. The latter is the kind used in enamel utensils. Paint may scale off, but enamel is satisfactory, since in refrigerators it does not have to stand the knocks and bumps that lead to chipping in utensils. Porcelain is a glazed pottery material, is of considerable thickness and is found only in expensive refrigerators.

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

All that has been said about real insulation and good construction, about lining and circulation, applies to the electric refrigerator also. In these refrigerators the cold comes not from melting ice, but from liquids which absorb a large amount of heat at the time they change from a liquid to a gas. An electric motor operates a compresser which compresses the liquid used as a refrigerant (usually sulfur-dioxid gas) and changes it into a liquid.

The liquid sulfur-dioxid gas circulates through many feet of copper pipe cooled by air or water. Before entering the cold chamber it goes through an expansion-valve where the pressure is greatly relieved. As a result it expands and changes back into a gas, which means that it takes up a large amount of heat as it circulates through the coils in the cold chamber. This heat is taken from a brine, which becomes very cold without freezing. The process of condensation into a liquid and the change back into a gas is repeated over and over again to maintain a constant coldness. There is no magic in it. The principle is the same as in the ordinary refrigerators, except that here heat is absorbed when a liquid changes to a gas instead of when a solid changes to liquid, and then the change is made back into liquid in order to use the chemical again and again.

The temperature in the food-compartments of an electric refrigerator is lower than in an ice refrigerator, ranging in a well-constructed refrigerator from thirty-eight degrees to forty-four degrees Fahrenheit; also the air is dry. An even temperature is obtained by an automatic thermostat control.

These electrically operated cooling units may be installed in any refrigerator, providing it is a good one. The cost of operation is not excessive, as the main expense is electricity. The motor need only run from one-third to one-fourth of the time, depending upon the refrigerator itself, the way the refrigerator is used and the temperature of the room.

HOW TO USE YOUR REFRIGERATOR

There is danger of checking circulation if you place foods so that they close the openings in the partition between the ice-chamber and the side food-compartment. Another mistake is to pack the shelves so tightly that the air can not get through readily. A slowed-down circulation means not only warmer air, but air more moist as well—a condition that will lead to quicker spoilage of food.

Wrapping ice in paper is a bad practise. The air, coming in contact with the covering instead of the ice, is not sufficiently chilled as it goes through the ice-chamber, it does not have the excess of moisture removed and it will still be moist and too warm as it goes around its journey. Another poor practise is to put food in the ice-chamber. It means waste of ice through the more frequent opening of the ice-chamber door. Never put hot foods in any part of the refrigerator.

A low temperature can not be obtained unless the ice-chamber is always kept well filled.

In a good refrigerator the temperature should not range above fifty to fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit at the top. A temperature not above forty-five degrees is desirable for the milk-compartment. If you have doubts about the efficiency of your refrigerator, place a thermometer in it and find out what it is doing. Perhaps you can improve on its service by giving it more ice and also more understanding treatment.


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THIRST QUENCHERS FOR PARCHED DAYS

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

ONE of the things that make the hot, dusty days of Summer more comfortable is a long, cool, refreshing drink. But even the enjoyment that comes from a tall glass is somewhat allayed if you can not have it at just the moment you want it—whether it be for yourself, a tired member of the family, a casual caller or for one of those spontaneous parties that spring up without warning in every hostess's community.

Preparedness in this case means popularity, even if only with oneself for having the thoughtfulness to keep a carafe of water in the refrigerator so that ice-cold water may be always available without drawing on the ice supply.

The next thing to do in preparing for the Summer campaign is to start a stock of plain white sirup. This keeps indefinitely, is always ready to use and instantly blends with fruit-juices or water. On the other hand, undissolved sugar never mixes satisfactorily and requires much stirring to obtain even unsatisfactory results. If you try to make sirup each time it is needed, it will always be hot when you want it cold, much ice will be wasted in cooling it and the final result will be thin and diluted. With sirup one can regulate sweetness to suit the taste, and the drinks in which it is used will be smooth and steady. When the advantages of a ready-made sirup are once realized, the pantry shelf may be extended to include ready-to-use fruit and chocolate sirups, and perhaps a fruit vinegar or two. These things are inexpensive, simple to prepare and are a first-aid to Summer comfort. A teaspoon or two of the vinegar gives a pleasant tang to the other fruit drinks and is refreshing if added to plain ice-water. Also it may be the needed flavor in a French salad-dressing. Charged water may be purchased in small bottles or in siphons and adds zest and life to any fruit drink.

In preparing Summer beverages keep in mind that the flavor is better if the drink is prepared ahead of time and given a few minutes to stand and mellow or ripen. It must of course be kept cold and will be a success only when served cold. For this purpose large thermos carafes have a usefulness at home as well as on the road.

Any iced drink requires thorough mixing or shaking and should be served in a state of frothing and foaming in the thin tall glass in which it finds itself. For this purpose an egg-beater may be used, although nothing really works as well as an old-time cocktail-shaker, for which these simple fruit drinks now offer a legitimate usefulness.

There are many delightful cool drinks to be made of milk plus fruit. These offer a pleasant inducement to take a bit of mid-afternoon nourishment as well as refreshment—and both are needed in hot weather.

EDITOR'S NOTE—If you like to nibble on dainty wafers or fancy cakes at the same time that you refresh your own or your guest's thirst with these cooling drinks, write us and we'll send you some specially delectable recipes. Just send a stamped return envelope to The Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*



Two jars in the ice-box—one containing plain sirup and the other fruit-juice—make a cool drink merely a matter of mixing and shaking

PLAIN OR WHITE SIRUP

Use twice as much sugar as water, stir until dissolved and boil for six minutes.

CHOCOLATE SIRUP

3 squares chocolate, grated or shaved	1 tablespoon cornstarch
1½ cups sugar	Salt
1½ cups boiling water	Vanilla

Place the chocolate in a double boiler and pour boiling water over it. When it is melted, add the dry ingredients, which have been mixed together. Cook the mixture for about ten minutes, or until smooth and creamy.

The sirup will keep in a cool place indefinitely.

CURRANT SIRUP

Wash currants, add cold water to cover them and cook until the fruit is soft and loses its color. Drain as for jelly. Measure the juice, add one-quarter as much sugar as juice and boil for five minutes. Seal in clean hot bottles or jars.

Sour cherry-juice combined with currants, raspberries or blackberries gives an excellent combination of flavors.

Raspberry, blackberry or cherry sirups are prepared in the same manner.

STRAWBERRY SIRUP

Strawberry sirup requires different preparation because the berries fade easily. Prepare the berries, measure them and add one-half as much sugar as fruit. Cook them for twenty minutes, strain and boil the sirup for five minutes. Seal.

FRUIT VINEGAR

(*Raspberry, Currant, Blackberry*)

Pick over and wash the fruit. Weigh and over each pound of fruit pour two and one-half cups of white vinegar. Let them stand for ten days or two weeks in a cold place. Strain, measure the liquid and add three-quarters as much sugar. Stir well and heat the mixture to the boiling-point, but do not let it bubble. Seal at once in clean hot bottles or jars. Fruit vinegars may be combined with other juices in making beverages, or they may be added to ice-water for serving.

GRAPE-JUICE

1 cup grapes	¼ cup sugar
Boiling water	

Wash the grapes, remove them from the stems and place them in a quart jar. Add sugar and fill the jar with boiling water. Seal. The grapes must stand at least a month before the juice is ready to use.

Grape-juice made in this way is ready to be used without being diluted and has a fresh, delightful flavor and a bright, sparkling color. This method of making it requires more jars than when concentrated, but it offers a great saving in time, heat and energy.

FLOWER-BOWL PUNCH

1 quart peach-juice	Juice 1 lemon
1 pint strawberry sirup	White sirup to taste

Mix well and turn into bowl over cracked ice.

Strawberries cut in thin slices crosswise or nasturtium blossoms form an attractive float.

CIDER PUNCH

Turn fresh sweet cider into a bowl over cracked ice. Add waferlike slices of lemon or orange and sprays of mint.

SUMMER PUNCH

1 pint cider	1 pint bottle ginger ale
1 cup grape-juice	Juice 1 lemon
White sirup	
Cracked or shaved ice	

Mix ingredients, adding sirup to taste.

STRAWBERRY FLIP

2 tablespoons strawberry sirup	1 tablespoon vanilla ice-cream
⅔ cup milk	

Shake well and turn into glasses and serve at once. This makes an individual serving.

ELDERBERRY PUNCH

1 cup elderberry sirup	Juice 1 lemon
½ cup white sirup	1 quart water

Mix thoroughly, chill and serve with shaved ice or pour over piece of ice in punch-bowl, adding a few sprays of bruised mint.

ELDERBERRY SIRUP

1 pound light-brown sugar	2 quarts elderberries
	1 cup vinegar

Mix thoroughly, bring slowly to boiling-point and cook for twenty minutes. Set aside to cool overnight. In the morning, heat and drain as for jelly. Boil the sirup for five minutes and seal.

A tablespoon of this sirup added to a glass of ice-water is always refreshing.

BUTTERMILK AND PINEAPPLE-JUICE

2 tablespoons pineapple sirup	1 pint buttermilk

Mix well with egg-beater or shake in mixer. Have the buttermilk very cold and serve with shaved ice.

GRAPE-JUICE DE LUXE

1 pint grape-juice	Juice 1 orange
½ cup white sirup	Juice 1 lemon
Mint	Cracked ice

Bruise mint slightly, mix all ingredients and serve in tall glasses with cracked ice.

PINEAPPLEADE

1 cup pineapple-juice
1 quart apple-juice
1 cup white sirup
Juice 3 lemons
4 sprigs of mint
Green grapes
Green vegetable coloring

Mix all ingredients except the grapes, using just enough coloring to tint a delicate green. Chill and then pour over ice in punch-bowl. Just before serving, add grapes skinned, seeded and cut in halves.

MILK JULEP

1 egg	1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup milk	Salt
Vanilla	

Beat the egg until light, add the sugar, beat, and then add the other ingredients. Mix or shake well and chill. When ready to serve, beat or shake until foamy.

Variations—Add one tablespoon of chocolate sirup; sprays of mint; grated nutmeg or cinnamon; whipped cream; or one teaspoon of caramel and one tablespoon of ice-cream.

FRUIT JULEP

1 cup shredded pineapple	Juice 1 orange
1 cup sugar	½ cup strawberry sirup
1 cup water	1 pint bottle ginger ale
Juice 1 lemon	

Mix the pineapple, orange-juice, lemon-juice, sugar and water together and boil for ten minutes. Cool; then add the fruit sirup and ginger ale. Strain and pour over a cake of ice in punch-bowl. Slice four maraschino cherries in paper-thin slices and add to the bowl.

CHOCOLATE-EGG MILK SHAKE

1 egg	1 tablespoon chocolate sirup
1 cup milk	

Beat the egg; add the milk and the sirup; shake thoroughly and serve.

CHOCOLATE-CREAM COCKTAIL

1 cup milk	1 tablespoon chocolate sirup
1 tablespoon whipped cream	

Mix the milk and chocolate thoroughly together. Whip the cream into it lightly and serve at once.

COFFEE FLOAT

1 pint milk	2 tablespoons coffee
2 tablespoons ice-cream	2 tablespoons sugar
	Vanilla

Heat the milk in a double boiler; when hot, add the coffee. Let stand for fifteen minutes; add sugar, strain and chill. Add ice-cream and whip lightly. Serve at once.

LEMON FROST

Fill a tall glass one-fourth full of cracked ice; fill three-fourths full of well-mixed lemonade and frost the top with a spoon of stiffly beaten egg-white sweetened slightly and flavored with lemon-juice.

LEMON GINGER

For each glass allow two tablespoons of ginger sirup, the juice of one-half lemon and two tablespoons of pineapple-juice. Add cracked ice and shake well. Dilute with the desired amounts of water.

LEMON MINT

For each glass squeeze the juice of two lemons over six or seven crushed mint leaves. Add one-fourth cup of sirup, chopped ice and shake. Add water to fill the glasses.

LIMEADE

Limeade is made in the same way as lemonade, using limes instead of lemons and a little more sirup. This is even more refreshing than lemonade in the Summer.



Glass spoons with hollow stems combine the pleasure of sipping with the more prosaic function of stirring

REFRESHMENTS FOR SUMMER ENTERTAINING

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

NO SEASON gives more opportunity for hospitality than Summer. To make this hospitality simple, spontaneous and easy, every woman needs to have at her finger-tips a versatile list of refreshments suitable for every occasion. There will be afternoon teas and porch-parties, late suppers and impromptu picnics—to say nothing of numerous lawn fêtes, ice-cream socials, church and club affairs to whose refreshment she will be asked to contribute.

The sandwich has the star rôle in the list, and for all these occasions, except outdoor picnics or hikes, it must make its claim to popularity on its esthetic appearance, charm of flavor and originality.

The Summer sandwich of this kind must never be a bulky affair. It must be thin, but well spread with perfectly creamed butter. Its edges will have been sacrificed to the trimming-knife. This procedure is not so wasteful as it seems, since plain buttered trimmings may be browned in a bit of melted butter and served in the soup, while trimmings from sweet sandwiches may enjoy a new state in bread puddings or soufflés. Those with meat or egg fillings may go into scalloped dishes or croquettes. Incidentally, it is almost impossible to have any waste with sandwiches inasmuch as those left over may be kept securely wrapped in a damp cloth until supper or breakfast and then be served toasted. They are surprisingly good "left-overs."

Flavored butters often give the desired result in sandwiches. Minced parsley or watercress and lemon-juice, onion-juice, or the grated rind and juice of orange may be creamed with the butter.

Crisp cakes, such as macaroons, coconut wafers or rolled-oats cookies, put together with a tart jelly and then covered with confectioners' icing flavored with chocolate or caramel or sprinkled with finely chopped nuts, are nice with ice-cream.

Soft cakes, such as spice drops, cup-cakes, sliced angel-cake and decorated cakes cut from sheet cakes and iced on top or all around, go well with tea.

Among the pastries there are jelly tarts, cream tarts, cheese wafers, nut steaks and fancy shapes, iced and decorated.

If a hot bread appeals, there is nothing nicer than tiny hot rolls, tea muffins or baking-powder biscuits. Thin slices of steamed brown bread or nut-bread and butter are always welcome. Slices of slightly stale loaf-cake or sweet crackers toasted may make a variation from cinnamon toast and toasted coffee-cake.

If the beverage served is tea, the usual lemon and sugar or cream may be varied with cloves stuck in the slices of lemon, or by using orange instead of lemon, or by flavoring the sugar. Orange or lemon sugar is made by rubbing loaf sugar over the rind of well-washed oranges and lemons until it is colored. One drop of essence of cinnamon, mint or cloves on each loaf of sugar also gives flavor. Bits of candied pineapple, candied cherries, sprigs of mint or small pieces of crystallized ginger may be served in tea.

Recipes for many of these delicacies follow.



NOTE—If you are giving a party and can not decide on exactly the menu you want, write to us and we shall be glad to plan it for you. But don't forget a stamped envelope for our reply, will you? Address the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City

HARLEQUIN SANDWICHES

Cut four one-half-inch slices each of brown bread and of white bread. Butter three of the slices and put all four slices together in alternating brown and white layers, using the unbuttered slice for the top layer. Press the layers firmly together and cut like layer-cake in slices about one-half inch thick and serve in this shape.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SANDWICH FILLINGS

Orange or any fruit marmalade, jams or conserves.

Cherry preserve put through a food-chopper.

Cream cheese with green pepper or pimiento or finely ground cold chicken with minced asparagus tips and salad-dressing.

Dates, figs and nuts finely chopped and mixed with mayonnaise dressing or with cream cheese, lemon, salt and paprika to taste. Cut in fancy shapes and garnish with nut-meats.

TOASTED ORANGE SANDWICH

Spread orange marmalade on hot buttered toast. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place in a moderate oven until the cheese melts. Serve hot.

CUCUMBER-AND-TONGUE SANDWICH

½ cup minced cold boiled tongue
½ cup cucumber cut fine
Mayonnaise dressing
½ teaspoon onion-juice
1 tablespoon minced pimiento

Mix thoroughly and spread on thin slices of buttered brown bread.

GINGER-PEAR SANDWICHES

Spread thin slices of buttered brown bread with cream cheese and cover with a layer of finely cut preserved ginger pear.

VARIETY SANDWICH

Spread a slice of bread with creamed butter and shaved maple-sugar blended together. Over this place a layer of chopped raisins and English walnuts moistened with cream to spread. Cover with a thin slice of any simple white loaf-cake. Cut in finger shapes.



This combination plate-saucer holds the cup in its own groove and leaves room for the cake

TOASTED SARDINE SANDWICH

1 box sardines
2 hard-cooked eggs
Salad-dressing
Lemon-juice
Cayenne pepper

Drain the sardines and remove the skin and bones. Chop the eggs fine and add them to the sardines. Mix thoroughly. Season well with lemon-juice, a very little Cayenne and moisten with salad-dressing to spread. Cut thin slices of bread in circles; butter and spread with the above mixture. Toast lightly on both sides and serve hot.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

Use thin slices of brown bread, cut them into small rounds the size of a slice of cucumber and butter them. Add a layer of cottage-cheese moistened with salad-dressing and cover with a medium-thin slice of cucumber. Add salt and paprika and cover with another round of brown bread. Press the slices lightly together.

CLOVER-LEAF SANDWICHES

Butter thin slices of white bread. Spread one slice with currant or raspberry conserve, sprinkle with grated Cheddar or Parmesan cheese and cover with a buttered slice of bread. Cut the sandwiches in clover-leaf shape. Serve the sandwiches on a doily on a plate garnished with fresh clover leaves and blossoms.

FRENCH CHICKEN SANDWICHES

1 cup ground chicken
1 teaspoon gelatin
¼ cup thick cream
1 teaspoon minced parsley
Salt
Paprika
1 teaspoon lemon-juice

Soak the gelatin in four teaspoons of cold water for five minutes and then dissolve it over hot water. Mix the other ingredients together and add the dissolved gelatin. Stir well together and turn in a thin layer on to a plate which has been well greased with butter. Smooth the mixture into an even sheet and set aside to cool. When cold, cut in squares or other shapes the same size as the sandwiches are to be. Place between thin buttered slices of bread. Serve the sandwich in a lettuce cup, garnished with a cherry on the stem.

BROWN SUSANS

CUSTARD

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup grated chocolate
½ cup milk
Yolk of one egg

BATTER

1½ cups brown sugar
⅔ cup fat
1 cup milk
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking-powder
2½ cups flour
Vanilla

To make the custard, beat the yolk of egg, add milk, sugar and chocolate; cook until smooth and thick. Then set aside to cool, and while this is cooling, mix the batter as follows:

Cream the fat and sugar, add the milk and beaten eggs, then the dry ingredients sifted together and the vanilla. Mix well and add the cold custard. Bake in a thin sheet in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit). Cover with fudge icing. While soft, sprinkle with grated orange. Cut in small squares for serving.

FUDGE FROSTING

2 cups confectioners' sugar
1 square chocolate
1 cup milk
Salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon butter

Mix the sugar, milk and chocolate cut in small pieces, and boil until a little of the mixture forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat and add the salt, butter and vanilla. Let stand until cold. Beat until creamy and spread over the cake.

SPICE DROPS

1 cup sugar
½ cup fat
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
½ cup chopped English walnuts
½ cup dates cut in small pieces

Cream the sugar and fat. Add the milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add the dates and nuts. Mix and add to the first mixture. Mix thoroughly and add well-beaten eggs. Bake in tiny muffin-tins. Cover each cake with mocha frosting.



Preserved fruits, such as strawberries, pineapple, ginger pears or figs, will transform plain ice-cream into a delicious sundae

MOCHA FROSTING

1½ cups confectioners' sugar
⅓ cup butter
Strong coffee

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually. Continue beating and add coffee very slowly until the frosting has the right consistency to spread or force through a pastry-tube.

PRESERVED-FIG SUNDAE

Use plain vanilla ice-cream. Cut preserved figs down toward the stem in four sections, being careful not to separate them from the stem.

Place a fig on each serving of ice-cream with the sections separated like flower petals, and pour over it one tablespoon of the fig sirup.

FRUIT PUNCH

2 cups hot tea infusion
2 cups sugar
½ cup orange-juice
Maraschino cherries
¼ cup lemon-juice
1 cup pineapple-juice
1 cup cherry-juice
1 cup ginger ale

Make the tea infusion by pouring two cups of boiling water over three teaspoons of tea. Orange Pekoe is preferred. Pour the hot tea infusion over the sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then add the fruit-juices. Strain into the punch-bowl over a large piece of ice. Just before serving, add the ginger ale and maraschino cherries cut in thin slices.



If your Health is threatened—

You should know the power of this natural fresh food

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.



"'TRY TWO cakes of fresh yeast every day,' said the specialist. My constipation was of 20 years' standing, and I had begun to feel it would always be thus. That yeast treatment was started 15 months ago. Since the end of the first four or five weeks, I have not had the slightest need for purgatives of any kind. The benefits cannot be measured in money. Now I find I can eat any food or combination of foods without fear of a constipating effect; my appetite and digestion are perfect."

(Mr. Frank E. Rice of Ithaca, N. Y.)







"ACNE blotches had covered my face, and as my engagements to sing became frequent I felt more and more sensitive over my disfigured complexion. In desperation I used soaps, ointments, tried dieting, and even a series of 20 X-ray treatments.

"After every other measure had failed, I began eating 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Scarcely two weeks had passed before my complexion began to clear, the blotches fading and no new ones had appeared. At the end of a month my face had regained its youthful texture, and was free from blemishes."

(A letter from Miss Caroline Curtiss, a New York concert singer)



"INNUMERABLE boils on each of the three children. All treatment seemed in vain. Three medicine spoons went down three tiny throats twenty times daily. Boils still came. The little sisters still cried.

"When at last the doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast, the household laughed. But soon the boils came less frequently. And when three little girls began to spread Fleischmann's Yeast instead of butter on their bread, the boils disappeared entirely."

(Extract from letter of Mrs. Mary H. Lloyd of New Albany, Ind.)



"IN MARCH, 1920, I read your 'Yeast for Health' advertisement. Frankly, I did not believe it. For years I had been troubled with an acid condition of the stomach: 'heartburn,' constipation, no pep. Merely out of curiosity I tried yeast—and was agreeably astonished. My digestion improved rapidly. That stuffy feeling caused by a heavy meal disappeared. My bowels function without artificial assistance. The acidity has not returned and my daily dose of soda is a thing of the past. In brief, I was not merely relieved—I was *cured*."

(A letter from Mr. M. M. Glauber, an Oklahoman)

"ALL MY life I have been constantly annoyed with indigestion and a cankered, sore mouth—caused by acidity of the stomach. Fleischmann's Yeast has effected a permanent cure of my stomach and mouth troubles, and I consider Yeast as much a necessity as a tooth-brush or my bath."

(Extract from a letter of Mrs. Hugo V. Bolin of Ponca City, Oklahoma)



Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep fresh in *your* ice box as well as in the grocer's.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-6, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

A COOL FINISH TO A SUMMER MEAL

By Winifred Moses

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*



Partly frozen cream may be beaten and packed in either large or individual molds. A freezing mixture of four parts ice and one of salt is used

EDITOR'S NOTE — With just a few changes in the ingredients—and the same basic recipes given here—the home-maker can concoct a host of delicious iced desserts and never repeat herself at all. We have a number of flavors to suggest, some of them old-time favorites and others a bit more unusual. We want to send them to you—and we want to help you also if you have any questions to ask about freezers or freezing. Our service is yours to command. Just remember to enclose a stamped envelope for our answer. Address: The Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City.*

FROZEN desserts are deservedly the most highly esteemed of all the members of the dessert family.

In the first place, they are joyously delicious to the taste; we like their flavor and texture. Next, they are an excellent medium for supplying those dietary essentials: fruit, milk, eggs and cream. And last, but by no means least, this type of dessert may be adapted to any and every menu, be it simple and cheap, or elaborate and expensive.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FROZEN DESSERTS

A strong canvas bag, an ice-mallet and an ice-pick are essential for the work of freezing. Be sure that the ice is chopped fine, for the finer the ice the more quickly the mixture freezes.

Put the required amount of ice in a canvas bag (a four-quart freezer requires about ten pounds of ice and one and one-half quarts of salt) and pound fine with a mallet. Put the cream mixture to be frozen into the container (it should not be more than two-thirds full) and adjust the lid. Now pack.

For desserts such as mousses and parfaits, which are not stirred during the freezing process, allow one part of salt to one part of ice. For water-ices, frappés or sherbets, and for ice-creams and frozen custards in which a velvety texture is required, use one part of salt to eight to twelve parts of ice, remembering in the last case that the smaller the proportion of salt to ice the slower the process of freezing and the finer the grain—also, the greater the volume.

Put a layer of ice in the bottom to a depth of eight inches or more; add a one-eighth-inch layer of salt if packing mousses or parfaits, and a one-inch layer for water-ices, frappés or ice-creams. Repeat until the freezer is full. Use coarse salt, for while fine salt dissolves more quickly than coarse and at first hastens the freezing process, it tends to form little crusts and bridges which prevent the ice from settling down in the freezer. Now place the freezer in a container to catch leakage; turn slowly until the cream begins to stiffen and then more rapidly until it is frozen. Too rapid freezing, especially in the case of ice-creams, tends to give a coarse texture which is undesirable. If fruit-pulp or meringue is to be added, it should be folded in when the mixture is partially frozen.



When the mold has been packed heaping full, cover it with waxed paper. Then rub the metal cover with any hard fat so as to seal it and keep out the salt

When the mixture is completely frozen, take out the dasher and pack the cream firmly. Replace the lid and put a cork in the hole where the dasher came out. Draw off the water and refill with the ice and salt. Cover the top first with a piece of brown paper and then with a heavy covering. (A gunny-sack is excellent for this purpose.) Stand aside for two or three hours to ripen.

If you use either an automatic or a vacuum freezer, there is, of course, no turning. But just a word of warning: When packing either of these freezers, be sure to follow exactly the directions that come with them.

Although to the amateur housewife the number of frozen desserts seems endless, there are really only about six basic recipes for making them all, and she has only to become familiar with these in order to be past mistress of the art and be qualified to serve a new variety every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

WATER-ICES

Water-ices are the simplest, coolest and most refreshing of all frozen desserts. A water-ice is simply a mixture of fruit-juice, water and sugar frozen to a pulp. In recipes for water-ices, the water and sugar are first cooked into a sirup. In freezing water-ices, the best results are obtained when the process is carried on intermittently, turning the freezer slowly for five minutes and then allowing it to stand for five minutes; then turning again for five minutes—continuing this process until the mixture is stiff. It is then allowed to stand for two or three hours to ripen.

BASIC RECIPE FOR WATER-ICES

Lemon Ice

1 quart water
Grated rind of 2 lemons
¾ cup of lemon-juice
2 cups sugar

Add the lemon-rind and sugar to the water, put over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil for five minutes. Cool, add the lemon-juice, strain and freeze as directed above. A quart of lemon ice will make about six servings.

FRAPPES

Frappés differ from water-ices only in that they are not frozen quite so hard. The correct consistency of a frappé is about that of wet snow or slush.

SHERBETS

Sherbets are water-ices to which either a meringue of egg-whites or a little gelatin, or both, have been added. Pure sweetened undiluted fruit-juices when frozen are also known as sherberts. Then there is the milk sherbet. The sugar must be thoroughly dissolved before the mixture is frozen. This makes a smooth sherbet of very fine texture.

BASIC RECIPE FOR SHERBETS

1 quart water
1 teaspoon gelatin soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water
1¾ cups fruit-juice
Juice of one lemon
2 cups sugar

Boil the sugar and water together in a covered container for five minutes. Add the softened gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Cool. Add the fruit-juice, strain if necessary and freeze.

ICE-CREAMS

Now come the ice-creams, which are the most popular of all the frozen desserts. There are two general classes of these: first, those that are made with pure cream; second, those that are made with part cream and part custard. Besides these there are those made with custards with no cream at all and those made with condensed milk.

BASIC RECIPE FOR PHILADELPHIA ICE-CREAM

1 quart coffee cream or 1 pint coffee cream and 1 pint whipping cream
¾ to 1 cup sugar
Pinch of salt
1 tablespoon or more of flavoring

Mix the sugar with half of the cream (use the coffee cream if the other half is whipping cream) and scald in the top of a double boiler until the sugar is melted. Remove and cool. When thoroughly chilled, add the rest of the cream—whipped if whipping cream is used—and the flavoring. Freeze.

FROZEN CUSTARDS

Although these desserts are variously designated as ice-cream, French or Neapolitan creams, they are in reality nothing but frozen custards in which part of the liquid is cream.

BASIC RECIPE FOR FROZEN CUSTARDS

French Vanilla Ice-Cream

1 pint milk
1 cup sugar
2 to 4 eggs
Pinch of salt
1 pint cream
1 tablespoon flavoring

Put the milk and sugar to scald in the top of a double boiler. Beat the eggs—not light, but just enough to thoroughly mix the yolks and whites. Dilute with a little of the hot milk, then add gradually to the hot milk mixture, stirring constantly until the mixture coats a spoon. Do not cook longer or the mixture will curdle. Chill thoroughly, whip the cream, add the flavoring and fold it into the custard. Freeze.

MOUSSES

One of the richest and most elaborate, as well as the most expensive, of the frozen-dessert family is the mousse. It may be composed wholly of frozen whipped cream and fruit-pulp or it may be stiffened with gelatin, but it is always frozen without stirring and should have a mosslike texture when cut.

BASIC RECIPE FOR MOUSSES

1 cup to 1 pint of drained fruit-pulp flavored with juice of one-half lemon
1 pint whipping cream
Pinch of salt
1 cup powdered sugar

Add the salt and sugar to the cream and beat until stiff throughout. Sometimes it is necessary to drain the whipped cream on a fine sieve. Fold in the drained and sweetened fruit-pulp. The fruit-pulp may be stiffened by adding a teaspoon of gelatin which has been soaked in two tablespoons of cold water and melted over hot water. The fruit-pulp should then be set on ice until it begins to stiffen before the cream is folded in. Put in a mold and pack in equal parts of ice and salt and let stand for three hours.

Crushed bananas, strawberries, raspberries and peaches may be used in making mousses.

If desired, the fruit-pulp may be omitted. One tablespoon of gelatin soaked in one-fourth cup of cold water and melted over hot water may be mixed with the sugar and added to the whipped cream and the flavoring added, the mousse taking the name of the flavor used.



Next cover the mold with several inches of ice and salt and let it stand until ready to serve



A wee colleen from the old country

LITTLE SHEILA MATIER was born in Ireland one spring not so very long ago. Soon afterward her parents set sail for America and settled in Southern California.

Their first discovery on arriving here was that nowhere in this country could they buy the baby food that Sheila had lived on since she was born—the only food in fact, that had ever agreed with her delicate digestion.

"We tried one thing after another," said her father, "but without success. Our baby grew thinner every day—in fact, she was starving to death. My wife was desperate.

"One day she suddenly remembered that someone had mentioned Eagle Brand. She got a can and baby enjoyed her first meal for days. We have never left off since.

"Now, at six months, Sheila weighs over sixteen pounds and is as happy and pretty a baby as anyone could find."

The change in Sheila's health has been truly remarkable. In England she was in the care of two nurses and the doctor visited her every day. Since she started on Eagle Brand she has thrived wonderfully. A nurse from a Maternity Hospital recently examined her and pronounced her one of the best nourished children she had ever seen.

"Our friends—good Californians all—give the credit to the climate," writes Mr. Matier, "but Sheila's mother and I know better. But for Eagle Brand our baby would have starved."



EVERY year Eagle Brand literally saves the lives of hundreds of babies. In countless instances it has helped to build up sickly, delicate babies into sturdy, healthy children.

Eagle Brand agrees with most babies because it is exceptionally digestible. It is made of pure cow's milk and cane sugar—nothing else—combined by a special condensing process. This process breaks down the hard casein of the cow's milk, which is the indigestible part, and makes a food that even the most delicate baby stomach can absorb. Eagle Brand contains all the food elements needed for vigorous growth, and has the necessary vitamin content too. Sealed in sterilized airtight containers, it is kept free from harmful contamination.

Ordinarily nothing is better for a baby than mother's milk. But if you cannot nurse your baby, or if he is not thriving on his present food, put him on Eagle Brand at once. Don't waste precious time experimenting. You can't begin too soon with this food—tried and proved by mothers and doctors for 67 years.

No matter where you go, Eagle Brand is available. Always absolutely uniform. *The Borden Company, 106 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

SHEILA MATIER, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh A. Matier, 616 North Columbia Avenue, Glendale, California*



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MENUS FOR JULY

With a special spread for the Fourth

By Jessie Boys

These menus were carefully planned so as to have correct nutritional values. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WITH the abundance of fruits and vegetables which July affords, the question is apt to be—not, "What shall we have to eat?" but—"How can we use all there is at hand?"

A brief survey of the fruit and vegetables that are obtainable in the different States during the month of July shows that there is a wide variety to be had in the larger cities and towns. This is due to the advancement of market gardening and to the improved transportation facilities. In the markets of more remote villages the variety may be more limited, but it is usually supplemented from the home garden.

Independence Day gives opportunity for special menus, which can be made quite colorful. As blue is a color not naturally found in foodstuffs and a bit difficult to manage artificially (though some violet effects may be obtained), red and white are featured. Menus other than those noted will suggest themselves to the clever hostess.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Peaches and Cream
Cornflakes
Scrambled Eggs *Muffins*
Orange Marmalade
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Tomato Salad *Nut-Bread Sandwiches*
Blueberries and Cream
Sponge-Cake
Milk *Iced Tea*

DINNER

Chilled Grapefruit
Jellied Tongue *Horseradish Cream Sauce*
Scalloped Potatoes *Summer Squash*
Dressed Lettuce *Graham Bread*
Jelly
Maple Nut Pudding *Soft Custard*
Wafers
Milk *Coffee*

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Iced Cantaloup
Rolled-Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Soft-Cooked Eggs *Toast*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Potato Soup *Paprika Crackers*
Cheese Sandwiches *Fruit Salad*
Layer-Cake
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Pork Chops *Brown Gravy* *Apple Sauce*
Frosted Sweet Potatoes *Stewed Okra*
Cabbage Salad *Corn Bread*
Peach Cobbler *Cream Sauce*
Milk *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Black Raspberries Sugared
Lamb Chops *Baked Potatoes*
Hot Rolls
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce
Fresh-Spinach-and-Egg Salad
Graham Bread
Radishes
Sea-Moss Blanc-Mange *Jelly*
Milk *Iced Tea*

DINNER

Steak *Maître d'Hôtel Butter*
Riced Potatoes
Creamed New Carrots and Peas
Head Lettuce *Thousand Island Dressing*
Dixie Relish *Salt-Rising Bread*
Green-Apple Pie
Milk *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Ready-Cooked Wheat Cereal with Hot Milk
Jelly Omelet *Toasted Muffins*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Combination Vegetable Salad
Peanut-Butter Sandwiches
Green-Apple Sauce *Hot Gingerbread*
Cocoa

DINNER

Roast Beef *Sautéd Bananas*
Mashed Potatoes *Corn on the Cob*
Lettuce *Roquefort Dressing* *White Bread*
Frozen Custard *Cakes*
Milk *Coffee*

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Blueberries and Cornflakes with Top Milk
Broiled Fish *Creamed Potatoes*
Marmalade *Rolls*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Hot Milk Toast
Cucumber-and-Tomato Salad *Cheese Biscuit*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Sliced Roast Beef *Hot Currant-Jelly Sauce*
Baked New Potatoes *Swiss Chard*
Lettuce *Sour-Cream Dressing*
Custard Pie
Milk *Coffee*

FRIDAY, the Fourth of July

BREAKFAST

Red Raspberries and Cream
Rolled Oats with Dates *Top Milk*
Crisp Bacon *Toast*
Red Jelly
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cream-of-Tomato Soup *Cheese Wafers*
Cottage-Cheese Salad *Tomato Mayonnaise*
Radishes *Whole-Wheat Bread*
Watermelon
Milk *Tea*

DINNER FOR "THE FOURTH"

Fruit Cocktail *Red Cherry Decoration*
Chicken à la Maryland *Watercress Garnish*
Spanish Potatoes *New Beets Buttered*
Currant Jelly *Baking-Powder Biscuits*
Lettuce-and-Tomato Salad *French Dressing*
Harlequin Ice-Cream *Angel-Cake*
Milk *Coffee*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges
Granulated-Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Toasted-Bacon *Rolls*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cheese Toast
Cucumber Salad *French Dressing*
Coconut-Bread Pudding
Hot Chocolate

DINNER

Chicken Soup *Crisp Crackers*
Baked Halibut Fillets *Lemon Garnish*
Fresh Spinach *Savory Rice*
Graham Muffins
Raspberry Ice *Wafers*
Milk *Coffee*

The Home-Makers' Department will gladly send you recipes of any dishes on these menus with which you may not be familiar. Address care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped return envelope.

THAT'S right. Pick out the vegetables for your salad carefully. Get the freshest and crispest the market affords.

But don't forget the vinegar. Its quality has more to do with the success of the salad than the quality of the vegetables.

Don't think because you use so little vinegar, it makes no difference what kind you use. It is because you use so little that you can afford to use the best. The flavor and aroma of Heinz Vinegars developed by aging and mellowing, are absolutely necessary in the making of a perfect salad.



No ingredient of a Salad costs so little and adds so much as

HEINZ PURE Vinegars



They Have Found
a New Way to Clean Teeth
Careful people the world over now employ it

DENTAL science has discovered a new method of teeth cleaning. In millions of homes it has displaced the methods which were wrong.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show one of the results. This ten-day test will show you what they mean to you and yours. Send for it now, in justice to yourself.

Combat the film

Film is the great tooth-enemy—that viscous film you feel. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So old methods failed.

This clinging film becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. The most careful people rarely escape these troubles caused by film.

New methods found

Dental science, years ago, started research to fight film. Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved that these methods mean a new era in teeth cleaning. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply these factors daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Dentists the world over began to advise it. Now millions of careful people, of every race, employ these methods daily.

Errors corrected

It was found that old-time tooth pastes also brought unfortunate effects. They reduced the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. They reduced the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Pepsodent brings the opposite effects. It multiplies the alkalinity, multiplies the starch digestant. Thus it gives multiplied power to these great tooth-protecting agents.

You will be amazed when you see what better results the new method brings than the old. Let this test show them to you.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

1591

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 994, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

Ten days will show

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Learn what this means in beauty and new safety.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

PECTIN, THE JELLY-MAKER

By Lucile Brewer

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE one thing that holds absolute sway over the destiny of the jelly-pot is the mysterious substance called pectin which exists in fruits. Given the right amounts of sugar, acid and heat, this substance has the surprising power of coagulating or congealing watery fruit-juices into a tender, quivering, semi-solid jelly.

Without pectin, all jelly-making undertakings are doomed to failure. But just pectin — more or less — will not suffice for success. There must always be a delicate proportion between the acid and the pectin of a fruit-juice. In some fruits there is little or no pectin or not enough in proportion to the acid to make a good jelly.

Pineapples, rhubarb, peaches, and even cranberries, when the juice alone is used, seem to have too much acid in proportion to their pectin to give a good jelly. In these cases the jelly is too tender to hold up and keep the shape of the form in which it is molded. The structure of the jelly soon breaks down and the jelly itself seems to weep at its own dilemma as tearlike drops of liquid begin oozing from it.

Red raspberries vary in proportion of pectin and acid as they pass through various stages of ripening and will not always make a jelly that will hold its shape. Blackberries, too, are likely to make a sticky jelly unless used before they are thoroughly ripe. Elderberries and sweet apples have plenty of pectin but too little acid; and the quince is so rich in pectin that it must borrow acid from lemons, apples or cranberries.

Even in jams or marmalades, pectin is necessary to obtain a proper tender jellylike consistency. To make the most of the pectin in fruits selected for these purposes, they should be heated before the sugar is added, just as fruits are heated to develop the pectin before the juice is extracted for jelly-making.

Only by using good fruit free from dark spots, by cooking it for at least five minutes before the sugar is added, and then by cooking it rapidly after the sugar is in and until the mass sheets off the spoon as jelly does—only by doing these things will you have jams and preserves with a clear, bright, sparkling appearance, with the natural flavor of the fruit and a tender, jellylike consistency.

When fruits lack pectin, there are two possible ways of adding it. The first way may be for the woman who jells to combine her fruit-juices in such a way as to add the pectin of one fruit that is rich in this substance to another which has acid to spare. To do this she must extract her juices in season, seal them in jars and have them ready to use as other fruits come on the calendar. Her second choice is to add pectin that has been extracted from pectin-rich fruits. She can either extract a somewhat concentrated pectin from apples, oranges or lemons, which are the richest sources of pectin, or use one of the extracted ready-to-use pectins now on the market.

Whichever plan she decides upon will depend on her situation and her own preferences. In making her decision she will probably take into consideration the price of fruit in her locality and whether she is buying it or producing it, what she will spend in time and fuel, the quality, quantity and healthfulness of the product she will get, the cost of sugar and her chances of success or failure in either case.

Many women have found the ready-to-use pectins to be magic workers in their kitchens. The extract is very concentrated and is bound to jelly any fruit with which it is used. This assurance of success recommends it to the woman who has never been a highly successful jelly-maker. Other women prefer to use it because it is always ready; and also because the pectin extract has been subjected to much heat in preparation and is very concentrated, so that it is neither necessary nor wise to heat the fruit for more than the few moments the directions advise. Unfortunately some women use more heat than they are directed to use and consequently the pectin breaks down and the jelly is unsuccessful. Much the same thing happens when other jelly is overcooked.



The only reliable jelly test is, "Cook until the jelly sheets from the spoon"

If a fruit-juice has enough pectin to make jelly, it will form a clot when you try the pectin test

Since jellies or jams made with ready-to-use pectins require little cooking, there is little loss from evaporation and so larger quantities are obtained than when the natural pectin of the fruit is depended upon.

Those jelly-makers who prefer to combine their fruit-juices for pectin or to rely on the slightly concentrated pectins they may extract from apples, oranges or lemons think that the highly concentrated ready-to-use pectins which are made from apple-pulp or pumice darken their fruit products and detract from the clear, bright, sparkling appearance. They also claim that the natural fruit flavor is slightly affected both by the concentrated pectin and by the larger amount of sugar required.

Other jelly and jam makers say that they have found that on standing for some time the jellies which are made with concentrated pectin soften and lose their ability to cut with the clean cleaving apart that is the mark of a perfect jelly; and also that so much sugar has to be used in these products that they can not remain part of the family's regular diet.

WHEN TO ADD PECTIN

HERE is an easy test by which to tell whether it is necessary to use pectin with a fruit-juice. Mix one teaspoon of sugar and one-half tablespoon of Epsom salts with one tablespoon of the cooked

fruit-juice. Stir well and let stand for twenty minutes. If the mixture forms into a semi-solid mass or into large jellylike particles, the juice will make a satisfactory jelly without additional pectin.

If pectin is lacking and fruit-juices are to be combined to give a good proportion of acid and pectin for jelly-making, the following proportions of apple-juice are suggested:

One cup blueberry-juice, one cup apple-juice and one and one-third cups sugar.

One cup rhubarb-juice, one cup apple-juice and one and one-third cups sugar.

One cup rhubarb-juice, one cup blueberry-juice, one cup apple-juice and two cups sugar.

One cup blackberry-juice, one cup apple-juice and one and one-third cups sugar.

One cup quince-juice, one cup apple-juice and one and one-third cups sugar.

One cup pineapple-juice, one cup apple-juice and one and one-third cups sugar.

One cup peach-juice, one cup apple-juice and one and one-third cups sugar.

One cup strawberry-juice, one cup apple-juice and one and one-third cups sugar.

To prepare a solution of apple pectin, remove the blossom ends from the apples and weigh the fruit. Cut it in small pieces, but do not remove the cores and the skin. Weigh it and to one pound of apples add the juice of one lemon and four pints of cold water. Cook the mixture, covered, for forty-five minutes. Turn it into a jelly-bag and drain it without pressing the bag. Boil the juice for five minutes. If the juice is not to be used immediately, seal it in clean hot jars for future use.

In combining this pectin solution with fruit-juices that are low in pectin, such as rhubarb, strawberry, cherry or peach, add sufficient pectin to the fruit-juice to give a good pectin test. In general, about half as much of this pectin as fruit-juice gives good results. Use two-thirds as much sugar as fruit-juice and pectin combined.

Better results are obtained in making any jelly if not more than six or eight cups of jelly are cooked at one time. The preserving-kettle should be large enough to hold four or five times as much as the amount of juice to be cooked, since there is a tendency for the juice to boil over.

Measure the juice and boil it rapidly for five minutes, skimming it if necessary. Add the sugar and stir the juice until the sugar is dissolved. Heating the sugar seems to save no time, nor does it seem to improve the quality of the jelly. Cook the juice very rapidly; this gives a bright, clear produet, whereas long slow cooking gives a dull, dark jelly of inferior texture.

JELLY TEST

TO TEST the jelly, take up a small amount of the juice in a spoon and allow it to drop from the side of the spoon. When the drops flow together and sheet from the spoon, the jelly is done and should be removed from the heat at once.

Ready-to-use peetins are highly concentrated. The proportions for their use are generally reecommended as follows:

For strawberry, cherry, blackberry, peach, raspberry, pineapple or loganberry jelly, use three cups of fruit-juice, six and one-half cups of sugar and one cup of pectin.

For elderberry jelly use three and one-quarter eups of juice, eight cups of sugar and one cup of pectin.

For rhubarb jelly use one cup of juice, two cups of sugar and one-third cup of pectin.

To make these jellies, add the necessary amount of sugar to the juice, stir and bring the mixture to the boiling-point, add the pectin and boil vigorously for one minute. Remove the jelly from the heat, skim and pour it into hot glasses.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following serviees; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enelose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In this department, which was inaugurated and developed under the editorial adviserships of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent baby specialist, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the most authentic information on baby care and child welfare. See on page 16 the list of valuable pamphlets which may be had for ten cents each. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Better Homes—This national movement for Better Homes in America, which THE DELINEATOR organized in 1921, has now been incorporated as a public service under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. Plan-books may be had telling how to organize local campaigns. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to furnish information and to forward inquiries; or you may write direct to headquarters.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of whatever house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Children—We've a page of children's prayers, and also a list of books that will help develop good reading habits. A two-cent stamp will bring one or both to you.

An attractive little binder that will hold twelve numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may be had for twenty-five cents. The binder is red in color and has the words "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the front cover.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

An illustrated booklet of exercises for women, called "Keeping Fit at Home," may be had for ten cents.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have three new parties, "A Magazine Party," "A Farewell Luncheon" and "A Mail-Bag Social," the latter of which is suitable for a church entertainment. Two cents will cover return postage.



AN INTERVIEW WITH *Carrie Blanchard*

She does more entertaining than any other woman in the world

"YOU are from Philadelphia, aren't you? You were here—let me see—about two years ago. Of course, I remember you."

The tall, distinguished-looking woman in black smiles the warm, responsive smile which is one of her greatest charms. She looks—and is—glad to see her visitor again. The greeting, gracious and spontaneous, is characteristic of Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, personality and hostess extraordinary.

Her reception rooms are in the Fine Arts Building of the Postum Cereal Company, Battle Creek. There she receives approximately 25,000 visitors yearly. And she has never been bored.

"I like people," is her swift summing up of the situation. "No matter how short a time I may be with them, I always learn something interesting about each one. Will you have a cup of Postum?"

If you are wise, you will. Carrie Blanchard's Postum is famous. Men have a habit of saying reminiscently, "I once had a cup of Carrie Blanchard's Postum"—as if they were talking of the nectar of the gods. It is delicious!

The Question they always ask

"How in the world do you make it?" is the first question that pops into your mind.

"That is what I am always asked," she smiles. "And, do you know, it is the easiest thing in the world. Naturally, the first time you try you may not make it the way you like best. It is the same way with anything else.

"So often men and woman say to me, 'Why, I had no idea Postum was as good as this!' They had never tasted it, you see, but because Postum is spoken of as a health drink they had just assumed they wouldn't like it. Absurd!

"Of course people like Postum! Millions of them like it better than any other hot drink in the world! I know, because I've talked with so many thousands myself.

"I am hearing some interesting stories lately about Instant Postum made with milk. It has made a great impression on thoughtful mothers, for their children. You know how much children like to have the same drink as grown-ups! And you know how many of them dislike milk.

"Instant Postum is made just as well with hot milk as with water. The milk is not boiled, but brought just to the boiling point. The drink is delightful! It has all the nourishment of warm milk, plus the real Postum flavor. Isn't that fine?

"You know the last few years have been rather tense. Everybody hurrying, everybody driving themselves to keep up the pace. I believe many of us have forgotten the simple laws of health we learned in school. Avoid stimulants. Do you remember how often that was repeated?

"I hear of people breaking down, and see on their faces the sallowness and tired lines which come from stimulated nerves and sleeplessness. It makes one think. So we are going to ask people to try Postum for thirty days, and give them their first week's supply.

"It isn't fair to change for two or three days, or even a week, and expect to lose the effects of a habit of years. We think a month is a fair test, and are willing to start people out with enough Postum for every meal for a week. Isn't that a good plan?"

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

TEAR THIS OUT—MAIL IT NOW

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ *Check which*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ *you prefer*
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Canadians address POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.
D. & D. 7-24

Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the easiest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks . . . For hot summer days, both children and grown-ups find *iced* Postum delicious, made with either milk or water.



Three Unseen Enemies Repulsed by MENNEN'S

YOU cannot see them—these deadly foes that seek to torture your baby's skin. But they are forever present, always prepared to do damage.

These are *Moisture* (perspiration, urine, bath-water), *Friction* (rubbing of clothes, bedding and skin-folds) and *Infection* (likely to become serious if not checked in early stages).

But half a century of experience in infant skin conditions enabled the Mennen Laboratories to perfect a sure defense against each enemy.

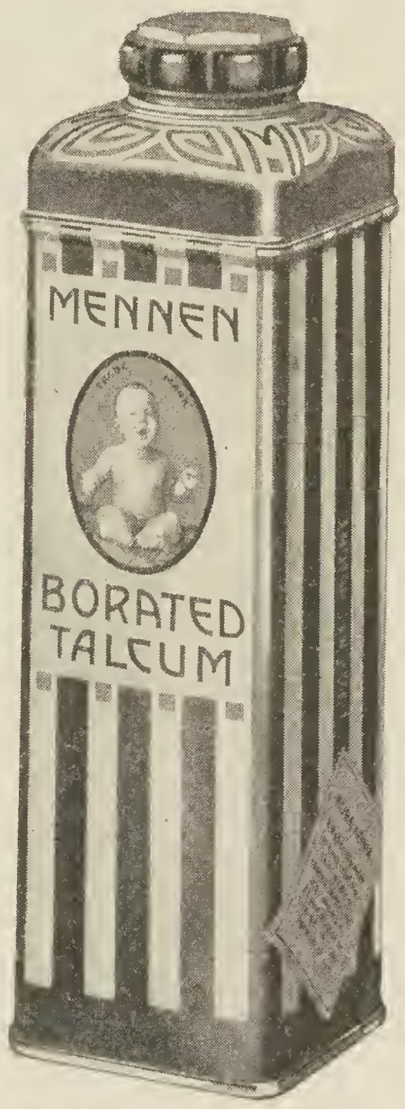
A special process makes Mennen Borated Talcum highly absorbent—like millions of tiny drying sponges. These fairy flecks draw hidden, poisonous *moistures* from the skin-folds as no towel could ever do.

To overcome the effects of *friction*, this wonderful powder covers the skin with an invisible protective film, so chafing does not irritate.

To combat *infection*, valuable therapeutic ingredients are blended in Mennen Borated Talcum. The scientific medication in Mennen's helps to keep baby's skin in healthy condition. The formula is endorsed by leading doctors, nurses and hospitals.

The famous formula includes five different elements—each one of proven value. One affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect; while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency, and counteracts acidity.

Your baby needs this pure, protective talcum which guards sensitive skin in three unusual ways. Always sprinkle Mennen Borated Talcum on the chubby body after every bath, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.



THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM

THE TROUBLE WITH BETTY

By Flora Rose

Head of the Nutrition Department, School of Home Economics, Cornell University

MANY American mothers may read into the following story something of their own experience. The story is a true one:

Betty is twelve years old. She is pale, overlong in the legs, a bit stooped as to shoulders and hollow as to chest, too thin for her height and quite highly strung.

Except for frequent colds and the usual children's diseases, Betty had until recently always been regarded by her parents as a well child, for she did good work at school, was active and was fond of play. They thought she would "grow out" of her lankiness and "grow up" to her long legs. Why shouldn't she? Look at the family health record. It was a good one.

Betty's teeth gave the family most concern, for they came in crowded and necessitated a plan involving considerable expenditure of money to straighten them. Furthermore, five of them had to have sizable fillings.

The blow fell when Betty returned home from school one day with a note from the school doctor to the effect that the child's health must be guarded with the greatest care for the next few years of active growth. Betty's was a border-line case of tuberculosis. The doctor said that her resistance must be built up. She must gain weight, get more color, round out her chest and stop having so many colds. This must be accomplished by fresh air, sunshine, rest and a well-regulated, carefully prescribed diet. A quart of milk, two green vegetables, an abundance of fruit, cod-liver oil daily, and always cereal for breakfast, plenty of bread and butter and an egg every day.

Betty's parents were aghast at the news. Whose was the fault for this tragedy in their lives?

I think Betty's mother felt that she was not to blame, although she was probably largely the cause for Betty's depleted health. She had never had an opportunity to learn that the expectant mother actually creates from what she eats a new human being; that the quality of the little human machine depends in part upon its being supplied with an adequate amount of correct building materials; that the mother's task of creating a human being does not end with the baby in her arms; that each day's food which she selects for her growing children and sees them consume is a part of her creative work. This is where Betty's mother failed—quite without blame, but, alas, not without damage to Betty.

And this is how it happened: The year before Betty was born Betty's mother and father decided they would own their own home. They began a period of rigid economy and Betty's mother reduced her food bills to the minimum. She now realizes that her own diet was inadequate to the occasion. It might have happened, however, from poor choice of food just as well as from economy. Only in this case the family's traditional dietary was good.

After the baby's birth the mother was much run down and couldn't nurse her baby. Then came the stormy period of Betty's first year—a change from one food to another until finally something was found that would "agree."

Betty grew into a "choosy" child with a rather fickle appetite, selecting her own diet more or less at will. A good inheritance from grandparents and parents was being counted on to carry her through. She did, indeed, possess a machine which was well designed, but a machine which had suffered serious injury by being constituted of poor materials. In all the twelve years of her young life Betty had never had a diet which would build up a vigorous, resistant body and protect it against injury. It is only now while she is being "repaired" that she is being fed as she should be.

Betty's case is not an uncommon one. Is it hopeless? Not at all. She can never become the woman her grandmother is. She can probably never equal the record of her mother. With intelligent care, however, she can develop into average healthy womanhood. What is more important than that, however, is that in Betty's hands can be placed the task of building the family back to its original vigor. Even with the inheritance which Betty and others like her have in spite of the damage we have done to them, if we will take the trouble to train them they can become the mothers of children of unimpeachable health.

We must, however, make these mothers of the next generation realize their greatness in doing this. They must be given the feeling that the most important contribution that can be made to society is a child of healthy mind and body; that to create a beautiful picture, a great poem or a sonata that lasts down the ages is a poor second to the creation of a healthy human being.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

Ask us anything you want to know about housekeeping and we will answer it personally. From our recent correspondence we have selected the following questions and answers as being of general interest to all home-makers

QUESTION: My skin is very sensitive to soap. When I have finished washing dishes, my fingers are puckered up and uncomfortable. Is there anything I can do to prevent this?

Answer: Yes, you can do one of two things: first, buy a pair of rubber gloves and keep them for dishwashing; or, second, keep on your sink shelf a cut lemon or a little bowl of vinegar and when you have finished washing dishes or clothes rub a little of this acid on your fingers. If your skin is particularly sensitive, it might be well to keep on the shelf a bottle of lotion made from five parts of bay rum and three parts of glycerin and use a few drops of that on the hands after using the acid.

Question: I am having trouble with my kerosene-stove. It takes a long time to get it lighted, and it does not heat as well as formerly.

Answer: It would be well to take the stove out back of the house where there is no danger of spilling kerosene and, with a book of directions, test it to find out whether all feed-pipes are clean and flowing freely. Then look at the wicks or lighters. When did you put in new ones? If you use your kerosene-stove a good deal, it should have new wicks every two or three months. It is well to have a supply on hand.

Question: I have a hardwood floor in my kitchen. It receives very hard usage with the children going in and out. I find it both expensive and difficult to keep looking well, for I must mop it once a day to keep it free from dirt. Can you help me?

Answer: I believe you will find excellent results from the following treatment: Mix one quart of raw oil with three quarts of turpentine. Clean the floor and rub the above mixture thoroughly into the floor with a cloth. After twenty-four hours mop up with cold water. This may need to be repeated within a month and perhaps a second time a month later. Thereafter two to four times a year will be sufficient. In between times the floor should be mopped with cold water only. In time this will produce a highly polished hard surface.



A pair of box-woods at the front door and simple rustic furnishings on the porch give this little house the aspect of a "Better Home"

SUMMER PORCH FURNISHINGS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Being an experienced decorator, Mrs. Sanders can give you plenty of ideas about making your porch comfortable, practical—and unusually attractive. She will be glad to help you in any way you care to suggest. Write her at* THE DELINEATOR, *enclosing a stamped envelope for her answer.*

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
FOUNDED BY
THE DELINEATOR
1921
INCORPORATED AS A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION 1923
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
1653 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

BRIEFLY stated, the whole problem of furnishing the porch is to combine comfort with durability—to use furniture and fabrics which carry out the spirit of the house and at the same time give the feeling that they are on intimate terms with the garden.

The custom of porch living is almost entirely an American one, and many of us with houses have come to the realization that unless we have porches which can be used as Summer living-rooms, dining-rooms or places where we may give parties, our houses are lacking a very desirable and important feature.

As there are many different types of porches, ranging from the enclosed sun-porch which may be only partially opened up in Summer, to the outdoor porch which has only canvas or a vine-covered pergola for a roof, it is indeed difficult to lay down definite rules for the correct type of furnishing. However, since sun, wind and rain are the chief enemies of all porch furniture, a word to the wise on the selection or collection of fabrics and objects is sufficient.

First, if the condition of family finances will not permit any indulgence in the various types of outdoor furniture, choose from the house any old solid wood tables or chairs which may conveniently be spared. These should then remain on the porch, as carrying furniture in and out scratches and stains it. Often a motley assortment of old furniture, such as kitchen tables and chairs, discarded stools, old school-benches, and even church-pews, have been converted into the smartest of porch furniture. To be sure, paint of a plain, soft color or in interesting combinations, such as green and blue, blue and yellow, orange and black or gray and red, is necessary to make such an assortment weather-proof and attractive.

On furniture of soft green or gray tones, little chair-pads, runners and cushions made of broad, vividly striped awning-canvas not only lend a touch of color but add a finish and flare. Sometimes, too, a faded Gloucester hammock, an old canvas deck-chair or a camp-chair may be made most presentable by a simple paint or dye. If paint is to be used on canvas, thin it with turpentine or gasoline and brush it generously on both sides

Concluded on page 58



When the porch is used as both living and dining room, good screening is most essential. In the Winter, glass windows may replace the screens



Why Artists Want Their Models to Use Princess Pat Natural Tint

A surprising tribute from the profession in all the world most critical of women's beauty

ONE of the most curious and interesting side-lights on the virtues of Princess Pat Tint is its almost universal use in the studios of famous artists.

In explanation, a well known Chicago painter says: "Princess Pat Tint is the only rouge-shade I have ever found that gives my models an absolutely life-like color, one that I can transfer to my canvases without modification."

This tribute is even more remarkable than the mere words convey—for artists invariably paint in the clear, cold "north light" that is merciless in revealing false notes of color. And Princess Pat Tint withstands this test *without a single hint of artificiality.* Think of it!

Now, being a woman, you have tried to match odd silks. What a task it is. You can get *almost* the right shade, but *not quite!* With the usual orange rouges, you can get *almost* a natural color—but, ah madam, *not quite!*

And why? There lies the fascinating secret of Princess Pat Tint, the secret of the difference between it and all other rouge-shades known. Here is the explanation: Princess Pat Tint contains a certain ingredient—a so-called "variant"—which will change color on the cheeks instantly the Tint is applied.

Moreover this ingredient changes *differently* on every type of skin. Have you ever watched the play of softly colored lights with which such beautiful effects are achieved in a Belasco play? You have seen pure white shade marvelously into delicate rose, and deepen or diminish at the will of some one unseen.

This is exactly what happens with Princess Pat Tint—except that Nature herself is the *mistress of effects.* She takes the warmth of your skin, considers it with its texture and moisture. With these to give *control,* she permits the secret ingredient in Princess Pat to vary and modify and change until she has exactly the right coloring for your particular type—*and then arrests the change.*

No human skill can do this for you with the fixed, unchanging colors of ordinary rouge. That is why so many rouges which resemble Princess Pat Tint in outward appearance, but which lack the "variant," do not give Princess Pat *naturalness.* They simply *cannot.* Princess Pat Tint is made with a degree of care and skill which amounts to a fine art. It is a triumph in balancing delicate ingredients which has its counterpart only in the delicate color values Nature imparts to the most beautiful flowers. Added to its other virtues, Princess Pat Tint is waterproof—so thoroughly waterproof that even a swim in fresh or salt water will not affect it. So if you want Princess Pat effect—and naturally every woman does—you must use genuine Princess Pat Tint. There is no substitute.

And to enable you to know the startling difference, you may send for—and receive free—a miniature trial compact of the original Princess Pat Tint.

Princess Pat Lip Stick

Quite as delightful to the woman who loves true beauty, is the fact that Princess Pat lip stick has the same characteristic as Princess Pat Tint. It, too, becomes an absolutely natural color on your lips. Prevents chapped and cracked lips. Most dealers can now supply you.



Princess Pat

The New, Natural Tint : Always Ask for It by Name

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Tint Ice Astringent Creams Almond Base Powder Lip Stick Princess Pat Perfume

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge.

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Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

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Physicians, bacteriologists—all health authorities—now know that germs or bacteria abound everywhere on surfaces and in corners which look innocent and spotless to the eye.

In order to prove the ineffectiveness of soap and water alone for destroying those ever-present germs, the following test was recently made:

A brand new cloth, 20 inches square, was used for one week in the usual cleaning work around a house—washing woodwork, cleaning closets, wiping rugs, etc.—all the places where you would use a general cleaning cloth.

At the end of the week, the cloth was washed thoroughly with soap and water, wrung as dry as possible, and afterwards rinsed twice in clear water. Then it was given to a leading New York bacteriological laboratory for microscopic examination. The laboratory report showed "a bacterial count of 9×10^6—that is 9,000,000 germs or bacteria were present on the cloth." Startling proof of the ineffectiveness of soap and water for killing germs!

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This new way of cleaning makes your home more healthful

CAREFUL housewives now disinfect and clean in the same operation. They do not stop with disinfecting the special danger spots—toilet bowl, sink, drain pipes, garbage pail. They add "Lysol" Disinfectant to the cleaning water *everywhere and everytime they clean.*

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a guide to safer cleaning

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SUMMER PORCH FURNISHINGS

Concluded from page 57



This long, narrow service porch is made inviting by floral decorations and a handy chair

of the canvas piece. Stencil designs applied to the center back or to seats of painted canvas chairs are most effective if done in bright contrasting colors. These little touches of color may also be added to canvas or muslin cushions, table-runners and to wooden furniture generally. Faded fiber or grass rugs, too, may be restored to their original bright colors by using either thin paint or dye. This should be applied with a brush.

When painting old furniture for the porch, do not overlook the small things, such as a pair of butter-tubs for growing shrubs, large and small earthen crocks for long and short stemmed flowers, and cast-off coffee-tins, which, when painted, make most effective hanging flower-baskets. In all, much that we usually consider lost among our present house-furnishings may, with a little time and ingenious thought, be made into most serviceable and attractive porch furniture.

The matter of choosing an appropriate rug is often difficult. In a plain dark gray-green, blue or brown linoleum is found a most satisfactory, durable covering; this needs no other rug or carpet to complete it. Over stone and on small wooden porch floors, rugs of fiber, rush, grass or strips of coco matting help to preserve that rustic quality which the outdoors gives to porch furnishings, and often in these a note of color or of design is added to an otherwise drab setting.

Comfortable chairs, hammocks and tables in reed, willow, canvas and any of the various types of rustic hickory, with a few pieces of brilliantly painted wooden furniture, make the most satisfactory and durable types of porch furniture. All of these may become rain-soaked or sunburned without causing injury; and when dusty or soiled they may be washed off with mild soap and warm water to their benefit and without any harmful effect.

THEN, too, striped or plain canvas hammocks with or without iron stands come reasonably priced and in a variety of sizes and shapes. Make certain, however, when choosing one that it is covered with waterproof canvas and that the couch part also has legs. This enables it to be used as a bed, to the joy of many a young member of the family. Hammocks, chair-sets and benches may be made more comfortable and interesting by the addition of cushions. Brilliant orange or red oilcloth cushions against a plain green, gray or khaki-colored hammock give a pleasingly colorful touch. This material, as well as a commercial wall oilcloth in a number of attractive patterns, may be obtained in many shops and used not only for cushions, but to cover card-tables and books and to make magazine-pockets and fan-holders.

Besides these, see to it that there is a waste-paper basket to keep the porch free from scraps, a small wooden or wicker stool on which to stand a glass of cool, refreshing drink, a basket or bowl of the season's choicest fruit and plenty of ash-trays. A wicker or wire bird-cage painted in bright contrast with the furniture makes a pleasant, cheerful home for the family songster. A large, flaring white glass bowl supported on a wrought-iron stand is the newest and most interesting type of aquarium and may well find a place among porch furnishings.

In placing the furniture on either an outdoor or semi-enclosed porch, arrange it, as far as is possible, in groups away from the sun and in the path of the prevailing Summer breezes. If a hammock or bench is to be reckoned with, place it against the longest wall-space and not at right angles with the wall. This helps to give one a sense of security while lounging.

PORCH furniture that is substantially built and practically covered will not need annual painting or repairing, so it is well when buying to consider the best that the family budget affords.



Wicker furniture gives to a big porch an atmosphere of complete and leisurely comfort. Large roller-shades of striped canvas serve well as awnings

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

SAVE TIME BY CLEANING ON SCHEDULE

The designation of special days and weeks for particular observances, such as Mothers' Day and Safety Week, gave me the idea of special days and weeks in my housekeeping program. I find it a great help in accomplishing certain tasks which otherwise might be somewhat neglected, since my work is complicated by the care of two small sons. Last week was Curtain Week. I tried every day to accomplish something in making, washing or airing curtains or draperies. This week is Silver Week. I am cleaning all my silver and polishing nickel. Next week is to be Light Fixtures Week. With my mind set on a particular task in addition to the regular routine, I find it is accomplished with less effort than formerly.—ELSIE E. SCOTT, Pittsfield, Mass.

SAVE TIME WITH A PUTTY-KNIFE

A ten-cent putty-knife is one of the best time and money savers for the kitchen. It is easily cleaned and there is no corner in pan or kitchen that its sharp edge can not reach. It can pry up tacks, help to open a stubborn window or to renew old wall-paper.—FLORA M. FRENCH, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

SAVE TROUBLE IN MAKING JELLY

In many homes it is difficult to find a place to hang the jelly-bag when the juice is being drained from the pulp. A convenient piece of equipment is a hook which is used for hanging a bird-cage. These are about twelve inches long. Fasten the hook the desired height—over the table, if possible. The top of the jelly-bag may be rolled down over the wire and fastened. A bail also may be made of wire and fastened to the edge of the jelly-bag on opposite sides. The bag may then be hung from the hook by the bail. When not in use, the hook may be turned to one side.—MRS. ORA B. ANDERSON, Deadwood, S. D.

SAVE ON NEW SCREWS

When the screws on the kitchen cabinet or on other pieces of furniture become loosened and it is impossible to tighten them, remove the screw and insert part of a match stem. Cut off the remainder of the match, then put the screw back and it will hold perfectly.—MRS. V. M. SNEDEGAR, Roanoke, Va.

SAVE BY GROWING SPICES

For years I have saved on spices. Instead of buying them I have had the joy one gets from growing them. Sage, mint and thyme may be grown in flower-pots either by themselves or with other plants. The leaves are dried and are then ready for use.—MRS. J. L. HUMBERT, East Marion, L. I., N. Y.

SAVE FUEL ON SMALL MEAT-LOAVES

A very attractive way to serve meat-loaf and also to cut down the time necessary for baking consists in placing the meat-loaf mixture in patty-tins. These smaller portions can be baked in about one-fourth the time necessary for baking a large single loaf.—MRS. G. R. SPENCER, Omaha, Neb.

SAVE A TRUNK BY VARNISHING IT

My steamer-trunk was rather dingy after its Summer travel. It occurred to me to give it a coat of hard varnish. The improvement in appearance was beyond my expectations, and undoubtedly the varnish has prolonged the life of the trunk, in addition to making it waterproof. The trunk is made of fiber composition, and where the material was torn I glued it back into place and then varnished over it.—MAMIE MEREDITH, Lincoln, Neb.

SAVE ON GAS

A small gas-oven with a glass door is one of the best gas-savers I have ever found. They cost about three dollars and fifty cents and are used over one burner on the gas-range. Meats can be roasted in them perfectly, and cakes, beans, bread and pies bake equally well. They use much less gas than would be necessary were the oven lighted.—MRS. W. H. WILLARD, Rutherford, N. J.

SAVE COMFORT FOR THE SICK

Sometimes an improvised back-support would be a great relief to the invalid who is able to sit up if comfortably propped. A washboard padded with pillows is an excellent support. Rest the top of the board against the back of the bed. The weight of the invalid's body against the board will push the legs of the board firmly against the mattress. This improvised back-rest proves a great comfort to the invalid who has been lying on his back for some time.—MRS. H. LEASK, Berkeley, Calif.

SAVE BREAD-CRUMS

When making corn bread, use two-thirds corn-meal and one-third finely ground bread-crums. Bread-crums may also be used successfully in muffins as a substitute for part of the flour.—MRS. IDA MARTIN, Cleburne, Tex.

SAVE TIME IN CREAMING BUTTER

When a considerable quantity of butter must be creamed, it may be done very easily by putting it through the potato-ricer. This not only saves a great deal of time but also saves tired muscles.—MRS. JOHN STUKEL, Calumet, Mich.

SAVE ON CUSHIONS

A generous supply of comfortable cushions adds much to the comfort and beauty of a living-room. Sometimes it is not possible to have as many as one would like. In this emergency I have made the bed-pillows do double duty. They are covered with slips of handsome cretonne during the day. Both ends are open and the slips are made about three inches longer than the pillow and are lined with sateen. Two dome fasteners at each end serve to make them secure.—MRS. M. BOWLER, Los Angeles, Calif.



West Point Military Academy

Will you pass inspection?

Inspection at West Point is an impressive ceremony. It is the military method of instilling pride in personal appearance.

This kind of pride is not necessarily vanity. It goes deeper. It is the inward urge that inspires people to always appear at their best.

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This Pacific Trade Mark is a guarantee of the excellence of every fabric that bears it



PATCHWORK

Continued from page 7

behind him. For, despite the rusty old coat which partially concealed his form, she recognized in the prisoner Stephen Dale.

He stood proudly erect, looking neither to the left nor to the right, until the general addressed him. Then, as his eyes met Washington's, a slow flush of shame suffused his cheeks.

What followed was forever a blank to Prudence. Her love for the culprit, the torturing doubts that assailed her, prevented her grasping the significance of question and answer. Somehow she realized, when they started to depart, that the man she loved was to be taken to prison in Morristown. As they marched him out the door, Stephen turned and gazed at her—a long-remembered look of pity for her suffering.

It was not until a fortnight later that Captain Wayne rode over from Morristown with the news that Stephen had escaped and had sought safety behind the British lines. Prudence, in spite of a complete loss of faith, was secretly relieved. She could not bear to think of that gallant figure languishing behind prison bars.

The Presbyterian bell continued to ring upon occasions, its silvery note awakening in Prudence poignant memories. Partly to still them, partly from motives of patriotism, she accepted the attentions of Captain Wayne, who was bravely risking his life for his country.

IN THE late Spring they were married. Two hours after the simple ceremony Captain Wayne's company was ordered to Trenton. Prudence, indifferent at heart, simulated a becoming regret.

It was at this time that "Aunt Betty" Frazee played her part in the affairs of the community. Lord Cornwallis, moving forward with his army through Westfield, passed the Frazee house and caught the appetizing odor of bread fresh from the dome-shaped oven. Dismounting, he went to the door, and with a courtly air requested: "My lady, may it please you to give to Lord Cornwallis a loaf from your oven?" Aunt Betty complied, saying resolutely: "Your lordship will please understand that I give this under compulsion, and not in love." Standing at military salute, Cornwallis replied admiringly: "Not I, nor a man of my command, shall accept a single loaf!"

Her brave act sent a thrill through the countryside and was the direct cause of a foolhardy action on the part of Prudence. Mounted one day on her favorite horse, Starlight, she rode down into Westfield on a household errand. As she neared the Presbyterian church, she saw gathered before it a company of Red Coats. Three of their number were in the belfry lowering with a rope the silver-toned bell.

They were stealing it—an object entwined with all her associations of the past, with her most intimate life! She drove her horse straight in among the company and, with blazing eyes, commanded them to stop.

"Stop?" A soldier laughed in her face. "We're damned weary of hearing this bell ring a warning whenever we come a-foraging!"

Prudence wheeled her horse. "Then I warn you I'll rouse the countryside!"

In response to her urge, Starlight leaped forward.

"Catch that firebrand!" yelled an officer.

A Red Coat dashed forward and grasped the bridle. Prudence raised her whip and, with full force, brought it down across his upturned face.

The soldier bravely held on. Others came and surrounded them. "She's the hussy," accused one, "who locked Saulter's company in her cellar!"

"Into the cart with her!" came the order.

Struggling valiantly, Prudence was dragged from her horse. They threw her, bound and gagged, into the bottom of a wagon, whipped up the horses and started off at a gallop.

Prudence spent the succeeding month in the home of a Royalist family on Staten Island. She had no complaint to make of her treatment, except that she was so closely watched that escape was impossible.

But the news of her abduction roused the patriots to a white heat of fury. Squire Tellfair raged impotently. Captain Wayne secured a fortnight's leave and led an unsuccessful search in the vicinity of Westfield. General Washington was notified. At his direction machinery was set in motion to locate the missing Prudence.

The British found themselves in a quandary as to the disposal of their prisoner. Respect for her sex and position prevented her being placed on board a prison ship. On the other hand, Timothy Matlock, the "Fighting Quaker," had started raids upon Staten Island. So late in June, for her better security, Prudence was removed to the home of an English family residing in New York.

The freedom of the house was given her. But if she ventured to approach an outer door, one of the servants was sure to appear—a strong but unobtrusive guard. Sleepless nights, unshed tears, fear for the future of her country, caused deep shadows to form under Prudence's eyes. A footman, meeting her in the hall, gazed at her wan face and sighed in sympathy.

Time dragged heavily on her hands. She dared not think of Stephen. His flush of shame under Washington's gaze had convinced her of his disloyalty. As for her husband, Richard Wayne, she put away the thought of her future with him—provided they ever were reunited. He was brave and kind, and she liked him; but her feeling for him could never be what it had been for Stephen.

Saturday night came—the third of July. Prudence had long since retired and lay staring at a moonbeam that silvered one of the tall bedposts. A faint tapping sounded at the door. She clutched the bedclothes about her, a shiver of fear creeping up her spine. Then, ashamed of her weakness, she rose and went to the door.

"Who's there?" she whispered.

No answer.

Puzzled, Prudence had started to return to her bed when her eye caught sight of a folded paper that had been thrust under the door. She stooped and picked it up. Having drawn the curtains, she found the flint and steel and struck them together. At last the tinder caught and she lighted a candle. Eagerly she opened the note and read:

> Remain in room to-morrow until family have gone to church. Then descend to basement dressed in clothes to be found in hall. A patriot will escort you to safety.

That was all. The note bore no signature.

Prudence hesitated, then went to the door and softly unbolted it. In the hallway she found a bundle which she brought into her room and examined. It contained a British corporal's uniform. She blushed at sight of the trousers, but her small mouth remained resolute. How had they managed to trace her? Careful plans had evidently been made for her rescue. That it should occur on the fourth of July seemed fitting.

IN THE morning, dressed in the borrowed uniform, Prudence impatiently waited until the door closed upon the church-going family. A moment later she stole down the stairs. In the basement hall she met the sympathetic footman. He bowed, threw open the door to a small storeroom and motioned her to enter. Prudence hesitated, seeing before her a young officer in a British uniform.

He rose and hurried forward.

"Stephen!"

It was a cry of surprise and frightened dismay. She swayed unsteadily. Stephen caught her and held her tightly to his breast. Then her reeling senses were startled by a silver-toned bell, ringing out from a neighboring steeple.

Stephen raised surprised eyes. "Why, that sounds like the Westfield bell!"

"Oh, it is!" She withdrew herself from his arms, trembling from the stress of her emotions. "The Red Coats stole it—the day they captured me."

She turned away despairingly. "Forgive me for speaking so to one wearing their uniform!"

Stephen laughed lightly. "For that matter, so are you."

His words arrested her.

"What — what are you doing here, Stephen?"

He smiled at her happily. "Why, now that I've found you—and a devil of a time I had accomplishing the feat—I'm going to take you home!"

Concluded on page 61

How's Your Husband's Disposition?

Is he irritable, moody, hard to please?

You feel discouraged, hurt—but it is probably all your own fault! Disposition depends largely on digestion—you don't cook him well-balanced meals. Fats, vitamines, carbohydrates, proteins, minerals—all of them are needed to keep the human machine in good running order. Valuable facts on nutrition are given you in

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She looked at him, wide-eyed. "Stephen—forgive me—do you dare cross the American lines?"

He regarded her wonderingly. "Dare?" Then he laughed. "Surely you didn't believe that ridiculous charge, the night they took me into custody?"

Prudence's face paled. "But, Stephen, you flushed with shame when your eyes met General Washington's!"

"O ye of little faith!" He shook his head sadly. "I *was* ashamed. Being Washington's own secret agent, I had risked my neck—not for my country, but for a sight of your dear face. I should have stayed with the enemy, only venturing into American territory with important news for the general."

"Oh, Stephen, don't tell me—" Dismay, untold anguish consumed her.

"How," he continued accusingly, "could I have escaped from Morristown except by the connivance of the commander-in-chief?" His manner suddenly changed, became tender, protective. "Forgive me! Your face is deathly pale. You've been under a great strain and I shouldn't——"

Prudence, with a low moan, crumpled in a heap at his feet.

He dropped to his knees beside her, his arm about her shoulder. "Prudence, what is it? Don't despair, dear, brighter days are coming!"

Her blue eyes lifted to his, filled with a hopeless anguish.

"Stephen, you do not know. A month ago I—I married Captain Wayne!"

A moment of stunned silence, then he quietly rose and assisted her to her feet. Title, estates, sweetheart, he had sacrificed for his country. And yet he did not reproach her. Compassion for her suffering sealed his lips.

All during that memorable fourth he was solicitous of her comfort, lightening her dumb misery with thoughtful little attentions. Their uniforms carried them safely through the early part of their journey; a change of clothing at a farmhouse and a pass signed by General Washington protected them the rest of the way.

Late in the evening they arrived at her home. Lights shone forth from the windows; the stars were bright overhead. Stephen helped her to dismount, then took her hand.

"Prudence, this is good-by. My wish for you is that"—his voice slightly trembled—"you may be very happy!"

He bowed above her hand, his lips lightly brushing it.

Prudence vainly tried to speak, but could not for her choking sobs.

Silently Stephen mounted and started off, leading the second horse by the bridle.

Through tear-dimmed eyes she watched his gallant figure ride slowly away in the starlight.

"Stephen!"

Her cry was like that of a wounded night bird.

No sound came in answer, save the faint clatter of a horse's hoofs, dying away in the distance.

She never saw him again.

THE breeze blew in through the windows, seeming to sigh with sympathetic wistfulness; the curtains curtsied as if in stately farewell.

Sylvia Wayne, followed by her companion, completed the circuit of the room. Each quaint object had been examined with curious interest.

Bob returned to the sampler with its border of silver bells. "'Life is a meaningless patchwork to all save the Great Designer.' Whatever possessed her to express that sentiment?"

"I don't know." Sylvia's brow puckered thoughtfully "I seem to remember hearing of a love-affair that ended unhappily. Look at her eyes, Bob. Can't you see them sadly questioning all her problems—here by the fire, while she worked her thoughts in colored worsteds?"

Bob nodded. "Strange, isn't it? If her love-affair had ended differently, you wouldn't be here to-night!"

In silence they closed the house and stepped out on the low-roofed porch. Below lay the valley, broad and level and misty in the moonlight. Checkered fields—the silvery thread of a stream—small towns partially hidden by trees—backed by the hills of Staten Island.

Bob sighed. "I'm glad you brought me here—to your family shrine. It's made me see things differently, sort of understand those days better."

A rocket rose with a whish from the valley below, spangling the night sky with varicolored stars.

Sylvia clutched his arm. "Look, Bob! That's Westfield! See—there above the trees—the white spire of the Presbyterian Church, where the—the British stole the bell!"

His eyes followed the graceful, pointing hand. "What became of it? Was it ever recovered?"

"Yes. My ancestress, and several others imprisoned in New York, heard and recognized it. After the war it was claimed and brought back."

THEY fell silent, standing close together in the moonlight. Off to the left another rocket rose in elliptical flight.

"Springfield," she said softly, "where Parson Caldwell gave the enemy 'Watts.'"

"And that?" He pointed to a golden comet, rising a few miles to the northwest.

"Morristown. Washington and his ragged army were encamped back of those hills. See the rocket nearer at hand—above Summit! From that ridge the famous cannon, Old Sow, boomed a warning to the commander-in-chief whenever the enemy approached. At night signal fires were lighted."

"There are more!" Bob turned quickly to keep in view the mounting constellations.

"Short Hills—Milburn—Elizabeth—Rahway—Plainfield—" Sylvia checked them off, one by one.

"It's like a roll-call of the Revolutionary towns, each answering with a burst of stars!" He spoke in a quiet, hushed voice.

Sylvia sighed faintly. "I feel as if General Washington were here in spirit, reviewing with us the display of patriotism. Think of it, Bob—there were more battles fought in New Jersey than in any other colony! Like Boston, we had our tea-party, when the men of Greenwich burned the cargo of the *Greyhound*. We also had our Paul Revere, who rode at midnight along the Galloping Hill Road to warn the colonists that the British were coming."

He answered quietly: "*My* Revolutionary ancestor lived and fought in this vicinity."

She lifted surprised eyes to his. "Bob Dale! You never told me!"

He nodded. "He was Washington's own secret agent, I believe. Once he was taken for a British spy and imprisoned in Morristown. The general, of course, let him escape. After the war he settled in Boston. Years later the family moved to Montclair, where *we* became acquainted."

Her eyes suddenly glowed. "Aren't you—oh, Bob, aren't you proud of belonging to him?"

"Proud? Yes. There's only one thing——"

"What—what is that, Bob?" She gazed off over the moonlit valley.

"Sylvia, I've never told you. There have been reasons—financial ones. But there's one thing would make me more proud than I am on this Fourth of July——"

He waited. "Don't you want to know what it is?"

"Yes," came faintly from the girl beside him. "It's to hear you say you love me!"

A long moment of silence before she turned with a happy sigh and raised her face to his.

On a lonely farm below a dog barked at the moon. A distant bell rang out joyously, the sound reverberating through the hills.

Sylvia looked up with dreaming eyes.

"Bob, dear, that's the old Westfield bell!"

He smiled down on her. "In honor of the Fourth?"

She shook her head. "No. To celebrate our engagement. The silvery tone of it has always awakened in me a sense—of—of—something unfulfilled—of happiness unrealized. And now, dear, that feeling's stilled."

He bent again and kissed her.

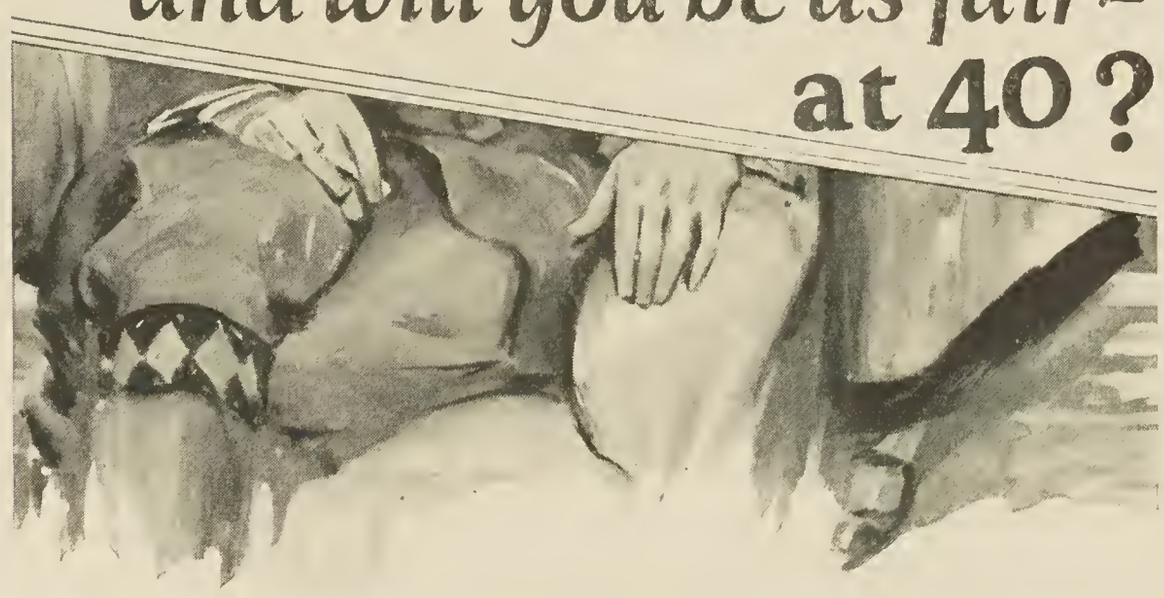
A soaring rocket burst above them—a starry benediction.

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SAPOLIO



MY OWN STORY

Continued from page 9

Naturally, we were a stunned little group in our new black. But it was as if the Sunday talks, the reading of Dickens and Tolstoy had all been a preparation for this. We leaped—there is no other word for it—into the breach. It was almost as if we had expected it. The terrible gap between the protected old life and the raw harshness of the new was bridged by our sense of the dramatic.

I do not mean that we did not grieve, that we do not grieve to this day. I remember bursts of absolute agony, and I remember days and nights of a suffocated sense that all this hideous dream must end and all of us awaken in Mill Valley again with the garden in bloom and our mother at the piano.

But there was definite philosophy about our readjustment that only ignorance and youth could effect. We were "broke," said the younger brother expressively, but we were not "poor." It was all going to last a while, this bewildering restriction of money, and then it was going to stop. My own opinion, often advanced, was that "it" would last about a year. My sister said it would be better in a year, and over, at the latest, in two.

We took a five-room flat in the city, hanging like a nest above the piers, and we took our first jobs. By the middle of January the oldest brother was earning sixty dollars a month with an electrical firm, I had a position in a hardware establishment at thirty dollars a month and the younger sister was paid expenses and five dollars in a private kindergarten. Upon these joint incomes, presently augmented microscopically by the first efforts of the younger brother, we six—and the presence of a delicate little aunt in the group made us almost always seven—lived for almost two years.

We cooked, cleaned, labored, worried, planned; we wept and laughed; we groaned and we sang—but we never despaired. "All this is but a passing phase; we will certainly laugh at this some day," we all said buoyantly, laughing even then.

But they were terrible years. They were years of hundreds of cares and responsibilities heavier than such youth should ever know. There were physical worries when some one fell sick, there were moral problems, and there was always—always—the gnawing discomfort of too little money—not half enough, not quarter enough! Our clothes were always a bitter difficulty; indeed, there was no one item of expense that was not. Our amusements, of course, could cost us nothing: we played endless writing games, word games; we sang at the old piano; we took long tramps, feasting on distant beaches upon coffee and toast; we developed the evening solitaire into tournaments and contests.

IN THOSE years I was a bookkeeper, a saleswoman, a companion, a school-teacher, a librarian; I superintended children's parties, read to invalids, sat with practising little girls, cataloged books and did half a dozen other things by fits and starts. Sometimes illness kept me at home, illness of a child or of my aunt. But I went on telling the children stories, and despite all the other makeshifts it became gradually clear that I was to be a writer.

My aunt was the timidest and least practical of nervous little women. She had been reared to play the piano, arrange flowers and be gracefully helpless. In the catastrophe that had befallen us and under the fearful blow of seeing her beloved brother's daughters "reduced," she actually succumbed. She never quite recovered, although she lived for many years.

Under her plaintive mismanagement, we did everything wrong. There was no system to us. We bought the wrong things and wasted time and gas cooking them badly. And we were frequently under-nourished through sheer stupidity—or perhaps it was only ignorance.

Of the brother who was the head of our wind-buffeted and staggering craft through those long weeks and months and years, I can not speak here. Enough to say that he was born strangely wise and strong and philosophical and that he never failed us, that there was never anything but confidence and laughter where he was. But of the sister who came next to me, Teresa, I can not but speak, if I am to speak of these old times at all.

She was singularly lovely to look upon, and it was partly because one saw in her blue eyes and ineffably serene forehead the shining of her soul. She had been a brilliant little girl, reading at four and remembering and assimilating what she read, taking school examinations and college examinations "for fun." But my mother had always watched her anxiously, for there was a strain of seriousness in her almost amounting to melancholia. She had lisped as a child on "d" as well as "s," which made her little old-fashioned observations all the more startling. She had been the sort of little girl who copies books of poetry, wears a ribbon bound through long straight dark masses of hair and selects a motto. Teresa's motto at eight had been "Duty is happiness," which she of course made "Thooty ith happineth"; but presently she found "Truth for authority, not authority for truth," and she liked that better.

As we swept porches and made beds and set tables in the fashion of little girls of the early nineties, she recited poems in a steady chant, and in that way we memorized hundreds. I don't know now where she found them or by what unerring instinct she selected them, but they were always good. A deep strange gravity seemed to rest over her childhood, and she used to tell me that we were "too happy."

WHEN the real sorrow came and we were fatherless and motherless, it brought an immediate change to my sister. She became what she always was afterward: the most practical and yet the most spiritual influence upon all our lives. She had no fears; she saw beauty in poverty as my father had seen it, and she made it rich. In the eight years between my father's death and the breaking up of our home in a burst of marriages I never heard my sister complain.

Standing over the dishpan in what we always triumphantly called the "Quaker Kitchen"—for we made a verb of it, and were never content to leave it at night until we had "quakered" the kitchen—standing over the dishpan, when the last glass was shining and the last spoon dried, we would go on with our discussion of history, of social service, of poetry or literature for a whole superfluous half-hour. We had a thousand jokes, a thousand phrases, a thousand secrets.

I never found her—and as my office in San Francisco was farther down-town than hers I usually went twice a day to find her—when she was not happy, ready to plan, ready to make endless little penciled lists, ready to put the best share of our forty-cent luncheons on my plate. We spent, together, forty cents for luncheon.

Teresa used to extract all sorts of theories "from the backs of magazines," as we jeeringly told her, and work them out on us. She introduced, indeed, the first of the dietary and budget and systematic-expenditure ideas that we had ever known, and from that instant matters began to improve. She was employed in a beautiful little book-and-gift shop at this time, and she adopted the dress she afterward always wore, a heavy corduroy velvet with picturesque collars and cuffs, and the crown of dark braids. Here she could revel in books. She was permitted to bring them home, and sometimes we had twenty at home at once.

It was Teresa who decreed that the house—our limited little house—should have a monthly "birthday" and that we should all make it presents: presents of vases, or a towel, or a dish-mop, or a handful of primroses. It was Teresa who rambled over the Spring hills and brought home the weeds that looked like flowers when she arranged them. At the age of eighteen, of twenty and twenty-two, when most girls think of nothing but themselves, she thought of everything and everybody else. To have us all about the table, with our demented finances comparatively adjusted and our day's work done, was enough for her. "Aren't we happy?" she would ask. She never passed one of us in a hallway without saying something like: "You're wonderful, I think. You don't know how I love you!" And frequently

Continued on page 65

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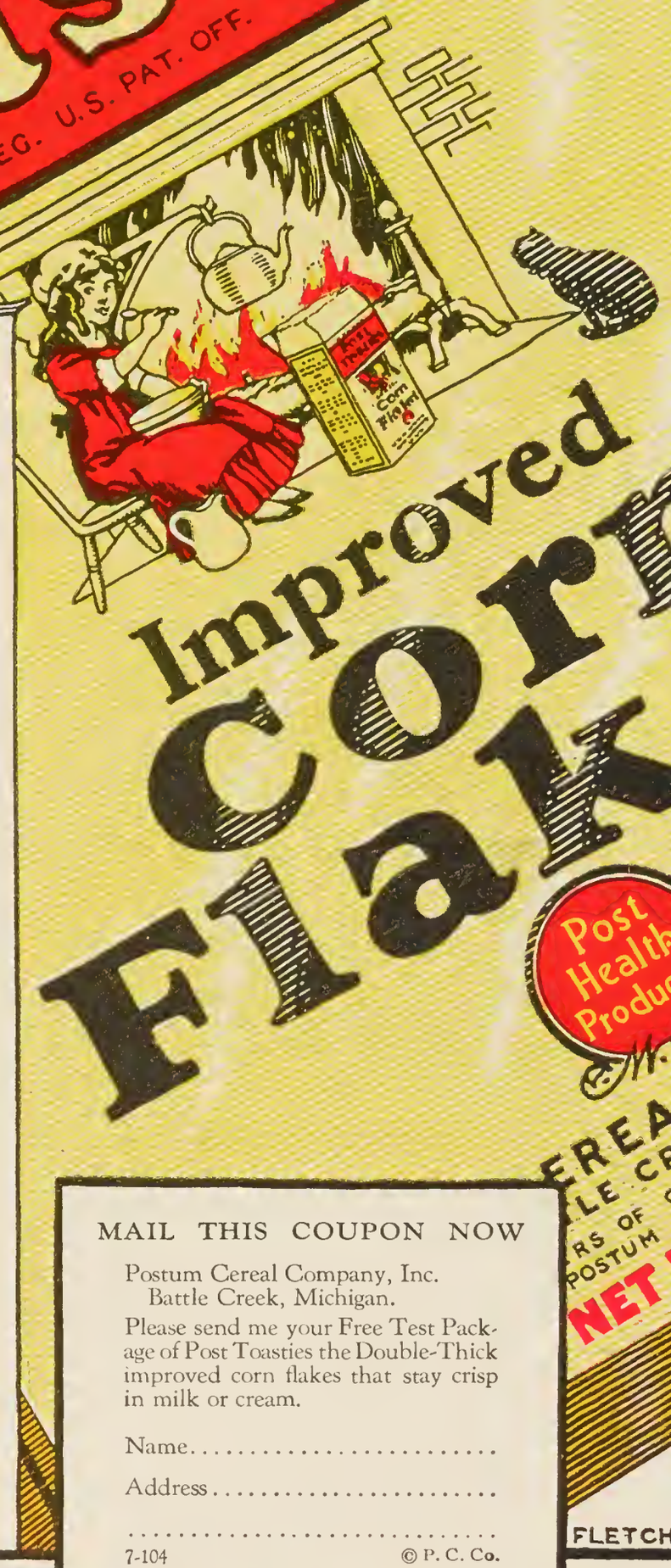
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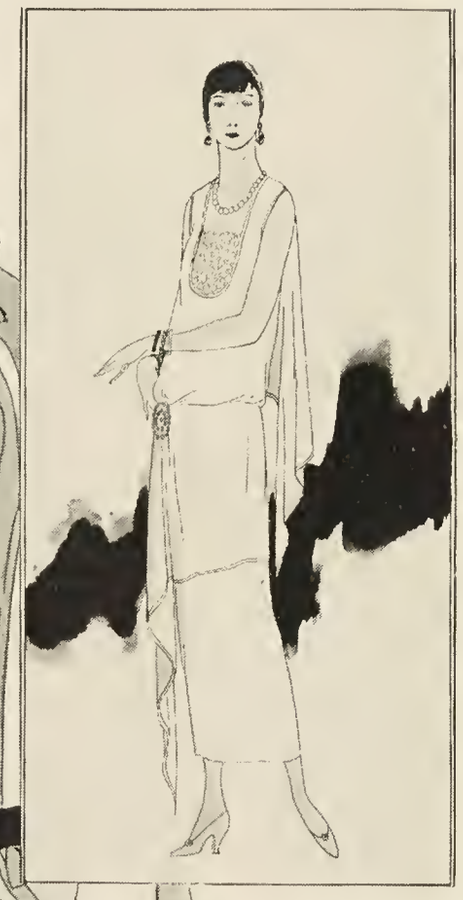
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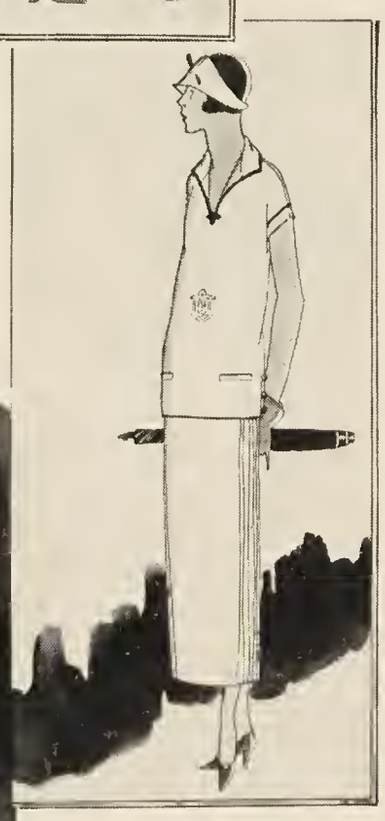


Ruffles used in the new ways are shown in Butterick Patterns

The mode of the tunic and new cape variations are in Butterick Patterns



Tucks and drawn-work delight Paris —and Butterick



The partially plaited frock is a great favorite—you find it in Butterick Patterns



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The easiest pattern to use

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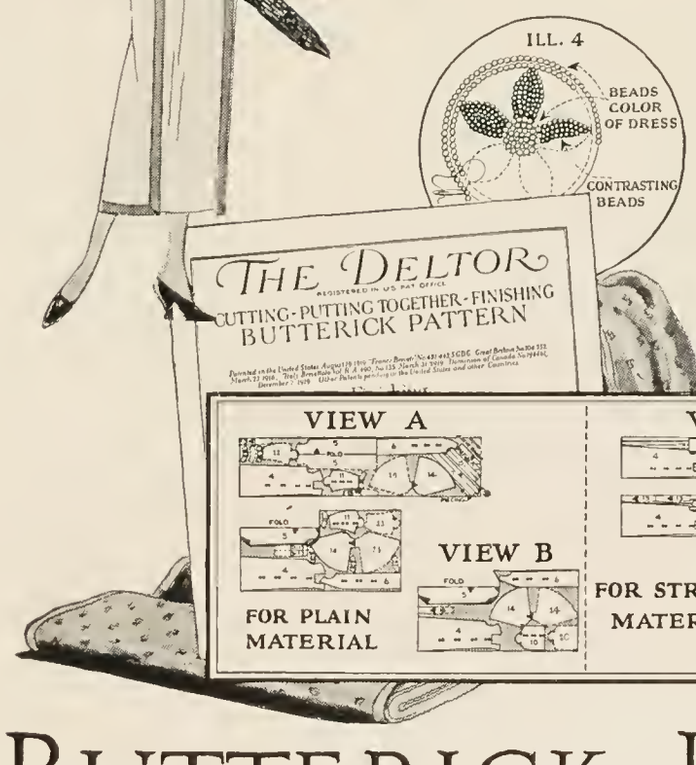
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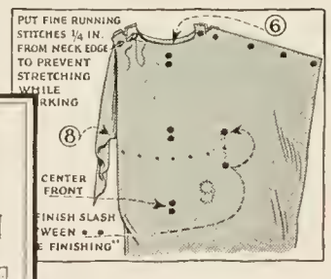
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MY OWN STORY

Continued from page 62

when she and I met down-town upon a Saturday afternoon, with some household or social labor afoot, her eyes would be filled with tears of joy. A hundred times when she brought me the *Atlantic* she would say, "I'll see your name there, some day."

For despite all the disillusionments, the deprivations and struggles, the fatigues and discouragements, the humiliations and failures, she always believed in us.

PRESENTLY, the earthquake came. By a singular chance we had moved from the city into the shabby old Mill Valley house an hour away, and whatever the catastrophe meant to others, to us it was an unmitigated delight. Our chimney was down, to be sure, and for weeks a certain distaste for walls and doors made us all sleep on the porches or in the garden. We had—with every one else—to cook in the garden, too, where we built a brick oven. But we had water—and it was Spring. It was excitement, change, break in the routine, and all our friends, as the youngest sister pleasedly remarked, were "as poor as we were" for the time being. Many of these friends came to us or to our neighborhood for the first demoralized weeks, and of these, five chanced to possess literary aspirations, like myself.

The earthquake occurred at 5:15 on the morning of April 18, 1906. On the afternoon of the nineteenth we six mailed our earthquake stories to Eastern magazines. We realized that here was our golden opportunity, and we lost no time.

It was hard for me that my story, after seven long weeks, should be the only one that was unaccepted. Every one else was complacent. *Harper's Weekly* took one story, *Everybody's* another, the *American* a third. But mine came home.

But while my earthquake story had been going East and coming back again, buoyed by that hopeful feeling one always has when a story is under consideration, I wrote another, and called it "What Happened to Alanna." Teresa liked this so much she had it copied at her bookstore and we sent it East. But it came home, too, and I threw it in a drawer, and that was the end of that.

The single bright spot upon my literary career so far had been my restless escape to the State University in a burst of more than ordinary ambition and misery, and the two months' story-writing course I had taken there. Professor Chauncey Wetmore Wells had instantly singled out my themes for special encouragement, and Mrs. Wells had given me a cup of cheering tea and many a word of kindly counsel. But this interval was brief, for although I could pay my own expenses I could do no more, and after a few weeks of it I had gone home again to nurse my aunt in pneumonia.

After the earthquake, in dark despair, I abandoned all hopes of a literary career and went into Red Cross work and into the settlement work that developed immediately after the big fire, earning first fifty and then sixty dollars a month.

By this time, by slow, by agonizing, by imperceptible degrees, our burden was lifting. We were all better paid, we were all better equipped. We knew the worst was over. Our "children" were a credit to us, and we were all more than ever united. The little brother and I could slip away now and then for glorious evenings of prowling over second-hand bookstores, for dinners sometimes totaling ninety cents, for actual gallery seats at the "Tivoli" or the "Princess," for which we had a secret weakness.

SUDDENLY a bolt from the blue made me the humblest, the most grateful and hard-working member of the city-room staff of the San Francisco *Call*. I had held a society-reporter's position for a few emergency weeks with the *Bulletin* a year or two before, and had been discharged. And I had done a little work for the Associated Press and had been kindly assured that my forte was not writing. Long afterward I learned that my famous brother-in-law, Frank Norris, had been discharged from the San Francisco *Wave* for the same reason; Frank, of the "Octopus" and the "McTeague," had been assured that he could not write, and that made me feel better. But at the time I felt very sore.

So that this opportunity came to me as a Godsend, and looking back I date a happier and more confident frame of mind from the hour I accepted it. I worked gratefully, tirelessly, early and late; I went from one end of the city to the other searching news, interpreting news, developing news. It was not, in any real sense, writing, although I think still that a certain amount of such rapid-fire production does lend facility. But it was a step in the right direction. Every one in that business was first going to New York, second going to write stories or plays.

New York! The name was our watchword. Every discussion began and ended there. I always saw it as it had been in some dark picture of my childhood, with tall buildings pricked to let light through. It was always dark, tall, twinkling with lights, crowded, mysterious. It had something—something for me. Everything happened—anything might happen—in New York. New York, we all told each other eagerly, was "kind to Californians." Had it not welcomed and made famous scores of us before? Frank Norris, and the Irwins, and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, and Townsend of "Jimmy Fadden," and Gertrude Atherton and Kate Douglas Wiggin?

On the other hand, we all appreciated perfectly that "you could starve to death easily in New York." Loads of young writers did; in the hot Summers you had to sleep on the roofs, and there was snow in Winter. Actual snow. No wonder people died! For some reason one saw oneself dying in an avalanche of manuscripts in a locked hall bedroom in a snowy New York Winter. In any case, New York was never a mere city. It was mystery and a mecca, it was shibboleth and an enchantment.

SO THE years went by to 1908, and the first engagement stirred our family ranks, and the second. And then upon a bitter Winter night, at a skating-rink party where all the season's débutantes were alined, and where newspaper reporters were busily threading the crowds, a tall, dark young man came suddenly into the life I am sketching, known because of his brother's name to all writers, and known specially to me because of mutual friends: Mr. Charles G. Norris. And after that everything was different.

The problem he was to put into a book called "Bread" many years later did not worry us then. We loved each other, it was all arranged in the course of three meetings, and it was all perfected over many a little table-d'hôte dinner in the French or Italian quarters, where, as we used amusedly to compute, we used four dollars' worth of light on each fifty-cent meal. We would have a little house and a garden across the bay, and these would be my domain, and "Himself"—it was thus he was designated—should keep his position upon the railroad magazine *Sunset*. And eventually we would both write books or plays, or both. So that was that.

But presently somehow the words "New York" crept in, fixing me with the usual sort of trance. He—it appeared—knew it. Spoke of it almost casually. If we were to be writers, some day we would have to go there.

"We could," he said, as we exchanged serious looks, "go now." Or he could go now, get a job and be joined by me. We could live in New York. As simply as that!

"We could—live— How do you mean, live there?"

"Rent a flat. Live."

"Yes, but suppose you were taken ill?"

"Suppose I were taken ill here?"

A vision of success: carriages, the blazing open doors of an opera-house, one's name in the paper——

And a vision of failure: a landlady wringing one's empty purse, a shawl over one's head, snow fluttering down about one's broken shoes——

"Well?" said Himself.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think we ought to do it. Good gracious, I'll get twenty-five a week!"

Solemnly, across that little luncheon-table in the Vienna Bakery, the Vienna Bakery that had risen triumphant above the ruins and ashes of old San Francisco, we joined hands.

We will be married. We will write books. We will live in New York.

Continued in the August DELINEATOR

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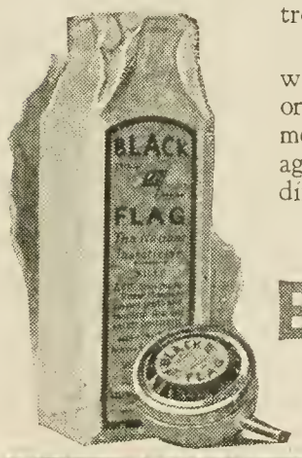
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BLACK FLAG

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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 13

decision and confide in him afterward, as seemed to be the fashion of the family. But he was to remember that she loved him devotedly and would not, in spite of her foolery, ever do anything of which she was not sure in her heart that he would approve for her. Benno read and reflected how much he adored that quiet and small mother. Would she like Linnie? He was swept by the certainty that whether she liked her or not she would love Linnie for his sake; that she would love her in spite of any personal choices. He thought: "That's what I'm to do. That's the bigness of love. I love Linnie in spite of my little choices I may have as to her ideas and her ways. That's love—that's what love is." He kept saying this to himself, at first defiantly, then delightedly, then with a sense of refuge.

Linnie was not to come home for that week-end because of a senior celebration, and in expectation of the arrival of the cable Benno was to go out to the school early the next day and take her for a drive and for lunch. With Linnie beside him as he ran through the school grounds, some abrupt sense of color and sun on the *rosa rugosa* that burnished the winding drives made him feel for an instant that life had touched him. He understood that this was merely because Linnie was there. He thought: "Can that be what love is—substituting her for all of life?" Then he forgot to think, for she spoke to him.

HE HAD seen that she bore an air of excitement, and he waited for her to tell him. As they cleared the grounds she said: "I've had the cable. This morning." She recited it: "We return immediately. Do nothing before arrival." This was the last word which she had expected. "You've had no message," she affirmed rather than asked, and at his negative seemed not surprised. He was filled with compunction. To have changed the plans of her family, to have cut short their holiday, brought them across the Atlantic! He was horrified. Linnie seemed unimpressed. "They'll go back again in a fortnight. They think nothing of crossing. It's plain, however, that they plan to drag me back with them." Benno mused: "Taking it for granted that I'm not acceptable!" "Or," she explained, "that they'll attach you, if worse comes to worst. They're rather dears, you know," she added, "but terribly set in their ways! I haven't brought them up well. I'm afraid we'll have trouble with them." He raced up a steep hill before replying. Then, instead of looking at the warm loveliness spread before them, he looked down at her and demanded: "Don't you sometimes wonder how you ever got into it?" She said, "No, dear idiot." But he went on: "To graduate and then to set sail alone for the other side of the world—that sounds very well to me. But to graduate, and then to be bringing your alarmed family home from Europe to prevent your marriage to a poor man—there's not much in that, is there?" She replied: "There's you." They had the horizon to themselves and he kissed her, held her from him and looked at her delicacy, her beauty: "How did I do it?" he marveled. "How did I get you?" She was quick to remind him that it was she who had him. "No. I'm a beast. I've taken advantage of your youth, Linnie! Cable to them not to come—that the engagement is broken. Go abroad and meet them as you had planned, and let's wait until Autumn." She replied composedly: "That's likely. They want me to go to Paris and Milan for a year of music. I know a better plan." But when he pressed her for it, she said nothing; then bade him drive on. A little coolness, a sadness came upon her—she played with all the stops. She was silent, absent; convinced him by her manner that she was entertaining his suggestions. He thought: "If only she were one-third as alert and skilled about the things that really matter."

They were lunching at a place outside the town, the Rockery, a stony pasture and a quarry turned to account, with a house of field stone, trellises, outdoor tables, and a home-made sun-dial. They sat under wisteria, lunched on picnic fare skilfully presented, heard meadow-larks on the fence-posts. "Life," Linnie affirmed, "is all going to be like this." "Life," said Benno grimly, "is going to be nothing of the sort. Life with me is going to consist of a flat—a small one, with flooring in the bathroom instead of tile, and either too much heat or not enough, and a landlord to be asked for repairs. It's going to have an untrained servant—*one*—who will always be leaving; and intervals when we'll have to dine out at cafés—not the nice ones—and night after night when we'll stay at home from operas and things because we can't spare the money. Furthermore, life with me will have children in it—not child, but children. Noisy—all over the flat—sailing boats and turtles in the bathtub—the *one* bathtub. Linnie! Do you realize that life with me is going to consist of that?" It was the primal chant, the immemorial man with his pleading which warned and his warning which pleaded. But she stared at him. "Why," she said, "we're going to live at our house. And have the whole third floor—that's seven rooms. And sit in our box at the opera whenever we care enough about it to go. Don't be silly. And," she added thoughtfully, "I've about decided that we'll tell mother we'll have two of the rear rooms on the second floor for the nurseries—as we need them. How many children, Benno? About four, wouldn't you say?" In that moment, with a pang of spirit and flesh in union, it seemed to him that he no longer belonged to himself. Whatever happened, however they worked it out, her mere question seemed irrevocably to have cast his lines. "Four's a neat number," he said. "I've always liked the number four." With an air of method she replied: "There go those people from that table back of you. At last. I never saw such ferocious appetites. And now the waiter isn't looking—" Altogether an hour of heaven and earth it was. He kissed her and felt temporarily intimate with all the gods. "All the same, I'll move you into a flat," he mentioned.

When they had finished, he asked: "Now tell me your better plan." She had been waiting for him to ask this. "Let's be married the day after I graduate and have the house warm and bright to welcome the family!" He cried: "A nice thing that would be!" But he was shaken by her earnestness. "I'm serious. I can do as I please!" she cried with fury. He told her: "Well, I can't, then. And you can't either. You're a Bellairs." She cried: "That's the very reason, for me! *We've* never gone by the stupid rules they make." Benno frowned at her. "You're marrying a commoner, remember, and commoners play the game." She said: "How old-fashioned you are! There now—nobody's looking—" It came to him as he kissed her: "She uses my love to blind me to her faults!" As if her little spirit had heard his thought, she took on a charming dignity, a sadness and said: "You must help me. I love you so that I forget everything but that. I would—honestly I would—marry you this minute. Do you hate me?" He thought promptly: "She's the most adorable child alive. And she *is* a child. And I'm proud to protect her." He smiled to recall how she would flare at that word "protect."

A WIRELESS message announced the Bellairs family to be on the sea. The message added: "Bringing Louise and Paula." These were the young daughters of Mrs. Bellairs's brother, whose illness had sent them all to Carlsbad.

This party was to arrive on the day before commencement. Because of the activities at the school and the uncertainty of the hour of their reaching home, Benno was not to meet them until the night following Linnie's graduation, when it was arranged that he was to dine at the house.

He had not intended to go out to the school, had told Linnie that he didn't think he could bear it. "I can *not* bear it, my darling. All the silly fuss of clothes and cant. What's your class motto? I'll bet you a thousand it's 'Plus Ultra.'" She assured him quite gravely: "No. We didn't think it would be democratic to use Latin. It's 'No Nut So Hard But We Can Crack It.'" Benno groaned.

But he went. He took Linnie's card and drifted out to the school in the afternoon to see the daisy chain. In the circle about the lawn he had a place with the kindred and friends of the thirty graduates. In that audience all was to him decorative and satisfying: clothes, voices, formality and informality,

restraint and vivacity. These folk, he reflected, knew so well what to say! Were so swift in social nuances, made gracious pictures. He listened to the talk—nothings faultlessly spoken—and thought that the only social art ever perfected in this world is the art of social intercourse, and raged at the purposes to which it is put. "Real lace, my dear? If it isn't, how shocking to wear it. And if it is, *where* did she get it?"

When the daisy chain began to form, he forgot his discontent. From eight points of the oval green the girls advanced, to the sound of strings—clear figures, floating. They were in orchid colors and the colors of pale fruit not yet mellowed. These girls, barefooted on the green, with lifted arms and blown fabrics and low chanting, were young priestesses, dedicating themselves to the unknown life—not even his knowledge of their probable sophistication could flaw that figure. Linnie was not among them. He knew a throb of feeling beyond tenderness when he saw her coming alone from the hedge carrying a flashing cup; when she poured the flowers and the others paced about her where, with the lifted cup, she went on dancing alone. As he watched her, dancing in the sun, for him the other girls were gone; and he felt that for the first time he was seeing Linnie, gay, grave, simple, real. Linnie herself. He must never forget. *Here she was!* All speech and act which contradicted this aspect of her were, he thought, mere appearances of her, corruptions of a contact with a world which had seized on her body, had already blurred her mind, but had not touched her spirit. Here was the Linnie of their life together. He felt as if the hour had changed him too, had made him clear to himself. It was simple! One had only to remember the inner look of others, and then their stupidities didn't exist. All so simple—he felt content and sure; a bit sleepy too, perhaps, in the warm afternoon. People were better than they seemed—even the real-lace woman, who was now saying: "It *is*. But it *is*. Atrocious taste—and in their financial condition!" He thought sleepily that if he could introduce this woman to herself, she would be stupefied. But he wished that Linnie could see her real self as clearly as he had just seen her.

THERE was a movement toward the marquise. He followed the crowd, intending to escape down the driveway. Some one touched his arm, one of the page girls, important, incoherent: Was he Mr. Parker? Miss Bellairs would like to see him—this way, right over there, right by the little striped dressing-tent with the pennon. He followed, saw Linnie running toward him. Oh, and now she was Diana, was Atalanta, in that floating, high-girt garb. "This way—there's a little path here—they can't suspend me now—I'm through with them! Here, Benno!" The path was hidden in forsythia, past its bloom, dense and sweet. "Benno! You were adorable to come to-day—I saw you before I came on. And I was so glad—" He teased her: "Vain little thing. You wanted me to see you in that dance. Oh, Linnie, nothing on this earth was ever so adorable!" He said more, tried to tell her something of all that he had been feeling as he watched her. When he made it emphatic that he should never, never change, she seemed surprised. "Of course we will never change." And this reminded her: "Darling, they're bringing home with them the man they had all picked out for me when I should have got over to London. He's here—he's here on the grounds this afternoon—he'll be at dinner to-morrow night. He's thirty and bald and worth nothing but money." He told her with conviction that they would make her marry him. She laughed at him: "I'm going to marry him—to Paula. She's eighteen. You're going to fall in love with her too. They're all here—will you meet them now?" He begged off until the dinner the next evening. It was delightful, this perfect understanding between them. He told her that he was so impolite to her that they were virtually married already. He could not bear to leave her. "Remember that I saw your soul dance to-day," he said solemnly; but she said: "I'll bet it can't dance as well as I can!" He told her that he was a little afraid of her, could not believe that she loved him. She was close to him, never more tender: "How could I prove that I love you? Let me prove it to-day. Tell me some way—I know! The class has its farewell to-night in the assembly. Come and get me and take me somewhere with you instead. I'll go—on my honor I will. I want to be with you—I don't want to be with them. It's the last night I can ever leave school without permission—I *will* go—" He wouldn't let her, told her that he was training her to be his wife and she shouldn't be so wild; took her kiss and sent her back up the forsythia walk. As he cut through the shrubbery to the driveway, he felt a sense of utter security.

"It's nonsense to be afraid of her slavery to family, to ideas. She's free—in all the ways that she knows how to be, she's free. If she thinks stupidly, it's because she has been surrounded by stupid thinking. It's her very independence which takes these wild forms—her house-party, her wanting to go with me to-night. When I can train her, teach her what real freedom is—freedom of ideas, freedom for the human race—" He went on and on about it, as she escaped from the school of the Misses Mills and Spicer where, for four years, Linnie had been laboriously minted, as the Bellairs, dead and living, had been minting her for generations.

DINNER at the Bellairs' was at eight o'clock. At five minutes to eight Benno stood in the empty drawing-room and was amused—or so he told himself—to find that he dreaded extremely these hours to come.

The furniture was still covered, the lights were flowing through their veils. The insistent clock ticked both in and out, tick as loud as tock, as a distressed cow moos, he reflected. Benno walked about, but his steps echoed on the bare floor and sounded as if he were investigating. If he might have escaped to the cozy roar of the traffic and there have sunk— He stood staring at himself in the mirror, without intention or, until a man walked in upon him, knowledge that such was his occupation. "Good evening," said this man. "I am Matthew Bellairs." And when Benno mentioned his own name, "Ah, indeed!" Mr. Bellairs returned vaguely. "Ah, indeed." He gave no sign that he had ever before heard the name or that he had been caused to cross the Atlantic by this guest; but merely stood polishing his spectacles. The young man apprehended himself as an incident in the room. Barely that. Not so important as the pince-nez which demanded so much attention. He thought that Linnie oughtn't to have been so late, or that his host ought not to have been so early, or that he himself, perhaps, should not have been so early, should not have been at all! "Ah, indeed!" said Matthew Bellairs for the third and last time, and Benno had struck at nothing.

Malvina Briggs came in, said, "Oh, you have met," and was completely ignored by her uncle. She ventured for that relative's information that Mr. Parker knew many interesting folk, had given them two delightful evenings with some brilliant young folk. Mr. Bellairs heard, and put on his glasses with: "What sort of young people?" His eyes fixed Benno at last. "These moderns who are no better than they want to be—is that it?" Benno said stiffly: "I'm afraid I know no more of their consciences than I do of yours, sir." He hadn't intended it to sound like that. "Writers and public speakers," Malvina hastened to say, "young people who are thinking—" "Young people," Matthew Bellairs interrupted, "think too much lately." "And say too little, save among themselves," Benno ventured. "Say too much everywhere," said Matthew Bellairs; and Louise and Paula came in, little figures, suitable for arrangement on a cake. Matthew Bellairs advanced and formally kissed their hands. They said nothing, evidently under the impression that the cake had been provided and their responsibility ended. "And how have my young nobilities been occupying themselves this afternoon?" he inquired. Before they could fail to reply, the glass doors into the little garden opened and Linnie entered with a man. Benno felt indignation—she had left him to face nobody knew what while she roved with this fellow. It must be the man worth nothing but money—he looked it, looked hardly that. Linnie said: "Oh, is it late? Oh, is it?" And Benno was introduced to her companion. Mr. Blossom was his perfect name. Mr. Blossom, mild, bald, golden, was in his acknowledgment interrupted by Matthew Bellairs with: "Ah, my dear fellow! It is delightful to have you here. Delightful to see you come walking in as if you belonged here." At this crime, Linnie blushed and tried to cover the blood-stains on her father's hands with: "Dear, of course you met Mr. Parker." "Who?" demanded Mr. Bellairs. His roaming eye fell upon Benno. "Who?" he asked again. "Oh, yes, I believe so, I believe so," semiarticulated in Linnie's own manner, when she chose it. And Linnie was his daughter. She murmured to Benno: "Don't mind him, you know. He's choosing to be a lump." Mrs. Briggs entered, inclining to right and to left. Her it didn't occur to Linnie or her father to greet at all. Mrs. Briggs and Malvina retired to the piano, and Benno wondered what it was that they pretended to talk about. They kept it up gallantly, whatever it was, a faint screen of talk between them and their incredible neglect.

Twice the man servant had come to glance in the room, when at last Mrs. Bellairs entered. Benno felt a note of pleasure. She was such a spectacle, such a sight seldom seen. She was the perfect queen mother. Beautiful, too, and ceremoniously gowned. She had a manner of deep sleep, and this manner, when Linnie presented Benno so prettily, the queen mother directed full upon him. She all but slept through her greeting, *distraite*, unaware, withdrawn to a farther place of guests, perhaps to other guests. She too gave no sign that she had ever heard Benno's name upon the wind. "You are staying in town this Summer?" she advanced. To his rather wicked, "Yes, madam, I live here," she said: "Ah, yes! Barker?" and was set right, and seemed not to know the difference. Benno's soul cried: "What in thunder is the use of all this? Aren't we human beings with speech? Can't we make ourselves known to each other without this embroidery of lies? They could kick me out without going to all this trouble!" But he discerned that they liked the trouble, that they lived by pretense, that they had a taste for indirection, and that nothing was too slight to require all their machinery. When dinner was announced, Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs laid upon Linnie light touches of apparently accidental tenderness, so that she walked out with them. Mr. Blossom followed with the cake girls. Mrs. Briggs, Malvina and Benno closed the line. Benno thought: "Now I shall watch how they do this to me."

HE WAS seated, again by adroit chance, between Mrs. Briggs and Malvina. Within the confines of a perfect courtesy of complete unconsciousness, those two did not exist nor, to any but Linnie, did Benno appear visible. Incidents of the sailing, of the voyage, of the month in Carlsbad and in England filled their talk; of the illness of the father of Louise and Paula, which had called them abroad, and of his recovery now at Bad Nauheim; and, almost at once, of the unique interest of a week-end in Kent at a country house of a great scientist, where Barrie had been staying. Benno, whose recent months abroad had given him contacts with Barrie, with Shaw, with Conrad, ventured an anecdote told by one of these. Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs listened, smiling, complaisant, willing to be amused, but unable to do so. "Oh, yes," they offered, "Oh, yes," without resilience. They were almost at one with Mrs. Briggs, who, with the best will in the world, yet murmured blankly: "Wasn't that a comical story!" And with Linnie, who, flashing him her warning smile, yet observed: "But most celebs *are* boring, don't you think? Except in books?" Only Malvina observing: "Gorgeous—really, how entirely gorgeous that is," saved the moment, and no one but Benno heard that. Louise and Paula went on annoying Mr. Blossom, whom they enchanted. A grave man, a man of affairs, Mr. Blossom suffered the affliction of feeling that a light, rippling idiocy must be maintained toward women, and he maintained it. Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs kept up talk as an inescapable duty, like mastication, to be discharged with hardly more mental effort. Everything that they said gave the impression of having been said by them innumerable times before. Perhaps, Benno thought, that was why they barely were at pains to articulate at all. He himself inserted comment and question with what spontaneity was possible; they replied and dropped it, whatever it was, and passed swiftly on without him. When they addressed him, it was done with a deliberate courtesy, a perfunctoriness which did not trouble to conceal itself, rather wished itself very much to be known.

Linnie herself was adorable, quite. She, who could miss every implication in the talk of a group of Benno's friends, was yet trained to every subtlety of intention, of omission, even of inflection, in such a situation as this. She knew the precise value of every snub! Measured by the droop of an eyelid, the delay in a reply, the exact length of a stare, she understood all that was happening to Benno. She lightened all in the only way possible: by showing Benno, in a look, that she missed nothing, that she too was amused, that it

Continued on page 68



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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 67

was he and she against them all. And even this glassy host and hostess, who themselves missed nothing, in such an hour must have realized, Linnie thought, that this unwelcome visitor was impeeeable in his handling of so difficult a condition. His good humor did not leave him, his amusement did not appear. As for the ugliness of taking offense, it was as remote from him as the jungle and the cave. Nor did he, for love of Linnie, fail to neglect every opportunity for satire or veiled retort. Last and ehief triumph, she observed, he did not make much effort, was relaxed, poised, at home.

MR. BELLAIRS was baek again at that house-party in Kent. "At the home of Palmerton, Bassett Palmerton, *the* Bassett Palmerton. The most important seientist in England to-day. Perhaps in the world." He was off on a rout of superlatives. By all that he said, the scientists of the past were outdistaneed in field after field of researeh. Launched on a hobby with many faces, Mr. Bellairs held the table in a long monolog, with Basset Palmerton's aeeomplishments as a text. He would, he said, go back to England for the express purpose of another such evening as he had spent in that household. "Distinguished, delightful." The eream of the scientific intellect of the world had, by his account, been present. His ponderous enthusiasm was without limits.

"Frightful condition in London, however," said Mrs. Bellairs, with her English rapidity. "Every one so depressed because of the depression of every one else. Isn't that an extraordinary situation? We were quite comfortable, of course. But people do not keep their places as they used." They gave instances of insubordination and insurreetion, and, "My steward," said Matthew Bellairs, "my steward was extremely offish. I couldn't make out whether it was because I demanded a good deal of serviee or because of his country's national debt to mine. But he eertainly showed the spirit of revolt. Of marked revolt." "I dare say you didn't tip him enough," Linnie offered expertly, and he shrugged indulgently. "Ah, but that class of people love to exercise the smallest authority," murmured Mrs. Briggs, with her incessant manner of self-identification with the great of this earth; but Mr. Bellairs cut her off crisply. "That isn't applicable in this case at all. Only to servants." And, "I hope we can keep our servants until—while we're obliged to be here. But American servants are so ridiculously independent," complained Mrs. Bellairs. "More so than anywhere." "Perhaps they're deseended from our Plymouth ancestors," Malvina offered, smiling, but Linnie flashed baek: "Oh, that cheap Americanism—I can't stand it." Malvina pressed it wickedly: "But really—we did come here to *be* independent." And, "That's very tiresome, Malvina," Linnie assured her. Paula Bellairs, with her manner of springing up from the frosting and brushing away the deeorations, now observed: "But I can't think how servants stand it not to be insolent. I know I'd be!" And Linnie, who would have exterminated Malvina for such a sentiment, merely said: "Paula, dear, you're so sympathetie." Mrs. Bellairs added: "Too tender-hearted, my dear, for *this* life, especially when—" "One can't be too tender-hearted!" Malvina cried passionately. "You're interrupting your aunt, Malvina," Matthew Bellairs said with immense dignity. "Especially when it comes to servants," was the gem which Mrs. Bellairs had ready. "Especially when it comes to servants," echoed Mrs. Briggs with impressment. They all ignored her.

"As to servants," said Benno now, "there's a delicious negro waiter——"

Mrs. Bellairs, who had been giving directions to a servant, could not have heard him, for it was at that moment that she gave the signal to rise.

Imperturbably Benno held the door open for them, and as she passed him Linnie murmured: "I adore you." Malvina, who was last, met his eyes with: "Bravo! You've shown me how it should be done." For he and Malvina and her mother were under the same ban of displeasure in that house—displeasure which made all three feel disgraeed. For what?

With Mr. Bellairs and Mr. Blossom, over their eigars, Benno had a half-hour of unrelieved discomfort. Mr. Blossom had eaught the tone of the house, and ignored him. Perhaps also he had caught the tone of Linnie, and ignored Benno for that, too. Matthew Bellairs was not above the smiling effort to irritate, to provoke some word laeking in finesse like his own, but, if it came from Benno, unforgivable. "A headstrong ereature," Mr. Bellairs said onee, in illustration, "absurd in his aspirations—" Benno ventured: "In his biography, sir, those qualities would be called high ambition and indomitable will." To whieh the older man irritably returned: "Pray observe that I was not speaking of the man's biography, but of himself!" And Mr. Blossom said: "Quite a different thing, by Jove!" To whieh Mr. Bellairs cried heartily: "That's it—that's it!" The half-hour passed in that fashion.

He was eurious to know how Linnie would have taken all this; and in spite of the understanding in her eyes when she had looked at him across the table, he wondered whether thus to see him completely set at naught had not made her rather despise him. Out on the terrace he found her, evidently purposely withdrawn from the others and waiting; singing indeterminate bars and looking down into the small dark garden. Benno strolled up to her and stood lighting a cigaret. He was charmed to hear her say: "Isn't it disgusting? Disgraceful, Benno?" and had no doubt that she was referring to his case, was warmed already by this sympathy. But as she went on he saw that he was not even in her thought. It was, it appeared, Malvina who was disgraceful. "We stepped right into the hall and saw her. There she sat, on the stone bench by the door, of all plaees—evidently with no thought of concealment, Benno, or of shame. With that man." Benno said equably: "With the man she's going to marry, I take it? You mean she ought to have brought him inside?" Linnie dropped her tone to her throatiest scorn: "Heavens, no! Bring that ereature into our house? Of course she isn't going to marry him! Bring him into our family?" Benno said: "Do, please, tell me—I'm very ignorant. What's the matter with him?" The task was to her liking evidently, for she gave herself to it. The fellow was nothing, nobody, had no manners—her objection spent itself on detail. They had begged Malvina to give him up. She had never brought him to the house before. All, all was unbelievable, Linnie seemed to imply, and must be ended. Benno listened for a long time and then he said: "What would you do if you were in Malvina's place?" And before she could reply, he added: "You are, you know." She stared at him, and cried: "What on earth do you mean, Benno," And had to be told that the general objections which she was raising were, by her family, to be applied to her own choice in husbands. She replied: "Why, but Benno—I am in my father's home. I'm his daughter and should have every consideration. And you're you. But Malvina—she has no right to make us stand for this sort of thing, when we took her in—gave her a home—" "I see," said Benno slowly, and said no more. She went on for a time, and then his silence reached her with some meaning. He had thrown away his cigaret and stood looking away from her, from them all. When he had joined her, he had merely been feeling sick and sore with his own wounds at dinner; now he stood once more over the abyss of thought between Linnie and himself. She must have sensed now that he needed healing. She said: "Benno, come here." Still silent, he moved nearer. "I've been looking through the back rooms on the second floor." He was of course bewildered, said, "Yes?" stupidly, and waited. "There's more room there than I thought. We needn't stop at four. Don't you think five is a nice number?" He could not believe that he understood her. "I've always liked the sound of a family of five," she added explicitly. "Five and you and I. A heaven for seven, Benno, dear." He could only mutter: "Linnie—" And first he wondered if there could have been a sweeter way for her to restate her allegiance to him, after the ordeal of the dinner; and next he was smitten through with his certainty that she did actually sue his love for her to bring

him back when she found him wounded, offended or at variance with her own ideas. The knowledge pierced him intolerably; and he stood beside her silent. She went on singing.

THE terrace was without color now and lay obscured in multiple tones of gray. The cloudy light of Mrs. Bellairs's gown, the gowns of Louise and Paula and the yellow rectangles from the drawing-room doors held the eye against the dusk and the thin pearl of the west. The ripple of speech seemed a distillation of sound, as frail and far as the lift and fall of Malvina's nocturne coming from the drawing-room. He continued to look down the terrace and to think that life, observed thus, seemed entirely beautiful, and to wonder at the power of beings to hurt one another. "To hit one another over the head for food is a gentleman's pastime beside administering needless torture," he thought, and then remembered that, after all, Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs were using a kind of defense, were arming themselves to resist the attacks of a lower order upon their daughter. And after all, he concluded, as civilization goes, their means of defense was not brutal. (It was merely given to him to see exactly how they managed. If he were Blossom, now, he would be seeing nothing but their best foot.) But how they would scorch such insolence as they were practising upon him if it were practised upon a friend of theirs—upon one of themselves——

Mrs. Briggs came toward them, and that gracious swaying of hers was not ungraceful. She said ingratiatingly that a little wind was springing up, that it was much cooler, that she thought it was going to rain. "For goodness' sake, Briggs, stop croaking," said Linnie irritably. Mrs. Briggs explained urbanely that she had only meant that it was a bit chilly out there, that she was going up-stairs, that she would send down a cloak—and Linnie cried that she didn't care for a cloak, said: "You always think I'm going to take cold, Briggs, and that makes me!" Poor Mrs. Briggs, retreating, held out the evening paper, observing that the front page was covered with motor accidents; and as she left them Linnie commented quite audibly that she was eternally croaking about motor accidents, my heavens, and cried: "Good night, Briggs! Don't dream of calamities!" Mrs. Briggs crossed the terrace to the house, her dignity preserved by her light laugh, her lateral bowing.

Then, when they rejoined the others, by an irony fitted to reveal Linnie to herself if she could have observed, Mr. Bellairs was saying: "Light wind coming up from the east. I look for rain before morning." Him Linnie put her arm about and said: "Do you, dear? Don't." And when Blossom inquired brightly whether they had heard of the ghastly motor accident that afternoon on the Blue Mound Road, Linnie listened without irritation to his detail and even commented that there were fewer accidents than there had been on that road. Benno contrasted her replies to poor Mrs. Briggs, as he did too when, presently, her mother tossed her a scarf and Linnie said: "Thanks, you blessed fusser," and dragged it about her like a rope.

BENNO sat smoking, listening, thinking. He said to himself that his position was absurd. As for these people, he could never be their son-in-law. And Linnie— The truth was that Linnie was just like them. He looked at her and traitorously wondered why he loved her; knew that one does not analyze love like that; gave up the whole problem save the one answer, that he did love her, and its ultimate of "What's to be done? What in thunder's to be done?"

One thing to be done was to sit before Matthew Bellairs in judgment, and to "ask for Linnie," as if she were property. When Mr. Bellairs's first cigar was finished, Benno said to him: "At your convenience, sir, I'd like a few minutes' talk with you." With the utmost difficulty Mr. Bellairs controlled his abstraction, and with a manner of returning from remote parts (of vast importance), focused some faculties on Benno—a physical, almost a visible, effort—and said: "Ah, yes? A talk? Certainly, a talk. Not private in its nature, I take it. Naturally. Why not talk here? Why not talk now?" Benno covered his annoyance, quenched his cigaret in the tray, and said coolly: "Very well, sir—if your daughter doesn't object. Or Mrs. Bellairs. Or you. It's a family matter." Louise and Paula and Mr. Blossom had fallen silent. Only Malvina's music broke the hush, some Schubert, intensely personal, though concerned with the eternal. Before Mr. Bellairs could make the penetrating reply for which his brows were preparing, Benno added: "I think that you and Mrs. Bellairs already know that I want to marry your daughter. It's about that, sir." At this, the mild and golden air of Mr. Blossom deserted him. He rose and said: "Pray let me not intrude. Miss Louise and Miss Paula and I were going in to hear the music." They drifted indoors, the young women obviously loath to leave so engaging a situation.

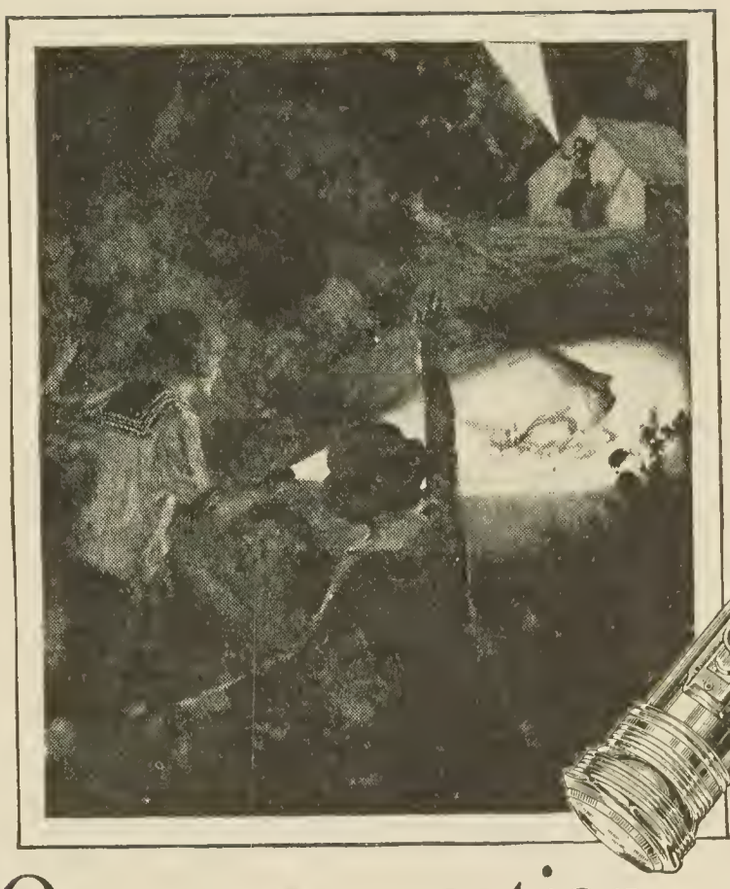
Mr. Bellairs developed an unexpected mood. At the challenge of Benno's composure, perhaps, Mr. Bellairs indulgently laughed in a region well below his throat. "I dispose of such matters," he observed, "between cigars." Benno bowed and said: "We hoped that it wouldn't take longer than that." Mr. Bellairs frowned now, and Mrs. Bellairs, sitting in a *chaise longue*, said in her manner of queen regent: "Do tell *me*, pray, what all this is about. You're not serious, surely?" "Certainly not, my dear," Mr. Bellairs soothed her. "This is a bit of byplay as a compliment to Linnie, I take it. I take it that it need go no further." He reached for a cigar.

Linnie, lounging in a wicker chair near her mother, spoke almost idly, and without changing her position: "Cut the father stuff, darling. It cost us a good deal to cable you all about it. Let's go on from there. Benno and I want to be married right away." Mr. Bellairs could be as decisive as his daughter. Without attending to his wife's conversation, whatever it was, which began in a plaintive undertone, he said sharply: "I have already given my consent to your marriage to another man." Linnie must have known this, or she may not have known, but she handled the information rapidly, saying in her half-articulate running tone: "Really, *has* Ferdy Blossom already spoken to you? Fancy that—and he hasn't told me that he had. And you couldn't tell him I was engaged, could you, because you hadn't my cable. We'll tell him now, dearest, that it's Benno I'm going to wed." Mrs. Bellairs spoke with a manner of personal injury: "I can't believe that you're all serious!" And, "I," said her husband, "am entirely serious, let me say. So much so——"

HE SAID how much so. He was filled with his subject; his indifference so abruptly dropped that he sacrificed its effect and thus began quite all over again. He said a great deal. Benno reflected that one ought to keep up his fiction and his drama in order not to become the hackneyed humorous figure which Mr. Bellairs permitted himself to be. "Darling," said Linnie soothingly, "never mind all that. We don't care, you know. We just want to be married." "*Linnie!*" came from the *chaise longue*. "To *whom* are you speaking?" And Linnie said contritely: "I beg your pardon, mother—I meant both of you. But it's only father who's so—so—irrelevant!" Now Mr. Bellairs shouted, and Mrs. Bellairs touched away a tear which she may or may not have shed. Of the four, Linnie and Benno seemed much the older; and their courtesy and restraint were as great as their reasonableness. It was Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs who threatened and exaggerated. Benno merely kept saying, "We hope very much for your permission," between his respectful replies to the fire of the older man's affirmations, which he innocently regarded as questions. And Linnie cried: "Dearests, it's all settled but the benediction. Give us that."

"Who," cried Matthew Bellairs, "was your father? Who? Never heard of him. Who was your mother? Who? Where is she now? And you earn three thousand a year? Good heavens, what effrontery! And no expectations. The whole matter is preposterous. I don't know why I even question you. No,

Continued on page 70



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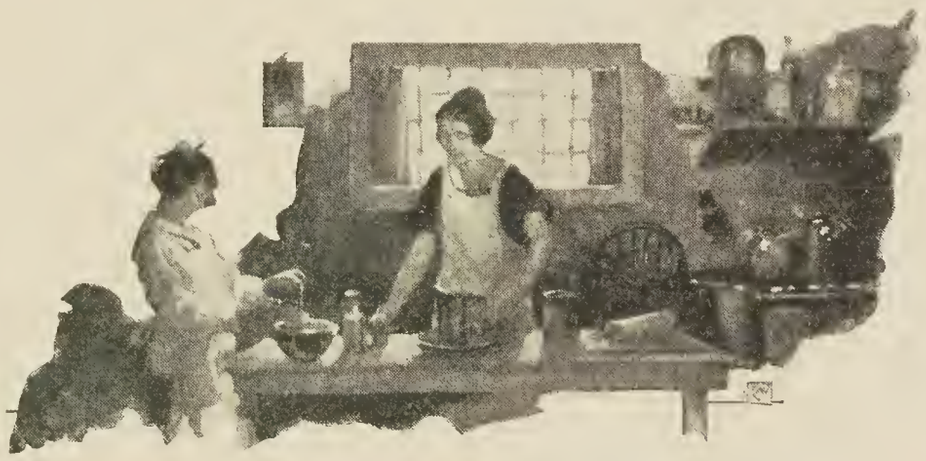
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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 69

you're not the match which I desire for my daughter." "Nor I," said the queen mother with a dignity which forced one to forget that her husband had overlooked her. "Heavy stuff," Benno thought wearily. "They wouldn't do it so if they were even ten years younger. Not like this—so crude, so Victorian——"

ALL this had gone on to the Schubert, broken now by the rise of voices as guests passed through the drawing-room and arrived on the terrace on the heels of their announcement—guests who, appearing for one moment erect and natural, broke out into a scatter of gesture, like Roman candles. Having greeted them and presented Benno, who now took his leave, Linnie composedly led him into the house.

At sight of Malvina, still at the piano, Linnie's restraint and impersonality fell away. "Malvina! It isn't required that you play all night long. Do, please, let us have peace. Thanks for playing—and for not playing."

Malvina rose, stood for a moment as if strength were drained from her, and left the room.

Abruptly Benno turned and looked at Linnie. His expression was strange, and Linnie said: "What is it? You look as if you were going to give me up, for my parents' sake." Benno said slowly: "I wasn't thinking of your parents—or, yes, perhaps I was. Because I was thinking that you spoke to Miss Briggs—just now—in exactly the tone that your parents take toward me." She cried: "Benno! How ridiculous!" But he went on: "You know, it makes me realize that it's only the accident of our love that keeps you from speaking to me exactly as they do." She was almost shrill as she cried: "Accident! You call our love an accident?" "In a way—yes. It might have been Bede—or Little Faxon—" She upbraided him with the tone of her "Never in the world!" "It might have been—" he insisted, and then she cried: "Those common creatures! You think I could have loved them—Benno! It's you, it's you——"

Now he regarded her searchingly, as if he were seeing veil after veil fall from her. "Yes?" he said gently. "You think of them as common?" His aloofness, his rebuke angered her. She cried: "You know that that whole group is common, beside you—" His voice was steady, his eyes quite kind: "Too common for us to receive as friends in our home, if we had one?" She laughed. "I would receive the devil himself—to please you!" He compelled her quiet: "Linnie, if you didn't happen to love me, you'd see that I'm no different from them. I'm like them—I *am* them! I'm more at home with them, by far, than I am here, with your family. Linnie! Are we making a mistake?" She looked at him sharply with: "Are you making what I said to Malvina just now an excuse—" He put it as gently as he could: "It isn't only Malvina. It's her mother. It was everybody at Speyer's that night—and now to-night, here, I can see what it is. You all belong to the part of mankind that takes for granted a right to be inconsiderate to people whom you call 'beneath' you. Well, that's uncivilized——"

"And don't you love me?"

The last reply which he had expected, it swept away his judgment, took away every other consideration. He caught her, pushed her roughly between portières, stood in the anteroom with her in his arms. Against his lips she said:

"Now take back what you said!"

"Take back what?"

"All those foolish things. You're out of sorts and I don't blame you—father was a savage. You can be as cross as you like to-night—I'll understand. But take all that back—that you just said."

He shook his head. "I was never more serious. I knew I'd have to tell you this. I'm sorry it had to come about to-night."

"All this time you've been pretending to love me you've been hating things about me?"

"Your tone to those you call 'social inferiors'—yes. I've always hated that—ever since that first day in Mrs. Pepper's garden, with the waiter. But, I'm ashamed to say, it never got under my skin until to-night—when your parents spoke to me exactly as you've been treating all these others. It's—it's the insolence of a great family, Linnie, which takes that tone to anybody who doesn't happen to come up to its standard——"

"You think I'm like that?"

"Aren't you? Aren't you, Linnie?"

"I'm high-spirited, I admit——"

His patience broke down, "The last resort of insolence is to call itself high spirit."

"You're going too far, Benno——"

"High spirit is often bad manners. Bad manners are out of fashion, Linnie."

For a moment she looked at him, drawn back from him, exquisitely poised. Then, as if she drew a veil between them, she spoke, lightly, formally:

"I think they want me on the terrace—" She paused. "Good-by, then, Benno."

"Good night, Linnie."

She smiled as brightly as if she were greeting him and as formally as if they were strangers.

"Good-by, Benno," she said again. "Not good night, you know. *Good-by.*"

Continued in the August DELINEATOR

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1924. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared MARIE M. MELONEY, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, NONE. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) *Owner.* THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* KATHERINE G. BRAKER, 2 East 56th Street, New York City; Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of the Garfield National Bank, 190 Fifth Avenue, New York City; FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., stockholder of FEDERAL PUBLISHING CO.; THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City, stockholders of BUTTERICK CO.; GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill.; S. R. LATSHAW, Butterick Building, New York City; LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 514 West 114th Street, New York City; MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 575 Riverside Drive, New York City; ABBY L. WILDER, 43 Fifth Avenue, New York City; B. F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; C. D. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City; G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: WILDER, EWEN & PATTERSON, New York City; THE DIME SAVINGS BANK, Brooklyn, New York; CORPORATION OF TRINITY CHURCH, New York City. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) (SIGNED) MARIE M. MELONEY. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1924, WM. DEWAR, JR., Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1924).

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THE MILK WE DRINK

Continued from page 15

more for four per cent. milk than for three per cent.—encourage improvement of quality. But this is if they will, and their "will" depends so largely on their profits.

This power that pasteurization has given large dealers is now met with another power: the demand of the farmers for what they call a fair division of the consumers' price. Maybe they already are getting it, but the competition in buying from them has disappeared. Therefore, automatically, they doubt. They kick. Competition in delivery has also disappeared. A few men make the consumers' price. Therefore, automatically, consumers doubt the fairness of the price. They kick.

Consumers are not to be blamed. They see their dollars go for milk at much more than it used to cost. The returns to them on this increased expense are all indirect, almost imaginative; maybe they know nothing of them.

The farmer is not to be blamed. He knows about his costs. There is nothing indirect or imaginative in them. The laws of the State did this to him. So, fair enough, the people, who make up the State, must pay. Charge it to them. How? Get it from the milk distributor. The milk distributor fears his customers' willingness to pay, refuses to give up what he thinks is a fair profit and resists the increase. He is not to be blamed. And the kicking goes on all around. My Chinese chef, bound to be an American at all costs, recently put up a kick to which I objected. "What!" said he, "you no like my keek? You ask why I keek! I keek, sure I keek! Everybody keek!"

That pasteurization is not one hundred per cent. perfect, that it has disadvantages, is beyond dispute. On the other side, that it accomplishes what is claimed for it in prevention of disease is likewise beyond dispute. The net results to the consumer is profit; but it is an indirect profit and not easy to see. It is only that our babies are healthier; that their nightly seances are not sickly cries but healthy howls; that we don't have so many doctor's bills; that there are less funerals on our block; that our boys are bonier and heavier and play better football than did we; that our girls are more athletic and going to make better mothers, and that in the end the whole race is on the road to physical improvement and better things through safe milk.

BESIDE the pasteurization method of milk protection there is the "certified milk" method. Briefly put, the pasteurization method demands good ordinary care and cleanliness in producing milk, then pasteurization treatment to destroy any bacteria that may contaminate it, then icing and care in delivery. The "certified milk" method demands extreme and extraordinary care in the production of milk and in exchange permits milk to be sold without pasteurization in the belief that by such extreme care the introduction of dangerous bacteria is avoided and pasteurization made unnecessary. Then icing and great care in delivery.

Certified milk is subject to special regulations. There is a commission, State or county, which appoints a veterinarian, a physician, a chemist and a bacteriologist to see that those regulations are in effect. The veterinarian must test the herd regularly (at least once a year, not more often than once in six months) to see that it is free from tuberculosis; he must watch at all times to see it is free from other diseases. The physician must watch the men employed in and around the herd and dairy. The chemist must test the milk so he may know it contains the proper food nutriments. The bacteriologist must examine it to count the bacteria and see that dangerous bacteria are absent.

There are regulations for construction of the dairy, for its location in relation to possible sources of contamination, for its size in relation to the number of animals, regarding flies, rats, vermin, for keeping cows clean, for keeping the milkers and their clothes clean, for excluding people from the dairy and for a hundred other things requisite in making super-clean milk. Milk produced under these requirements costs much more and therefore is more exclusive. It must not be confused with "clarified milk" or so-called "sanitary" or "special" milk. The only term carrying assurance of the best possible care in production is *Certified Milk*.

Certified milk is not one hundred per cent. perfect. Despite all precautions on the "safety-first" principle, because the last precaution, pasteurization, is omitted, it is not quite so safe for drinking as milk properly pasteurized. On the question of certified as compared with pasteurized milk, doctors disagree. Some prefer pasteurized; others insist on raw milk, certified, if possible. When doctors disagree, what may a poor layman say?

HERE, then, we have certified and pasteurized milk. Not in many years, if ever, will it be possible to supply certified milk to large cities to the fulness of demand. On the other side, small cities and towns can not support pasteurization plants. Such towns could not support such expense. What then? Are they condemned to unclean, unpasteurized milk? The answer all lies with the women of these towns. Do you, reader, live in one of them? If so, do you know from where your milk comes? And under what conditions it is produced? If not, find out.

It is quite possible for careful men, following ordinary sanitary rules, to produce milk as safe as certified milk under ordinary farm conditions. *It is all in the will to do.* Is the milk that comes to your house taken from a clean-looking cow by a clean man in a comparatively clean barn or shed? Is it taken directly from the cow in the milk-pail, poured into a receptacle, cooled by icing or in real cold spring-water? Or is it left to stand in a large can while all the cows are milked and where all the flies and bacteria in the air can reach it handily? Have the bottles been thoroughly washed with very hot water and placed where dust or dirt can not get at them until the dairyman puts the milk into them? Or has one of them been only half-washed—the one that was returned by Jennie Jones, whose kid has scarlet fever? *Know about these things.* If you take an interest, the farmer will take a greater interest—especially when you tell him how glad you are his place looks so clean. If you can't say that to him, BEWARE. If you have any kiddies you value, find a clean place or do home pasteurization. But remember clean milk can not be produced at the same cost as unclean milk; and be glad to pay the clean-milk producer one, two, three or more cents per quart over his unclean competitor. You may not see the immediate return, may wonder why you pay the price; but when your neighbor who bought his milk a few cents cheaper is paying the doctor's bills, suppose you wonder once again.

And remember further that no matter how well dairymen and distributors have done their work, you can spoil it all. Buy your milk in bottles, and as soon as you can after receipt, wash the bottle off, especially around the stopper, and put it in a clean, cold place—ice-chest, if possible. If you can not get it immediately on delivery, don't have it left out in the sun: find some place in the shade. After you get it, don't leave the bottle opened; that breeds bacteria and allows milk to absorb all the odors around it. Don't pour milk from the bottle until you are ready to use it. It is just as easy to handle milk in the right way as in the wrong way.

School begins at 8:45. The children are due for breakfast at 8:00. The maid is preparing the chocolate, the cereal, the toast, and while they are cooking, at 7:30 she pours out the milk for the children into the glasses around the table. The milk was delivered at five o'clock that morning. It has been standing at the door waiting to be taken in. The maid brought it in at 7:15 and stood it on the shelf. It is no longer chilled. The maid has a cold, an old cough she has had for a long time. As she passes around the table pouring out the milk, she coughs; germs fill the air—a few settle in a glass. The children, of course, come in late for breakfast—8:15. In the forty-five minutes since those few germs fell in that glass where the milk was no longer cold they have multiplied a thousandfold. The child gulps down the glass of milk (milk should be drunk slowly) and later develops tuberculosis. How and where did it get that dreaded disease? Let us repeat: Milk, cow's milk, is the greatest blessing given man in food, but if unclean or carelessly

Concluded on page 72



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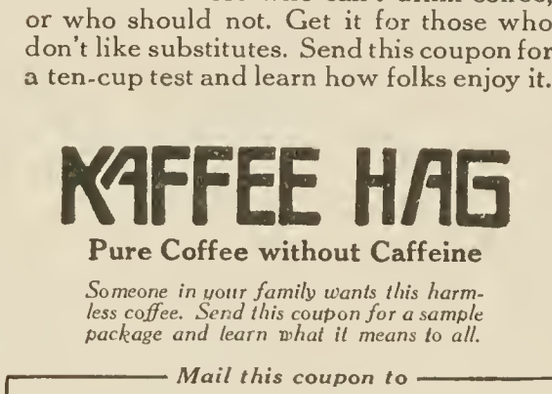
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THE MILK WE DRINK

Concluded from page 71

handled it is a breeding-bed for man's deadliest enemies.

WARS big and wars small come and go. Guns roar; shells shriek, explode and shake the earth; airplanes drop their bombs; machine-guns spit their murderous rain of bullets; gasses burn and smother; the cries of men in deadly conflict rend the air. Immense, spectacular, heart-breaking, soul-destroying. The day of Armistice comes; the Treaty of Peace is signed; and for the time at least that war is over.

But the one great unceasing war made on man is by foes numbering untold billions, who fight, unheard and unseen, in the king's palace and the peasant's hovel, in the New York mansion, the tenement flat, the desert lands of Arizona, New Mexico, southern California, everywhere—wherever the nomad man has wandered. This war is not immense, not spectacular, not soul-destroying, not even heart-breaking, except as some mother weeps over the loss of her beloved child. It is just the regular thing. An armistice day never comes; a treaty of peace is never signed. Stealthily, secretly, silently, relentlessly, murderously that war—the war of bacteria—goes on and on and on forever. *Man's best defense against these unseen, unheard foes is good clean milk, the modified milk he gives his babies, the certified or pasteurized milk he gives his children, thus building a foundation-bulwark against the enemy, the clean milk he uses himself that repairs the tissues—all form a real state of preparedness. A dangerous ally of these unseen, unheard foes is UNCLEAN or IMPROPERLY HANDLED milk.*

It is a war in which our bacteriologists are the scout planes; our milk producers are the privates; our distributors are brigade generals; our commissions are division generals; the public is commander-in-chief. There is no conscription; only enlistment. The legislatures do not raise by taxation the sinews of war. The consumers pay direct. You may be sure there is a bonus—or better yet, an adjusted compensation.

Every night before going to bed I drink a glass of good rich milk. I believe it is the perfect fluid for making power to run the machine over the road, smooth or rough, of daily life and for health, happiness and the joy of living.

We well may wonder what the dairyman "buys one-half so precious as the stuff he sells!"



WHY I'M RAISING MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER

Continued from page 11

essence of him was Western. I would have liked to have laid him on some free slope of the great plains, for I think he would have been more at home in such a spot. But mother would have wanted him with her even among those vigilant and austere Puritans he never had understood.

It was Easter morning when we brought them together once more in the hemlock-shrouded churchyard. There was a very heaven's chorus of robins and blackbirds and of church-bells . . . Pioneer and Pilgrim, never to be separated again. I stood for a long time alone in the Easter sunlight. It was, I suppose, the most profound moment of my life. Father and mother both to be left behind forever now, while I stumbled up the heavy trail alone.

In that hemlock-shaded acre of God were the last resting-places of men and women who had followed close in the wake of the *Mayflower* in landing on that "stern and rock-bound coast." Men who fought in the French-and-Indian War and in the Revolution were sleeping here the sleep that knows no waking. Daniel Webster lived neighbor to this spot, and Whittier, whose Quaker soul had burned so fiercely against slavery, had grown to manhood close by. And now the little drummer-boy with the bullet in his leg from Shiloh had slipped into the stillness of this eternal dormitory.

Why had the dear gray-haired Pilgrim been so deeply perturbed by the slandering of New England? What nerve had been caught on the raw? And why had the white-haired, debonair pioneer wept over the verses I had heard him repeat calmly a hundred times, "Backward, turn backward, then time in your flight"? I looked from the hemlocks across the too many, many graves and back to my own newly made mounds. What did it all mean? How could one endure it, unless one understood, I asked. And then, as if they themselves had broken the silence, I received the answer.

They had wept over the same thing. Always in mother's subconsciousness were a thousand memories of the hopes, the fears, the stresses, the sacrifices that had birthed the nation. A thousand ancestral memories: this graveyard, the loopholed farmhouse, uncles and brother dying that the great ideal might live, and always a tremendous effort, even in old age, to uphold as for three hundred years her blood had upheld the hands that must hold the rifle. And then the shock of hearing sneers from those for whom the great travail had been endured. Epic tears, those my mother shed.

And father's memories: a little boy helping to rear the log house, building the fireplace, splitting rails, following raw trails beside slow-moving oxen, clinging behind the preacher father with the old Bible bang-banging against a naked knee as the horse plodded the circuit, a mother with work-tortured hands, the whipping on the field of Shiloh where he had played a man's part. Aye, the old shame! They had not understood and we never had known how he had bled to maintain the great ideal. And so he, too, had wept.

And I who had sought to conceal from my son the inevitable fact of war, I too had failed them. But it should not continue so. Standing there, I promised them that their labor and their tears should not have been in vain; that somehow, some day, if not I, then my son, should carry on.

AND then I took up the climbing of the trail again.

How shall I equip Richard to carry on? Shall I make a pacifist of him? Shall I teach him that nothing is worth the shedding of human blood? Shall I let him grow up fatuously believing that if enough people become non-resistant, war will end? How could I do this and then hope to rest in peace in my place beside the Pilgrim and the pioneer?

No! I shall teach him that greed and cruelty are as static quantities in the world as are air and land and water. I shall teach him that there is a periodicity in the accumulating of greed and cruelty that is as regular as any other recurrency in nature. That this accumulation expresses itself first in hoarded wealth within the nation and then in predatory war without the nation. And this has happened as persistently and with as calculable regularity as the return of the seasons or the swinging of a comet across the ages. I shall show him that within the written history of man there has been no modification of man's essential nature and that we can expect none until after measureless time shall by imperceptible degrees have wrought us into something higher.

I shall try to make him see war as I see it—as a delirium of horror; a delirium that has its moments of ecstasy and its aftermath of disillusion, cynicism and moral collapse. And I shall try to make him see that when

Concluded on page 73



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WHY I'M RAISING MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER

Concluded from page 72

this inevitable delirium beclouds his own country, he must be fit to fight, fit to do his share of quelling the maniacs who threaten the stability of his hearthstone. And if I shall discover that he has imbibed the prevalent poisonous doctrine that no hearthstone is worth the shedding of human blood, I shall show him from every angle at my command that the ultimate zest of life itself, the only final significance there is to living is in the founding and maintaining of the hearthstone, and that the nation is only the welding of myriad hearthstones for the common good.

I shall saturate his young mind with the stories of those earlier men and women who traveled terrible miles to establish their hearthstones in freedom of soul, and who died to maintain their establishment. He shall grow to know well the glory and the tragedy of the men of Flanders' fields and of Belleau Woods and of the far-off catastrophe of the Dardanelles.

Finally, I shall tell him of the man and woman who wept because they thought the world did not understand the significance of the fires they had toiled to maintain. Perhaps I, too, because of memories too deep for expression, shall find myself tear-blinded as I repeat to him the old words:

"Backward, turn backward, then time in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."



NOSEY

Continued from page 5

"Yep." Shorty gazed admiringly toward his comical, long-nosed companion. "One of the best roller-skaters in the business, Nosey is." Then, as though he felt a need for explanation: "That's how come I've brought her up here with me. You see, my wife used to work her in the World's Famous. But after the wreck this Summer and my wife—Well, you know how a fellow is about stickin' around the place where there's been a lot of grief. So I just decided to pull out. And I knew my wife would have worried her head off if she'd been alive thinking about Nosey being left behind, maybe to be mistreated or something. So I brought her along. I guess it gets pretty lonely up here."

"Yuh don't tell 'em no different," said the other man. Then added: "An' yuh might as well have a b'ar fer a pardner right in th' beginnin'. After a woman's been up in this Gawd-fersaken hole a few months, she gets cross as one anyway. Shore is a tame b'ar, ain't it?"

"Tame?" Shorty French leaned on his ax-handle in prideful survey. "Say, you ought to see Nosey around a circus! You'd have thought she was one of the family—honest! Into everything! Never saw anything like her. Knew the elephants and they knew her; roamed around the cook-house and stole honey and preserves; into the dressing-tents—everybody just loved her half to death! That's why they called her Nosey—always messing around somewhere. Awful good bear, Nosey. We showed through this country last year—that's why I asked if you hadn't seen her. How come I happened to know about the chance of homesteading here. And when I pulled out, I kind of felt like I oughtn't leave Nosey behind. Seein' she'd been with my wife so long and everything——"

"Yeh—I know." The cowpuncher supplied by his nod the understanding of the confession of loneliness which the little man had made. "She's shore to be a lot of company when the big snows pile in here. Gets kind of dreary in this country sometimes. There's days when I shore wish this hoss could talk. Humph"—he glanced up toward the fading sun—"guess I'd better be gittin' along. Have things fixed up here in time to he'p us out with th' shove-down? In about three weeks?"

The little man nodded energetically. "Sure, I'll be fixed fine by then. I'll have a saddle-horse too. From off the Clark ranch down by the road. Just waiting till I've got some kind of a corral fixed before I bring him up. Sure, I'll help in the shove-down."

The cowpuncher grinned, held forth a hand, then traveled on along the down trail. Again the sharp thud of the ax sounded through the quakies, while a big black bear nodded, dozed, rose from its position at the tree and began to claw at a pile of provisions covered by a tattered tarpaulin. It was the signal for the evening meal. Soon a cheery little man, who sang that he might forget sorrow, and a big black bear sat together by a camp-fire sharing a frugal meal. It had been thus for four days.

For ten days more it continued—while Shorty French went farther into the timber with his bony horses in his search for the straightest logs; while the little cabin grew to a hollow, square thing, then at last to a roofed abode; while a rickety corral came into being, with another cabinlike structure at one side built of light aspens and with a big, boxlike arrangement in a corner filled with wild timothy—Nosey's home; while the piles of wood rose higher about the little place, and the saddle-horse was brought up from Clark's, to be introduced to the "partner" of the ranch and to be accepted in Nosey's hospitable fashion—a friendship not shared by the horse.

"You'll make friends with her," said the cheery little man. "Just you get in that corral there where you can't break out and you'll make friends with her."

Rather, Nosey did the making. Two days more and they roamed the corral together, a black horse and a black bear, content in the settling of another difficulty. But there came the day when contentment ended.

"I don't know what I'm going to do about it, Nosey." Shorty French said it in a worried manner as he moved hurriedly about the cabin in his efforts to start a fire and to warm the ramshackle little place. For two days now it had been the same procedure: a hasty saddling of the horse in the early hours of dawn, the imprisoning of the bear in its cabinlike structure at the far end of the corral and then a departure for the long circles of the shove-down. The Elkhorn country was in the throes of Fall round-up. The cattle were scattered and wild; the ones which had come voluntarily out of the Forestry were few this year—the shoving down of the others was a matter of hard riding, of constant sallies through the brush and great stretches of aspen—a thing of weeks before it could be concluded.

WEEKS—and for two nights, now, Shorty French upon his return had found the amiable old she-bear whining and dolorous, curled in a corner of her aspen cage, a lonely thing in a country she did not know, grieving for the owner and companion who had deserted her. French went on: "It ain't that I want to do it, Nosey. It ain't that at all. But we ain't with the circus now—we're out pioneerin'. An' I've got to help. Some day I'll have cattle of my own. What if I shouldn't turn in now an' do the right thing? What'd happen when I needed help? Huh? So you've just got to stick it out, Nosey. There'll be times—plenty of times this Winter——"

It was just so much conversation. The bear was only an animal—precocious, it is true, but not with the understanding that would allow her to know what all this was about—this lonely incarceration in an aspen prison while the person she had trusted, with

Continued on page 74

Anybody can make JAM or JELLY in 15 minutes



CONTRAST these three simple steps in the Certo method of making jam or jelly with the old method. No more hours over a hot stove—no more wasted batches of fruit and sugar. No more boiling-down to make it jell—losing juice, color and flavor.

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Pineapple and Strawberry Jam

Crush well about one quart ripe berries. Put pineapple through the food cutter, or chop very fine. Measure two level cups of each into large kettle. Add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire, and stir constantly before and while boiling. *Boil hard* for one minute, remove from fire and stir in ½ bottle (scant ½ cup) Certo. Skim and pour quickly.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Large Tube—25 cents



NOSEY

Continued from page 73

whom she had come willingly, happily, to this strange country, traveled away, to be gone through the long hours of the day and far into the dusk, leaving her frightened, wondering, lonely. Then one night Shorty halted for a long time before he opened the door of the cage. Nosey's food, placed there that morning, had remained untouched.

"I've just got to figure out a way," the little man said. "I've sure got to do it." The bear, humped in a corner of the cabin where Shorty had led her, looked up at him as if with understanding as he made the statement. "I can't have you grievin'. Gosh—" and he shook a finger—"this ain't like a circus lot—up here. Don't you know that? It ain't because I've got anything against you that I lock you up in the daytime. It's to keep something from happening to you—don't you know that, Nosey? Why, if you'd ever bust out, and somebody'd see you sneaking through the woods—they wouldn't look to see if you had a collar on. They'd just shoot. Don't you understand that? Gosh—" and again he stood impotent, wondering. "I've sure got to do something about it!"

But for two days the only thing the little man could do was to ride hurriedly in for a glance about and a word of encouragement when he was within striking distance of his cabin—then to rush back to the long circles again. Two days, then a shout in the gloaming, the rattle of horses through the brush and the glad voice of Shorty French, echoing even before he had reached the clearing:

"Hey, Nosey! Cheer up there, ole girl! We've got something for you! New lease on life for you, ole Nosey Posey! Wait till you see it!"

Then he rode into the corral, Bart Larrimore, the cowhand, accompanying him to assist him as he lifted a squirming gunny-sack from his saddle-horn and carried it, arm outstretched, toward the home of Nosey.

"Got something for you, ole girl! You'll have to be good to 'em. Bart here—he shot their old woman. Had to do it, coming straight at his hoss. Then we found these here—and we brought 'em home to you. You'll have to be a mother to 'em, you know."

Then, as Bart lighted the lantern, he threw wide the door of the cage, went within, and with Nosey beside him in bruinlike curiosity opened the sack. A scrambling. A grunting. A hasty piling out. Then Nosey, the she-bear, began to circle her cage, sniffing and staring. The two little black-bear cubs shuffled about for a moment in fright, bolted for the openings of the quakie logs, halted in dismay at their inability to escape, then suddenly turned at a peculiar growl from a big, furry object at the other side of the den. Grinning and happy, the two men watched them—the grotesque amiabilities of Nosey, suddenly obsessed with surprise and a funny sense of obligation, the distress of the cubs, turning first to her, then again scrambling in search of escape; the advances, the repulses and then at last the capitulation.

IT WAS a time of rejoicing that night in the little cabin in the clearing. Outside, in her den, lay a big she-bear, a bit amazed by it all, yet supremely happy in her gruff command of the two orphans that had been given into her keeping. Within the cabin Shorty French steamed red-faced over the stove as he prepared what was to him a banquet, while Bart Larrimore, guest for the night, struggled with the problem of making one knife and one fork and three spoons fill out for a setting of two upon the rough-hewn table.

"She'll sure take care of 'em too," Shorty announced over the frying of the bacon.

Bart nodded. "Yeh. Yuh could see that from th' way she took t' 'em. Yeh, she ought t' make a larrupin' good mother."

"You bet. All you've got to do with Nosey is just give her half a chance. Them cubs could hate her if they wanted to in the beginning—but she'd round 'em. That's her long suit, roundin' up things. Well, you know how elephants are— No." he added on second thought, "don't guess you do, since you ain't ever been around circuses much. But they're scared of anything. Dogs, or cats, or anything like that. But Nosey got past 'em. Used to wander around the picket line like she'd lived with 'em all her life—that's Nosey. Oh, she'll be fine now! Happy as a bug in a rug."

"That is"—Bart rearranged the "silver" for the tenth time— "unless the old-man b'ar comes along and gets 'em."

"Him?" Shorty laughed. "Ain't much chance of that. How'd he ever follow the trail?"

"How? Easy enough."

"But we came in on horseback, and it's ten miles."

"Ten or twenty, don't make much difference to a b'ar. Somehow them things seem t' put two an' two t'gether. Course, it bein' th' male b'ar may make some difference, seein' he ain't usually as consarned as th' she-b'ar is. But then, sometimes, hit's jest th' other way around. An' as fer follerin' th' trail—once he gets thet hoss scent, he'll figger it out. B'ars is that way sometimes."

Shorty French ate his meal hurriedly. "Guess I'll go out and pile a few logs around the bottom of that cage," he announced.

AND in the morning when the two of them, stepping through the light snow which had fallen during the night, made their way to the corral, Shorty French paused and held his lantern before him in studious concentration. There in the smooth white was the track of a full-grown bear. Shorty turned in panicky fashion for the house.

"Better not take any chances," he said. "I'll put out a trap or two—in case he comes back."

But when night came and he returned from his long ride of the day, the traps were untouched. Nor did Nosey whine as she had whined on other days. She merely greeted him with happy gruntings. Her day, there in the aspen cage, had been replete with joy and contentment. The cubs tumbled about her now as though they never had known another mother. And Nosey seemed to have learned, all in a night and a day, that they were hers, to drag close to her with her funny, crooked arms, or to bat to the other side of the cage with a sudden assumption of dignity when, in their youthful effervescence. they became boisterously playful. Shorty grinned through the bars.

"Get too much for you sometimes, don't they, Nosey?" he giggled. "Jar on th' ole nerves, huh? You a nice maiden lady, with two wild hyenas pilin' in on you all of a sudden. But you ain't puttin' that over on nobody but yourself. You like 'em all right, you do. You ain't foolin' ole Shorty, not for a minute!"

Then, happy, humming again the airs of the circus to which he had said good-by, a little stooped, a little tired, he went on to his tiny cabin.

"May sure would of got a kick out of that," he mused as he cooked his dinner. "She always thought a lot of Nosey."

Then his happiness of the moment died. To himself, to others, Shorty French liked to say that it was because his wife would have objected, had she known, if he had not brought their companion of the circus to this far country. He did not mention the real fact—that this amiable old she-bear was all he possessed, the sole link which bound him to a past of struggles, but of happiness; to the days when at last their struggles had ended, when the worth of the bear had made *them* worthy of an engagement also, taking them first from street-corners to cheap theaters, thence to the smaller canvas shows, and finally to that aim of all aims, the World's Famous.

Yes, May sure would of got a kick out of it. To see Nosey happy, with a pair of wild cubs playing about her as though she were their own mother; to laugh at the way Nosey had accepted the situation and taken charge of them——

"Ain't it just like Nosey?" she would have said. Yes, she sure would of got a kick out of it. Shorty French mentioned the fact several times that night as he ate his lonely dinner, pottered about at the washing of the few dishes, then, tired, stiffened from many an hour in the saddle, at last sought his bunk. Only a few more days of riding and the task of the shove-down would be over. Then he could do a lot of things with those three fool bears. Start teaching the cubs, for instance.

Concluded on page 75



Famous Beauties Had Beautiful Hair

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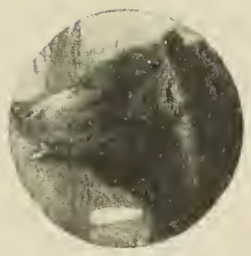
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NOSEY

Concluded from page 74

It might be possible, during the next Summer, to play a few fair dates with 'em—just here and there—picking up enough dollars to aid him in the struggle that was before him. Or maybe fill in for a month with a circus. But when morning came——

He halted as he opened the corral gate, mouth agape, lantern held before him. Over there in the corner, just at the edge of the dim light, a log was displaced. The hard dirt was scattered where some animal had scratched at the tunneling of a hole beneath the lowest rail of the aspen den. And beyond, as he hurried forward, there was no sight of a dull black form. Instead, a hole gaped, where logs had been jarred from their fastenings as though by frenzied efforts. The cubs—and Nosey—were gone!

The soft earth of the corral yard and the few patches of frost upon the leaves told the story as Shorty, stooped on the trail, his lantern dimming against the breaking of dawn, trailed them down to the creek-bed, then turned back, hesitating in blank fashion before the empty pen.

"The old man—he came and dug that hole and took them away," he droned. "Then she broke out—and went after 'em. She broke out—Nosey. I—I never thought she'd do that."

But there were the tracks to prove it: the markings of a bear's paws in the soft earth, approaching the pen, the scratching of his long, unretractive claws all about the hole beneath the logs, then the tracks of the three leading away once more. And this long before those of Nosey had been made—for hers were in the frost, while those of the others had been imprinted before the white fell.

THAT day Shorty French was missing from the hosts of the shove-down. Instead, he rode the hills, alone, a gaunt-featured, tired little man, leaning far over his saddle as he traversed vain mile after mile, his hopes ever just beyond the next clump of sarvis or far-away thicket of scrub-oak.

As he rode, strange fears tugged at him—of what would happen, now that she was gone. That she had followed the cubs, which to her, almost in a day, had become her own, went without saying. Once in the wild—once in an existence which instinct would teach her was her own, her natural life——

Shorty French winced at the thought—of the possibility of the day when some traveling cowpuncher might stop by the cabin and tell of being forced to kill a she-bear with a collar about her neck. Or worse, if there already had been resistance—if Nosey had overtaken the cubs which she now felt to be hers and if——

"The old man'd just tear her to pieces," came mournfully. "She'd never be no match against him, if they ever got to fightin'. Her being soft from being penned up."

Yet, with it all, hope refused to die—the hope that Nosey would tire on the trail, that she would forget her mission, and thinking of the comforts of that box of timothy in the aspen pen, come home once more. A faint hope, a forlorn hope—yet French clung to it, scheming in his mind what he should do, how he could inveigle her back into the captivity which she once had loved.

"Even a day or two out like that and she's liable to get wild. Still, if she got hungry and didn't know where else to get any food, she might come back. Even if she didn't stay——"

With that, a thought came—which held him until late that night working at a contraption in the bear-pit, a combination of boards and weights from which ran a rope connected to the door, and which held up that door as long as those weights were not disturbed; which bore as an inducement the contents of the one glass of honey he had lugged into the hills, to be saved for his Christmas dinner; which carried an apple from his meager store, and a potato and a part of his few jars of sweety preserves; which further connected to his little cabin by a seemingly interminable length of string, fastened here and there in loose array through burnt holes in aspen sticks, and bearing at its end a sheep-bell. So he would know—if that door fell, and Nosey were home again. And the next night the bell tinkled.

A shout of happiness, and Shorty leaped from his bunk, to pull on his clothes, to light his lantern and to hurry forth into the crisp air. The door of the cage had dropped, and Shorty, a whoop echoing from his throat, ran joyously forward. But it was only to halt, to swear under his breath, then, opening the door, to kick furiously at a whirring porcupine, and go suddenly plumping to the floor that he might pull from his boot an assortment of vicious quills. Another night, and again a warning. Once more a sally, once more an expectant reconnoitering—but it was only a wandering dog contentedly lapping at the honey. A third night—and silence. With the coming of daylight Shorty French hid the morsels of food to protect them from the foraging expeditions of his chickens and went grimly for his horse and the beginning of a long day's labors. Nosey had not come back.

Again the pictures: Of a bear dead somewhere in the hills, her fur torn by the stiletto claws of an infuriated "old man." Or of a hunter moving cautiously forward toward a lump of fur in a berry-patch, to halt in surprise at the sight of a leather collar. Or of the sweeping snows swirling about the cranny where a black thing lay huddled in its Winter hibernation, to awaken in the Spring with never the knowledge that once she had been a pet, once she had formed the sole connecting link between a sorrowing little man and the wife who had meant his every happiness. When darkness came again, he set forth the dainties hopelessly, more through habit than through the belief that ever they would be touched by the beast for which they waited. It was the fourth night—and in that time not a track, not a sound, not an indication that she had even been in the vicinity. And the hours dragged by without a tinkle at the bell.

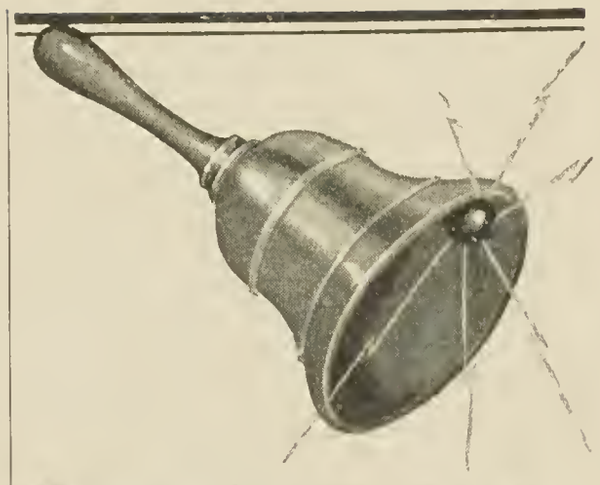
MORNING. Shorty French rose to the cooking of his invariable bacon—and to a realization. It was the last day of the shove-down. Another twelve hours and he would have nothing to do—except to stalk the hills, his rifle over an arm, hoping against hope, yet fearful every moment that there might appear before him the thing he sought—a tamed thing become wild, fleeing at his approach or rising to the attack. Nothing to do save to sit about in loneliness waiting for the snows to come, when the little cabin would be deep in drifts and the horses nickering in the corral. Nothing to do except to think, to remember that he was alone, that May was gone, that the beast she had loved and petted had departed——

Slowly he took his lantern and moved out of the doorway. The mountain country was still in the breaking of day; the screeching of the coyotes was done, the hawks and eagles had not yet arisen to their morning sallies. Again a slight snow had fallen. Shorty trod it with the knowledge that soon it would sweep for days and days at a time until the sarvis-brush disappeared, the scrub-oak were only peeping twigs, the little cabin only a roof above the drifts——

He halted, his lantern jerked swiftly to the ground. He bent, then moved, then bent again. A track in the snow! And here another! And there—and farther on——

He rounded the corral stealthily, tense, like an animal on the scent. He peered toward the aspen den, where the door still stood open, but where within was displayed something dark, like a great, rumpled black rug, piled there in careless confusion. A swift movement. A leap for the door, and it dropped, while a nervous hand went to its latching. Then a little man merely stood and giggled, giggled until his laughter—or something else—brought the tears streaming unnoticed down his cheeks.

For there inside a collection of objects moved about with surprise at the commotion which had awakened them from the slumbers into which they had dropped when, too tired even to disturb the food which had been set for them, they had reached their haven. A collection of objects which wiped out fear for Shorty French, and loneliness, for there inside were the two cubs and Nosey—and a gentleman friend who seemed gloriously forgetful of the fact that he should have been in mourning!



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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26

5368—French lingerie dresses so expensive to buy can be inexpensively made of plain cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, etc., or use plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile. The novelty fabric yoke, belt, braid ornament and drawn-work of this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge are hand-made. There is an elastic in a casing at the low waistline.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5360—The long straight lines of a one-piece slip-over dress are emphasized by a cluster of plaits at each side of the front and back Hand drawn-work or machine hem-stitching is very French. Threads draw easily in plain fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, plain Georgette, plain silk voile, etc. It may have a body lining. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2⅛ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5333—For individuality this cool-looking dress varies the line of its closing and the outline of its short sleeve. It has a straight lower edge and is of the one-piece type of dress. It should be made of gingham, chambray, soft linen, linen-finished cottons or pongee.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5350—A smart one-piece straight-line dress with its long vestee has a straight lower edge and may be made with a body lining. It is good style made of linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, plaids, stripes, checks, etc. In wide materials and for certain figures it is possible to cut it without an underarm seam. Lower edge 48½ inches.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch plaid flannel, ⅝ yard 54-inch plain flannel.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5381—10198—Silk crêpe or heavy crêpe de Chine, plain or printed, charmeuse, etc., make a draped one-piece dress with a surplice closing and hand-made beaded ornament. The embroidery on the sleeve adds to its attractiveness. Work with beads to match ornament. The dress has a straight lower edge and may be made with a French body lining. Lower edge 50 inches.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

5379—The new and *chou*-like ornament on this draped one-piece dress is hand-made. This dress slips on over the head. It may be made without the back cape and it may have a long body lining with a camisole top if desired. Make the dress of satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5368 5350 5360 5381 5333 5379

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27

5295—The tiers, long body and capette, which may be omitted, are the "dressy" factors of this slip-over frock. This dress with its tiered straight skirt attached at the low waistline closes at the left under the arm. Its long body lining may have a camisole top. Satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine are soft and pretty for this dress. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5278—Some figures find that a dart and fulness in the body of a one-piece dress make it more becoming. This slip-over dress of plain or printed crêpe de Chine, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe satin has a hand or machine-plaited section inserted at each side which gives fulness to the skirt and adds to the attractiveness of this frock. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2⅝ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5352—Lace frills and tucks, which give a little weight to thin materials, trim a one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. The yoke and upper sleeve are in one piece. The dress slips on over the head and it may be made of cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile or Georgette. Lower edge 58 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 32-inch dotted swiss.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5301—Hand drawn-work is a most popular trimming for frocks of plain fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, etc., in which threads draw easily, or use plain crêpe de Chine, etc. This slip-over one-piece dress with its cluster of plaits and straight lower edge has an elastic in a casing at the low waistline at each side. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is smart for ladies 34 to 52 bust.

5341—This slip-over tube style dress may be drawn in at the sides with hand-made ornaments. A gathered straight flounce lengthens the one-piece upper part. It may be made without the capette and with a body lining. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe Roma or silk crêpes with lace; satin crêpe entirely or novelty cotton voile. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch chiffon, ⅝ yard 23-inch lace flouncing for capette and 2 yards 12½-inch flouncing for flounce.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5348—Eyelet embroidery with organdy makes a dainty slip-over frock for Summer. Hand drawn-work is used for this one-piece lingerie dress when made of plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, etc., in which threads draw easily. It has a straight lower edge and an elastic in a casing at the low waistline across the sides. Lower edge 58 inches.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch eyelet embroidery, ⅝ yard 35-inch organdy.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5295 5278 5352 5301 5341 5348



This X-Ray shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea

White teeth—

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BEAUTIFUL, white teeth, free from decay, are not safe unless the gums are healthy. If pyorrhea attacks your gums, an X-Ray would reveal how quickly the infection spreads to the root sockets which hold the teeth in place. If pyorrhea is not checked, your teeth fall out—or must be pulled—because their support is gone.

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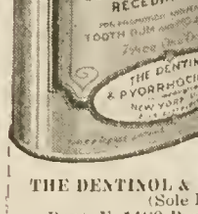
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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

5343—Perfectly delightful with its tiny collar, puff sleeves and hand-made flowers is a slip-over frock with a tucked straight skirt. Use plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton Georgette, organdy or batiste, etc.

11 years requires 2⅜ yards of cotton voile 39 inches wide.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5339—4926—A slip-over dress in crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, wool jersey, etc., and a hat are new.

12 years and 21¼-inch head measure requires 2⅛ yards of crêpe de Chine 39 inches wide and ½ yard of silk 36 inches wide.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5302—4491—A slip-over frock of chambray, etc., with tucks, straight lower edge, separate bloomers and a hat are adorable.

4 years and 19¾ head measure requires 1⅞ yards of handkerchief linen 35 inches wide, and ⅞ yard dotted swiss 32 inches wide for hat, collar and cuffs.

Dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5290—4451—A sleeveless-jacket costume and hat are smart for Summer wear.

13 years, 21¾ head measure requires 1½ yard linen 35 inches wide, ¾ yard plain flannel, 1½ yard striped flannel (cut crosswise) each 54 inches wide, and for hat ⅝ yard taffeta 36 inches wide.

Costume for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; hat for ladies, misses, girls and children.

5286—An adorable frock for dotted swiss, organdy, taffeta, etc., has a draped basque closing under the left arm and a ruffled straight skirt joined to an underbody.

14 years requires 3⅜ yards of cotton voile 38 inches wide.

This dress is dainty for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5332—A one-piece dress for flannel, tub silk, chambray, etc., slips over the head, has a straight lower edge, a tucked or plain bosom.

12 years requires 2¼ yards of cotton crêpe 39 inches wide and ¼ yard contrasting material 35 inches wide.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5334—10939—For a suit with a slip-over blouse and straight trousers use chambray, galatea, rep, madras, shantung, etc. The emblem is correct. Work it in blue.

4 years requires 1¼ yards of white linen 35 inches wide and ⅞ yard of linen 35 inches wide for trousers.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

5349—5214—A yoked frock of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, flowered silks, etc., and hat are new.

8 years and 20¾ head measure requires 1¼ yard figured crêpe de Chine and ¾ yard plain crêpe de Chine each 39 inches wide, and ¾ yard 35-inch taffeta for hat.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5326—4547—A raglan-sleeve slip-over frock with separate bloomers is quaint with this hat of heavy wash fabric to match dress.

5 years and 20-inch head measure require 2⅞ yards of chambray 32 inches wide.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; hat for children 1 to 5 years.

5328—10130—The two-piece frock with its slip-over blouse is smart with its straight skirt joined to an underbody and with detachable collar and cuffs. Monograms are new. Work this one in contrast.

14 years requires 2⅛ yards of flannel 54 inches wide.

This is a smart frock for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



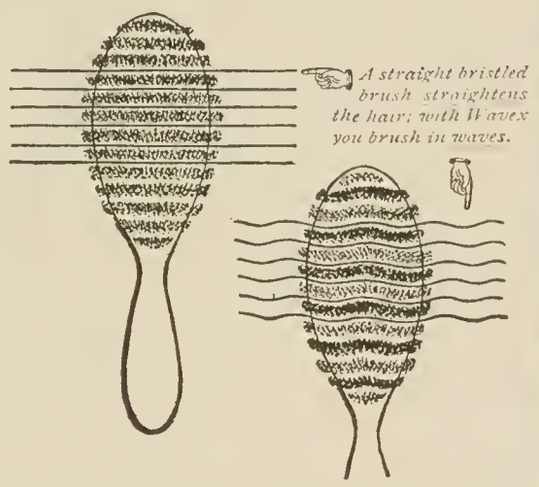
5343 5339 5302 5290 5286



5332 5334 5349 5326 5328

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Write for interesting booklet—"The New Mode in Corsetry."

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

5303—10254—The one-piece slip-over dress has hand drawn-work and embroidery. Work in self-color. The lower edge is straight and there is an elastic in a casing across the sides of the low waistline. Use fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, etc.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 35 to 39 inch cotton voile. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5327—Beruffled is a one-piece slip-over dress of fine cotton crêpe or dotted swiss, with clusters of organdy frills, of cotton Georgette, organdy, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine, etc. It has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining. Lower edge 54½ inches.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 32 to 38 inch cotton voile; 1 yard 39-inch organdy.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5329—A slip-over dress has an evening or day neck, sleeves that may be snapped in, a draped basque closing at left underarm, and a ruffled straight skirt attached to a slightly long underbody. Use cotton voile, organdy, taffeta, with organdy bertha, etc.

17 years requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch dotted swiss. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years, also ladies 36 to 38 bust.

5337—Silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, satin crêpe, pongee, cotton ratine, flannel, etc., make a slip-over one-piece dress with a straight lower edge. It may have a body lining. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch tub silk, ⅛ yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5283—5218—A slip-over blouse with a tucked or plain bosom and a plaited straight skirt attached to an underbody make a two-piece dress with hand or machine hemstitching. Use silk crêpe, etc., with satin hat.

16 years and 21¼ head measure require 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine, ½ yard 36-inch silk for hat. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for ladies and misses.

5267—10239—This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and an elastic in casing at the low waistline across the sides. It may have a body lining. Embroidery trims the skirt. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe, Georgette, etc.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5325—An applied box-plait extends down the center front of a dress made of linen, linen-finished cottons or printed or novelty cottons and trims its edge, etc., with organdy frills. Or use white flannel, kasha, etc. It may have a body lining. Lower edge 48 inches.

16 years requires 3 yards 35-inch silk alpaca.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, also for ladies 38 and 40 bust.

5297—Hand drawn-work only trims a one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge and a cluster of plaits at each side. It has an elastic in casing at the low waistline across the sides. Use fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 60 inches.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.





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Freckles

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5356—The dress with hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching is the season's favorite. Threads draw easily in plain fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, plain silk voile or Georgette, or use crêpe de Chine, etc. This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and an elastic in a casing across its sides. Lower edge 58½ inches.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch cotton voile.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5321—The vertical lines down the front of this one-piece dress have a slenderizing effect. Make the dress of plaid or striped flannel or printed or novelty cottons, with plain to match; white flannel with color, heavy silk crêpe, linen, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch plaid silk alpaca and 1 yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is for to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5311—5234—5218—A sleeveless one-piece wrap-around dress, a slightly low waistline guimpe, a hat and scarf make a smart costume. Use flannel, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, etc., for dress.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 35-inch linen for dress, 1¼ yard 35-inch batiste for gilet, sleeve, collar and cuffs, and 1¼ yard 35-inch material for guimpe. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress, guimpe, hat and scarf are for ladies and misses—the dress for ladies 33 to 48 bust; guimpe for ladies 33 to 46 bust.

5304—10254—A plaited section inserted at each side and hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching are the distinctive features of this one-piece slip-over dress. It has a straight lower edge and may have a body lining. Use linen-finished cottons, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc. The embroidery is smart. Lower edge plaits drawn out, 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch linen.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5346—A long narrow vestee gives a "different look" to a one-piece dress made of pongee, heavy silk crêpe, satin, stripes, plaids, checks, etc. It slips over the head and may have a body lining. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 27-inch flannel, ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5371—4973—A gored-crown hat accompanies a two-piece dress of wool jersey, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The slip-over blouse has a straight lower edge and the straight skirt a long body lining, with elastic in casing at low waistline. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3⅞ yards 27-inch flannel, ⅜ yard 35 to 39-inch contrasting material for bands in either color for dress, ½ yard 35-inch satin for hat.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.



5356 5371 5234 5311 5304 5346 5321

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5320—4251—4973—A slip-over blouse of tub silk, silk crêpe, etc., is worn with an accordion or side-plaited straight skirt, with camisole body or inside belt, and a gored-crown hat.

36 bust, 38 hip and 22-inch head measure require 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for skirt (camisole body), 2¼ yards 32-inch silk broadcloth for blouse, ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat. Lower edge plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; skirt for ladies 35 to 42½ hip; hat for ladies and misses.

5370—4533—10238—With embroidery or beading one uses Georgette, crêpe de Chine or cotton voile for a slip-over three-quarter blouse with straight lower edge worn over a slip. Work in color. Lower edge slip 1½ yard.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 35 or 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for slip.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

5347—5042—A slip-over blouse of tub silk, silk broadcloth, plain or printed silk crêpe goes over a two-piece skirt attached to a camisole body. It may be attached to a 1¼-inch inside belt. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and 1⅛ yard 54-inch flannel for skirt.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

5318 — 5308 — A straight-line coat with straight lower edge and a slip-over one-piece dress make a smart costume. The coat may have an inside or outside pocket. In wide materials it may be made without underarm seam for some figures. It is smart to use satin, heavy silk crêpe or twill for coat and dress. Lower edge of coat 46½ inches.

36 bust requires 6¼ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge of dress 48 inches.

The coat and dress are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5330—4753—The smartly tailored French gilet blouse, with or without a sleeve, is worn with a two-piece skirt attached to a camisole body. The skirt may be attached to an inside belt. Use tub silks, checked taffeta, radium, etc., with wool rep, soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc., skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅝ yards 35-inch satin for blouse and 1⅛ yard 54-inch cloth for skirt. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

5257 — 5230 — 4046 — Flannel, striped or plain, makes a blazer worn over a slip-over cotton voile blouse and a three-piece skirt. The skirt has a 1¼-inch inside belt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel for blazer, with 2¼ yards 44-inch serge for skirt. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the blazer and skirt for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 55 hip.

5376 — 10723 — The hat-band monogram matches the blouse with a straight lower edge. Work in satin-stitch.

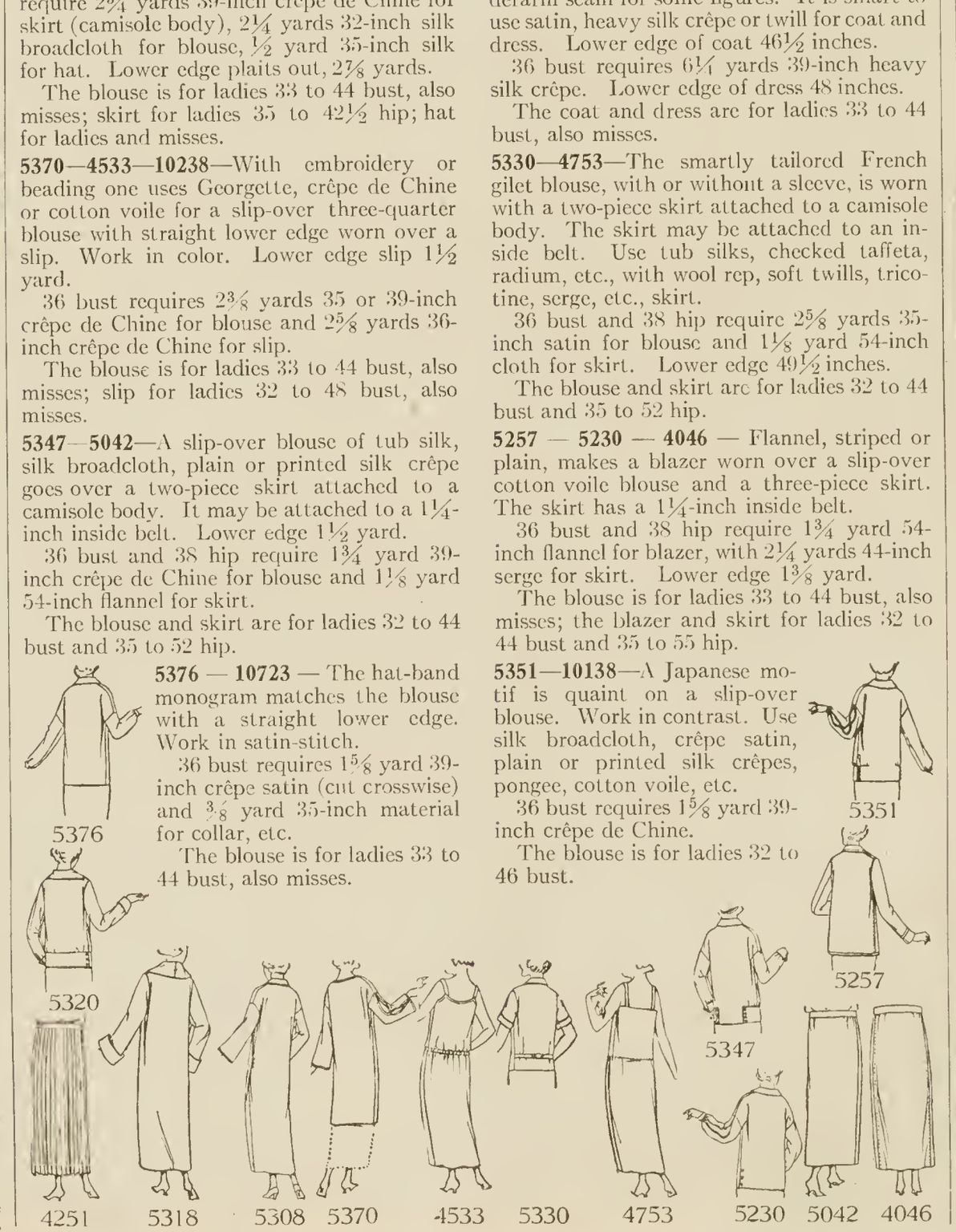
36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe satin (cut crosswise) and ⅜ yard 35-inch material for collar, etc.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5351—10138—A Japanese motif is quaint on a slip-over blouse. Work in contrast. Use silk broadcloth, crêpe satin, plain or printed silk crêpes, pongee, cotton voile, etc.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



5376 5320 4251 5318 5308 5370 4533 5330 4753 5230 5042 4046 5347 5257 5351



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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

An Old Grad of the Sawdust Ring

Good animal stories are rare because it seldom happens that a man who knows animals as the result of years of contact and observation also has the ability to put them into fiction. Courtney Ryley Cooper, author of "Nosey" in this issue, is one of the few who can. His unique career accounts for his extraordinary knowledge of circus life and the authentic color of his stories about animals. At fifteen Mr. Cooper, having had a brief introduction to the show business in a stock company that was a financial failure, joined the Cook and Barrett Circus as a clown at five dollars a week. "My other duties," he says, "were to ride on top of the bear-cage in parade, play the snare-drum with the band in the evening ballyhoo, sell tickets and do a turn in the concert, to say nothing of 'shillabering' for the tattooed man and helping the fire-eating lady sell her photographs. And so my gay and festive life in the wild, weird open began. Other shows came after that—until my folks learned my whereabouts. Then I went back home. One day I roamed into the Kansas City *Star* looking for a friend and passed a few hours lying to the man at the desk. The editor told me that if I could write as well as I said I could he'd hire me. I went home and wrote seventeen masterpieces between dusk and four o'clock in the morning. None of them ever appeared in print, but I got the job. Six years were spent on the *Star*—and I always shall be grateful for the hard, tough, unyielding schooling which that paper gave me. After the first year, I wrote a fiction story. It began: 'It was a bright May morning—' I've often wondered why that story didn't sell—it had such a novel beginning. Then, by accident or something, I wrote a sellable fiction story. After that I lived fiction, ate fiction and slept fiction.

"In the meanwhile I wandered to the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *World*, and the Denver *Post*, which also owned the Sells Floto Circus. I had sold several circus stories and deliberately decided to go back into the circus game to learn everything I possibly could about it. I went, as press-agent of the circus and sort of special representative for Buffalo Bill. I was with the circus four years, ending up as owner's representative, with a private car which I never had time to occupy. But I believe I learned the circus. And I believe I know animals. I've at least been in the arena with three lions and three tigers, have pawed around with a few leopards and once had a pal in a one-hundred-and-eighty-pound chimpanzee which passed as a gorilla, have been kicked by ostriches—which ain't no joke!—and milled around generally among the cats and mammals and birds which form the menagerie. I've seen the circus on fire, wrapped in sleet in Texas northers, in riots, in the throes of the blow-down, in the terror of escaping animals and rampaging elephants—and, gush ding it, I love the sawdust still."

A Contrast in Creative Methods

A less eventful career has been the lot of the author of "Patchwork," Harry Anable Kniffin, who confesses that he is happily married and fond of his home in New Jersey, a location that, as he explains, "keeps him within striking distance of the magazine world and its many kindly editors, although thus far no blows have been exchanged." Mr. Kniffin informs us that his principal indoor sports are reading and research into the past, and that he is fond of motoring and traveling, being especially enamored of the Mediterranean countries with their relics of age-old civilization.

An Ideal Summer Serial

Next month there begins in THE DELINEATOR a serial novel of such compelling interest to all fiction tastes that we urge all our readers not to miss the opening chapters. "The Fire-Flower" is the title, and Charles Saxby the author. The story plunges at once into the adventurous career of the young hero who is destined to figure in a succession of incidents that pack the story with one thrill after another. There is a rare girl in it, too, and the chance crossing of the paths of these clever, daring and unconventional young people begins a romance that is interwoven with the exciting pursuit of adventure on two continents. "The Fire-Flower" is the rare sort of story that holds one in breathless suspense to the very end. It has color, mystery, romance, adventure, action—in short, all the ingredients of a most satisfying fiction serial.

A Timely Word About Service

It is none too early to remind the hostess confronted with Fourth of July entertaining that THE DELINEATOR's Entertainment Editor can be depended upon for novel party suggestions for games, programs, favors and invitations. For a seasonable fancy-dress affair, the costume problem may be simplified with the help of several suitable Butterick patterns—all of them accompanied by Deltor picture instructions for cutting, assembling and finishing. In your dealer's counter catalog you will find illustrations of new "Miss America" and "Martha Washington" costumes for girls and of "Uncle Sam" and "Continental" costumes for men.

Kathleen Norris's Movies

One thing that Mrs. Norris fails to give herself credit for in the fascinating story of her own life is her amazing versatility. "She is," as Fanny Hurst has said of her, "a striking composite of the American woman — wife, mother, novelist, truck-gardener, proud Ford owner." And to this list of accomplishments we would add another, that of motion-picture scenarist. Recently, as a matter of service to inquiring readers who are also admirers of Mrs. Norris's screen versions of her novels, we asked her for a list of those that have been adapted to motion pictures. Sixteen of her books have been taken for that purpose, but the following list is confined to those actually filmed and released. "Butterfly," "Harriet and the Piper," "Josslyn's Wife," "Lucretia Lombard," "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby," "Sisters," "The Heart of Rachael" and "The Story of Julia Page."

Naming a New Dahlia

On the anniversary of her selection as one of America's twelve greatest women, Miss Martha Van Rensselaer is the recipient of a new honor, thanks to a Dutch horticulturist, a Mr. Mouters of Nijerh, Holland, who has named a new variety of dahlia after her. This delicate tribute to THE DELINEATOR Home Economics Editor comes as the result of a visit that she made to Holland last Summer as representative of Mr. Hoover in connection with the educational activities of the Commission for Belgian Relief. Miss Van Rensselaer had a special interest in visiting the little town of Nijerh, which was the original home of the Van Rensselaers before they came across to help settle the new world in pre-Revolutionary times.

Now Will You Paint and Powder?

Whenever there is any mention of cosmetics in THE DELINEATOR that might possibly be understood as evidence of advocating the use of make-up, the most violent protests invariably seem to come from men. An inconspicuous editorial paragraph in the March issue commented on a report of the U. S. Treasury Department indicating that American women spend seventy million dollars a year on cosmetics. The editorial pointed out that this sum represents less than two dollars a feminine head a year for soaps and scents and beautifiers, with the added wish that next year the cost might be double if it resulted in doubling the national stock of feminine charm. An unlooked-for result was the following letter from a Staten Island, N. Y., gentleman: "In THE DELINEATOR for March, you speak of the cost per capita of cosmetics!!! pastes, powder, lip-stick, rouge, for the supposed beautifying of your sex—placing cost at seventy million dollars and you wish it were double! When applied to youthful faces these articles are an offense to good taste and, I claim, have an influence on morals, but when applied to the middle-aged the effect is grotesque and silly. And the cost one hundred and forty million!! Certainly you must be thinking in terms of the "mark," for heaven save the mark if we are to squander that enormous sum on the painting of what the Lord intended to be beautiful when He made it. And flesh tones have been the despair of artists. Why should they worry if, by painting nose and chin white and daubing lips and cheeks red, they could get their effects? All I can say is their paintings would be as ridiculous as the faces met with in our streets. To me this eternal powdering and painting is disgusting, and I think the average man thinks as I do."

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

EVERY now and then one of our fair pewholders, exasperated to expression by some well-meant comment in this place, intimates that we are no gentleman ◈◈◈ With our customary diligence for self-improvement we have been studying a little book published in 1884 and dedicated to "Such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort." Already we feel much better acquainted with the usages that govern in the polite world and a resulting mellowness will no doubt be detected in our conduct of this column ◈◈◈ A bit of unexpected advice that we intend to share with *Celia Caroline Cole* urges the man of sense and taste to take the time to "cut one's toe-nails in a semi-lunar form, with the concavity looking forward" ◈◈◈ Dancing, it appears, has no superior for developing graceful carriage and courtly manners. The aspiring gent, however, is cautioned against "making the attempt with a lady that does not know the steps, or that seems desirous to rest her head on his shoulder," and we learn that dancers should "always keep as far apart as the length of the gentleman's arm will permit, and both should stand erect, with the shoulders well back. To dance otherwise is vulgar in the extreme" ◈◈◈ The most severe censure is visited on the head of the gallant who appears ungloved. "The young women of the country," we quote again, "send forth a huge, universal wail of indignant protest against the ungloved men who persist in leaving finger-marks on the backs of delicately tinted dresses at fashionable germans, hops and balls. Unhappy girls wake from dreams of waltz and galop and quadrille to find their dainty costumes ruined by the bare paw-prints of men for whose ruthless crime against decency there is no excuse" ◈◈◈ For our fair pewholders' edification, we also copy down the touching story of the origin of a benighted custom: "The fashion of going without gloves originated in the vilest foreign flunkeyism. The *Prince of Wales* forgot his gloves one evening at the opera. The next evening every asinine toady and swell in the theater showed his hands in native nakedness and the vulgar apery was promptly caught up on this side of the ocean. Let gentlemen remember that no ungloved man can pretend to be fully dressed!" ◈◈◈ Turning now to current affairs, we ask a small niche in the hall of fame for the lessee of the hat-checking privilege in a *New York City* restaurant ◈◈◈ He paid $12,000.00 a year for the concession and made a profit of $10,000.00 by forcing his check girls to wear pocketless frocks with tight collars so they couldn't hide the tips ◈◈◈ The latest mother-in-law story comes to us from *Italy*. When *Premier Mussolini* was a young man, he fell in love with a Corsican maid whose mother objected to having a political rebel for a son-in-law. The pair eloped and have lived happily ever since, but the girl's mother never forgave them. The Italian legislature recently passed a bill allowing the wives, brothers, sisters and parents of legislators free passes on railroads. The original bill included the words "mothers-in-law" until *Mussolini* struck it out ◈◈◈ A beauty secret that we are glad to share with our readers and that can be heartily recommended by all of us who have the best interests of the heaven-sent sex at heart accounts for the extraordinary attractiveness of the women of *Albania*, who are considered the most beautiful on earth. The fair natives of this tiny Balkan country are described as having "brown hair, hazel or blue eyes, tapering fingers, almond nails, delicate wrists, slender ankles and regal bearing." They do not marry outside of their own race and no matter where an Albanian man may go he returns to his native land for his bride. It is now known that the Albanian beauty gets that way from hard work that includes carrying heavy burdens up and down steep mountain paths ◈◈◈ We shall be glad to hear from any of our readers who will give the treatment a fair trial ◈◈◈ A *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*, girl who advertised in the newspapers for a husband received so many calls that a policeman had to be posted in front of her home to maintain order ◈◈◈ From this it logically follows that (1) it pays to advertise; (2) that the angelic women who mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers are the salt of the earth.

Time for biscuit and berries



Nothing so deliciously wholesome and nourishing, and nothing so easy to prepare! The crisp, flavory shreds of oven-baked whole wheat combined with the most luscious fruit of the American garden.

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Serve with cream or milk and pour at side of saucer to retain to the full the crispness and flavor of the grains.





THE DELINEATOR

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W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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OUR GUARANTEE—We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

"SAVE AMERICA"

EIGHTEEN hundred women representing ten million other women went to Washington recently. They represented thirty-nine States and a multitude of American mothers. They went as crusaders with banners flying. And the banners read, "Save America" and "Enforce the Law." These women represented the best of intelligent patriotic America. They were women who believe in this country and who see a grave peril in the growing disregard for the laws of the land. They believe with the wisest philosophers of the ages that the surest way to obtain just laws is to enforce the present laws. And they believe that the laws of our land are good laws if enforced, but destructive to the life of the Republic if held up to scorn.

This Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement held a convention for one week at the national capital. They brought together the best minds in their own numbers and also enlisted the support of national leaders. President Coolidge received them in the White House. He commended their work.

Charles Evans Hughes, the Secretary of State, went on record with this challenging thought:

"All citizens respect the laws they like. The test of devotion to our institutions is respect for law itself, that is, devotion to the principle that we are a government of laws and not of men; that it is only through a government of laws that we may avoid the despotism of a government of unrestrained official discretion, of arbitrary action and caprice. Respect for law is quite apart from approval of particular laws. It is respect for organized society and, in a Republic, for the rule of the people through representative government. Disrespect for law is faithlessness to the democratic principle, which can not be applied except through laws expressing the will of the people.

"With us the Constitution is the fundamental law, and our devotion to our country has its highest expression in fidelity to the Constitution. In that fidelity is found our assurance of stability and order, the safeguard of the public interest and the guarantee of individual right."

Following Secretary Hughes's fine intellectual thought came a woman, a mother, untrained in the art of public speaking, practically unknown. She said: "No one who believes in democracy can afford to say to-day, as so many weak-willed and spineless executives are doing throughout the country, that because lawlessness does exist on a shameless scale, therefore it is impossible to put an end to it and no attempt need be made to do so. If these men are right, if the fact that a crime exists does indeed constitute a valid reason and excuse for its existence, then it is time, and more than time, to shut up shop and consider that democracy as we understand it is a failure and the protection of homes a lost hope."

Among the groups of women who met in this conference and consecrated themselves to law enforcement were The General Federation of Women's Clubs, The Daughters of the American Revolution, The National Parent-Teacher Association, The King's Daughters, and the W. C. T. U.

The program was organized by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, and it was sponsored in Washington by Mrs. Herbert Hoover and by Miss Lida Hafford, Director of the National Headquarters of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

On almost every page of the literature which they circulate, in all their speeches, on the walls of their meeting-places are reminders that women may protect the Constitution and "Save America" if they register and vote. "Speak at the Polls" is another of their slogans. "You May Be Right But You Can Not Help Unless You Vote" is another favorite statement of both the men and the women who stand for law enforcement. A popular placard says very plainly: "We Must Prove to Men That We Are a Necessary Help Not Only in Private But Also in Political Life."

The National Committee for Law Enforcement has prepared a handbook called "Save America." In it are presented the best thoughts of statesmen, authors, economists and educators.

The strength of this great army of women lies in their unanswerable demand for the enforcement of the laws of this land. They do not ask for new laws—but they insist that the acid test of application be given to the laws that now stand on the books.

The problem goes deep into the fate of the American people collectively and into the health—the very life—of young America individually. It has become the order of the day to laugh at the law. Conscience is sleeping among great numbers of people. We race along thoughtlessly or defiantly until suddenly tragedy blocks the way.

THE GUARANTEE THAT PROTECTS READERS OF "THE DELINEATOR"

A Southwestern farmer and his wife struggled for many years to make their patch of ground pay. Then one day some one discovered oil in their back yard and made them rich.

"All this time we had this thing and did not know it!" was the farmer's comment.

For half a century the readers of THE DELINEATOR—whether they have known it or not—have been insured against loss by a guarantee of every line of advertising which appears in THE DELINEATOR. This is the promise that protects all readers:

"We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.*

(Signed) G. W. WILDER,
President of The Butterick Publishing Company.

Write DELINEATOR advertisers freely. The DELINEATOR guarantee will be helpful to you.

Those of us who are hurt—and sooner or later most of us who defy the law are hurt—pay a bitter price.

Ten million women is a force which, if it stands solidly on a moral issue, must be reckoned with by the nation.

If you have not joined the ranks of the women of America in their struggle for law enforcement, but if you do wish information on this subject, write to the editor of THE DELINEATOR.

BUDGETING THE HOME

THE biggest business in the world is the business of running the home. Yet it has never been put on a business basis. Fifty billion dollars a year is spent for the keeping of America's homes, yet not one-half of one per cent. of these homes are budgeted or planned as is the poorest little shop in the smallest town.

Judges of the Supreme Court have said that the divorce evil is largely attributable to the lack of a just arrangement between husband and wife for the support of the home. Only a small percentage of housewives have personal allowances. Some economists have said: "The richer the home the less personal money the wife has." Cynics have called her "the beggar in the house."

With the beginning of this century, home-making was raised to the dignity of a profession. Colleges and universities added home economics to their teachings. Martha Van Rensselaer, Director of the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, was one of the first educators in the world to dignify home-making as a part of university education.

And now Miss Van Rensselaer is fighting for the budgeting of the American home. In this issue, on page 20, there is an article by Miss S. Agnes Donham, who is the adviser to women in the Boston Association for the Promotion and Protection of Savings, Incorporated. Read it, apply it and you will find that you will have money enough to meet and satisfy some of the desires that lie nearest to your heart.

All over America there are homes which have been built from budget savings. There are people with modest incomes who have bought cars, music, education—who have been able to send their boys and girls to college because their incomes were budgeted and their homes run in a sound, businesslike way.

Let THE DELINEATOR help you to put your home on a business basis. The service of our home-making experts is yours to command. We can not make it too clear that we will welcome the opportunity to help you with your budgeting problems.

"HOME MUSIC AND HOME PLAY"

BETTER Homes in America, which was founded by THE DELINEATOR in 1921 as an educational campaign, was incorporated about the first of this year as a separate and independent organization under the presidency of Herbert Hoover and with headquarters at Washington, D. C.

THE DELINEATOR has continued its belief in and its support of this great movement. We have asked our readers, who helped us carry this campaign into nearly a thousand cities in 1922 and 1923, to support the new organization.

Dr. James Ford of Harvard University is the National Director. He has carried on in a splendid way, developing the Better Homes program in cities that were not touched previously and reaching nearly twice as many people as were interested last year. The new organization has now written and published some instructive pamphlets which every home should have. Among them is one on "Home Music and Home Play." In the foreword Doctor Ford says:

"The quality of home life of child or adult very largely determines the personal habits which make up his character. The home life may make for narrowness or selfishness or for preoccupation with material things and with trivialities. It may quite as easily be so directed that it will make for breadth of sympathy, considerateness of others and interest in the higher values of life.

"Too often family life is allowed to drift—each member to his own special friends and activities—until family influence and family integrity are threatened or lost. In our highly complex civilization, where so many excitements and temptations beset young and old, neither the individual character nor the family life will ordinarily attain its finest fruit unless home life is consciously planned for and wisely fostered.

"The well-planned home will provide for health, safety, economy, convenience, comfort and beauty. But beyond these manifest needs it should provide for the cultivation of all that is best in family life. If parents fail to participate in the active life of their children, their influence declines as the years go by. But where parents deliberately cultivate all interests which old and young can share, mutual affection and mutual respect and confidence will grow. The love of fun and the love of beauty are practically universal. Through home play and home music these can be made the means to closer family bonds and thereby to the higher development of character in children and parents alike."

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 80

HER THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY

"And after thirty romance is dead!"

By DOROTHY SANBURN PHILLIPS

WEDNESDAY, June eighteenth! That date seemed to stand out in large gleaming figures on the calendar hanging beside Ann's mirror. She rested her arms on the bureau and stared at it. June eighteenth was her birthday, and on that birthday she would be thirty. She could hardly believe it, the years had rolled by so quickly since she had come to New York—the office, the round of daily routine, Sundays heaping one on top of the other, new friends coming, old friends going, vacations at home— So the months passed, the years passed almost before one knew it. And next Wednesday she would be thirty—thirty years old! —and she had never had a love-affair in all her life.

That fact rose up to meet her, grim, taunting. It wasn't that she had not known any men, for she had. When she was in high school, she had been taken to dances; and during these years in New York she had gone to the theater with men, played bridge with them, dined with them. There was Joe, Bessie's brother —Bessie was the girl she lived with—who often dropped around in the evening, Joe of the homely face, pleasant smile and stocky figure. She liked Joe and she always listened attentively to his talks about his work. Yes, there was Joe, and there had been Bob and Merrill and Wallace—all nice men, interesting men. Yet not one of them had ever really cared for her, not one had ever pursued her, not one had ever made love to her!

Her glance wandered from the calendar to her own reflection in the mirror. She looked young, not a day older than when she was twenty-two. Her face was unwrinkled and her neck was full and shapely. And she was not unattractive. Her dark hair was drawn in a straight contrasting line over her forehead and ears to a knot at the back of her head. Her skin, though inclined to be colorless, was smooth and clear and white; and her gray eyes were large and deep and wistful. Gravely she considered her face. She was not bad-looking, but there was something aloof about her, something reserved. She was always friendly with men, and pleasant; yet there was a wall between them. She was not like Bessie, who half an hour after she had met a man was laughing and joking with him as if she had known him all her life.



Drawing by Joseph Simont

HER GLANCE WANDERED FROM THE CALENDAR TO HER OWN REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

Ann gave a little sigh. Next Wednesday she would be thirty—and after thirty romance was dead!

"Hello, there!" Bessie called out gaily as she came into the room, the dress which she had been pressing slung over her arm. "Why so pensive?"

In the mirror Ann smiled at Bessie. "Just feeling old," she answered.

Bessie laughed. "You old? Why, you're the youngest looking—not a gray hair or a wrinkle—" The door-bell interrupted her. "Heavens, what time is it! Eight o'clock? And I told him I'd be ready at quarter to without fail! Say, run out and let him in and talk to him, will you? There's a good child! I'll be ready in a jiffy!"

Ann smiled and obediently went. One of the duties of living with Bessie was to make apologies for her lateness and entertain her callers while they waited.

The man who was ringing the door-bell this particular evening was Alec Turner, who was taking Bessie to the theater on a last party before she left on her vacation. He was a tall, light-haired, brown-eyed man, with one of the most winning smiles that Ann had ever seen. "He's awfully attractive," she had said to Bessie when she first met him, "but he knows it." And Bessie had nodded. "Um-hum, heart-smasher all right—but lots of fun."

He had been very attentive to Bessie and had taken her out many times—so many, in fact, that Ann had protested. "Why do you waste your time with him when you know other men? He's just a flirt!" And Bessie had shot her a quick glance and had answered slowly: "Yes, I know it—just out for a good time—and yet there's something about him—you can't help liking him!"

That little remark of Bessie's flashed into Ann's mind as she opened the door and saw Alec standing on the threshold, hat in hand, smiling.

"Good evening, sister Ann," he said. "I thought it would be you!"

Ann started to speak, but he cut her short, putting u his hand protestingly.

"Now, don't make your little speech! Bessie delaye at the office, or a block on the subway coming hom or the electricity off so she couldn't wave her ha All I want to know," he smiled down into her ey "is—what are the chances of being ready by eigh thirty?"

Ann smiled back, a little light creeping into her gra eyes. "I'd say they were pretty good."

"Impartial, unprejudiced observer?"

"Impartial, unprejudiced observer. Sit down, wo you?"

Nonchalantly he thre himself down in the co ner of the sofa. O hand went to his pocke

"Time for a cigaret?

Ann nodded, seatin herself opposite him. F a moment her gaze wan dered over his graceft figure, his handsome fac the smoke curling u around his fair hair, the she glanced away. Wha fun it would be to go ou with a man like Alec, t have him pursuing one footsteps, smiling tende ly into one's eyes——

"Come back, siste Ann," came his voice.

She started. Her eye met his.

"Miles away?" h queried.

"Oh, I was—just thinking."

"Just thinking? Wel think a little neare home, will you?" H laid down his cigaret an leaned toward her. "Say Ann, it's going to b darned lonely withou Bessie—for us both You'll miss her; so wi I. What about playin around a bit together?

Ann blinked. Sh could hardly believe he ears. "Why—Alec!"

"Be sort of nice, don' you think?"

"Why, yes, but I— don't believe I could——"

"Don't believe you could?" His smile faded as he repeated the words He was evidently non plussed. "But, why not?"

Ann looked away, em barrassed. "It's hard to explain, but I don't see how I can—it's very nice of you to ask me——"

He rose and, going over to her, stood looking down upon her, his hand on the back of her chair. His face was very serious, his brown eyes searching.

"See here, Ann," he said, "what are your objections to me?"

Ann jumped to her feet and faced him. "Oh, I haven't any—honestly!"

"Then, why— Really, if you won't go out with me I think you ought to tell me why."

"Well," she said slowly, her gray eyes fixed upon the rug, "I don't think it would quite do. You're Bessie's friend—and while she's away——"

"Oh!" He threw back his head and laughed. Then he seized both her hands. "Sister Ann! You're precious! There aren't many girls in New York, I'll wager, who'd turn down a perfectly good invitation for that

Concluded on page 72

Every big event in music is a reason for having a Victrola

Each season in succession new artists create a sensation through their portrayal of famous operatic characters and old favorites add to their multitude of admirers through their achievement of still greater artistic accomplishment. In the season just closed outstanding features were the performances of Victor artists. So it is year after year and has been for two decades. So it will be next year.

Victrola Instruments are made especially to reproduce the marvelous variety of Victor Records by the world's greatest artists, in twenty-one styles at from $25 up—all identified by the Victor name and trade marks.



© Kubey-Rembrandt

CHALIAPIN
Victor Artist

Every Victor Record which Chaliapin has made is a drama in sound. It has been said of the great Russian basso, and rightly said, that he not only sings but acts his songs. Listen to any one of these records and judge for yourself how true this is:

		Double-faced
Midnight Review Two Grenadiers	6057	$2.00
The Prophet Song of the Volga Boatmen	6058	2.00
Boris Godounow—In the Town of Kazan Prince Igor—Recitative and Air of Prince Galitsky	558	1.50



© Mishkin

GLUCK
Victor Artist

Alma Gluck's ninety-eight Victor Records proclaim her opinion of Victor recording and afford triumphantly beautiful examples of lyric song, sung in a voice of classic perfection, clear and cool as a mountain stream. She has made some splendid duets, with Caruso, Homer and Reimers, and the following, whether the solo, the solo with chorus, or with obbligato, are of extraordinary charm:

		Double-faced
My Old Kentucky Home Aloha Oe	6143	$2.00
Home, Sweet Home Listen to the Mocking Bird	6142	2.00
Darling Nelly Gray Nelly Was a Lady	653	1.50



© Mishkin

McCORMACK
Victor Artist

John McCormack and his Victor Records interpret in music the heart of the American people, and this famous artist's popularity is equalled only by the popularity of his Victor Records. The reason is that the Victor Records are John McCormack's other self. His voice is easy to record because his tones are so perfectly produced. Out of not less than one hundred and sixty-six records we can only mention:

		Double-faced
Dear Love, Remember Me I Hear You Calling Me	754	$1.50
Dear Old Pal of Mine Little Mother of Mine	755	1.50
Ah! Moon of My Delight Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	6197	2.00



Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
$50
Mahogany or oak



Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut



Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.







AMONG the seven thousand residents of Miles City, Montana, there are still some who recall the strenuous days of road agents and Indians, when all journeys were made by stagecoach, and no one could tell what the end might be. The Vigilantes finally cleared the country of outlaws and rustlers. Miles City is now a thriving town on the trunk line of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

In MONTANA *and* MARYLAND

the same fine soap — the same fine result



FREDERICK, MARYLAND, has many reminders of its part in the Revolutionary War. Among them is the Old Stone Tavern, which has sheltered many famous statesmen. In 1791, when Washington was a guest here, the young Barbara Frietchie provided a set of Liverpool china for his table.

IT IS not so many years since the people of Miles City, Montana, traveled by stagecoach to Deadwood.

Yet today Miles City women agree with those of Frederick, Maryland, whose traditions date back to pre-Revolutionary days, on the standards of good taste and the comforts of life.

Good taste and real comfort accept no substitutes for clean white clothes, snowy linens, and immaculate households. To help them maintain these standards the women of these towns have chosen P and G The White Naphtha Soap. In both Miles City and Frederick, as in the United States as a whole, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry soap.

Why?

Because experience has proved that P and G is no common soap. It is white—it removes dirt quickly, with a noticeable saving of strength—it preserves the whiteness of *white* clothes and the original freshness of colors—it rinses out easily, leaving no soapy odor or yellow tinge.

Women who do their own laundering, as well as those who employ a laundress, have told us that the change to P and G has produced an amazing improvement in results and helped to save clothes.

The nation-wide adoption of P and G is a sure sign that American women recognize the *extra* washing value of this fine, white, quick-cleansing soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

THE FIRE-FLOWER

A colorful story of youth and love and high adventure

By CHARLES SAXBY

PART ONE

IT WOULD seem an actual law of life that there can be no romance without a woman. So there were women in that remarkable romance which came to the notice of the world as "The Case of the Mission Perdida." Three of them, in fact—beginning with the malignant screech of a woman unknown and ending in the grace of Rita Romano.

The first public mention of it will be found in purely abstruse articles in *The Medical Review*, the *Scientific Journal* and the London *Lancet*. Articles in which human Big Berthas of science fulminated broadsides of pro and con. Of course it was not long held in those pages. Its own strange fascination broke those limits and before ever it bloomed into the world as a realized dream of beauty it became known as an affair of extraordinary sensation.

First the Sunday papers seized on it; all impersonal as yet, the identities still veiled under an unrevealing "A" and "B." But the evidence was unimpeachable. To this day there is still enshrined in the laboratory of a great university that flower which Dr. Jordan Michaelis plucked from Weston's puttees as he lay senseless before the broken altar of the Lost Mission.

A flower of no known species, of no known substance, almost of no known shape, since it brings such a suggestion of extending into the unsuspected directions of other dimensions.

A strange mixture, beginning in unlawfulness and ending in that beauty which the world, its eyes weary of strife, so clamored to see. A queer affair, and something of a mess at first, if one begins at the real beginning, which was toward the Fall of 1919.

FIRST of all, Peter Weston himself, walking long past midnight toward his home in an outlying part of a Pacific coast city. A fellow of perhaps twenty-eight, his pliant length encased in a doughboy's uniform, topped by an overseas cap. Coolly blond in type, straight-nosed, square-chinned, intensely tanned. To all outward appearances, he had come back from the war much the Peter Weston who had gone to it. He spoke little, it is true; but, then, he had always been a silent youth. He seemed to accept it all just as it was; he was certainly trying to do so. It was only when he was alone, as at that moment, that there came back of his gray-blue eyes a smolder of revolt, a hint of lingering images of things terribly seen. There were times when this trying to step back into his former life seemed like attempting to cross an impassable abyss torn by the happenings of the past eighteen months.



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

SHE CONSIDERED HIM A LONG MOMENT; THE DIRECTNESS OF ONE TO WHOM MEN WERE NO MYSTERY

He had been lucky since his return: he already had his old job back with the wholesale paper-house. He contemplated it as he walked the streets sunk in night silence under a veiling of low fog. Back in his old job, back with his own people.

He thought of them as they had sat around the supper table that evening. His father, gray, paunchy, eating heavily in defiance of chronic indigestion. From the moment of Pete's return the two had slid again into their lifelong habit of an unadmitted mutual avoidance—a habit more common between fathers and sons than is, perhaps, suspected. His mother, large, vital, well preserved, tolerant of her husband and of little else. Pete loved his mother, of course—a fellow always did that; it was so accepted as to go without saying. But his mother had such a way of having "little talks" with him—talks in which she appeared to be trying to find out something about his war experiences which she suspected him of concealing. "The truth," she called it. "If you would only tell me the truth!" It was as though she imagined he must perforce have done something shameful.

His sister—he saw her with the eyes of his mind: Blond, like himself, consciously stylish, much intrigued with her social position among her own particular set—mostly young married couples living in flats.

His old job, his old life. He was lucky to have them to come back to—lucky to have come back at all, and whole, from out of that shambles of youth. And now the same old life all over again, after all that he had been through.

Of course there was the persistent hope that some day he might do something with his music. But, then, they hardly approved of that at home. As his sister said, "It was such queer stuff." She was almost ashamed to have her friends hear it. Besides, to sit thumping a piano every evening was hardly the way for a successful man of business.

His music: For years it had been both the dream and torment of his life. Counterpoint and harmony in the still hours of the night when he should have been asleep, storing up energy for the day's job. Boyish pockets constantly emptied that he might sit in galleries while weird creatures wove spells on piano or violin. Then back to fumble at the keyboard.

"God——"

That seemed all he could say, and as it left his lips it might have been equally prayer or curse. He kicked viciously at a tin can lying on the sidewalk and the echoes rang jeeringly on the silence. That was how life was, he bitterly told himself: one's head in a fog and one's feet stumbling over the refuse from garbage-pails.

PERHAPS the district through which he walked had something to do with his mood. A district in transition: warehouses, like giant mushrooms of trade, shouldering aside old residences now fallen to decay and crammed with indiscriminate humanity.

It seemed hopeless to think of any good coming from such a place, and Weston was irritably aware that what he really wanted was something sweepingly different from anything he had ever known. For an instant he let himself go in imagination of what it might be. He could form no picture of it. It was more just a general ache for something final, something flaming—and as though in mockery he received instead a hail from a policeman hidden in a doorway.

"Hey you—where you going?"

"This is a public street," Weston snapped.

"I got to know your business. It's time respectable folks was at home."

Pete halted, facing the glimmer of flat, mustached face above blue and nickel. The man's manner had fanned that smolder in his mind and his words trickled out like a blister of acid.

"Seems to me I remember a time when a whole lot of us were out late at nights, but there was no brash cop to tell us to go home——"

For answer a pencil of flashlight played across his face, then it snapped out and the policeman emerged from the gloom, straddling flat-footed with out-turned toes.

"I've seen you—you live over on Sycamore. All right, I'll know you again."

Pete strode on, his mind boiling up a scum of anger. It was a narrow street into which he turned, the houses sunk back in wrecks of gardens, sullenly awaiting the advancing tide of industrialism. A single window showed

lines of light about its shade, and from behind two voices, a man's and a woman's, rose in spurts of tone. There came a sound that keened rather horribly across the frowsy street; not a scream, nor yet a moan—unmistakably of fury, not of fear; almost animal, yet indubitably feminine. There was the crack of a revolver, a door flew open and a figure burst across the parched grass, landing almost at Weston's feet. At sight of Pete he lapsed back against the broken fence and there came a laugh of high-pitched recklessness.

"Oh, buddy, get me out of this——"

THE shadows were deep just there, but Weston made out a fellow probably some years younger than himself, and in similar uniform. His tunic lay across his arm; one olive sleeve of his shirt was black with blood that dripped from his finger-tips. The neighborhood was waking to the disturbance now; down the street a gum-shoe padding told of that policeman.

He came up, the cold glitter of a gun in his hand, his face a flat mask of self-importance.

"What's this? More of you discharged fellers? Put up them hands, both of you." He stopped as he recognized Weston. "So it's you, is it! I knew you wasn't up to no good."

"And I'm not," Weston flamed in a sudden fury. "Take that!"

He had not meant it; in face of that leveled weapon it was crass insanity. But his fist had shot out; the man went silently down, his head striking a fire-hydrant as he crumpled on the sidewalk.

From the figure by the fence came a gasp of admiration. "Brother, you are there with the punch!"

With a blue oath Pete bent above the prostrate man. He had struck, perhaps killed, a policeman, the sin unpardonable to all the rest of the police in the city and State. They would never cease searching until they found who had done it, and then——

"We must get help—" he began. But the other spoke coolly:

"We must help ourselves, you mean. There will be a hundred here in a few minutes, and it is up to us to run."

Already windows were being flung up in the discreet houses about them. There were footsteps behind the fog, a sense as of a pursuit already abroad. The fellow detached himself from the fence with a haggard grin at the red stain he had left upon it.

"You piping paths of peace. But even here red poppies bloom. Give me an arm, fellow."

Grasping the other's sound arm, Pete propelled him round one corner, then another and down an alley. An empty lot offered shelter, dark between two warehouses, a jungle of dead shrubs blackened with soot.

"Are you hurt much?" he demanded.

"Only chipped a bit on my shoulder, but I'm bleeding like a slit hog."

"We must stop that," Pete grunted. "You are leaving a regular blood trail." With a knife he cut the sleeve, fumblingly applying his handkerchief as a tourniquet. "What's it all about?" he asked reservedly.

"A woman," the other coolly answered. "One of those much-advertised spiritual reactions of the war."

"You seem to have your nerve," Pete admitted. Then, as he listened: "We'll have to move, and pretty pronto, too. They're after us."

From beyond the alley came the shrill of a police-whistle together with sounds telling of the gathering of that mob which, as though sown by dragon's teeth of strange passions, gathers inevitably about calamity.

"We'll climb the fence at the back of the lot there."

He boosted the other over it, then swarmed after him, dropping to a pile of scrap-iron on the other side. They were just in time, for the pursuit was in the alley now. Boys' voices, raucous with delicious excitement—a man's words, uttered with authority.

"Looks like they'd done poor Kellner in. We'll get them—yet! They can't get away. We'll have the whole district covered in five minutes—Cassidy's got head station on the phone right now."

Then a youngster, shrilling in delight of the chase:

"Hey, mister—look—here's the blood, on down the alley!"

It was really a fortunate oil leakage from some passing motor, but it served its purpose. The voices went on and behind the fence the fugitives drew breath.

From across the river-bed the gas-works flamed up, reddening the fog. In its sullen revealing, the place about them stood out as a wilderness of junk. High overhead, through a rift in the fog, a single star gleamed in the midst of dark infinitude.

For the first time Pete really saw this one with whom, all in an instant, he had become so strangely linked. A fellow who looked younger than himself, yet who gave an impression of being older. It was hard to tell whether that maturity came from early experience or whether that youth was vitality defying years. He was of compactly supple build, his face of that dark white which goes with blue-black hair, crossed by eyebrows like thin flares of black velvet. There was about him something bold and hotly keen. Except for the straight line of his mouth, he might have seemed almost predatory; but it was from that mouth that he spoke.

"You go on and look out for yourself. You'll have more chance to get away alone."

"A great chance we've both got," Weston snapped. "If that cop is still alive, then he knows who I am. If he's dead, not so much as a cat will get out of this district to-night!"

HE WONDERED confusedly what had become of that safe and tedious path which he had been contemplating so disgustedly only a few moments before. It was suddenly as much junk as the contents of this yard about them. He had kicked at a tin can, swo and ached for something new. Then out of the nig had come this stranger, and everything had promp gone to unholy smash. There they stood together. and this fellow, two columns of clean young life, join by unlawfulness in a place of obscene discard.

"You had better go," the other warned again. B Pete's jaw thrust obstinately forward.

"I got you into this—into the worst of it, anyhow. is up to me to get you out of it again."

"I can look after myself!"

"So can I. Come on, there's always a way, if you c only find it."

The flare from the gas-works died down as they grop forward through a forest of rusting boilers. A ricke gate offered no difficulties and beyond lay a silent stre There was a lighted window, probably the office of o of these places of ramshackle business. Weston stiffen like a pointer at the whirr of wings, for there by the sid walk was an ancient Ford.

"She's warm," he whispered, laying a hand on t hood. "Get in and be ready to start the minute crank."

A vicious back-fire roused the echoes. He sprang t the running-board, climbing over the other and gras ing the wheel. Behind him was a confused impressio of men running out from that office to shout after the in impotent astonishment.

"Automobile-stealing now," he thought. "I wonde what next?"

TWO hours later the motor grunted to a hopeles stop, and Pete muttered in answer:

"No more gas—so that's the end of that!"

From the corner into which he had lapsed as Pete too the wheel, the other questioned back:

"Where are we?"

It was the first time they had spoken during thei flight; but sitting in silence, eac bent upon his own particular angl of the problem, they had bee aware of each other as a persona equation to which the answer wa as yet unknown.

They were far out from the city now, out of the fog as well; there were mountains hanging half-way up the sky against a promise of a moo and a dimness of star sheen. Spec tral eucalyptus rustled their leave mysteriously in the still air; beyon broken palings was a wilderness o dried weeds overtopped by things gray and awry.

"Looks like some sort of a grave yard," Pete ventured.

A desolate place, as they pushed between the palings, its former snug comfort of death given over t neglect. A dripping hydrant prom ised water. As Pete wrenched at the faucet, the corroded pipe snapped off, sending a fountain leaping high in the air. The other's laugh leaped with it.

"The waters of life from the place of the dead! Buddy, you sure have the touch!"

"Haul off that shirt and I'll try my touch on your arm. What's your name, anyhow?"

"Sidney Vereker. You never heard of me before and probably never want to hear of me again."

"I'm not saying anything about that—yet," Pete answered, tearing strips from his own underclothing for bandages. "Now for some first aid. Better smoke—I'll probably hurt'"

There was the scratch of a match and Vereker's face gleamed out against the shadows. The fellow had a quality about him as of some almost disturbing abundance of life Weston wondered what kind of a past might be hidden under the democracy of that uniform.

"Who were you before the army got you?" he asked.

"If I told you, you wouldn't know but that I was lying—as quite likely I would be," Vereker coolly returned. "Here we both are, and that's all that matters."

"Oh—if you don't want to tell—

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Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

RITA REGARDED HIM AS HE SAT THERE, CHIN ON HANDS. "I KNOW," SHE AGREED. "ONE'S FEET GET HOT AND ONE GOES OUT ON STRANGE PATHS"

THE HOUSE THAT DREAMS BUILT

A man learns something which every woman knows

By SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

NELLIE ANSTRUTHER was a highly attractive little person in a dozen ways when Boyce Nelson had the acumen and the fortune to marry her. There was the slender perfection of her figure—in those days they had figures. There was the mass of her dark-brown hair. It would have weighed down many a head—not Nellie's. Hers she carried with the alert tilt of a bird's. There were her happy, singing voice; her smooth, colorful complexion; her flashing gray eyes; the perkiness of her mouth and chin; the dainty fussiness of her dress. That last first attracted Boyce Nelson; but he fell in love with her quick, sure way of knowing what was what, of speaking her mind right out and hitting the nail on the head every time.

"Hitting the nail on the head" was a professional metaphor. Boyce was a carpenter when he married Nellie—and a handsome specimen himself. Gossip said that Lida McAllister, richest girl in Haven, had wanted him for herself. Handsome men were scarce in the town and her money would have blotted out his humble origins. Boyce's first conversation with Nellie was about Judge McAllister's new house, which Boyce had helped to build and which was now to be turned over to the painters.

"Don't paint it yellow!" said Nellie Anstruther. "A big, fine house like that must be white. It will look noble—white with a frame of evergreens."

And that audacious outburst in the face of the judge, who was worth more than one hundred thousand dollars and president of the school board which had the say-so about Nellie keeping her poor place as teacher at forty-five dollars a month! But the judge only said importantly that he thought white would be best, by all means.

"By George!" commented Boyce Nelson. The following Spring he and Nellie were married.



Drawing by Otto J. Gatter

PLANNING THE COTTAGE HAD ENRICHED THE SWEETNESS OF THEIR BETROTHAL

THEY set up housekeeping in four rooms over Hagee's shoe-store. The roof above the four rooms was flat and covered with buckling tin. That scorching first Summer tested the lealty of these two by fire in more senses than just one. Not that Nellie felt the heat. She was so absorbed in another matter that she used to marvel to find herself perspiring. Boyce was building a house for them to live in. He had got hold of a square of filled-in ground on the corner of Maple and Sixth Streets for a ridiculous bit of money. Their substitute for a honeymoon was living the Summer in the flat while Boyce spent all his working hours and hired as much help as he could get and afford in erecting the dearest little cottage imaginable.

Planning the cottage had enriched the sweetness of their betrothal.

It was emphatically an advance style in a day before "bungalow" became a regular real-estate term. It had a cuddling gable roof covered with shingles and allowing below it attic space sufficient for storeroom and to absorb the worst of the sun's heat before it reached the living-rooms beneath. One end of the conventional kitchen space was stolen to make room for a service porch. Another end was used for a pantry with shelves and cupboard arrangements between the kitchen and the dining-room. There was a cellar under the whole house, and half of it was floored with cement and piped for use as a laundry. The house was wired and fitted with electric lights, an extravagance resented by the established aristocracy of the town. As a crowning feature, Nellie had demanded a bathroom. The porcelain tub, sky-blue on the outside, with gilded feet, she preferred to an engagement-ring. Havenites opined that Boyce would have a devil of a time with pipes freezing. Three times they sent him chilled with arguments to reopen the question with Nellie. Nellie said "Rats!" and each time routed chills with her convincing enthusiasm.

THE cottage was finished early in September. On an afternoon almost too golden, Nellie sat at a front window of her hot little flat, fancying that she could get fresh air from a street so sizzling that even the sixteen-year-old loafers had abandoned it. She wondered what could be keeping Boyce. They had planned a boat excursion for that evening. Boyce had intended to be home at half-past four to dress. It was now five. Nellie was ready. She had lifted the skirt of her dotted swiss, not to crush it by sitting on it; but she noted with worriment that the ruffles on her sleeves were getting limper and limper while she waited. The sound of feet on the wooden steps leading up from the street made her jump and run back to greet her husband.

"Boyce, dear!" she cried, coming out of the light into the dark of the hall. "Where have you been? I— Oh!"

After Boyce puffed another—a man of lordly proportions with a lordly, shaggy, gray head—Judge McAllister. Business? And the boat due to leave at five-thirty and sure to cast off at six? A boxed picnic supper in this stuffiness, when she had planned it for the open with the sinking sun turning the sluggish river to gold?

There was a certain confusion in Boyce's greeting—and importance.

"Judge McAllister wants to talk to you about the cottage," he said. "He understands about the boat excursion. You take him into the front room and hear what he has to say, Nell, while I dress. It won't take me ten minutes."

"You must shave," said Nellie, too astounded to speak except automatically. What had the judge to do with their cottage? Yet, the law was fearfully complex and quirkish.

"I hope we haven't done anything we shouldn't," she murmured to the judge.

He laughed at her in gay, self-satisfied good-humor.

"You've done a lot of things you shouldn't," he said, "if you didn't want to attract attention. I want to buy your cottage."

Nellie sat down too suddenly to guard her ruffles.

"But Boyce didn't build the cottage to sell it," she said. "We don't want to sell it. We're going to live there. We planned it that way."

"Exactly," said the judge, with confirmatory bobbing of his large head. "That's what gets a person about it. Lida, you know, is to be married the first week in October, and she's set her heart on that trick of a house for a wedding-present from me. And Boyce said——"

A becoming blotch of color stained Nellie's cheeks. That Lida McAllister, who all her life had had everything she wanted—except Boyce—should envy the bride Nellie her new home was a triumph; but Lida had come now to something which money couldn't get for her.

"Boyce said, I suppose," said Nellie, head well up again, "that it wasn't for sale!"

"He said just that," agreed the the judge, "but I knew better than to take that answer back to Lida. I asked the young man what it had cost him to build the place, lot, grading, everything; then I got his attention only by doubling that money—five thousand in cash."

A pang or premonition stabbed Nellie.

"What did he say then?" she asked.

"He said he wouldn't consider even that unless you were perfectly willing. He put the whole thing up to you."

Upon premonition followed disappointment because Boyce had not hotly defied the judge, as she would have done. But a wave of maternal tenderness caved in both pains. It was treacherously sweet to the little woman to sense that her big husband appealed to her for strength in final issues.

"BOYCE would be glad to build Lida a house similar to ours—or nicer," she suggested, though well she knew that, while every girl in Haven would be proud to own a house like Lida McAllister's, Lida would never step over the doorsill of one copied after Nellie Anstruther Nelson's.

The judge wagged a heavy finger at her. "Now, you know Lida better than that," he said. "Once she sets her head for a thing, she must have it. She's going to be married Thursday after next and she wants to bake biscuits in that cute kitchen Friday morning. Five thousand dollars would set Boyce on his feet as a builder. It's a lot of money—but Lida has even planned the kind of curtains she'll put up at the windows."

Nellie had made her curtains. The snowy pile of them covered her sewing-table. She wished Boyce would come out of the bedroom. By his side it would be easier to make clear to the judge why this house couldn't be Lida's since it was their own, part of their marriage. But when Boyce did come out, his face, instead of reflecting her earnestness, glowed with a radiant

hopefulness deeper than the gloss left by shaving-soap.

"Well?" he said.

Nellie stood up, and wondered that her trembling limbs held her.

"I—we can't say yes—or no—now," she said to the judge. "We must talk it over alone to-night—Boyce and I. We'll let you know to-morrow."

BUT she did little of the talking that evening. The things she had to say didn't meet the things Boyce did say. Her thoughts would center on a blue-and-white bathtub which she had helped to uncrate a week before this—a blue-and-white bathtub fairer than any diamond ring she had ever seen; and to Boyce, in his present mood of surprised elation, the bathtub would mean nothing, because the factory where he bought it turned them out by hundreds and he could get others as easily as not. Boyce in his absorption ate his delicate sandwiches, his spiced eggs, his chocolate muffins without knowing where one dainty left off and another began.

"Gee, it's a lot of money!" he said to the sunset. "The price of a mansion!"

It was—those days.

"And I'll get other orders, honey. I'll be a boss builder, not just a carpenter. And you'll have done it for me. I never would have had the gumption to plan out a thing that way."

Nellie did speak of her curtains.

"You could give them to Lida for a wedding-present," suggested Boyce. "You've been wondering what you would give her. How's that?"

"No!" said Nellie with sharp emphasis. "They're my curtains. I made them. Something bought will be more appropriate for her."

Boyce turned to her in mild surprise.

"You never did like her, did you?" he said. "Well, you don't need to. You're a thousand times prettier and smarter than she ever will be. Gee, in this queer light your eyes just shine!"

Regardless of possible observers, he tilted her chin, kissed her, then hugged her close in a hungry embrace.

"I was a lucky cuss to get you," he said.

He was a big fellow. His caresses were tender, possessively sweet. His blond hair was rough and tumbled like a very small boy's. Nellie pressed her arm tightly about his neck.

"Oh, Boyce," she sighed, "I do love you—terribly!"

"I know it, sweetheart," said Boyce humbly. "If you didn't, you'd be spiteful about this thing; you wouldn't think deeply enough to see how much it means to our future. You've given me my real start. Judge McAllister will pay me cash. We can rent that house of Smith's on St. John Street, which we thought last Spring we couldn't afford. It's still empty. Then we'll look around for a better place to build. Lida'll never get flowers to grow in that dump, anyhow. And we'll start a new house in the Spring—bigger. Oh, honey——"

The house was sold to Judge McAllister for five thousand dollars. But you know and I know that it cost Nellie more than money. She wickedly hoped that Lida would have trouble with the poor soil. Boyce got three orders for houses immediately. Exultantly he brought home to Nellie one day a handsomer diamond ring than any girl in Haven had ever worn and wouldn't tell Nellie what he had paid for it. She wore it to formal parties. She wouldn't risk losing it at picnics and such. Mostly she kept it in a satin-lined box hidden in a succession of secret places. And her sweet mouth looked a little tight until Boyce bought half of a huge estate on the best street and brought her architectural plates showing new kinds of brickwork coming into vogue. Then she became busy and normal again.

FOR twenty years the little history just told repeated itself. Boyce prospered in great leaps. There came a day when "Boyce Nelson, Contractor and Builder" was printed in gold letters on the glass doors of a suite of offices in a skyscraper and suburbanites of a great city spoke of Nelson houses as they spoke of distinctive makes of motor-cars. Only Boyce and the intimates of the Nelsons knew that each new popular design, with its succeeding outbreak of charming small residences, grew from a model house, planned in the Nelson family circle as the home which mother should at last have for her own, every marvel of closet space, fixtures and cunning window a clever idea or a wistful dream of hers. It became a joke with the intimates that the Nelsons were always living in a temporary home while Boyce was personally supervising the building of an adorable house into which they planned to move in the Fall, but for which on its scant completion Boyce would receive an offer so tempting that no man or woman in right senses could refuse it—and the Nelsons would sign a new lease on their apartment, or move and start another house of their own.

To Nellie this was not a joke, but an increasing strain under which a lesser woman would have broken. But Nellie was one of these women to whom, in spite of new movements, the planning of a home is as essential an instinct as feathering a nest is to a bird. Moreover, house-building presented a fascinating new group of complexities each year. Creative enthusiasm carried her instincts along through a varied succession of Queen Anne roofs, decorative stucco, spreading stairways, Colonial doorways, side entrances, Dutch hearths and the like. And each time she would think that surely her latest renunciation had been the last, that the next stride would carry Boyce to the very top of the hill of ambition, where he could see no peaks beyond.

Money must soon cease to be a temptation. The little box wherein she had kept her first diamond ring was now a box in the safety-deposit vault of her bank. The box held a fortune in pearls and diamonds, gifts of jewelry from an adoring husband to a pert, slight, imaginative little lady on whose distinctive personality jewels seemed tawdry. Their latest makeshift residence was one of the most expensive apartments in the city. Nellie drove her own coupé. Her son had a car; so had Boyce. Her daughter attended happily an ultra-fashionable boarding-school. They could have lived more comfortably on the income of Boyce's investments than they had once lived on the labor on his hands.

ON THE evening of her forty-first birthday Mrs. Nelson sat alone with her husband in the living-room of their latest apartment. They sat close to the blue flame of a gas grate. It was a stormy January night and something had gone wrong with the heating-plant of the building. Ten feet away from the grate the chill, monkish aspect of the fireproof walls and floors became something more real than an aspect. Moreover, the sudden contrast of temperature with the usual smothering heat was dangerous. Boyce had laughingly remarked that he'd given Nellie her new fur coat just in time. His laugh had needed more thorough rehearsing, though the fur coat was a beauty. Its brown richness hung over the tall back of the chair in which sat Nellie, still diminutive, still slender, though on modish straight-up-and-down lines, still with a flash in her dark gray eyes and with only threads of gray in her waved black hair. In the palm of her hand lay two earbobs and a pendant of amber—exquisite crystals, seeming just to have solidified from their liquid state—like congealed tear-drops. Boyce flopped in his chair, watching her silent, tight-lipped absorption.

"I had Chris pick them out with me when she was home for the holidays," he said. "I wanted to give you something you would really wear. You've never worn the other junk. She said amber would be beautiful with your coloring. Good taste, Chris has—for a flapper. Think she's going to be like you more and more. Hope so."

"You knew so long ago as that?" said Nellie.

"Well, for goodness' sake, Nell, you knew yourself that Pat had that California offer at Christmas, and that if he took it, he couldn't keep a house here."

"I drove out there to-day," murmured Nellie, speaking no more personally to Boyce than to the counterfeit fire. "The houses were so like we had planned them that it hurt—like congenial friends who had grown up together—as Lucy and I did. And the little park between them where Lucy and I planted our shrubs last Fall, where we were to have the little fountain and the garden seats——"

"Please don't get sentimental!" fumed Boyce. "It isn't my fault that Pat's gone into a broker's firm in Los Angeles."

"It's nobody's fault," said Nellie. "Lucy didn't want to move out there away from everybody. They were making enough money here. It was just fate. I'm beginning to believe in fate."

"You act as if you were a hundred years old, Nell. Shame on you!"

"I feel old, Boyce. And—I shall never plan another home."

"Oh, come! You aren't serious about not moving into your side of the lot because Pat and Lucy had to sell their share!"

"I'm perfectly serious. When we planned the houses with a common court, a common garden, driveway and things like that, we said that the arrangement would be ideal only for two families who would find sharing their homes a pleasure, not a possible nuisance. I can see myself planting pansies with a strange woman!"

"Who said there was going to be a strange woman?"

BOYCE'S discomfort calmed under anticipation of a new gleeful turn to the talk.

"Boyce Nelson! Have you been teasing me about this—when you know how I feel? Who bought Pat's and Lucy's house? Tell me this minute!"

"Now don't jump on me for something else, honey. I didn't know myself until to-day. I never associated the name of Brent with——"

Nell's hand had closed over her amber drops.

"*Not Lida McAllister Brent?*"

"By George, you guessed it right off, didn't you? Honestly, I never thought of it until she came in to sign the deed of sale to-day. Now what's the matter?"

'Boyce Nelson, are you really so blind and stupid that you think I could live across the yard, in the same street with Lida McAllister? I hate her!"

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Drawing by Otto J. Gatter

HIS FACE WENT RED AND DARKENED TO PURPLE. IN THE ARCH OF THE DOORWAY STOOD HIS WIFE



Drawing by J. M. Clement

HESITATING, HE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, WATCHING MELLA'S SHADOW AS IT DIMMED IN THE DARKNESS

CHIVALRY

Is there such a thing among women?

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

YOU don't know Skiwamish, Washington, do you? Never mind, nobody does. But Mr. John Woodson Brown came from there. He came all the way from Skiwamish to Seattle, which isn't so far by boat, but constitutes a record non-stop flight, socially speaking. Not that there aren't some good eggs in Skiwamish. There are—and that's what ails the dump, according to John. Too darned good! The girls swipe the family buses afternoons, throw in a couple of sundaes each at the drug-store, make up car-load lots of the rest of the gang and buzz along to somebody's ranch for scrambled eggs, or somebody else's mill for doughnuts from the cook-shack, or another fellow's father's power-plant for wild-blackberry pie. Except toward their digestions, the kids of Skiwamish are without sin. Nothing that goes on in the new books goes on in Skiwamish, which explains why Mr. Brown made his getaway as soon as his father's estate was settled and the right man to take charge of the logging-camp had been found. Seattle's a regular place. They have wild parties there, and one Hispana-Suiza car, and bad likker, and preachers tearing their hair over the new generation. The Larger Life is lived in Seattle.

Only rotten thing about leaving Skiwamish was leaving Sally Winship. Sally was a pippin girl—or would be if she ever got the chance. Maybe he could get his aunt to ask Sally down for a treat. Gee, it would be great to have Sally and the larger life too, both together and at the same time.

BUT in contemplating a visit from Sally, John Woodson overlooked a considerable assortment of bets. He didn't count on the great change which was bound to occur in him and he didn't count on Mella Comstock. Both of which factors in the newer and larger life were brought to his attention with a bang on the morning that he decided to overhaul his motor-boat and telephoned Mella to come along and watch him and then swim afterward. If you're going to swim, might as well have something to swim for, was Mr. Brown's motto. In pursuit of which doctrine he proceeded to accumulate a remarkable decoration of engine-grease upon his face and other exposed sections of his anatomy, while Mella, garbed for aquatic sports, lolled on the after-deck of the boat. Get that? Mella Comstock—the girl who owns the Hispana-Suiza and whom the clergy lose their hair about. I guess that shows you that Mr. Brown was getting on. I guess it does. Or, if you have to have more evidence, just listen in a sec to what Mella is saying as, after testing the water with one tanned foot and deciding against it, she curls up on the deck again.

"I'll get talked about, being out here alone with you," are her very words. "You have a terrible reputation, J. W." And her gray eyes look like shaded parts of the lake between her long lashes.

It was the accolade for John Woodson Brown. To have acquired a terrible reputation was indeed to have become an initiate in the larger life. Reverend gentlemen would presently begin denuding themselves of hirsute adornment in his behalf. Tumult and shouting arose within Mr. Brown. And then it died. According to her own words, he had compromised a woman of the world to which he had attained. Men protect the women of their own world. The thing that makes them do it is called chivalry. Shutting away a sudden memory of Sally that hit him like a pain, Mr. Brown shouldered the burden of his new life.

"We'd better beat it away from here, then, and cut loose for New York," he said as soon as he could force the words out.

"Goodness!" was Mella's response.

"Get married," he hastened to supply as he adjusted the feed-pipe of the engine with shaking hands.

"Dear me!" said Mella. "How about the girl who's coming to visit your aunt and that you asked me to give a week-end for at my house across the bay?"

"It—that's over." J. W.'s unsteady hand was playing the dickens with the engine, so, wiping it on a greasy rag, he stared over the water. "My duty is now to you—and I'll stand by you, little woman."

A flicker around Mella's mouth threatened to break from control. Rising from the deck, she lifted herself over the boat-rail in an easy dive. The water opened and closed for her like oil. J. W. unshipped a canoe and paddled along as she swam. He wondered if he was engaged. He must be. Mella was a beauty all right, but he wished he could forget Sally. Sally's eyes were wide and brown and oceans deep. The pain that had hit him amidships before came back. It wasn't so much a pain as it was a sort of vast hurting emptiness—like being hungry, only worse. This chivalry business was awful. It came and sat down in a cold lump on your chest. He wondered who invented it.

HE CONTINUED to feel steadily worse every minute between that time and the morning that Sally arrived. Then he didn't feel worse—he felt worst. And it wasn't any relief either when Sally met Mella and sort of took in the situation. Once a fellow up in Skiwamish wounded a fawn, and J. W. punched his face because of the terrible look in the fawn's eyes. He wished somebody'd punch his face for the look in Sally's eyes. Mella didn't help matters either. If she'd come through and announce their engagement and have the whole thing over—well, he had only the fawn to go by, but he distinctly remembered that the terrible look had vanished from its eyes when the woodsman was finally persuaded to put in a final bullet.

The show-down eventuated after the midnight swim which was to finish off the first day of Mella's house-party. Everybody was perished with the cold, and the whole bunch left the water at once and raced to the house to warm their gills with hot milk before turning in. Mella reached the fireplace first, and J. W. didn't really notice how he'd dropped back from his rightful place beside her to help Sally over the rough trail up from the beach until they were all inside and had the door closed. When he did notice it, he saw plainly that there must never be any dropping back with Sally again, and that some well-defined preventive measure would have to be adopted. If Mella'd announce their engagement— But Mella too manifestly did not intend to announce their engagement. Very well, then—he'd indicate the *status quo* himself. Emitting a yowl intended to convey the idea of great eagerness to be beside his love, he flung Malcolm Johnson out of the way and plopped down on the floor at Mella's right hand. Sally merged into the shadows at the outer ring of the crowd.

ONCE more a funny flicker moved around Mella's mouth. Then her eyes traveled to Sally, and the flicker hardened into a straight firm line. Getting to her feet, she stood for a minute with her long cape hanging boyishly from her shoulders. A thought flashed a message of hope through J. W.'s brain: Mella looked like a young cavalier. Maybe there was such a thing as chivalry among women too. If there were——

The thought died miserably.

"Hot milk!" Mella was exclaiming contemptuously as a Japanese appeared with a tray. "Why not add a couple of prunes and an ounce of spinach and have a regular baby party! I'm going out with The Colonel." And she vanished through the door.

J. W. started to dog dutifully after her. But the tug back to Sally was as strong, if not stronger, than the pull toward Mella. Hesitating, he stood in the doorway, watching Mella's shadow as it dimmed in the darkness under the trees and then grew clear again in the moonlight beyond. He ought to be with her, showing the world——

"Who's The Colonel?" Sally's hand on his arm sent a tingle through him.

"Her horse. Sixteen hands high and a gait like a steam car. I'd better go and——"

"A girl has no business to start off to ride in nothing but a bathing-suit and a cape——"

He shrugged Sally's hand away. He couldn't stand it. It made the hurt worse.

"Hush!" he said impatiently to cover his pain. "You're from Skiwamish and don't understand."

"I understand more than you think I do. And I'll tell you right now, John Woodson Brown, that if riding around at midnight in a wet bathing-suit is what you admire in a girl—why, I——"

"Hush up, will you?"

"—why, I can ride better than she can with one hand tied behind me. I guess my folks were crossing the plains on mustangs while hers were still posting around Boston Common for their morning exercise to keep their fat down. And I'll show you who can ride!"

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MY OWN STORY

An autobiography of life, love and a career

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Mother," "The Beloved Woman," "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," "Rose of the World," etc.



THIS IS OUR NOVELIST SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK AND JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE TO CHARLES G. NORRIS



IN 1910 KATHLEEN NORRIS SCORED TWO VICTORIES AT ONCE—A BABY SON AND A FIRST STORY IN *THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY*

PART TWO

ON FIVE thousand a year New York is one of the most difficult cities in the world in which to live. And on fifty thousand it is supremely unsatisfactory. But fifteen years ago it was possible to manage a small establishment there very nicely on twenty-five dollars a week, to live well and to save money.

So approached, New York is everything that ambitious youth has ever dreamed of it; it is utterly, ultimately soul-filling. It is romantic, it is exciting, it is never two seconds the same. Lost a thousand times over in the hurry and bustle of the millions, we used to feel sometimes that we were as free as disembodied spirits; nobody cared what became of us, or what we thought, or said, or did.

WE WERE married on a soft April afternoon, and immediately took possession of an apartment in the East Seventies near Madison Avenue. "Himself" was now employed on *The American Magazine*, then a brilliant offshoot of the old McClure publications and with a staff that seemed to me remarkable then and seems even more extraordinary now. Most of its members became our close friends, and in this accidental circumstance at least I will admit that our good fortune was exceptional. There was John S. Phillips, who had been a partner of the old McClure-Phillips Company, and whose gracious wife and houseful of dear children made our first Thanksgiving memorable up in snowy little Goshen. And there was Ray Stannard Baker, then only beginning his famous political articles. There was Ida M. Tarbell, in whose Connecticut farmhouse I spent a week the next Spring and who gave me wonderful tomatoes and cherries while giving me even more wonderful inspiration and suggestion. There was Peter Finley Dunne, and John Siddall, who was later the editor of *The American* in its sensationally successful days. And there was Albert Boyden, who gave us our first tea and gathered together a group of writers that, to our dazzled eyes, looked like a page from "Who's Who."

But such teas and visits were the high-lights. It was the every-day commonplace problem that made them possible and that had to be sound beneath them. On our wedding-day we had two weeks' pay saved up and not one other cent—or even the prospect of one other cent—in the world. Part of those fifty dollars had to be put aside for rent, and the rest was ours to stock our little kitchen and for car-fares and amusement and meals.

I suppose that it is only by the merest chance—the hundredth possibility—that two persons, married by that series of incredibly casual occurrences that lead even to the sanest marriage, should be so constituted as to find in poverty, struggle, obscurity and hard work nothing but "fun." Sometimes a man rather wistfully muses upon the potentialities of simple living; sometimes a woman would be quite content to scrimp and save "if George were not so terribly restless and extravagant." But it is rare to find the taste in both husband and wife.

Whether we were stupid or unfortunate or contemptible or not, it was our peculiar good fortune to share this quality. We thoroughly enjoyed it. And, absolutely without assistance from any source whatsoever, we lived upon our little income splendidly, saved money and enjoyed life to the last second.

We paid, in advance, thirty dollars for rent, and we managed our three-burner gas-stove with a meter and silver quarters. We had no bills. Milk and ice came only when ordered and were paid for then and there; groceries I bought only twice a week; and such was our horror of debt, our sneaking recollections of that hall bedroom in which New York was always strangling and suffocating ambitious youth, that we had no telephone and bought newspapers only when we had the money in hand.

Seven dollars and a half came out of every week's twenty-five for rent. Seven more were my allotment for table and household. One went to Himself. It will hence be deduced that even in the hated four-week months we had a lordly balance of nine dollars and a half every seven days. In the five-week months, of course, we were embarrassed with our wealth.

The apartment occuoied a whole floor in a narrow brownstone house. We had a sunshiny front room on the street, a shady big back room that looked out on gardens and a connecting neck of bath, a deep clothes-closet and a four-foot-square kitchen. A small woman could touch stove and ice-chest easily with either hand; a large woman could not be in the kitchen without doing so. The bath, closet and kitchen were all, as it were, "en suite" and the only connecting-link between the two big rooms.

BUT what a happy world it was! The apartment was delightfully adapted to entertaining, and of course we entertained. Pheasant, turkey, lobsters we had naturally to forego; but there was nothing in the line of pastes and mixed salads and soups that we did not thoroughly master. My Spanish bakery-woman told me secrets regarding omelets, and my Italian janitress others about macaroni; and we ourselves enjoyed them so much that it never occurred to us that our friends might not. As a matter of fact, I still believe the kindly things our guests said about our table.

More than once I deceived the head of the house in an innocent fashion, which I am glad to pass on now to other budget-ridden wives. When he first got home at the weary end of the day, there was always an appearance of plenty: a tureen of thick soup, muffins, a deep plum pie visible on the table. When he sat down, starving and suspicious, with the usual male "What's coming?" and the usual glance kitchenward, I would say serenely, "Chops and stuffed potatoes," or "Scalloped fish," or anything else that came into my head.

He would then fall upon the soup—more soup, and upon the muffins—another muffin, and we would talk. And presently I would read him the letters—a letter from home, or a letter from Teresa, now in Wonderland—or was it only Europe?—with that friend of whom she never spoke without the possessive pronoun, "My Ellen." And he would tell me the office news and take various crumpled memoranda out of his pocket to augment it. When the soup was gone and the muffins almost gone and a cream cheese had been unexpectedly discovered and attacked, invariably my dinner companion would ask casually: "Chops, eh? Fish, is it? Can you—could you use those things over again? If I'm to eat any pie——"

He never knew that there was no fish, no chops. Perhaps once or twice he demanded further developments, and I served him reheated macaroni and scrambled eggs without arousing his suspicions; but for the most part he remained apologetic, sorry that "I had had the trouble. He had felt ravenous when he came in!"

"Cook less!" he used to warn me after many such Barmecide second courses had been discarded. I would assure him that I was not cooking too much; I didn't mind.

SOMETIMES, of course, misfortune stalked us, as on that dark Saturday afternoon when we lost twenty dollars in the doll department of a toy-store. A thousand things were to come out of that twenty dollars. We had besides only enough for our supper at Childs' that evening and car-fare home. We had checked all our bundles gaily in the drug-store on Madison Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and we were now blocks away.

After despairing searching, and what I, perhaps somewhat ungraciously, characterized the "idiocy" of reporting our loss at the toy-store's office, we decided to meet reverses in the right spirit and to invite ourselves to dine with an old friend in the neighborhood who managed a large boarding-house and so could not be taken unawares and who had often asked us to come in unexpectedly.

But when did such an invitation ever bear good fruit? Our hostess-presumptive had gone with her aunt to Old Point Comfort, and there was no hope there. So we went frugally to Childs' and afterward presented ourselves and a pass at the old Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street.

Nothing prospered that night, however. Passes were useless on Saturdays, as the man at the office told us, not too quietly. We walked up to the drug-store, got our bundles and walked home after all, for a blizzard had begun and the cars were stopped. And this, we said over a late supper, was a low-water mark.

But it was not so low, after all, for the day after Christmas a woman—surely one of the best women in the world—sent us our money back; she had found it among the dolls. And we were richer than ever—because we surely would have spent it all, or almost all, on presents.

Indeed, we always felt rich. And to any one who disbelieves this, I will only put the reverse question: If bills are neglected and allowed to run, do they not mysteriously enlarge themselves? Do not the "about a hundred dollars" of the dentist's bill, "the forty or more" at the grocer's, the something to the milkman and the sewing-woman and the laundress, and the casual extras at the club *always* take your breath away when you add them up?

"Seven hundred and twelve— Whoo!" says the man of the house when the awful moment of facing the music comes. "Sev— It *can't* be!" exclaims the wife, who has always thought of their indebtedness as "in the neighborhood of three hundred."

Bills seem to beget bills in some baffling fashion; and certainly savings turn into more and more savings. There is all the difference in the world, spiritually and psychologically, in being on top of expenses or buried

"My Own Story," copyright, 1924, by Kathleen Norris

under them. It is almost never the running expenses of any household that cause the trouble; it is because there is not that actual margin for the unexpected—and that delightful mental margin to match, that gives the housewife and manager freedom and peace of mind.

Anyway, we were always astonished at our balances. Friends with five times our income were "talking poor"; but somehow we could always go to an auction sale and pick up an old chest for six dollars—we could go to Boston by boat and stay three days—we could have our anniversary dinner at the Lafayette—we dined with the J. C.'s—we had free seats for "Parsifal" and all was glory!

I have come since to believe that "talking poor" is entirely a matter of personality. It is never the rich people or the poor people who "talk poor"; it is always and inevitably the bad managers. Pride,



WITH THE BOY TO BRING UP, KATHLEEN NORRIS UNDERTOOK A LARGER HOUSEHOLD AT PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND



FOR A NUMBER OF HAPPY YEARS THE NORRISES WORKED AND PLAYED ON THEIR PLACE NEAR NEW YORK

fear and ignorance "talk poor." And surely it is one of the fatal inconsistencies of our civilization that we pretend to despise the material and the ostentatious, and yet have no patience with the few persons who say they like to be poor.

Absurd as it is, it is actually impossible to say this much in defense of poverty without being accused of being—without feeling what perhaps one really is—smug. Even to the most idealistic among us, wealth needs no defense. The ability to buy hats, rugs and stone houses has always seemed to invest one with influence; the ability on very little material basis to make five rooms into a paradise for a man and three small children has always seemed faintly contemptible.

Not that I would say to any other wife beginning on thirteen hundred dollars a year, "Try not to be rich!" It is quite natural to work toward comforts, then luxuries, and then superfluities; and life sometimes makes one rich in spite of oneself. But this much I *can* say: If you can learn to be happy and out of debt while you are poor, your chances of becoming rich and of being happy when you are rich are multiplied by about one hundred.

TO GO back to my own thirteen hundred a year. We had for our playground the most fascinating city in the world—New York. Were ever the Thousand and One Nights of Bagdad so fascinating as our first thousand nights and days in the biggest city!

What an enchantment there was over them then, even then, even to us who were actually living them.

Sometimes, through the magazine, we had theater passes and occupied bad seats in the back



KATHLEEN NORRIS AT WORK. FROM HER PEN HAVE COME SOME OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR NOVELS, ALL OF THEM BRIMFUL OF LIFE, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE, AND ALL OF THEM POSSESSING THAT ALL-TOO-RARE QUALITY — WHOLESOMENESS



IN SPORTIVE MOMENTS THEY CANOED OR SAILED ABOUT THE WATERS OF LONG ISLAND'S NORTH SHORE

of bad shows—but they were wonderful to us. Sometimes the same thing happened with baseball games. Always there was the Sunday orchestra—not band—concert in the park, where we learned to ask for our favorite music. And always there was the Metropolitan and the other galleries, and the Zoo, and the Aquarium, and the second-hand book-shops on Twenty-third Street. And always, as that first opulent Eastern Spring opened itself before our Western eyes, there were the delicious tree-shadows in the park, and the avenue dreaming in the enervating close of a hot Spring day, and the crocuses in Madison Square, and the shop-windows.

We planned everything, laying our united fortunes upon the table between us. As the hot Summer came on and the first thunderstorms—which, by the way, I used to think a spectacular entertainment almost too wonderful to be offered for nothing—we usually managed a French or Italian table d'hôte on Sunday nights after long afternoons of roaming and sightseeing. We knew several excellent forty-cent tables d'hôte, and a hundred fifty-cent ones. If we fared more than ordinarily well, we went home on the tipping top of the green omnibuses, and several times we went to Coney Island.

Looking back at all the crowded, delicious hours, at the kindly city that was our playground, the meals under Italian lattices on hot nights, the clamor of the streets, the finds of ten-cent books or five-cent cauliflower on the East Side, the panorama of living and loving and

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Drawing by Paul Meylan

AND IT CAME TO BENNO THAT HE COULD NOT MAKE THIS WOMAN OVER

QUEEN BEE

"Is love noble—if it drugs you?"

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," "Faint Perfume," etc.

SYNOPSIS

THERE was Benjamin Park—and Linnie. Many types of women had entered into Benno's dream of the woman he should love; but always it was "some version of the modern woman whose sense of the human race and of life was uppermost, who loved and understood people"—and now he was hopelessly in love with Linnie Bellairs, who was everything, mentally, which he had not meant to marry. It had been brief and tempestuous—their meetings, their engagement and their inevitable quarrel. Benno had introduced his serious-minded young friends of the "Movement" to Linnie, and her snobbishness had been intolerable to him; but she *had* tried, just to please him, and he loved her and forgave her. It was her insolence to Malvina Briggs, a "poor relation," which drove him finally to remonstrance—after the dinner at which the aristocratic Bellairs family had treated him with exactly the same insolence. There could be only one result. "Good-by, Benno," Linnie had said. "Not good night, you know. Good-by." It was Benno's chance to regain his balance, to be master of his destiny once more—but love is not so easily to be denied, and Benno's problem was not yet solved.

PART THREE

BENNO experienced that phenomenon known as the bottom dropping out of things. He woke to a sense of loneliness for which he was not prepared. He saw that his thinking must go on without its accustomed background: *Her*. When on the following evening he went to Speyer's and sat at the special dedicated table waiting for the others, he looked about and wondered what had happened to the place. When had it been so dingy? The very lights looked different. But, "What's the trouble with you?" the others instantly put it when they joined him. The trouble must be with him, it seemed. He heard that they were looking for a place for a fortnight's camping "near some golf," and he expressed indifference to camp, to golf, and very nearly to them. He had been walking with wonder, and life without wonder was intolerable. His reflections consisted in an elaboration of some method whereby all that had happened might have happened otherwise, and, too, in living over the moment (at noon that day) when he had inevitably telephoned to her and had been told that Miss Bellairs had left instructions that she was not to be disturbed. This quite ordinary message had borne the ring of doom. The sense of darkness was not so much on him as within him—darkness and weight and a mind racing round and round.

That inner attention was distracted only when, at the far end of the table, they made a place for some one. It was Malvina Briggs. In answer to his question, asked of some one near him, he was told that she had been dining there often, was now on their associate list, was going with them to the camp when they could determine where to go. He left Bede, who was in the midst of explaining that they wished to leave for the Adirondacks the following Saturday, and he displaced various diners in order to make room for himself beside Malvina.

In his "How's Linnie?" it was as if years had elapsed since he had had word of her. Malvina looked at him without guile, said innocently: "They got off this afternoon." He repeated stupidly: "Off? Off?" and heard: "To the Berkshires—for the week of rest for Mrs. Bellairs before they sail." Benno, stricken, managed: "They're all going? Linnie's going?" To her affirmative, Malvina added: "Something has happened—you look so strange—" He mumbled and might have added: "We've parted—more or less on your account." Instead he had a margin of mind sufficient to ask and retain her words, "Lenox, and the Aspenwall." He did say to Malvina, "I hope you've got your own affairs straightened?" but he did not retain the faintest notion of her reply.

HE DROVE up-town with Bede, who said to him: "I expect we'll lose you, Parker, when you're married?" "Why should you?" Benno returned, without expression. And when Bede explained that *she* wouldn't care to come down often in their midst, Benno heard himself say: "Miss Bellairs and I are not engaged," but he felt so remote from himself that he only dimly heard Bede remarking devoutly: "I'm almighty glad to hear it. May I tell Faxon? He's been staying awake nights over it." "Why, why, why in heaven's name?" Benno inquired, but without really caring. Bede, with a delicacy which yet hardly veiled a kind of relish, entered into the matter: Linnie, it appeared, was no wife for him; and Bede's elaborations were many and explicit. Under this Benno awoke, and suffered as both the elder Bellairs had not made him suffer. All this that Bede said was already known to him and was, he supposed, perfectly true, though it had been hidden from himself in that deep place from which he had brought up against her his one supreme accusation, an accusation now stated by Bede in terms less precise: "She's a queen bee, Benno, old man, and there's no cure for them. Such a girl has no idea of marriage. Take it from me, her husband'll have a devil of a time, especially if he's her inferior, as she'd call him. She'll think she can talk down to him as she would to the rest of the mob. She'll run him. She'll tell him what to do—and that wouldn't matter, but she'll despise him for doing it. But if he doesn't do it—oh, boy! It's the ruling class, Benno, coming out in its women, I guess; they run life as their progenitors are running men. Their fathers exploit human flesh, and they exploit the human spirit in everybody around them—they despise everybody whom they don't happen to love—" Benno shut him up imperatively with the word that she was still a great pal of his, and he dared trust himself to say no more.

But, aching with the truth of what Bede had said, yet, all the while that Bede now obediently talked of something else, Benno was thinking of Linnie—not as Bede had drawn her, not as he himself knew her essentially to be, but as if she were in his arms. The empty streets and blind houses streaming indifferently by seemed to shut him in warm with the thought of Linnie. What did they matter, what did the rest of the world matter, what were ideas, what was anything beside the clear live fact of their love? When he heard Bede saying, "Then if you aren't engaged, you can go camping with the bunch. Do come. What do you say to the Adirondacks?" he turned to Bede with the first sign of zeal for camping which he had worn, and cried: "Too cold, man, as early as this. What do you say to the Berkshires?" He spoke with no plan—rather with a smile at himself. When Bede expressed amiability toward camp in the Berkshires, and even remembered an uncle of his who might lend an ear to the use of a corner of some property, Benno said, quite experimentally, that he himself might wander off up there and have a look round. Bede was enthusiastic. Benno, half-reluctant, promised to let him know next day. At parting, Bede said: "You won't hold against me what I've said, old chap, if you and Miss Bellairs make it up?" Benno growled: "What makes you think we'll ever make it up?" And Bede said expertly: "Well, you look so deadly down, for one thing. And then—they always do." Benno suddenly grinned and left him. "If you and Miss Bellairs make it up!" The words filled him with splendor, and he called himself fool; but the splendor was there.

HIS rooms, so unendurable earlier in the day, he now found quite habitable, preoccupied as they were by some faint stir of expectation—even, inexplicably, of hope.

He switched on lights, thinking of the undependability of rooms—in one hour intolerable, in the next joyous. He turned about and saw, on the threshold of the passage door, a telegram and a letter over which he had stepped in the darkness. From head to foot he experienced a flowing light flame. The telegram must be from Linnie! It was all right! Everything was all right. Already he felt rightness, like a warm still pool in which once more he stood.

The telegram read: "Landing Friday *S. S. Fortunate*. Staying Ritz. Do join us," and was signed: "Isabel Palmerton." Who in thunder was Isabel Palmerton? And who were "us" He stared at the signature, at the direction, and then observed that the message was a wireless. But he was not so much concerned with this problem as depressed by the fact that, whoever she was, she was not Linnie. He took up the letter; it was from his mother and written in London. The letter announced that on the day following the writing she was to be married. "Benno, you will not approve of the man I am marrying, though I do think you may like him. So I shall not tell you anything about him. We are coming to America, which he has never seen. He shall speak for himself, which he never does, but you are astute—though so democratic. You never inherited that from me, you know, darling. I am very happy. I shall radio when we are to arrive—we may stay over a boat in the West Indies. I shall expect you on the wharf, and do remember that I adore you—" and more. And now she was Isabel Palmerton, whatever that meant, and was landing on Friday. He would have time to meet her, look at this so-called father, retreat to the Berkshires to find that camp site and—see Linnie. See her once more, at all events. Really, that parting had been too undignified. If they were to part, they ought to decide it sensibly, and not in anger——

The possibility of seeing her again gave him a nervous release, and he threw himself into his packing as if it were a pastime. Bede's words kept recurring to him annoyingly and once they brought back that forgotten sort of woman who had always entered into his dream of women. That dream he had always held, not greatly varying in substance, since he was a youth—though subject, of course, to countless variations in what he might call technique. Technique of looks, of manner, of charm; these had changed to fit now one, now another of those who had briefly occupied—or was the term obliterated?—his thoughts. But never had his expectation of her tastes and beliefs varied at all. These had remained constant: Some version of the cultivated modern woman whose sense of the human race and of life was uppermost; who looked upon living not as romance, but as living; who loved and understood people; who didn't attend to the exteriors of folk too much, but saw their wistful selves— He broke off in irresistible remembrance of Linnie's frequent: "Such ghastly people, Benno!" Linnie was, explicitly, everything mentally which he had not meant to marry. But even while his head was admitting this, his arms were crying for her as if they had voices, and his lips made for themselves, as if they had memories of their own, the touch of her eager mouth. He wanted her inexpressibly. He came at last to: "I don't care. I've got to see her again." On this he slept and woke, not to think, but, as he made his preparations, to feel and to long.



Drawing by Paul Meylan

BENNO WONDERED IF HE COULD EVER DO ANYTHING AT ALL A FRACTION AS GRACEFULLY AS THE BELLAIRS ACCEPTED THE SITUATION

HE DID not reach the wharf in time to meet the *S. S. Fortunate* when she docked, but he had his mother on the telephone and promised to dine with them. "You expect me to say I like him, dear, in any case, don't you?" he demanded. Her reply, laid upon the wire quite as delicately as touch, was: "You'll like him—but you won't approve of him—I've told you that!"

He found her alone when he reached the hotel, and became a boy as he seized her and cried: "I say, I always forget how young you are. You go away and I think of you—older and more mothery. You girl!" He liked the way she took this: gaily, not complacently. He liked her clothes, the thin black, the parenthetical silver. She was only twenty-one years older than he.

At his, "So, you're Isabel Palmerton now. What's he like, mother?" he saw a look of tenderness take her face, giving it, he thought strangely, almost the dignity of death, a dignity which he had thought alien to her. It was as if Love itself brushed through the room to the view and was gone again. She said merely: "He's very fine, Benno. Older than I am, disappointed in many of his ambitions, a bit ill now, but a big man. And fond of your mother—" "He'd better be! Has he been fond for a long time?" It had been so, she said, for only a few months. She had hesitated for some time, she said, and ceased on something about "responsibility." "What's his business?" Benno demanded, and she said, "You American! He hasn't any," and laughed inordinately at Benno's, "What! Does he write?" She said: "He has investigations to make—research work. And land to handle. His own land. His place is in Kent. Benno—I expect you wouldn't know his name—he's Basset Palmerton."

A thin shaft of remembrance came through Benno's mind, but he could not direct it. She went on: "He's a scientist—we met on some work in the British Museum, when I was there studying, early in the Summer." "Oh, yes, your bugs. Is he bugs on bugs, too?" Benno inquired irreverently. In an adjoining room a door opened. "That's he," his mother said, and when he entered: "Basset—here's Benno. Mine—and yours." The thin gray-haired faultless figure came and took his hand, said rapidly, with a faint friendly smile: "It is enviable for me to have a son—what is your expressive phrase, Isabel?—wished on me thus." Benno grinned boyishly with: "I've got the best of you, sir." He liked Mr. Palmerton's manner when he bent over his mother, even though he was saying: "I expect I've displeased and bored you no end—I collided with the Ansteys in the lobby and we've got them coming for dinner. Sir Aubrey and Lady Olive." His mother replied equably enough that she was delighted, and only Benno caught her disappointment at this flawing of her little dinner-party. He smiled at that—his simple mother so bored at Sir Aubrey and Lady Something coming for dinner! And the Honorable Madge Something Else, it developed, was to be with them too.

THEY had a conspicuous table under the pale oval of the dining-room, and Benno glanced round in the absurd hope that the Bellairs might have come up to town for the night—might be seated at the next table—he imagined them there. And how would Linnie look at him? Would she give him her eyes warmed by their common remembering, or would she bring down her heavy double lids and go on talking with Blossom——

"Are you always so hard to talk to, or is it I?" he heard the Honorable Madge Waring inquiring of him. She was beautiful, badly dressed, slightly older than he, he thought, and with that cool intelligence in her face and the slow poised word and look which he wanted in a woman. He said, "I beg your pardon—I was imagining I saw some one," and gave her his appraising attention.

In the hour which followed, Benno was audience. He listened to the men, Anstey a conservative of an older parliament, Basset Palmerton in perfect agreement with him, repeating the ancient word of the world as if it were new and shining; listened to Lady Olive, who was echoing their commonplaces of thought of a previous decade, stanchly brought forth and believed to breathe; and to his mother, in some witty and superficial comment on English figures of importance. But the Honorable Madge Waring he discovered to be a doughty Liberal, holding forth on English labor and its policies as if she were himself. Every opinion that she uttered might have been his own. When, over coffee, the talk broke and he found himself tête-à-tête with her, their minds simply flowed together when they did not anticipate each other. The Honorable Madge was the kindred of his mind, of his politics and of his prophecies; they might have bought out a kingdom together and run

it as a paradise, perfectly agreed as to every prospect and every parapet, not to say every precept. She was his echo, his intellectual other. But rarely in his life had he been less interested in a woman as a woman. Her animation, her highly inflected speech, her robust complexion and businesslike gestures, all these annoyed and alienated him. He all but muttered: "Three times a day! Three times a day! Fancy that—oh, Linnie—" He imagined kissing the Honorable Madge—if ever she should stop talking, brilliantly and convincingly and with, he was convinced, inspiration as to social outcomes. Kissing her? Why—he asked himself grimly—why on earth should one kiss her? He reminded himself sharply that her wisdom and mental vitality minus magnetism offered no possible argument for Linnie's utter charm minus everything else. *Argument?* What had he to do with arguments? Merely, he wanted Linnie. No Linnie appearing, he was seized by the absurd fear that, since they were not in New York, they were not in Lenox either, that they had sailed, that Linnie and Blossom were betrothed, were married— The Honorable Madge was talking of unearned increments, a favorite starting-point of his. "Oh, shut up," he thought, in his unregenerate inside.

"To-morrow," said his mother in the palm-room, "we're all going to motor out to Long Island for lunch—aren't we, Benno?"

"Sorry," said Benno firmly. "I have to run up to Lenox to-morrow."

"Then," said Palmerton, "if we're wanted, let's motor to Lenox. I never heard of the place. I'm proposing to motor there on faith alone—as one lives from day to day, in these distorted times——"

"Want us, Benno?" his mother demanded.

With his assent, Benno wondered if he did want them. He had no mind to show, to his mother and this stepfather, himself in the process of being cut by the Bellairs family, young and old. But the Ansteys accepted, the Honorable Madge declined, and it was arranged to have an early start at ten. Benno was thinking: "If Linnie *has* left when I get there, I'll hike back to town and charter a tug——"

He was now under no delusions. The Honorable Madge had done that much for him. In his bed that night he classified his complexes, or thought he did, and he knew that his mental biases were as nothing beside the voices of his ancestors in his flesh, demanding Linnie, to carry on their rather negligible line. But even the classification failed to hold his attention. His last waking thought was: "I want Linnie." In his sleep he may have murmured ignobly: "What if she *is* a queen bee?" But with the daylight a ray of something else entered his brain. He asked himself:

"Then, can love be as noble as it's said to be? Or are we all crazy?"

WHEN they reached the Aspenwall, it was noon, hot and glittering. There were bright coats, white flannels, flower-beds, glossy cars. At the desk, Benno's question hung there before his own eyes like something visibly suspended, but only for a moment. For manifestly the Bellairs were a part of the clerk's experience, and he replied at once that they were there. Benno strolled away, agreeably smothered. If he should come upon Linnie alone——

He came on Linnie, but not alone. At the end of a veranda he made her out, in a gown and hat strange to him and in the midst of many. But he knew her, strolled to her group, stood on its edge, lit a cigaret and boldly waited. And when she saw him, she grinned. Afterward he thought that it is impossible to be tragic nowadays. Upon the streets of Verona two would meet again after a parting, and grin, and say as Linnie said: "Oh, hello!" She thrust out a brown paw, presented him, told him about some tennis matches on for the afternoon. Presently she walked away, still talking to him; and she made, he saw with leaping approval, straight for a faint trail to a thin little wood—thin but adequate. "Worm," she said, to him. "Worm and beast!" He said only: "Oh, Linnie!" The trail turned at right angles and she lifted her face. "Weren't we fools?" It was brief and satisfactory, especially satisfactory when he detected a sob in her voice as she said: "I should have had to go with them. I thought I was in for it. I went and promised them I'd go when I was furious at you." Benno demanded: "And now you won't go?" She cried: "Didn't you come down here with any other invitation?"

THE Lenox woods are wide. The sun flowered the trails with yellow; the breast of a grosbeak bloomed from a sapling and his jetting music folded up the air. Floating segments of clear blue changed above the green, an air of infinite bright business prevailed. And it came to Benno that he could not make this woman over. The knowledge came to him abruptly, with the validity of revelation. Something of the dignity and majesty of her small anatomy struck him: *She was herself.* He could no more seek to change her than he could seek to change a color. All that was left to him was to choose instead, if she didn't suit him, another shade. And he did not choose. She was Linnie. The fact smote him with power. Something of the vast authority of personality beset him. He had thought of her personality, of any personality, as a fragrance. But it was a force. A force which he had no right to seek to divert—could not, in fact, divert without savage cost. He might, if he had the colossal complacence, try to show her by indirection where she was wrong. But he could never *say* these things. Some things must not be said to her, to any one. Once spoken, however, it was now difficult to recall that violence. She herself had gone back to it: "Benno, you'll tell me every time I'm rude to such people?" She was hopeless! "And you know," she continued, "I can't always seem to help the way I am to people like that, but I'll help it if I can—" Hopeless! He knew that he would never tell her. In that instant he saw himself going through life with her, with this girl who would grow old and go lording it over people whom she considered "unimportant"; and tolerating everything in those whom she thought were "right." Love, which creates illusions, had given him none on this score. He saw Linnie; and he wanted her. Once more that query came: Is love noble? If it drugs you——

Her mood may have dictated to him. Hers was tractable, reflecting, molded. He must tell her, she said, everything. No one had ever told her. In a flash of worldly wisdom, he saw that if ever he did tell her anything, anything harshly critical, some loveliness of their love would pass. This he perceived to be one of the lamps of such love as he was to be content with. He thought again: "Drug. Drug of love."

And was satisfied.

They roved and planned and forgot. When they remembered, lunch was well over. As they came up the slope to the hotel, colored groups were reforming on the verandas. So far those two had not come to a consideration of Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs; nor had Benno mentioned his mother. Few were about the lobby now, and the dining-rooms were nearly empty. They found a table by a window and lunched together, tried to tell each other what this was like. This, they concluded, was like a convalescence in which two had been caught from death. They were very solemn, then very gay. Their reminiscences, extending over the eight weeks of their acquaintance, covered all of their lives which, so far, seemed to them to-day to matter. They were the last to leave the dining-room.

THE lobby, combining the air of a ballroom with the quiet of a cathedral, drew them to deep chairs. "We really must decide on something," Benno said vaguely. "Remember I'm a rejected suitor." She laughed. "It sounds like the Middle Ages. Nobody is a suitor any more. One's parents have more sense—" Abruptly Benno looked about him. "I say," he murmured, "I've rather shaken the people I came up here with. They've occurred to me from time to time, but they didn't seem to matter——"

From the group remaining in the far end of the room a figure now detached itself and crossed toward them. This figure hurried, and before it reached them it began speaking with extreme emphasis. And it was Matthew Bellairs, saying: "Linnie, please! We've some friends we want you to meet. If your friend will excuse you—" Benno he merely stared completely through. At Linnie's, "You remember Mr. Parker, father?" Bellairs bowed without looking at Benno and said that he could be forgiven for not recalling him in surroundings where by no stretch of the imagination could he have counted upon seeing him. Benno murmured—afterward he hoped inaudibly—that in the future he might be counted upon more securely. "I'll meet you here in an hour for the tennis finals," Linnie said coolly, and followed her father. Benno sank back in his chair by a pillar, smoked, let his eyes go with Linnie. And he saw her gravely presented by her father to the friends whom he wanted her to meet. Benno drew a restful breath of smoke before he smiled. Linnie was meeting the Palmertons.

"HOW did you like the Palmertons?" he inquired as he sat with Linnie, waiting for the finals. He was eager to tell her, eager to share with her the joke of having been excluded by her father from the presence of his own. She looked surprised, said, "How did you happen to know who they were?" shrugged and added clearly: "He's too stuffy for words. And she's like any decent middle-class American—he's married her only lately. She was nobody, I hear. But now of course

Continued on page 70



Drawing by Clara E. Peck

THE FLOWERED GOWN

I wish that I could find my gown
With printed roses up and down
And rose-pink ribbon made to tie
In wide bows like a butterfly.
It had a kerchief of white lace
With ribbon at the crossing-place
To mark the beating girl-heart, lit
With gay unwisdom, under it,
And ruffles very crisp and wide
With lace upon the underside.

I could put out my hand at night
And find it in its place aright
Between my leghorn on the wall
And mother's heirloom China shawl,
Behind the cherry closet door
In the blue room on the third floor;
But that the room's at such a height
It would be hard to reach to-night—
There are two flights of stairs to climb
And seven weary years of time.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

DOES YOUR VOICE GIVE YOU AWAY?

It tells tales about you. Do you know what it says?

By VIDA R. SUTTON

THERE is no charm of personality more important than a beautiful speaking voice. A low, melodious voice is a priceless asset. If added to it one has clear speech and a knack of saying the right thing, together with a gracious manner, it is an open sesame, a passport into a wider world. And not only is it a social asset of greatest value, but it is decidedly a business asset as well.

Such a voice should be, and can be, the possession of every intelligent person. No one has a right to make unpleasant, ugly, rasping sounds in speaking. A person sensitive to sound does not. Are you sensitive in this respect?

Do you know what kind of a voice you have? Is it soft, low, pleasant? Is it high-pitched and thin? Is it muffled and throaty? Is it nervous, whiny, fretful or weary? Is it the growl of the habitual grouch, or, worst of all, is it the awful raucous "against-the-nose" twang, the metallic rasp that is more like a duck's quack, a sheep's baa or a frog's croak than a human sound?

Learn to use the voice as it is meant to be used. A good voice should be, like good habits and good temper, the natural possession of a normal person. If you hold your body correctly, breathe deeply and let the air vibrate the cords easily as it passes through a relaxed throat, coming through an open nasal passage so that it reverberates with a humming quality and resounds against the frontal bones of the face, the tone that comes out will be rich and resonant. It will not be a thin little thread of tone. It will have overtones, which means that the resounding made in going through the open nasal passage has given it other vibrations.

This sounds complicated, but it is not nearly so complicated as is the wrong use of the voice. Any normal person can easily learn to breathe correctly and to make clear, ringing, singing tones. Habit can get these tones into speech.

The first habit to acquire is a "right feeling" inside. More than anything else, back of a good voice there must be a pleasing and attractive personality. Your feelings are reflected in your tone. And your tone is made by an unconscious response in the vocal cords. It tells the way you "feel" about things.

Your voice is always a give-away. It reflects everything about you—your health, your reactions to life, your moods, your control or lack of control. You can not have a really pleasing voice as a habitual possession and be a disagreeable or horrid person. You can not have a rich, full, vital voice and be an unhealthy person. You can not have a musical, lovely voice and be an uncontrolled, unpoised person. For your voice is what you are: it sums you up and gives an index of your personality more truly than anything else. You can, however, be a very pleasant, delightful, agreeable person inside and give the passing world quite the wrong impression because you have bad vocal habits and because the response to feeling within you doesn't get into your voice. Of course this is doing yourself a great injustice. And if it is your case, you should not let it go another day without trying to remedy it.

LISTEN TO YOUR OWN VOICE

Do you know how to listen to your voice? Can you tell what it reveals about you to others? If you have a habitually nasal voice, perhaps you are so used to it you don't know it and your friends don't like to tell you. The thing of first importance is to hear and recognize the nasal twang and to feel the difference between it and the musical quality that you want to cultivate.

Unless you have a physical disability in throat or nose, an exercise that will open the passage is humming "m" so that the hum sounds through your head with singing resonance. Practise the hum through each nostril separately, holding the other gently closed; then hum through both nostrils until you hear and feel the sound freely. When you feel that the tone is ringing through, speak on soft, low tones the sentence "Morning, noon and night it comes" and keep the humming quality as a kind of accompaniment. Prolong the "m," "n" and "ng" sounds. Feel that the tone as it comes out is directed toward the roof of the mouth and strikes there with added resonance, instead of coming straight out and making a flat, thin tone. When you are sure you can say this sentence with a singing quality using the nose rightly, repeat it in your usual voice. Say it one way and then the other until you note the difference in the feeling as it comes out wrong or right, as well as the difference in sound. You will see also that your jaw can not be held tight nor the lips too close together, that you must open your mouth and round it to let the tone sing. A stiff jaw, shut mouth and lazy tongue are accomplished by a tension that also closes the velum, the flap of tissue back of the nasal passage, and results in the nasal tone.



VIDA R. SUTTON

Vida Ravenscroft Sutton speaks of voices with the authority that comes of a lifetime of application to her subject She has been student, actress, playwright, critic and teacher. Her best-known plays are "Fires of Life" and "Kingdom Come." Miss Sutton is now head of the dramatic department in one of New York's leading private schools

THE TERRIBLE NASAL VOICE

The nasal tone is the most common fault of American voices. We hear it North, East, South and West—the voice that has no music, that can be made by creatures having no vocal cords. In making this awful sound the voice comes through an almost closed nasal opening, and all the "tone" in it is killed as it splits through the too tight nose passage. It is the kind of noise a frog makes and is one of the oldest sounds that ever split the air.

The remote ancestors of the frog, crawling out of water to the land billions of years ago, breathed hard through their large rough throats and strained the breath out in this harsh, raucous sound. When man appeared some billions of years later, he had developed a voice-box, a vocal instrument at the top of the windpipe that enabled him to make high-pitched, low and medium-toned sounds. If we use this instrument rightly, we get all varieties of tone into speech and have a colorful voice—a voice with expression, a voice that is full of life and that reflects every mood and every phase of feeling. This tone, musical and delightful, "talks" quite as much as words do and conveys the real personality behind it more than anything else. When we use the "frog" tone, we kill the music and destroy the vibration by pinching it through a closed nose. We convey one impression only through such a tone, and that is an unpleasant one.

The sad thing about it is that the worst nasal voices are often possessed by people who with a little practise and training could have a rich, beautiful voice quality and a resonant tone instead of this ear-splitting rasp.

THE THROATY VOICE AND THE THIN VOICE

Perhaps your voice isn't nasal, but seems to stay in the throat and is breathy and thick with little tone. The throaty voice is the result of a closed throat that chokes or smothers the voice as it tries to come out.

Daily massage of the neck and throat is helpful for such a trouble. A wide-spreading yawn will help to stretch the tight throat muscles. Practise it until you feel the stretch. Then try it with "ah" on a singing tone. This exercise, repeated frequently one minute at a time ten times during the day, will in a short while have a surprising effect on a throaty voice.

A high-pitched thin voice is one of the most fatiguing to make as well as one of the most tiring to listen to. It, too, is the result of tension, a tension that may be reflected in the whole body. The person is "keyed up," we say. This tightness has its counterpart in a tightening of the vocal cords. The remedy is to learn to relax the body completely and speak in low tones. Low tones demand relaxed vocal cords. Persistence in use of low tones will help the body to relax and gradually overcome the habit of tension.

THE WHEEZY VOICE, THE NERVOUS VOICE, THE WHINE AND THE GROWL

It may be that your trouble is a wheezy, thready voice that sounds like a banjo with a split string. One cause of this is an unclean throat, in which mucus accumulates. A daily gargle is a necessity here. Deep-breathing exercises in the open air and the practise of speaking slowly on low tones with a full breath will often cure this trouble in a short time.

Then there is the nervous, jumpy, jerky voice. The quality and the uneven tempo of this voice are most irritating. The person having it usually lacks poise and control. Health building is the prescription, as well as mental control. Jazz rhythm has penetrated the nerves. A general slowing up, deliberate control, and, above all, deep breathing will help to get a better rhythm and calm into the tone.

The whiny, fretful voice is a matter of temper or disposition, or perhaps of ill-health. Whatever the trouble, one thing is certain: it is not made any better by being put into the voice. On the contrary, the deliberate assuming of a cheerful tone, even against a real trouble, will raise the spirits and be welcome to those who have to hear it. No one has a right to be perpetually telling her troubles in the tones of her voice. Troubles are never popular subjects. Cultivate a cheerful voice. "Assume the virtue if you have it not."

The bully usually has a growl. He growls to terrify those weaker or younger. He is often only trying to hide his own sense of inferiority by growling at somebody else. He is disgruntled at life. He just growls and growls and growls. If the growler would try for just one day to see only things that are pleasant and to say only things that are kind, he might start a new path in life for himself. But this habit of quarreling at things and at people because the world, yourself and the folks in it are not to your liking can be overcome only by real work of character-building.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE VOICE

A good speaking voice "sings." The tones come out exactly as they do in singing, except they are not so sustained. And a good speaking voice, too, needs a range of tone, just as the singing voice does. That is, your voice must not play one or two notes: it must have variety of tone; it must not be monotonous. Tones, indeed, say as much as words. Modjeska, it is said, could recite the alphabet with such emotional tones that her hearers would weep.

Do your tones speak as well as your words? A good test of your power to talk with tone is to try the alphabet, numbers or the syllables "la, la, la" and see what you can convey of fear, sorrow, anger, apprehension, surprise, calm, interest, and so forth. When you try this exercise, notice if your tones are shaky or not

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HOT-WEATHER HEALTH FOR CHILDREN

How to take care of your little folk in Summer-time

By DR. FLORENCE L. McKAY

Director of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York State

A ROUTINE daily program is important for babies and young children all the year round—and especially in Summer-time. During this particular season certain variations in the usual routine are necessary to avoid the dangers to health incident to very warm or changeable climates. These variations are chiefly in the type and amount of food, clothing, exercise and bathing. The program naturally differs for babies and for children of preschool age, generally called "the runabouts."

BABY'S FIRST SUMMER

Breast-feeding is the best health investment for babies. Eleven bottle-fed babies die from Summer complaint to one that is breast-fed.

Mother's milk is always safest. Furthermore, it is a great advantage in hot Summer weather. Any danger of contaminated milk or of milk that gets sour is thus avoided. There are, however, certain precautions that should be observed for both the breast-fed baby and his mother.

Regular feeding is most important. The baby should be fed by the clock. The intervals between feedings should be at least three hours. Many babies do well on a four-hour schedule, even from birth; and most babies can go on a four-hour schedule by the third or fourth month.

The mother should have an additional amount of rest during hot weather, inasmuch as sufficient rest and recreation will help to make good milk, and an extra hour of sleep at night or an extra rest period during the day will help to keep her baby well. She should be especially careful to see that her diet is well selected and that she does not eat foods which are spoiled or which would in any way upset her own digestion. She should have plenty of milk, fruit and vegetables. In Summer it is often easier to take the milk in the form of cold drinks, such as milk chocolates.

Weaning babies in hot weather should be avoided. If the weaning-time would naturally come during the Summer months, it is wise to plan ahead, to visit the doctor and obtain his advice as to whether it would be wiser to wean the baby early or to continue breast-feeding until cooler weather comes. If the baby *must* be weaned in hot weather, *it should be done under the closest supervision* of the doctor.

The bottle-fed baby needs much greater care and attention during the Summer than the breast-fed baby. The question of the choice of milk and its handling is of great importance. The best milk obtainable should be used—that is, certified milk, if possible. Its use, especially in hot weather, will mean a saving of money and trouble. No dipped milk should ever be used, Winter or Summer.

It is easy to contaminate even the purest milk by carelessness in handling it in the home. It should never be allowed to stand on the doorstep, but should be put immediately on ice, in the bottle. When there is any question concerning the source or handling of the milk, it should be pasteurized or scalded. Many methods are in use and are described in baby books and free government pamphlets. A simple method is to place the milk in a clean saucepan and heat it until it bubbles around the edges and steams in the center.

Greatest care should also be taken in the preparation of the milk formula, being sure that all the utensils—which of course are used only for preparing the baby's milk—are well scalded before using. Also the hands that prepare the baby's food should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water.

It is often wise to dilute the milk formula during the hottest weather by the addition of from a quarter to a half of the volume of boiled water, depending on the baby's age. This should be done under a physician's direction.

Do not change milk in hot weather if avoidable. If this *must* be done, the formula for the new milk should be much more dilute than the previous formula, gradually working up to the previous strength; and it should be done under a physician's observation.

Do not give the baby milk that is not perfectly sweet. Do not keep the feeding-bottle warm all night, for warmth helps to multiply the germs which spoil the milk and make the baby sick. Keep the milk on ice and just before giving it to the baby warm it by placing the bottle in a dish of hot water.

Do not touch the nipple before the hands are carefully washed. Never put the nipple in your own mouth to find out whether the milk is warm, but try the temperature by letting a few drops fall on the wrist.

When traveling, a day's milk supply can be carried chilled in a thermos container; but when long trips are taken, dried milk is usually safest.

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER

During the second Summer the baby is having artificial food entirely, and a large part of this diet consists of milk. The same care in the choice, handling, dilution and preparation of the milk should be taken as during the baby's first Summer. Mothers sometimes do not realize the importance of giving careful attention to the handling of milk, which is probably one reason why so many digestive upsets occur during the second Summer.

The addition of solid foods to the diet should preferably be begun before the hot Summer months. If additional foods are given in hot weather, it should be done under the doctor's observation and very small amounts should be tried at first.

SUMMER FOOD FOR "RUNABOUTS"

Milk that is given to little runabouts or children of preschool and school age should receive the same care and attention given to the milk that is served to babies. The importance of careful handling of milk can not be overemphasized.

Plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits also should form a large part of the diet of the runabout during Summer. It is usually safer to stew the fruits. Less meat should be given during hot weather than at any other time; meat two or three times a week is usually enough. Ice-cream when made of clean, nourishing ingredients is allowable, but it should not be given between meals. And it should be remembered that the continuous nibbling of ice-cream cones at irregular hours is likely to be as upsetting as candy.

CLOTHING

Overclothing babies in hot weather is a frequent fault. Babies can be just as uncomfortable when they are too hot as when they are too cold; and either extreme has its dangers. The mother should be on the lookout for temperature changes, particularly in climates where these may occur suddenly.

During the hottest part of the day a minimum amount of clothing for the baby may be a band and a diaper; and sometimes a slip may be added. In cooler parts of the day a shirt should be added, or a sweater. It is much easier for the mother and safer for the baby if a sweater or a blanket is kept close at hand so that it may be put on as soon as there is any evidence that baby is cold. His skin should be felt frequently to be sure that he is not chilled.

Night clothes should be fewer in hot weather than in cold. However, at night it is difficult to watch the baby and add additional clothing when necessary. It is therefore safe, the last thing at night, to see that the baby is carefully covered with a light-weight covering.

For older children, a minimum amount of clothing should be worn in hot weather. The clothing worn next to the skin should be of a material that easily absorbs moisture. The usual cotton knitted underwear is good for this purpose. During the daytime an underwaist of such material with drawers and rompers are all that may be needed—if a sweater or coat is kept handy for the cooler parts of the day.

EXERCISE

It is just as necessary for babies and children to have daily exercise as it is for adults. They, however, do not need a phonograph to stimulate them to the daily dozen, but will take it for themselves if allowed the freedom to do so. Therefore the baby should not be propped up with hot pillows which get in the way of his regular exercise. He should be given plenty of space to roll and kick about on the bed or in his coop.

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"The world is mine"

THE HAPPY CHILD DEPARTMENT

TWO SERVICES FOR MOTHERS

Do you wish you had some one to whom you could turn for advice on feeding and caring for your baby? Then write to THE DELINEATOR. *Try to think of us not as a magazine, but as a corps of experts ready and willing to help you in every need.* Our Happy Child Department, which was organized by the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the world-famous baby specialist, is at your service for advice on matters of child health.

Sit down and write us what is on your mind concerning your baby and we will answer you as wisely as we can. Where we think it may be necessary for you to consult your local physician, we will say so. But of the thousand and one questions that pop into a mother's mind there are hundreds that we can answer, gladly and gratis. All we ask is that you send a stamped envelope for our reply.

And if you want to inform yourself on certain general topics of child hygiene, then look over the list of handy and instructive booklets we print below. Every one of these was written especially for THE DELINEATOR by an eminent doctor in a particular branch of child health. Taken all together they represent the most up-to-date scientific advice of America's foremost child specialists. You could not obtain more authentic information at a thousand times the price at which we offer these handy little booklets. They are yours for only ten cents each—which small cost covers merely the printing and postage.

"The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, Chairman of the Medical Advisory Board of the Maternity Center Association of New York City.

"The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding," "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt.

"Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, ex-President American Child Hygiene Association.

"The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, former Medical Director, National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

"The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, Director, Rochester Dental Dispensary, Rochester, N. Y.

"Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)."



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

AUGUST 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF

A SPECIAL CONTEST ON "MY LITTLE PAGE" TELLS HOW TO WIN A BIG, FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS "TICKLE-BEE" COVER

Mary Scruggs, age twelve, Tucson, Arizona

A GIRL WHO LOVES FAIRIES

ONE day this letter came to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR:

DEAR AUNT HARRIET: If you can not use this LITTLE DELINEATOR I have made, there is nothing lost but a little time, a four-cent stamp, a piece of paper and a little imagination. I have plenty of imagination left.

Your little friend,
MARY SCRUGGS.

With her letter Mary sent a "Goblin Number." We have room only for a poem, a story and this second letter:

DEAR AUNT HARRIET: I like to make a garden and I like to watch the birds and the life of the desert's small creatures. I have always wanted to write stories and poetry to say what I think and feel and see, and to be able to play the piano, and to paint pictures of the mountains and sunsets, and to study astronomy. I also like to make up plays and have my little brother and sister act the parts with me.

When your letter came, I was afraid to open it for fear it would be telling me you could not use my work, but when I did open and read it, I was very happy to know you thought my stories and poetry were worth printing.

Your little friend,
MARY SCRUGGS.

GOBLINS

Little noses and great long ears,
Broad grins and big pop-eyes,
Goblins are funny little men.
They dress in green and can't be seen,
And sometimes when you get too near
They carry you up as high as the sky,
Then they let you drop and you fall, kerflop!
And this is the end of you and I.

HOW THE GOBLINS BECAME STONES

By Mary Scruggs



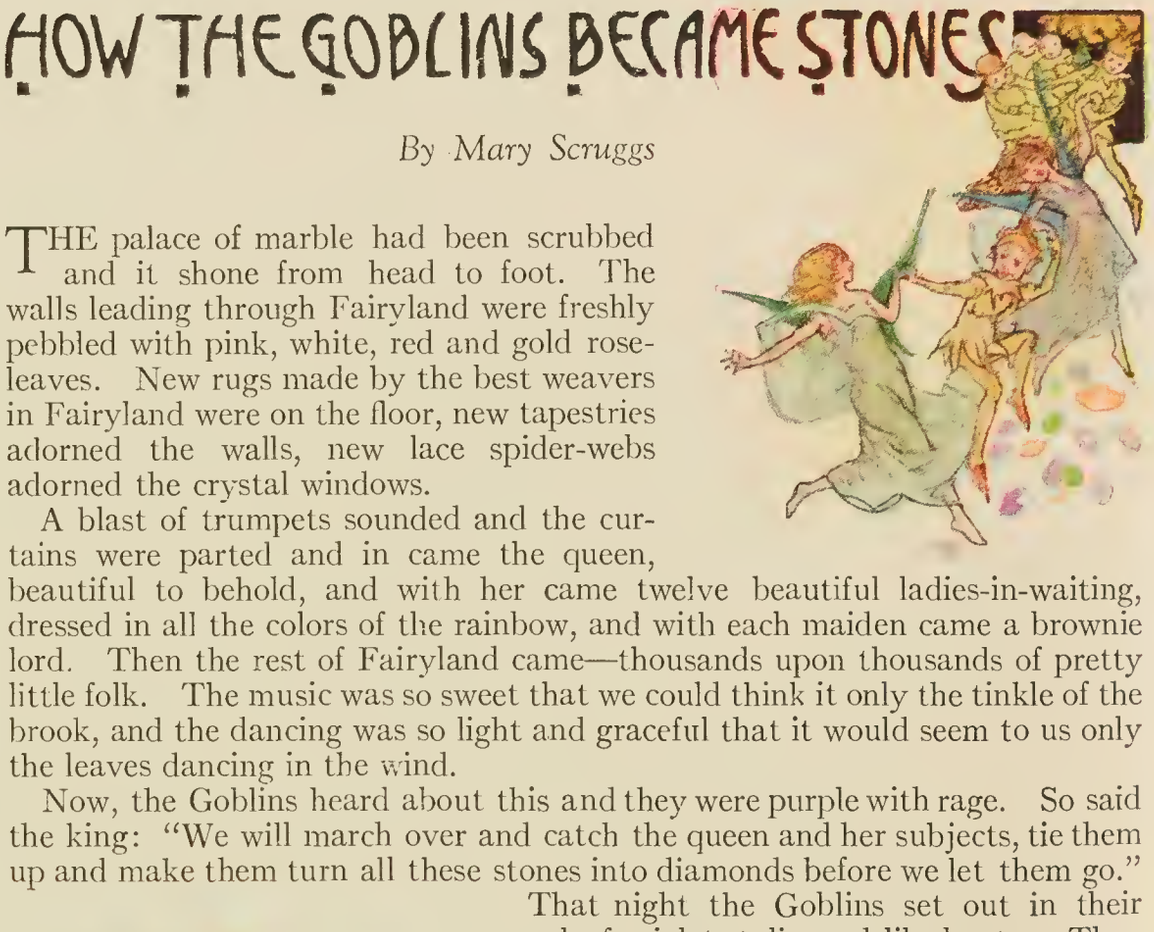
THE palace of marble had been scrubbed and it shone from head to foot. The walls leading through Fairyland were freshly pebbled with pink, white, red and gold rose-leaves. New rugs made by the best weavers in Fairyland were on the floor, new tapestries adorned the walls, new lace spider-webs adorned the crystal windows.

A blast of trumpets sounded and the curtains were parted and in came the queen, beautiful to behold, and with her came twelve beautiful ladies-in-waiting, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and with each maiden came a brownie lord. Then the rest of Fairyland came—thousands upon thousands of pretty little folk. The music was so sweet that we could think it only the tinkle of the brook, and the dancing was so light and graceful that it would seem to us only the leaves dancing in the wind.

Now, the Goblins heard about this and they were purple with rage. So said the king: "We will march over and catch the queen and her subjects, tie them up and make them turn all these stones into diamonds before we let them go."

That night the Goblins set out in their rose-leaf, violet, tulip and lily boats. They landed on shore and were marching up the hill when a fairy guard went to the queen and gave the alarm. Just then the Goblins

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"MY LITTLE PAGE"

WIN THE "TICKLE-BEE" COVER

Can you think of something new you would like in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR? The most interesting, *different* idea which your editor can use will win a big framed picture like our LITTLE DELINEATOR "Tickle-Bee" cover. Contest closes August 20th. Write on your letter and on the envelope "August Cover Contest." Address THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the big DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

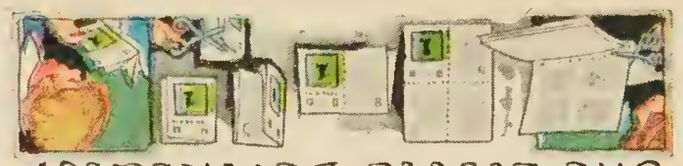
DEAR PLAYFELLOWS: I've thought and thought to find this Summer-time name for you. How do you like it?

Many of you will be packing to go away. Why don't you take THE LITTLE DELINEATOR and paper and pencil with you and write me a train letter? I'll promise to answer and tell you some new fun for vacation-time. And please try for the Tickle-Bee Cover Contest—boys, especially, for you're letting the girls get ahead of you in winning prizes.

I always talk so much every month that there's been no room for the list of contest winners. Here they are at last! Your editor-playfellow,
HARRIET IDE EAGER.

PRIZE-WINNERS

1923. *June Better Homes Contest*—First Prize: Bettina Baldwin. Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors: Betsy Dearborn, Annabelle McDougall, Mary E. Pratt, Eunice Morris, Irving Reichenthal and John Chamberlin. Pasteboard House: Verda Belle Jensen, Alice E. Kilpatrick, K. Lisette Roes and Lila Sinclair. *August Cover*—Roy Stegmiller. *September Cover*—James D. Baldwin, Jr. *October Cover*—Fourth Grade of the Shaker Heights School, Cleveland, Ohio. *November Cover*—Grace Petersen. *December Cover*—Jasper Howell. 1924. *February Cover*—Doris Handy. *March Cover*—Henryette Tate.

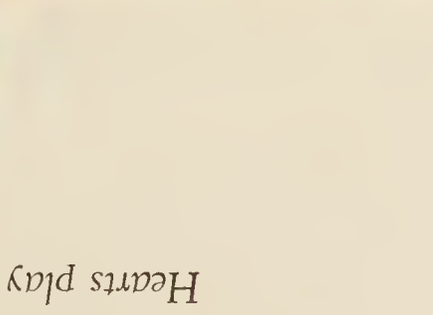


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FUN FOR LAZY ZUM-ZUM DAYS

From "Little Delineator" Readers

(Send us your ideas to print, too)



BRIGHT-COLORED HOUR-BOOKS

In England many centuries ago at the time of monasteries, monks spent most of their time illuminating "hour-books."

These were beautiful. On the outer edges of a page were painted lovely designs in bright colors, silver and gold. On the rest of the page were written passages from the Bible. Often these books were very thick.



It is great fun to make a small booklet (the way you make a booklet out of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR) and see what kind of design you can make. It is also good practise in neatness.—SALLY E. MARSHALL, Portland, Oregon.

INDOOR FISHING

First I got my mother's dishpan and filled it full of water. Then I took a stick about a foot and a half long and about as big around as a sucker-stick, tied some string to it a foot long and then got a pin and bent it in the shape of a fish-hook. I tied it to the other end of the string. I cut out four fish. Then I took a cork and cut it in four pieces. I painted them green for lily-pads and stuck the fish in the cork. First I took a knife and cut them in the middle, then stuck the fish in. Then I put them in the water and fished.—ELDEAN JUDD, Kansas City, Missouri.

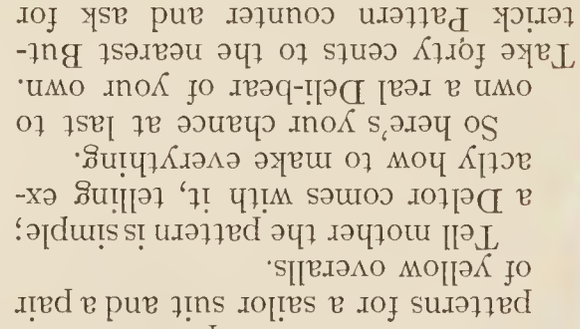
HOW THE GOBLINS BECAME STONES

Concluded from page 5

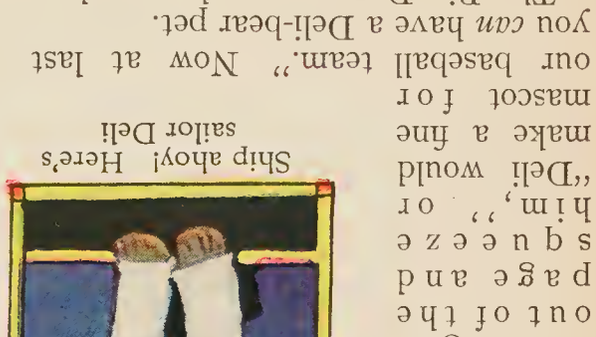
rushed in with whoops and shouts and were tying the people when the queen with one wave of her wand said: "Thou shalt turn into ugly black stones." They did.

Luckily one thousand of the Goblins stayed home, so there are still some left. Now, whenever you see a little black stone, look at it closely and it will look as though it were making a face. That is a Goblin, and it is making the face because it does not like its new place in the world.

DELI-BEAR MAKES HIMSELF

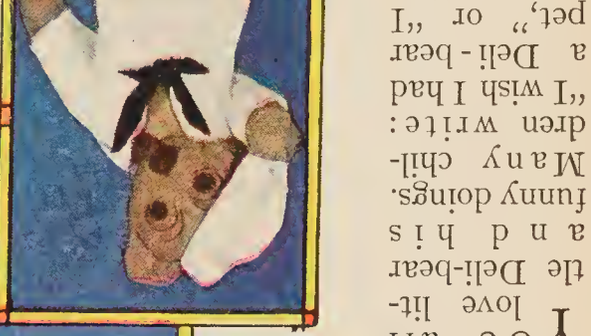


Our Deli-bear gets piles of mail, just like some movie star.
What can he do to please his Deli-lovers near and far?



Aha! He's found a plan. Quick! to his editor he goes,
And begs: "Please, every child should own a bear like me, with clothes."

So with his editor's consent, before the glass he draws
A handsome portrait of himself, fat tummy, tongue and claws!



Then Deli cuts a Deli out of something soft and brown,
And busily he stitches it across and up and down.

His little paws are trembling with excitement and delight
As in his little other self he stuffs the sawdust tight.



All done! Hurray! Now every Deli-girl and Deli-boy
Can own this sassy bear-boy pet—a funny Deli-toy!

(Read the opposite page)



A REAL DELI-BEAR OF YOUR OWN

YOU all love little Deli-bear and his funny doings. Many children write: "I wish I had a Deli-bear pet," or "I feel as if I could pull Deli right out of the page and squeeze him," or "Deli would make a fine mascot for our baseball team." Now at last you *can* have a Deli-bear pet.

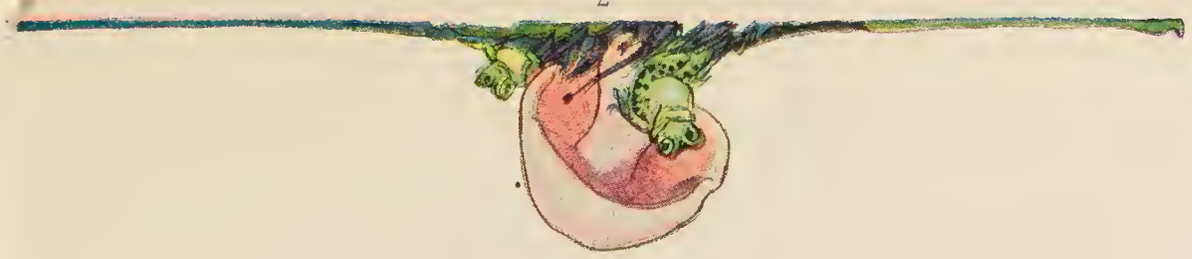
The Big DELINEATOR has made a pattern showing exactly how to cut out and sew and stuff a funny, fat, brown Deli-bear, sassy face, round tummy, little red tongue and all. With the Deli-bear pattern come patterns for a sailor suit and a pair of yellow overalls.

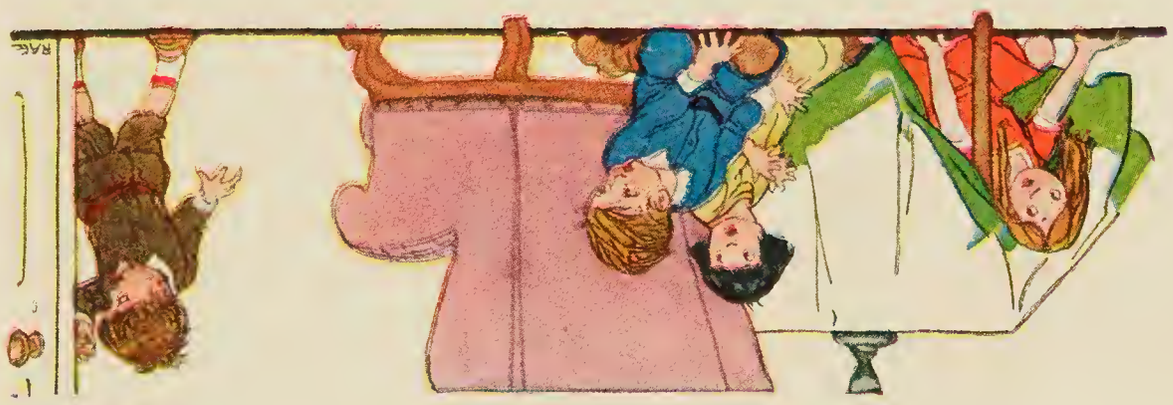
How your Deli-bear toy will look in his yellow overalls

Ship ahoy! Here's sailor Deli

Tell mother the pattern is simple; a Delior comes with it, telling exactly how to make everything.

So here's your chance at last to own a real Deli-bear of your own. Take forty cents to the nearest Butterick Pattern counter and ask for TransferPattern number 10271, or send it to Deli-bear, Fashion Department, Butterick Building, New York City.





HIDE AND SEEK

Wonder what's the secret reason—
Bud-time, snow-time, any season,
In their homelands everywhere,
Woolly-head and Golden-hair,
Yellow-skin and Rosy-cheek—
Children play at hide and seek!

Hide and seek! The whole world plays!
Birds and bunnies hide their ways,
Rainbows peep through melting rains,
Sun-motes dance down dusty lanes,
Under leaves, Wildflower covers
Little face from little lovers.

Sometimes, though it's strange and odd,
Hearts play hide and seek with God.

H. I. E.

SPENDING THE FAMILY'S MONEY

By MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University, and Editor of the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR

SEVENTY or eighty per cent. of the incomes of the United States, amounting annually to seventy billion dollars, pass through the family purse for living expenses. Since but a small proportion of this amount is accounted for and spent with a definite plan, and since THE DELINEATOR is receiving an ever-increasing number of requests for advice upon making a budget for household expenses, the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR has entered upon a study of family finances, beginning this month with an article by Miss S. Agnes Donham on the family budget (see page 20). Miss Donham has had practical experience with many family incomes and has simplified the procedure until the old fear of budgeting has been dispelled.

Fundamentally, a family budget is nothing more than a plan to accustom people to keep within their incomes, to save systematically, to spend carefully, to understand the value of the things they purchase, to correct their errors and to secure a mutual understanding with all those members of the family who share in the result of the expenditures.

FIRST STEPS TOWARD MAKING A BUDGET

To make a budget intelligently, information must be collated as to the size of the income, the number of persons in the family, the contributions in service from members of the family, the businesses of its wage-earners, the location of both home and business, the health of the family, its habits as regards reading, education, recreation and benevolence—as well as other details.

Incomes are derived from inheritance, from gifts, from earnings and from marriage. When they are uncertain and irregular, they make budgeting difficult. It may be entirely possible to find how much you are worth, but it is very difficult to make a budget if your income is indefinite.

There are resources in the form of money and also resources in the form of health, increased efficiency, growing knowledge and established health. These may all be regarded as reserve for the future or as a kind of saving which is justified because of the power it will give for larger earnings later on. For instance, a son or daughter may be helped through high school, or an investment may be made in the children to include college training so as to increase their working ability or efficiency.

A simple procedure for measuring material resources is here outlined for a family which has acquired a home, a fair amount of personal property and a lucrative business.

Real Estate	*Value of Each Item*	*Value of Each Group*
House	$5,500	
Lot	1,000	
Garage	500	
Barn	1,000	$8,000
Personal Property—Per Inventory		
Household Goods	$1,000	
Clothing	400	
Liberty Bonds	500	
Cash in Bank	300	
Insurance	1,000	3,200
Supplies and Equipment on Hand		
Groceries	$ 50	
Fuel	100	
Tools for Business	300	
Equipment for Housework	350	800
GRAND TOTAL		$12,000

Articles are listed at their cost value. Twelve thousand dollars indicates the sum which was expended to acquire this property.

INDIVIDUALS MAY MAKE THEIR OWN BUDGETS

At the present time a very active interest in budgeting is being shown by people on various salary scales, from very small to very large ones.

Good secretaries and stenographers, for instance, are very essential to the success of men and women in administrative positions. They are depended upon to care for details, the neglect of which throws the entire business sadly out of gear. They are asked to be able to spell, to correct errors, to have a good address, to be courteous, and to dress well.

One of these stenographers wrote the Home-Makers' Department as follows:

"My work is stenography and typing in one of the principal offices of a large firm, so it is necessary that I at all times look well. My wages are figured at the rate of forty cents an hour, which usually averages up to eighteen dollars a week.

"With these facts in view, will you please send me a budget plan for my particular requirements?"

It is extremely difficult to make a budget for others. No two persons have quite the same ideas about spending money. However, the following will furnish a fair basis for a program of spending if the income is only eighteen dollars a week:

Food	$5.00
Room	4.00
Car-fare	.75
Laundry	.75
Clothing	3.00
Cleaning	.25
Charity	.50
Amusements	.50
Education	.20
Health	1.00
Beautifiers	.25
Incidentals	.30
Insurance	1.00
Gifts	.50
	$18.00

INFORMATION NECESSARY FOR BUDGETING

1. Set down a complete statement of your income: Money, salary earnings, gifts, equivalents of money, such as food raised in the garden.

2. Size of your family: Adults and children.

3. Health of the family: How much must be allowed for sickness?

4. Location: Is there expenditure for car-fare; is there a good market near by; does the environment require expenditures for appearance, such as dress and keeping up with the "procession"?

5. How much must be deducted for fixed expenses? List each item: Rent, taxes, insurance, telephone, benevolence, tuition, savings.

6. How much must be deducted from the income for interest and payment on indebtedness?

7. Put down the business of each wage-earner.

8. Also the amount expended on recreation and amusement.

9. How much is regularly expended for labor?

10. How much does each member of the family have as an allowance for personal expenses, such as money for care-fare, school and amusement?

11. Make an estimate of expenses for food according to the bills of previous months: Meat, milk, fruit, vegetables, cereals, bread and fats, including butter and cream.

12. Take an inventory of the clothing of each member of the family. Determine how much must be replaced during the year and its probable cost.

13. Study the repairs and the furnishings of the home to determine how much will be needed for the year.

There are certain decisions to be made which affect the making of a budget. They are as follows:

Shall goods be paid for in cash or be charged?

Shall a common checking-account be established for husband and wife?

Shall the household be run on an allowance basis? What amount of money is necessary to support the individuals in the family? To buy bare necessities? To buy some comforts? To provide for the future?

Shall the children have an allowance? What items shall such an allowance cover?

What constitutes acceptable standards of living in respect to food, to clothing, to shelter, to education, to savings, to recreation?

How adequately have the real needs of each member of the family been met during the past year?

Does your environment encourage expenditures beyond your income, for food, clothing, shelter, recreation?

Readers who are interested in making budgets—either for their personal or their family expenditures—are invited to write the Home-Makers' Department. They will be sent special work-sheets which will help them list their expenses and arrive at a fair and simple system of spending and saving. The Home-Makers' Department further offers itself for consultation. We will welcome an opportunity to try to show you where and how you may cut down your expenses. This service we are glad to extend to you if you will send us a stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Write care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

Martha Van Rensselaer



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

THE FAMILY FINANCIAL CODE

Every member of the family who can, should work and earn; know how much he or she is worth; spend less than he or she earns; underestimate his or her income; overestimate expenses; make a budget; keep accounts; save systematically; have a bank account; pay bills promptly; challenge all purchases; buy those things which give greater buying power next year and the year after; buy those things which will pay for themselves quickly; invest in lasting advancement, such as health and education; carry life insurance, and turn savings into permanent investments.

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Drawing by J. Scott Williams

HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET

By S. AGNES DONHAM

Secretary, The Association for the Promotion and Protection of Savings, Incorporated, Boston, Massachusetts

THE Ward family was faced by a difficult situation. A large number of back bills had suddenly become due. The usually generous, happy-go-lucky head of the family had assumed an attitude of apparent miserliness.

All the bills were spread upon the table. Anxious eyes pored over them and nervous fingers used a pencil in rapid figuring as mother added up the totals. She consulted the check-book, finally looked despairingly at father and said: "I must have more money deposited before I can pay these bills." Mother Ward realized that all these bills were justly due, but she could not quite see how Father Ward expected—on one month's salary—to pay accumulated bills for furniture, taxes, interest, coal, wood and clothing, as well as routine bills for housekeeping.

Suddenly mother sat up with a new look of courage in her eyes; and instead of offering a hesitating explanation, she said firmly: "There is a way out. This should not happen! I am going to consult the budget worker at our bank and find out what is wrong with our financial system. There must be a way to arrange things better than this." Father replied wearily that if there was any help to be had, he hoped she would find it; and the strain of useless protest and explanation was averted.

THE next day mother and the budget expert talked long over the problem. That night a happier-hearted woman faced her family at the supper-table. When the meal was over and the washing-up finished, she invited all the family to a conference in the dining-room and reported to them on her visit to the bank.

"The budget expert was cordial and eager to help," she announced. "The first thing she said was that she wished father had come too, it was so much more helpful to talk to both the people who were spending the money. I told her I really spent most of it, but she said that though I pay it out, all of you spend it by the demands you make upon it.

"The next question she asked was whether I had talked over these problems with you children. I told her you would have time enough to worry over money when you were married. But she was really indignant and insisted that it was not fair to you; that if you had no opportunity to help plan, we should not expect you to share cheerfully in the necessary denials and sacrifices. She said that you have a right to understand, for if you do not learn how to spend wisely now, when you begin to earn your own living you will certainly have the same unhappy experiences with bills that father and I have had. Of course, she said, you must understand that this is a 'closed corporation' and that family problems are not to be discussed with people outside; and that if you can not keep things to yourselves, you should not come to conference. I decided that she was right and so asked you all to come, for, after all, these are your problems as well as mine.

"She said she would like to have us consider the budget step by step. The first step is to call a family conference so that every member of the family can understand the whole problem. The second step is to ask the family to help make a plan for spending, which will include the most worth-while things. And the third step is to make sure that every member of the family is willing to cooperate in carrying out the plan. She called these steps the three broad stairs: conference, consideration and cooperation. Then she gave me the budget rules, which also go step by step:

"STEP 1. Estimate the total income from *all* sources (salary, rents, interest, etc.) and enter on the work-sheet opposite the words total income. If the income is irregular or uncertain, we must estimate the *least* amount which we are likely to receive and plan the budget on that basis.

"Step 2. Substract the income taxes, if there are any, from the total income.

"Step 3. Make up our minds how much we intend to save (life insurance, payments on mortgage, savings-bank and cooperative bank accounts, etc.) and subtract the amount from the balance. She emphasized the fact that every one should save something, even from a small income, for use in times of sickness or no work. From larger incomes larger amounts can be saved, for the education of the children, for business opportunities, or for the building of a future independent income. She explained that if we have any debts, or if any one outside the family is dependent upon us, the amounts we have to pay for those things must also be deducted. Subtract all these amounts from the total income before spending anything and live on the rest, which will be your working income.

"Step 4. Make a list of all *probable* expenses for a normal year. Add also those expenses which are possible but not positive. For instance, coal may be a positive expense; an increase in price is a possible added expense. Doctor's bills are probable expenses, but the amounts are not possible of exact estimation. Allow some margin for each. These items are listed on the work-sheet which the budget expert gave me under five general headings: shelter, operating, food, clothing and development expenses. Of course there may be some items not given on her list, but it is easy to add them.

"Step 5. Define our standard for each item; that is, in the column after each item state how many times per month or year the family must have these things. For example, if the item is fuel, our standard is eight tons. At present our standard for shelter is six rooms in a two-family house. Our standard for laundry is a woman by the day two days a week, with our flat work and collars done at the laundry.

"Step 6. Estimate the cost of maintaining those standards. Our sheet started like this:

Item	*Standard*	*Cost*	*Total*
Rent.....	Six rooms in two-family house	$65 a month	$780.00
Coal.....	Eight tons	$16 a ton	128.00
Laundry Service.	Woman two days a week	$3.20 a day	379.60
	Flat work	Average, 60c. a week	
	Collars	Average, 30c. a week	
Savings..	Life insurance $3.000 Cooperative Bank, ten shares	Premiums, $72	312.00
		Monthly, $10	
	Savings-bank	Monthly, $10	

"Step 7. Compare the total cost of maintaining these standards with the amount of the working income. If they do not agree, reduce the standard either of quantity or quality until the cost of maintaining them is less than the amount of our working income.

"Step 8. Go over the list of standards and check each item to be sure that its purchase will give to the family the best return in *goods*, in worth-while interests and in "durable satisfactions." See if we are planning to spend more money than seems desirable or wise for things which will not develop the best type of man and woman. Consider whether we are getting real and lasting value for our money, or if we are spending it carelessly for things that are just good, from a material point of view. We should readjust our standards to meet *our ideals* of wise spending for *our family*. When this is done, we have made our budget.

"Step 9. Decide upon a simple method of keeping our accounts.

"Step 10. Live according to our plan and keep a record of our expenses.

"Step 11. Study this record frequently. Compare the money which we spend with our ideal plan and try to keep them together.

"Step 12. Make a better budget next year on the basis of this year's mistakes and successes.

"WHEN the budget worker began to give me these rules, I thought I should never be able to use them; but when we took up the points one at a time and discussed them, I saw that the plan is really quite simple and that if the family is in earnest it will all work out simply and effectively.

The budget worker used a sheet like this one. First we talked over our family standards and the cost of

Continued on page 58

If you want to make a budget, turn back to page 19 and read Martha Van Rensselaer's message about examining your finances. Then write, care of THE DELINEATOR, for the work-sheets and other helps that she offers you

AND NOW—TWO MODEL GARAGES

Designed by DONN BARBER

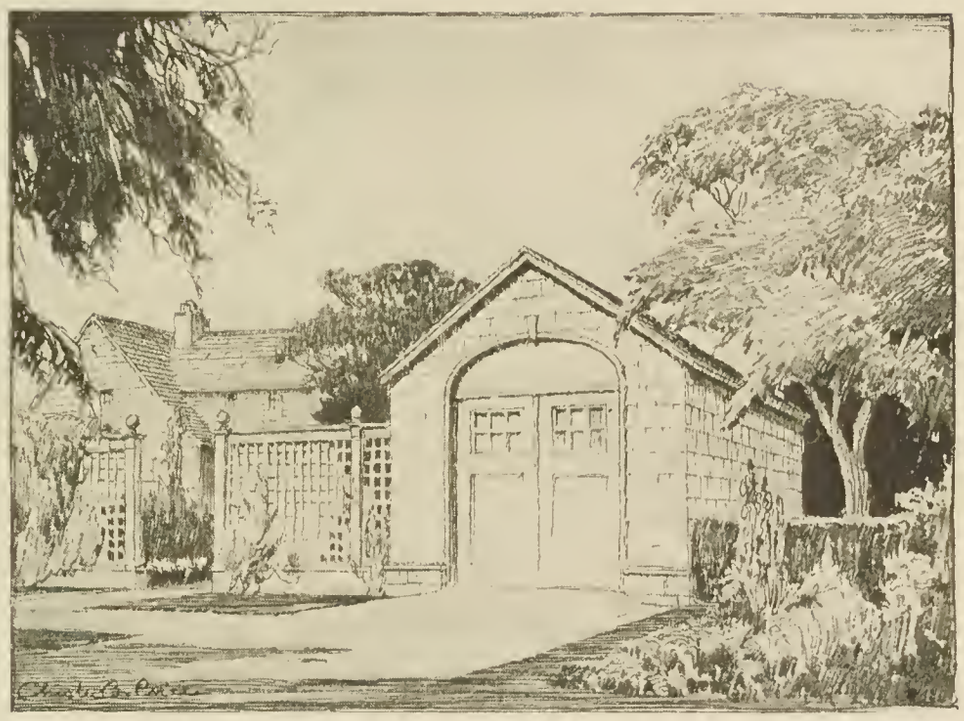
Fellow of the American Institute of Architects



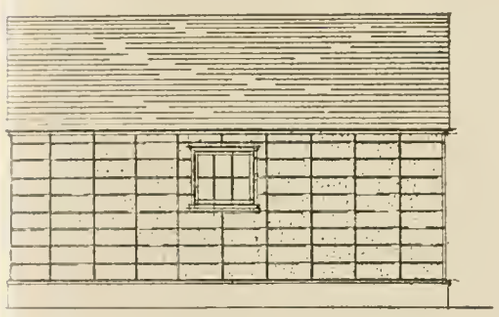
THIS DOUBLE-DOORED GARAGE WELCOMES TWO CARS

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
FOUNDED BY
THE DELINEATOR
1921
INCORPORATED AS A PUBLIC-SERVICE CORPORATION 1923
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
1653 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.

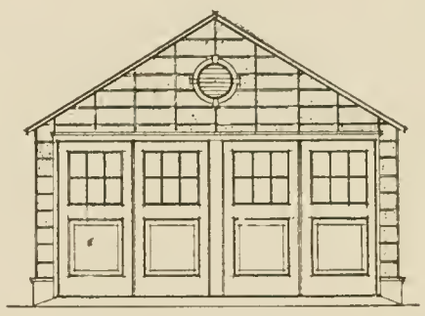
Some day, sooner or later, you are going to build a garage—and one of these two plans is probably just the one for you. Simple, good-looking and adequate—but not expensive. You can have complete blue-prints of either of these plans for only one dollar. And if you are interested in model homes as well as model garages, remember THE DELINEATOR has just completed a series of nine charming plans—all different, but all designed by that eminent architect, Donn Barber. We shall gladly send you reprints, gratis. Write our Home-Building Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and please enclose a stamped, self-addressed return envelope



A SINGLE CAR HAS THIS GARAGE ALL TO ITSELF



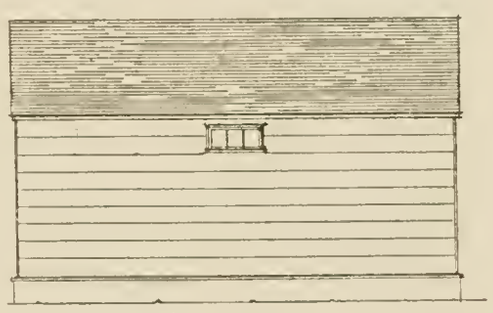
SIDE ELEVATION



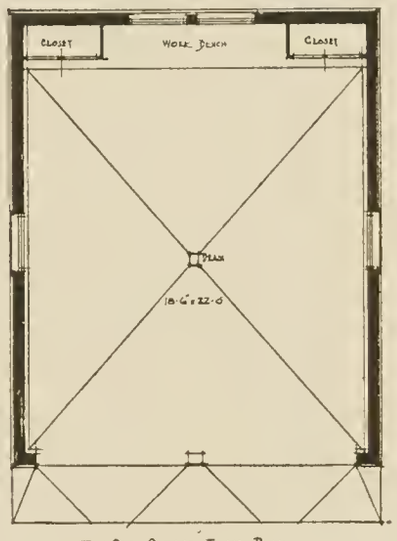
FRONT ELEVATION



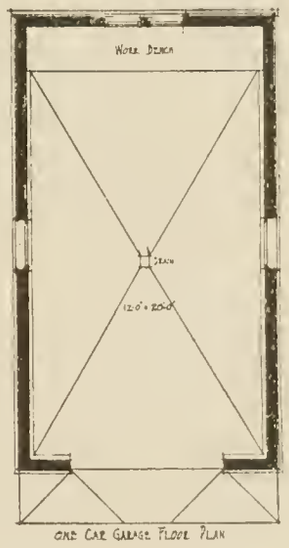
FRONT ELEVATION



SIDE ELEVATION



TWO CAR GARAGE FLOOR PLAN



ONE CAR GARAGE FLOOR PLAN

WITH the development and production of automobiles "at prices to fit any purse," the average American family has come to consider the motor-car no longer a luxury, but rather a necessity. And, unhappily enough, our landscapes have become dotted here and there with a motley assortment of little buildings called garages which in too many cases have been conspicuous for their ugliness.

The accompanying floor-plans and elevations aim to show that even small garages for one or for two cars may be of simple but attractive architecture and of economic construction. Though it is here suggested that these garages be built of wood or stucco, it should be remembered that brick or other materials may be just as desirable. For the sake of appearance, it is always wise to consider using the same material as that used in the owner's dwelling.

In the planning of the garages shown here, two things were considered: first, economy in building; and second, harmony of architecture with the majority of our present-day houses, which in most cases are variations of the Colonial type.

Besides this detached style of garage, there is the more recent development in which the garage is attached to the house. This arrangement naturally has both advantages and disadvantages, which each owner must consider for himself. Fire laws require certain precautions, one of which is that the door connecting house and garage must be fire-proof and self-closing.

IN SELECTING the garage site, especially if one has only a lot or small piece of ground, consider well the suggestion of building the garage in the front or street side of the property. It is easier to get in and out with the car, eliminates a cement or gravel driveway, and leaves the entire rear or back part of the property free to be developed into a garden spot, away from the noise and dirt of the thoroughfare.

Home-builders should, if possible, plan for a garage at the time they are building their houses. Even if owning an automobile seems remote at the time, the garage itself may be leased and thus made productive of revenue; and it should also be remembered that the garage might well help in the eventual sale of the house. Garages large enough for two cars cost very little more to build than those for one car, and the fact that the other half is available for renting more than offsets the extra cost and the space used.

Regardless of the material used in the wall construction, garage floors should be of cement concrete, sloped to a drain in the center or to a washing-space. The drains should be equipped with special grease-and-grit traps and connected with the local sewer system.

The importance of proper ventilation for the small garage can not be overemphasized. One should plan for at least two windows and a ventilator in the roof or over the doorway. It should also be remembered that it is advisable to leave the door open when the engine of the car is running. The exhaust gases from automobiles contain a high percentage of carbon-monoxid gas, which is extremely dangerous and which has caused a number of asphyxiations in small garages that were inadequately ventilated and unable to throw off the fumes.

Proper heating and lighting of garages is most important. When the garage is detached from the house, the heating is usually taken care of by a small coal, gas or electric heater placed in a corner or separate little room; or sometimes heat is supplied from the main house through pipe subways. If the garage is attached, it is almost always heated by the same system that heats the house.

The ideal lighting arrangement for a garage should include side lights on all four walls and an outside center bracket. Side brackets eliminate shadows on the sides of the cars where light is needed. They also make convenient plugs for trouble lamps. Switches for all the lights should be placed near the door where one enters.

Garage doors, especially since women and children have much to do with the opening and closing of them, should operate easily. The hardware needs to be good and should be selected carefully. That type of door hardware which permits the large double doors to fold and slide inside of the building on an overhead track is to be recommended. This gives the full width of an open doorway to drive in and out of, causes little trouble from swelling or warping and permits the doors to be opened or closed without interference from snow or ice or other obstructions in the driveway. For doors on side hinges, door-stops, which allow the doors to open to any desired extent and then hold them in that position until a little lever is pulled, are both practical and convenient.

A very important part of the interior equipment is a water-spigot at one side with a screw nozzle for a hose connection. For a larger garage, an overhead revolving washer with a long hose and a shut-off valve on the side wall will eliminate moving out one car to wash another.

When equipping a garage, do not overlook some method of fire protection—a fire-extinguisher or a box filled with sand. In reality, both these things should always be kept in a handy place.

THE majority of single-car garages economize too much with regard to space and are usually so cramped that difficulty is experienced in getting in and out when the car is in place. The smallest of garages should be not less than twelve by twenty feet. This provides room for garage and work-bench only; if closets, sinks or extra features are contemplated, more floor-space must be allowed.

The building of work-benches, racks for tires, and closets for robes, tools, oils and other essentials is necessary if convenience and tidiness are to be maintained. But as individual requirements govern the number of such features, these have been only meagerly suggested on the floor-plans illustrated. Additional suggestions and help in solving personal problems may be had by writing to THE DELINEATOR'S Department of Home-Building, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

ROMANCE AND RED LIPS

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

What a dull world this would be without romance—without red lips and lily throats and radiant eyes!... These are love's symbols, beautiful but elusive. Yet Celia Caroline Cole tells how to capture them. And better still, she offers to send you special little secrets just for yourself—if you will write her for them, enclosing a stamped envelope

THERE is in Russia a prince whose blood is equaled only by that which flowed in Romanoff veins, whose race dates back to a time before there were czars. Since the revolution he has been a laborer. At present he is one of several interpreters to a group of American social workers. They provide him with his clothes. Frequent complaints come to them: "You must be giving Prince S—— more clothes than you do the others!" "Oh, no," is the invariable reply. "They all get exactly the same. He just looks a prince—we can't help it."

"He just looks a prince—we can't help it." And the government couldn't help it when he drove their street-cars; nor the restaurant-keeper when he waited on table; nor the prison-warden when he spent three or four years, off and on, in prison. He has starved and gone weeks without knowing what it was to be comfortably warm; he has worked until he dropped with exhaustion; he has known nothing but poverty and uncertainty of life since the war—but still he walks and talks and looks a prince.

Race? Perhaps. But other aristocrats of Russia have broken under the new régime there. No; it was God who wrapped his soul in a shimmering, gauzy "such-stuff-as-dreams-are-made-of" coat of mail; and all the hardships of the world glance off and leave him walking and thinking and looking a prince.

As we go to and fro upon the earth seeking and seeking—and sometimes finding—on this street and that, on the high seas, in the train, tucked away in valleys, perched on mountain-tops, beside a tea-table, behind a counter, everywhere, we find people looking for that coat of mail with which the prince was born.

And its name is Romance.

WHY is it so hard to find for most of us? Perhaps, like the kingdom of heaven, it must be within. Not a thing you can run about and find. Within. And it will come to you when there's a place in you for it.

We happen to know that one of the funny, little, homely details back of the princeliness of this Russian prince was his care of his clothes. He never took them off, no matter how tired he was, without stepping out on his tiny balcony and brushing them thoroughly before he hung them up; never put away his boots without cleaning them and rubbing the polishing-cloth over them. And he never put on his high peasant cap that he didn't cock it into the cap of a prince. And wherever he went, there went Romance. Though skies fell, he would not let the color go out of life. In truth, life itself stayed in his keeping, because twice when he was condemned to die the women judges among the men refused to have it so. There was little enough of beauty and chic in life; they wanted to keep that much!

Why, my-friends-of-the-more-daring-sex, do we try to be women of fashion?—or just good, kind women?—or women of brains? Why not take the larger, more radiant view and try to be women of romance? Picturesque, fragrant, white-throated and shining-eyed; hearts as broad as the sky and as deep as the sea; ready and without fear for anything life can offer; sending our minds out always away from our kitchens and desks to the far horizons, to faith in the beauty of life. That's what life is for: to be *beautifully* lived with body and mind and soul. Our kitchens and desks will be the better for it, as will the nursery and our intimate life with our dear ones.

Refuse to let any one or anything, and least of all ourselves, take beauty and thrill out of our lives.

Perhaps we'll begin in simple ways. Like the prince, we'll keep romance in our clothes: take better care of them, buy fewer of them possibly, but with more charm, more of our personality in them.

Care of our clothes? Make them have meaning. Summer is here, golden and green and romantic. Get its meaning into your clothes. Things are so lovely this Summer—wide, droopy hats and whirlpools of tulle; even sports clothes are floating and soft. If you're bob-haired, look like a king's page or a chiffon Peter Pan! If you bind your tresses round your head, be a lovely lady from the Renaissance! Not a woman of fashion, but a woman of romance.

And then, fragrance! With all the enchanting perfumes there are in the world, no woman should go unidentified as to odor, any more than should a flower. If you're the rose type, smell like a rose. Violet, like a violet. Jasmine or lilac or heather—such exquisite aromas. Think what you're like, and then go to a perfumer's and smell and smell and see which answers you more clearly. And always, no matter what you are, let your fragrance be floating and elusive, not "doused!"

And white-throated! We've just discovered a heavenly new whitener. Not only does it whiten, but it brings that illumined look into the skin—pearly, the good old novels call it! And it's nice'n cheap, too.

While we're talking about color, the perfect orange rouge has also arrived. For those "brune-blondes"—the world is so full of them!—especially those who have gold lights in their skin rather than creamy, or pink and white, this orange rouge gives the most devastating charm: something a little rakish and yet very sweet, like a girl from a South Sea isle who knows the wind and the sun and the sea and what life is for, and nothing about the ugliness of sin and bored living: enchanting and free.

And there's a man in our town who takes away every sign of enlarged pores and coarsened skin—and who cures acne, by the way, without a single miss ever. And does it all painlessly, without acids; and he lifts and tightens muscles in that same glorious, antiseptic, painless way without a knife—all by electricity.

We're going to have it done, and we'll tell you the result without any concealment, though we love the gentle treatment of the beauty-salons and believe in them down to our toes, except, of course, those that are too strenuous. Patting should be gentle and light; ice should be used on many skins only with a thin cloth between, and on all skins, oh, so carefully and swiftly! Too-dry skins should be fed faithfully every night and for a little while every day, if possible, with a good oily skin-food; and water should never, never, never touch a too-dry skin—even that delicious cold splash in the morning.

Shining-eyed! We know a woman who works at least ten hours a day, and in all the time we've known her we've never caught her doing anything for herself, or even thinking about herself. She's so busy giving a million people or so something more to live for, to work toward, keeping their courage and hope, that she can't remember any little personal aims at all.

And she's almost the most exciting, romantic, thrilling woman we've ever met. Her eyes could teach the stars tricks of the trade. That's because they're always looking at the far horizons for other people and what fun it will be to help them get there. Her face, with its pallor of a lily (natural, that pallor; she's not pale because it's chic just now to look like a waxy calla), with its eager, adventurous mouth, its firm round chin and its frame of night-black hair, is so lovable that you want to do something instantly to make that face eternally happy. Her lithe, straight body isn't a body at all: it's electricity caught for a moment into form.

Life tried to shut her up in a kitchen and tell her to be good; but it couldn't shut out romance! Out through the windows over her neighbors' humdrummy houses, away she'd go on the wings of romance. You couldn't shut her up in four narrow walls any more than you can take quicksilver and make a rampart of it. She's got it in her soul! And she's a wonderful wife and mother and citizen of the world.

(Also she uses all the right cold-creams and gives her hair a hundred strokes every night, no matter how tired she is. She says it's good discipline!)

THE first synonym that our dictionary gives for romance is "imagination." Our mind is the lawmaker of our lives. If we'd only accept that fact and live by it!

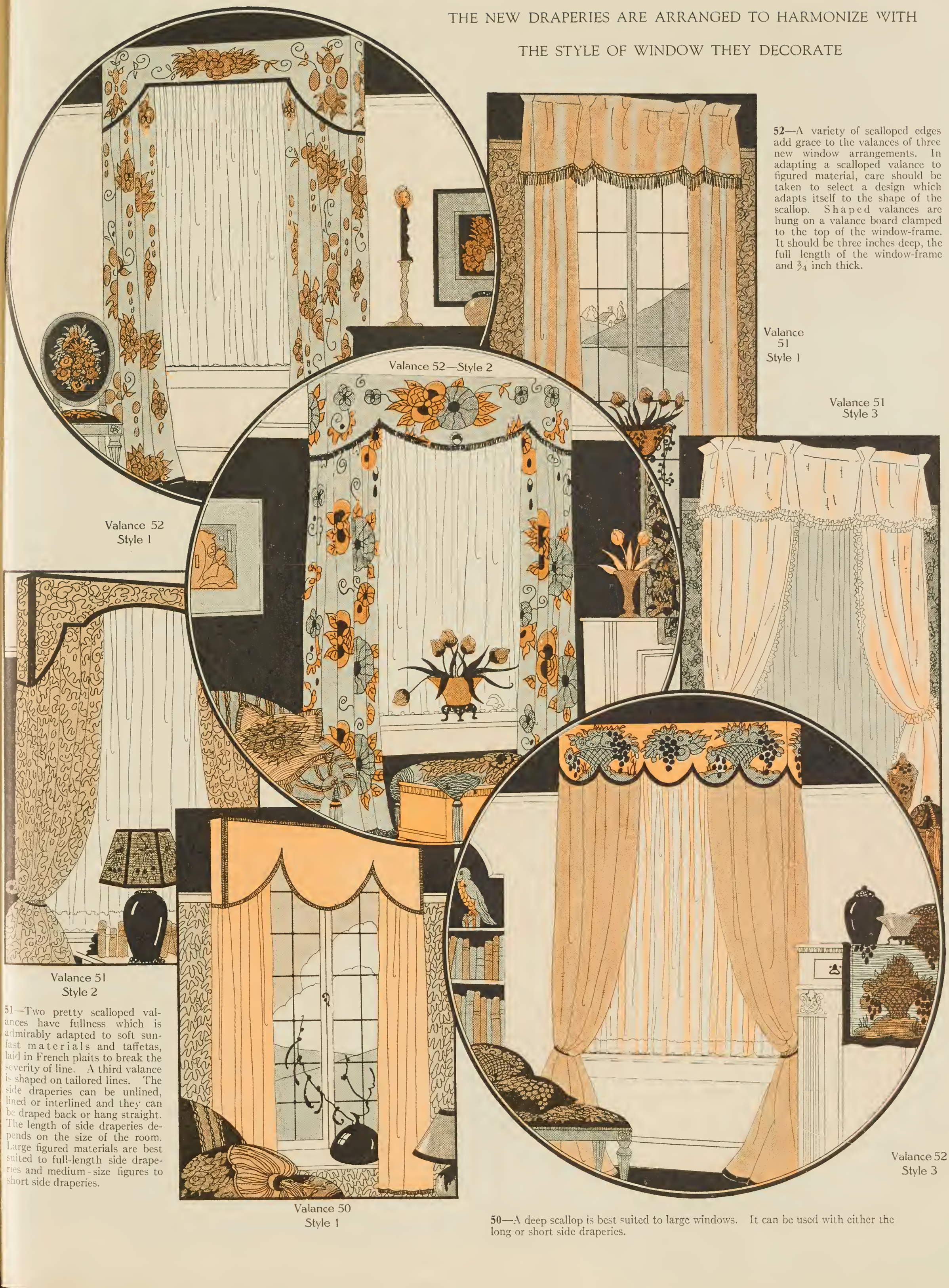
At least, as women of romance, let's read more poetry and biography, send our minds out often—oh, often!—to the far horizons, those beautiful glowing horizons of what has been and what might be!

And let's be white-throated, and fragrant, and shining-eyed, too! There's a romance of the soul—and a romance of red lips. Let's have one of them, at least. And both if we can!

Picturesque, delightful, unforgettable wives and mothers and women. Woman, you remember, God made after He had created man, because man didn't quite measure up! *You* know!

DO YOU speak with the twang of the East, the drawl of the South or the burr of the West? You will discover lots of interesting things about your speech if you will turn back to page 15

THE NEW DRAPERIES ARE ARRANGED TO HARMONIZE WITH THE STYLE OF WINDOW THEY DECORATE



52—A variety of scalloped edges add grace to the valances of three new window arrangements. In adapting a scalloped valance to figured material, care should be taken to select a design which adapts itself to the shape of the scallop. Shaped valances are hung on a valance board clamped to the top of the window-frame. It should be three inches deep, the full length of the window-frame and ¾ inch thick.

Valance 51
Style 1

Valance 51
Style 3

Valance 51
Style 2

51—Two pretty scalloped valances have fullness which is admirably adapted to soft sunfast materials and taffetas, laid in French plaits to break the severity of line. A third valance is shaped on tailored lines. The side draperies can be unlined, lined or interlined and they can be draped back or hang straight. The length of side draperies depends on the size of the room. Large figured materials are best suited to full-length side draperies and medium-size figures to short side draperies.

Valance 50
Style 1

50—A deep scallop is best suited to large windows. It can be used with either the long or short side draperies.

Valance 52
Style 3

THE FASHIONABLE STRAIGHT LINE IS VARIED BY LOOSE PANELS OR DRAPERY



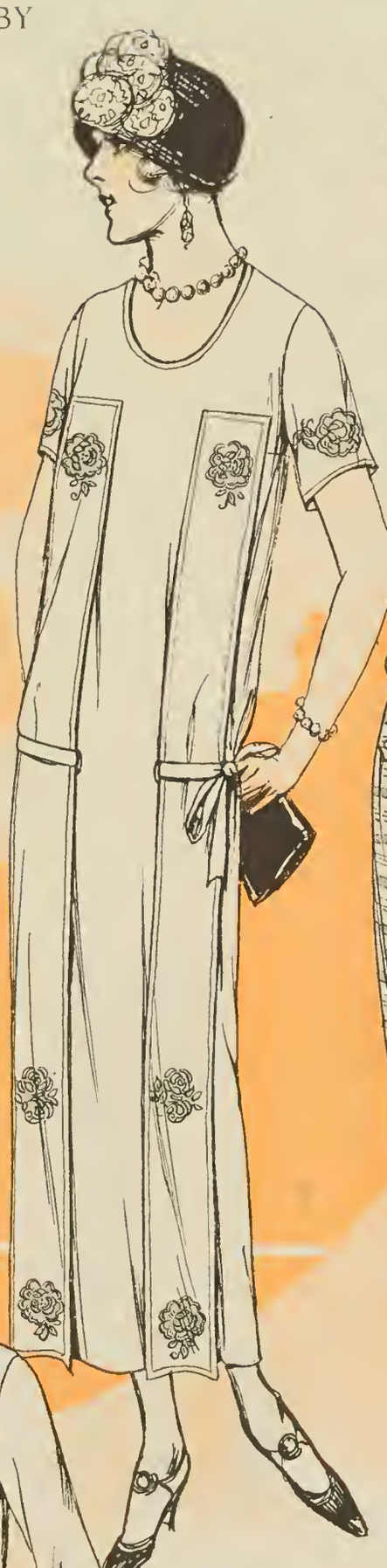
Dress 5427



Dress 5433



Dress 5441



Dress 5411
Embroidery 10208



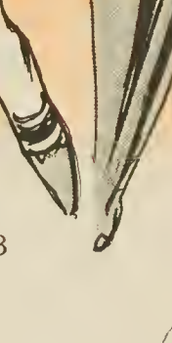
Dress 5431



Coat dress
5443



5411



5441

5443

5427

5433

5431

5427—The French have reinstated plain buttons as a trimming. They are used in groups on the front panel of this new one-piece dress. Linen or linen-finished cottons are suitable materials to use for Summer; and heavy silk crêpe or satin are also appropriate. For an Autumn dress use cashmere, twills, wool crêpe or wool rep. The dress slips on over the head and it may have a body lining.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch linen. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5433—This beltless one-piece dress is a smart addition to any vacation wardrobe. In flax blue, butter yellow or tan linen or linen-finished cottons it is very attractive, although for a different type of dress, satin, silk alpaca, silk poplin, rajah or heavy silk crêpe are used a great deal. The sleeves may be long and close-fitting or wider toward the wrists, and the dress may have a body lining. For Autumn cashmere, soft twills, wool crêpe or wool rep are fashionable materials.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch linen. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5441—Cascade drapery is always good style and gives a graceful line to most figures. A one-piece dress made of satin crêpe or of plain or printed silk crêpe drapes in soft lovely lines. It slips on over the head, closes under the left arm and there may be a long body lining. The ornament is very French and quite simple to make.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch satin crêpe Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5411—10208—Rose motifs are placed effectively on the loose panels and the short sleeves of this one-piece dress. They may be worked in outline stitch, Kensington stitch or blanket-stitch. The dress slips on over the head and has a choice of a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline or a body lining. Use heavy silk crêpe or satin crêpe; or for Autumn use twills, wool crêpe, wool rep or cashmere.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5431—Striped tub silks, cotton ratine, pongee, wools or flannel are run in opposite directions on the straight skirt and the long body of this slip-over dress. One may use colored linen or linen-finished cotton with the body of the same material in white, printed linen with plain linen, novelty cotton ratine with plain to match, heavy silk crêpe with contrasting color, plaid flannel or wools with plain to match, cashmere with plain silk crêpe body, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch striped tub silk. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The dress is smart and very becoming for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5443—For wear into town and for travel the one-piece coat dress is excellent. One may use a heavy silk crêpe or satin or the new woolen materials for Autumn—cashmere, soft twills, rep cloth, wool crêpe or flannel. For a Summer dress with short sleeves linen, linen-finished cottons or cotton ratine are suitable. The dress may have a body lining.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

LACE, BUTTONS AND PLAITS APPEAR IN THE SMARTEST FROCKS OF THE PARISIENNE'S WARDROBE



Dress 5451

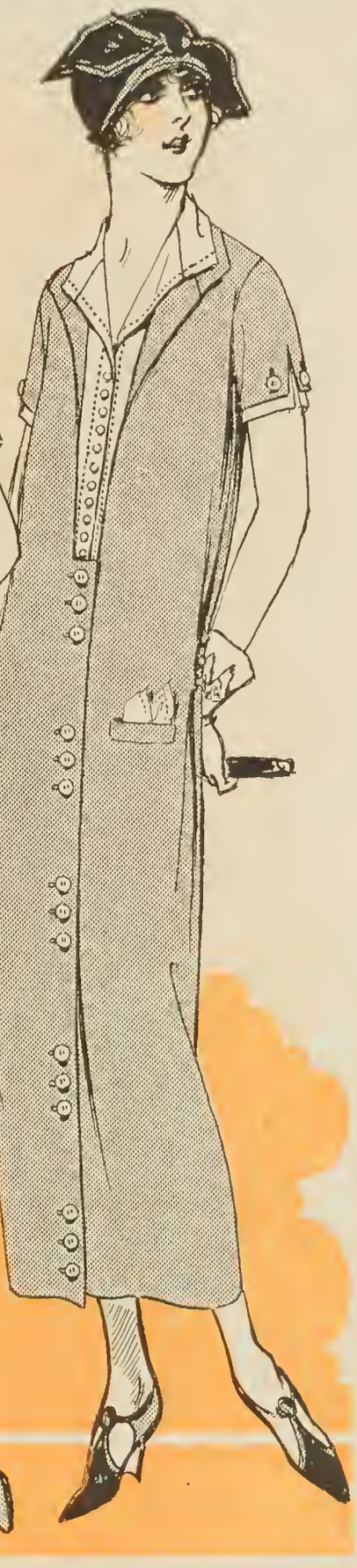
Dress 5449



Dress 5453



Dress 5452



Coat dress 5437

5451—Braid trimming may be used with smart effect on the dress of wool jersey tubing. This is the type of dress which may be worn in the country or in town. It is a one-piece dress with a straight lower edge and it slips on over the head. The capette is detachable and there may be a body lining. Use wool jersey tubing, flannel, satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine or cotton ratine. Without the cape use tub silks, silk broadcloth or pongee.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5449—In the very new shades of pink, in jade green or in flame color this one-piece draped dress is very lovely for evening wear. It is attractive in moire, although satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or charmeuse may also be used. For a dress for day wear, sleeves may be sewed to the long body lining which may have a camisole top if it is used under the sleeveless gown. The flower which is used a great deal on French dresses is quite easily made.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch moire. Lower edge 50½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5450—10214—A lace collar and cuffs give a soft effect to this tiered one-piece dress of silk crêpe. Satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette are also suitable materials to use. The dress slips on over the head and the tiers are joined to the dress across the sides. The embroidery gives the effect of a panel down the front. Work the design in outline, chain-stitch, satin-stitch, etc., in colors. The dress may have a long body lining.

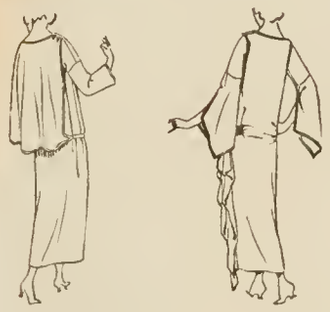
36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 5450
Embroidery design 10214

5450



5451

5449



5453



5452



5437

5453—Lace makes a smart little dinner dress, one which can be worn in restaurants or for informal affairs. This one-piece dress has graceful side drapery and a straight lower edge. It slips on over the head and may have a long body lining if preferred. Plain or printed silk crêpes or crêpes de Chine, satin crêpe or Georgette may also be used and if one wants an inexpensive frock, cotton voile or cotton crêpe are suitable.

36 bust requires 3 yards 40-inch lace. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5452—Many of the French dressmakers are using plaits, often in clusters down the entire length of the dress. The lace yoke in one piece with the sleeves, matches the color of this one-piece dress which slips on over the head and which may have a body lining with a camisole top. Make it of satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine with lace or embroidered yoke; without lace or embroidery use these materials in printed weaves or foulard. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅝ yard 36-inch lace.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5437—The Parisienne is partial to the one-piece tailored coat dress which she usually wears with a separate guimpe. For midsummer this dress is most attractive in linen or linen-finished cottons or in heavy silk crêpe or satin. For travel and wear later on in the Autumn, cashmere, twills, wool crêpe or wool rep are appropriate materials. The collar of the guimpe may be worn closed at the throat.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch linen. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.



Dress 5429
Embroidery design 10207



Dress 5421



Dress 5435
Embroidery design 10991



Dress 5425



Dress 5439
Hat 5353
Embroidery design 10175



Dress 5403

Other views and descriptions on page 76

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Dress 5409

Dress 5383
Embroidery
design 10138

Dress 5379

Dress 5360

Dress 5407
Embroidery
design 10204

Dress 5417
Hat 4973
Embroidery
design 10961

Other views and descriptions are on page 76

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.

Dress 5400
Hat 5214
Embroidery design
10208

Dress 5345

Dress and bloomers
5404

Dress 5393
Embroidery
design 10939

Dress and
bloomers 5357
Hat 4926

Dress and bloomers 5355
Smocking design 10172

Dress 5363
Hat 5292

Dress 5414
Tam-o'-shanter 5402
Embroidery design 10138

Suit 5420
Embroidery design 10939

Other views and descriptions are on page 77

Dress 5359
Hat 4491

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Dress 5423

Dress 5354

Dress 5387
Embroidery design 10187

Dress 5344

Dress 5323
Embroidery design 10138

Dress 5405
Hat and scarf 5218

Other views and descriptions are on page 78

Dress 5375

Dress 5396

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AUGUST SEES THE TRIUMPH OF LINGERIE FROCKS,

A COAT DRESS FOR THE STREET

AND PICTURESQUE VOILES



Dress 5368



Coat dress 5394
Hat and scarf 5218

Dress 5391

Other views and descriptions are on page 79



Dress 5413
Embroidery design 10961



Dress 5364



Dress 5384

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.

Blouse 5434
Slip 4533

Blouse 5440
Embroidery
design 10197

Blouse 5395
Skirt 4251
Embroidery
design 10263

Blouse 5390
Skirt 5042

Dress 5447

Blouse 5401
Slip 4533

Blouse
5392
Skirt
5079
Embroi-
dery
design
10858

Dress 5415

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 70

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.

PARIS DRESSES THE YOUNGER GENERATION



Dress 5448



Dress 5444
Embroidery
design 10208



Dress 5445



Dress 5430

Dress
5397



Dress 5412
Embroidery
design 10138

Dress and pantees
4617



5412



5448



5444



5445

5448—The French ornament is easily made for this dress closing under the left arm and with a slightly circular skirt joined to a basque at a slightly low waistline. Use taffeta, flowered silks, etc. There may be a scarf to the dress.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta (cut crosswise). Lower edge 2¼ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, and ladies 38 bust.

5445—The hand-made ornament is very smart on this draped one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Make it of satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe and with a body lining if one desires.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.





5430

5397—Lace insertion is an exquisite trimming for an adorable little frock for children or infants. It may have inverted fulness under the arm and a straight lower edge or a gored underarm seam. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste, dimity, handkerchief linen or cotton voile.

2 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch batiste.

The dress is for infants and children ½ to 3 years.



5428

4617—Pin-dot swiss makes a cool Summer slip-over frock with separate pantees. One may use pin-check gingham or dimity; or with a fabric trimming use crêpe de Chine or taffeta. With embroidery use fine cotton crêpe, etc.

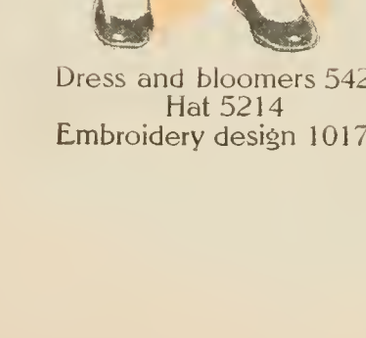
4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch dotted swiss.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 8 years.

5428—5214—10173—Cross-stitch gives a peasant air to this dress in raglan effect and with separate bloomers. Her hat is quaint. Use chambray, etc., for dress.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 3⅛ yards 32-inch chambray (including hat).

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.



Dress and bloomers 5428
Hat 5214
Embroidery design 10173

5444—10208—Sleeves may be sewed or snapped into the basque which closes under the left arm and which joins the straight skirt at the slightly low waistline of this slip-over dress. The rose motifs are decorative. Work them in satin-stitch, etc. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, and ladies 38 bust.

5430—For a day at the beach or picnics make her a one-piece dress of plaids, checks, stripes, pongee, cotton ratine, heavy cotton crêpe, gingham or chambray. This dress has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head.

11 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch tub silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5412—10138—A cool slip-over frock to wear and a simple one to make has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. An embroidered motif trims the body. Use chambray with gingham, plain cotton ratine with novelty cotton crêpe, plaid with plain flannel, etc.

9 years requires 1 yard 32-inch pongee for body and 1⅛ yard 32-inch pongee.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5343—This very lovely slip-over dress has hand-made flowers and a tucked straight skirt joined to the body. Use fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot or plain cotton voile. etc., with the collar and flowers of organdy and a ribbon tie belt.

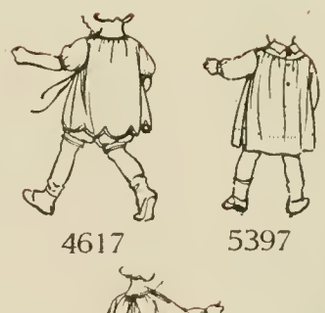
12 years requires 2½ yards 35 or 39 inch printed silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5326—Hand-fagoting is an attractive trimming for this slip-over dress in raglan effect. It has a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Make it of pin-check gingham, fine cotton crêpe, chambray, cotton pongee, pongee or crêpe de Chine.

4 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.



4617

5397



5326



Dress and bloomers 5326

Dress 5343

5343

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.

SUMMER OUTFITS FOR THE YOUNGER WORLD



Dress 5389
Hat 5353

Dress 5424
Embroidery design 10603

Dress and blouse 5436
Embroidery design 10934

Dress 5418
Embroidery design 10133

Coat 5442
Hat 4926

Coat 5438
Hat 5212

Dress 5319
Embroidery design 10230

5389 5424 5436 5418 5442

5408

5438 5319

5406

4880

5408 5374

Apron and sunbonnet 5408

Romper 5374—Sunbonnet 3727

Blouse 5406—Trousers 4880

5389—5353—With a one-piece slip-over dress of flannel, cotton ratine, pongee, etc., she wears a satin tricorne hat. The capette is detachable and the collar and cuffs may be removable.

18 years or 35 bust requires 3¾ yards 27-inch flannel for dress. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years or 32 to 36 bust, also ladies 38 and 40 bust; hat for misses and ladies.

5436—10934—Little Summer one-piece frocks of heavy cotton crêpe, linen, linen-finished cotton, gingham, chambray, rajah, etc., are often trimmed with pocket motifs. Work these flower-pots in color. The dress has separate bloomers and slips on over the head.

5 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5442—4926—With school days near, mother may begin her plans with a coat of plaids, checks, cheviot, kasha or soft pile fabrics. The hat with a gored crown may be of wool jersey, broadcloth, duvetyn, etc.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 44-inch plaid wool for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5319—10230—Flower motifs are Summery trimming for a one-piece slip-over dress of silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, cotton ratine. The dress has a straight lower edge.

19 years or 36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 54 ins.

The dress is for misses 16 to 19 or 33 to 36 bust, also ladies 38 and 40 bust.

5374—3727—Tiny gardeners wear this outfit composed of a one-piece sleeveless romper and a gay sunbonnet.

3 years and 20 inches head measure require 1½ yard 35-inch cotton print (including brim) and ½ yard 36-inch plain material.

Romper is for children 1 to 4; sunbonnet for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5424—10603—For vacation and later to wear to school, this one-piece dress of the slip-over type is most attractive. Use plaids, checks, stripes, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, flannel, etc. The monogram tab is a smart trimming. Work the initials in color.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch tub silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5418—10133—A touch of cross-stitch colors this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Work the design on the tabs for the string belt. Make the dress of chambray, gingham, cotton crêpe, pongee, crêpe de Chine, etc.

10 years requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch pongee.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5438—5212—For the tiny tot a faille silk coat and a crêpe de Chine, taffeta or Georgette hat are soft and dainty. For Autumn one may use soft pile fabrics, cheviot, etc., for the coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2 yards 35-inch faille silk and ½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for hat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 7 years; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5408—Garden-time is excuse for one to slip on this apron of gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe or chintz and a sunbonnet to match.

16 years requires 3½ yards 32-inch gingham for apron and sunbonnet.

The apron and sunbonnet are for misses 16 and 18 years, also girls and children 2 to 14 years.

5406—4880—This blouse may have a convertible collar or a removable collar and a neckband. Use madras blouse with linen for straight trousers, with a choice of a fly and an underwaist.

9 years requires 1¾ yard 32-inch madras and 1 yard 36-inch linen.

The blouse is for boys 4 to 16; the trousers for boys 3 to 12 years.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.

CURRENT STYLES IN PRACTICAL GARMENTS FOR THE HOME SEWER

5399—Cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, crêpe de Chine, tub silk, tub satin, silk mull, satin meteor, taffeta, figured silk, etc., may be used for this long kimono which may be cut short for a dressing-sack.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch printed cotton crêpe. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The kimono is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Kimono 5399

Dress 5446

Pajamas 5388

5398

5399

5446

5388

Pierette Costume 5398

5398—A Pierette costume of paper muslin, sateen, cambric or silesia, with a ruff of tarlatan and a hat the same or contrasting color from that of the costume, makes a gay outfit for fancy-dress parties. The legs may be a shorter length. Pompons may be made of wool or silk floss.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch sateen (including hat).

It is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.



Tam-o'-shanter 5402

Tam o'-shanter 5416



5446—The diagonal opening of this one-piece house dress on wrap-around lines gives a new effect in front. Make the dress of bright ginghams, chambray, madras, percale, cotton poplin or linen-finished cottons.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 32-inch chambray. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5388—Younger girls will like these two-piece pajamas of cotton crêpe, dimity, nainsook, batiste, long-cloth, madras or pongee. For Autumn or to use on a sleeping-porch make them of outing flannel or flannelet.

10 years requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch nainsook.

The pajamas are for girls 4 to 15 years.

5402—The trimming is very easy to make on these new tam-o'-shanters. Heavy flannel, velvet, duvetyn, velours or cotton velours are the materials used for this type of hat.

22 inches head measure requires ½ yard 27-inch velvet or ⅜ yard 54-inch flannel or duvetyn for the tam-o'-shanter.

The tam-o'-shanter is for ladies, misses, girls and children.

5416—A tam-o'-shanter which is attractive is very easily made of taffeta, satin or of velours, duvetyn, heavy flannel, cotton velours or velvet.

The tam for ladies or 22 inches head measure requires ½ yard 35-inch taffeta; the tam for girls or 21 inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 27-inch flannel.

The tam-o'-shanter is for ladies, misses, girls and children.

5422—10264—This outfit, 25 inches in length, includes a dress of nainsook or lawn and a slip of nainsook, long-cloth, lawn, dimity, batiste or fine cambric. Both dress and slip have a full-length or shorter sleeve and either inverted fulness under the arm or a gored underarm seam. There is also a kimono nightgown and wrapper or sack, a gertrude petticoat, shirt, band, bib and moccasins. Flower embroidery is dainty.

The dress for infants requires 1¾ yard 35-inch batiste.

The outfit is dainty for infants.



Dress 5422
Embroidery design 10264



5422



5422

5422



Nightshirt 5432

Dentists' gown 5426

5410 5432 5426

5410—The body of these overalls is joined to the trousers and the garment has pockets of ample size. Make these overalls of cotton khaki, denim, duck or jean.

38 breast requires 4½ yards 35-inch khaki.

The overalls are for men and youths 32 to 50 breast.

Overalls 5410

5432—Men will like this nightshirt, since it fits comfortably and has a pocket. Make it of muslin, cambric, nainsook or pongee.

38 breast requires 3⅝ yards of 35-inch muslin for this new nightshirt.

The nightshirt is suitable for men 34 to 52 breast.

5426—This is the regulation dentists' outfit and is much more economical to make than to buy. It is well cut and comfortable to wear during office hours. Use drill, duck or linen-finished cottons for this sort of costume.

38 breast will require 2⅞ yards 36-inch drill for the dentists' gown.

The gown is suitable for dentists 34 to 46 breast.

Delightful cream soups for the summer table!

All the tempting flavor and wholesome nourishment of the finest garden vegetables in these purees



Campbell's Soups in front of me
Make me simply wild with glee.
Here I sit and gaily swing
Waiting for the bell to ring!

Cream of Pea! Cream of Asparagus! Cream of Celery! So delicious and nourishing, so exactly right for many of the summer meals that you will prepare them every time with Campbell's. So easy, too!

Peas from the proudest gardens. Asparagus especially selected for its delicate and tempting flavor. Celery of the crisp snow-white kind you most prize for your table.

Each of these vegetables blended in a smooth and wholesome puree, enriched still more with creamy country butter and seasoned by Campbell's famous chefs!

12 cents a can



Directions for Cream Soups

Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* to keep soup smooth. (Many use a Dover egg beater in preparing Cream of Pea). Serve immediately.

SUMMER NEEDLEWORK SELECTS A VANITY DRESSER SET, A BEDSPREAD AND LINENS FOR ITS FLOWERS



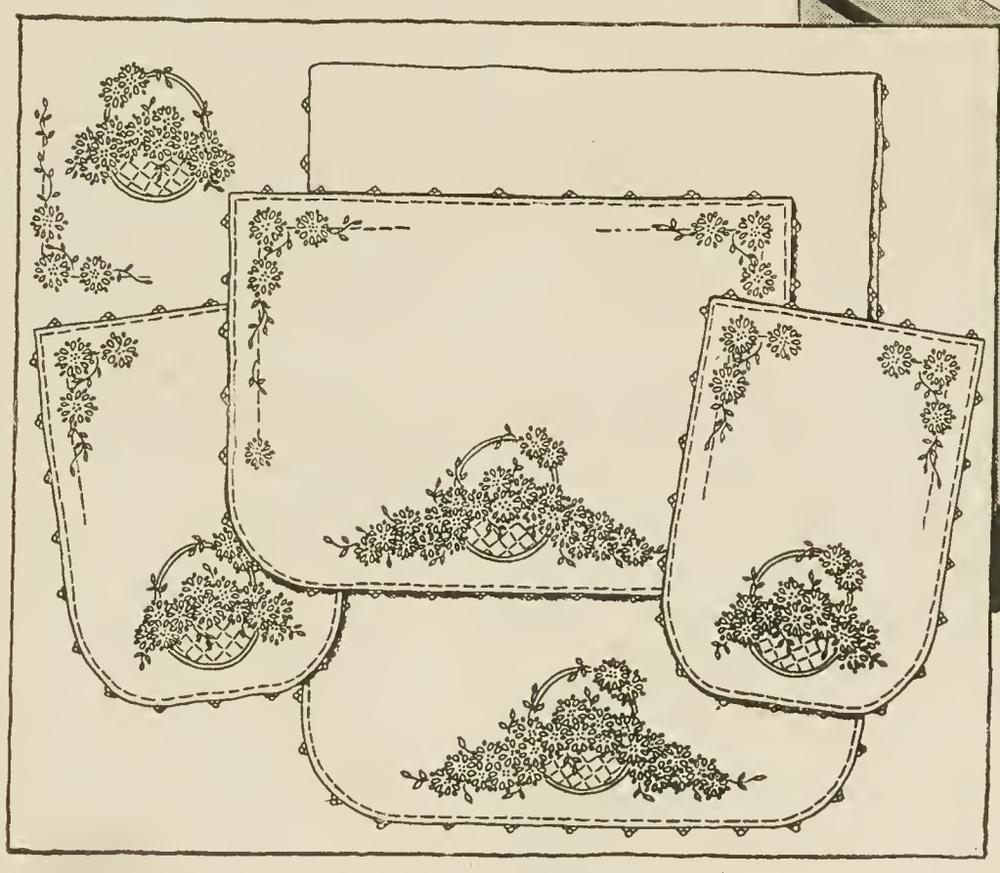
10270—Roses, which were Grandmother's favorite flower for embroidering, appear in new and graceful motifs of this embroidery design. These rose motifs make exquisite decoration for cushions or scarfs, and kimonos of silk or crêpe may be embroidered with roses. Both large and small motifs are in the design making it possible to use them on tea cloths, napkins and household linens. They may be worked in Kensington stitch, long and short outline or outline embroidery. This design can be adapted to 50 assorted rose motifs in large and small sizes.



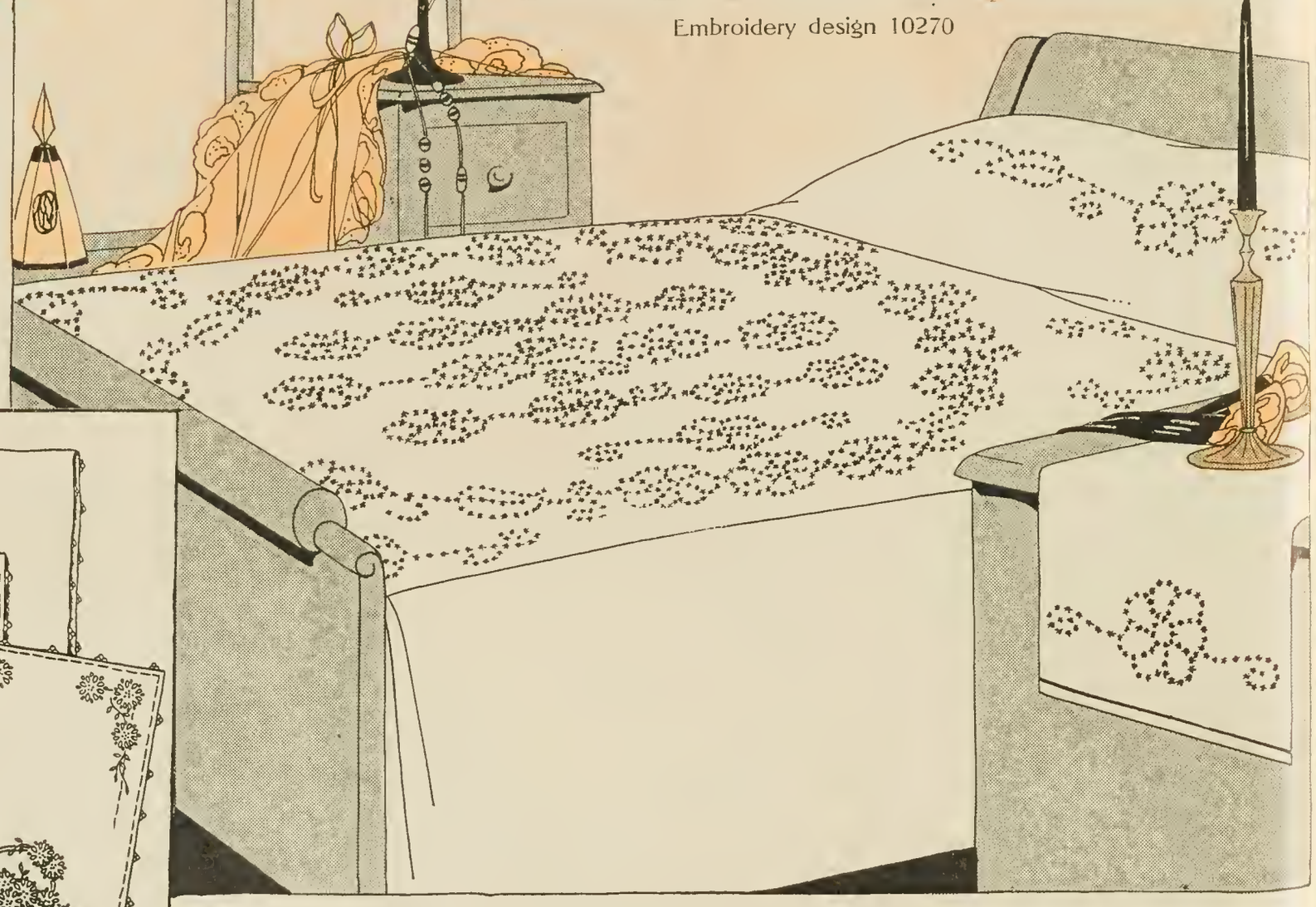
Embroidery design 10270



10266—Of paramount importance in Milady's boudoir is her vanity dresser where are made most lengthy preparations for her social sallies. All its appointments are carefully selected, the crystal, the colored glass and all her beauty aids—and most important of all, the linens. This vanity dresser set contains a scarf and two doilies, each in two sizes, in the new shapes, and is suitable for any vanity dresser. The basket and flower motifs may be easily worked in a combination of outline, lazy daisy and one-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to two doilies 14 by 20 inches, two doilies 10 by 14 inches, two scarf ends and six assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10266



Embroidery design 10265

10265—Candle-wicking is a light and lovely decoration for a bedspread and this design contains an oval which can be made smaller if you are making a spread for a single bed. The four corners are used with the oval and there is a long motif for the pillow roll. This design is attractive worked in blue, rose or green on unbleached muslin which makes a very inexpensive bedspread and which is used a great deal for candle-wicking. This design may be worked in French knots. It can be adapted to an oval 34 by 60 inches which can be made smaller for a single bed, four corners and a motif 35 inches long for a pillow roll.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.

Concentrated Energy

in this fresh natural food



Billions of tiny living plants revitalize your system—banish Constipation, Skin, and Stomach Troubles

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

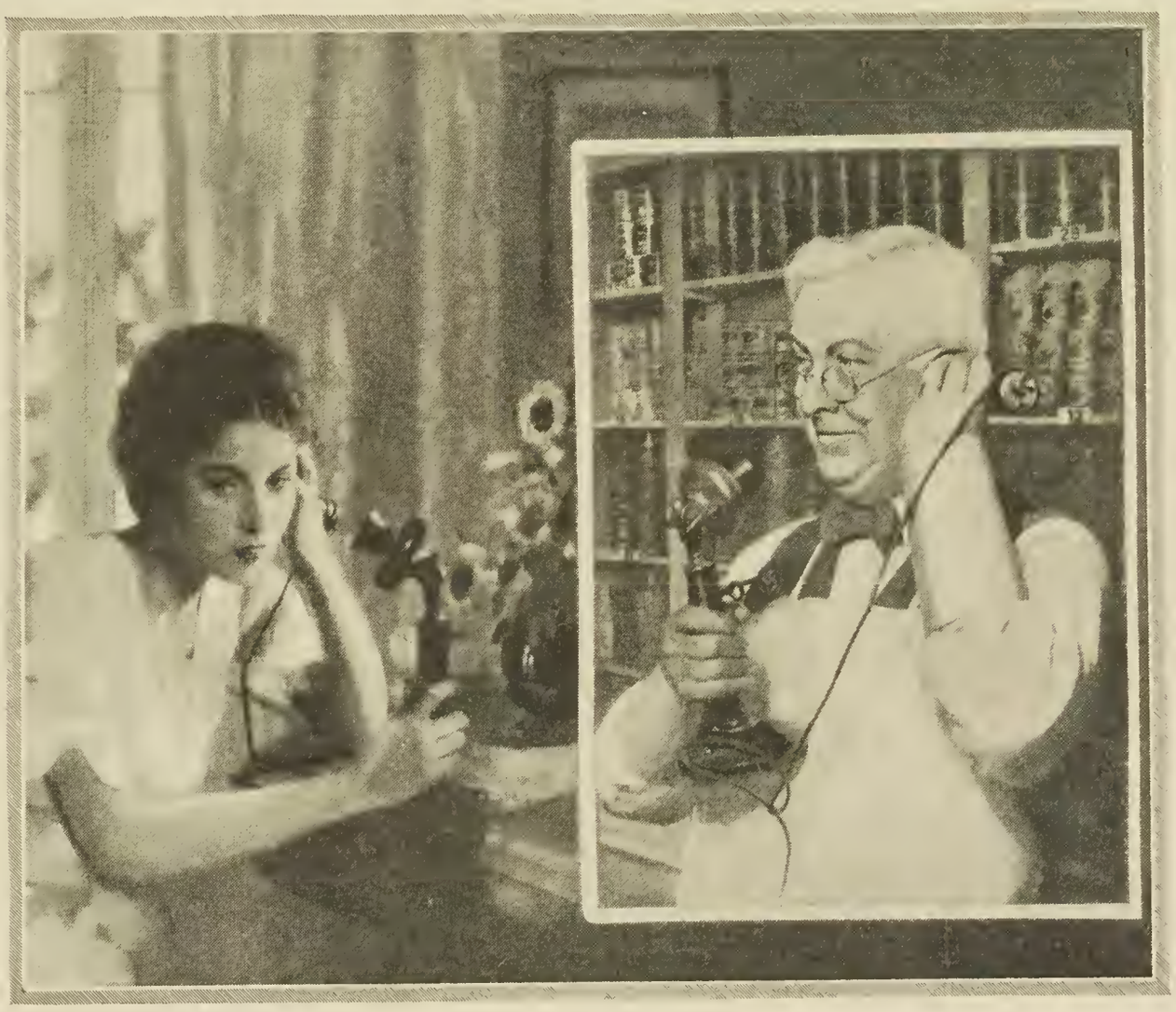
There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected — this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work —invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Health is yours once more.



"Our home is in Shanghai, China. There, our eight-year-old Billy began having severe outbreaks of boils. The doctor's treatment there gave relief for a short time only. Then came a stay in America where we began a course of Fleischmann's Yeast, sandwiching the daily cake between layers of sugar cookies. Then did Fleischmann's prove itself, for the boils disappeared and after two years have never returned."

(*Mrs. Julia W. Stafford of Shanghai, China*)



"And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. Three years ago as a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and by Spring had regained my strength and vivacity. Now I eat Fleischmann's Yeast cakes to keep me feeling 'top notch'."

(*A letter from Mrs. Helen M. Raup, Linthicum Heights, Maryland*)



"As Executive Officer and Lieutenant U. S. Navy, I was relieved from active duty. Sick in mind with a pain-tortured body—stomach trouble was so acute I couldn't eat or sleep. My aunt recommended a Fleischmann's Yeast Cake dissolved in water, and I took it to please her. The pain ceased. I had slight return attacks for a few weeks, but each time 'little doctor yeast cake' knocked them out.

"I eat anything now and enjoy it. Old navy friends tell me I look like the Athletic Instructor of old."

(*A letter from Charles C. Beach of Baltimore, Md.*)



"Born with an appetite for fats and sweets, at 40 I was constipated and headachy. I had long since adopted the pill habit as a temporary relief from the ills and discomforts that come with constipation. I was ordered to Hot Springs for baths and rigid diet when a casual hotel acquaintance advised that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. Today constipation and headaches are gone—vanished. I enjoy my food—my eyes are clear and my color good. I have greater zest for work—play—life itself."

(*Mr. E. R. Henderson of Hot Springs, Ark.*)



"I had four children to provide for. My work was laborious and one year's untiring efforts found me very much run down. It was difficult for me to keep on my feet for more than an hour at a time. I was more than willing to do my utmost to provide for my loved ones, but my health interfered.

"I saw an advertisement about Fleischmann's Yeast. Eagerly, enthusiastically, I tried it. I religiously continued the treatment and soon began to feel strong. I am now in perfect health with the bloom of youth in my face. Fleischmann's Yeast has done all this for me."

(*A letter from Mrs. H. Crookhorn of New York City*)

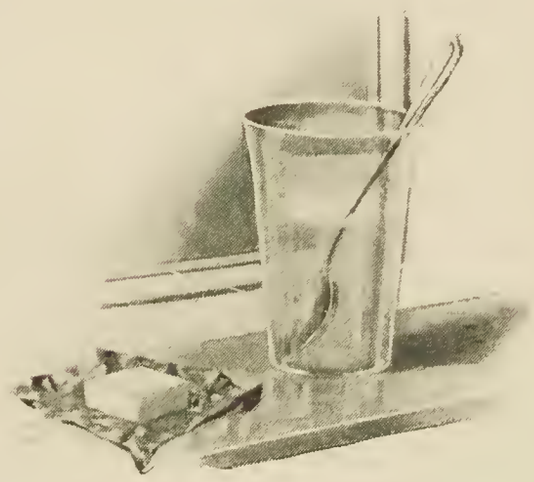
Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

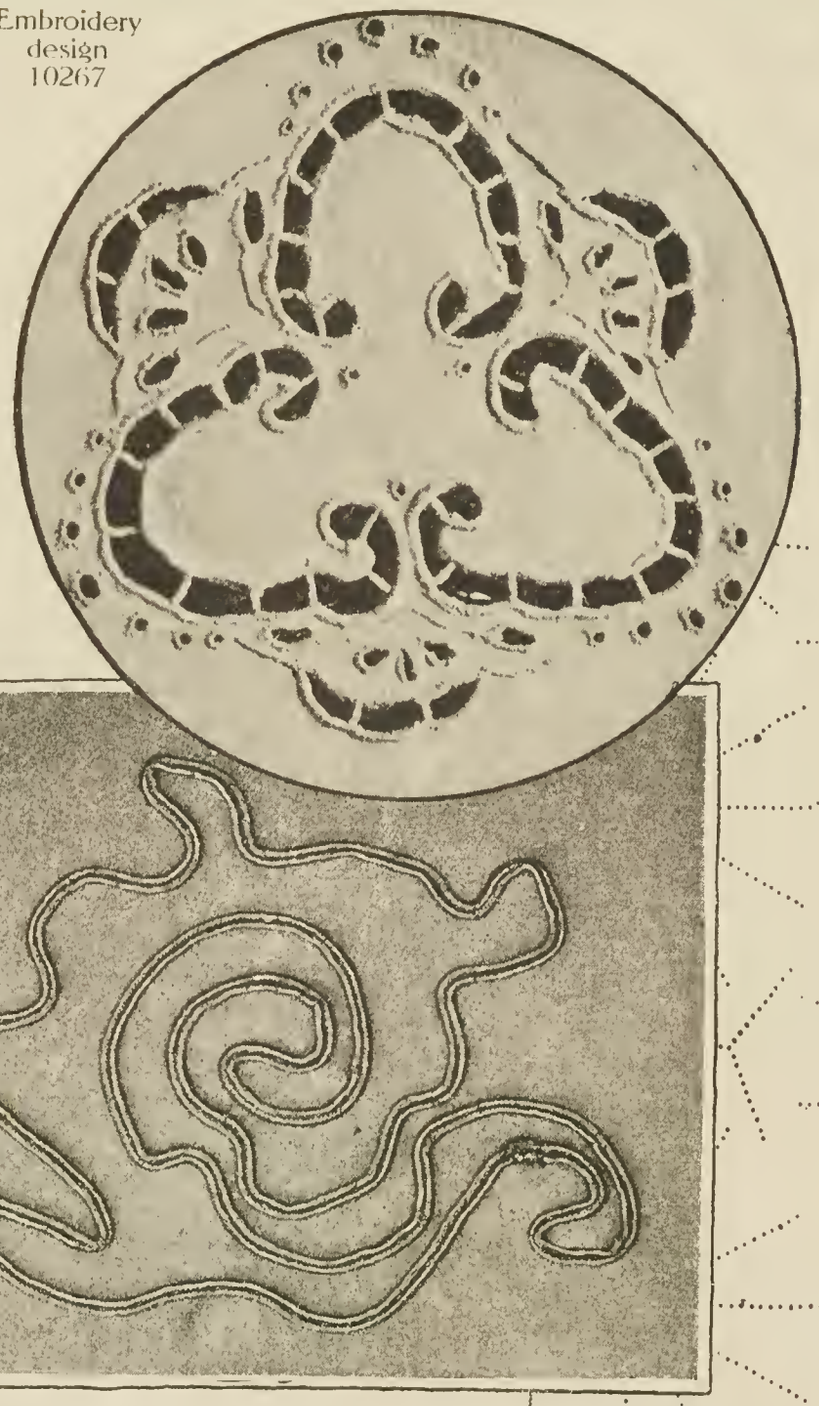
Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-7, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

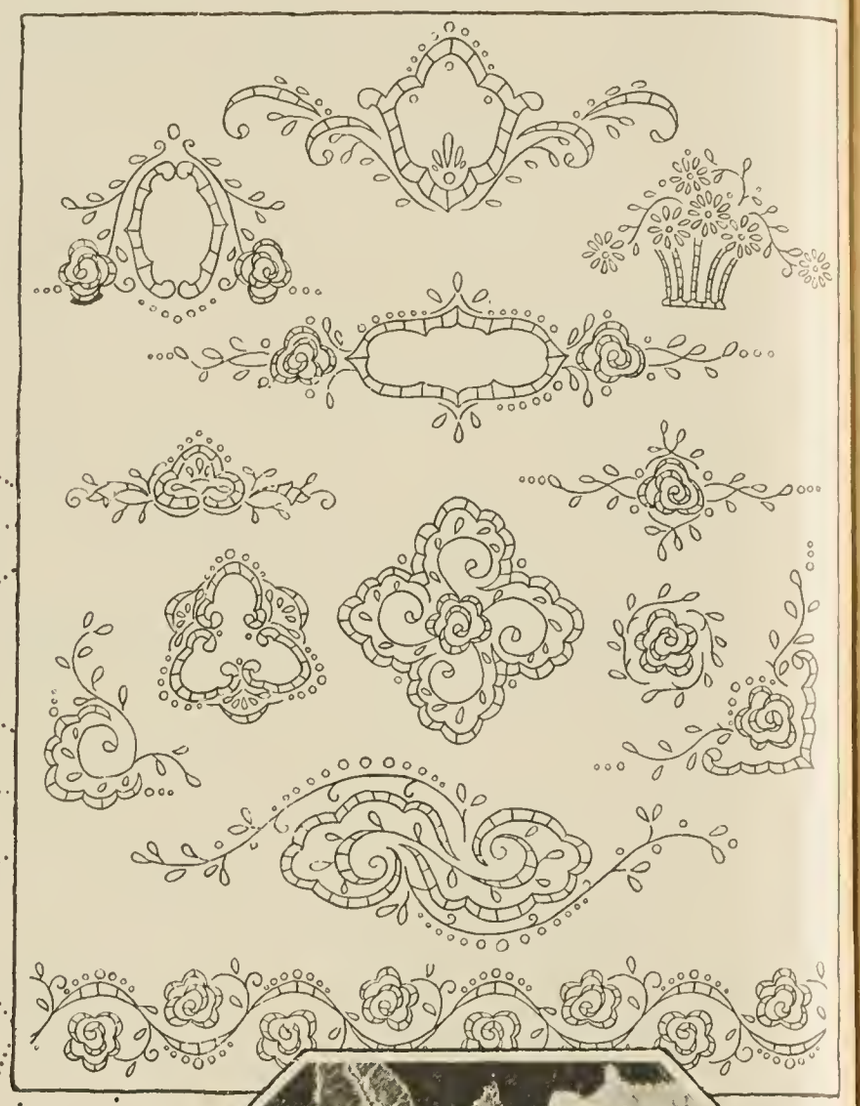


COLOR THE NEW COSTUME WITH BEADS, BRAID, CUT-WORK OR A ROSE MOTIF

Embroidery design 10267





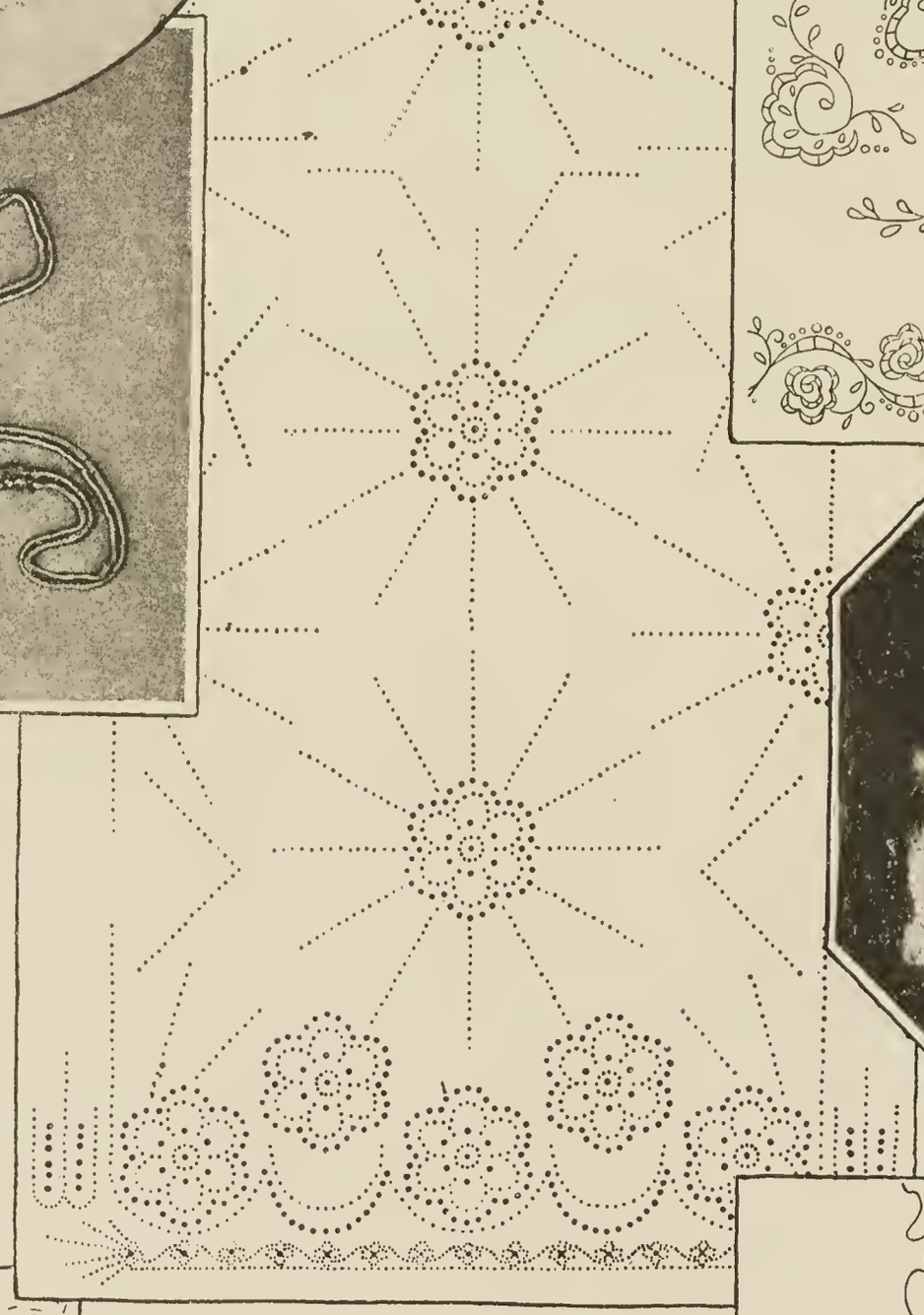


Embroidery design 10267



10267—Cut-work makes an especially lovely trimming for the linen dress and the motifs and banding of this design are very decorative for dresses. They are also suitable to use on scarfs, household linens, etc. One uses satin-stitch, eyelet embroidery, cut-work and French stemming in this design. It can be adapted to 1¾ yard of 2¾-inch banding and 44 assorted motifs.

10269—One-piece dresses are well adapted to all-over beading of this variety. This design has narrow banding and motifs which may be used separately. It should be developed in a combination of small beads, pearls and rhinestones or in small beads, larger beads and nailheads. The design can be adapted to an all-over piece of material 48 by 48 inches or it can be made a larger or a smaller size. It is also adapted to 3⅜ yards of 1-inch banding and 4 motifs 4⅝ inches in diameter.



Embroidery design 10269



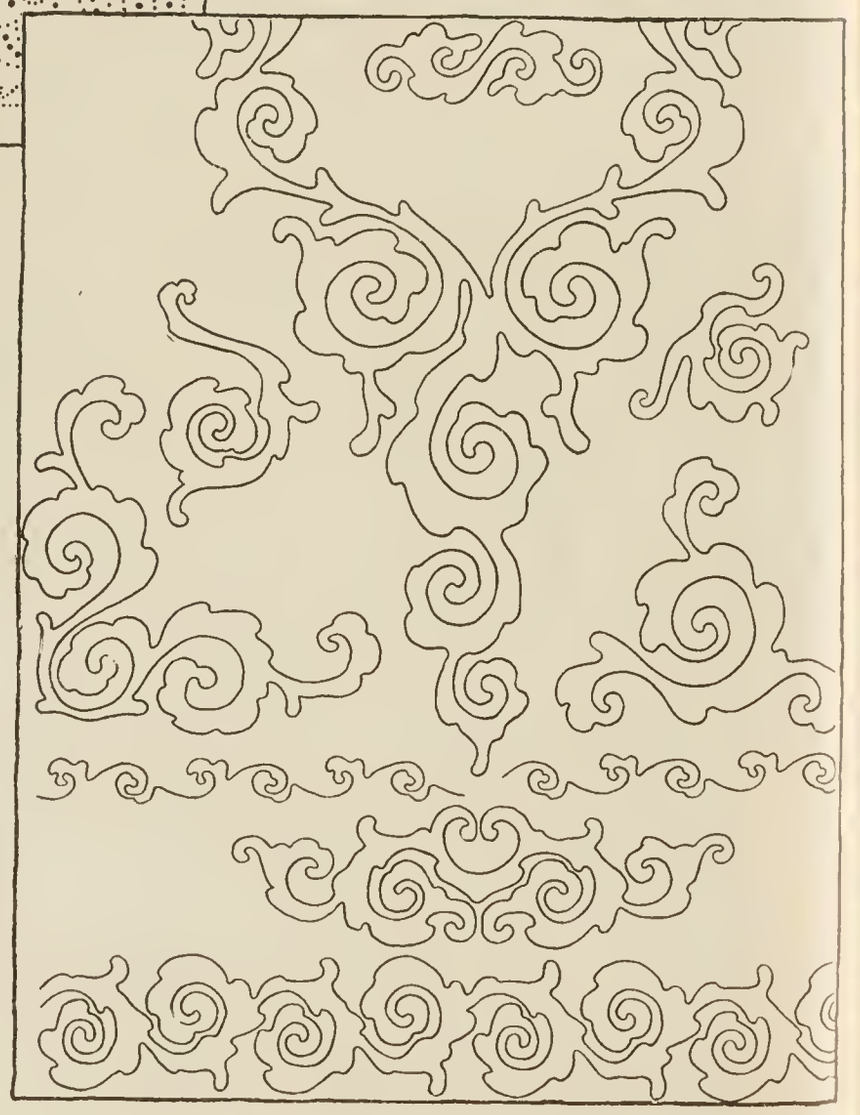
Embroidery design 10270



10272—The very wide banding of this design is a smart trimming for the Autumn suit or coat. The narrower banding and the motifs may be used for blouses, dresses, hats, etc. Very little work is needed for this trimming since it is done in outline and one-stitch embroidery. The design can be easily adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 8½ inches wide, 2⅝ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 4⅜ yards of edging ¾-inch wide and 27 motifs in two assorted styles.

10268—This new embroidery is graceful for braid or couching on coats, coat dresses and dresses. A single motif may also be used on a hat. Blouses and separate skirts may also be trimmed with the banding or motifs which may be done in outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 3½ inches wide, 5⅛ yards of banding 1⅛-inch wide, 3 large motifs 13 by 19½ inches and 30 motifs in 6 assorted styles.

Embroidery design 10272



Embroidery design 10268

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 60.



Through her dealings as business manager of the home, the modern woman brings sound commercial sense to bear on her judgment of a Ford closed car.

She knows that its low first cost, its small upkeep and operation costs, and its long-sustained usefulness make it a genuine economy. She is aware that the ease with which she can get expert attention for it anywhere and at any time is an asset of great dollar-and-cents value to her.

And she is delighted to find this value in a car that she drives so easily, and whose outward style and inward comfort she so whole-heartedly approves.

TUDOR SEDAN, $590	FORDOR SEDAN, $685	COUPE, $525	(All prices f. o. b. Detroit)

Ford
CLOSED CARS

Miss Olive Allen's choicest recipes

Selected from hundreds gathered in a world-search for delicious dishes

MISS OLIVE S. ALLEN, a real home cook of many years' experience, has recently been gathering and testing hundreds of recipes. These recipes have come from all over the world; from famous foreign chefs, from old-fashioned home cooks; from luxurious hotels; from cosy little inns, even from hunters and trappers. We first asked Miss Allen to select from these many hundreds the best two hundred. Then we asked her to select from these two hundred her favorite eight. These eight are printed below. Each one makes a perfectly delicious dish. Each is practical for use in the average home.



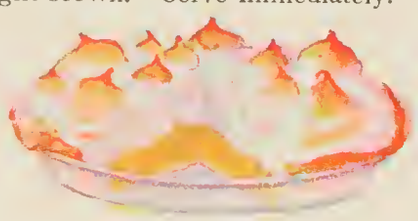
We suggest that you save them and add them to the collection of your own favorite recipes.



Cheese Soufflé

2 tablespoonfuls flour
¼ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful mustard
Dash of red pepper
4 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1 cupful milk
½ cupful grated American cheese
½ cupful bread crumbs
3 eggs

Blend flour, salt, mustard and pepper with the Crisco, add slowly to the milk and let it boil up, stirring constantly. Have ready the cheese and bread crumbs grated. Add to the mixture, take from the fire and add the beaten yolks of the eggs. Let cool, then fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Turn into a Criscoed baking dish and bake in hot oven (400°) to a light brown. Serve immediately.



Lemon Meringue Pie

1 cupful sugar
1 lemon
2 tablespoonfuls (rounded) corn starch
2 eggs
1 cupful boiling water

Add the grated rind and juice of the lemon to the sugar. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light and then add the corn starch, which has been dissolved in a little cold water. Mix this thoroughly with the lemon and sugar. Put in a double boiler and add the boiling water. Cook until it thickens, stirring all the time.

Pastry—1½ cupfuls flour
½ cupful Crisco
½ teaspoonful salt
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls ice water

Roll out and cover an inverted pie tin. Prick well with a fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in very hot oven (500°). When cool after baking, add the filling and cover with the meringue made by beating the whites of 2 eggs until stiff and dry and adding 4 tablespoonfuls granulated sugar. Return to the oven until brown.



Delicious Cream Cookies

1 cupful Crisco
2 cupfuls brown sugar
4 eggs
⅔ cupful cream
4½ cupfuls flour
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful nut meats
½ cupful chopped raisins
1 teaspoonful lemon extract
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

Cream the Crisco, add the sugar and cream again. Beat the eggs, add and beat for two minutes. Add the cream and when well mixed add the nut meats, raisins, flavoring and salt. Lastly add the baking powder and flour which have been sifted together.

Drop from the end of a spoon in a Criscoed baking pan and bake in a moderate oven (325°). Before putting into the oven, I usually put a half pecan nut meat in the center.



Sour Cream Muffins

1 cupful sour cream
1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
2 tablespoonfuls sugar
1 well beaten egg
¼ teaspoonful soda
1 tablespoonful cold water
1½ cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt

Mix the cream, Crisco, sugar, salt together thoroughly, adding a well beaten egg. Add the soda, dissolved in the cold water, and the last thing the flour and baking powder, sifted together. Drop in muffin tins.

Bake in a quick oven (425°), fifteen to twenty minutes.



Miss Allen's Graham Craker Cake

½ cupful Crisco
1 cupful granulated sugar
3 eggs
1 scant cupful milk
23 graham crackers
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful chopped nuts
½ teaspoonful salt

Cream Crisco and sugar together, beat the yolks of eggs till light and add to this. Then add the milk. Roll the crackers fine. Mix baking powder with cracker crumbs, add this to the other mixture together with salt and chopped nuts. Last add the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers in a hot oven (400°). For an extra large three-layer cake, double the recipe.

Filling—2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
3 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar
Yolk of 1 egg

Beat the egg light and cream the Crisco and sugar. Mix with the egg, and flavor with vanilla.



Quick Bran Nut Bread

1 tablespoonful Crisco
1 egg
1¾ cupfuls sweet milk
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful chopped walnut meats
¾ cupful molasses
1 teaspoonful baking soda
½ cupful boiling water
3 cupfuls flour
2 cupfuls bran

Mix together the flour, bran and salt. Add the Crisco to the molasses and mix thoroughly. Then add the egg well beaten. Then the milk and chopped nuts. Dissolve the soda in boiling water and add to this mixture. Then add the flour and bran.

Bake from one and a half to two hours in a moderate oven (325°). Makes one loaf.



Rich Doughnuts

1 cupful sugar
5 tablespoonfuls Crisco (level)
3 eggs
4 tablespoonfuls baking powder
1½ teaspoonfuls salt
1 cupful milk
1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg
flour to make soft dough

From 4½ to 5 cupfuls flour sifted before measuring. Cream Crisco, add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to egg mixture. Roll out as soft as can be handled. Cut with cutter and fry in hot Crisco. Heat Crisco until crumb of bread becomes golden brown in forty seconds (375°-385°). Sufficient for sixty doughnuts.



Huckleberry Roly Poly

(Any seasonable fruit may be substituted for huckleberries, or use canned fruit.)

2½ cupfuls flour
4 level teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 teaspoonful salt
2 level tablespoonfuls Crisco
¾ cupful sugar
1 cupful sweet milk
1 egg

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream together Crisco and sugar. Add the milk slowly. Then stir in dry ingredients. Lastly add the egg, well beaten, and mix in thoroughly. Roll to a thickness of about one-half inch. Spread surface with Crisco, then cover with huckleberries. Roll up, handling it lightly. Place it in the center of a baking pan which has been greased with Crisco. Spread Crisco over the top and sides of the roll. Bake in a hot oven (400°) about three-quarters of an hour and as soon as it browns on top reduce the heat to moderate (325°), and finish baking.

Serve with hot sauce or hard sauce as preferred.

Notice these advantages:

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DELICIOUS SANDWICHES FOR PICNIC LUNCHES

By Winifred Moses

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

ONE of the first prerequisites for a good time at a picnic is to simplify preparations to the lowest possible minimum. Another is to require each and every picnicker to share in the work of preparing and serving the food.

If the sandwiches are to be made at the picnic, all the home preparation that is necessary is to collect and pack the following:

1. Bread in the loaf.
2. A very sharp knife to cut it.
3. A wide-mouthed jar of butter beaten to a smooth cream.
4. A knife to spread the butter.
5. A jar (or jars) of prepared sandwich mixtures or sliced cold meat; or bacon, frankfurters or hard-cooked eggs wrapped in waxed paper and jars of the required condiments; or a can of sardines and a can-opener.
6. A knife to spread these.
7. Lettuce wrapped in waxed paper and then in a damp cloth; cucumbers or tomatoes; a paring-knife and a jar of mayonnaise, if desired.

Arrived at the picnic grounds, some one can slice the bread, some one else spread the butter and a third spread the sandwich mixture; or better yet, each person may make his or her own sandwiches in his or her favorite way.

HOT PICNIC SANDWICHES

If there is to be a fire at the picnic, hot sandwiches are in order. The simplest of these is made by toasting bread and spreading it with seasoned butter. If more elaborate sandwiches are desired, thin sliced bacon, cold boiled ham, cold chicken, tuna fish, frankfurters or cheese may be used between slices of hot toast or toasted in the sandwich itself.

The bacon, ham or frankfurters can be put on pointed sticks, cooked over the fire and put between slices of buttered bread. For this one must be sure to have a good sharp knife for cutting and smoothing sticks. An iron rack that can be set over the fire and a frying-pan may be used to cook the bacon and frankfurters and to toast the sandwiches if one cares to add the extra equipment. The rack also serves to hold the coffee-pot and lessens the hazards of picnic coffee-making for the amateur.

These sandwiches together with sliced tomato or cucumber or onion with a vinegar dressing, or even a crisp lettuce salad, with some fruit in season (peaches, pears, apples, plums or grapes) and a sweet in the form of candy, cake or cookie to top it off, and delicious hot coffee, certainly make a picnic lunch which is hard to surpass.

A good hot picnic sandwich which may be called a combination sandwich is the picnic club. It is quite as good for a porch supper as for a picnic. For this use slices of cold chicken or tuna fish. Toast the bread first; then spread with any seasoned butter preferred, or with mayonnaise, or both. Add a leaf of crisp lettuce, then a slice of chicken or tuna fish, next a slice of bacon, and a slice of tomato, cucumber, olive, pickle or onion, whichever is preferred. Put on more mayonnaise if desired; cover with another slice of toast. This is a most delicious hearty sandwich and, with good organization and each person doing his share of the work, not at all difficult to accomplish. With this serve a sandwich made of onion, or some crisp vegetable such as lettuce, cucumber or tomato, or the fresh vegetable itself.

In planning picnic sandwiches it is well to have one hearty sandwich made of meat, fish, cheese or eggs, and with this either a sandwich made of a crisp vegetable such as lettuce, onions, cucumbers or tomatoes, or the fresh vegetable itself. This combination of sandwiches with a fruit dessert, a sweet at the end, and hot coffee, milk or fruit-juice for a beverage makes a meal satisfactory from the dietetic as well as the economic or gastronomic view-point.

INGREDIENTS FOR GOOD PICNIC SANDWICHES

Bread—Boston brown bread steamed in baking-powder cans, whole-wheat bread, Graham bread, rye bread or nut bread, raisin or other fruit bread make far more satisfying sandwiches for picnic purposes than does white bread.

Bread for sandwiches cuts better after it is twenty-four hours old. Picnic sandwiches, especially those made at the picnic itself, must be planned to satisfy appetites of no mean proportions, so the bread should be cut slightly thicker than for tea sandwiches. The fillings also should be more generous in proportion to the thickness of the bread, and the crusts left on. The ordinary loaf should cut between twenty and twenty-eight slices of bread.

Butter—One pound of butter will spread from sixty to eighty slices of bread. Of course the softer the butter the better it spreads and the further it goes. It should be creamed until it is very soft—and this should be done at home. To hasten the process, set the bowl in hot water during the creaming process.

One way to add seasonings to sandwiches and give them a different taste is to put the seasonings in the butter. No definite proportions of the amounts of seasoning and butter can be given, for where a mere *soupçon* of a flavor is enough for a sensitive palate, a much larger amount is required to appease a less delicate sense of taste.

Suggestions for butter seasonings are prepared mustard; grated cheese and mustard; cream with horseradish; mashed pimiento; mashed capers; onion-juice and sardine paste; chopped chives and anchovy paste.

Fillings—Of course the easiest fillings are thin slices of cold meat of any kind, or slices of Swiss or American cheese. When you take chicken or veal, carry a shaker of celery-salt; with your ham or corned beef have a jar of prepared mustard; with tongue or roast beef serve Worcestershire sauce, and with lamb serve capers, tomato catchup or even a bottle of cold mint sauce. Slices of cucumbers and Spanish or Bermuda onions if put in a jar and covered with vinegar seasoned with a teaspoon each of salt and sugar make a delicious accompaniment for any of these meals.

A chopped meat, fish, egg and cheese mixture comes next in ease of preparation. They can be diced, mixed together and put through the food-chopper. The seasoning should then be added, and the whole mashed to a smooth paste.

Almost any refrigerator or pantry can furnish sufficient sandwich material for a good-sized picnic.



If you are planning a particularly festive picnic and want suggestions on foods to take along or on ways to prepare them, write THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Tell us what kind of picnic it is and how many people you must provide for—and please enclose a stamped envelope for our reply

CHICKEN MIXTURES

1. Put one cup of diced chicken with one or more of finely minced celery through the meat-chopper. Add mayonnaise sufficient to moisten and salt and pepper to taste.
2. Put one cup of diced chicken, one cup of diced celery and one-half cup of olives through the food-chopper, add mayonnaise to moisten and celery-salt to season.
3. Use either peppers or pimientoes instead of olives.

HAM MIXTURES

1. Substitute ham for chicken in any of the above mixtures.
2. Put two cups of ham through the meat-chopper, add sauce tartare to make a paste to spread, or one-half cup of chopped onions or a few drops of tabasco sauce.
3. Put one cup of ham through the food-chopper and three hard-cooked eggs diced fine; add three or four tablespoons of capers or cream, with sufficient mayonnaise to moisten. Spread on slices of bread buttered with anchovy butter.
4. Use two teaspoons of prepared mustard instead of capers.
5. Put one cup of ham through the meat-chopper and season with enough prepared mustard and mayonnaise or melted butter to moisten.

A SARDINE MIXTURE

Mix thoroughly one cup of boned sardines with one-quarter cup of tomato purée, mayonnaise or melted butter and pimiento, green pepper, lemon-juice or onion-juice, tabasco sauce and celery-salt to taste.

Add one or two hard-cooked egg-yolks mashed to a paste with melted butter.

EGG MIXTURES

In egg mixtures allow one egg for every two or three sandwiches. Five eggs make about one cup.

The basis of the egg mixtures is hard-cooked eggs mashed to a paste, moistened with cream, mayonnaise, melted butter or French dressing—allowing one-quarter cup of these to one cup of eggs—and seasoned with any of the following: Finely minced capers and pickles; equal parts of well-drained spinach seasoned with sauce instead of mayonnaise; mashed anchovies and chopped pickle; chopped olives; equal parts of ground cheese, chopped pimientoes or chopped green peppers and chives.

When possible, serve fresh watercress with egg sandwiches.

BEAN MIXTURES

Other unusual sandwich mixtures suitable for the hearty picnic sandwich are made from canned beans, either navy or kidney, well drained and then put through the meat-chopper.

1. Use one cup of bean-pulp and season with green pepper, onion, a few drops of tabasco, a little celery-salt and a tablespoon of canned tomato soup, mayonnaise or cream.
2. Add one-fourth cup or more of finely chopped lean crisp bacon to the above.

Add one-half cup of chopped ham and one teaspoon of prepared mustard to the first mixture.

TOMATO MIXTURES

A great variety of excellent sandwich mixtures may be made with tomato soup and cheese. This must, however, be well seasoned.

BASIC RECIPE

1 can tomato soup
2 or more egg-yolks
½ pound American cheese cut in small pieces

Simmer the soup until quite thick. Add the cheese and stir or beat with an egg-beater until the cheese is melted. Add the beaten egg-yolk and beat until it is cooked. Remove and cool. This makes about one pint.

This may be varied by adding any of the following: Two tablespoons of capers; three or more finely minced pimientoes; two tablespoons or more of horseradish; finely minced green pepper; three or four chopped green pickles, or combinations of any of the above.

Other seasonings that may be added are horseradish, onion-juice, lemon-juice, chopped celery, Worchestershire, or any meat sauce.

Sandwiches made from any of the above mixtures are delicious if the bread is first spread with butter seasoned with anchovy or sardine paste, or with plain butter and one of the prepared sardine, caviar or anchovy pastes.

PEANUT-BUTTER MIXTURES

Peanut butter moistened with a little cream, salad dressing or butter is a favorite sandwich filling. The flavor blends particularly well with preserved fruits, nuts and with such succulent vegetables as celery or onions. Peanut butter mixed with the following combinations is pleasing:

Chopped dill, sweet or sour pickles; raisins, dates, figs or bananas; minced preserved ginger and lemon-juice; cream cheese and currant jelly; cream cheese and dates chopped and rubbed to a paste; thin slices of tomato, thin slices of sweet onion, chopped olive and celery.

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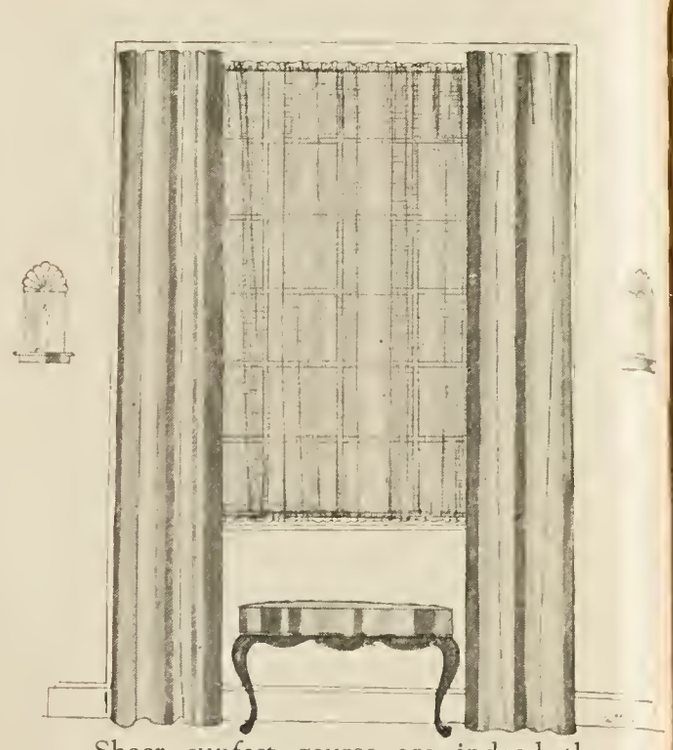
PRETTY WINDOWS!

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders
Editor, Department of House Decoration

Before the clever home-maker drapes her windows they are just great glaring cuts in the wall. But after? Well, then they should be decorative panels in a beautiful harmony of color and light! If your windows are not, there still remains for you the creative joy of making them so. There are so many fascinating possibilities in curtainings either colorful and gay or mellow and subdued, whichever you prefer. If you do not quite know what effects you want or how to achieve them, ask Mrs. Sanders, our house-decoration expert. Her wide experience is at the command of any DELINEATOR reader who will write to her. She has a helpful list of curtain fabrics and fitments she will be glad to send you, too. Address her care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City. And please—don't forget a stamped reply envelope!



Curtains of unbleached muslin or cotton crash are both simple and charming when cretonne motifs decorate the side drops and the valance



Sheer sunfast gauzes are indeed the thing for glass-curtains when heavy sunfast fabrics are used for overdraperies

YES, again the subject of curtains! And what is very astonishing, there is, perhaps, more written about curtains and their making than about any other phase of house decoration. Still the subject remains the most perplexing one to the home decorator.

This I have proved by an analysis of the many thousands of letters which have been received during the last year by THE DELINEATOR'S Department of House Decoration. Fully two-thirds of them contain some query concerning curtains. To my mind this proves not only that the subject is a great problem, but that the home-maker realizes how much of the individual homelike appearance of her house depends on the treatment of its windows. With a knowledge of available materials and a few rules concerning professional methods, curtains and draperies made at home may be as artistic and successful as those made by an expert.

CURTAIN AND DRAPERY MATERIALS

Keep in mind that curtains are hung for three reasons: first, to secure privacy; second, to modify light; and, third, to give color and distinction to a room. Materials and methods of hanging which do not fill these requirements ought not to be considered.

Suitability to your house, to the type of your room and to your purse are the next guides in selecting materials. For simple little country houses, small apartments and nurseries dress voiles, organdies, dotted swisses, dimities, pale-colored tarlatans, mulls, lawns, ginghams, chambrays and a host of other sheer dress fabrics, either straight or beruffled, are most appropriate.

Durability and quality of curtain materials are very important considerations when purchasing. It is poor economy to invest in fabrics which can not withstand sun and laundry for at least two seasons.

While on the subject of sheer materials, nets for glass-curtains are always cool and refreshing for Summer use and, if supplemented by overdraperies, are soft and dressy for Winter months. These now come in great variety. There are heavy nets, medium and sheer nets, imported nets and domestic nets in white, cream, écru and colors. The last are a little too bizarre for the average home, but are very suitable for studios, college rooms and small shops.

For the small house—where outward appearance depends much upon the choice and manner of hanging the window-curtains—bobinets, Brussels, Tuscan and filets, in fine or heavy mesh, and also the new square mesh with here and there a bit of small design, are very effective. They can be counted on always to give lovely effects from both inside and out. Sheer casement cloths of mohair are also decidedly practical for glass-curtains and have the happy faculty of shedding dust.

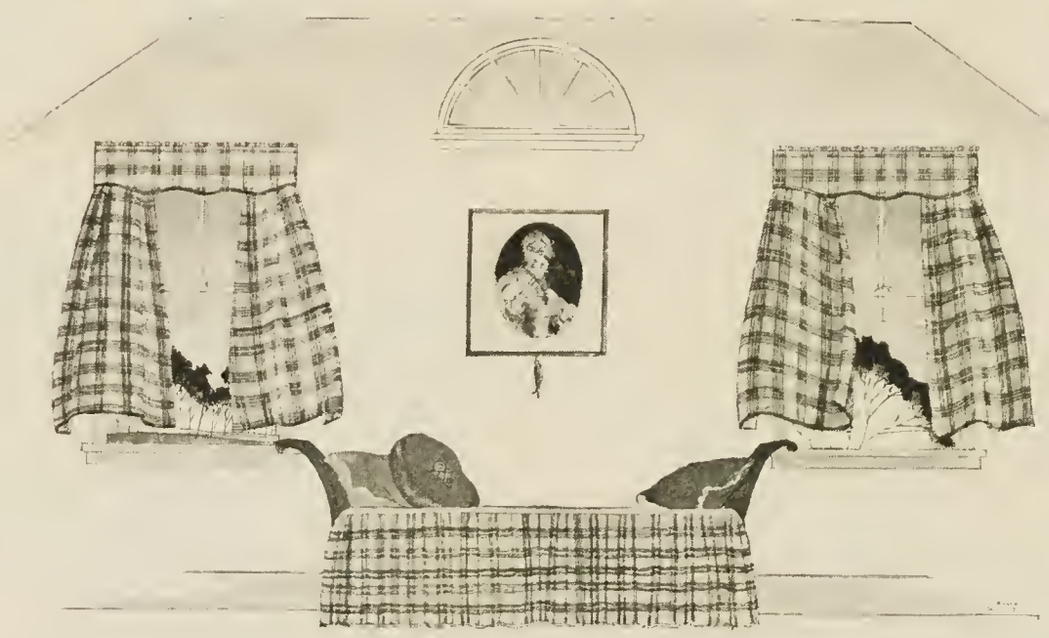
Overdraperies used in connection with—and even without—glass-curtains are fast becoming more popular. This is largely due to the variety of sunfast and "tubfast" materials now on the market. Manufacturers of sunfast materials have been experimenting for years to give us drapery materials which will not fade or rot from sunlight.

Sunfast gauzes come in many neutral and soft colors and combine happily with sunfast velours, brocades, damasks, mohairs, poplins and armures overdraperies. Old-fashioned mohair has come back in a new guise of many beautiful designs and colors and now may be had in a variety of finished valances by the yard. It also comes by the yard for side draperies.

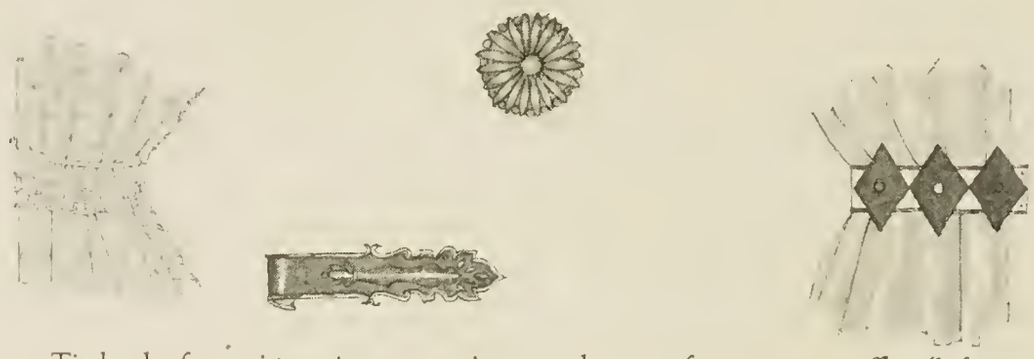
With monks' cloth, denim, heavy casement cloths, Russian crash and printed linens one has a choice of drapery materials for camps, dens and Summer bungalows. Cretonnes, perhaps last but by no means least, appear constantly in new and fascinating designs which seem to fit every color scheme requirement from living-room to kitchen. A good idea to bear in mind when making cretonne curtains is that a sateen or muslin lining will insure their hanging and wearing better.



Yes, cretonne again! There are always new and interesting patterns in happy color combinations. And a variety of unusual cut-out effects may be obtained on valance and hem



In country houses ginghams are very effective, especially in yellow-and-black combinations, if finished with cotton dress-tapes or with strips of black muslin. Bedspreads and bureau scarfs may be of the same material



Tie-backs for swiss or lawn curtains may boast a few narrow ruffles (left) or diamond-shaped pieces of organdy fastened by a tiny button (right). Other decorative hold-backs are made of metal or china in novel designs

DRAPERY HARDWARE

It is entirely a matter of choice whether one uses a round or a flat rod to hang curtains; but to create the most desirable effects the ends of the rods should be curved or turned, except in the case of hanging glass-curtains. For these last the rods should be straight and fitted as close to the window-pane as possible. When glass-curtains, draperies and valances are to be hung in combination, double or triple rods may be used. These come finished to correspond with various kinds of woodwork; then, if the valance is omitted, no bright piece of metal is exposed. This type of rod comes so that it may be extended to any length desired. The new method of hooking overcurtains on a valance-board or metal rod saves the time and labor of making channels in curtains for rods to slip through. To hang heavy shaped valances correctly, valance-boards of wood should be employed. These fit over and above rods on which hang the side draperies and glass-curtains. Shirred valances hang best from end-curved rods placed over and around side-drapery rods.

HINTS ABOUT MAKING CURTAINS

In making curtains and draperies at home the few following suggestions may help effect that well-fitting, professional look which is the envy of so many home decorators. To make fitted or cut-out valances, it is best first to acquire a pattern and to follow directions accurately. If, however, some individual problem necessitates a special design, it is best to make a pattern of muslin or paper by holding it against one-half of the window. When fitted so that the desired effect has been attained, cut out the other half in paper before cutting it in curtain material. Be sure to allow for turn-under and all seams. Bindings of ribbon or guimpe or bands of sateen or silk make neat, attractive finishes for fitted valances. If possible, measure curtain materials with a yardstick on a long cutting-table which has perfectly square ends and straight sides; then smooth and pin or thumb-tack the materials to the board, using the edges of the table as a guide.

When cutting figured materials, make certain to have the pattern in each curtain come exactly at the same place. Remember that machine-stitching will pucker the curtains and that the best draperies are made by hand.

Sometimes a selvage is finish enough for the outer edges of curtains, depending, of course, on the sheerness of the material used. But for curtains of the heavier materials and some cretonnes—whether these are to be lined or unlined—a hand-sewn hem with the selvage slashed at intervals to eliminate puckering is the only satisfactory finish.



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SPECIAL PINEAPPLE SALAD: Arrange a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on a crisp leaf of lettuce for each service. Shape cream cheese into small balls and dust each one with paprika. Place on the pineapple slice allowing three for each serving. Heap the center of the pineapple with mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE RICE: Boil 1 cup of rice until tender. Drain and while hot add 1 cup of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ cup of sifted powdered sugar. Pack in a well greased mold and chill. Turn out on serving plate and garnish with whipped cream and sprinkle with finely chopped blanched and browned almonds.

ORANGE CUP: Cut 3 large oranges in halves; remove pulp. Cut edges into saw teeth. Peel and dice 1 large banana. Mix banana, orange pulp and 1 cup Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Heap in orange cups.

PRIZE PINEAPPLE PIE: Heat 1½ cups milk. Mix ½ cup sugar, ⅓ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons cornstarch and slowly add hot milk. Cook in double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, or about 40 minutes. Pour onto 2 egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken or about 3 minutes. Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

PINEAPPLE ICE: Mix 1½ cups sugar, and 1 cup hot water. Boil until the sirup spins a thread when a little is dropped from the tip of the spoon. Add 1 cup cold water, ¼ cup lemon juice and 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Freeze until of mushy consistency and serve.

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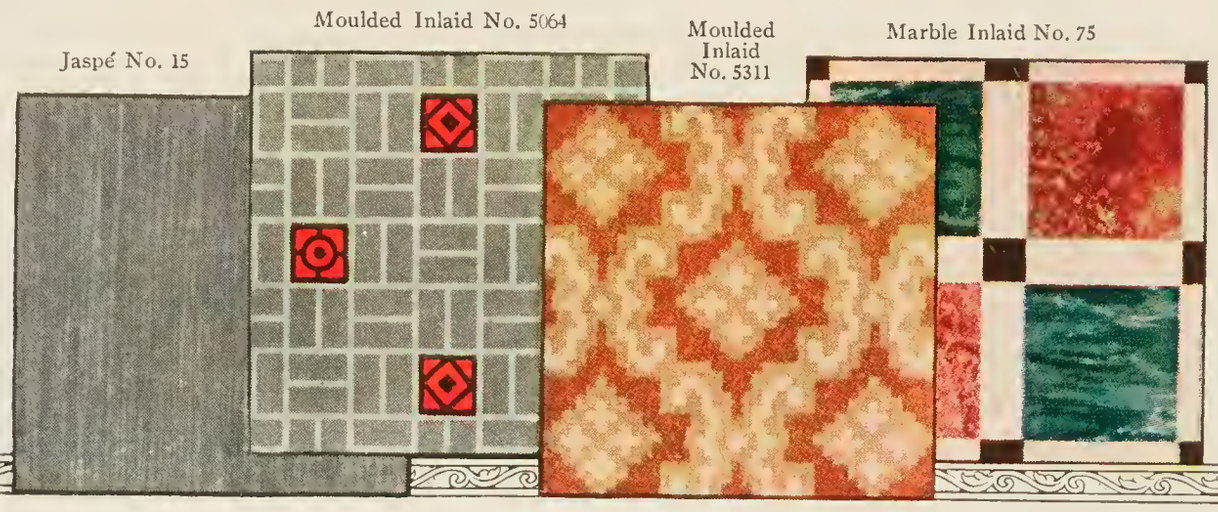
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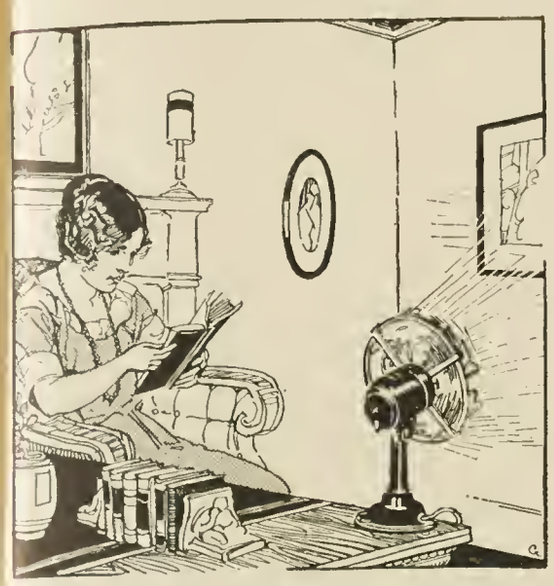
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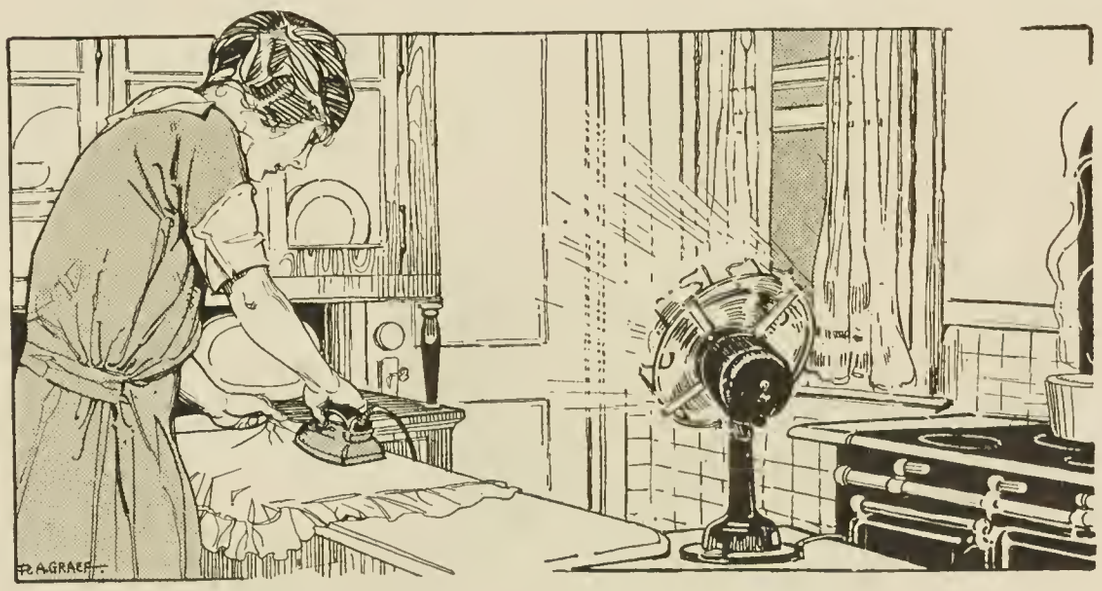
FANNING THE AIR

By Ethel R. Peyser

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



Turn the fan toward the wall and enjoy indirect coolness without drafts



The portable electric fan can, perhaps, do more than any other household convenience to make the kitchen comfortable during the Summer



"All the smells go directly up the chimney—because there is a fan!"

IN THE field of home runs, fanning the air is a futile gesture indeed; but in the field of home life, fanning the air is both fruitful and effortless. Yet the usefulness of the electric fan is only slightly known even in very up-to-date dwellings. For the most part it is still considered valuable only for Summer use and for making cold drafts—which some persons invariably think give one a pain in the shoulder or in the back or in some other place where pain is not particularly welcome. This article, however, puts before you the value of the electric fan as one of the most engaging of the electric progeny, as useful in Winter as in Summer, as good for the night as for the day, and as enchanting in the kitchen as in the drawing-room.

AS FAR as the ventilating purposes of the fan are known, opinions as to its value are rich and varied. But all experts have agreed that air must be in motion if it is to effect comfort and proper ventilation, and that it is more livable to have air in motion and stale, than stagnant and still. In Summer the body becomes coated with moisture, and nothing is more uncomfortable than to have that moisture remain. If the moisture can be fanned by moving air, it will evaporate quickly and the body will be relieved of its torture, for the evaporation of moisture is what makes one feel cool. This does not mean that one must sit in a draft; but it does mean that heated air to be happily endured should be slightly agitated. This the electric fan does with ease and satisfaction.

But to enjoy the relief which a fan brings it does not mean that one must sit in front of an artificial tornado and consort with northern gales. Far from it! The way to use a fan which throws air in one or more directions is to turn it away from the person who is seeking coolness and let it direct ts drafts toward the wall. Thus one gets the benefits of indirect air in the same general way that one gets relief from indirect lighting.

To say that electric fans should not be used because they cause colds is just as sensible as to say that boiling water should not be used because if it were poured over your hand it would scald you, or that you should not burn gas, for if you inhaled it you would be asphyxiated. The electric fan if turned on one spot of your body will congest that part very effectively. But use a fan properly and you will be amazed at its comfort-giving properties.

FANS are so flexible in manufacturing design that they can be bought for any place or any space. They come on pedestals, on wall-brackets, small enough for desks and mantels, large enough for large halls; there are ceiling-fans fifty-two inches in fling and fans from eight to sixteen inches in diameter for the non-ceiling types. These fans are enameled or of lacquered brass; they are black or ivory in tint, simple or ornate; they are weighty or light. They are adapted to the purses of the rich and the poor, and they are safe as well as sane.

There are some fans that sell as low as five dollars. These are good where only an occasional breath of air is needed, and their size makes them convenient for many purposes; but the motors in them are necessarily small and can not stand long or steady wear. Satisfactory general-purpose fans can be bought for about ten dollars, while for those that have extra fine "fixin's" more must be paid.

There are fans that oscillate—that is, that move with a circular motion on an axis. In this way the current of air is sent in three directions, making still more effective the distribution of their breezes. Then, too, the fans have varying speeds, from one to three different speeds, so that you can create breezes varying from a very violent gale down to a gentle zephyr. You become, in other words, a mighty wielder of the winds, like an ancient god, and you can direct these winds from the north, west, east or south and have control such as the gods themselves never had. Such is the gift of science to man!

THUS the electric fan is a perfect instrument to agitate the air for us in warm weather and to make our working hours and our helpers' working hours more cheerful, to permit us to sleep more comfortably, and, besides, to make the sick-room a more comfortable and healthy place.

That the uses of the electric fan for comfort-giving are almost as many in Winter as in Summer may at first seem astounding. To accept this as a fact, you have only to recall that very often the warm air for which you pay so munificently has a delightful non-roaming habit and often elects to stay put within a foot or two of the instrument which is meant to disseminate it. But place your fan at an angle near the grasping heater or radiator and the warm air will be drawn into circulation.

The reasons back of non-circulating air have to do with heating plants, general ventilation and weather-stripping. It is enough to tell here the way in which the fan can ameliorate faulty airings and become a part of the most perfect ventilation system.

So well have manufacturers plumbed the possibilities of the electric fan that they have used it for many purposes. You will find that fans working on the same principle as the common household fan are used in most drying-machines and also as suction-makers in so-called vacuum cleaners. This should give you a hint as to the further usefulness of your fan.

On a bad drying-day, if you use your fan in the laundry you can dry your clothes in swift measure and be relieved of using another day for your laundry work and thus crippling your well-scheduled week.

Then, too, if any one should call on you out of a storm with wet clothes or wet gloves, or if your children should get wet shoes, the fan will help to dry them. In Summer you can use it unaided; in Winter place it near or behind a warmed-air outlet, a radiator, stove or fireplace.

All coat-rooms might well be given an occasional airing with a fan so as to keep the air fresh and to dry out moisture in the clothing.

Fans in attics and in sun-baked top-floor rooms will keep down mustiness, odors and heat. Of course the fans must be accompanied in these functions by proper air outlets from doors, windows and cracks.

The fan may also be used as a dehydration aid. If you want to dry fruit or vegetables for any purpose whatever or make candied fruits or fruit pastes, your fan, plus or minus extra heat, can be of real assistance.

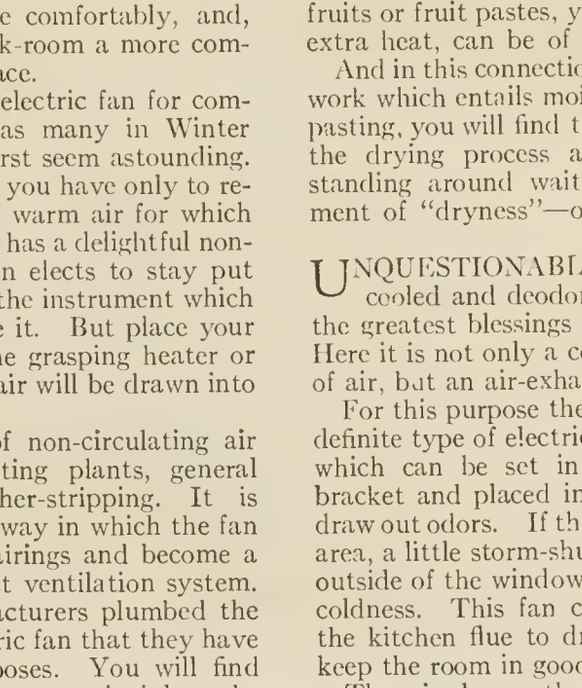
And in this connection, if you do craftsman work which entails moistening and gluing or pasting, you will find that the fan will hasten the drying process and relieve you from standing around waiting for the establishment of "dryness"—often a long wait!

UNQUESTIONABLY the comfort of the cooled and deodorized kitchen is one of the greatest blessings that the fan can give. Here it is not only a cooler and a distributor of air, but an air-exhauster as well.

For this purpose there is another and very definite type of electric fan, a ventilating fan which can be set in a portable board or bracket and placed in a kitchen window to draw out odors. If the house is in an exposed area, a little storm-shutter can be put on the outside of the window to keep out the rough coldness. This fan could also be put near the kitchen flue to draw out the odors and keep the room in good condition.

There is also another type of fan which acts like a blower and is set in the flue of the hood over the stove. It can be operated from a near-by light-socket.

With these fans it matters not what you cook in the kitchen or how vivid the odor, it will not penetrate to the living-room or dining-room. Since these fans ventilate the kitchen, they help the whole house, and thus the home is absolved from undesirable souvenirs of the cuisine and ventilation is started on its proper circuit—fresh air from without and exiled air from within.



In emergencies the electric fan will do good service as a rapid drier

In the Summer-time, the kitchen exhaust-fan will set up strong currents of air in the bedrooms at night if all the doors and windows on the kitchen floor are closed, the bedroom windows opened, the kitchen door opened and the fan set in motion.

Using an exhaust-fan of this type during cooking-time, three or four hours daily, is said to cost not more than three cents to operate. It can be easily attached to the electric-light circuit and thus become a simple and handy member of the electrical family. Adjusted to its portable board, almost any one can "install it." It is a boon in the kitchen, in the laundry and throughout the house. Do you know anything that robs a home of dignity more than the smell of laundering or cooking?

Much can be done with the ordinary electric fan to exhaust odors if it is placed so that it draws in air from an open window and blows odors up the flue.

Then there's many a shampoo that escapes by a hair's breadth from being given. Why? Because the drying is such a chore! But the electric fan—placed near the radiator, or on it, or in combination with the small electric heater—will dry the longest tresses in rapid time. This is a real boon to the busy woman. For with the fan you do not risk the effects of overheated air and yet you do obtain swift results.

ELECTRIC fans, of course, are made for both alternating and direct current. Don't forget to tell your dealer which kind of electricity enters your home, or you and he will lose much valuable time—unless the fan you are selecting has a universal motor, which can be used on either direct or alternating current. As you probably know, electrical devices with motors are very pernickety as to the clan of electricity to which they belong.

The fan consists mainly, of course, of four blades revolving on an axis propelled by a motor. Now, this motor must be an excellent one; it must do its work—like all the truly great—without noise and declamation. The motor which irritates you by calling attention to itself should be scrapped before you scrap with it.

When you buy a fan, listen to it as you would to the tone of a piano you were about to purchase. Then listen to others. Then buy the quietest. And again, don't buy the cheapest one—for you'll regret it.

When you buy an oscillating fan, see that it doesn't bang into its several positions, but glides gracefully, for nothing is more annoying than to hear a fan constantly clumping into its different positions.

If by any remote chance a fan is to be used within reach of children or pets or even of older and wiser members of the household, it is sensible to buy one whose blades are protected by a wire cage. For this reason, a ceiling-fan is good for the nursery, though often it may be too expensive for most of us. However, any fan may be placed on a high shelf or covered with a protector and thus made perfectly safe.

See that oil-vents are so arranged as to afford easy access and not to drop oil on furnishings.

All the mechanism should be enclosed so as not to endanger anything. It should also open up easily for any occasional repair treatment.

A fan attached to an ordinary electric circuit needs no more than forty or fifty watts, so it is not an extravagance—especially since it can turn Florida into a northern climate or Labrador into the balmy tropics.

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA
FOUNDED BY
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HOW WILL YOU PACK WHEN YOU GO AWAY?

For your clothes' sake, follow this wrinkleless system

By Beulah Blackmore

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IT OFTEN happens that the only cloud in an otherwise perfect sky is the dread of packing one's luggage—for even the most joyous trip. Yet these last frenzied moments, when one finds that a much-needed hat will not go in, to say nothing of a pair of pet shoes, a book or two, or a loved toilet article, could so easily be avoided and valuable time saved if only a little thought were given to both the preparation for packing and the actual packing itself.

While it is true that no definite plan can be made which will suit the needs of all who pack, yet it is my experience—and I live with my trunk continually—that if a definite system is followed packing resolves itself into one of the gay little games of life.

Before doing anything else, think through your plans for vacation or trip and decide as far as possible upon the garments, accessories and articles that you will need. Then begin to lay out on the bed, the table or the floor all the articles to be taken and classify them either as to use or as to the frequency with which they will be needed. For instance, place all the knitted undergarments together, all chemises, stockings, toilet articles, medicines and so on, until every article one seems to need is in plain sight. Then begin to eliminate. Take a few moments and think of the articles selected. When satisfied that there is not a single unneeded article, begin the actual placing of them in the trunk, suitcase or bag.

While it is not possible to make infallible rules for packing, the following rules are suggestive of the common characteristics of the packing of personal belongings.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS FOR PACKING

If you are traveling with a dress-trunk, portmanteau, or even a suitcase, and are making frequent stops, articles which are to be used on the trip should be separated from the others and finally placed on or near the top of the packing.

All heavy, irregularly shaped or ridged articles, such as boxes, books and shoes, should be placed as flat as possible over the entire bottom of the trunk or on whatever bottom level will supposedly be kept in an upright position during travel.

Place the boxes or books or heavy square articles against the corners; or if you have none of these, place a shoe in each corner, with the heel turned outward against the side of the trunk.

In packing a suitcase, place the heavy articles, whenever possible, against the boxing on which the case will later stand when it is in a carrying position. Sometimes, however, it may be more convenient to spread heavy articles along the flat side of the case opposite the cover.

All heavy, irregularly shaped articles should then be securely wedged into place with tightly rolled knitted undergarments, stockings, sweaters or other garments which are not easily crushed by tight rolling. Very tight packing is the secret of good packing in the lower part of a dress-trunk, portmanteau or suitcase.

Continue packing until all heavy and ridged articles are taken care of. Always try to keep the surface as flat and even as possible so that when it is time to place dresses, waists and wraps which must be kept free from wrinkles there will be an even, flat surface on which to lay them.

All hollow articles, such as shoes or hat crowns, may be filled with clothing. Hat crowns should be filled with crushed paper or clothing, then placed either upside down or flat on the brim. The brim must be fully braced on both sides so that it will not lose its shape. If there is a separate compartment for hats, this difficulty is easily solved, as all that is necessary is to anchor the hat securely to the cushion provided, or anchor it by surrounding it with crushed tissue-paper.

Save the top tray of a trunk for the precious small articles and other things that need to be handled often. The second tray is commonly used for garments which should not be crushed, such as evening dresses, evening wraps and lace dresses. Packed suit-boxes may be substituted for a second tray.



Very tight packing is good packing in the lower part of the trunk. In the upper tray, careful folding and the use of plenty of tissue-paper will prevent unsightly creases in the garments



In folding dresses for packing, it is helpful to use a long rectangular sheet of tissue-paper or cardboard as a foundation. Generous rolls of crushed tissue inserted wherever the garment is folded will help prevent sharp creases



Above—The roll method of packing a garment is even more compact than folding. If the garment is padded with tissue-paper, there will be few creases

At the right—When several garments are placed on each hanger, generous layers of tissue-paper placed around the hanger and the garments will help to prevent wrinkles



FOLDING AND PREPARING GARMENTS FOR PACKING

To avoid sharp creases in garments, many generous rolls of crushed tissue-paper should be inserted wherever a garment is folded. A foundation rectangle of tissue-paper or cardboard is of great assistance. Fold several sheets of tissue-paper together to make a rectangle of suitable size, depending upon whether you are packing a suitcase or a trunk. The rectangle is then used as a foundation around which the garment may be folded and pinned. Crushed rolls of tissue-paper should be used in combination with the flat tissue wherever the garment is folded over.

Tissue-paper should be lightly stuffed into sleeves and waists and lightly crushed about sashes, artificial flowers or protruding bits of trimming.

In plaited garments it may be desirable to baste the plaits down before folding. Use a long thread with a generous knot at the end. Baste plaits loosely from the waist to the hem. Do not fasten off the threads, but leave an end of two or three inches. In removing the basting, simply pull on the knot end of the thread.

Garments should always be folded so that if sharp creases appear they will emphasize, so far as is possible, the structural lines of the dress, waist or wrap. For instance, if one is folding a skirt, fold it so that the sharp creases will appear lengthwise. It is also desirable to fold garments so that no creases will appear in the center front or center back.

To fold a dress or wrap, first fasten the garment together sufficiently to give it form and then spread it out, front down, on a bed or table, drawing it into the most normal shape possible. Stuff the sleeves and waist lightly with crushed tissue-paper. Take a rectangle of cardboard or make a thick, soft rectangle of tissue-paper about twelve inches wide and twenty inches long. Place the rectangle on top of the dress slightly below the waistline. Fold back on top of the rectangle in a straight line from hem to shoulder those parts of the dress which extend beyond the tissue. Fold the sleeves carefully inside the rectangle made by the entire dress. Pin the sleeves in place if necessary.

Next fold the rest of the skirt over onto the tissue, placing a crushed roll of tissue along the fold. Fold the waist back onto the rectangle, placing a soft roll of tissue-paper along the crease. If the collar extends too far beyond the tissue, fold over a second time. Be sure in folding that good, clean edges and corners are made, avoiding as far as possible any folds at the corners which will make short, diagonal creases. The whole garment may be further pinned to keep it in place and covered with tissue-paper.

Other garments are folded in practically the same way, always using an abundance of crushed tissue-paper wherever wrinkles are to be avoided. This method of folding garments applies whether one is packing a dress-trunk, a dress-suitcase or a bag.

Dresses or waists that are carefully folded and packed with tissue-paper will keep in excellent shape if it is possible to place them in cardboard suit-boxes and then put the suit-boxes in the trunk.

If one is obliged to pack a comparatively great number of garments in a limited space, they may be rolled around each other. This method may be very satisfactory, especially if the trunk has to stand on end for any length of time. To roll a garment, fold it lengthwise so that all creases will give long lines, then roll it very tightly. The theory of rolling garments is that in so doing all crosswise creases are avoided. It is often advisable to make a compact roll of undergarments three or four inches through and then use this roll as the foundation for rolling dresses and skirts.

The rolled garments must then be pressed closely together to avoid their shifting about in the trunk or suitcase.

PACKING A WARDROBE-TRUNK

Packing a wardrobe-trunk is a very simple task as compared with packing a dress or steamer trunk. Wardrobe-trunks are now so conveniently planned—with jewel-drawer, tiny electric iron and pressing-board, folding mirror, hat-compartment, shoe-bag and laundry-bag—that after garments are classified all that remains is to place them in the right compartment.

The drawers of a wardrobe-trunk are from necessity of rather light construction, so that it is not advisable to pack them too solidly with heavy articles.

Several garments may be hung on each hanger of a wardrobe-trunk. If this is to be done, generous layers of crushed tissue-paper should be placed between them. The most economical method of packing is to hang waists on the waist-hanger and then fold dresses and skirts over the tops of the hangers. Layers of tissue-paper must always be placed between the hanger and the garment so that the hanger will not mark the garment.

All hanging ends, such as dress sleeves, belts, sashes and panels, should be pinned to the main part of the garment so that they will not drag on the floor when the trunk is swung open. Edges of garments hung over the top of a hanger may be pinned together about six inches below the top. This prevents them from slipping if they are unevenly balanced.

Before pushing or swinging the garment-rod back into place cover the garments with tissue-paper or a cloth cover.

Dust often sifts into the closest trunk and suitcase. A large rectangle of close, fine material such as pongee or cretonne may well be used to cover the lower contents of a trunk before the tray is packed. Another might be tucked over the contents of the tray.

The same sort of cover is pleasant to use in connection with packing a suitcase. The rectangle should be large enough to tuck in several inches all around in order to keep out all dust. It should be of a close-weave material and not bulky.

KEEP this article handy and read it over again just before you begin packing for your Summer vacation. It will tell you how to get to the end of your journey with your clothes uncreased and your temper unruffled

Gossard



Belvadear Simplified Lacing
Belvadear Non-Lacing
Gossard Corsets
Gossard Combinations
Gossard Brassieres

The Gossard Line of Beauty

No matter how loosely draped her raiment, how much fashion conceals the figure, correct carriage, proper poise, and comfort itself, demand proper corseting—Gossard corseting.

No matter what the occasion or the costume, whether gowned for social function, or an afternoon at golf, she must retain the natural line of womanhood's identity—the Gossard line—that falls from armpit to the waist, and then sweeps over hip downward.

No matter what her age, or the style of the moment, if a woman would be graceful, she *must* have that youth-line which Gossards give and preserve.

No matter where she lives, the modern woman will find a good store that features Gossards—an expert corsetiere, who knows at a glance how she should be fitted, what Gossard model she should wear, that the Gossard Line of Beauty, the youthful figure line, may be preserved.

The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Toronto, London, Sydney, Buenos Aires

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LOST—THE FAMILY'S APPETITE!

But read and learn how it may be found again

By Flora M. Thurston

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Expert in the Extension Service at Cornell University



If yours is the difficult problem of feeding a delicate child, an invalid or a grown-up person whose appetite has failed, write THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Making Department and our nutrition experts will help you. Tell us the circumstances of the case, enclosing a stamped envelope for our reply. Address THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

HOW often a mother, wearied by long hours in the kitchen preparing appetizing foods for her family, has been almost reduced to tears to find that her family has lost its appetite. Day after day she may be obliged to remove from the menu this or that food because some member of her family doesn't like it or finds that it doesn't "agree." A more baffling problem may be that of overcoming the indifference of a poor appetite.

Real danger to the health of an individual lurks in a poor appetite and in an inability to eat a variety of foods. The person who picks and chooses from a well-selected meal runs the risk of being only half-fed and at the same time fails to whet his appetite for future meals. Too often in feeding an invalid or a person with fickle food habits one is likely to fall into the error of trying to make a sick person well on food that would make a well person sick. And yet what can one do with patients who declare that milk makes them "bilious," that oranges are too acid and that eggs can not be tolerated at all?

To make a sick person well or a well person better, an adequate diet must be provided at all costs. Essential foods can not be left out of the dietary for any considerable period, especially in the case of one whose reserves are already low.

The remedy lies not so much in what to provide—because, on the whole, the same foods are needed by the young and old, by the sick and well. It is largely a question of how much food can be successfully utilized at a given time and in what form it can be best assimilated.

Even a baby before its first birthday is eating almost all of the foods mentioned on the score-card printed in THE DELINEATOR for April, May and June, the amount and form varying, of course, with the needs of the child. Many suggestions for making foods acceptable to a delicate stomach may be found in the diet of a well-fed child.

The alimentary tract of a baby is not prepared to handle solid, concentrated foods; but it can utilize almost all types of food if they are sufficiently dilute and in liquid or fluid form. Many foods—such as acid fruits, milk and cheese—which are not tolerated well by some adults in their natural form are easily digested if they are dilute. People who refuse oranges, grapefruit or tomatoes come to enjoy dilute orange or grapefruit juice and tomato soup.

WHEN a child is beyond the stage where liquids only are given, scraped apple and strained oranges, tomatoes, prunes and mild orchard fruits may be given with or without the addition of water. Fruit that is thoroughly clean and uncooked is more nutritious than cooked fruit and should be given daily to each member of the family, especially to the children. A healthy child of three or four can usually assimilate an unstrained fruit.

The use of lime-water in milk sometimes makes milk more digestible, partly because the lime-water dilutes the milk. Its value otherwise is questioned in view of the harm it may do to the chemical composition of the milk. Since lime-water is, nutritionally speaking, out of style, boiled water is used in its stead for babies. Adults and infants too may have milk diluted with something tasty; and at the same time that the milk is diluted it may be made more nourishing by adding to it vegetable and tomato juices or pulp. What a host of puddings, too, offer opportunity for the use of milk with other foods!

Some persons who say they can not digest milk with comfort when it is uncooked take it very successfully when it is made into cocoa, soup or dessert. Whatever harm the heating may do, milk cooked in food is vastly better than no milk at all; and until milk can be taken as a beverage, other means of introducing it into the dietary should be employed.

Buttermilk, skim milk and clabbered milk may become the favorites of those who dislike sweet whole milk.

Vegetables that are bulky and coarse of fiber are not suitable for the very young stomach or for the temperamental stomach; and they may also be refused by the person to whom they look like a huge gustatory task. But even formidable masses of roots, stems and leaves may be reduced to attractive proportions and fine grain by removing the coarsest fibers through a sieve. The juice alone is the correct thing for infants; and it may be most acceptable also to a convalescent or to a person whose appetite is at low ebb.

To the underweight child whose mother conscientiously offers food and still more food, the daily dish of gruel tries him or her to the breaking-point. Since tradition and science have placed the halo of health above the dish of oatmeal, it is sometimes used to the point where it becomes the source of Johnnie's complaint. "I don't like it because it sticks in my throat." Johnnie is helpless, however, because all the health authorities have combined against him, and stick or not, day in, day out, it must go down. Until the halo is shared by other desirable cereal foods, there will be no escape.

The substantial quality of cooked cereal is a joy to a husky appetite, but to the less enthusiastic the cereals from which the water has been removed during the cooking process are sometimes more acceptable and equally nutritious.

For many years toast has been popularly regarded as being more nutritious than bread. Soft, hot breads have been tabu because they were said to form in the stomach a ball of more or less impregnable quality. To the overstout the harder breads offer a valuable psychological factor in the diet. The more tired one's jaws become, the more convinced one is that he has had enough. It is reasonable that, since the saliva has a digesting effect upon starch, the more thoroughly a starchy food, such as bread, is mixed with saliva the more promptly it is digested. Because of this fact starchy foods that require chewing because they are hard or dry are more desirable, especially for a delicate stomach, than those which can be easily swallowed unchewed. Therefore toast, dry bread and crackers are given to little children and invalids instead of soft breads and pastries.

THE form in which eggs and cheese should be served has been a question much discussed. Since both these foods are rich in fat and are considered more concentrated than most other common foods, they often cause digestive disturbances. Eggs may even cause a rash to break out as the result of a toxic effect on the system. They are, however, a very valuable food and should be given in such a way as to cause the least disturbance.

Very small amounts of cooked eggs—only enough to cover the tip of a spoon—should be given at first to a baby toward the end of the first year. If this amount is tolerated, it should be very gradually increased until a whole egg is given several times a week during the end of the second year. A school child or adult might well have an egg a day or its equivalent cooked in food. If digestive upsets occur, remove the egg from the diet for a few days and return it gradually, at the same time building up the digestive powers by rest and other wholesome foods.

Those who do not like eggs as eggs may enjoy them cooked in puddings, cookies, muffins, soups and cereals. Raw eggs have had precedence over cooked eggs for invalids, but recent experience is in favor of the soft-cooked egg. Uncooked eggs should never be given to children.

Cheese as a digestible food has had a questionable reputation which it does not wholly deserve. Cheese is concentrated milk with characteristic flavors resulting from the ripening process. Therefore, cheese is a valuable addition to the diet, especially when milk is not abundantly used. As a food of high flavor and concentration it should be used with other foods rather than alone. Combined with juicy vegetables or fruits or well subdivided as in soufflés, cheese sauces, or cheese puddings, it is more easily attacked by digestive juices and is less irritating to the digestive tract. Cottage-cheese is much more dilute than the harder cheeses and is usually milder in flavor and more easily digested.

The ease of digestibility of meat is related very closely to its fat content. Since fat retards stomach digestion, lean meats are best for children and sensitive adults. A tender cut is more likely to be well chewed than a tough one. Thorough cooking aids materially in the digestion of meat.

WITH all these aids to good digestion, appetite may still lag far behind. Is there any way to make the stomach rouse itself to a few genuine hunger pangs, or at least adopt a cordial attitude to the reception of food? An apparently lazy stomach may be merely a tired one, and rest will sometimes go a long way toward encouraging it to action. A few minutes' rest before meals may mean more than twice the time afterward. In addition to rest, the stomach may need an appetizer in the form of stimulating foods.

Water, hot or cool, is an urge to secretion, and combined with fruit-juice, such as lemon or orange, it is even more stimulating. The fruits are chosen also because they are rich in vitamin B, the one that is associated with improvement in appetite. Milk, vegetables and whole cereals are also considered a great aid in increasing a desire for food because they contain conspicuous amounts of this vitamin. Lemonade before breakfast or fruit as the first course at breakfast may go a long way toward beginning the day well. A clear soup made of meat stock or vegetable-juice has a similar effect.

Fat, on the other hand, tends to depress secretion; dry beans and sticky sauces and cereals also discourage it to some extent. If dry beans are to be used, they should be strained and used in soup, especially if digestive disturbances are to be avoided. Nuts are also more readily digested when well subdivided and used with other foods.

A stomach that does not long for food may be a hungry one but still not be vigorous enough to express itself. Such a possession should be wholesomely surprised by small amounts of food between meals. This should be liquid preferably, such as milk or juicy fruit, and should increase rather than decrease the appetite for the next meal. If bread or crackers are needed, they make a desirable addition to the between-meal menu. Fresh air and out-of-doors exercise may also add greatly to a real desire for food, and change of scene and recreation are especially important for the shut-in home-maker.

At all costs, an adequate diet should be supplied. Until the body has the foods it needs, normal appetite can not be expected; and unless these foods are in a form in which the body can use them, the situation is difficult to solve. Never give up, even when all methods have been exhausted. Everything may seem to have failed—and yet one may be right on the brink of success.

THE SERVICEABLE SIX

Here are a round half-dozen leaflets which our Home-Making Department offers to send you. One or more of them may give you just the guidance you need for rediscovering your family's appetite.

1. Recipes Using Considerable Amounts of Milk
2. Suggestions for Variations of Egg Dishes
3. Suggestions for Using Dried Fruits
4. Points in Selecting Meals
5. A Food-Value Chart
6. *You Can Live More Cheaply*

These leaflets cost you nothing but a self-addressed envelope and the postage necessary to carry them. A two-cent stamp will cover three, and all six will go for four cents. Better write now. (You'll find the address in the note under the illustration above.)

MOTHER'S NOTE:

Physicians attribute fully 75% of all sickness to faulty elimination. So just as an Ounce of Prevention serve Post's Bran Flakes to every member of the family every day. That provides needed bulk for the intestines, enables the body naturally to throw off digestive waste.



DIETETIC ANALYSIS:

Vitamin B—a recognized dietary essential. Phosphorus and Iron—for body-building. Proteins and Carbohydrates—high food value in digestive form.

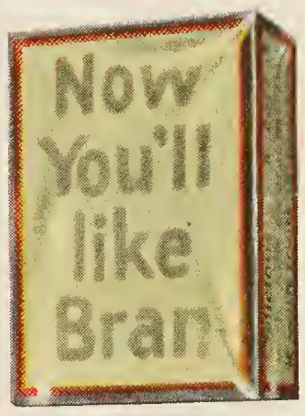
"an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—*Old Adage*

Health and happiness will come to stay at your house if you will only remember that fine old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Instead of habit-forming drugs and laxatives, serve a daily ration of Post's Bran Flakes as an "Ounce of Prevention" against faulty elimination.

Bran in this form prevents *unnatural* habits, caused by over-eating and too-little exercise; *corrects* faulty elimination, the direct cause of so much unhappiness and sickness.

Bran in its Most Palatable Form



At hotels, clubs, restaurants and on Pullman diners Post's Bran Flakes are served in individual Ounce of Prevention Packages.

Perhaps you, like thousands of other folks, have been advised by your physician to eat more bran, yet have failed to follow instructions because you did not like its taste.

Now you'll like bran. Post's Bran Flakes are *delicious!* Crisp flakes of bran (with other nutritious parts of wheat) flavored with malt syrup and salt, here is a delightful, laxative food, ready to eat.

Hints for Serving

Serve Post's Bran Flakes often, right from the package with milk or cream. Sprinkle them freely over children's fruits and cooked cereals. At least once each week, treat the family to piping hot Post's Bran Muffins.

An ounce of Post's Bran Flakes for every member of the family every day, that's the formula—an Ounce of Prevention to keep everybody well.

. . . .

Order Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer today. Write for an "Ounce of Prevention," a free, test package of Post's Bran Flakes and a booklet showing many tempting ways to serve this delicious health food.

Mail This Coupon

Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me your Ounce of Prevention, a free test package of Post's Bran Flakes and your booklet showing many different ways to serve bran.

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Canadians, write to—
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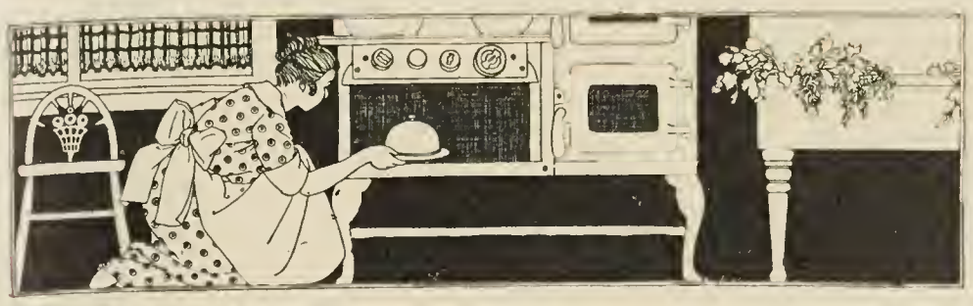
The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan—Makers of Post's Health Foods—Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes



WESSON OIL is choice salad oil—light in color and most *delicate* in flavor. Use it in salad dressings but use it, too, for shortening and frying. Wesson Oil is nothing but pure, rich fat. It is the most delicious, wholesome frying fat you can imagine. For making cake or shortening biscuit or pastry add a little salt and then use Wesson Oil just as you would use melted butter—only a bit less because Wesson Oil is richer than butter—and see if your best recipe doesn't turn out *better than ever,* in spite of the fact that it costs less.

You'll never know
how good *things can taste*
until you cook with a fat
that is itself
so good to eat

A Short Cake Suggestion.—Mix and sift 2 cups of flour, 4 teaspoons of baking-powder, ½ teaspoon of salt and 1 tablespoon of sugar. Make a depression in the flour, pour in ⅓ cup of Wesson Oil and mix with the finger tips or with two knives. Gradually add enough milk (½ to ¾ cup) to make a soft dough. Toss the dough on a well floured board and pat or roll lightly to half-inch thickness. Bake in sheets for a large short cake or cut with a biscuit cutter for "individuals." Bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes. When done, split in two, butter and put well sweetened fruit between the layers and on top. Serve with cream. Any fresh berries, peaches, oranges or stewed fruit may be used.



BUDGETED MENUS FOR AUGUST

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to do two things—provide well-balanced meals and at the same time meet the expenditures of the householder with an average income. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

LIVING on a limited income calls for all the ingenuity and cleverness, judgment and patience that one possesses. The following menus were executed by a group of five young adults living together on a budget which allowed $3.50 a week per person for the cost of raw materials. As is usually the case with a group of this kind, all food was purchased at retail prices, with no garden or store closet to draw upon, so that the menus show a lack of relishes and condiments which could not be afforded except at a sacrifice of more valuable nutrients. The accounts for the week's menus show that about as much money was spent for fruits and vegetables (fresh, dry and canned) as for milk and cheese; almost as much for meat, eggs, fish and poultry as for milk; about half as much for bread and cereals and also for fats and for sweets as for milk. For professional people this is a good showing, for their need for breads and breakfast foods, fats and sweets is less than that of people working with their muscles.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Fresh Fruit
Wheat Cereal *Plain Muffins*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Peanut-and-Lettuce Sandwiches
Mixed Fruits *Cookies*
Milk or Iced Tea

DINNER
Roast Beef *Mashed Potatoes*
Perfection Salad *Whole-Wheat Bread*
Junket Ice-Cream *Cake*
Milk or Coffee

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Prunes
Rolled Wheat *Top Milk*
Date Muffins
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cheese Sandwich *Tomato Salad*
Corn-Starch Pudding *Jelly*
Milk or Tea

DINNER
Cold Roast Beef
Scalloped Potatoes *Summer Squash*
Graham Rolls
Apple Cobbler
Milk or Coffee

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Fresh Fruit
Rolled Oats *Top Milk*
Toast
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON
Macaroni *Tomato Sauce*
Cabbage Salad *Mayonnaise*
Green-Apple Sauce
Gingerbread
Milk or Tea

DINNER
Liver and Bacon
Mashed Potatoes *Sliced Tomatoes*
Prune Whip
Milk or Coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Cantaloup
Prepared-Rice Cereal *Top Milk*
Bran Muffins
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON
Egg Salad with Mayonnaise
Brown-Bread Sandwiches
Sugar Cookies *Iced Cocoa*

DINNER
Salmon Loaf *Cream Sauce*
Buttered Peas *Boiled Potatoes*
Tomato Salad *White Bread*
Apple Pie
Milk or Coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Baked Green Apples
Toasted Bacon Sandwiches
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON
Cottage-Cheese-and-Prune Salad
Sliced Cucumbers
Whole-Wheat Bread
Milk or Tea

DINNER
Broiled Kidneys *Creamed Potatoes*
Sweet Corn *Beet Greens*
Hot Rolls
Jellied Prunes
Milk or Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Blueberries and Corn Flakes
Whole-Wheat Toast
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON
Vegetable Milk Stew
Jam *Toasted Rolls*
Lemonade

DINNER
Baked Fish *Egg Sauce*
Baked New Potatoes
Cucumber Salad *French Dressing*
Graham Bread
Sliced Peaches
Milk or Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Blueberry Griddle-Cakes *Sirup*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON
Fish-Cakes
Tomato Salad *Mayonnaise*
Hot Muffins
Hot Chocolate

DINNER
Meat Balls *Brown Gravy*
Steamed Rice *Creamed Cabbage*
Graham Bread
Peach Whip
Milk or Coffee

The Home-Makers' Department (THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.) will be glad to send recipes for any of the dishes mentioned here. Kindly enclose a stamped envelope.



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Home-canned Tomatoes, Firm Enough for Salads

THE picture of the big jar above will give you an idea of the appearance of tomatoes canned by the Lorain Oven Method. But, neither pictures nor words can describe the fresh-tasting deliciousness of tomatoes canned by this simple method.

Thousands of happy housewives who own Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges now do all their canning in the oven—quickly, easily, cheaply, and with unequalled results.

The several steps are illustrated at the left in their order from top to bottom. First, you scald the tomatoes to loosen the skins, and dip them quickly into cold water. Remove the skins. Next, pack the tomatoes in sterilized jars, add one teaspoonful of salt to each quart, and adjust the covers loosely over scalded jar-rubbers.

The filled jars are then placed in the lighted oven, the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator set at 250 degrees. Shut the oven door, and set the alarm clock for one hour for quart jars, forty minutes for pint jars. While the jars are in the oven you need not stay in the kitchen.

When the prescribed time is up, remove the jars from the oven, tighten the lids, and your canning is done. Fruits and tomatoes canned by this easy method keep indefinitely and retain their natural form, color, and flavor.

Wherever gas is used you'll find agents who'll gladly demonstrate the marvelous achievements of Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges—oven canning, cooking a Whole Meal while you're miles away, and baking without ever a failure.

Fill-in and mail the coupon for a free copy of the Lorain Oven Canning Chart

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Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
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These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

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DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.
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LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR



Keep youth's velvet skin the Fairy way!

FROM childhood to old age—follow the Fairy way! It's the way to permanent skin health. Fairy Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin, leaving it fresh and wholesome.

The fragrant, snow-white lather—so quickly produced—is a delight to tender skins.

Fairy Soap! The clear white oval cake fits the hand. You grasp it readily—you hold it easily. And the most economical of soaps because it wears to a thin wafer without a break.

For young and old—for toilet or bath—Fairy Soap! The cake of refinement—just delicately perfumed.

It's white! It's pure! It floats!

FAIRY SOAP

COOLING DISHES FOR HOT DAYS

By Lucile Brewer

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

DOG-DAY dishes! What shall they be made from? For a dish must be cold, very cold indeed, if it is to be popular with the palate of a midsummer appetite.

But cold dishes have a great and fortunate advantage for the housewife who has to prepare them: they can be made in the cool hours of the day.

Cold sliced meats, cold salads, cold jellied soups and frozen desserts are habitués of Summer-time menus. The jellied dishes, meat mousses and frozen salads are fast becoming popular. With a good foundation of aspic, all sorts of delightful combinations of favorite flavors may be served quite as palatably in the chilled state as when steaming hot.

HOW TO MAKE ASPIC

Use two pounds of a cheap cut of beef containing much connective tissue and put it in a pot with veal or beef bones. If particular flavor is desired, include a half-pound of ham or bacon. Add such sweet herbs as thyme, basil, parsley and marjoram, and salt and pepper to taste. Cover with cold water and simmer for three or four hours. Strain and put away to cool. When cold, take off all fat and sediment and reheat. Add a slightly beaten egg-white or the shells of half a dozen freshly broken well-washed eggs. Boil for a few minutes. Add the lemon-juice and strain through a jelly-bag.

Chicken stock or stock made from bones, meat scraps, remnants of roasts or steak may all be used in making aspic jelly.

Canned soups such as clear tomato bouillon or consommé give very satisfactory results and are ready to use with gelatin for making aspics. The soup should be heated, strained if necessary, and diluted according to directions. One tablespoon of gelatin should be used to each quart of the liquid.

All aspic or jellied dishes are poured into molds to set. If the mold is rubbed lightly with a very little of any good salad-oil, the surface of the jelly will be smooth and glossy when turned from the mold. This is much more satisfactory than merely dipping the mold into cold water.

SALMON-AND-CUCUMBER JELLY

1 can salmon
1 medium-size cucumber
6 olives
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
1 cup aspic
Salt

Drain and flake the salmon. Slice the cucumbers and the olives very thin. Mix with the aspic, which should be cold but still liquid; add the lemon-juice and salt to taste. Turn into molds. Chill and serve on a cold platter with a border of watercress dressed with French dressing.

EGG RINGS IN ASPIC

1 pint clear tomato bouillon
4 hard-cooked eggs
1 tablespoon gelatin
1 cup cooked small green peas
¼ cup cold water
Mayonnaise dressing

Soften the gelatin in the cold water and add it to the hot bouillon. Cool in a pan of ice-water. Cut the eggs in halves and remove the yolks. When the mixture begins to thicken slightly, add the thin slices of egg-whites and the peas. Turn into an oiled mold and chill.

Force the egg-yolks through a sieve. Mix thoroughly with mayonnaise dressing. Surround molds with lettuce cups containing one tablespoon of the egg mayonnaise.

HAM IN ASPIC WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE

1 cup ground boiled ham
1 cup medium white sauce
1 egg-yolk
1 teaspoon capers
2 small sweet pickles minced
1 cup aspic
⅓ cup whipped cream
4 canned button mushrooms sliced thin

Add the beaten egg-yolk to the hot white sauce. Mix thoroughly and add all the other ingredients. Mix well, fold in the whipped cream and turn into oiled individual molds. Chill, remove from molds and serve with cucumber sauce.

CUCUMBER SAUCE

Chill, pare and mince three medium-size cucumbers. Add one teaspoon of minced onion and a tart apple diced. Mix well with French dressing and serve in crisp lettuce cups.

VEGETABLES IN ASPIC

1 cup small peas
1 cup diced carrots
½ cup celery cut in small pieces
1 teaspoon onion-juice
Salt and pepper
1 cup melted aspic

Use cold cooked vegetables. Combine all the ingredients, turn the mixture into oiled individual molds and serve with cheese mayonnaise.

CHEESE MAYONNAISE

1 cup mayonnaise dressing
1 cup cream cheese

Add cheese gradually to the mayonnaise dressing, beating constantly.

FROZEN SALADS

Meats, fish, vegetables, nuts, fruits and cheese may be mixed with a dressing and frozen for salads. This gives a pleasing blend of flavors and makes certain that the salad is as cold as it should be. Frozen salads may be made as ices are made and stirred or packed and frozen without stirring as mousses are. The molds must be well sealed to keep out the salt. All frozen salads should be served on chilled plates.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

1 cup white grapes halved and seeded
1 cup diced pineapple
4 peaches, diced
2 oranges diced
⅓ cup almonds blanched and shredded
1 cup cream whipped stiff
1 teaspoon gelatin softened in 1 tablespoon cold water
1 tablespoon lemon-juice
1 tablespoon sugar

Dissolve the gelatin over hot water and add it to the whipped cream. Add the lemon-juice and sugar. Separate the oranges in sections and remove the membrane. Mix the fruit and nuts lightly together. Fold in the cream mixture and turn into a mousse-mold or the can of an ice-cream freezer. Pack in ice and salt and leave to freeze, without turning, to the mushy frappé stage. Serve in lettuce cups or paper cases. Garnish with maraschino cherries sliced thin crosswise.

FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 quart tomatoes, canned or fresh
1 clove
1 stalk celery
1 slice onion
Few peppercorns
Sprig parsley
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 egg-white
½ cup cream

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Cook the tomatoes with the seasonings for ten minutes. Add the gelatin, stir well and rub the mixture through a wire strainer. Add the vinegar, stir and freeze. When the mixture freezes to a mushlike consistency, add the stiffly beaten cream and egg-white. Pack the mixture in a mold or molds to overflowing. Adjust the covers and pack in ice and salt. Let stand for two hours. Remove from mold. Slice and serve with cream mayonnaise dressing on bed of crisp watercress.

CREAM MAYONNAISE DRESSING

1 cup mayonnaise dressing
1 cup whipped cream, sweet or sour

Whip the cream until stiff and fold it into the mayonnaise dressing. This dressing must be kept in a cold place and should be used the day it is made.

If your family like these cool dishes and you want recipes for more of them, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Home-Makers' Department, Butterick Building, New York, N.Y. Tell us what you want most—jellied soups, cold meats, chilled salads or frozen desserts.







Remember—
Your teeth get no vacation

So guard them by the "Wash—Don't Scour" method

It's the same old grind, grind, grind, every day in the year, so far as your teeth are concerned. You may rest or play at the lakes, the woods or the shore, but your teeth must keep right on doing their daily work—and doing it well.

Modern Dental science proves that good teeth mean good health—that care of your teeth is an investment that pays life-long dividends both in beauty and in health.

But use a safe, common sense dentifrice

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, because it contains no grit, "washes" teeth and polishes them gently and safely—keeps them thoroughly clean. It brings out all the natural beauty of tooth enamel without the slightest danger of scratching it, or wearing it away.

Colgate's is a common sense dentifrice, based on soap and precipitated chalk—the two substances which authorities approve. No "cure-all" claims* are made for Colgate's. It's only function is to keep teeth clean. A Dentist, not a dentifrice, corrects and cures unhealthy mouth conditions.

*In the book, "Good Teeth" (Keep Well Series No. 13) on page 14, the United States Public Health Service says, ... "No medicine has ever been suggested which will cure pyorrhea, and the sooner this fact is recognized by both dentist and patient the better for all concerned".

A large tube costs only 25c—for Colgate's is priced as sensibly as it is manufactured.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk, They'd Say, "Use Colgate's".



Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

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Please send me, free, a trial size of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name

Address



HEINZ PIER
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This great pier, extending far into the ocean, invites Atlantic City visitors (they number ten millions a year) to rest and enjoy the ocean breezes; to inspect its interesting exhibits of art objects and curiosities of educational and artistic value from all parts of the world; to make use of the writing and reading rooms with files of daily papers; to see the moving pictures and listen to the lectures on the evolution of food making and to learn more about the 57 Varieties by putting them to the test of taste.

To all or any of this, all are welcome.

WHY WE *ADVERTISE* THE "57"

HEINZ Pier at Atlantic City is an advertisement. It is an advertisement of the Heinz business, a business of making foods—the 57 Varieties. The Heinz Kitchens at Pittsburgh which are thrown open daily to thousands of visitors is an advertisement. So are the presentations in magazines, and newspapers, and on street car cards. Our business is built upon the confidence that people have come to feel in the name "Heinz" Every statement that bears the name "Heinz" or the "57", and every can, bottle and jar that bears these familiar emblems is entrusted with the Heinz reputation—for purity, wholesomeness and good taste. That is why the "advertising" of Heinz 57 Varieties may be accepted by everyone as a safe guide to good things to eat.

57

H · J · HEINZ · COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

FOODS THAT "SATISFY"

By Flora Rose

Head of the Nutrition Department, School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WE HUMAN beings want both pleasure and satisfaction from the things we eat. To give us pleasure, food must taste good, feel good, look good and smell good. To give us satisfaction is quite another matter. Satisfying food has been variously described as "substantial," as "filling" and as something that "sticks to the ribs" or "stays by" one for the proper length of time.

Though we all know from internal sensations what "staying by" signifies to us, few of us realize that it actually means "remaining in the stomach." This lack of understanding is due to the fact that most of us have grown up with a hazy but persistent notion that the greatest advantage that a food may possess is that it will digest quickly. The term "hastens digestion" sounds like a virtuous performance. It may be quite the opposite.

To illustrate: You are busy about the house several hours and you walk several miles a day. I sit at my desk most of my waking hours and walk little. Our neighbor is more physically active than either of us. We might all eat the same food and derive equal pleasure from taste, texture, appearance and smell, but we would not all be equally satisfied. If the meal has been just right for me with my sedentary habits, it has probably left you feeling gaunt and empty before the next meal, and it may have sent our active neighbor prowling around in the kitchen pantry to find a snack that would tide her over until the regular time for more food.

If we have the problem of serving satisfying food, we must first plan meals that will be filling and then modify them to give them the staying-by power suited to the individual or the family. To be specific, you and I and our neighbor all need to be filled; but in order to make me comfortable my meal must have very limited amounts of food that lingers in the stomach; you will need more; our neighbor will need most. Our average of comfort will thus be made about the same.

There is a great difference in the staying power of various foods. In the first rank are fats, which have the well-earned reputation of lingering longest of any foods in the stomach and of acting as a brake to keep other foods which they accompany from traveling rapidly from the stomach. When some of our hard-working friends complain that vegetables and fruits have no staying power, we recommend the following: Cook the greens with bacon, pork or other fat; use fresh vegetables seasoned well with savory fats; choose salads with oil dressings; eat fruit with cream; fry eggplant, tomatoes, parsnips or cucumbers; make apple, cherry and berry pies and strawberry shortcake. A little adjusting will make vegetables and fruits useful for filling and for staying by.

In this land of abundance the physically active people have developed a dietary in which fats abound. Dishes such as sausage and pancakes, pork and beans, pie and cheese, doughnuts, fried foods and rich cakes play an important part in helping to keep away the pain of emptiness. If we used less of these types of food, we would probably be driven to the custom prevalent in some European countries of substituting for our three square meals a day four or five of less-generous proportions.

This is what we do for little children. If they are healthy, they certainly qualify for the class of hard workers; yet they haven't, as a rule, well-enough-developed digestive tracts to enable them to endure large amounts of fat. We compromise by giving them modest amounts of fats and by feeding them oftener than we feed ourselves.

Next to the fats in staying power are foods which are rich in fat and protein, such as meat, eggs, cheese, milk, most nuts and soybeans. Perhaps here is a good explanation for man's fondness for meat, for it is a food which both tastes good and satisfies.

Foods that have the least staying power—that is, that leave the stomach empty soonest—are breads, breakfast foods, sugars and starches.

When all this information is summarized, we find that if we are to be satisfied the physically active among us need either more fat in our meals or more frequent meals than those of us who are physically inactive.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S PRIMER

If you have any question you want to ask about housekeeping, write us about it and we will send you a personal answer. The following queries and replies were selected from our recent correspondence as containing information of interest to all home-makers

QUESTION: Do you think the housekeeper should always measure and weigh ingredients in cooking? Will you give me some simple tables to help me?

Answer: Yes, if she expects uniform results each time. If she is a genius at measuring or estimating, she may not need to, but I haven't met many such geniuses. In using the following table, make all measurements level.

3	standard	teaspoons	= 1	standard	tablespoon
16	"	tablespoons	= 1	"	cup
1	"	cup	= ½	"	pint
2	"	cups	= 1	"	pint
4	"	cups	= 1	"	quart
2	"	pints	= 1	"	quart
4	"	quarts	= 1	"	gallon
8	"	quarts	= 1	"	peck
4	"	pecks	= 1	"	bushel

You can secure a leaflet on standard measures by writing to the Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C.

Question: Is it dangerous to eat fish and milk at the same meal?

Answer: Not if both are in sound, clean, wholesome condition. The idea that these foods must not be associated has probably arisen from cases of food poisoning following a meal that contained the two. The combination did not cause the poisoning. It was due to eating spoiled fish or spoiled milk or some other spoiled food.

Question: Please tell me if there are ways in which I may be more careful in my use of electricity.

Answer: Study your lights and see if there are not some places where small ones may be made to replace large ones.

Look over all lights, and if any have grown dim with age replace them with new ones. The cost of new ones will be less than the maintenance of the old ones.

Buy a good quality of bulbs.

See that no lights are used unnecessarily.

Have wiring examined to see that it has no defects which may cause a loss of current even when lights are off.

Keep all your appliances in good condition.

Question: After clothes have been soaked overnight, should they then be washed in very hot water?

Answer: No, because hot water may set stains and it tightens the fabric and prevents the removal of the dirt—with the exception of grease. Clothes are best washed as clean as possible in warm water; then hot water may be used to remove any lingering grease and boiling water may be used to sterilize.



Every Baby Needs These Four Essentials

BABY'S health and growth require proper amounts of sleep, food and fresh air. Science now knows that skin health is equally essential to an infant's welfare.

But night and day three unseen enemies are seeking to attack the delicate skin. If these foes are not repulsed, they cause untold suffering, upset baby's system and undermine health. Based on half a century of study, the Mennen Laboratories perfected a defense against each foe—a triple protection for baby's undeveloped skin.



FRESH AIR
several hours each day

Poisonous Moisture

One ever-present menace is *moisture*. Whether it is perspiration, or urine, or bath-water, it inflames the skin when caught in the loose skin-folds. Towels cannot reach this hidden moisture.

But each fleck of Mennen Borated Talcum is like a tiny absorbent sponge. Millions of these fairy sponges draw poisonous moisture from the skin, leaving the epidermis wholly dry and safe.

Friction is another danger. Clothes and blankets and baby's own weight cause constant rubbing of the skin-folds. No chafing will result if Mennen Borated Talcum is applied to baby's body. That is because this soft, pure powder forms a smooth protective film over the skin.



PROPER FOOD
suited to age and condition

Infection threatens

Infant skin is almost helpless to resist *infection*. Tiny blemishes too often develop into serious ailments, unless infection is stopped at the start.

That is why Mennen scientists experimented for years to compound a perfect formula of elements to put in Mennen Borated Talcum. The therapeutic ingredients in Mennen's are mild and safe, yet they are most effective in keeping baby's skin soft, smooth and pretty.

One element in the famous formula affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency—and counteracts acidity.

Mennen Borated Talcum is not simple talcum with an added scent. It is a carefully compounded prescription containing the finest medicaments known to skin specialists and dermatologists.

For the sake of baby's welfare, never omit the Mennen shower after every bath and change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby cries.



HEALTHY SKIN
through daily use of
Mennen Borated Talcum

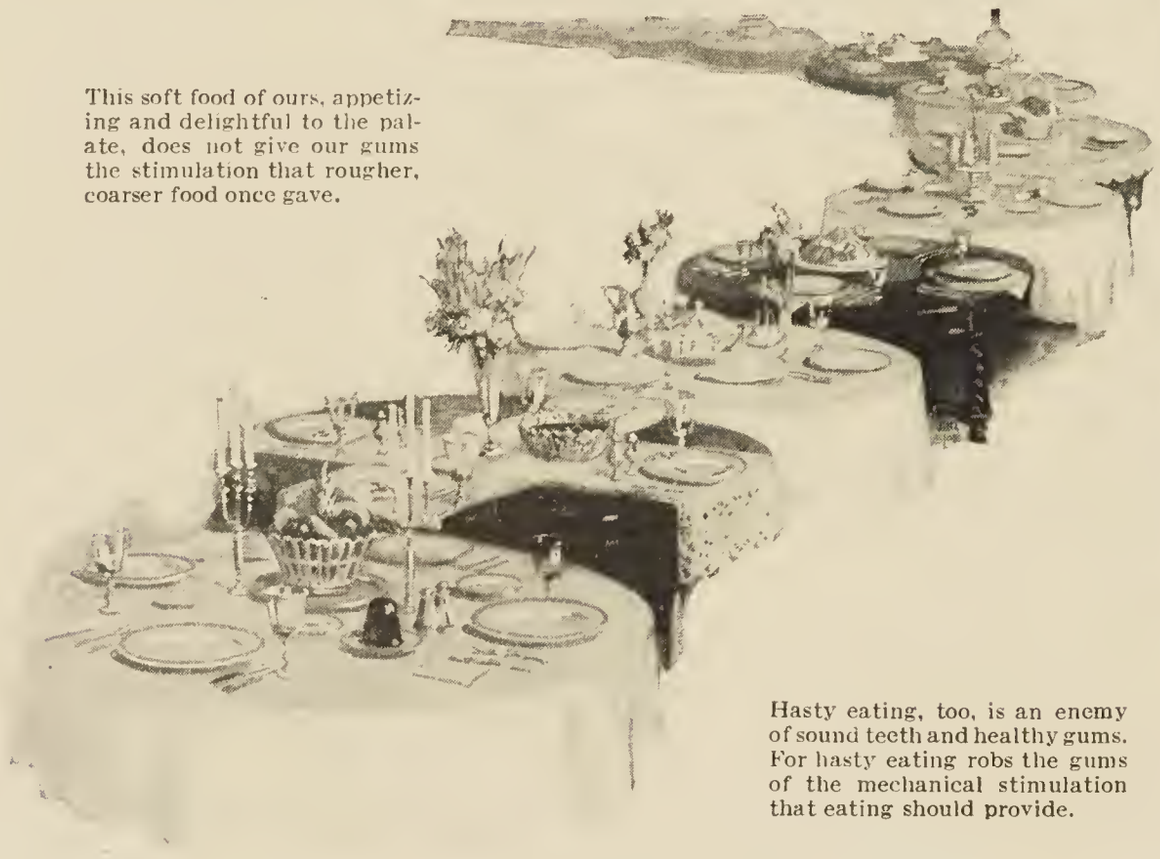
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MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM



SOUND SLEEP
at appointed hours

The meals of yesteryear—
what have they done to your teeth and gums?



This soft food of ours, appetizing and delightful to the palate, does not give our gums the stimulation that rougher, coarser food once gave.

Hasty eating, too, is an enemy of sound teeth and healthy gums. For hasty eating robs the gums of the mechanical stimulation that eating should provide.

THE FOOD we eat has a great effect upon the condition of our teeth. But it is even more definitely responsible for the trouble that some of us have with our gums.

For this soft, creamy food of civilization, eaten over a long period of time, and eaten too often in haste, has robbed the gums of the stimulation which coarse food and slow mastication should give.

As a result, we are experiencing trouble with our gums. Even teeth which have been well preserved by good care and frequent cleaning are not immune from troubles due to a weakened gum structure.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Many people find that their gums are tender. They report to their dentists that their gums have a tendency to bleed. And the dentist will tell them that this appearance of "pink toothbrush" is a sign that their gums need stimulation and exercise.

How Ipana Tooth Paste *stimulates your gums*

More than three thousand dentists, in cases of this kind, now recommend Ipana Tooth Paste and prescribe it to their patients. In stubborn cases of bleeding gums, many dentists direct a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with the brush.

For one of the important ingredients of Ipana is ziratol—an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession the country over. It is used to allay the bleeding of the wound after extraction, and to help restore to the gums their normal tonicity.

The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing of bleeding gums, and to help to build firm, sound, healthy gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

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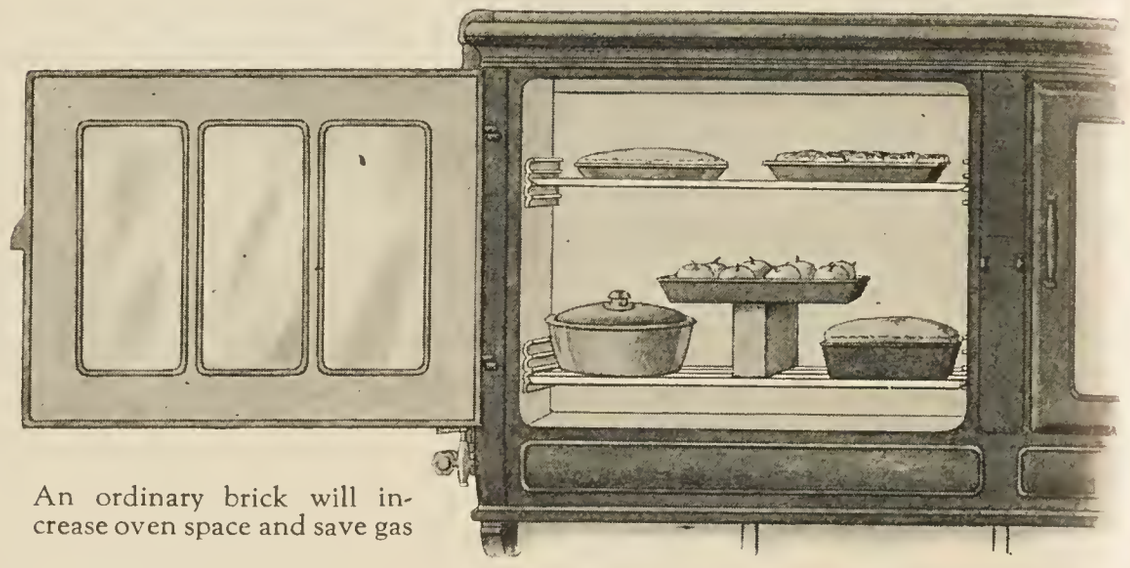
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SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



An ordinary brick will increase oven space and save gas

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

SAVE OVEN SPACE

It is very annoying when baking to find that you can not use your oven to full capacity because the last dish will not quite fit in. To bake that dish afterward will waste gas and upset the whole meal plan. Pressed for time one day, I found a space in the oven for half a brick. On this I baked the extra dish without delay. I use this device now every time I bake. You will, too, when you have once tried it.—MRS. M. B., Long Branch, Calif.

STOP SEARCHING FOR KNIVES AND FORKS

Recently we divided the drawer of the kitchen table into several sections by means of partitions, thus having separate compartments for knives, forks and spoons. A great deal of time and energy is now saved which I formerly spent in searching for the particular knife or spoon I needed.—MRS. W. V. W., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

SAVE BY MAKING BABY'S BOOTEES

The tops of long kid gloves are usually in good condition after the hands have become badly worn. These tops may be used to make very attractive baby's bootees.—W. E., Ithaca, N. Y.

SAVE CLOSET SPACE

With limited closet space, I found I could keep all the dresses belonging to my small daughter on two or three hangers—with the help of a dozen spring clothes-pins. An ordinary piece of wire was fastened to one end of the hanger, then a number of these clothes-pins were strung on it. The wire was then fastened to the other end of the hanger. The garments are light in weight, so there is little strain on the hanger. It is very easy to locate any of the dresses, and precious closet space is saved.—MRS. P. M. C., Spartanburg, S. C.

MOVE CHAIRS SILENTLY

On the bottoms of the legs of all my chairs I have placed metal or rubber silencers. These not only save the floors and floor coverings, but the chairs are much more easily moved about, and with much less noise.—MRS. W. B. P., Columbus, Ohio.

PREVENT DRESSES FROM FALLING OFF HANGERS

Since I learned to wind elastic bands around the ends of clothes-hangers, I have no difficulty in preventing dresses and light wraps from slipping off the hangers.—L. B., Rushville, Mo.

KEEP THE ICE-PICK HANDY

Does that person exist who has not had to hunt the ice-pick? The last one who used it would either leave it in with the ice, on top of the refrigerator or carry it off to some other place. The round eye part of an old curtain fixture attached to a shelf or to the wall near the ice-box will save many steps. The pick can be dropped through the round hole and it will always be in its place. This is the best idea in my kitchen and saves much precious time.—MRS. M. H.-O'P., Cedar Grove, La.

SAVE ON LETTUCE

A head of lettuce will last many days if it is kept in the following way: Remove the tough outside leaves and wash the head of lettuce well. Place the lettuce in a bowl with enough water so that the root will be covered with water, then cover it with a plate or saucer. Use the leaves as required each day and change the water frequently.—MRS. W. C. P., Washington, D. C.

PREVENT STAINS AND SCRATCHES ON THE SINK

We have found that by covering the feet on the bottom of a sink-strainer with adhesive tape we are able to save all unsightly marks, scratches and rust strains on the sink and thus save time usually spent in scouring it.—M. M. P., Mason City, Iowa.

PEEL TOMATOES EASILY

The best way to skin tomatoes that are to be eaten cold in any form is to hold them on a fork over a lighted gas-flame for a moment. The skin becomes black in places and cracks open and can be removed immediately; also the tomato remains cold and firm, and more time and labor are saved than by the old method of plunging tomatoes into boiling water.—C. E. R., Allentown, Pa.

SAVE ON CUPBOARD DOORS

Frequently cupboard shelves are needed in a place where there is no room for protecting doors to open without the shelves being very much in the way. Unscreened shelves are unsightly and difficult to keep clean. Privacy, neatness and protection may be provided by using an ordinary window-shade on its roller, placing it at the top of the cupboard. If the shade matches the woodwork or the wall, it is quite inconspicuous and very satisfactory to the careful housewife.—L. McC., Altadena, Calif.



The crisp golden grains delight you if you're hungry—tempt you if you're not

Into the future of each human life stretch two broad Highways

One is the road of malnutrition—the road of ill-health and unhappiness.

The other is the road of nourishment—the road of strength and health.

Three times a day—you make the choice:

Food that overburdens, that even poisons your body; that wears out your digestive machinery—or

Food that your system can utilize; food that will build you a splendid body and give you all the power you need to run it.

At least one-third of your nourishment should come from carbohydrates. Yet many of us do not get proper nourishment from the carbohydrates in the form in which we usually eat them.

Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts are the precious carbohydrates—in the form that your body quickly and smoothly digests and turns into vigorous strength and vitality.

Daily renews your vitality

In Grape-Nuts the carbohydrates have been *dextrinized*—scientifically broken down into the form that will yield the greatest amount of nourishment to your body.

Grape-Nuts tones up your system—mentally and physically you will feel more alert and alive.

And Grape-Nuts has this added value to your health: it comes in crisp, golden kernels you must chew. This chewing keeps the whole mouth healthy. It starts the proper flow of the salivary and gastric juices—*the first step to sound digestion.*

Eat Grape-Nuts every day and see what a difference it makes in the way you feel. All grocers have Grape-Nuts. Hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion.

"Thousands are slowly poisoning themselves to death by eating beyond their digestive capacity."

—*Right Food the Right Remedy*

"Only that portion of the food that is digested and absorbed can serve the purpose of growth and the maintenance of the vital functions."

—*The Principles of Human Nutrition*

In Grape-Nuts the precious carbohydrates have been *dextrinized* in the form your body most readily and smoothly digests and transforms into strength and vitality.

"I consider Grape-Nuts an unexcelled food for the development and maintenance of sound, healthy teeth and gums," states a prominent New York dentist.

"For the growing child the thorough chewing required by Grape-Nuts not only aids materially in building firm, regular teeth and a healthy gum structure but also strengthens and assists in the proper growth of the entire jaw.

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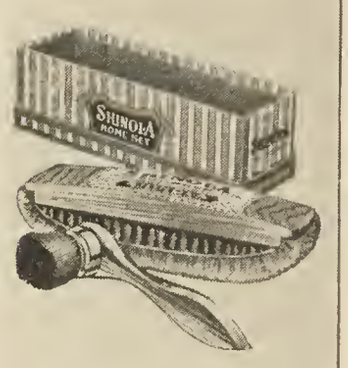
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There is a famous theatrical producer who says:

"The first thing I demand is unshined shoes to give a slovenly effect to an actor's personal appearance. The effect of the finest clothes can be completely offset by umkempt shoes. Look about you in real life and see how true that is!"

No man or woman wants to give that impression.

Well shined shoes are an index to neatness, good breeding, personal cleanliness.

Buy your Shoe Shining Outfit today. A few minutes spent in keeping your shoes shined and gleaming just gives you that nice feeling of pride that goes with perfect grooming.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes men's shoes and women's shoes.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In this department, which was inaugurated and developed under the editorial advisership of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent baby specialist, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the most authentic information on baby care and child welfare. See on page 16 the list of valuable pamphlets which may be had for ten cents each. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Better Homes—This national movement for Better Homes in America, which THE DELINEATOR organized in 1921, has now been incorporated as a public service under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. Plan-books may be had telling how to organize local campaigns. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to furnish information and to forward inquiries; or you may write direct to headquarters.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of whatever house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Children—We've a page of children's prayers, and also a list of books that will help develop good reading habits. A two-cent stamp will bring one or both to you.

An attractive little binder that will hold twelve numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may be had for twenty-five cents. The binder is red in color and has the words "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the front cover.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

An illustrated booklet of exercises for women, called "Keeping Fit at Home," may be had for ten cents.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. For this month there are three new parties, "A Can Shower," for brides-to-be; "A Spanish Fiesta," a party for everybody; and "A Mail-Bag Social," for church entertainment. Two cents will cover return postage.



HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET

Continued from page 20

maintaining them. I saw that it would easily cost fifteen hundred dollars more than we have as income to support the standards which we have unconsciously adopted during the last few years.

"When we had finished our talk, the estimate sheet showed a deficit of more than one thousand dollars. It was a long time before I could see just why we were not more in debt than we are. Finally I realized that it is because every year we save a little money until December or January, then draw it all out to pay doctor's bills, Christmas presents, taxes, coal and life-insurance premiums. In my budget I had counted these amounts as savings and again in the estimated costs.

"I said that there seemed to be something wrong somewhere, for, plan as we would, we never succeeded in having anything on hand with which to pay large bills. Then Miss Budgeteer reminded me that, if we were planning our budget on a yearly basis, we must be sure to include not only regular weekly and monthly expenses, but irregular and seasonal payments, such as coal bills and life-insurance premiums; and that until we had included these items we should not have a complete picture of the whole year's spending.

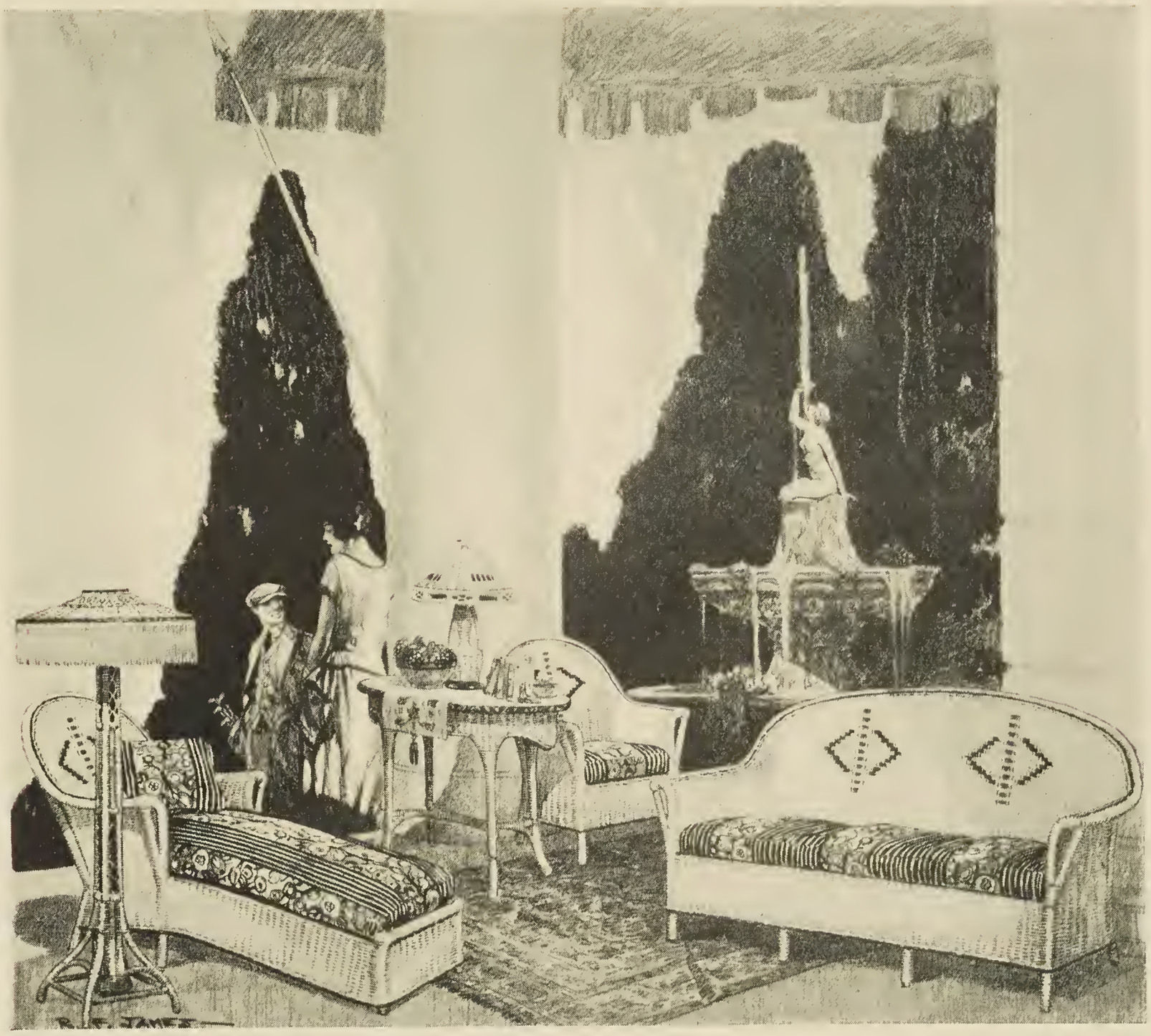
"We worked out a budget together; but I don't feel that it is in final form, for it expresses only my ideas and not yours. We must all agree upon the things we want most from our income. Half of our present trouble seems to be due to the fact that when we think we need something we rush off and buy it, without stopping to measure its real value and without making a conscious choice between that and something else which may be even more necessary. Being obliged to go without things which seem necessary makes us feel as though we were poor; while on the other hand, if we deliberately choose to do without one thing in order to buy another we have a different feeling entirely, for then we have at least bought the thing we wanted most."

THERE was a moment's silence when Mother Ward finished. Then each member of her family began to explain which things seemed essential to him or to her. Confusion occupied the household until work-sheets were passed around and everybody was asked to estimate the cost of maintaining his or her personal standard of living. Even father hesitated over many of the details.

Mother Ward was appealed to for information on the average cost of food and housekeeping items. Every point was discussed carefully and constructively.

A long time was spent over the food budget: and to the surprise of all it was Mary, lover of good things to eat, who proposed giving up some of their table luxuries in order to reduce food costs sufficiently to provide two

Concluded on page 60



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The secret is that Canute Water is not a crude dye. Just a simple color restorer for hair. It does not affect the original color of hair that is not faded or gray. It does not stain the skin or scalp.

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Once you use a bottle of Canute Water you will know why it is so pleasant and easy to apply.

Send for a FREE bottle and restore the color of your hair safely. The large bottle you will receive contains enough for a complete treatment.

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Note: To keep away curiosity seekers and children who are not sincerely interested, we require a nominal sum of 25c with every coupon. This amount is barely enough to cover parcel post charges and should not keep away those sincerely interested in getting back the natural color of their hair. So take advantage of this coupon and mail at once!

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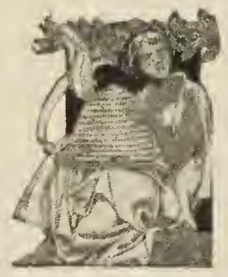
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HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET

Concluded from page 58

dollars a week for a vacation fund. When they found that it was necessary to choose between magazines and some other things, it was movie-mad John who thought they might trade some of the movies for magazines. Mary suggested that if they all helped a bit more with the household chores, mother might get on with only one day's work a week from the washerwoman; but Father Ward said they all ought to help more and still keep the woman, for he had discovered that housekeeping was a complicated business and that Mrs. Ward needed more time to give to careful planning.

They had the most difficult time over their clothing plans, for none of them knew what they had actually spent each year; but by thinking in terms of seasons and by starting with lists of present wardrobes and with costs of renewal, they finally settled down to a working plan for each member of the family. Mrs. Ward suggested that this first year each of them should save one-fourth of his clothing allowance as a surplus to be used for emergencies.

When they had finished their estimates, they all agreed that, though mother had done most of the buying, she had bought largely for the rest of the family and that the money actually spent for mother herself had been a comparatively small share of the family income.

The first conference was followed by several others, and the budget was finally completed after careful consideration of the needs of the family as a whole, as well as of the personal desires and necessities of each individual. Everybody yielded some cherished plan which proved too great a strain on the family income; but together they were happier, because the financial machinery promised to run more smoothly.

After three months' trial they were all able to see that things were going better, that bills were being paid, and that, financially, they were solidly on their feet again. Now they hold monthly conferences, and find great joy in taking account, not of how they have kept within the budget, but of how they have beaten it.



THE HOUSE THAT DREAMS BUILT

Continued from page 8

"Lord, if women aren't the queerest! Of course I knew you used to have your little spats when you were girls. But you've no reason to be on guard with her now. We're just as up as she is socially and every other way. She was rather tickled at the prospect of being neighbors to you. Don't tell me you haven't outgrown your childish rivalry!"

"I couldn't outgrow my reason for hating Lida! I've tried and tried. It seems to have outgrown me."

"I'm only a man, Nell. You'll have to tell me that reason."

"She took something away from me that I've never been able to get back."

"If this is a mystery play, let's have the last act. For the Lord's sake, what did she ever take from you?"

"This! From the time I was a child nailing sticks together for a doll's house I have wanted a home all my own—my own plannings, my own possessing. I was a very poor child in every way but my dreaming. I was a very poor girl when I grew up, but I still had my dreams. When I met you, you became part of those dreams. It was gossiped about Haven that Lida McAllister had set her cap for you herself, though she pretended to despise you after you began noticing me; but you're wrong if you think that's why I hate her. I don't know whether even she knows what she did to me; but I suspect she does—she's a woman. Women see those things when men don't. She must have known how sweet our marriage was and our planning together of that first little house; everybody in Haven knew. And though most people laughed, they felt kindly toward us—all but Lida. I think she never wanted that little house for herself. She didn't live in it a year—just long enough to spoil its newness. She took that first house away from me. I've never quite got one since. Each time something happened to snatch my dream. My reason tells me that she couldn't have had anything to do with our friends, Pat and Lucy, moving to California; but, whether she planned it in the beginning or not, I hate her, for she started everything."

"Nell, dear! Why, you foolish girl! I can't see that she started anything except us on the road to prosperity. If that came of her plot for revenge, the laugh's on her."

"She took away from us the greatest joy of our living together."

"The dickens she did! She couldn't make a gap in our happiness that we haven't filled in a dozen times."

"Our Jamie was born in the most hideous room I ever saw—yellow wall-paper, stained where the roof leaked. It leaked that night. I saw a drop fall on the doctor's head and he swore. Christine came in that awful hotel in Sedalia. There was a family of traveling players in the next room. Don't you remember? The woman spanked the little girl because she broke the water-pitcher, and the man came home toward morning drunk I'm forty-one years old to-night. I love you You're still a lover to me. You're almost like a lover that I always wanted and never could have. I can't tell you how all these years I've wanted to make a home for you and me—and the children. I want that worse than anything else in the world; and now I feel that the desire is something that fate has hung out of my reach, but in my sight, to torment me. Don't you understand?"

Boyce was humble in his belief that he did understand.

"My dear girl," he grumbled, "why didn't you say so sooner? I knew you'd been disappointed now and then; but I never suspected that it meant this much to you."

"Yes," said Nellie, oddly calm and judicious for all her passion, "I think you did suspect—but not deeply enough. If you hadn't suspected, you wouldn't have given me presents."

SHE had walked to a small table with a reading-lamp at the side of the room. On it lay a brown leather case, open to show its gleaming white satin lining. She dropped her bits of amber into the folds of white, snapped the box to, and brought it back to her husband.

"Here!" she said. "Please take them back. I can't bear them—the diamonds and pearls and sapphires and white platinum pins and this amber that makes me want to cry. They'd be dear to me because you gave them to me if they didn't hurt so as substitutes for what you haven't given to me."

"All this about a house?" he murmured, putting his arm around her and ignoring the jewel-box.

"Don't!" pleaded Nellie. "That's the way you always end things! All this—and more—about a house. It's been bottled up so long that it comes out slowly."

"And that's your mistake," said Boyce out of his great experience and wisdom. "You should have told me your feelings right at the start and I'd have told Judge McAllister—I beg his pardon now, the senator—to take his hat and his offer with it; and we'd have moved into that confounded little box and stayed poor and had no jewels to

Continued on page 62



Don't be embarrassed

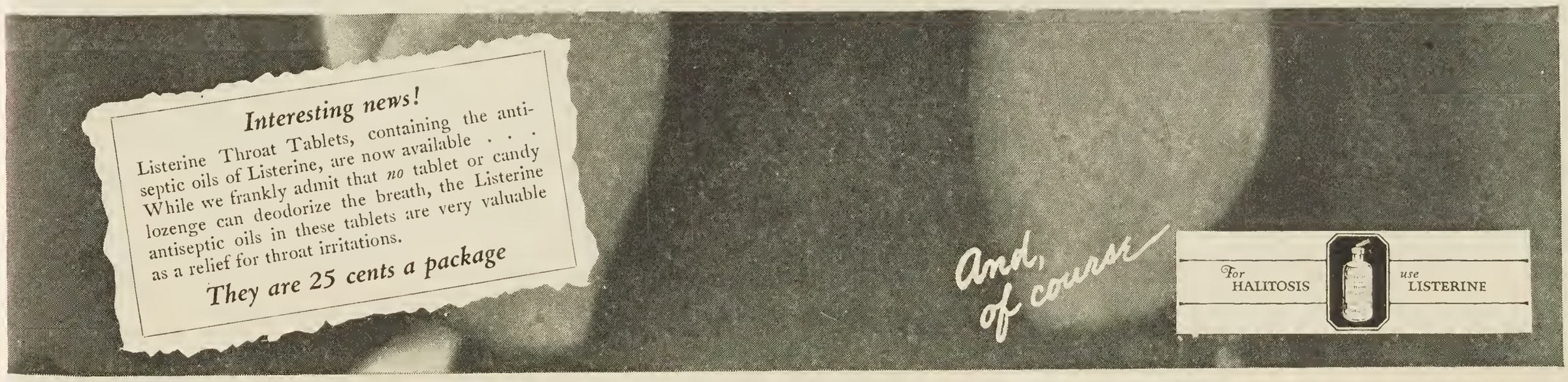
SO often before keeping an engagement you don't have time for the tub or shower you planned before going out.

And very often, too, that tub or shower—much as you desire it is out of the question because it is inaccessible; as when on a train, when motoring or elsewhere, particularly in summer.

Then Listerine is a boon, indeed. You don't feel right without that freshening dip. To be conscious and sensitive about possible perspiration odors is embarrassing to a fastidious person. In such cases just try dousing on clear Listerine—with your hand, with a wash cloth or towel.

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N



THE HOUSE THAT DREAMS BUILT

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quarrel about. There! I'm not laughing at you. Why didn't you do that?"

"Because," confessed Nellie, "I've always despised women who let their feelings stand in the way of their husbands' advancement."

"Exactly," said Boyce, hugging her.

"But you've advanced an awful lot, and I still have my feelings!"

"Right you are," said Boyce. "And now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. You'll have to admit that I couldn't stop Pat's move to California, and I'm too dense to have caught Lida's connection with this mental upheaval of yours. Will you take back what you said about never planning another house and believe me when I swear to you that you shall have your pick of location and *carte blanche* as to cost and that nothing less than death shall take it from you this time when it's finished?"

"Will you swear that?" asked Nellie, her aching head dropping to rest on his shoulder.

"On all the Bibles in print, dear heart!"

"Then this time it must happen!" said Nellie. "But, Boyce!"

"Yes?"

"If anything happens—if you should want to sell this last place, I will not say a word. I've never quarreled with you about this, Boyce. It went too deep with me for quarrels. But you know now how I feel, for I have told you—and I will not tell you again."

"Pooh!" said Boyce, so grandly that for all his closeness he didn't hear her sigh.

THE last house rose white, perfect, exquisite on a round, wooded hill a half-mile past the city line. Nellie chose stucco for its walls in preference to Boyce's offer of the most expensive building-stone. Stucco, she said, had warmth and "homeyness"; stone was chill in its grandeur. But she insisted on white as the color.

"It will look noble, white in a frame of evergreens," she said.

Boyce looked up from a spread of blueprints and specifications, frowning, puzzled; but he couldn't quite remember when or under what circumstances he had heard that statement from her before.

However, for all that, the house was planned to look noble; there was a spreading graciousness, too, about it. The wide arch of the front door, the broad uncovered porch, the depth of the windows, the sweep of the graveled drive were the genial smiles of one who has grown so great that he can afford to be kind and open to the world in his assured magnificence.

"Won't Chris have a revel of a party?" said Nell one afternoon as she stood at the foot of the broad stairway, looking up at the gleaming leaded windows of the broad first landing. In her eyes was a radiance that should have been familiar to Boyce by that time—but he had only observed once or twice in the past few weeks that he was glad to see her plumping out a bit.

"It will be great for parties," he admitted. "Morfield, the architect, said to-day that if I ever fell off the scaffolding and made you a widow you could come right into his firm on your own terms. But, listen, Nell. I don't just think you ought to put off all your parties until you get in here. A dinner now and then to old friends wouldn't hurt."

"Do you mean some one in particular, Boyce?"

"Well, it's this way. I keep running into that fellow Brent, at lunch and other places about town. He always has something to say about you and Lida being old friends. They've been living here over a year now and it doesn't seem decent that we haven't ever had them out to our place."

"I thought you didn't like George Brent."

"I haven't much respect for him. Every time I look at him I say, 'There goes I if Nell hadn't taken me.' Everybody knows that he couldn't make a living except for the patronage of his senator father-in-law. Just the same, a fellow likes to do the decent thing."

"Yes," said Nell slowly, "of course. It's just that they've been in Washington a great deal and Lida has her own circle of such acquaintance——"

"And you're still a little sore at her in spite of your usual good sense. And you'd like to wait until you could put it all over her with this house."

"Well—" said Nell.

THE house was almost finished. That is, it had assumed its true shape inside and out; but there was still ahead that indefinite period of puttering by painters and varnishers and plumbers and the like before the decorators could take hold and begin their wrangle.

"I really wish—" said Boyce.

"All right," said Nellie. "I'll ask them for next week."

Boyce told her gently after the dinner-party that she had set off the evening in the wrong key by putting on too much side. Nellie said more gently than Boyce that she didn't agree with him and that she had worn her amber to please him. As a background for the amber she had clothed herself in a gown of beige crêpe, its subtle richness undisturbed except by a touch of bright brown at the closing of the girdle. This touch of bright brown, her brown satin slippers—Nellie had first-family feet—the drops of amber and Nellie herself were her only ornaments. Lida took the impact of her with the stratagem of an old campaigner. She disposed of Nellie's superlative charm at the start in a gush of frank appreciation, exaggerated only in tone.

"And what a charming apartment!" she added. "As changed from the flat where you and Boyce first lived as you are from Nellie Anstruther!"

"Quite!" said Nellie, her eyes by their polite evasion marking the extra loop to Lida's chin, the painful sleekness of her waist and hips—Lida was a soft blonde. "Everything has changed, don't you think?"

"Exteriors, appearances, of course," said Lida smoothly. "The realities not so much. For instance, here are you and Boyce still renting and building houses for other people to live in comfortably. And Boyce told me once that the reason he took up carpentering was not love for that trade, but a desire to build his own home with his own hands."

NELLIE'S eyes appealed to Boyce's for confirmation of her judgment on Lida; but catching Boyce's intention of speaking out in defense too warm for discretion she forestalled him.

"That," she said to Lida, "was the original bond between us—a mutual desire to build our own home with our own means. I'll ring for the vegetables. I meant Agnes to leave them on the table."

The most delicious Lima beans would not distract Lida.

"Thank you," she said for the beans. "You're just like an old lady I know who does wonderful hand-embroidery—piece after piece—and she hasn't an inch of linen in her home that isn't machine-finished. She gives all her work away for Christmas and wedding-presents!"

"Oh, I don't know—" began Boyce, and paused to gather strength.

"You are enjoying your little home, then?" said Nellie.

"We-ell," said Lida, "it is a clever little house, of course; but——"

"The neighbors are quite unpleasant," supplemented her husband.

Nellie reflected that a docile husband would be safest in company, no matter how despisable in private.

"You see," explained Lida, "the arrange-

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Difficult colors and weaves—they're just as safe in Lux as in pure water alone. Lux won't fade or streak them — won't make them look "muddy." It preserves all their beauty of color and texture; keeps them as fresh as when they were new. All your swagger sports things give good service now. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Important points about silk and wool

Rubbing breaks the delicate fibers.

Strong soaps and alkalis spoil their texture.

Concentrated acids disintegrate the fabrics.

Extremes of temperature shrink wool and cause silk to crack.

Heat turns silk yellow and cracks it. It shrinks and mats wool.

Silk and wool are animal fibers—even more sensitive than the skin itself to the very things that injure your own face and hands. Yet with proper care in washing they give good service.

Even a soap that is safe for your face and hands might not be quite gentle enough to use on these delicate materials that have not the skin's power of renewing itself. Lux is so pure that the filmiest chiffons and softest woolens are safe in its rich suds.



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How to wash sports silks and woolens

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a wash bowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. If suds die down add more Lux solution. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks and woolens make suds and rinsing water almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running.

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Linoleum	Rugs
Paint	Automobiles



Makers of "Onyx" Hosiery say: "We advise every woman who buys our silk stockings to launder them in Lux."



THE HOUSE THAT DREAMS BUILT

Continued from page 62

ment is ideal to the onlooker, but only desirable for two most congenial families. We should have considered that. Of course we bought the whole estate and thought we were most careful in selecting our neighbors; but renters——"

"Of course," said Nellie, "in buying and selling you never consider details so carefully as in building your own place, stone by stone. Why don't you design and build yourself a home, Lida?"

She was not to get Lida's admission of inability.

"Oh," cried Lida, throwing up her pretty pink hands in dismay, "I'd never go to all that work and trouble while money lasts!"

"Then," suggested Nellie, "why don't you get your father and mother to take the other house—if he is really retiring from the senate, as you say?"

Lida smiled at her sweetly and said her salad was delicious. Had she made the dressing herself? She remembered what a good cook Nellie had been.

"For ourselves that arrangement would be perfect," she threw in as an afterthought—as pointed as a woman's proverbial postscript—"but the house is scarcely stately enough for one in papa's position. What we're really thinking of doing is to buy a place large enough for all of us—a mansion, in a way—something suitable for receptions and that sort of thing. We'd like it a little way out of town——"

It was fitting that at this moment Agnes should confide to Mrs. Nelson that salt had got into the frozen pudding and would that custard which the cook had made for James, ill in bed with the grippe, do as a substitute? Boyce's words, to Nellie's distracted senses, were at first like the whirr of a phonograph-record before the music starts. Then, the maid dismissed, she could hardly credit what she did hear from her husband—she had so confidently believed that he was going to blurt out that they were building just what Lida had described.

"Of course it sounds queer from one in my business," he was saying, "but just among us four, there's as much bother as sentiment about owning your own place. There's some comfort in bullying and cussing out a landlord. And a home ties a fellow down. People in your position—or even ours—ought to be free to travel around and do things of that sort. If you rent a place, the landlord will see that it's taken care of while you're away——"

The big old dear! Nellie forgave him his gentle reproaches during their post-mortem of the party. He was scolding as a matter of form. He hadn't told Lida about their house. He was on Nellie's side—always.

THE house went on to completion. Every day Nellie visited it, hovering about the ingenious clothes-closets built between the bedrooms, fondling the old iron hinges on the Colonial back door, which opened by upper and lower halves on a service entrance glorified by a garden walk, musing over the latest color schemes for the beds of that garden. Glad was she now of the renunciations which were the mysterious ways of God in saving up this wonder for her. She thought, at the parties in *this* house she might wear her jewels with gladness and no pain.

And then one day as she drove her coupé down the new driveway to the Hanley Road she met at the first turn Lida McAllister Brent's especially designed cabriolet—the chauffeur grand and remote in front; plump, satisfied Lida on the cushions in the rear, and beside her, three times as pompous as memory, the impressive ex-senator, Lida's father. Lida smiled and bowed. The ex-senator lifted his gentleman-of-the-old-South hat from his great white head and bowed. Nellie's coupé went into a ditch. But she got it out—unaided.

That evening Boyce came home generous and beaming, with a packet of travel folders. Nellie's kindness and interest matched her husband's as he unfolded them.

"How thoughtful of you to bring them home!" she said. "It is fun to know just where the Forresters are going on their world tour. Boyce, I saw the most delightful secretary-desk in a shop to-day——"

"Yes," said Boyce, spreading out more folders, "they're going to be in St. Moritz for the ice carnival and in India when the new viceroy takes his office. Gee, travel is great! A fellow's got no business sticking in one spot. He wants to get out and learn things."

"Yes," said Nellie. "I think so, too. In a year or two I think we ought to take a trip somewhere—after we get settled in the house. At least a few months' trip. There are types of European architecture which you ought to see first-hand."

"Yes," said Boyce, rather pitiful in his eagerness, "and I oughtn't to lose any time. Competition doesn't wait on a fellow!"

"I think we ought to do France perhaps next Summer," agreed Nellie.

Boyce settled back in his chair.

"The Forresters invited us to go with them," he reminded Nellie. "Ned said today that he thought we could still make reservations on the same boat."

"They're awfully kind," said Nellie neatly. "I hope you made clear to them how wrapped up we are in the new home."

"Yes—of course," said Boyce, with the faintest tinge of ill-humor.

HE TURNED his back on Nellie, leaving her to the contemplation of a Mediterranean folder open on the table for her. It was a well-composed page. The small letters, the dotted lines, the tiny figures of large sums at the bottom would scarcely be noticed under the blue fantasy of the Nile set about with palm-trees and broken pillars, with shadowy pyramids filling the background—the pyramids, where pharaohs lay dead, buried in state with costly jewels. Beyond the pyramids the sulky droop of Boyce's shoulders, his head, graying but tousled like a precious boy's.

"You've had an offer for the house, darling?" said Nellie.

"Now, Nellie, don't you——"

"I'm not fussing, Boyce. I gave you my word I wouldn't."

"Well, doggone it, if you feel like it, I wish you would. Rave around! Start a big fight! Give a fellow something to pick on instead of making him feel like a low-down dog-catcher!"

From the vantage point of love, seasoned with perfect understanding, Nell smiled down on her husband.

"Can't accommodate you, Mr. Nelson," she said. "What made the offer especially irresistible this time?"

Ruefulness cut more deeply into Boyce's grin.

"I rather think you will rave when you hear that," he said. "Senator McAllister offered me about half a mint for it to-day."

Nellie did not rave, but she did stiffen.

"Just tell me one thing," she requested. "When Lida was here for dinner, and she talked of her father's plans, and you seemed to throw her off the scent of—our home—with talk of travel, were you fooling her or me?"

"Word of honor, Nell, I never told them of that house. Lida, Brent and the senator all came to my office and asked me if I didn't have the thing for them on my lists and I told them I hadn't. They got wind of this through the building-trade news, I suppose. Lida always was the most persistent critter. You know that."

"Yes," said Nellie. "And as I told you, the

Concluded on page 66

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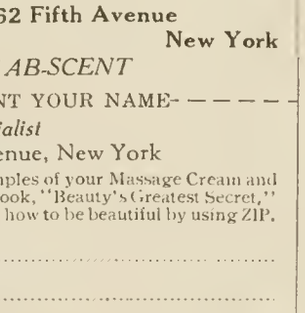
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THE HOUSE THAT DREAMS BUILT

Concluded from page 65

older one gets the more one believes in Fate. I met Lida and her father as I came out of our driveway this morning. But you haven't told me yet why you are tempted to sell this house to them."

"Sitting here with you," said Boyce, "I'm not so darned tempted. But down at the office, in the business atmosphere, it's different. It's a whaling sum he named, in the first place. With what we have now, we could bum the rest of our lives if we felt like it. Course I don't think I'd want to loaf always. I've got the climbing habit. That's another thing. Senator McAllister's house will break into illustrated news as often as he does. Under every picture will be printed, 'Residence built by Boyce Nelson.' And think of the big guys who will visit him—with their wives, you know. Why, we'll be millionaires and celebrities, honey. We couldn't settle down in one place if we wanted to. Can't you see how logical his arguments are and how unreasonable it seems to refuse to listen to them?"

"And the only point you have to make, Boyce, has no logic to support it, has it?"

"Hang it, no!" said Boyce. "Not that I'm such a callous tradesman that I don't consider your feelings at all; but I can't make good on them in a business deal. It's as I've told you before, Nell. You can always refuse to sign the deed."

"No, dear! I won't have you say, 'I'd sell in a minute, but my wife will not consent.' That wouldn't be dignified for you or for me."

"Then come to the office with me to-morrow," said Boyce. "You can talk to the McAllisters better than I. Tell them how you feel about it."

"No," said Nellie, "I won't do that either. It won't count for a thing unless you tell them of your own will that you built the house for me and will not sell it on any terms."

"By George," said Boyce with explosive resolution, "that's just what I will do! I'll tell the senator that the house is my gift to you and not for sale at any price. I'll offer to tear around for him and find him a substitute or to build for him immediately—or I'll tell him to go to the dickens with his influence and everything else. We have plenty and will manage to struggle along somehow without his patronage. There are other things in life besides money and all that bunk. There! How's that?"

The kiss Nell gave him was tender with indulgence. Before she went to sleep, however, that night she asked him one more question.

"Boyce, if you should sell the house, what would we do with the children?"

"We'd take them around with us," said Boyce with prompt wakefulness. "It wouldn't hurt Chris to wait another year for her social blowouts and we might keep Jamie from doing something foolish—eloping with one of his flapper crushes, for instance."

Nellie settled her head in her pillow with an inaudible sigh.

HER first act the following morning was to break all the appointments for that day which would have called her from home. At eleven o'clock the maid told her that her husband wanted to speak to her.

"Nell," said his voice, burring, hurried, perturbed, over the wire, "can you come down here right off?"

"If it's something vital, yes," said Nell, "but not to talk to the McAllisters."

"No," said Boyce, "it's something more than that. Please come."

"Right away!" said Nell.

In Boyce's office, her husband, with his attorney, Jackson Stewart, awaited her. Jackson Stewart's presence looked ominously like legal papers waiting to be signed.

"Did you have an awful time with the McAllisters?" said Nell sympathetically.

"No," said Boyce. "The senator was too flabbergasted to be awful. He only stayed a minute. There was no argument either. I simply told him that Stewart here had brought me an offer of twice his money and the senator faded out."

"Oh!" said Nellie.

"Now you talk to Stewart. He's got me down. It seems he is buying the place or would like to buy the place in his own name, paying spot cash, though he confesses frankly that immediately after completing the purchase he has agreed to transfer the property to a client who, for private worthy reasons, wishes his name kept out of the deal until it is all over. He claims that this person——"

"This person," broke in the smooth tones of the lawyer, "is one in a position to exert an influence on your husband's career more potent than that of a dozen senators."

"Gracious!" said Nellie. "What do you expect me to say to that, Boyce?"

"Tell him about the home stuff and your dreams and all that, honey."

"Mr. Stewart knows how I have wanted this home. Would you still advise us to sell—in face of that, Mr. Stewart?"

"I have thought it over carefully, and I believe I should do that, Mrs. Nelson. Now, I should like to make a preliminary payment to secure the transaction—my client is more impatient than McAllister, you see—and proceed at once to the drawing up of the deeds."

A WEEK from that date the transfer of property was complete and Jackson Stewart had agreed to meet the Nelsons at the steps of the house in question in company with the real owner of the place. Boyce Nelson arrived at the appointed spot an hour and a half late—and alone.

"Nellie never showed up," he said. "I couldn't locate her by phone anywhere. The servants said she had left the house in ample time to meet me. I've notified the police, but there's been no record of an accident. What should you advise, Stewart? She's been right cut up about this house, you see——"

"I'll help you find her. Meantime, as long as you are here, you might as well come in and meet——"

"Dammit, I don't want—" sputtered Boyce. Then his face went red, and darkened to purple. In the wide arch of the doorway stood his wife.

Of all the phases of the struggle thought over in advance by Nellie, her husband's righteous wrath had not been the least worrisome. He was as angry as any red-blooded man had a right to be at her trick. But his hurt could not have gone deeper than the many hurts her love for him had helped her to endure. And she felt sure that he loved her deeply in his way. But it took a long time to persuade him that, while honest love and frankness would win anything from him as her husband, a business deal would be the only safe, clinching argument for Boyce Nelson, Builder and Contractor. But the lawyer had slunk off the premises hours before Boyce reached the place where he could demand where in the dickens she had got that wad of money.

"It's the price of all our other houses paid for this one," said Nellie. "The pearls, the diamonds, the sapphires, you know, dear."

"Now I do feel like a cad!" said Boyce. "You'll get every one of them back."

"I don't want them," said Nellie. "I never did. You know now why, don't you?"

"Well, I ought to!" said Boyce.



HOT-WEATHER HEALTH FOR CHILDREN

Concluded from page 16

Older children should avoid too strenuous exercise in the middle of the day. A thoughtful mother can easily arrange to provide quiet games in hot weather and to see that, especially during the midday heat, children play in the shade. The hottest part of the day is a good time for the daily nap. This is a good health habit and besides it keeps the child cool.

BATHING

Bathing is very necessary during hot weather, as it helps to keep the body at an equable temperature. The baby's daily tub should never be omitted; and in addition it is often wise to give him a sponge at bedtime or during the daytime if he suffers from the heat. Sponging the face and arms with moderately cool water will often be refreshing.

For the runabout, daily baths are more necessary in Summer than in cooler weather; there is much more perspiration and with the additional exposure of skin there is also a greater accumulation of dirt. A daily bath should, therefore, not be omitted. If given at bedtime, it often proves quite refreshing and helps the child to get to sleep.

Swimming is excellent for the runabout. Not only is the exercise good for him, but this is truly the best time for him to learn an accomplishment which will be much appreciated in later years.

Swimming should not begin too soon after eating. At least an hour's interval should intervene between the meal and the swim. Where salt water is available, the length of time for the bathing may be varied, as most children seem to stand fairly well a comparatively longer bathing in salt water. In fresh water, however, the length of time should be carefully watched and should not, as a general rule, be longer than twenty minutes. If the child becomes blue around the mouth or seems to be shivering, he should be immediately removed, rubbed briskly and made to exercise until warm. In beginning fresh-water swimming in the Summer, it is wise to have the first few periods of shorter duration, beginning with five or ten minutes and gradually increasing to the twenty-minute period.

Many children have no swimming-pools, lakes or ocean at hand during the Summer months. There are, however, several very excellent and enjoyable substitutes. One of these is the lawn-sprinkler. A child in a bathing-suit can have much fun and refreshment from playing in its spray. A garden hose may also be used—or the rich neighbor's fountain. In homes where there is no water-pressure the washtub filled with cool water and put out-of-doors where splashing will hurt nothing is often a source of pleasure. Sometimes even a garden sprinkling-can is a helpful aid. At any rate, children can always be permitted to enjoy warm Summer rain showers.

SUNBURN

The best treatment for all Summer ills is prevention. As applied to sunburn and sunstroke, this may be done by avoiding exposure to the sun. A hat or some sort of head protection should be worn when in the sun if the heat is excessive. The direct rays of the sun should not always be avoided, however. Direct sunshine on a baby's skin helps in the prevention of rickets, though the hot noonday midsummer sun is likely to do some harm.

Sunburn once acquired may be helped to heal by using a bland cold-cream or talcum powder. Sunstroke may be avoided by keeping children out of the sunshine in the middle of the day and by keeping them generally cool and quiet.

SUMMER COMPLAINT

The greatest bogy for the mother is Summer complaint or Summer diarrhea. This, as previously pointed out, usually comes from spoiled or contaminated milk; therefore the milk and its handling should receive the most careful attention. If at any time there is a tendency to diarrhea, all milk should be stopped and the baby given only plain boiled water or barley-water. If the diarrhea continues, a doctor should be consulted at once.



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MY OWN STORY

Continued from page 11

struggling that was always about us, I think I see now that under all the surface prettiness and the obvious charm of wealth there is a reason why rich people should not be as happy as poor. After all, there is nothing we all seek so eagerly as we do *life*, the thing that makes the earthquake and the love-affair, the crucial battle and the birth of a child and the great opera all one. We would like to live upon those heights, those thrilling heights where it was ours to lead the charge, to meet convulsed and changing conditions, to hear the applause of our own beloved circle—to give life.

They laugh indulgently at me when I say this—even my own lenient circle—but I believe it is true. I believe that in any large city a young husband and wife who care about the same books and the same persons may have a more thrilling experience upon a small income than the millionaire whose house they pass respectfully upon a Sunday afternoon walk or the great prima donna whose voice they may not afford to hear. There is a vividness, a realness, a constant surprise and keenness about it that belongs to no other sort of living.

And I note that they all like to remember such days—the actors and the artists, the writers and the poets who are all reaching prosperity and the forties, or even the fifties, to-day. They love to remember the dingy rooms in Washington Square or East Anythingth Street, and the old hungry prowlings among the boarding-houses and tables d'hôte and the old loitering beside the flaring gas-lamps over the street book-stalls—the days before they had exchanged ten thousand golden dreams for half a dozen substantial and tangible realities.

MY ONLY problem in those early days was to employ my time. For after the staggering responsibilities of the years since my mother's death, to have only three rooms and two real meals a day to think about was almost to be stunned with freedom.

When my soup-pot was simmering and my dessert made, and when the bracing Autumn came, I began to hammer away upon the first of a long line of typewriters—a disreputable typewriter, rented for one and a half dollars a month, shaken in every joint, trembling and vague on its shifts, totally blank as to lettering, so that one never *did* feel sure of a word, and given to the weak scattering of minor parts on the table.

But even now it was incredibly hard for me to settle down to real work. I used to write letters home in rime, try to rime recipes for cake, list all my grocery needs neatly. I even wrote an occasional letter to the newspapers.

Finally, noting that an evening paper, *The Telegram*, was printing a short story, a very short story—some eighteen hundred or two thousand words in fact—every night, at space rates, and was offering in addition a weekly prize of fifty dollars for the week's best story, I spent some two days upon the selection of a *nom de plume*, hit finally upon "Jane Ireland," and wrote quite feverishly for a day or two. Then I let the matter cool, tore the story to shreds and allowed another month or two to drift along comfortably without thinking of it again.

IN THOSE days I was frightfully shy about my work—a stage, by the way, that simply must be mastered by any woman who wants to find her market. I suffered agonies at the thought of any one, even my husband, reading anything that I wrote. I never let him even suspect what I was doing. Presently I resumed my desultory labors and tried once more for *The Telegram* at space rates.

This time I finished two stories and sent them in. We had been married about a year now, and were beginning to think about the future. We were beginning to remember that we had come to New York, after all, to take the literary world by storm; and this seemed the time to commence.

The Telegram, in a kindly note, took both the stories, and paid twelve dollars for one and thirteen for the other, besides some cents.

Here was glory! Almost twenty-six dollars for less than a fortnight's work! I remember standing with the letter in my hand, feeling only an awed desire not to be too credulous, not to believe too soon that what I had dreamed for so many years might be true.

Close upon the letter followed an agreeable young man. He climbed my stairs to ask if I were "Jane Ireland." Feeling that he had come to shatter the dream, take the checks and return the stories, I still had to admit that I was she.

He had fifty dollars for me. It appeared that I had also won the week's prize. He wanted my picture for the paper.

The next day was Charles's birthday. Somehow I managed to keep the news of my success from him until then. We had a gala dinner, and in a tasteful design upon the board I arranged the two small checks, the larger one, and the first of several thousand atrocious newspaper pictures of me.

The effect of so much money so suddenly displayed was, of course— But why try to describe the indescribable? Why select from days so full of surprises and delights any particular one?

CHARLES, having been brought out of his dazed condition, acted with characteristic definiteness. He had believed in my work since the instant of our meeting, and now all was to be clear sailing. I was to write more stories, of course; and meanwhile he took the old story that I had written during the earthquake Summer, "What Happened to Alanna," and, after a careful reading, announced that it would sell.

It was copied without the change of a comma. We decided that its previous unsuccess had been due to no particular fault in the story, but due rather to bad handling. This time everything was different; the matter was taken entirely out of my hands and Charles listed what we felt were the twenty-eight—or perhaps it was thirty-eight—most promising magazines, listed them alphabetically, beginning with *The Atlantic*.

Then for weeks and weeks the story traveled. From every one of the twenty-eight, or thirty-eight, editors, "Alanna" returned. The Summer declined into Autumn, Teresa came back from her trip abroad, and still nobody wanted the story.

Years later we were to see a much more striking instance of exactly this same familiar thing, which happens over and over again, with slight variations, to almost every writer. For Mrs. Porter's "Pollyanna," even then somewhat battered and travel-worn, came to *The American* magazine, was duly read by us and declined. Two whole years later the gallant little story was sent to *The Christian Herald*, where Charles was then employed, and came very close to being declined again! But finally five hundred dollars were paid for it and it was published serially. And that five hundred—you discouraged writers of tales!—were the first of the hundreds of thousands that "Pollyanna" was destined to earn for its author.

FOR five months "Alanna" came and went steadily. But by this time we were beginning to be pretty familiar with the workings of a magazine office; and if I could not write manuscripts, I could at least read them. We used to read thirty or forty a week, regularly, and these were selected from hundreds, and the careful sifting of them was enlightening. There is a "feeling" about manuscripts, much as there is to silk, or bread dough, or a baby's hand. One comes to know when all is well and to instinctively sense trouble ahead when all is not. Good craftsmanship has a watermark of its own, a something solid and unmistakable; and as he read other manuscripts, my literary agent, into which my husband had so unexpectedly turned, would reiterate calmly that "Alanna" was a salable story.

When she come back the twenty-eighth, or perhaps it was the thirty-eighth, time and the list was ended, he started the story off to *The Atlantic* again.

And this time *The Atlantic* took it. The shock was so great that I begged my husband and my sister not to say anything about it until it had been confirmed, at least by the passage of time.

Time passed. A check—I think for seventy-five dollars—came. And then finally the familiar brownish-yellow magazine arrived with my name upon the cover—even where Teresa had said it would be so many years before! She and Himself brought *The Atlantic* to the hospital, and the new baby, very wobbly as to spine, was obliged to sit up and share our rejoicing. From that day to this no written word of mine has ever been placed, edited, sold, contracted for except through my husband's hands. More than that, so keen is his interest and instinct, nothing is written until it has been discussed and planned with him. None of the drudgery is mine, and I have owed practical and inspirational hints so often to him that I used to say a few years ago that in justice his name should appear with mine on the title-page of more than one of my books. But this matter he settled once and for all by beginning to write books of his own, books indeed so curiously his own that not one of his severest critics—and he has them!—ever suggests that any influence of mine or of his brother's work is there.

WHEN the baby was about four months old, I wrote "Mother." Like many a new mother, I had been thinking much of my own—that shadowy and lovely mother who had played us the opera scores and refused to let us argue at the table. I remembered a thousand sacrifices, a thousand times a thousand tendernesses, unappreciated then, not even seen then, perhaps, but remembered long years afterward to make the thought of her wonderful to her children.

It happened that THE DELINEATOR had offered a prize of a thousand dollars then for a short story of not more than three thousand words. As this story about my mother began to take shape in my mind in the pleasantly possessing way that a story has at this point in its development, I began also to dream of that prize. I had established a small kitchen table, covered with green felt, a rented typewriter, and much yellow paper in an angle of the sitting-room—we had graduated to an old-fashioned six-room flat with a sitting-room—and here, when the marketing was done and the baby asleep, I worked on my story.

It was at first to be a semi-humorous story called "Mary's Young Man"; but as it worked, the marvel and mystery and miracle of a good mother began to seem to me for the first time what it truly is, the most beautiful thing in the world, and I wrote the story as seriously and as well as I could.

But immediately there was a difficulty. It was enough to compress any true picture of motherhood, however humble and tiny, into seven or eight thousand words; in three it simply could not be done—at least not by me.

I put "Mother" aside and wrote another story; and we waited, we three and a half, for my smallest brother was with us, in breathless anticipation for the decisions. They were announced late on a dark February afternoon, and my name was not among them. Zona Gale had won the first prize.

The bitterness of the disappointment is with me even now, when I remember it. It seemed to me that my entire career was over, dead before it began. When the news was briefly conveyed, I merely shrugged; but I remember carrying the baby in to his crib later and seeing my tears upon his bewildered little face. I immediately assumed a "please-let-us-not-talk-about-it" attitude and for days made no allusion to it, nor could I touch the abandoned story.

BUT finally, with a sick and discouraged heart, I went back to "Mother," and perhaps actually put more force into the story for the troubled conviction that the raising of babies was infinitely more important than the winning of fiction prizes, after all, and with the first uneasy suspicions that the world was all turned topsy-turvy on the point!

"Mother," finished, impressed the family surprisingly, and Charles said seriously, "This will be worth ten times that prize-money yet!" *The American Magazine* published it, and meanwhile my enthusiastic manager had shown it to a publisher. The publisher saw no book possibilities in it; but a second publisher, to whom the kindly Mr. Phillips—again our God in the machine—sent us, was more hopeful, and the final decision was that if I could expand the eight-thousand-word story into a novelette of twenty-five or thirty thousand words, by September first, it would be brought out in book form before the holidays.

What this opening vista meant to me, what the thought of my own words in my own book meant, there is no language to express. I walked on air. My little book, among all the other bigger ones in bookstore windows—and Christmas shoppers buying it! It seemed to me—indeed it was, truly—a happiness

a miracle that turned all the world rose-color!

However, there were presently difficulties. There was that hateful clause, "by September first." This was early July, and we were established in a boarding-house on Long Island. Teresa was in the juvenile department of Putnam's book-shop and came to us only for an occasional week-end; and although I had the best baby and the kindest landlady in the world, I could not seem to find a free instant in the daytime. While baby napped, I was busy with his wardrobe; and when he awakened, I had him down on the shore or under the trees. It was a burning Summer; I think July was the hottest in the usual twenty-eight years.

"Mother" was therefore written, or rather expanded, in the evenings and in the common sitting-room. I could not have the light upstairs, for fear of waking the baby, who was at the age when the one unthinkable calamity is waking the baby. I could not have the typewriter down-stairs because of the noise. But there were plenty of other noises. There was usually a game of poker or pinocle going on at the other end of my table; there was a phonograph as well as a mechanical piano in the room; there was often singing, sometimes dancing, and always much kindly laughter and chatter. Sometimes a friendly woman would come to look over my shoulder, read a few pages, say amusedly: "Well, did you ever! I wouldn't do it for a farm!"

THE manuscript was ready in the last weeks of August, and then Charles read it through. He came to me an hour or two later with the pages still in his hand and tears in his eyes.

"It's great," he said simply. "It'll—*make* you famous!"

And as far as one book could, that was what "Mother" did.

So there ended, in a sense, the First Lesson. The long nine years since my mother's death had seemed a winding and a hidden trail; I had felt myself always under sealed orders, or under no orders at all. Yet like many another derelict and undeserving craft, I had somehow made port.

Concluded in the September DELINEATOR



CHIVALRY

Concluded from page 9

He grabbed, but she was gone—past him—out into the shadows of the path.

"Sal!" he called peremptorily. "Come back here this minute!"

She didn't turn, and suddenly he was hideously afraid. She was such a little girl—and the Winships had always done such daring things. Lunging after her, he missed the step of the porch and fell. He gathered himself up and floundered on. The tender pine-needles of Western paths cracked under his feet. Sally was far ahead now, lost in the darkness under the trees. Now she materialized again in the light beyond. Mella had opened the stable door. She was bringing The Colonel out into the corral to saddle him there. The bars of the corral were up. That was something. A girl never climbed bars rapidly. Sally'd lose time and he'd catch her.

And then he stopped in his tracks and groaned. Outlined in the light from the stable door Sally had dropped her cape and lean and swift as a night-bird had vaulted the bars of the corral and grabbed at the hackamore which was as yet The Colonel's only accouterment. Contracted as his throat was, he got a cry through it.

"Mella!" he shouted. "Don't let her—don't." And he plunged on again.

Assuredly Mella heard him. Assuredly she could have kept possession of The Colonel. She even hesitated for a moment as though to give the machinery of her mind time to work. And then, before he could stop the awful transaction, Mella Comstock handed over the rope ends of the hackamore that noosed the tossing nozzle of the mighty Colonel to little Sally Winship.

IN THE light from the stable door the running, shouting boy saw the small uncaped body that meant everything in the world to him lift itself from the ground, poise for a split second, settle lightly forward on The Colonel's back and cling there with bare feet and knees as some hard-riding and pursued little Indian princess might have clung.

"Sally!" he commanded again as he reached the bars. She paid no heed. He put his hand on the top rail and vaulted.

But if The Colonel had been offended before about the scrambling hands upon his hackamore, he was outraged by the flying bathrobe which flapped itself in his face like the wings of a gigantic bat. Snorting, he reared, wheeled and made for the far end of the corral.

"Stick, Sally—for God's sake stick!" It wasn't a command which proceeded from Mr. John Woodson Brown now. It was a choking prayer. But even as he choked and prayed, Mr. Brown was conscious of pride welling up in him like a fountain of joy. Mella thought she could ride, did she? All this slick city bunch thought they could do things. Well, let them look at Sally Winship—little Sally from up Skiwamish way—and never lift their heads again. Look at her—look at the pretty thing thundering down the length of the big corral, clinging with bare feet and knees, riding without so much as a blanket better than most people rode in a buggy. Look at her—up almost on the shoulders of the great horse, lifting his head with nothing but a hackamore to do it with, bringing him down, steadying him, stopping him——

No! Good Lord—she wasn't stopping him! She was turning him and giving him his head again. Riding him at the fence that gave off on to the road—lifting him as clean and as surely as though her little soft hands were made of steel—taking him over the fence without so much as a hoof tap on the top rail—out on to the straightaway of the road.

"Where's another horse? Give me another horse!" J. W. grasped Mella's shoulders and shook her as though to joggle his insistence the more immediately into her mind.

"What do you want of a horse?" she asked calmly. "I'm not going to ride."

"Don't be a chump! Give me a horse." And without awaiting the bestowal he asked, he made off to the stable himself.

AT FIRST there was nothing to follow but the road. Then there was an open space where a slashing, burned in the forest, let down a well of moonlight. Sally was in the midst of that well, riding still up close to The Colonel's neck, clinging with feet and knees, giving the impression of one who fled madly from pursuit. But J. W. caught the slowing rhythm of The Colonel's feet. And from the angle of Sally's arms as she pulled steadily upon the horse's head J. W. knew that Miss Winship was slowing down—trying not to let on that she was slowing down—and yet undeniably slowing down.

When he came up beside her, he reached for the ends of the hackamore which she held.

"Give 'em up," he said. "I take charge of the steering-gear from now on, henceforth and forever!"

She handed them over. J. W. was conscious of a sudden and heavenly cessation of pain. The great emptiness inside him, like being hungry, only worse, was gone. Lordy, he was glad! Lordy, what a relief!

"Where are you going to steer to?" Sally asked softly.

"Skiwamish," said Mr. John Woodson Brown reverently. "Back home—both of us—to Skiwamish!"

IT WASN'T till long after that, when he'd finally mastered the job of running his logging-camp up in the woods himself and had a little time to think, that Mr. Brown recalled a question that had once flashed through his mind: Was there chivalry among women?

Remembering Mella, and realizing that he'd never have had any sense if it hadn't been for her, most likely—he answered the question in the affirmative.

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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 14

she's something. Mother and father are pleased to death—have just accepted a week-end with them in the Autumn. You know, they were down there last month with him, before he'd married this woman—you remember father telling it that night at our house at dinner? That scientist, where they met Barrie and no end of celebs— Look, they are off now. Tremendously well matched——"

He did recall now, certainly, that dinner-table account by Matthew Bellairs of their important visit in Kent. "Basset Palmerton. THE Palmerton. The most important scientist in England to-day. Perhaps in the world." Matthew Bellairs had declared that he would go back to England "for the express purpose of spending another such evening as he had spent in that household." At the home, then, of the new father of the son whom he was at the moment so scrupulous to overlook! It was sickening that if Bellairs had known it would have made all the difference; sickening that when he did know it would make all the difference. Still, it might have been rather fun to watch their regal carrying of it off. Only, now even that was spoiled by Linnie's words—or was it spoiled? His mother *was* a nice middle-class American and she *was* nobody. He honored her for it. It wasn't hearing that; it was hearing Linnie say it. He thought of how gentle and deprecating Linnie had probably been in his mother's presence, because she was the wife of a man whom she was expected to revere. Whereas if she had met his mother without this new background—"Linnie's primitive. She's savage. She's not even up to the ordinary standards of human intercourse that it's taken us so long to develop—" He looked down at her as if he half-expected to see bowie-knives and feather helmets about her. She smiled up at him, a picture of Spring, and whispered: "Oh, darling, aren't you glad it isn't yesterday? I *was* so miserable." He said gravely: "Were you miserable, too? Let's not be miserable again," and resolutely brought his attention to the courts. Before long he had reduced his whole problem to softening to Linnie remembrance of her words when she should understand of whom she had spoken in speaking of his mother.

This moment came in the intermission. She said: "Benno, do be thinking what we shall say to father. Poor father! I felt sorry for him to-day. Mr. Palmerton spoke of his wife's son—said that he'd be with them, they hoped, this Summer in Kent and that I must come and liven him up—he's toward thirty and a bachelor. And father accepted like lightning, and I said I'd be somewhere else, thanks, this Summer, Benno." "Oh, no, you won't," he refuted, and now that he had actually to tell her, he was trembling. Also. to his disgust, he was pleased. He told. And he said to himself that Linnie was perfection. All that she said was: "Oh, Benno—what a useful father—you picked. Oh, Benno! How like you to do that right, too!" He laughed at that, but he saw that her chief reaction to his news was merely that now he needn't have a scene with her father; and that her father and mother were going to be no end pleased. To her herself, at least, the accident of the new connection meant nothing. "She's got the qualities of her defects, by Jove," he thought. "No silly salaaming from her. It's queen bee, through and through."

Suddenly she remembered her own words to him about his mother, and cried: "Benno, how you must have hated what I just said to you—I mean, of your mother!" He said quietly: "She *is* middle-class American." Her reply stupefied him. Far from being embarrassed at her recent frankness, she said, gently: "You mustn't think I mind. I dare say I shall grow to be very fond of her." At this he stared and laughed, and was saved from explaining his laughter by the lifting of the rackets.

Just before dinner he stood on an upper veranda of the hotel and looked west and south into the clarity and pallor of the sky. Its pearl and thin horn were lit with pink. The frail line of the moon curved between trees, slim and near. Horizon, mantled pastures, gray garden were, without protest, to experience darkness and stars. "If they were men," Benno thought, "they'd be beefing at their fate." His own fate he was facing clear-eyed: Love for this woman whom he wanted to make his wife, and detestation of a part of her nature. What did men do in such cases? Did he care what they did? Love usually made them blind. It had not blinded him. Or had it? If it hadn't, would he be marrying Linnie at all? Every time that he thought of her family he was wretched; yet he was allying himself to them, too, for life. He might deny that alliance in theory, but in fact it would claim him, by constant casual association, by Christmas, Thanksgiving, innumerable birthdays, for life! "This," he thought, "is my last moment of personal life. That family will now swallow me whole, for my stepfather's sake—and I will become one flesh with Linnie's snobbishness." He did not blink the word, or soften it. "At least, we'll call things by their names," he said grimly as he turned indoors. They were all to dine together. "They'll treat me like the prodigal. Hang it all—why do I have to be a prodigal!" He quoted a pearl of Oriental wit which he had read: "I was a swine and they cast me no pearls."

THE Palmertons were already down, and the Ansteys had just joined them. He stood chatting with them when he saw Mr. and Mrs. Bellairs come from the elevator. Mrs. Bellairs stepped from an elevator with far more *empressement* than that employed by the moon in emerging from a cloud, and now she came down the lobby with a queen-of-the-night air never employed by any heavenly body. She saw Benno and didn't see him. Matthew Bellairs saw him and did see him—stared at him, and over him, without speaking a word. Then these two went directly to the Palmertons and became charming—they could be charming. Benno hoped that Linnie would miss it, but she emerged from a writing-room and joined them just as Mrs. Palmerton said: "My son hasn't met you." She was quite innocent; Benno hadn't mentioned Linnie to her; and the gentle soul must have been puzzled by Matthew Bellairs. He stared at her son for a moment without expression, then he bowed and murmured words not usual in introductions: "You thundering young scoundrel!" he said above his breath, and laughed. And Mrs. Bellairs said without expression, "How extraordinary," just as she said, also without expression, to so much of life. The moment was beautifully conducted. Benno wondered if he could ever do anything at all a fraction as gracefully as the Bellairs accepted the situation.

He took Mrs. Bellairs in to dinner. He was amused and shocked by the agility of her altered manner toward him. Now she was as charming to him as she was to Blossom, chattered to him about Blossom and the young ladies having motored off on the Mohawk Trail, mentioned that Mrs. Briggs had come down with her and might be taken abroad with them since Malvina had so incredibly announced the date of her marriage to a man "of whom none of us in the least approve." He wanted to say that the young man should select a stepfather. He did ask after Mrs. Briggs and was told, with a slight stare, that she dined in her room. She gave him the flattery of equality; and whenever he met the eyes of Mr. Bellairs the eyes of the older man twinkled. It was bewildering. How could they be both perfect and beastly? He saw the social code, but what was the code of ethics? How could Linnie be both so perfect—and so not perfect? He wanted to shake them all off and get out into the night, where a man was a man. The dinner, which should have been the happiest of his life, was completely wretched. Save for his mother's happiness. She loved her great scientist, whose social ideas seemed to fit the first of the primates. Who was perfect? Other men had revolted against idiocy and learned to accept it, to make the best of it. Other men must have accepted love on its own terms. But he went back to the lobby in a turmoil. Outwardly a grave young man who placed chairs for others and sat silently beside Linnie in that group of poised and adjusted guests, within he felt himself young, helpless, the defier of lightning. Couldn't a man cut and run— He came down on that. No, a man couldn't cut and run. What was more, the crux of his situation was that he didn't want to cut and run. He wanted Linnie.

Two cars, luggage-laden, had drawn up before the great doors near which they were all sitting. Figures began to emerge from these cars and to enter those doors—figures, eight or nine of them, of acute and incredible familiarity. Benno stared, excused himself, rose and approached them; heard himself trying to talk, trying to think, before Bede, Little Faxon, Mary Luther, Bergstrom, Al, Lord, Lester and Pippin and, last, Malvina Briggs and the man whom he had seen in her arms in the window of the Bellair's library. Here, then, stood the camping party.

"My heavens," said Benno, "I forgot you!"

Out of the tumult of their reproaches he gathered that it was all right, that Bede's uncle's shack above North Adams had, so to say, matured; and, not having heard from him, they were on their way there. They couldn't go by without stopping, they explained. Of course not, said Benno, and marshaled them from the door, marshaled them back into the lobby where the circle of the Palmertons and the Bellairs and the Ansteys lifted inquiring looks and Linnie stood waiting for him. Upon them all Benno advanced, and behind him came the "Movement." And among those well-dressed groups chatting in the lobby the "Movement" did not show up well. Of course one arrived here at all hours in riding and hiking clothes, but not in hiking-clothes such as these. And it wasn't only that. Benno thought wretchedly that Mary Luther was tremendous inside her head, but why would she shake hands when she was presented to Mrs. Bellairs and Lady Anstey and his mother; and why would Bede utter with such enormous distinctness: "Glad to meet you" Yet here among them was not so much the salt of the earth as the seed of to-morrow. Good Lord, what did anything matter; and why didn't Linnie know that? He looked at her wistfully. Linnie was bowing, she was even smiling, but she was literally set in all her cells. She was like a beautiful Persian cat, living through the show. Benno thought: "She's ridiculous. She's impossible." Then he heard her address Malvina. The words were: "Fancy *you* being here!" Malvina said, "I'm not," and walked away from her; and Benno was not even amused at that. His mother and Mr. Palmerton were a bit dazed; Lady Anstey was sufficiently courteous, but her English way was not the way to reassurance; Mrs. Bellairs had lifted her glass and she kept it up. Matthew Bellairs had merely turned his back and left. Linnie stooped to her mother, murmured, laughed.

TEN minutes, and they were gone. Benno felt that the whole course of his life had been changed. He turned to Linnie, with a concentration of all his feelings. "I want to talk to you, please," he said.

She rose compliantly and they went down the long corridor, looking for a corner. There were no corners. The gay and the bored and the happily enslaved were in every available shelter. The night was not warm enough to sit outside. They tried the ball-room. And in that moment the orchestra, already in place on the stage, sent itself out in shafts and ribbons of sound, to the waiting corridors. As a part of the routine of her life, Linnie lifted her arms. They were the first to circle down the empty floor.

First they would dance, then, he thought. It would give him time to think. He didn't want to hurt her. Above all he wanted to be clear. Was it possible to be clear without making her angry? This was too sad for anger.

"Benno."

"Yes?"

"Think of last night at this time."

"What about it?"

"I was miserable."

He could feel misery in himself when he thought of it. He saw her exquisite, happy, loving him. He remembered her as she had looked there in the lobby, chilly, supercilious, adult. He wanted to shake her. That was no way to feel toward the woman you loved. Suddenly she raised her eyes and smiled at him, like a child. She *was* a child! He was pierced by regret. She was a child, and every time that she stumbled he wanted to leave her beside the road. Thereupon he raged: She was not a child. She was a little modern sophisticated thing who knew well what she was about.

"Weren't you miserable?" she proceeded.

He held her close and said in the top of her hair, "Deadly miserable." She cried: "And

now it's wonderful again!" and began to sing in her throat. How gay she was. She loved him. She had understood his earlier displeasure, had promised to remedy it, and simply did not recognize crime when she committed it. He couldn't make her know, couldn't say: "You are cold and fishlike to all your kind excepting your *own* kind, and I can't stand it." Her singing in her throat ended on three notes, lightly sung: "I love you!" He could answer that, in any case: "I love you." He muttered it. If he loved her, would he be breaking with her no matter what she had done, no matter what she was? Yes. Any man would leave any woman whom he believed guilty of ugliness. Well, ingrained snobbishness was ugliness. She went on, as if dancing were less than this soft intermittent talk: "And I'm so happy that I know it can't last." He asked, startled: "Why do you say that, Linnie?" She said: "I don't know. Life, maybe. I felt this way that first time at Mrs. Pepper's. I knew it couldn't last." He looked at her with attention. "Did you—did you love me that day at Mrs. Pepper's?" She answered: "I've loved you ever since you walked into the library that day. But from that first dance we had together, I've worshiped you." His arms closed her fast. Her words, her fear, her dearness! He held her and thought: "Isn't this all?"

ON A divan, placed with its back to the room, before a window, they sat out the next dance. By this time he put it: "Linnie, if anything happened to break our engagement, would you be unhappy?" To which she said only: "Don't, Benno. It's like dying—I know it is." He said slowly: "Twenty minutes ago I was certain that we were going to end all this—for good, this time." He was appalled to see no flash of amazement or of anger, but a sudden pallor. Her eyes widened, she looked at him in silence. He cried: "Oh, Linnie! To watch you treat people—dear people—as you did there to-night! My friends! Don't you see? It means something—something terrible in you. I don't know how to put up with that sort of thing—it's primitive—it's like branding—or blinding—" Now there was amazement in her face indeed. "Why, Benno," she said, "I made a very great effort to be decent to them." He was able to laugh at that mirthlessly. He thought: "It's the truth. It's the terrible primitive aristocracy of her—the shrinking of the flesh from the lower in caste. It's wounding—with an eyebrow or an eyelid—unconsciously. That's the worst of it—*unconsciously*." She was speaking breathlessly. "I don't know what you mean. But I'll try—I do try——"

He looked beyond her at the dancers. Hundreds of figures now, dancing in twos. The married, the betrothed, the hunting. How much they all had to forgive——

"And you'll help me, Benno?"

She leaned to him. He loved her, he wanted her. He said gently: "Yes, dear, yes. We'll help each other." And beating through his brain was: "God help me! Which am I doing: loving her enough to forgive her anything—or clinging to her through a love that makes me weak?"

She spoke with less of reserve than he had ever known her to have: "I adore you. I'll do anything to please you. I'll try to like anybody under heaven you want me to like—I'll be decent to the whole world——"

They left the ballroom, walked down the corridor. A far figure came toward them, a figure alone, a woman in a black gown.

Linnie was saying: "And if I'm sure you love me, I can do anything, Benno, anything!"

He told her how much he loved her; she told him how much she would do.

The black figure was before them. It was Mrs. Briggs, gracious in speech, in manner, with her little bowing as she said: "Mrs. Bellairs insisted that I find you and Mr. Parker, Linnie, and watch the dancing. I'm afraid——"

And instantly Linnie's clear little voice cut the air with: "Yes. You'll have to really excuse us, Briggs. There's something of importance which Mr. Parker and I have simply got to talk over."

Mrs. Briggs murmured and smiled and turned away, a black figure in a long red corridor. Benno watched it as if it were the ironic figure of a dream. But Linnie was quite unconscious of any flaw. She went on earnestly:

"And I can do anything you'll help me to do, because I do so love you!"

Quite unconscious she was! Benno walked down the corridor beside her, and he was smiling, but his mind was fixed: Love or weakness, whichever it might be, they would find it out together.

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DOES YOUR VOICE GIVE YOU AWAY?

Concluded from page 15

well sustained. If they are either, it is because you do not breathe deeply enough or use the breath properly to make tone. To develop power in sustaining tone, try chanting and intoning. Take for practise one of the psalms, "My soul doth magnify the Lord" (Luke I: 44). Take a full breath for each word and hold the tone through the words. Then speak and hold the same open-throated quality in the speaking voice.

Reading poetry aloud, particularly lyric poetry, also helps one to hear the melody of the speaking voice. Alfred Noyes's poem "The Barrel Organ" is a good one to learn. Its refrain "Come down to Kew, in lilac time, in lilac-time," sings its melody into speech.

But there is another thing quite as important as the quality and melody of your voice: your words, your expressions and your clearness or distinctness of speech.

You may have a beautiful voice but be ungrammatical and slovenly in speech, sliding and slipping over the sounds so that your words blur. All of these faults mark one as lacking in cultivation. A pleasant low voice reflects a right feeling toward life and is music to hear, but it does not make correct speech. The Negro voice is music and the good old Irish brogue has a tune in it, but neither is correct speech. You must not only have good tone, but that tone must get through all the words so that it is distinct, clear and not blurred. An exercise that is very helpful in training the lips and tongue to shape sounds definitely is to see how clearly and far you can make whispered words carry. Try whispering "My soul doth magnify the Lord," and you will see how important clear enunciation is, for it makes even a whisper heard.

You may use sounds in the wrong place and have such peculiarities of speech that to a cultivated ear your speech is a dialect. In New York we hear "The boid is hoit" for "The bird is hurt." The Southerner has his own way of saying "now," "how," "round" and similar words. For "I" he says" ah," "might" becomes "maht," "like" becomes "lahk," and so forth. The Western voice is often too far back in the throat and the "r" sounds are rolled or burred so markedly that the effect is a dialect. A nasal voice usually has some dialect qualities because the nasal tone tends to flatten all of the "ah" sounds (as in ask, past, etc.) to "a" as in "cat," as well as to nasalize them.

Then, besides the matter of standard speech, there is the matter of grammar, *i.e.* correct English, choice of words and vocabulary that marks you as a person of cultivation or not.

Hear cultivated speech! Train your ears not only to hear good tone, but to know correct forms. Learn bits of prose and poetry, studying the pronunciation and using the voice so it has the singing tone. It is possible also to get phonograph records of readings, poetry and speech lessons which will help to train the ear in pronunciation and tone.

Cultivated speech can not be acquired without work. But then that is true of almost everything that is worth while. And since a good speaking voice and correct speech are much to be desired, they are well worth whatever trouble and application they may demand in the process of acquiring them.



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HER THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY

Concluded from page 2

reason! That would make 'em accept it instead! See here," he said, leaning over her, "you know perfectly well that Bessie and I are just pals, having a good time together. Now—what about Tuesday night? I don't take no for an answer. Do you like to dance? We'll go to one of the roofs——"

"Tuesday?" repeated Ann. Wide-eyed, she stared at him. Tuesday was the day before her birthday, the last evening before she would be thirty, and old, with romance behind——

"Yes, Tuesday. What's the matter with Tuesday? Can't you go then? Well, make it any evening you want to."

For a moment Ann was silent, then she threw back her head. Her eyes were shining and her lips curved in a smile.

"Tuesday will be fine," she said.

AFTER Bessie and Alec had left she hurried into the bedroom and made a survey of all the clothes in her closet, slipped into dresses, tried on hats. Then, out in the sitting-room, she pored over the catalog of one of the department-stores.

"I'm going to have a new dress and a new hat, I don't care how much they cost! I'm going to look well if I have to take every penny out of the bank—and I'm going to have a good time—my last fling! Alec, of all people!" She threw back her head and laughed.

As she was looking absorbed at the advertisements in the evening paper, the door-bell rang. With a little annoyed exclamation, she flung the newspaper down and went to answer it. It was Joe.

"Oh, hello," she said, but her tone was not very cordial. At any other time she would have been glad to see him, but she did not want to be interrupted in this important business of hers.

"Thought I'd drop around to say good-by to Bess," he said awkwardly.

"Bessie's gone out," she answered. "Won't you come in?"

He stepped inside. "Gone out?" he repeated dully.

"Um-hum, with Alec Turner."

"Alec Turner?" He frowned. "Again? What's she doing going out with that man so much?"

Ann quickly rallied to Bessie's support and to Alec's. "Well, I don't see why she shouldn't go out with him, if she wants to!"

"Oh, no reason, of course," he retorted. "Only Turner just isn't the man I'd pick out for my sister to go around with, that's all!"

Ann forgot that in the past she, too, had protested to Bessie about Alec. She remembered only that she was going out with him herself, the next Tuesday evening, the night before her birthday.

"Why, Alec's very nice, and lots of fun, and awfully good-looking——"

Joe stared at her. "Why, Ann!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know you liked him! I thought you——"

A SILENCE fell between them. Ann glanced over at Joe. He was looking out of the window, a strange, serious look on his face. She wondered if she had hurt his feelings or offended him by standing up for Alec.

"How's the work going, Joe?" she asked timidly.

"Aw—pretty well," he answered.

A few minutes later he rose.

"Guess I'd better be running along. Tell Bess I dropped in to say good-by."

"Oh, won't you stay longer?" she urged.

He smiled. "Don't think I'd better. You're busy." He pointed to the newspapers and the catalog.

"Well, I was — busy," she admitted. "I'm going to buy a new dress to-morrow, and when you haven't much time for shopping, why, you have to have some ideas beforehand——"

"A new dress?" he queried mechanically.

"Yes; and a new hat. Oh, just wait till you see me next week! I'm going to be so grand!" she laughed gaily. "Well, good night. Come over and see me again, won't you? While Bessie is away it's going to be a bit lonely——"

"Sure, I will!" he answered promptly. "Some night next week?"

"Any night but Tuesday. Good-by."

She closed the door after him and went back to her newspaper; but even as she concentrated on prices and stores she could not help wishing that she had been more cordial to Joe. And at the memory of his averted face a little uncomfortable feeling crept into her heart.

However, the next day in the excitement of shopping she forgot the incident, and by Tuesday Joe had been shoved into the back of her mind.

The new dress was pale rose in color and soft and clinging. On Tuesday evening Ann slipped into it breathlessly, then surveyed herself in the mirror. A little smile of approval touched her lips. It was very becoming. She leaned forward, dabbed a bit of rouge on her cheeks, touched her hair.

When she opened the door for Alec, a quick light leaped into his eyes.

"Why, hello!" he said. "Never saw you in that rig before."

"Well," she countered, "you never took me out before either, did you?" And her gray eyes smiled at him.

"My loss," he said.

"Rather early in the evening to say that, isn't it?"

"I don't think so."

"Oh, don't you? Well, we'll see!"

Excitement was in Ann's heart. As she sat beside Alec in the taxi her glance swept proudly over him, his clear profile, the line of his jaw, his slim figure. He turned quickly, his gaze meeting hers, and in his brown eyes was a look that she had never seen there before: pleasure, tenderness, admiration, pride——

And suddenly that wall crashed to pieces. Under the impetus of that look, the old, reserved Ann disappeared. She laughed with him, danced with him, flirted gaily, recklessly, her wistful gray eyes shining and real color touching her pale cheeks.

"He likes me," she thought, as he leaned across the table toward her, "and when he takes me home I'll make him make love to me, though I don't believe it will take much making. To-morrow I'll be thirty——"

It was almost midnight when he helped her out of the taxi in front of her apartment house.

"I'll come up with you," he said, "and see that you get in safely."

SILENTLY he escorted her up the stairs. Ann drew out her key and shoved it into the lock. Her hand trembled just a little. She opened the door. He followed her in.

"Want me to look in the closets and under the bed—for burglars?" he asked jocosely.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," she answered lightly. She held out her hand. "Thank you so much for taking me, Alec. I've had a wonderful time."

"Have you?" he took her hand and held it tight. "So have I! A wonderful time! Do I have to go? Can't I stay and talk to you just a few minutes?"

"Do—you—want to?" she whispered.

He laughed. "Want to? You precious child!"

He grabbed her other hand, his eyes searching her face, then gently he started to draw her to him.

Ann caught her breath in a little frightened gasp. His arms were around her now; she was very close to him—she could feel the thumping of his heart, or was it hers?—and the rise of his breathing. Slowly she put back her head, her face upraised. His face was coming nearer, his eyes smiling, a queer, possessive, devouring smile——

Then something broke inside Ann. In a flash it came to her that she did not want him to kiss her; she could not bear to have him kiss her; she did not like him! She hated him, and his smiling eyes and his possessive smile! And he was Bessie's man, and Bessie was away——

With a quick movement she shoved him from her, her breath coming in little gasps, her face deadly pale.

He stared at her. "Why, Ann!" he cried in surprise.

"I don't want you to kiss me," she said, low and clear. "I thought I did, but I don't."

"You don't!" He started to laugh. "Why, sister Ann——"

But she interrupted him. "I guess you'd better go. Thank you for taking me. I had a very nice time." Her voice was mechanical, her words mechanical.

He shot her a quick glance, then shrugged his shoulders and went.

Slowly she walked to the window and stood looking out, her head drooping wearily. So this was the end of her beautiful evening! A little bitter smile crossed her face. She had tried to capture a bit of romance, tried and failed. And yet—she raised her head suddenly. It was better, much better, to have no man pursue her, no man kiss her, than a man she didn't care for, a man like Alec, who always kissed every girl. She gave a little shudder.

Her door-bell pealed out into the silence. She started. Again it rang, and again, fierce, insistent. She stood still, frightened. Now the person was banging the door as if trying to break it in. Could it be Alec? She crept slowly to the door, and throwing her weight against it, opened it a crack and peered out.

JOE was standing on the threshold. He flung the door open and entered. His face was excited, his hair ruffled.

"Oh, Ann!" the words were a cry of relief. "You're all right?"

She stared at him. "Why, Joe! Of course I am! What's the matter?"

"I saw him come out and I didn't like the look on his face. If he'd stayed up here five minutes longer, I'd have come up and *thrown* him out! I won't have you running around with that man! It's all right for Bessie. She knows how to handle men, but you—you— Here I've been trying for six months to get you to look at me, to get close to you and in one evening he breaks through! I saw the way you looked at him when you got out of the taxi! You didn't see me, but I saw you! And I tell you, Ann, you can't go out with that man again! I won't have it!"

Ann still stared at him, wide-eyed. She had never thought of Joe except as Bessie's brother, a pleasant friend. As she looked at him, at his tense face, his clenched hands, his ruffled hair, her heart went out to him.

"Why, Joe," she said softly, putting her hand on his shoulder, "it's all right. I'm not going out with him again. I don't like him really. I just went—because—because— Oh, well, I wanted to have a good time, too, like Bessie! I wanted to feel that—some one cared——"

"Ann!" He seized her hands. "You mean you just went with him to have some one to go with? Why didn't you tell me? I'd love to take you anywhere—any time! I——"

Silently they looked into each other's eyes. The air seemed full of emotion, unspoken thoughts, words hovering on the brink. Then Joe released her hands and looked away.

"It's getting late," he said. "You ought to get to bed. I'll be around to-morrow evening. May I?"

She nodded and followed him to the door. There she paused.

"Good night, Ann." Again his eyes sought hers. The look in them startled Ann, for it was the same look that had been in Alec's. It told her that Joe, too, wanted to kiss her, but it pleaded for permission, just a little sign. But she did not give the sign. Some instinct told her to hold back. But she smiled at him and let her hand linger for a second in his.

"Good night, Joe."

AFTER he was gone, she stood silent in the middle of the room, trying to adjust herself to this new Joe, this dumb Joe suddenly awakened, changed from a pleasant friend into a lover.

The clock on the book-case began to strike the hours. She started; rigid, tense, she counted the strokes. One — two — up to twelve Twelve o'clock! It was her birthday, and she was thirty!

A little smile touched her lips. Thirty! Joe's anxious face, his pleading eyes swept across her vision, his impetuous voice rang in her ear. And suddenly she felt young, very young; life was stretching, beckoning before her, full of romance, adventure, new worlds. She might have been only eighteen!



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 6

Pete began, vaguely offended. "I haven't anything to hide."

"You couldn't if you wanted to," the other laughed. "Your face would give you away. Just now you are wondering how in thunder you got here and what the end is going to be. Are you through with that arm? Thanks——"

He stood up, holding his shirt in the spurting water to wash the blood from it.

"As to me, think what you like," he went on. "Think I'm a millionaire out on a lark, or a hobo who got cleaned up in the army. For you I began when I jumped that fence. For me you began when you hit that cop. All anybody really knows of anybody else is from the time they began with each other. And here we are, chased out into a graveyard."

He laughed again and the sound rang oddly through that place of hushed footsteps.

"It's lucky they don't hear me," he said. "Poor devils, all lying pointing the same way, like matches in a box. Let's have some light here."

Tearing up handfuls of the dried wild oats, he heaped them on the mound from which he had just risen. At the touch of a match they blazed up, a blossom of live flame in that place of mold and decay.

Standing there with the glow upon his bared breast and shoulder painting live sparks in his eyes, Vereker seemed instinct with the flame which he had just invoked. It caught extraordinarily at Weston's mind, seeming almost the expression of what he had so vaguely longed for.

THE blaze died down and the surrounding darkness crept in again. Gaunt trees above a waste of forgotten death, a pursuit perhaps already at their heels.

"All the same, fellow, we are in a fix," Vereker said.

"I can't go back home, that's certain," Pete pondered.

"Do you really want to?"

Weston stared. Of course he wanted to; everybody wanted to go home. But this fellow had a way of cutting through accepted truisms.

"If you do," Vereker was saying, "I'll swear it was I who hit that cop. You did it to help me out."

"And I got you deeper in. Besides, he knows which one hit him."

"Then if he knows that, he isn't dead—so either way it can be fixed."

A belated fragment of moon had come up, painting a world of black and steel. With fresh wild oats, Weston made the fire blaze again.

To go back—to what, except all those things against which he had been raging only an hour before?

"I'll take the blame," Vereker was saying. He nodded to the wan stretches all about them. "Once I'm out into that, they'll never get me."

Weston stood there, amazed that he should even question what he was going to do.

"And if I go with you?" he asked.

"I warn you that you'll meet queer things."

Weston found that half of him seemed fighting to go on, while the rest of him was determining to crawl back into the shell which had been so strangely torn from around him. He shivered as he felt that somehow the thing was beyond his own control. But he must control it; what would life be without self-control? All the years that had been preached at him. A sweat broke out on him, but his voice was steady as he made his decision.

"Very well, I'll go back."

There were dancing imps in the other's eyes now as he squeezed out his wet shirt and draped his tunic over his bare shoulder.

"You are taking the safer way, buddy. Well—*adios*——"

He leaped the grave and at once the shadows swallowed him. Only the rustle of his progress proved that he had ever really been there. Weston breathed in relief—that was over. That was how things always were: they came, they went again and nothing ever really happened to one. He was himself again now, back in that old ache and loneliness, feeling safe because it was all so familiar.

"Six-thirty, Pete, time to get up." . . . "My son, if you would only be frank with me." . . . "For heaven's sake, Pete, why can't you play something decent? What will people think of us?" . . . "Rush these orders out this afternoon——"

The old way, the old job. He wondered what he was cursing so about. He found that he, too, was leaping that grave into the darkness. In a shock of surprise he heard his own voice crying out as into a wilderness: "Here—come back——"

Over the mounds he went, poor mounds, raising their only wild oats in that place. He had found Vereker and was pulling him back.

"I'm going with you."

"You'll stick until it's over, one way or another?"

"To stick is my long suit—once I get started."

"The Indian oath—across the fire?"

"Across the fire."

Their hands met. The flames were still hot, but they held. It was Vereker who broke the moment.

"Now, let us see what we are going to do."

THEY counted their resources: eighty dollars Weston had drawn to buy a suit; a hundred odd remaining from Vereker's back pay. The moon was already paled by the pursuit of the dawn. There was a village a scant mile away and the north-bound train would be whistling up the valley.

It seemed to be already there as they reached the station, standing solid with Pullmans and baggage-cars, held by an adverse signal. The only person in sight was a girl seated on the steps of an open vestibule. A Chinese robe of gold and scarlet, bare feet thrust into scarlet slippers, her hair in two great braids of heavy chestnut from between which her face looked out in a brooding, mutinous charm. She was rather startling against that dawn background of trees and stark mountains, like one strayed in from some other world of sheer artifice. But her glance had something of the flat penetration of that before-the-sun hour; it fell upon the two, taking in the pallors and dishevelments of the night, the tunic loosely draped over Vereker's bandaged shoulder. It penetrated to more than that, to something beneath the surface of their faces, not quite themselves, but so beaten in by bitter experience that it could never again be quite wiped out.

"What's up, boys?" she asked, and her tones held a lingering trace of the South. "You look like a couple of walking wounded."

"That's what we are," Pete answered, with some grimness. "What train is this?"

She considered him a long moment; the directness of one to whom men were no mystery, but merely things to be judged, each upon its own merits. Then she yawned with the pink-mouthed frankness of a kitten.

"We're the Malikine Ballet special. Three nights, two matinées and an artist's ball back in that town there—we're all laid out."

So that was whence came the impression she gave as of some tinseled butterfly waiting with folded wings for the electric blaze which would summon her to fluttering motion. Weston broke in with an eager question:

"I saw it each night—aren't you Mademoiselle Rita Romano?"

"It is 'Miss' really," she drawled. "As for the Romano, I was born in a little place down in Tennessee miscalled Rome. What's happened to you?"

"We have to make a getaway at once," he answered.

IT SEEMED natural to be open with her, there was about her such a sense of detachment from accepted standards, an impression almost as of common experience. Yet there was something disturbing about her, too, as she sat there with her brown-gold regard, almost somber in that hour of weariness, chin cupped in hand.

"I think I understand," she nodded at last. "I couldn't say it—no—I'd have to dance it. But—I was one of a dozen who danced three times through the war zone with madame."

In some rather hidden way, that seemed to decide her. She rose in one flowing movement which brought a sense that one never really saw this girl until she was in motion.

Continued on page 74



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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 73

A hand rippled out in a compelling gesture.

"Hop aboard, boys. I'll get one of the men to fix you somehow in their car."

Ten minutes later, sandwiched in an upper berth above an aisle of littered, curtainless, masculine sleep, Weston and Vereker sank to sleep themselves, stretched out like twins, while the Malikine Ballet special grunted and puffed over the northward pass.

IT WAS at Todos Santos that the ballet halted that evening for a single performance. Todos Santos, its face to the sunset, nestled in select expensiveness between mountain and sea, its huge hotel rising like chalk cliffs above a green surf of orange and palm.

As "Romano's friends" the two fugitives found themselves completely accepted from the first yawning awakenings of the train. To these people it seemed also vaguely charming that the two should be escaping from something; the devotees of the dance appeared to be the little brothers and sisters of escape as well. There was a chattering interval of emergence from the car; dusk, seabreeze, lights twinkling among pepper-trees, then they found themselves carried along to the theater. To be under the wing of the Malikine Ballet was, perhaps, the safest place of all.

Vereker's experience must have included theatric ventures, for he moved amidst it with an accustomed air; but to Pete it was all strange. He stood in the gloom of the wings wondering at the metamorphosed brilliance trooping from dressing-rooms to stage. It was so much more than mere costume and paint: it was as if the first snap of the switchboard had turned on a current in their very bodies, an increasing tide of electric vitality. He had never seen anything like it before, yet it brought such a baffling sense of familiarity, a sort of echo of something forgotten, remembered only in the distorted images of dreams—like that something which now and then crept so disturbingly up into his fingers from the keys of a piano. That impalpable crackle in the atmosphere, the kaleidoscopic stage under its changing lights; leaping bodies, the thud of toes on the bare boards, gasping breaths snatched through a ripple of excitement; madame herself, a torrent of grace, her vivid, fascinating face just beginning to be haunted by a tragedy of years.

He could feel it creeping into him, quivering in his veins like little bubbles of gold. Yet it brought pain as well, the sort of pain with which one parts unwillingly—an ache as of something longed for, something really there, stinging him with the presence he could not quite reach nor see.

The girl of the morning he had not seen again, but as he turned at a touch he found her beside him clad in a gold-and-gray transparency with gleams of steel and a drip of green crystal. There was a wreath of pond-lilies about her head; beneath it her face was powdered to pallor, and as they caught the light her eyes, by some trick of shading, glowed like amber flames. With gauzy wings upon her shoulders, she looked a creature of spirit, as though she might at any moment dissolve into a mere magic of light and shade. By contrast the hand she laid frankly upon his was almost startling in its warmth and life.

"Well, brother?"

She vaulted to the top of a huge theater-trunk, curling herself upon the lid, patting a place for him beside her.

"Come and tell me all about it."

"All about what?"

"Yourself, of course—what else?"

Their voices were hushed; near by, Vereker was whispering with a group of girls in the flaring skirts of old Spain. A scant yard away an electrician kept a steady hand upon the switches of his own particular calcium. But in the general preoccupation they might almost have been alone.

Peter wondered what he should say. There was so much, and all so confused, so meaningless in its tangle.

"I'm on my way—that's all I know," he answered, and a laugh rose in his throat, tainted with bitterness. To his surprise, Rita nodded understanding.

"And I'm on mine, but I haven't got there yet."

"Got where?"

"Who knows? But there are plenty of us bound for it these days. The same place you are really going to, maybe."

Her voice was soft, and she pieced its cadences with little gestures that betrayed the training denied her speech. Pete was puzzled; it was hardly thus that one pictured oneself talking to "a ballet girl" in "the wings." She seemed to call to things within him, and one of them came boiling out from his lips.

"If it's trouble I'm bound for, I don't have to go."

Rita regarded him as he sat there, chin on hands. She sought his face, thin and straight under its blond thatch, his eyes faintly luminous in their pits of shadow.

"I know," she agreed. "One's feet get hot and one goes out on strange paths. There will be a lot more now, after the war."

"Let's forget that," Pete cut harshly in.

His tone brought silence and she looked at him again. Harassed by sudden memories, a trifle aghast at the dislocations of the present, he looked at once extraordinarily engaging and indubitably lost. In swift impulse Rita leaned over and dropped a kiss on one drooping corner of his mouth. Then she laughed as she saw a tide of red come up over his face and throat.

"You need not blush, though I like you for it. But you are about—oh—the million and oneth of you boys that I have kissed."

"I didn't think it meant—" he began, but she hushed him with a gesture that rippled down her arms to expression in her fingertips.

"But it does mean; it means—everything. I would not give it else. I loved them all, all those boys whom I kissed as they passed bravely by on their way to—somewhere; to a somewhere they were being sent by they knew not whom or what. I wanted to follow, to soothe and serve, even to fight for them——"

"Yes, you could—" Pete breathed.

HE BECAME aware that their hands were interlocked and that he was trembling. Probably those other fellows had trembled too—but in some unaccustomed region of his brain he glimpsed that, in an inexplicable way, there was no real difference between one and a million, that there were things before which mere numbers fled away. He became aware that she was speaking.

"So I knew you and your friend this morning. Did you think that I take everybody on our train? But we who are out on the way know those who are on it too—and so——"

"We'd never have got away but for you."

"Your pal there, you have known him a long time?"

"I never laid eyes on him until last night."

She pondered that; then came a shrug, a laugh, the delight of an answer completed.

"And you never laid eyes on me until this morning."

The curtain had fallen on the rhythmic riot of the stage; the dancers rushed past, already tearing at their costumes. A new drop was lowered, the lights sank to a blue gloom and Rita swung herself to the floor, all professional as she shook out her costume and adjusted her silken sandals.

"This is my dance. A pig of a thing, all straight work without so much as a cut or a single 'point' to get a hand on. But the music is lovely—Schubert—with high notes that burn on your ears like white stars."

She moved to the wing, bending and leaping for pliancy. From the orchestra came a thread of sound, remote, unearthly, and upon it she seemed to float out into the blue dusk like a golden moth, instinct with exquisite motion, tossed at apparent random on the mounting crests of tone.

Pete watched, breathless, his eyes held by the grace which seemed to add to the confusion in his brain. One of a million—all following a golden moth on a path of dark-blue light. He had never thought of love that way before. To serve, follow and fight, all tenderness, courage and blazing defense. It was as if, in these last twenty hours, a chasm had opened in the back of his mind and all the things he had ever known had fallen into it. His family, friends of years, that plodding position in the paper-house—gone, like stones cast into an abyss, and not even so much as an echo of their fall floating back to his ears.

It was Vereker who roused him after Rita, her arms full of roses, had rushed past to her dressing-room.

"I have it arranged, Pete," he whispered. "We are to go on with them in the train. They have engaged the swimming-baths for two hours after the show and pull out for San Francisco about two in the morning. The boys will look after us in their car without the manager getting wise, and it will be our best bet for a real getaway."

Those bubbles sparkled again in Pete's veins at the news. Off once more in the ballet special! He felt a rush of liking for the other; Vereker was the one to fix things.

A ROSY trance fell upon him while dances came and went. Then the stage filled again with a crowd suddenly barbaric and swarthy. Jeweled women, leopard-skins about the loins of youths. Walls of Babylon sliding quiveringly into place; an electric crackle in the air which told that the big ballet of the evening was to begin.

Rita appeared, no longer a spirit of star-dust and ineffable music, but frank flesh and blood, gorgeous in amber and emerald, alive with the insolence of a king's favorite. There was something almost alarming about her just then, she looked so much the woman she was to portray.

Behind her six young men lined up for their entry, chattering of their own affairs. Without turning her head, she spoke to Pete.

"Two strange men came in at the stage door a minute ago and asked the manager if he knew of two soldiers who were seen boarding our train this morning. Get down behind that trunk and be ready to run. I'll fix it."

Pete's rosy trance shattered at her words, tinkling about him like broken glass. As he crouched with Vereker behind the trunk, the world was hard and gray again, its illusions only paint after all. Peering cautiously, he saw the manager advancing between two strangers.

One of them looked at Rita as they passed, for she had placed herself where she must be seen. It was only a glance she gave him; she did not speak, nor move, nor even smile, but the man stopped in his tracks as one who receives a shock.

An atmosphere streamed about her as she leaned against the wing, her head thrown back, with parted lips and eyes gleaming yellowly between narrowed lids. His companion and the manager had passed on unnoticing, but the man still stood there, fatuously smoothing his hair. Then he moved toward her, slowly, clumsily, like heavy alloy drawn by the invisible radiations of a magnet, until his breath stirred the jeweled plumes in her hair.

It is doubtful if he spoke; probably Rita gave him no time, sparing her ears the sound of his voice. Her slap was like the stroke of a snake, her whisper of "Help!" cut like a knife and at its call the young men behind her launched themselves. The other man had turned now, trampling back to the rescue of his associate; but though the dancers were small, ballet muscles are like live, trained steel. The place was a riot now, a silent riot, every sound strangled lest it alarm the packed house beyond the footlights.

A signal, a smile of impish triumph from Rita, and a second later the iron-clad stage door clanged to behind the fugitives.

THE clang of that door had a final sound; as they sped down the street, past the lines of parked motors, Pete could feel it echoing in his mind with a sense of, "And now that's over." Things seemed so quickly over in this new experience into which he had been so oddly projected.

Round corners Vereker led the way. It seemed wearily familiar now, this cautious course through a night full of possible pursuit.

An older district, rows of low abodes flush with brick sidewalks; swarthy men, women with black shawls and cigarets, a distant phonograph pounding out "La Paloma." Another street, wide and empty; red brick, green paint, wooden awnings over the sidewalks, here and there a balcony with swinging lanterns and pots of lilies. A glimmer of light from a glass doorway, and Vereker turned swiftly in.

"Kwan Moon," he demanded, as the door closed behind them.

A dim place, piled with strangeness; gleams of carving, lacquer and mother-of-pearl, lanterns like a pendent forest, a bubble of Chinese tobacco from where a man sat half-hidden in the shadows. He rose, richly colored

Continued on page 75

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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 74

as a meerschaum, clad in tunic and trousers of flapping silk. Under a hairless skull his face was seamed and puckered; when he spoke his voice was as washed of all human inflections as the metallic reproductions of a dictaphone.

"You wantchee me?"

"Yes," Vereker answered. "Do you know me?"

The other's eyes narrowed to mere obliques of suspicion, then opened again in recognizing relief. Under the wide sleeves one hand grasped the other, shaking themselves in welcome.

"You come?"

"Here I am," Vereker assented. "When dogs chase, the rice rat runs to the snake's hole. Put out that light."

A SNAP of a switch plunged the place to darkness, then the dim oblong of a doorway opened at the back and Kawn beckoned them through. It was a passage that lay beyond, apparently interminable, with its blotched walls, its many doors all closed and all silent. Then a room, just a place, its emptiness only enhanced by a table and two wooden chairs, making one wonder why so little should be at the end of so much.

"We've got to get away, Kwan," Vereker jerked out. "We must be off to the north inside of three hours, and no one any the wiser."

"Can do," the other assented. "You want dolla's?"

"We have money, but we want everything else. Socks, razors, soap—whole outfit," Vereker said. "You buy; we pay."

"No sabbe you pay," Kwan answered as he flapped toward another door. "Me pay."

"And find out what you can," Vereker called after him.

Left alone, the two smoked in a silence that seemed part of the place. At last Vereker spoke:

"You can trust Kwan. I hid his son one night up in San Francisco when the Leung Hai high-binders were after him in a tong war back in 1916."

"Is there anything you haven't done?" Pete wondered, and there came an answering shrug.

A long silence, the sour air seeming encrusted with past whisperings. Pete studied Vereker, moodily sprawled back against the opposite wall, realizing suddenly how little he knew of him. Truly, hot feet went out on strange paths. Barely twenty hours, yet the two most important people in his life were this fellow of the night and that girl of the morning.

KWAN MOON returned, all at once noiselessly there, without even the click of a latch.

"Well?" Vereker demanded.

"No well. He bad."

In the glimmer reflected from blue walls, the Chinaman's face had taken a livid tinge, the shadowed hollows of eyes and cheeks unpleasantly like a skull. Kwan had been scarcely an hour away, but he brought information pitilessly exact.

"Town be watch; road be watch. Big chief fo' city he 'phone Todos Santos chief and say, 'You catch!'"

Vereker nodded silently; Pete's throat swelled as he forced a question through it:

"Catch us—for *what?*"

"Fo' steal autobile," Kwan blinked, evidently unmoved by any ethics of the case. "Todos Santos chief say he nevva' know so big fuss ovva' one flivvel."

"It's for breaking that bull's head they really want us!" Vereker exclaimed. "The car is just an excuse. You get us out of town, Kwan, and we'll make a train up the line somewhere."

"Station up line be watch, too," Kwan answered. "Me get blanket, knapsack; mo' bettel you walkee."

Vereker shot from his seat like an uncoiled spring.

"And where in hell will we walk to?"

The Chinaman's impassiveness was unbroken. Standing there with that bluish face of half death, there seemed almost destiny in his flat reply:

"Mebbe you go Mission Peldida."

"The Mission Perdida—" Vereker laughed aloud, his hands, long and brown, going up in one of his vivid gestures. "Have I come to that! I told you there were strange things on my path, Pete."

"You go?" Kwan asked, blinking immovably.

"Is there really such a place?" Vereker asked.

Kwan's shoulders, pinched under the black silk jacket, came as nearly to a shrug as they seemed able.

"How do we get there?"

"Time you go me give one piecee papel."

WITH that Kwan flickered out again, leaving even the manner of their escape from the town still vague.

"The Lost Mission," Vereker breathed when they were alone again. "I have heard of it, of course, just as I have heard of lots of other things. But even I never quite believed in it. Usually they are scared of it."

"Who are 'they'?" Pete asked.

"Those who go there."

"Why do they go there if they are scared of it?"

"Why are we going there?"

"*Are* we going there?" Pete demanded.

"Where else shall we go?"

"Well, where and what is it, anyway?"

"It is supposed to be one of the original chain of missions established by the old padres. It disappeared in an earthquake about a hundred years ago and all trace of it was lost. But the rumor is that it still exists—somewhere."

"Well," Pete pondered, "if we can get there, surely we can get somewhere else just as easily."

"It would seem that way, yes."

Vereker's tone was too reassuring, too like that of one who keeps superior knowledge in reserve. It struck the other with a feeling of foreboding. Perhaps there were unaccountable compulsions out on this way of the hot feet, narrowing as it went, leading possibly to one inescapable place.

"What is it, man?" he snapped. "Don't be so damnably mysterious!"

"I have heard of those who went to the Mission Perdida, but I have never heard of any one coming back from there."

"Would we want to come back—to this?" Pete asked, with a glance about him. "There's two of us, and we agreed to stick."

"We'll see if we can," Vereker assented.

HEMMED in between mountains and sea, there is but one road northward out of Todos Santos. Where it dips into a ravine to let the railroad pass above, a car was drawn up. Bull-nosed, with extinguished lights and a shadowy impression of silent men, it seemed to crouch and wait for whatever the night might bring along that road. But the only sounds of approach were a humming in the steel rails overhead which heralded a train, and a clip-clop of a horse's hoofs.

The horse reached the bridge first, a wagon swaying behind it, piled with empty crates, the reins dropping inertly from the hands of the sleeping Chinese driver. At a crisp command he started awake, his moon face painted with panic in the beam of a flashlight.

"Hey you—where are you going?"

"Fo' big lanch fo' catch vej-ta-bool."

"It's only old Quong Wo—he's a good chink."

Above them the train swept by, filling the hollow under the bridge with a quivering pandemonium.

"What train is that?"

"That damn' ballet special. We'd have got those birds at the opera-house if Kane here hadn't monkeyed with that Jane."

"I give you my oath I never—"

The protest was snarled down. From the wagon the Chinaman spoke patiently.

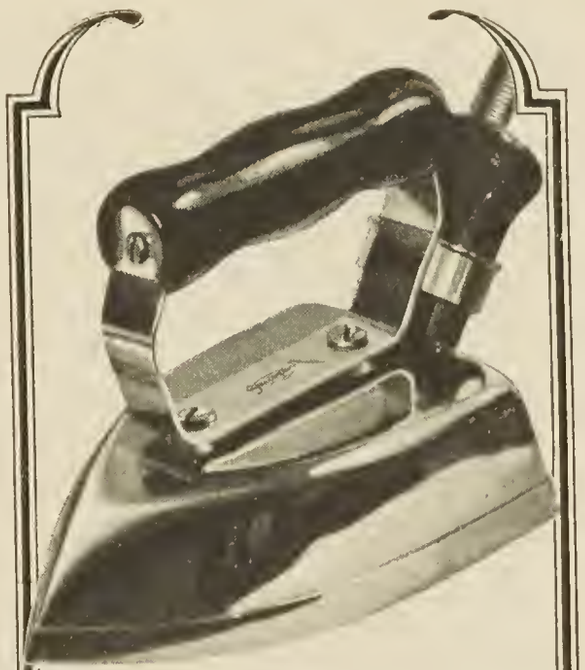
"You wantchee me?"

"You? No, get on about your business."

With a clip-clop of hoofs the wagon lurched on again, the sound of its dogged progress lingering long in its wake.

An hour later it stopped at the mouth of a cañon and Weston and Vereker crawled from under the pile of dusty crates. Adjusting their knapsacks, they breasted the slope, footloose under the stars, bound for a strange sanctuary at a half-mythic Mission Perdida.

Continued in the September DELINEATOR



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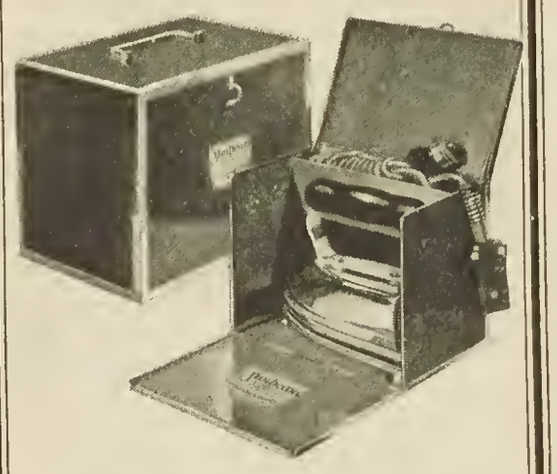
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5429—10207—The one-piece front and back and a straight plaited section inserted at the low waistline across the sides give very smart lines to this slip-over dress. It may have a French body lining. The embroidery is effective. Work it in color. Use heavy silk crêpe, heavy satin crêpe, charmeuse.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch heavy silk crêpe and ⅜ yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5421—The striped dress is usually the one-piece slip-over beltless type, often with a surplice vestee. One may use stripes, plaids, checks, flannel, silk alpaca, rajah, linen, linen-finished cottons or cotton ratine for the dress. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 54-inch striped flannel and ⅝ yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5435—10991—Wing sleeves and loose plaited panels which hang below the hem in front and back give a soft effect to this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The beading is smart. Work it in self or contrasting colors. Use silk crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, cotton voile or cotton Georgette.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5439—5353—10175—Clusters of plaits are very smart for the slip-over one-piece dress. The embroidery is effective. Work it in outline. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, satin, heavy silk crêpe or pongee. For the tricorne hat use satin, taffeta, etc.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3⅞ yards 36-inch linen and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the hat for ladies and misses.

5403—This one-piece dress is very soft and lovely for printed fabrics. It slips on over the head and may omit a body lining. Make it of novelty cotton crêpe or cotton voile, satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, satin or charmeuse.

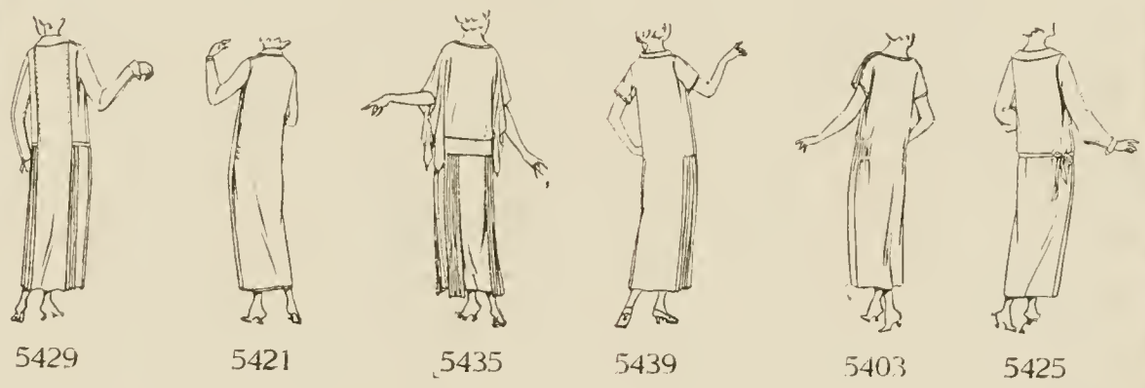
36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5425—Frills trim the collar and cuffs of the separate guimpe of this one-piece dress on the wrap-around order. Make the dress of linen, linen-finished cotton, heavy silk crêpe or satin. For Autumn one may use cashmere, soft twills, wool crêpe or wool rep for the dress.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch linen. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5429 5421 5435 5439 5403 5425

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5383—10138—A cool dress for Summer may be sleeveless and on straight lines. Satin, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, rajah or flannel are suitable materials for this one-piece slip-over dress. The motif is a smart trimming. Work in color. For Autumn use cashmere, kasha, wool crêpe, soft twills, plaids, stripes, checks, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 35-inch satin.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5360—Hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching trims this one-piece slip-over lingerie dress with a cluster of plaits at each side in front and back. Use plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, plain Georgette or silk voile, silk crêpe or wool crêpe for Autumn.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch cotton voile. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5417—4973—10961—Embroidery trims the front of a tunic to this two-piece slip-over dress. Work the design in colors. The slip has a straight tier with a cluster of plaits at each side. Use silk alpaca, silk crêpe, satin, etc. Her silk hat has a gored crown.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ½ yard 35-inch silk for hat. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

5409—Buttons and leather belts are used with some of the new dresses of this type. The inverted plait at each side in front and in back of this one-piece slip-over dress gives it a comfortable width. Use heavy silk crêpe or satin; for Autumn use cashmere, wool crêpe or soft twills.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5379—A one-piece dress of satin crêpe or silk crêpe in either plain or printed weaves is gracefully draped at one side, the drapery being held by a decorative ornament. This ornament is very easily made. The dress slips on over the head and may have a long body lining with a camisole top.

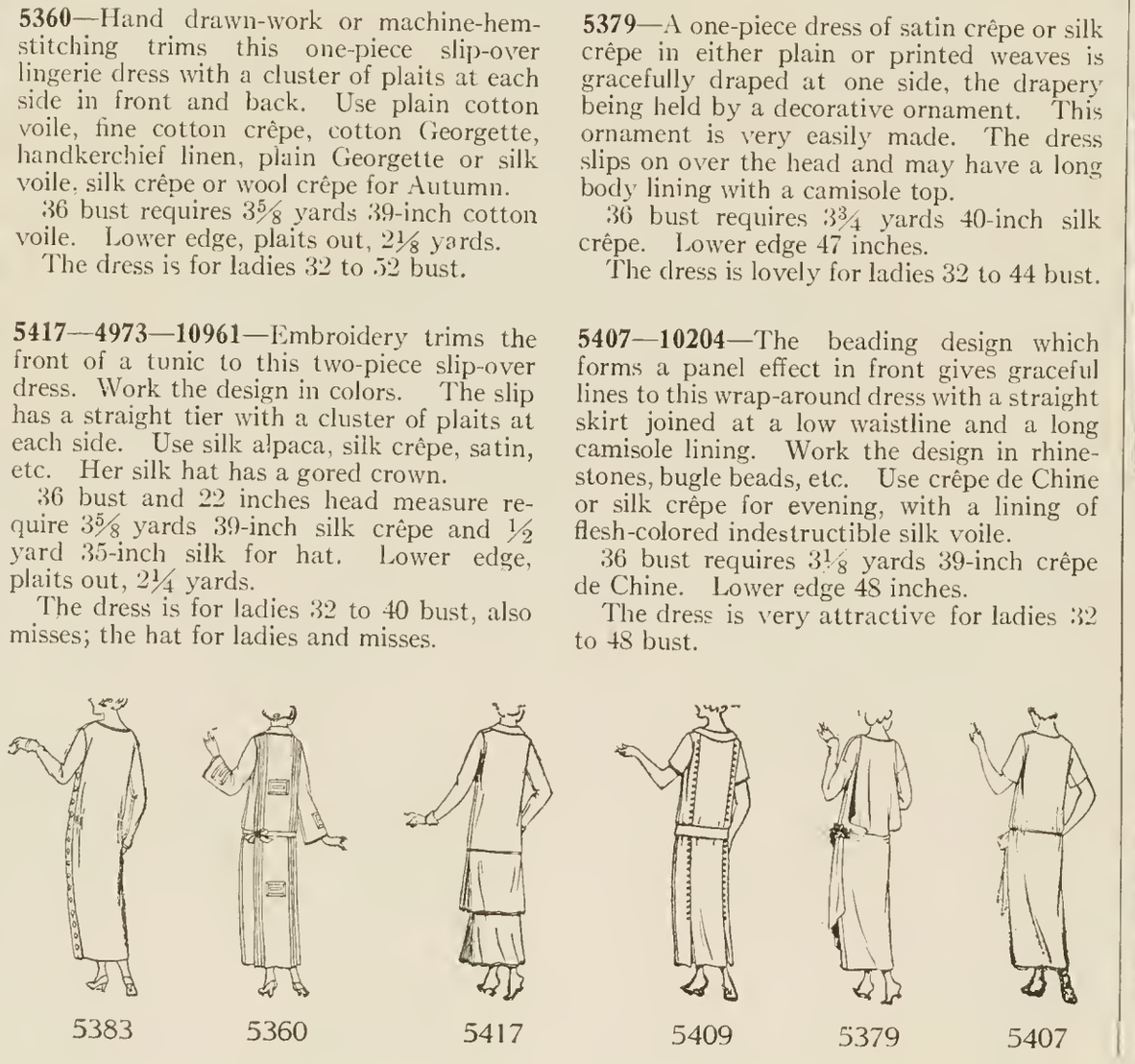
36 bust requires 3¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5407—10204—The beading design which forms a panel effect in front gives graceful lines to this wrap-around dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline and a long camisole lining. Work the design in rhinestones, bugle beads, etc. Use crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe for evening, with a lining of flesh-colored indestructible silk voile.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



5383 5360 5417 5409 5379 5407



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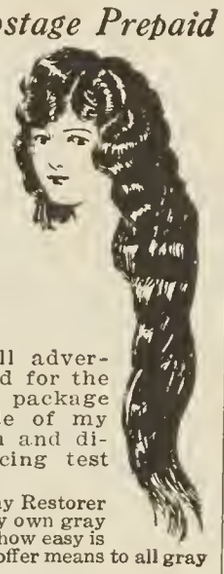
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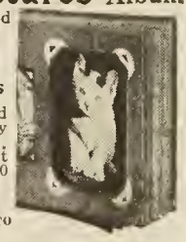
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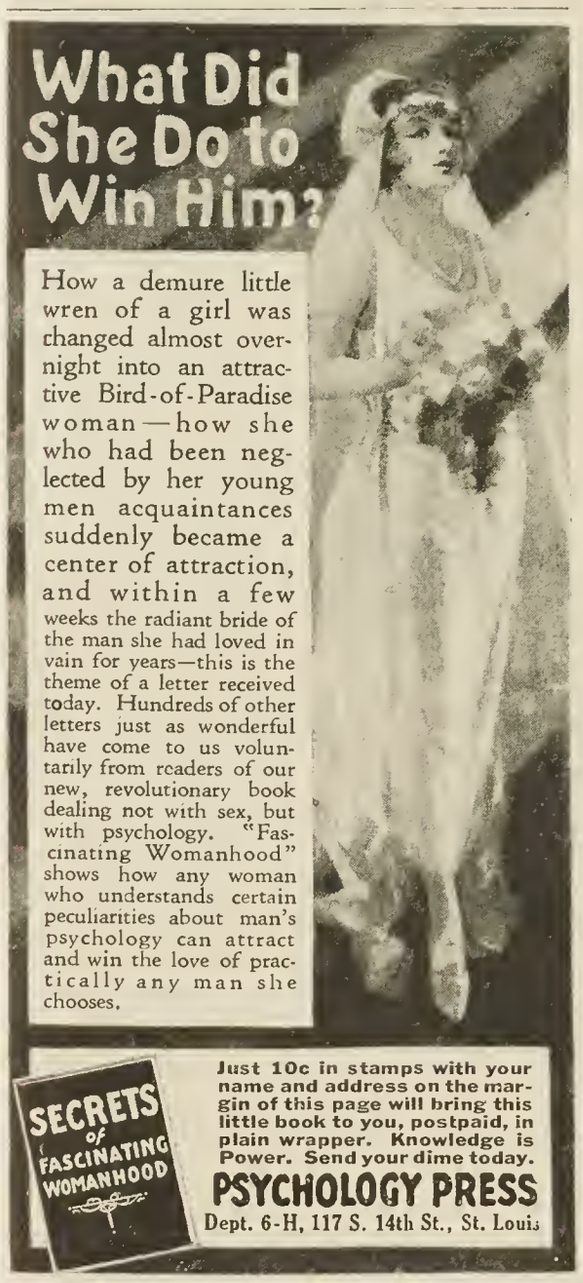
In the Southland of long and trying summers, women for years have used Nadinola Bleaching Cream. It whitens the skin to milky purity. It bleaches freckles, sun-tan and wind-tan. It refines the skin coarsened by exposure. And best of all—it clears away eruptions, redness, roughness.

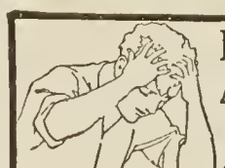
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You'll also like Nadine Face Powder — another Southern beauty aid.



The Lure of Southern Loveliness





Have Good Hair And Clean Scalp
Cuticura
Soap and Ointment Work Wonders
Try Our New Shaving Stick.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 28

5400—5214—10208—This hat with a gored crown is becoming to wear with her slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The embroidery is effective. Use printed crêpe de Chine with plain crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, plain or printed crêpe de Chine with taffeta, etc., for the dress.

8 years and 20¾ inches head measure require 1⅛ yard 35 or 39-inch crêpe de Chine, 1⅛ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine for bands and ¾ yard 35-inch taffeta for hat.

The dress and hat are for girls 2 to 12 years.

5345—Ruffles may be scalloped or straight and are sewed to a foundation slip on a slip-over dress of cotton voile, swiss, organdy, batiste with matching lawn slip.

7 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch voile.

The dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

5357—4926—Bloomers are separate in this raglan dress of pin-check gingham, chambray, linen, cotton prints, rajah, flannel, etc. Her hat has a gored crown.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2⅜ yards 32-inch gingham (including hat).

The dress is for girls 1 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5404—Use cotton voile, organdy, batiste, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc., for this slip-over dress with separate bloomers and straight lower edge.

4 years requires 2 yards 39-inch voile.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5393—10939—Nautical emblems trim this slip-over one-piece dress with detachable capette. Work in marine colors. The collar and cuffs may be removable if desired. Use flannel, soft twills, stripes, plaids, checks, cotton ratine, chambray, etc.

12 years requires 2⅞ yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5414—5402—10138—An embroidered motif trims a two-piece dress of wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, etc., worn with a tam-o'-shanter. The blouse slips over a plaited straight skirt on an underbody.

12 years and 21 inches head measure require 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey and ⅜ yard 35-inch velvet for tam.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for girls, misses, children, ladies.

5363—5292—For a one-piece slip-over dress with detachable capette use cotton ratine, heavy cotton crêpe, plaids, checks, flannel, etc. Her tricorne hat is smart.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2⅝ yards 35-inch cotton ratine and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5420—10939—A sailor blouse slips over the head and knickerbockers may replace the straight trousers of this suit. Collar and cuffs may be fastened on or removable. Use chambray, galatea, poplin, madras, etc. The emblems are a suitable trimming.

4 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 12 years.

5355—10172—This raglan peasant dress with a straight lower edge may be smocked, shirred or gathered. It has separate bloomers. Work smocking in color. Use crêpe de Chine, plain cotton voile, pin-dot swiss, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, etc.

3 years requires 1¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls ½ to 6 years.

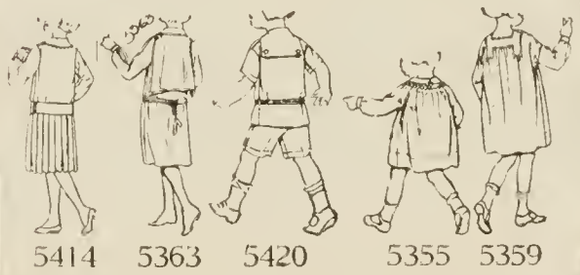
5359—4491—A decorative yoke trims this dress with a straight lower edge. Use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste or gingham, etc. Her shirred hat is quaint.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure require 1½ yard 39-inch dotted voile (including hat) and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting material.

The dress and hat are for girls 2 to 12.



5400 5345 5357 5404 5393



5414 5363 5420 5355 5359



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Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double-strength Othine: it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Othine Complexion Soap (New Product) is recommended for toilet, shampoo and bath.

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OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 29

5423—Striped tub silks, cotton ratine or pongee make a smart outing dress of the slip-over type. The straight skirt is joined to a long body with a choice of long body lining with a camisole top. One may use colored linen with white linen body, printed with plain linen, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch novelty silk and 1 yard 35-inch plain.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5344—Plain Georgette or crêpe de Chine, cotton Georgette, organdy or batiste are suitable for a slip-over dress with a lace collar. It has a tucked straight skirt joined with a casing and elastic at a low waistline. One may use plain or pin-dot cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe with organdy collar and flowers and ribbon tie-belt. Lower edge 59 inches.

16 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is lovely for misses 15 to 20 years.

5354—Lingerie frocks trimmed with hand drawn-work or machine-hemstitching are usually made of plain cotton voile or fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, handkerchief linen, plain Georgette or silk voile, etc. This one-piece slip-over dress has clusters of plaits at each side of front and back. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

18 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch voile.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5387—10187—For this one-piece slip-over dress with straight lower edge and a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline use light-weight flannel, wool jersey tubing, tub silks, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk voile, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, cotton ratine, etc. Work the embroidery in color. Lower edge 54 inches.

16 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5323—10138—Young girls like the two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a straight skirt plaited in clusters and joined to a long body lining. Work the motif in color. Use light-weight flannel, wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, etc.

16 years requires 4 yards 27-inch soft flannel. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5405—5218—A square yoke gives a new effect to this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey, light-weight flannel, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silk jersey. Her hat and scarf are smart.

16 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey, ⅞ yard 54-inch checked wool for hat and scarf. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also for ladies 38 and 40 bust; the hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

5375—Stripes in tub silks, cotton ratine, pongee, wools or flannel make a smart slip-over dress of this type. A straight skirt is joined to a long body and there is a choice of long camisole lining.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch tub silk and ⅜ yard 35-inch contrasting material for bands. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5396—Plaited sections inserted at each side of the skirt give a new effect to this one-piece slip-over dress. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, heavy silk crêpe, pongee; or for later use cashmere, wool crêpe or soft twills. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅞ yard.

17 years requires 3½ yards 35-inch linen.

The dress is suitable for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.



5423 5344 5354 5387

5323 5405 5375 5396



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No girl can be popular unless she protects herself against the unpleasant odor of perspiration. "Mum" is the word! "Mum" prevents the odor of perspiration and other body odors. It is also used with the sanitary pack—it is so safe. "Mum" is 25c and 50c everywhere.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5391—This one-piece slip-over gingham dress has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. Use gingham or crêpe de Chine, heavy silk crepe, silk jersey, pongee, wool jersey tubing or light-weight flannel.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust, also misses.

5368—The French love the lingerie dress for Summer. This one-piece slip-over dress has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic at the low waistline. Use plain cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch cotton voile and ⅜ yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5413—10961—The scarf tie of this one-piece slip-over dress is decorated with embroidery. Work in color. Use linen or linen-finished cotton, heavy silk crêpe or satin, with scarf and cuffs of embroidered self-material, etc.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 35-inch linen. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5394—5218—For late Summer or early Autumn the one-piece straight-line coat dress is smart. It has a detachable capette and is worn with a flannel hat and scarf. Use heavy silk crêpe, satin, silk alpaca, etc., for dress. Lower edge 48 inches

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe for dress.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust, the hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

5384—Basque dresses are picturesque for Summer. Use cotton voile, organdy or dotted swiss for this slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined to the basque at a low waistline. Or use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or moire.

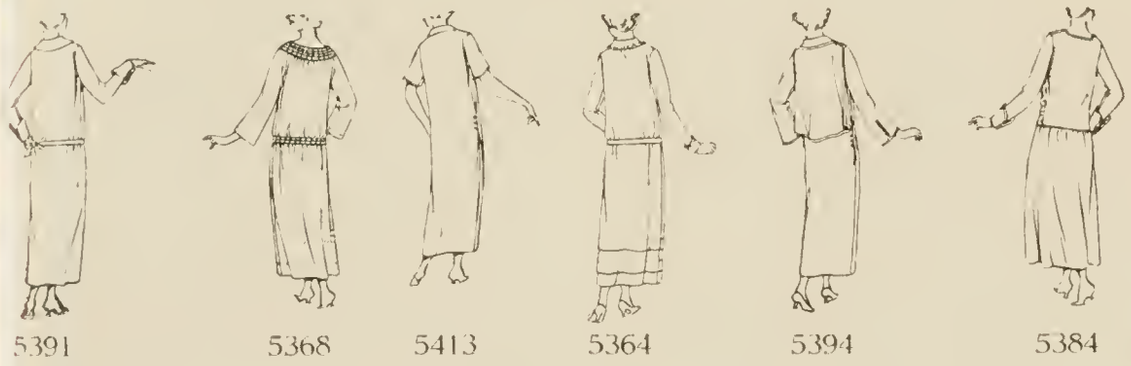
36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 38-inch cotton voile. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust, also misses.

5364—Cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile makes a graceful one-piece dress tucked at the lower part and with a straight lower edge. It slips on over her head.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 35 or 39 inch cotton voile. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 34 to 52 bust.



5391 5368 5413 5364 5394 5384

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5390—5042—A slip-over blouse of tub silks, silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc., goes over a two-piece skirt of flannel.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 32-inch tub silk, ⅝ yard 32-inch plain and 1 yard 54-inch soft flannel for skirt on camisole body. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 33 to 44 bust, 35 to 52 hip, blouse also for misses.

5447—This slip-over straight-line one-piece dress is smart in satin, crêpe de Chine, moire, etc. It is a lovely dress for weddings when one uses these materials in white and a detachable court train.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch satin crêpe and ⅞ yard 39-inch lace. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5434—4533—This three-quarter length slip-over blouse may have a straight lower edge. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine and for slip, crêpe satin.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe satin for slip. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

5401—4533—She wears this blouse with a Russian closing over a slip. Use satin crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine for blouse and slip.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including lower part of slip) and 1¾ yard 35-inch material for upper part of slip. Lower edge 1½ yard.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also misses.

5440—10197—For this jacquette blouse use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or plain silk crêpe with embroidery. Work this design in one-stitch, beads, etc. Without embroidery one may use satin crêpe, printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The blouse is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5395—4251—10263—Her slip-over blouse has a yoke and upper sleeve in one and the skirt may be accordion or side plaited. The embroidery is smart. Work in color.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (skirt on a camisole body). Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip.

5415—For this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge use silk jersey, crêpe de Chine, soft silk alpaca, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The collar is convertible.

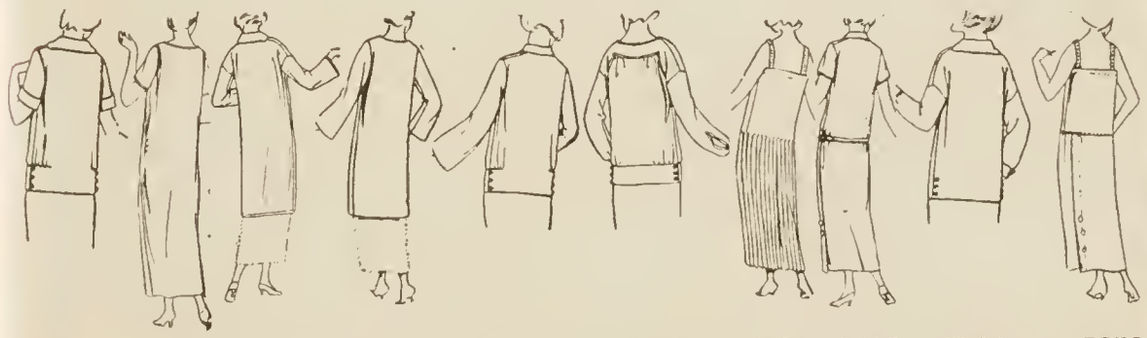
36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5392—5079—10858—Her blouse of heavy crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, etc., slips on over a one-piece wrap-around skirt. The monogram is smart trimming.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 32-inch silk broadcloth and 1½ yard 35 or 39-inch striped silk (skirt on camisole body). Lower edge 48 inches.

The blouse and skirt are for ladies 33 to 44 bust and 35 to 45 hip, blouse also for misses.



5390 5447 5434 5401 5440 5395 4251 5415 5392 5079

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"It is Concentrated Happiness"

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"It is with genuine pleasure I write to thank you for your charming gift of Mai d'Or perfume which so delightfully represents all the allure of Paris.

"It is Concentrated 'Happiness' which is the name of my new picture. Sincerely,"

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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

A Man Who Has Lived Adventure

One of the most elusive personalities in the literary world is responsibile for the authorship of "The Fire-Flower," that magnificent tale of romance and adventure which begins in this issue. At some time or other in the course of an eventful life Mr. Saxby has lived in most civilized countries and in a few where life is not only difficult but dangerous for even the most intrepid white man. Such story material as came his way gradually finds an outlet in his fiction; about his own personal experiences in obtaining it, Mr. Saxby preserves an habitual reticence. This much we know from himself: That he is an Englishman whose childhood and youth were spent in England, France, Switzerland and Italy. When he was old enough to shift for himself, he went to West Africa with a Gold Coast exploration company. In due time the climate "got" him. He survived six varieties of tropical fever, but did not leave the country until after a narrow escape from being buried alive in the bush. Later his undermined health resulted in a year in the hospital in the Canary Islands, followed by prescribed residence in California, where he now makes his home. Like most men of venturesome habit, Mr. Saxby tried his hand at a variety of occupations before he took up writing as a profession. The English stage held him longest, and the three years he spent there included a season with the famous Benson Shakespearian players. In other parts of the world Mr. Saxby managed sugar estates, cocoa plantations and orange-groves. All these activities contributed a bit here and there to the wealth of material that Mr. Saxby has to draw on as stimulus for imaginative fiction of an exceptionally high order.

A Builder of Personality

Miss Vida Sutton, who is equally well known as writer, lecturer and actress, has had unique training to equip her as an authority on personality development. After graduating from the University of Chicago Miss Sutton came to New York, where she played various rôles in Winthrop Ames's New Theater Company and with the Washington Square Players, later giving up the stage to do graduate study in psychology, English dialects and speech phonetics. Miss Sutton has written two plays, but for the most part devotes her time to teaching dramatics and to lectures and study classes on the subjects of personality and cultural training.

A Boon for Sick Children

An idea that may be suggestive to other LITTLE DELINEATOR readers is contained in the following letter from a Worcester, Massachusetts, subscriber: "A woman friend of mine is supervisor of the children's ward of a large hospital here, so as my children have grown up and left the home nest I save all THE LITTLE DELINEATORS and take them up to her little shut-ins."

A Mere Man on Cooking

Appreciative interest in a new cook-book is scarcely to be expected from a mere man newspaper reviewer who confesses that his cooking experience was limited to an attempt to boil a blueberry pudding in a pail while camping in Canada. The camp recipe, he explains, was followed precisely, but the bag was too nearly air-tight and the pudding exploded. The reviewer thus handicapped in passing expert opinion on culinary matters is "Davis." of the Cleveland, Ohio, *Press*. "A cook-book," he writes, "can be interesting even if one has no intention to cook anything, but reading a cook-book late at night may arouse a hunger for the dishes described and make the next day seem a long time off. This reviewer discovered that while glancing through the new Butterick cook-book." On the whole, Mr. Davis approved of the book, from which he quotes with evident relish recipes for some of the most savory dishes, but his critical eye has discovered the omission of the chef's finger-licking test for sauces and he cheerfully donates to some one else his share of banana pie.

For the Inexpert Cook

"The greatest failing of the informed writer," says a reviewer in the Richmond, Virginia, *News-Leader*, "is the assumption that the reader knows as much about the subject as he does. Curiously enough the writers of cook-books display this failing very frequently. They seem to be interested only in the recipes that are new and complicated. They write for chefs, rather than for novices. The result is that a girl who is suddenly called upon to prepare food in her own home finds in the average cook-book the most explicit directions for fancy risen breads, but searches in vain to discover how she can make a batch of biscuits or can beat up some corn cakes. She is apt to conclude—and not without reason—that the average cook-book is worthless to her, as much beyond her reach as a text on calculus would be to a boy just learning to cipher. The special and enduring excellence of 'The Butterick Cook-Book' is, and always has been, that in order to win the praise of a few experts it does not slight the thousands of young housewives just learning to cook. There is more in the book than any expert ever will master, but from it nothing is omitted that the veriest beginner requires. As revised and enlarged in a fine new edition by Flora Rose and her assistants of the Cornell University School of Home Economics, the Butterick classic is strong in information not readily had elsewhere. It explains the why as thoroughly as the how, and puts within the reach of the average housewife any variation she may desire for any reason to introduce. The supplementary chapters on lunches, on service, on carving and the like are in every way admirable. The whole is a cook-book among a hundred."

Conquering a Dread Disease

Since a note appeared on this page in the June issue about Dr. William H. Park, one of the late Doctor Holt's brilliant group of DELINEATOR contributors, Doctor Park's name has been given considerable publicity. In his capacity as president of the American Public Health Association he recently predicted that we are now in sight of the ultimate elimination of measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria by vaccine treatment. Naturally such an optimistic statement from such an eminent authority has been widely quoted as representing the latest advance in preventive medicine. Doctor Park has also come to the fore as one of the first scientific authorities to test and approve the new and extremely valuable concentrated pneumonia vaccine developed by Dr. Lloyd B. Felton at Harvard, an innovation in medicine that is expected to reduce pneumonia fatalities from the present average of one in three cases to one in thirty. Even better life-saving records are expected when the new serum is used early as a routine precaution in chills and fever or any other condition disposing toward pneumonia, the dread disease that is now responsible for one out of every eleven deaths in the United States. The importance of all this from the point of view of DELINEATOR readers is that the regular contributors in our department of child health established by Doctor Holt are drawn from the foremost authorities in their profession. Each is a recognized specialist who writes from the fulness of an expert's knowledge. Doctor Park, professor of bacteriology and hygiene at New York University, was chosen to write about diphtheria because of his twenty years of experience as Director of the Bureau of Laboratories in the municipal health department of New York City. His DELINEATOR article on the prevention and treatment of diphtheria is reprinted in the pamphlet "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood" mentioned at greater length elsewhere in this issue.

ASK US

The Delineator's corps of experts is at the service of every one of our readers. Ask us anything you want to know about home-making or home-keeping. You will find offerings and suggestions in the "Ask The Delineator" column on page 58.

Better Turn Back Now!

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

EVIDENTLY we are building up quite a reputation as the result of our educational efforts in behalf of the never-sufficiently-praised sex, for the close of school at vacation-time has brought us some choice items from contributors aware of our sympathetic interest ◈◈◈ A native *Filipina* teacher in *Manilla*, for instance, sent in her resignation to the director of education as follows: "Dear Sir: I have the honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many loving to me to which I only reply, 'Oh, not! Oh, not!' Very respectfully, Josefina" ◈◈◈ Our own success in improving and uplifting the 1,000,000 members of the heaven-sent sex who eagerly await this column every month seems to have inspired *Miss Jessie Burrall* of *Columbus, Missouri*, who teaches one of the most successful Sunday-school classes in the world. Miss Burrall's class numbers 1,600 students, of whom more than 1,000 attend every Sunday morning ◈◈◈ But the prize exhibit of the school year comes from *Florida*, where a little negro girl, in answer to the question, "What is anatomy?" wrote the following: "Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts, the haid, the chest and the stummick. The haid holds the skull and the brains if they is any, the chest holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels which are a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w and y" ◈◈◈ We expect to bring considerable sunshine into the lives of some of our fair pew-holders by broadcasting the news that the winner of a recent beauty contest in *Paris, France*, admits that she is fifty-eight years old ◈◈◈ A lady after our own heart is the *East Deering, Maine*, woman who was attending her first Mah-Jongg party. When one of the players shouted "Chow!" she made a bolt for the dining-room ◈◈◈ *The American Association of University Women* is in favor of college courses "in the behavior of well-bred women" to remedy conditions brought about by recent graduates who "have exposed themselves to grave criticism through violation of reasonable standards of conduct" ◈◈◈ This reminds us that a recent rough-and-tumble fight on the sidewalk between two *New Orleans* ladies ended with the younger one (thirty years) knocking her opponent (forty-four years) into the street and under a street-car which cut off her leg ◈◈◈ A French philosopher who seems to have given much thought to the subject has come to the conclusion that women will never amount to anything until they have pockets. "The pocket," he said, "is the symbol of authority, of important responsibilities and weighty preoccupations. Women can not possibly undertake such until they have pockets" ◈◈◈ A little more than a year ago a pair of twin sisters from *Belle Plaine, Iowa*, eloped to *St. Joseph, Missouri*, and married twin brothers of the latter place ◈◈◈ The girls soon tired of married life and sued for divorce on grounds of cruelty. The same attorney filed both suits on the same day. Each girl testified for the other and both divorces were granted the same day. Three weeks later the girls went to *Cedar Rapids* and were remarried to their former husbands. Up to the time of going to press we have received no further report of their doings ◈◈◈ A high-spirited Chicago housewife was recently sentenced to thirty days in the house of correction and fined one hundred dollars for shooting her husband because he walked over freshly scrubbed floors ◈◈◈ As a stout defender of the heaven-sent sex against the familiar accusation of inconsistency, we are somewhat puzzled by the conduct of a *Brooklyn, New York*, woman. When her husband was arrested for drunkenness, she appeared at the jail bright and early the following morning with a hot breakfast which she served to him with much solicitude for his comfort. On her way out she left with one of the attendants a note for the trial judge which read: "My husband hasn't drawn a sober breath for a month. Please soak him for a good long sentence" ◈◈◈ The advertisers of a well-known brand of baking-powder tell us that a *Santa Ana, California*, woman wrote asking them to announce the results of a baking contest in THE DELINEATOR ◈◈◈ Here's hoping she wins first, second, and third cash prizes and a special shiny gold badge for the example to other readers ◈◈◈

Judge these Corn Flakes by the Milk or Cream Test—We furnish package free

Post Toasties Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream



Hearts of White Corn Flaked *Double-Thick*

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Please send me your Free Test Package of Post Toasties the *Double-Thick* improved corn flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream.

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.....

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Post DOUBLE-THICK Toasties

THESE *DOUBLE-THICK* CORN FLAKES STAY CRISP IN MILK OR CREAM

What particular skin problem are you facing?



You can free your skin from blackheads by using this special cleansing treatment given below.

Have you an oily skin?
Blackheads?
A dull, sallow color?



A sallow skin can be roused to color and life by the special Woodbury steam treatment given below.



Begin, today, to have a really beautiful skin!

A skin without a flaw—clear, fresh as the morning.

You *can* have a beautiful skin if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place.

Give this new skin the special treatment it needs, and see what a wonderful improvement you can bring about.

The following treatment will free your skin from blackheads:—

EVERY night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

An oily skin can be corrected by using every night the following treatment:—

JUST before you go to bed, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

A sallow skin is a skin that is *asleep.* You can rouse your skin to brilliant color and life by using this treatment:—

ONCE or twice a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

These and other complete treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today! A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Tear out the coupon at the left, and send for a trial-size set of these three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

We want you to see how much good even a week of the right Woodbury treatment will do your skin. Therefore, for ten cents and the coupon at the left we will send you—

A sample cake of *Woodbury's Facial Soap* (enough for a week's regular treatment); the famous booklet *"A Skin You Love to Touch"* (telling you what treatment you need and how to follow it); a sample tube of *Woodbury's Facial Cream;* and a sample box of *Woodbury's Facial Powder.*

If you live in Canada, address the coupon to The Andrew Jergens Co., 1908 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English address: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.

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JERGENS CO.
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a trial-size set of the famous
Woodbury skin preparations.

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Street .....

City .....

State .....

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

VOLUME CV SEPTEMBER, 1924 NUMBER THREE



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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

A NEW CLUB FOR MOTHERS

THIS month THE DELINEATOR announces the inauguration of one of the greatest services we have been able to render to mothers in the sixty years of our publication.

As a tribute to the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the founder of THE DELINEATOR's Happy Child Department, we are organizing a "Happy Child Club" to serve the mothers who read this magazine.

Our subscribers know that for many years THE DELINEATOR has been dedicated to child welfare. We have repeatedly called attention in these pages to the following three telling lines—which hold a record of one of the greatest tragedies of life to-day:

Every seventh baby in America dies before it is a year old.

Hundreds of thousands of children die before they are sixteen.

Only eighteen per cent. of all children born grow to be normal men and women.

THE DELINEATOR long since realized that the only way to prevent these young lives from ending so needlessly was to put simple, helpful, preventive knowledge into the hands of parents.

Therefore in 1921 THE DELINEATOR began a child-saving program under the direction of one of the world's greatest child specialists, Doctor Holt, and for the first time in the history of medicine a group of America's foremost specialists were brought together to consider a health-education program for a national lay publication.

For the past two years THE DELINEATOR has been publishing the best thought of these highly skilled doctors, and every month the Happy Child Department has carried its message of life and health into a million and a half American homes. Two of the most helpful contributions which were made recently were articles on diphtheria and on the care of nervous children.

In January THE DELINEATOR published the facts about diphtheria, showing how this dread disease, like smallpox, can be wiped from the face of the earth. No sooner was this article printed than the boards of health in several cities turned to us for reprints for distribution in their fight against epidemics.

The material on nervous children presented equally valuable information. A famous psychiatrist of Yale University wrote for THE DELINEATOR a most helpful exposition of the proper care of these children, showing that the direction which the child receives from his parents is the determining factor that makes him either a great force for good in his community or a source of heart-break to his parents and ruin to himself.

These are only two of the important problems which were discussed in THE DELINEATOR by the leading medical specialists of the country. Associated with Doctor Holt in this work there were eleven doctors in all, of whom the most closely identified was Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association and Director of Child Welfare in the New York State Department of Health. It is Doctor Shaw who now will carry forward the enlarged program which Doctor Holt envisaged before his death.

Under Doctor Shaw's adviserships THE DELINEATOR is initiating a new service—a club for mothers. Those subscribers who enroll will receive every month a personal message from Doctor Shaw. There will be four divisions of the club—one for new babies, one for runabouts (little two-to-six-year-olds) and one for school children; and in addition there will also be nine letters available for expectant mothers. Your family physician will value these letters because they will forecast the general health conditions of the country and present new discoveries in science for the prevention of sickness among children.

The importance of prenatal care can not be overemphasized. To a very great extent a baby's health is determined before its birth. Yet how few expectant mothers know how to take care of themselves intelligently during those important months before the baby comes! We want to help all mothers, but particularly the new ones, and so we make a special point of these letters for mothers-to-be.

The mother of a new baby should enroll in the new baby club; the mother of a runabout, in the runabout club; and so on. Each club membership will be fifty cents a year—or one dollar a year for all four. THE DELINEATOR in providing this service sets this small cost merely to cover cost of mailing.

If you wish to give your family the benefit of the most expert knowledge on child care that money and genuine interest can provide, it is only necessary for you to send your name and address and specify the club service you want—prenatal, new babies, runabouts, or school children—and enclose fifty cents for any one group for a year, or one dollar for all four. It is important for you to print your name and address very clearly.

If you wish a collection of the previous articles which THE DELINEATOR published in its Happy Child Department while under the directorship of Doctor Holt, this may be obtained by writing Dodd, Mead and Company and asking for "The Happy Child Book"—or by sending one dollar to the DELINEATOR office.

If you have no children and yet know some mother who can not afford this service or to whom you wish to make a really priceless gift, enter her in "The Happy Child Club." THE DELINEATOR spends many thousands of dollars a year to make this knowledge available to you for merely the cost of postage. It is a part of our campaign for child welfare and is a contribution from this organization to the conservation of child life in the United States.

FOR BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

A Mother's Aims

By EDNA GILBERT MEEKER

For Myself I Aim—

To make *home* the most loved place in the world for each member of my family.

To plan that housework shall occupy only its rightful proportions of time in my program for well-balanced, happy days.

To think, speak, act and appear always in ways that will not cause my husband or child to feel apologetic for me.

To work with my husband in all things pertaining to the upbringing of our children, that together we may solve the problems and share the joys of our mutual responsibility.

Always to *speak*, if I can reasonably avoid *calling*, to a member of my family—for calling may startle or irritate, or lose effectiveness through distance.

To give as much time and thought to directing the occupations and recreations of our children as to safe-guarding their health and training their morals and manners.

To respect and train our children's individuality and *not* to dominate it.

To allow our children self-expression in their own rooms and a certain privacy regarding the things they consider their personal concern.

I Aim to Teach Our Children—

To think and act from principle, that they may learn to make wise decisions and know that right living depends entirely on right thinking.

To be careful in making promises, that they may not pledge themselves to something they can not fulfil or that may interfere with freedom for right action.

To control their minds so that they will not waste mental power by *idle* dreaming or worry.

To be as careful of their tones of voice as they are of the words they utter.

To respect the individualities of others and never gossip.

To have regard for the silence of others and not intrude unnecessary remarks which may break the continuity of another's thought.

To know and fulfil the obligations of citizenship, which include being a good neighbor.

To think of the thousands of people in various parts of the world who daily are working to produce those things that add to our comfort and happiness, placing obligations on us, individually, to do *our* part of the world's work.

To develop a love that will trust God, make them loyal to family and friends, kind to animals and regardful of all created things.

MORE ABOUT YOUNG PEOPLE

HEALTH is a large part of the problem of bringing up children; but it is not all the problem. And so we have asked Fielding H. Yost, the famous "Hurry-Up" Yost, football coach at Michigan University, to write for THE DELINEATOR. Mr. Yost is credited by educators with having helped make more real men and women out of young boys and girls than any other one man in the country. Mr. Yost is not only a physical trainer and a coach—he is a philosopher. He knows young people, and he knows how to win them. Mr. Yost is now writing his second series of articles on physical training for girls and boys. Watch for him in next month's DELINEATOR.

And while we are speaking of our contributions to child welfare, mention should be made of Angelo Patri, the famous schoolmaster who is principal of New York's model public school. Mr. Patri has spent all the mature years of his life developing boys and girls, training them spiritually as well as mentally. He has important knowledge to convey to parents and he does it in his own kindly, sympathetic way through the pages of THE DELINEATOR almost every month.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS

THIS month is one of the hardest in the year for dumb animals. Man's forgetfulness, and not nature alone, is chiefly responsible for this. There are many humane societies in America, but not enough of them. In New York there has been incorporated a "Horse Aid Society" which has two aims: the education of the public in the proper treatment of horses, and the care of worn-out useless old animals. This society has issued a little leaflet containing a horse's prayer which parents should read to their children. It is a beautiful prayer, touching in its simple, imaginative understanding of the heart of a horse. And there is also a reprint of a famous speech made by Ex-Senator Vest when he was prosecuting the wanton killing of a dog. If you love animals, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to THE DELINEATOR and copies of these beautiful essays will be mailed to you.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 80



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

FATHERS AND SONS

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and "Child Training"

MANY times fathers misjudge the value of what they have to give their sons. They suffer at the thought of how few material things they have to give the boys and how little they are able to do to give them a lift.

"There's Todd's Jimmie," says one. "That boy'll never have to worry. His father is a politician and can get him any job he wants. They'll hand it to him! There's the judge's son. He's got a place waiting for him the day he graduates. And old man Smith'll leave his son the pickle-works, worth millions.

"It's a shame. My boy's as good as any of them. Better! And all I can give him is a bare chance to earn his living. the poor son of a poor man. Things aren't right in this world." And disturbed by the thought of this injustice to his son, the father misses his aim and brings the hammer down on his thumb.

Away goes the hammer as far as he can send it and he dances around like a stray thunderstorm. His wrath sends those near him scurrying to cover and keeps them there until, grumbling, he goes after the hammer.

Young son, looking on, gathers an idea: "When you get into trouble, you throw things about and use bad language and scare people. That's what dad did when he hit himself with the hammer."

When a bill unexpectedly out of proportion comes in, this father loses his head and storms at the person nearest him and very often least to blame, his wife. He demands to know if she thinks he is made of money and if she knows where the money to pay this bill is coming from, because *he* doesn't. He calls on the world to witness that he works like a dog to support his idle and extravagant family. Finally, he ends by going out of the house and slamming the door behind him.

Son stores up another idea for future service: "When money has to be paid out for things, you make a fuss and scold everybody, especially mother. Don't mind if they cry. Just go out and bang the door."

ALL the while, this father is grieving because he has neither the wealth nor the power of other fathers and brooding indignantly on the advantages their sons have over his, who, perhaps, has to carry water, split kindlings, run errands or help his father out occasionally.

He completely overlooks the fact that what he most desires his son to have lies close to his hand, that he will not have to go outside himself to find it. Every man old enough to be a father has sensed the truth that life is spent in search of happiness, but that happiness does not lie in having so much money or so high a place that one need make no personal effort to live. Life is never so simple as that.

Happiness lies in the power to appreciate the beauty in common things and common people and every-day happenings about us, and in the ability to share what we have. The power of sharing is the source of content.

Of what use to a boy is a great fortune or a big factory or a famous name unless the boy has been so trained to use it that he can wring happiness from it? Fathers have sometimes worked out their lives in an effort to bestow greatness on their sons, only to find that when the day came for the father to say, "See what I have made for you," the boy had not the eyes of understanding or appreciation with which to see.

The father had, perhaps, used up every bit of creative energy, every bit of devotion and love and service in building his greatness, and so never had any to spare for the son who so wistfully watched for a sign.

Gifts of fortune that carry with them no hint of the laughter or the tears or the grilling effort that went into them, no hint of a sharing quality, are but dead weight on the spirit; for what feeds the body while ignoring the spirit is nothing but dead matter.

The really worth-while gifts are those that lie buried in commonplace things, in the common happenings of every day: the way you speak; your gentle tone and considerate word; the countless kindnesses you offer to those about you; your fortitude under trial; the things you laugh at and the things you grieve over; your standards of work and fun and conduct. It is from these that your son builds his character.

Money does not buy them. Indeed, the poor man has a much better chance to get them for his son than has the wealthy man.

The director of a boys' camp was talking to a very rich father about the equipment of the camp which was then at its beginning.

"These are our plans," he said. "You see, when they are completed there will be no need for the boys to carry spring-water or chop wood or help with the cooking. All that will be made easy for them."

"So-o," mused the wealthy father, gazing across the field where his son was struggling along, a pail of cold spring-water bumping against his legs and splashing him well. "When you get that equipment, wire me and I'll come for the boy. I was hoping that he'd get a chance at things first hand." The camp equipment never went in.

It is natural to wish to give children material comfort. It is natural to wish to save them a struggle. But the children themselves have a clearer vision. They will drop the costly top to grasp the friendly hand outstretched toward them; they will loosen their hold on a coin and clutch at a smile; they will stand by loyally through dark days and never whimper, if they feel they are helping. They know.

I OWE my father neither money nor goods. He never had any to give me. I owe him an inheritance that enriches me beyond the power of any fortune he might have left me.

He lived quietly and gently. He knew few people, but he loved them and they loved him. His voice was gentle and persuasive, so that the children and birds and dogs and horses came at his call as to one they trusted and liked well.

He worked hard every day. And, when he came home at night, I had the feeling that he had given more than he had received, and that it was well to give in that way.

After dinner he would tell me all the happenings of the day. I knew the men on the job by name and character so well that I felt they were friends of mine. He told me all about the job; and I was keenly interested in all its ups and downs. I could see it growing.

He shared the home with me, too. I knew how much money there was to spend and exactly how it was spent. We did what we could to share the load. Father never belittled my efforts, never told me of the boy down street who did more and did it better. He smiled and encouraged and told me stories of the time when I should do fine things in a fine way, until I, too, believed that I should.

A son always wants to be what his father tells him he ought to be. That becomes his vision, growing strong with his father's strength, fed by the ideals found in his father's books, his work and conduct. The form of the idea may change, but the essence of it stays, inspiring and uplifting to the end.

The ideal of the days of visioning and dreaming is tested in the days of earning the daily bread. Then, more than ever, does the happiness of a man depend upon the training he has had from his father; then, more than ever, does the debt of his inheritance take deepest hold. Does he work in the spirit and beauty of service? Can he put his whole being into it and feel himself in harmony with the common folk and the common happenings about him? Can he merge the day's doing with the vision his father held for him? If so, he has received the richest inheritance a father can bestow.

TRUE, it is difficult to play with a little boy after a hard day. It is tedious to explain to him things that you feel are beyond him as yet. You shrink from casting a shadow over laughing childhood. It is hard to share your heart with a child—harder still to share your life with him and to be honest and sincere in the sharing.

Yet it is in this way that the boy's character, his great inheritance, is to be built. Through this sharing he gets a glimpse of that sweet, sane scheme of living that makes for happiness whether he has great riches or none.

It is in this way that a father gives most wisely and generously. He gives himself instead of empty wishes. He enriches the spirit, knowing full well that material things will take care of themselves if they are controlled by a spirit that does not fear them.

He shares with his son that ripeness of spirit that is wisdom. He knows that the child is blind to much that the father sees, and so sets about guiding and leading him toward a clearer vision.

He realizes that though material success is part of all success, it is only a part and must be secondary always to an appreciation and understanding of the beauty, pain and fitness of common things, like love and work and fun and trouble. He realizes that to fit his son to use power he must teach him to be greater than anything he possesses, mastering it always and never being mastered by it. That means a thoroughly disciplined character.

And though character is to be desired above riches, the father who is neither rich nor powerful can bestow it upon his son, if he choose. In fact, it is often easier for the ordinary man doing an ordinary man's work in this workaday world to train character into his boy than it is for the man who has so much money that his son need make no effort to live.

Character lies right there. It lies in wringing happiness out of the struggle for daily living and sharing. Whether or not the boy is to have it depends upon whether or not the father is willing to help him to it by patient example, by teaching and by a personal appreciation of the meaning of life and of his son's relation to it.

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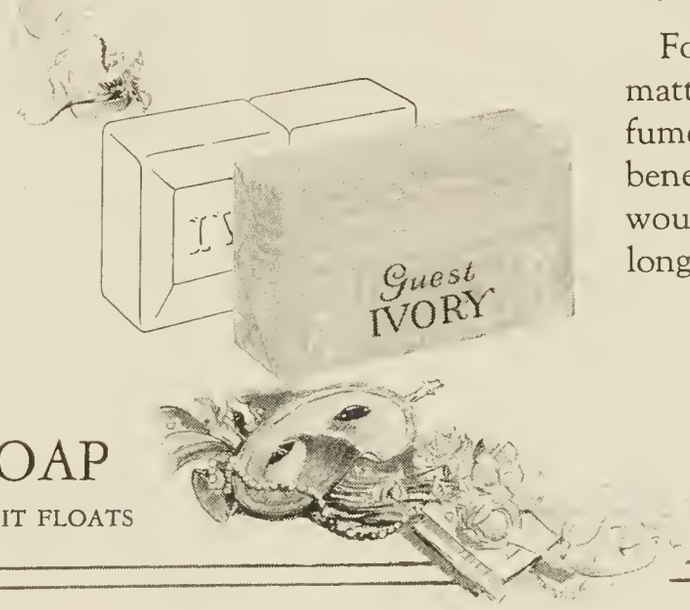
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Drawing by Joseph A. Maturo

MOTHER'S LAST SIGHT OF HER GIRLS WAS A BLUR OF LAUGHING, TEARFUL FACES

MOTHER'S BUSINESS

Which is the greatest business in the world

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

THE girls were late this morning, and mother was in the hall when they flew off. She never offered good-by or greeting embraces herself; she simply was there, casually, if any one happened to feel like it. Mona and Betty always felt like it, being generous of embraces. They tumbled out the usual warnings:

"Mother, do be careful when you go out!"

"And don't try to read, muddie! Pussy Meadows adores to read to you."

"If you do have to cross the street——"

"Oh, go along with you!" Good-humored common sense scoffed in mother's voice. "You'll miss your train——"

She opened the front door and they flew out like birds from a cage. How pretty and how dear they were, with their robin brightness, their quick squabbles and their little murmurs and grunts of pure love! Flying daily from the old cage to the vast open sky of the city, into the glorious sun of success, yet faithfully flying home at night lest the cage should feel itself deserted, reading aloud somebody's "Life and Letters" with little consciousness of what the words said. They were leading life themselves and writing letters—what did those dead histories matter to Mona and Betty! But mother mattered. Not for their own sakes just then—no one needs a mother very much at twenty-one and twenty-two—but they wanted her to be happy, wanted it with passion. A reasonable mother will accept that as success.

Their fervor for work was her success, too. All their lives she had planted for just this—enthusiasm, ambition, anything that would glorify hard work and keep them from trying to do it on charm, like her poor Lawrence. While they were still little girls, she had begun spinning about the idea of work the glamour that novelists spin about love.

And it was mother who had suggested that they leave the old home for the city. The girls had been concerned about roots.

"You'll miss your church, mother!"

"My church," said mother strongly, "has bored me for thirty-five years. I go because, if I don't, Doctor Gracie comes and calls, and that bores me even worse."

They loved her for that; but——

"You'll miss your old friends," they warned.

"Some of them," she admitted. "But I can do without Flora Willey's gossip and Mrs. Van Dyke's symptoms, and it will be a relief not to have to shriek at Pussy Meadows. She says I am the only person who takes the trouble to speak distinctly to her, but she means who's willing to yell the skin off her lungs."

They loved her for that, too. Queer why the average mother will go on being so moral when it is her immoral impulses that bring her children closest. But——

"You've lived in this house for thirty-five years," they reminded her.

Mother looked about the living-room with a judging candor. She had come there as a tall wisp of a bride with drooping blond tendrils and a fine, high nose to give her an air of romance and a mind as fresh and pungent and homely as the radishes she grew behind the barn. Doctor Tudor had always found roars of laughter in the contrast between how his wife looked and what she said. If he could have laughed over Lawrence, too, they might have saved their first-born; but he had fallen under the child's spell and could only worship, like every one else. No one but his mother ever criticized Lawrence, ever held him up in a clear light for his own inspection; and so he had built a wall on the side toward her. There was no possible way for her to have his love and yet keep her truth. When the smash came and in that very room Lawrence had had to face the cold daylight of judgment, he had known how to make his father break down and forgive him and his employer offer him another chance, but he had no way past his mother's tragic silence. He could not forgive them for having seen him stripped of his splendor, so he had walked out of his home, never to return. His father presently died of it all. and his funeral was one more scene stamped on the old room.

"Well, if we'd had any money to spare, I guess we'd have tried a few other homes," mother said. "Now, with you girls getting raised every Christmas, it won't hurt us to pay a little rent."

SO IT had been joyously settled. And then mother's eyes had begun to blur and falsify distances and change an approaching horse into some vague, vast terror, and the idea of her alone in the city streets was inconceivable, so the move was put off until she should be cured. One of the old family friends was an oculist—getting a little vague about the eyes himself, but full of encouragements and pattings. A good rest—that was what she needed. "All she needed," they made it.

Mother stood in the doorway, watching the two fade into the general brightness and beauty of the Spring morning, and it seemed to her they vanished sooner than they had even yesterday—certainly sooner than last week, when she had seen them as far off as the corner. She tried herself out in various tests, and they gave a startling certainty of lost ground. Her chill of fright took itself out in indignation against Doctor Bowen.

"Patting and blatting—I don't believe he knows much about eyes or anything else," she scolded. Her first thought was that she would go to town to-morrow with the girls and consult some big man, like Dr. Oscar Stein. The second thought, characteristically hers, was to dress in haste and take the next train. There was no sense in making the girls go to work wondering what the oculist would say.

"I never could see any use in three being worried because one had to be," she voiced her creed, stiffening herself against a weak desire for a confident young arm through hers. The distance between herself and the ground had grown uncertain, fluctuating. She put out a feeling foot even on a level pavement.

PATIENTS usually had to wait for appointments with Doctor Stein, but as she had come from a distance she was sympathetically crowded in. Doctor Stein saw a tall, wispy woman, her face delicately lined and hollowed between gray tendrils but still lifted into romance by the fine, high nose; what he heard was the martial ring of common sense.

"I've been ordered to rest my eyes, and I've been patted and cheered and told not to worry, and I've had enough of all that. I want the truth. I sha'n't faint—I dare say I sha'n't even cry. Anyway, you needn't care if I do. Am I going blind?"

He gave her what she asked for. "Yes, I am afraid you are."

She did not cry, did not even seem shocked, or pause.

"How soon?"

He thought in about two months. He knew of no operation, nothing that would help.

"Well, after all, I'm not so surprised," she said in a surprised tone. "I guess I knew it, more or less, down underneath."

He tried to say something kind about her courage, but

she was wholly outside of herself, as impersonal as a mechanician with a broken machine.

"The thing is, how not to be a nuisance," she told him, and went out more strongly than she had come in.

IN THE street, with lines of people swaying about her, she did feel a little giddy, and, looking about for a resting-place, saw the fluted shell-mouth of a moving-picture entrance.

"My mother would have looked up a church, but I guess this will have to do," she commented, pushing her money through a hole in a glass cage that held a hairdresser's dream of feminine loveliness. She offered with it a remark about wanting to sit down for a while, longing for a human response, but the waxen beauty pushed back the ticket with a bored flip of manicured fingers, her gaze being permanently fixed man-high.

"If I'd told her I should be stone blind in two months, she'd have waked up," mother observed, and felt that she had a grim joke on the girl, who had missed the chance to see a soul under sentence.

In the sudden darkness of the auditorium she stopped short.

"This is the way it will feel," she told herself, and waited to see what would happen. An usher showed kindness in helping her to a seat. On the screen a heavily jowled magnate sat at an office desk, young men came and went with documents, a pretty girl in a moleskin wrap was shown in. Mother caught herself wondering what was afoot. For a moment she had forgotten that she was going blind.

"I guess it's only words to me as yet," she apologized, and tried over the central word—*blind*. It seemed to mean men with horrid eye-sockets, chins thrust forward, sticks tapping, pencils hung on their soiled fronts. Old Mrs. Pinkney had lost her sight before she died; when you were over eighty it wasn't blindness—you merely lost your sight. The young woman in moleskin was being locked into a room on the nineteenth floor and the rescuing young man sent off on a false clue; mother waited until he got her out of that fix, forgetting again. The memory this time came back more heavily; the weight on her heart had quite literally the slump of lead.

"Forgetting and remembering won't get me anywhere; I've got to think," she rebuked herself. "I guess a church would have been better, after all." Yet she felt no need of succor, of divine help to rest on; it never once occurred to her to pray. Her general feeling was that she would be perfectly adequate to dealing with this herself as soon as she got her breath. Where her mother would have dwelt on submitting to God's will and bearing her cross with resignation, she came back to the central doctrine of pure human gold that the doctor's verdict had struck out of her: "The thing is, how not to be a nuisance."

There it was: the eager little girls, tearing off to their work, believing in the righteous splendor of careers as young soldiers believe in the Cause, going headlong in the good direction where her hand had always pointed. Must one of them be jerked back to potter about with a blind woman? Either would do it, readily, pitifully, with her impatience very seldom bursting up through her goodness and her desolation usually hidden in her own room. They would do their sturdy best, her Mona and Betty; but what would life be to her, knowing every day the full measure of what she was taking?

"Old nuisance," she said aloud, and had to cover it with a cough.

Her mother would have pointed out that sacrifice made character. "But they do sacrifice, every day, only they're so sweet and happy they don't call it that," she argued. "Their characters are getting all the development they need. Spoil a girl's life in order to make a fine character of her?—I guess not!" But how to help it!

THE screen had shown the final fade-out embrace and gone on to orange orchards done in color, green and gold, fig-trees richly drooping, and runaway roses swarming old walls to dance in the eternal movie breeze. The orchestra played richly, sensuously. Mother turned dubiously to compensations: odors would still be good, and tastes, and pleasant sounds.

"But I never did like music, unless it was a little boy with a harmonica," she reflected, and saw her Lawrence so, smiling his intolerable charm up at her before he had walled her out. Those memories always brought such a twist of pain that she used to cry out "Don't!" before them, until the girls had laughed her out of it with their, "Don't what?"

"Well, I made him hate me, and I couldn't do any differently," she said to the subsiding pain. "What I need is a cup of tea."

SHE got her tea and a pretense of lunch at a dairy next door, vaguely surprised that she could see to help herself, for it seemed as though at least two months had gone by since she had received her sentence. The waitress was friendly, and the words nearly uttered themselves—"The doctor says I'm going blind!" She wanted to tell the gateman at the ferry, and when the conductor, standing by his train, recognized her by name, she stopped short, the news at her lips, and had to substitute some foolish question. With the awful need to tell went a sharp reluctance to having it known.



"THE BLACK FLEMINGS"

When Kathleen Norris writes a new novel, it is an event. "The Black Flemings," her latest serial, is finished, and it is Kathleen Norris at her very best. Every chapter is packed with the feeling and the dramatic power that are this author's very own, and there is added a new note of mystery against a rich background of suspense and intrigue. "The Black Flemings" is the best love-story Mrs. Norris has done, and any one who thrills to youth and mystery and romance can not afford to miss a word of it. The first instalment will appear in the October DELINEATOR.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"I guess I want the fun of seeing them jump, but don't want to be offered consolations," she told herself. Then the sight of Pussy Meadows bearing down on her seat brought a flicker of forlorn humor. She could tell Pussy in perfect safety!

Pussy Meadows went to town a good deal, and in the streets she was a delightful young woman going about her important affairs; then the clock on the ferry struck and she went home, poor Pussy Meadows, who was getting deafer all the time. The sweet animation of her face, the smiling depths of womanhood that made strangers wish they knew her, were lost in a strident gaiety that oppressed and exhausted. Tired neighbors would resort to strategy or even miss a train in order not to share a seat with Pussy Meadows.

To-day her mood seemed abnormally strained; she chattered as though to keep out some sound, and her averted eyes were fever-bright. Mother watched her with a smiling fixity that held something in suspense, and Pussy presently became aware of it.

"I'm talking your head off," she admitted with a laugh that sounded breathless. "What have you been doing?"

Mother launched it in her usual quiet voice: "Pussy, I'm going blind. I shall be quite blind in two months."

Pussy might have caught the words, for she heard better on the train, but her attention had not really left her own inner state.

"Oh, that's fine," she said.

"I've heard how it sounds, anyhow," mother reflected, turning away. They were passing the outskirts of Newark, and to her thought, "I sha'n't see that after two months," came a brisk answer: "Well, I can't say it's much loss!"

Pussy was talking again, but disjointedly, inattentively. Suddenly she flung out an arresting sentence: "It's my birthday, to-day. I'm twenty-five."

Mother went straight for what lay back of the words. "Pretty dull for you," she said.

People did not speak of Pussy's deafness, for she was said to be abnormally sensitive. Perhaps they were too delicate about it, for she met this direct approach with a gasp of relief.

"Oh, Mrs. Tudor, no one knows!" burst from her. "It has been four years now. I've done my best—truly. And everybody has been kind; the girls ask me to play tennis and auction and all that. But I've known—I've always known— It is so terrible to feel yourself a nuisance!"

Mother's lips were closely folded but her eyes said, "I know."

Tears rained down Pussy's face. "I want to tell you," she whispered. "No one else. But with a secret as big as this, you have to tell some one!"

Mother understood that, too.

"The first year I was treated a lot, and hurt and hurt, and I only got worse," Pussy rushed on, "so I wouldn't stand any more. But to-day I have been to a new man, and he says the old treatment was all wrong, and that there is hope, there is good hope—oh, he thinks I can be cured!"

The eager young hands, burning hot through their gloves, were clinging to mother's. She made no bodily response and her words were, as always, calmly sensible: "Well, that's real nice for you, Pussy. I'm glad to know it." But no one ever found her unsatisfactory.

"It is only a hope," Pussy warned herself. "I won't breathe it to the family until we are sure—but I love your knowing it. You have been so kind! And you never told me about afflicted people who took to geology or bugs or electricity, and they were so happy when they found a beetle with a new stripe that they didn't mind if they were deaf. Beetles! Who cares how many stripes a beetle's got!"

"Men can care about things like that," mother said dubiously. "I don't know as we can. Though I do like to raise flowers."

Pussy heard only the last word. "I've hated flowers," she said. "They smelled like all the things I couldn't have. But now—oh, do you suppose it's true?"

"Good things can happen," Mrs. Tudor admitted and went home refreshed and steadied. "It's the young that matter. Old folks can get along," she told herself.

THE house was as she had left it. Unmade beds and unwashed dishes gave a shocked air of bad news, and she hurriedly produced order. The girls must be told gradually, and after they had eaten a good hot dinner. As she worked she experimented in going without eyes, with poor success.

"The kitchen table's been on that spot for thirty-five years; you'd think I could walk around it in my sleep," she scolded, holding a bruised hip. "I guess I'm too tired to learn my business to-night. But you wait! I'm going to be the smartest blind woman in the country."

The prospect of telling the girls grew worse as their hour came. Mother trembled so that she could scarcely go about her work. They were so happy, the little girls! And so kind. The experience would enrich a thin nature, but they didn't need enriching. They were darlings just as they were. In her mourning over them she quite forgot that the hurt was, after all, to her.

They made it harder by coming home in tearing spirits. Both had had promotions in responsibility, and on the train they had conceived a scheme of going into business together half a dozen years later.

"I'll know the business from a to z by that time and Mona'll know the decorating," Bettie explained,

Continued on page 68

ONE DOESN'T

By GERALD MYGATT

TO ANY unprejudiced beholder it must have been evident that the crowd on Sally Ann Fisher's moon-flecked veranda was not having a good time. The reason for this was simply that the crowd consisted of three persons. No crowd can give itself more misery than a crowd of three.

It is not impossible, of course, that Sally Ann individually was enjoying herself after a fashion known to her sex—both Jimmy O'Dowd and Prentice Curtiss were so utterly and belligerently depressed. Sally Ann knew that each of them would have been willing to choke the other to death, quite horribly, upon any reasonable provocation; and knowledge of this sort can never be quite displeasing to a young woman when the exclusiveness of her own priceless company is valued thus evidently. If either Jimmy or Prentice had risen up in actuality and begun to choke his rival, Sally Ann would have screamed in horror; but as long as they took it out in barbed glances—that was rather nice. Sally Ann smiled a sage smile to herself under cover of the darkness. Nevertheless she wished that one or the other of them would go.

The hour was almost eleven. Pretty soon her father, who was terribly old-fashioned, would begin making noises and locking windows and banging doors; and after a while, if something didn't happen, he would stick his head outside in crude jocoseness and suggest that it was time little girls were in bed. In lots of ways Sally Ann's father was impossible. What did it matter to him that there weren't more than a dozen usable full-moon nights in the whole year round? Oh, bother! There he was with his blooming noises, locking up as early as this!

Prentice Curtiss cleared his throat, started to speak, remained doggedly silent. Jimmy O'Dowd crossed his legs the other way. Sally Ann laughed to herself. They were playing freeze-out, were they? Well, let them! Boys were crazy anyway. She could not see Jimmy's face in the shadow, but she knew exactly the expression it was wearing: sullen and grim and hard around the eyes. Jimmy didn't like Prentice Curtiss. And this was scarcely unreasonable, for Prentice Curtiss didn't like Jimmy either.

SALLY ANN'S father was rattling and banging his way nearer and nearer to the front door. Now he was whistling loudly. Of all things! Mr. Prentice Curtiss shifted uneasily and abruptly rose to his feet. Sally Ann knew that he detested scenes, particularly middle-class scenes. A father coming out to order his daughter to bed was no less a scene because the daughter pretended to be submissive. She was glad that Prentice was showing his good taste by trying to spare her a public humiliation. Jimmy O'Dowd would never think of that. He would grin at her father and tell him to have a heart. She liked the dignified way in which Prentice Curtiss stood up; she couldn't see his good-looking face, but she knew it was there; and anyway, his white flannel suit looked just awfully attractive in the shadow.

"Coming along, O'Dowd?" Mr. Curtiss inquired blandly of his rival.

"Me? Certainly not."

"Well——"

"Don't let me detain you," said Jimmy.

"Oh, you're not!" said Mr. Prentice Curtiss. "Personally, I prefer to leave before wearing out my welcome."

"That's not what you've been wearing out around here," Jimmy informed him with a dark meaning.

"Is that so?" Mr. Curtiss could also be sarcastic. "Well, at least I know when to go——"

"That's fine," said Jimmy. "Good night." Then, as Mr. Curtiss stumbled over the projecting snare of a porch rocker: "Enjoy your trip?"

Sally Ann had been relishing this splendid repartee too immensely to interrupt, but now she told Mr. Curtiss that it was still early and asked him not to go. "You, Jimmy," she put in, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you and Prentice weren't such good friends——"

"Ha!" said Jimmy O'Dowd. "Since when?"



Drawing by Joseph Simont

"IF WE COULD ONLY GO AWAY TOGETHER!" MR. CURTISS WAS WHISPERING. "JUST YOU AND I, SALLY ANN. FOREVER!"

Sally Ann's father was now just within the open front door.

"Well," Mr. Prentice Curtiss observed, "I guess I'll be running along. Good night, Sally Ann. I'll call you up in the morning." He took her hand, held it meaningly for a moment, then sauntered down the steps. He neglected to wish Jimmy a good night, and the neglect was reciprocated.

"HE'S afraid of your old man," Jimmy told Sally Ann with a chuckle as Curtiss's white-flanneled figure stalked to the street.

"He is not!" Sally Ann flared up at him. "He is simply a gentleman, which is a fact you naturally aren't able to recognize. And now you listen here, Jimmy O'Dowd: If you ever again speak to a guest of mine in that insulting way, I—I'll never speak to you again in my life. I mean that, too. Yes, father, I'll be right in. It's only Jimmy."

"Hello, Jimmy," said Sally Ann's parent from the doorway. "What happened to your gilded suitor, Sally Ann?"

"Oh, him!" Jimmy took upon himself the burden of furnishing this information: "He had to go home, Mr. Fisher. He told me confidentially the night air was bad for the creases in his pants."

"You and me both," Sally Ann's father said cryptically. "I give you ten minutes, Sally Ann. Understand?"

"Yes, father."

Neither Sally Ann nor Jimmy now said anything for what seemed a long time. But presently Jimmy sighed.

"Gee, it's a darned shame," he remarked.

"What?" asked Sally Ann.

"You, Sally Ann. You know I've been crazy about you ever since we were both knee high to a duck—and now you've gone and changed."

"Me?" queried the girl. This was a subject in which there were both interest and significance. "How have I changed, Jimmy?"

"You know. I told you that darned old trick finishing-school would finish you. Didn't I? Here you've been home two weeks—and, gosh, you aren't the same girl at all."

Sally Ann leaned forward.

"You don't like me any more then, Jimmy? Is that it? You don't approve of me any more?"

"One wallop at a time," he protested. "You know perfectly well I like you. But I think it's a darned shame you have to be the way you are. That's all."

"How am I, Jimmy?" To one wiser in experience the caress in Sally Ann's tone would have come as a shouted warning to beware. But Jimmy O'Dowd was not listening for warnings. Rather he was giving one. Only one animal can be more deaf than the morally outraged male.

"You know perfectly well how you are," came Jimmy's lucid explanation. "You're different, that's how you are. The way you wiggle your hands! Even the way you walk: like a—like a—I don't know what."

Continued on page 70

THE FIRE-FLOWER

Love and high adventure against a background of mystery

By CHARLES SAXBY

SYNOPSIS

PETER WESTON, just home from the war, bored, unhappy in his old job and surroundings in a California town while he ached to do something different — anything — something with his music, for instance; a scream in the night as he was walking wearily home, the crack of a revolver, and a stranger in a uniform like his own tumbling out of a doorway and landing in a heap at his feet—this was the beginning of the Great Adventure. In going to the aid of his wounded comrade, Weston is accused of the deed by a policeman and, losing his temper, strikes the officer, knocking his head against a fire-hydrant. Then the mad dash for safety with the wounded stranger in a stolen car, a rest in a graveyard while Weston dressed his companion's wound and the queer pact these two made to see the thing through together.

Then there was Rita of the Malikine Ballet, who smuggled Weston and Vereker aboard the ballet special and threw the detectives off their track when they were almost caught. Vereker, whom Weston soon found to be a strange and mysterious fellow, finally led the way to the shop of a Chinaman friend, Kwan, who gave them the secret directions for finding the lost Mission Perdida, fabled refuge for all those in trouble. Kwan got the two past the watching police and started them out upon their quest for the half-mythic Mission—a quest which takes them through adventures so strange and colorful that the reading of them is pure delight.

PART TWO

FOUR days Weston and Vereker had been upon the trail, keeping to the solitudes of the Coast Range. Down below were valleys, cups of plenty folded in the golden hands of the hills; but up there were only sun, wind and emptiness.

A strange time Weston found it, a delight of sheer going on. Hour after hour, with Vereker tramping ahead, breaking now and then into inconsequent song. Dawn raids down to the vineyards to supplement their scanty stores; evening camps with the odors of coffee and bacon tempering the wildness all about.

Then the nights—lying and watching the stars swing their mystic procession above the black tracery of the trees. Once, waking in the deeper hours, Weston sat suddenly up in a rush of self-question. What was it all about, what was he doing, tramping off into heaven knew what at the heels of this fellow whose coming had so wrenched his life about? Where was he going to end, out on this path, spurred on by fear of a possible pursuit?

He looked down at the face faintly visible at his side. Only a fellow, and one could quit a man at any time; there were no bonds in such a companionship. In a few weeks everything would be blown over and he could go back home—or go on and get a job in San Francisco—or—oh, anything he liked!

It was the next day that Vereker's wound, suddenly inflaming, forced them down to a valley for aid. It was hardly safe as yet to forsake the refuge of the hills, but Vereker was stumbling blindly along, shivering in fever, while Pete carried their whole load upon his shoulders.

A place of peace the valley looked, with its scattering houses among peach orchards. There was peace upon the faces of the women at that first ranch, also, and Pete knew that he had struck the right place. A gray cottage, neat with white trimmings; before it a young fan-palm half-buried in scented jasmine, and a woman nailing wire along the fence. A small woman, gray, black-clad and frail, but with a certain light upon her face. Then a girl stepped from the house.

"Mother, dearest, what are you doing?"

"I love to do it."

"But why didn't you call me? You know that is too hard for you."

"Cyrena, love, are you suggesting thoughts of evil to me?"

There was reproach in that, but still gaily sweet. It was like the key-note of the place, soothing as a slumber song whispering of things good. Deep down in Weston a chord responded to it. It was as though it called to something in himself, something luminous, brooding and folded. This was the right place, he knew, and he stepped forward with his prepared story of a hunting accident.



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

WESTON STEPPED FORWARD WITH HIS PREPARED STORY OF A HUNTING ACCIDENT

FIVE days ago that had been. It was strange that Vereker seemed no better. Weston scanned him anxiously as he lay in that shadowed room, pale, still, his hot keenness become ominously gentle. From outside the scent of that jasmine drifted in. On the walls were steel prints of "Pharaoh's Horses" and "The Soul's Awakening," with a motto burned in wood and an enlarged photograph, the portrait of a young man in uniform, his smooth face gazing out of the frame in a conscious brightness.

"My only son," Mrs. Cartmel had said, more fragile than ever as she dusted the spotless glass with a black-bordered handkerchief. "This was his room, but I am glad to have you occupy it. Had he lived, you might have become his friends, but he gave his life for his country."

"He was killed in the war?" Pete asked, and her eyes shone more brightly as she answered:

"Yes."

"What about your Mission Perdida now?" Weston triumphed when he and Vereker were alone. "I told you we could get somewhere else instead, and here we are."

Vereker's closed eyes opened to slits of his unconquerable mockery. He inhaled at the heavy fragrance drifting in from outside.

"The Magic Garden, Pete," he murmured. "Look out for yourself. I know the smell of 'em—the witchcrafts of Eden are still potent."

Five days ago that had been, and now Vereker was gone—gone as suddenly as he had arrived on that night by the bloodied fence. The only evidence of his having been there at all was a tumbled bed and an out-pushed window-screen. He seemed to leave, as he came, by the nearest opening; and the jangle of their parting was still on Weston's nerves. Yet without him the room seemed cheerless as a fireless stove.

Like some confused motion-film, the pictures of their association flitted across Pete's memory: the ominous thud as that policeman hit the sidewalk, their flight through that forest of junk and that absurd pact in the graveyard.

After all, it was a relief to have Sid gone. He had hardly been fortunate and he had never fitted in here at the Cartmel ranch. For all her sweetness, Mrs. Cartmel had never quite accepted him, and into the daughter's fine eyes crept a shadow of distrust as she looked at

him—a shadow which always deepened as she saw Pete at his side.

"You have known your friend long?" she had asked.

"Only since we were discharged—not so very long," Weston stumbled in answer.

"I thought not."

They sat together on the steps in the warm dusk. A shaft of lamplight painted the brown mesh of her hair to a shining halo. He knew now that she taught the valley school, and there was about her the conscious nobility of her profession. She sat there like something high and inviolate; not the sort to kiss a million as one, but rather the sort to—to make a better man of one. Weston stirred in odd longing; that was a path in itself, "to be made a man of." He saw it before him, straight, even, with the end in plain view and safety all the way.

"It is good for Mr. Vereker to have a friend like you," she was saying.

Her eyes shone on him and Weston's chest swelled a little. Her words reminded him of the motto hanging on the wall in their room:

> And when I see a man who looks as if he's gone astray,
> I want to place my hand in his and help him find the way.

That way he had lost, going careering off among dancers, Chinamen and a furtive flight to an impossible Mission Perdida. He was aching to be back on it—perhaps he could lead Sid——

Bars of perfume from the jasmine hung about them, sweetly enchaining. He had wanted to cut that jasmine down, declaring that it was choking the life from the palm, but Mrs. Cartmel had stayed him.

"The palm would be so lonely without its companion," she had said. "I like to think of them together—strength and sweetness."

HE KNEW what she meant now, alone with this girl in the scented darkness, bending toward each other more and more. He knew that she was waiting for him to say something. In another moment he would be saying it. He almost spoke her name; then he heard Vereker's call of "Pete—Pete!" coming with an invalid's fretfulness. He caught Cyrena's quick breath of disgust, but the call must be answered.

"Well?" he asked impatiently as he went in.

Vereker lay there, more pallid than ever, tossing restlessly.

"For God's sake open up everything and give me some air. What is that sickly stench?"

"All I smell is the jasmine outside."

"Rotten sweet," Vereker muttered. "Are you going to play that wheezy parlor-organ thing again tonight? Then for the love of heaven play something real and not those moaning camp-meeting tunes!"

He sat up glaring at the soldier photograph on the wall.

"There's no need for death to use high explosives round this place. Rotten fruit drops of itself."

"What are you talking about?" Weston demanded.

"The deadly Upas Tree—that's what. The lotus by the stagnant pool. Go and play."

Weston played; not the slow sweet things that the little organ suggested. That night, in face of Sid's desperate request, he struck the keys in altered rhythm. He knew that Cyrena was still out there on the steps. This should be his message for her ears too; she should know of what he was capable, and she would understand.

Haltingly he fingered until something began to creep up from the keys: laughter of the Venusberg; snarling bits from the new Russians; tones that spat like lightning; a golden mote drifting out on blue dusk. Pictures began to throng unbidden in his brain: Strange shapes, half-animal, half-human, panting in languorous noon shades. Then purple night, big with a sense of things to come. A youth whose nude body blazed with light, and, as if the very earth had rent itself to let the sound escape, a thundering shout of "*Evohe—Iacchus*——"

HIS HANDS dropped and the tortured bellows collapsed with a strangling groan. Cyrena was no longer on the steps outside. Probably she was with her mother; each evening they sat an hour in silence thinking of "the good." That silence seemed somehow ominous just then.



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

IT WAS A PROD IN HIS RIBS, A TINKLE OF LAUGHTER WHICH AWOKE HIM

Still shaking from his own tones, Weston was aware that he wanted Vereker. As he pushed open the door he stopped; Sid was up, half-dressed, sitting on the edge of the bed tugging savagely at his shoe-laces.

"I'm better," he said in answer to Pete's stare. "And you can thank your playing for it. That was real stuff, boy—'a cup of that forbidden wine, to drown the memory of his insolence.' "

"What insolence?" Weston demanded. "Has anybody——"

Vereker stood up, his hands on the other's shoulders, his eyes black wells of laughter in a grave face.

"Pete, there are moments when I feel you are simply not to be parted from. There's such a precious streak of pound-cake in you; if ever that turns into *chilli con carne*—oh, boy! As for me, I'm going to clear out."

"But man, you are weak as a cat; you'll never make the grade," Weston protested, as Sid moved about, stuffing things haphazard into his knapsack.

"I'll get out of this sickly sweetness at least. The betrayals of kindness—the most insidious kind there are."

"But where will you go?"

"Most likely where I really started for." Vereker paused with a meaning stare. "You will stay here, I suppose?"

"I—I hate to lose you, Sid—but——"

Weston paced to and fro, feeling for a cigaret, then remembered that smoking was forbidden in that house.

Here it was again, the same aching indecision of the graveyard and over the same question. Go or stay—was nothing ever really settled? The wrench of parting from Sid was surprising, but then it would have to be some time. No two fellows could stick together forever. There had to be something stable to life—and it was so comfortable here. He turned on Vereker with an anger which was really pain.

"I don't see what you are grinning at."

"There's a six-cylinder in you somewhere, Pete, but your ignition is weak. If that ever gets to going, all hell won't hold you—nor heaven either. Well—here goes."

As he had come, so he went, by the nearest aperture. A swift kick dislodged the window-screen and he swung one leg over the sill. A quick hand-clasp, a last laugh, then he was gone, leaving only the window gaping there in empty blackness.

SO THAT was the end of that. There was pain in the thought, but relief as well. Sid seemed to break things up so. Yet he was right, too; Pete was aware of something powerful deep down in himself. The trouble was that he could not quite face it. He turned to go out, and in the sitting-room he encountered Mrs. Cartmel.

"Mr. Weston, your playing just now——"

"You liked it?" he cried. "I never played like that before. For the first time I got real pictures in my mind."

She stood before him, unmoved, frail, yet indomitable. Her sweetness was pinched and all at once he caught a glimpse back of the gray flicker of her eyes of something black and hard.

"And were those pictures such as you would show to a good woman and a pure girl? There must be no more such music in my house."

He went perplexedly out. Even peace took its tolls, it appeared. He was probably going crazy, but out in the dark there he almost saw all those other thoughts she had shut out while thinking of only "good" in her hour of silence. Wretched little cast-out thoughts hanging about, seeking some one to receive and understand them.

There was a white form by the gate and he knew it for Cyrena.

"Vereker is gone," he said as he joined her.

"I saw him pass, looking straight ahead of him."

"You mustn't mind his going like that," Pete apologized. "He is a strange fellow, but he means well."

"Mind?" Cyrena's laugh had an edge of breathless triumph. "I am glad—glad for your sake. He always seemed to me like—like some bad part of yourself, leading you astray. It was for *him* that you were playing just now."

"Didn't you like it?"

"It was too much like *him*—all strange and lawless."

Continued on page 58

MY OWN STORY

Life, love and a career as this popular novelist has known them

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Mother," "The Beloved Woman," "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," "Rose of the World," etc.



UP IN THE SUNNY CALIFORNIA HILLS UNDER WARM BLUE SKIES IS THIS SPACIOUS SWIMMING-POOL WHERE THE NORRIS FAMILY PLAYS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

"MOTHER," thus written upon the end of a boarding-house table in the hot evenings of Summer-time, was duly finished before the first of September and sent to Macmillan and Company. That it would really be made into a book and sold and advertised and reviewed I could not believe even then. Only the other men and women who have hungered for years for this experience and who have realized it at last can appreciate how unreal and dreamlike it seems when it comes.

From the ready phrase, "I believe I could write!" to the awkward and unformed commencement, and from that stage to the next, "They are reading my manuscript—they think they may make a book of it," and from that to the last, which sounds untrue as one hears oneself saying it, "My book will be published!" is a long road. It is almost always a matter of years, although there is no good reason why it should be.

One stops at book-shop windows. Other books. Multitudes of red and brown and green books. Will that one more really be there some day? And how will one ever tear onself away from the window, even for meals and sleep, if it is?

I dedicated "Mother" to my own father and mother, with a little verse:

As years ago we carried to your knees
The tales and treasures of our nursery days,
Knowing no deed too trivial for your praise
Nor any gift so small it might not please,
So still we bring, with other smiles and tears,
What gifts we may to claim the old dear right,
Your faith, beyond the darkness and the night—
Your love, still close and watching through the years.

The book was published in the late Fall, a nice little slim dark olive-green book, incredible, miraculous, yet actual and tangible in my hands. There are surely few moments in life quite as wonderful as this one, when one sees the familiar words in print—irrevocable, and so strangely a part of oneself, when one may say over and over again in the secret deeps of one's soul: "My first book!"

Immediately after the book's appearance the kindly letters began to come in, hundreds and then thousands of letters. One was from Theodore Roosevelt, who was a firm friend to the little book and to me for the rest of his life, and who often referred to "Mother" in his articles. Other big friends gathered about the little story, and all the critics were kind. I had letters from all the English-speaking countries, letters from men and women who had had good mothers and who found a kinship between theirs and mine.

One of the letters I keep was from a lumberman of sixty in Canada, who addressed me inadvertently as "ma'am" here and there in the letter, and supposed me to be extremely aged and to have actually known his mother in a Kentucky town. I had one letter from a prison, from an anonymous admirer who said that if his mother had been that type he would not have been a "lifer." And more than one youthful mother sent me word that my book had made her feel a little differently about the new baby, and that they were going to name it for me.

So my mother's own wonderful love was sent on and on in an ever-widening circle. It was these letters that impressed me more than any small success I had won or any money that came to me through the book. I had been the quite unconscious medium for a thing far bigger and finer than anything I had ever been myself, and this revelation of the sacrifice and the self-abnegation of motherhood, of mother love and filial love, was a sobering thing to me.

It began to seem to me then what it more than ever appears now: the one great wealth of our nation, or any nation. Greater than the mines and the railroads and the markets and the law are these little girls and boys trotting off to school in the morning sunshine in the thousands of American villages. And that our girls shall be trained for motherhood and our laws made to protect it, and that every man and woman in the Union shall be made to realize what a mother does, what she suffers and renounces and sacrifices, how vital and how far beyond price her service is, seems to me the actual basis of civilization. She is the nurse, the teacher, the judge and the priest of little America; and what she makes of little America to-day, big America will be to-morrow. She battles on, ignored and untrained, with half the laws and all the childless against her; and if she grows discouraged sometimes, and decides for the apartment hotel and the Mexican spaniel, one can hardly blame her.

To go back to "Mother." One day Charles came home with all the excited satisfaction of one who has managed an intricate bit of unexpected business satisfactorily. It appeared that Mr. Bok, of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, was in New York on one of his flying trips from Philadelphia, and Mr. Phillips—once again the kindly arbiter of our fortunes—had called his attention to "Mother." Mr. Bok had not seen the book, but said that he would like to own a copy. Charles, acting upon this hint, went out to get one, meaning to meet him at the train with it. However, to his concern, he found bookstore after bookstore sold out; there was, apparently, not a copy of "Mother" on the market. Eventually he had to enter the house of a friend and borrow her copy in her absence; he triumphantly boarded the train with it in the very last second and presented it to the Philadelphia editor.



SOMETIMES THEIR NIECES, THE DAUGHTERS OF WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, COME ACROSS THE CONTINENT FROM NEW YORK TO VISIT THEM



KATHLEEN NORRIS AND HER HUSBAND, CHARLES G. NORRIS, THE AUTHOR OF "SALT," "BRASS," ETC.

"My Own Story," copyright, 1924, by Kathleen Norris.

Whether Mr. Bok, who had had his own hard way to make years before, was impressed by this zeal, or by the story, or both, I hardly know. But at all events he came back to New York a day or two later and climbed our stairs and talked to our baby, and the outcome was that, after it had been published in book form, "Mother" appeared serially in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Bok told me years later that this innovation caused him to be inundated with novels already published and with requests to use them serially. To me it was just one pleasant miracle the more.

AFTER this I had passed the Rubicon of the writer, that very definite danger-line where so many aspiring authors stop forever—I mean, when they have had three or four or six short stories accepted, without exactly knowing how or why, vaguely thinking each plot may be the last and leaving the whole thing to blind impulse and chance.

By a series of happy accidents I was established; the simultaneous appearance of short stories of mine immediately after this in half a dozen magazines at once gave me the appearance of a sudden success. But I knew better. I knew every hard moment of nine difficult years since my father's death had been a part of the process. There was not one bitter or discouraging hour of it that had not been of use to me since.



KATHLEEN NORRIS IS A GREAT LOVER OF CHILDREN. IN HER CALIFORNIA HOME SHE OFTEN GATHERS THEM ABOUT HER FOR A DANCE ON THE LAWN



DINING *AL FRESCO* IS A FAVORITE PASTIME ON THE NORRIS ESTATE. THE NOVELIST CAN DO A BROILER TO A MOST DELICIOUS TURN



BETWEEN KATHLEEN NORRIS AND HER SISTER TERESA THERE WAS ALWAYS A RARE AND BEAUTIFUL AFFECTION

And to all the American girls who mean to be writers this is a good place to say: don't be afraid to live and to suffer. Don't mind the lost job and the humiliations and the heart-breaking delays. No princess born to the purple, to praise and flattery, was ever a big writer or a big actress or a big musician. All this is the cutting of the plate, and the deeper the cut the deeper the print will be. The only way to begin to write is—to begin. No matter how many college courses you take or how many clever friends revise and advise as to your work, you will teach yourself in the end.

Plunge in. Let other things go. Just as your brother is tired and shabby and forbidden all amusements during his law-college or medical-college years, you must be, if all those thousands of tiny words are be to marshaled together and torn up and marshaled again—or if that bow is to learn its light flexibility, or if that voice is to master its depths and heights. The world is full of women who have one college theme and one half-finished manuscript hidden in a sideboard drawer and who never have been able to find time to get any further.

AND these say that success is all "luck." They say that editors will not give new writers a chance. Give them a chance! Why, the average editor only prays for such a chance himself. He receives ninety-nine manuscripts from unknown writers every day; and at the first sentence his heart sinks and he begins to shake his head. Here is the unmistakable beginner! Her story may be pretty good, but it is twice too long, and it begins with all that stuff about fairies—too bad! But here is a much inferior story by Lutwiga Stromm, who has been writing mediocre stuff for years, and knows how to shape the thing, and not to ramble on into eight or nine thousand words—take this. And send the better story back to the beginner; no use to criticize it and ask her to cut it, they're all sensitive and they're all proud.

Don't waste years talking about it, as I did—as nearly every one does with only an occasional fragment to show for all the talk. But start. Begin. Write.

And secondly, have a manager. You need not necessarily marry him—he may, indeed, be a mother or a sister very effectually. But have somebody who is not sensitive, who does not suffer all the pangs you must suffer when the long envelopes and the printed slips come back; school yourself to show this person your work; harden yourself to accept his suggestions humbly and with an open mind; and be confident that in a year or two all the early difficulties and humiliations will be swept away in his—or her—pride in the family writer.

Sad, difficult years were still before me when "Mother" was published. But I like to look back on that happy and hopeful time, when I had my work, my baby, my husband, my sister, when the first delicious financial ease that we had known since our childhood was making life incredibly sweet, and when the big city that I had loved so long seemed inclined—as only that big center of writing and singing and playing and working can be—to reciprocate.

THE next year Teresa married her poet and we all went down to Port Washington, on the north side of Long Island, where our little cottage—which was afterward to be the Sinclair Lewises', and after that the Fontaine Foxes' little cottage—was just across a square field from Teresa's. I could wander over there with my baby ten times a day, usually to meet her wandering in my direction—after a while with her own magnificent boy baby, the "Jim" of many of his father's poems.

We lived the richest and the happiest life in the world—I mean the life of American women in a small American town. We worked in those happy, happy years, with Campfire Girls, with the Welfare Society; we made social calls at Sands Point, which lies in aristocratic isolation a few miles away; we made charity calls in the "Hollow"; we were on committees; we had a Dodge and a Ford; we met in Butler's grocery and discussed the "Mults case"; we met in the train going into town and sat holding hands as rapturously as we had done years before when mother sent us by boat and train into San Francisco, under a brother's escort, to dentist or shoemaker.

On hot afternoons we took the increasing group of children to the shore; on hot Sundays the men put on their flannels and shouldered the babies and we went down to the club to have fried chicken and striped ice-cream among fifty friends and neighbors—and swim and umpire the matches and promise in asides to be at the Welfare surely to-morrow and go into the matter of the by-laws once and for all.

Continued on page 66

QUEEN BEE

Is love the strength of life—or weakness?

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Miss Lulu Bett," "Faint Perfume," etc.

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Benno married Linnie Bellairs, it was with a full realization of what he was doing. He knew that Linnie was exactly the opposite of all that he had dreamed of the woman he should marry. He was acutely conscious of her hardness, her snobbishness, her cruelty to all those she considered beneath her, and still he loved her desperately—her beauty, her charm, her tenderness toward him. The breaking of their engagement was inevitable—and just as inevitable the reconciliation. So here was he, Benjamin Park—thinker, humanitarian, idealist—married to a woman whose whole world was the world of convention, of society, of artificiality. It is an age-old problem, this which Benno had to face.



Drawing by Paul Meylan

WITH THAT REMOTENESS WHICH COULD BE EITHER DIVINE OR MADDENING, LINNIE TURNED TO THEM

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

BENNO crossed the terrace to the deck-chair where, in Spring sunshine, Linnie sat, doing nothing. She looked up, with her way of not changing expression at an approach, which sometimes delighted, sometimes annoyed him.

"The seventh," said Linnie.

"Sure enough," said Benno.

He sat on the balustrade and lighted a cigaret. Her voice had dropped two tones when she spoke again.

"Would you have believed that we could take our seventh wedding anniversary so calmly?"

"Are we taking it calmly?"

"You are."

"Your own intense excitement does not reveal itself."

They sat silent, Benno smoking, staring at the façade of the charming house which they had taken for the Summer; Linnie staring at the glitter of the Sound stretching to the east. By the faint tightening of her mouth, he knew that some comment was coming which would invite debate. He asked in haste:

"Is everything ready?"

"For to-night? I don't know. I don't care much about this party, Benno."

"Care much about it? Does anybody ever care much about a party? After eighteen?"

"You'd think one would care about his wedding-anniversary party."

"Or her wedding-anniversary party."

At that she laughed. One of her powers over him was this abrupt relaxed laughter which had, in these seven years, loosed so many tensions.

"Well," she said, "I don't. We've got eight or nine coming to stay at the house—Lorry and Paul, Jessie and Milo and Arthur——"

BENNO rose and strolled away. He felt as if he could hear every word of the talk that there would be with these nine, because he had so often heard it. But he said nothing. He had said things for seven years, and suddenly he felt inexpressibly tired.

"—Marty and Jewell, Elmer and Sally. That's nine," her voice went on.

He wheeled and faced the Sound. A flashing sail was skimming west. A Sound steamer was plowing north. He wished with passion that he was on either boat, escaping either way.

"There are a hundred and forty acceptances for to-night," she went on, and caught something of what was in his mind. "Benno! Let's run away and let them have our anniversary party all to themselves."

At that he came back, sat on the cushion at her feet and laid his head on her knees. He knew that she would not have escaped from this party if she could. He thought: "She certainly knows how to handle me."

"The first seven years are the hardest years of married life," she said in the top of his hair. "We're saved, Benno."

He looked up grimly. "The first seven years are the best," he returned umcompromisingly. "After that, a lot of them go under. Or else stay together—as an intellectual triumph. Or a habit."

She laughed again. "Fancy our getting like that, Benno. Wincing at one another's mannerisms—showing the edge of raw nerves in public—and having to pass it off as a joke. We can't do that—it's such bad taste."

"Oh, can't we?" he muttered. The edge of raw nerves were stirring again at her eternal expression: "It's such bad taste."

There was a gay cry, a fall of laughter, a lift of happy voices. From the strip of trees across the gravel emerged Benno II, in his bathing-suit, closely pursued by Isabel, in hers. They raced up the steps and sat down, dripping, on the stone.

"I dived one time and one more time!" announced Benno II.

"I was lying down in water!" Isabel informed them.

The nurse was coming up to the steps with Barbara, who was two, staggering beside her. Determined to participate in the conversation, Barbara shouted "Ho!" sat down flat on the gravel, rolled over with laughter.

"Take them away and drain them well," said Benno to the nurse.

As she waited for them to kiss their mother—a delicate process involving the necessity of clearing her with their wet clothing—the nurse, a pale Norwegian girl, said:

"There's a family in the brown house."

"So I observed," said Benno, and as the nurse and the children vanished he added: "I must drop over and see who it is."

"Why should you do that?" inquired Linnie instantly.

"They're all the neighbors we've got," said Benno.

"But you don't know—" Linnie began, and ceased at Benno's shrug. "You shrug with your eyebrows," she said, and made him smile. He strolled away, thinking again: "How well she handles me!"

"Remember about going to the station for mother at noon!" she called, and he nodded. He was, she noted, walking in the direction of the brown house. She thought: "I only made him go straight over there by my objection. Why did I say anything?"

IT WAS true that Benno was strolling over to the brown house, isolated at the foot of the hill on whose summit they lived. There were connecting lawns, and he had noted, on first going over their own grounds, that if the other man were amenable they might lay out nine holes on the acreage of the two lawns. But the brown house had not been occupied, and he had not inquired. He crossed the brilliant turf, so green that it almost sparkled with color, cut through the shrubbery, emerged on a slope to the kitchen garden and came face to face with Little Faxon.

In spite of the fact that Benno had not seen him in five years, and that Faxon was older and much changed, and that he turned a slow red and pretended not to know him, Benno could not have mistaken him. He called him by name, dashed over to him, took his limp hand.

"Faxon! You here? This is jolly! Living here! Man, you're my next-door neighbor!"

Faxon's eyes, at first averted, were bright with pleasure which held a discomfort not concealed.

"Come in," he said. "Yes, we've taken the place. Come in—or shall we stay out— Let's sit here—" He led the way to a bench near the vegetables, sat down

and looked at Benno with troubled eyes. And Benno talked on, giving him time to recover from it, whatever it was.

Little Faxon did not recover. He replied in monosyllables, said that his wife was very well, was indoors; no, they had no children, and it was a good thing—checked himself and finally brought out: "Then you hadn't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"About me. I might as well tell you—somebody'll come along with it. I'll never live it down."

He was trembling. Benno was shaken by the naked misery of his face, said, "What's up, old fellow?" as casually as he could, and listened aghast at the story that Little Faxon poured out, like a boy, in an agony of relief at being able to tell some one who seemed to care.

"Benno," he said, "I've done time. Two years in the penitentiary. It's the old thing: cashier, and they trusted me; a chance to invest; then to speculate; the speculation gone blooey and me with it. The fellow due to step in my shoes at the bank stuck the knife in. They sent me up—I haven't been out a year yet."

BENNO said what he could and presently was unable to keep his eyes from going speculatively to the brown house, with its lavish dimensions. Faxon smiled wanly. "My investment panned out—too late to help me. Came through while I was in. My father had managed to pay back what I owed—but it broke him. He died soon after I came out. I bought this place—Erna and I will stay here the year round. We shall not be seeing anybody——"

"Oh, yes you will," said Benno. "You'll be seeing us, of course." Benno's face lighted with his thought. "To-night!" he cried. "We've some people coming in—it's our anniversary. You and Erna must join us."

"Thanks, no. I wouldn't care—I wouldn't dare—" Faxon's words died out in a groan. "I've got Erna to think of," he said uncertainly. "But your wife, old chap—she'll never stand for us."

As soon as Benno had spoken, he himself had realized this truth, but his look met Faxon's without flinching. "You're mistaken," he said. "Linnie'll agree with me. She'll send a note to Erna—if Erna'll forgive her not calling to-day. We shall expect you both without fail—at nine, for dancing, And look here! Let's fix up nine holes on our two lawns——"

When Benno was leaving, Faxon stood up, looking small, detached, boyish. "Benno!" he cried. "You're the first glimpse of human daylight I've seen in four years. Do you get that?"

Benno did get that. So emphatically that as he hurried back across the lawns he felt buoyant confidence that Linnie would see this as he saw it. She must. It was true that in these seven years Linnie had not always seen things as he saw them, particularly had not seen his friends as he saw them. Indeed, he had virtually slipped into her set; had not given up his own friends, but, with the exception of Bede, he saw them less and less frequently. This he had never yet acknowledged to himself, but, at first from the abasement of his devotion and later in the interests of peace, the occasions on which his social preferences crossed hers had been rare. There had been rather a pitched battle over Bede, whom she considered impossible; but big Bede had won some distinction as an attorney for labor, which had made it easier for her to accept him, and Benno hadn't bothered with her process if only she had arrived at his point of view. And now she must see that they could give sheer life and energy to Faxon. Linnie would guess what it would mean to his wife. It would be intolerable to fail Faxon now. After all it was his own house. Since their marriage, Linnie's money had paid for their luxuries, but his practise had sustained their routine. He rebuked himself for this kind of reasoning. In a case like this, she would recognize the need, the beneficent need of decency.

He ran up-stairs to her room.

SHE was sitting in the sunny window having her hair brushed. Linnie made every chair which she chose a setting for a portrait. The rose of a scarf, of a pillow under her feet, the lace of her gown, the leisure of her inspection of herself in a hand-mirror gave to the simple ceremony the importance of a rite.

He asked her to send the maid away, and he sat down before her. Who did she think was in the brown house? She answered that he would have to hurry, because the car would be round in five minutes to take him to the station. He told her who was in the brown house, and she looked blank. Then:

"Oh—one of that crowd you used to go with?"

"One of my oldest friends. One of my best friends, if you remember."

With difficulty she recalled them. What about them?

"They're our neighbors now," he explained. "That's a double reason. I want to have them here this evening. There's a special reason——"

"This evening? Have you forgotten the party?"

"Precisely not. I mean, invite them."

"My dear Benno, how absurdly impractical of you!"

"Why, Linnie?" he asked quietly.



Drawing by Paul Meylan

HE LOOKED DOWN AT HER. HE HAD ALWAYS SUPPOSED THAT HE WAS THE ONE WHO HAD THOUGHT THAT HE COULDN'T ENDURE THINGS ANY LONGER

"Why! I don't know Mrs.—whoever she is. I may have met her once, all those years ago. I know nothing about her."

"She's your neighbor, here in the country—and the wife of my best friend. Don't be ridiculous."

"You're stressing the best-friend business a bit, aren't you?"

"I'm expressing my wishes."

"But even suppose she were some one whom I wanted to receive—how can I call before to-night? If she's any one at all, she wouldn't come. But of course she *would* come——"

"Linnie, this is too impossible. Put it merely on the ground that I intensely wish it, then! And I want to tell you why——"

"Darling, the car must have been down there for some minutes. Let's drop it. I simply will not consider it."

"*Linnie.*"

"But we've made a very careful list for to-night—Benno, we're rather getting known for our selections in guests. One such blunder will spoil everything. Don't, Benno—I'm so tired."

"My dear Linnie, I've already asked them."

"They'll not come for your asking. Or are they the sort that will?"

"I've told them that you'd send her a note to-day."

"I shall not do that, Benno."

"Dearest—these people need our help, our sympathy. They've been through a frightful experience. I want to tell you about it——"

"Not now. There's hardly time for the train, Benno."

He took her hands, stooped to her lips. "You promised me to try——"

"You've thrown that up to me for seven years."

"And how much have you tried?"

She rose and said against his cheek: "I won't ask any stuffy old bores to my party."

"It isn't that—he's done wrong—he's suffered for it—let's help him——"

"Later, Benno. At lunch when we're alone some day. Be reasonable."

"That might have been better. But they're asked, you see. I did it impulsively, perhaps—but I did it. You've got to see me through. I ask you to telephone to them, dear."

"Well, go on—please go now. You're missing the train. Father'll have a nervous breakdown if nobody is there to meet them——"

"You will telephone?"

"Only go on!"

"There's a darling. I knew you would."

He went down the stairs. "I didn't tell her," he thought ruefully. "But I've asked them, hang it! I'll tell her afterward."

He passed the brown house. Faxon was on the lawn, exercising his dog. Benno slowed down and shouted: "We're counting on you both for to-night, old man!"

Faxon ran up to the car. "I told her," he said. "Benno—she *cried!* But she'll come. I can't tell you——"

"Don't!" said Benno, grinned, and drove on.

THERE were four arrivals in the Bellairs party: Mrs. Bellairs, a bit grander than of old; Mr. Bellairs, a bit more crusty; and two new protégées, who thought, said, looked and lived the traditionally correct. There was luncheon, a half-dozen house-guests appearing later by motor; there were tennis, tea, a swim. With all these, it was six o'clock before Benno thought again of

the Faxons and of their invitation due from Linnie. He ran up to Linnie's door, peeped in at a darkened room and Linnie, sleeping on a couch. He had promised to drive the men over to some stables; it would be seven before they could return. Benno walked into his own room and rang up the Faxons.

"Erna," he said, "greetings and blessings! Linnie is resting—will you forgive her and take the message through me? She's been rushed the whole day, of course. We want you tremendously to-night. You'll waive formalities and come, won't you?"

Erna's voice was clear, clear but with a catching of the breath which the telephone could not cover.

"Benno—are you sure?"

"Perfectly."

"Then we'll come. And you can't know——"

"I know I'm no end crazy to see you!" said Benno. "Till to-night!"

He felt exhilarated and justified. No doubt he was letting himself in for trouble, but he was right, by jove—he was right!

He went off to the stables. He did not see Linnie until dinner-time. While coffee was being served on the terrace, Bede arrived, the first of the evening's guests. Bede was one of the unchanging mortals, and he made his awkward obeisance to Linnie as if he were in his raw youth. Linnie, in colored clouds and at ease on a willow throne, received him in the manner of Juno to a lesser mortal.

"She's old-fashioned," Benno thought, watching. "She's *gracious*—like an ancient queen. Why can't she be just friendly?" He almost laughed out as he thought: "She's behaving to him like a leaf from a *Godey's Lady's Book*. Jove, wouldn't you think she'd hate to be so out of date?"

THE moment gave Benno his spring-board. He joined big, gauche, amused Bede, threw an arm across Bede's shoulder and said:

"I've some news about Little Faxon. He's come to live down the hill—going to be our neighbor."

"Little Faxon!" said Bede, with a manner of stupefaction.

"By the way, Linnie," Benno went on smoothly, "I called up and told them we want them to come to-night. I think they'll come."

Linnie was perfect. Not a shade of expression, not a lift of brow betrayed him to the group about her. She had the defects of the ancient queen, but she also had her other qualities. She was so perfect that she might not have heard at all, a perfection which Benno could not bear. "Let's take a turn down the terrace," Benno said shortly to Bede.

He was just in time. As they turned away, Bede said bluntly: "I didn't know Faxon was out." Bede was all gentleness, all compassion. "Little Faxon was a splendid sort. So was Erna. We've got to stand by. It's bully of you to-night." He looked up curiously. "How'd you get the queen bee round?" he asked. Benno didn't tell; he merely said furiously: "This queen-bee business eats one up, Bede."

"Sure," said Bede. "But there aren't so many of them as there used to be. Do you notice?"

"That does *me* no good," Benno muttered.

"Can't you get it across to her what old stuff it is?"

"How?" Benno asked dryly.

Bede laughed. "Well, as to Little Faxon," he admitted, "she's got some ground according to those lights. 'The Pen' is a bit stiff for any queen bee to swallow."

Benno said nothing. He looked away to the Sound, whitening to a rising moon. Linnie's laugh sounded—her modulated perfect laugh. He heard one of the protégées agreeing fervently with everything. And through to his consciousness pierced the thought which had hovered but never before showed its head: "What if she does call this the end? I'll cut the whole business—" He thought of the children, turned back abruptly. "I've got three wonderful kids," he said irrelevantly, and Bede thought grimly: "It's come, then. He's reconciled only on account of the children." Aloud: "Good old scout," he said vaguely.

THE drawing-room of the cottage was a stately room, not large, but high and furnished in the grand manner, with tapestries of hawking, chairs like thrones, a fireplace extending well to the ceiling. Before this fireplace Linnie strolled presently, her colored clouds trailing, and lifted her fan to Benno. "Here they come, about now," she said to him. "Don't look so down, you know—they'll think seven years are too many."

She was so sparkling, so intimate, that he said under his breath: "Linnie, you'll be decent to the Faxons?"

She looked at him smilingly, through him, beyond him and gave not a sign that she had heard. He saw that she did not intend to reply. What she would do to the Faxons when they arrived was not foreseeable. She was capable of any enormity, all carried off with that perfect exterior.

And as he looked down at her, the tilted head, the scornful little mouth, the cold eyes; caught the calculated movement of her fan, the calculated poise of her smile, her air, he felt an abrupt and terrible rush of distaste, almost of dislike. He turned away, staring above the heads of the people who were approaching him. In a flash he was clear to himself. It wasn't only Linnie's calculation, her coldness, her quality of queen bee which repelled him now. It was Linnie herself, the Linnie actually made up of long years of those calculations, this terrible inner coldness. In that instant he felt as remote from her as if they had been strangers. He gave his hand to their guests, said what he had to say: "Seventh—yes. And it seems like the first. Why shouldn't I look like a happy bridegroom? Look at the bride——"

Linnie beside him seemed completely light-hearted, and her smile, which included him when it was necessary, was almost luminous. He thought: "All the people think we're happy—and why aren't we? We look it!" He felt abrupt and frightful weariness of all of this, chided himself for his management of his life, then abused himself for his discontent. "Seventh—yes. And it seems like the first." And, "Well, look at the bride and you'll see why." He began actually to be eager for the Faxons' coming. If the whole house blew up, guests and all—well, he would go out with the rest. He smiled grimly as he thought: "At any rate, they'd blow up right. Linnie doesn't think these people can do *anything* wrong." The endless line passed before him. "You're the nicest married two I've ever seen—I've said so, often!"

"We're an exhibit, aren't we, Benno?" said Linnie.

"'With the I silent, as in marriage,'" he quoted gravely.

When he caught sight of the Faxons at the door, he left his place and went to meet them. Little Faxon's gray hair and pallor gave him distinction; Erna, still pretty and youthful, was well and simply gowned. Benno was acutely aware of a murmured word or two about them as he led the way to Linnie.

"Linnie," he said, and now he felt a certain enjoyment in the moment, "here is Mrs. Faxon. And Mr. Faxon."

With that remoteness which could be either divine or maddening, as the moment made it, Linnie turned to them. Benno was prepared to see her let them go by with the barest recognition, was prepared for anything. Instead, to his infinite relief, she held out her hand, smiled absently, murmured their names, said a negligible word or two, and turned to the next comers. After all, Benno thought whimsically, nothing would blow up for a while. That was one good thing about a queen bee, she'd never go to pieces in public.

Bede was at his elbow, and his fervent, but not too fervent, greeting of the Faxons took the moment for its own. Faxon flushed with pleasure, and Benno thought:

"Bede's a human being—and that carries a technique as definite as etiquette and a good bit more important."

With "This is the wife of the best friend I have on earth," Benno handed Mrs. Faxon on to one of the protégées, and took an ironic satisfaction.

IT WAS a brilliant party. In energy, in crass material wealth, the men in the room were forcing to fruition some of the great achievements of the time. The women were the product of generations of care. There roved a lion or two from the alien spheres of art and science. The wheels ran gently, smoothly, gaily. It was a party after the Bellairs' own heart.

Some time after midnight Benno was in the smoking-room when a servant brought him a note—a scrawled word from Faxon: They were slipping away, and would Benno forgive them and would he explain to Mrs. Parks. What he was to explain was not indicated. Benno was stabbed by the fear that there had been some encounter with Linnie, but when he found her and asked her if she had seen them, she replied without expression that she had not done so. When he told her that they had been obliged to leave, she replied nothing at all. After seven years of marriage, Benno reflected, his wife could on occasion treat him with greater formality than the wives of strangers.

Save the Faxons, the first one to say good night was Bede. Shortly after supper he lounged up to his hostess and said in his amused drawl that he had almost liked the party. Then, in his clear, unashamed voice, he added to Benno:

"The best of it, frankly, was to see the Faxons here. I honor you both, no end, for that. To my mind," he went on distinctly, "Faxon is no more guilty than a dozen men we all know. Sending him to the 'Pen' was largely spite work."

"Sending him where?" Linnie's voice was as clear as Bede's.

"Penitentiary," he explained absorbedly. "Some men in the smoking-room were saying the same thing just now—that the whole affair might have been avoided. I believe you've set him on his feet now. Well, good night——"

Bede drifted out. Linnie turned to Benno a face whose pallor shocked him.

"Did you know this?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You knew this when you invited them here?"

"Yes."

"And when you asked me to invite them here?"

"Linnie! You heard what Bede said——"

Her face silenced him. He thought that she was going to cry out, to faint, to fall violently ill. But she spoke quite quietly:

"I am going to my room. You will have to say good night to them. Tell them—anything."

"Linnie——"

She swept through her guests, erect and smiling, and went up the staircase. Benno knew the depth of the feeling which could make her risk the interrogation and speculation of her guests when he should be forced to excuse her to them.

HE STOOD before the long line, bade them good night, made his grave and concerned excuses: She was ill, had not been herself for some days. Tired? No, no indeed! The party had seemed to revive her. She had sent word that no one was to be anxious——

He saw them out of the house. He was trembling, felt ill himself. Then he went up to Linnie's room.

Continued on page 73



"HURRY-UP" YOST WILL BE BACK NEXT MONTH

—back in THE DELINEATOR for another series of talks on health. He is America's most famous athletic coach—director of the physical well-being of hundreds of thousands of young men and women. President Coolidge has appointed him to the National Recreation Commission. He is one of the dominating figures in the health-life of this nation. Don't miss the message he has for you and all your family. Beginning next month

IN THE DELINEATOR



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

SUN BLOWS AND FLYING FEET

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

THERE'S the Summer girl one dreams about—and the Summer girl one is. The first one, strolling under the trees, chiffons floating, wide-brimmed hat flowered and entrancing, romantic background to face and head, eyes dreaming and deep, hair in little adorable tendrils about her brow and neck, face dewy and fresh as a June dawn; or lying back in a chaise-longue on her veranda, slender and fragrant and unattainable as Spring; or on the golf-course in linen "knicks" like a charming boy, glowing and wind-blown; or on the beach, gleaming and clean-cut as the flight of a rapier blade; or at night scarcely a person at all, just flying melody and romance and swirling tulle.

The second one, just like the first—except!

And that's what we're going to talk about — the "excepts."

When we were learning about all those myriad things that one can do to keep beautiful or to gain new loveliness, we used to feel like Sir Andrew Barton in the verse:

"Fight on, my men," says Sir Andrew Barton,
"I am hurt, but I am not slain;
I'll lie me down and bleed a while,
And then I'll rise and fight again!"

It was such a fight! And such a multiplicity of weapons!

But now we know that while it's repetitious, so is eating and sleeping and loving. And while it's a bit of a fight, so is life—any kind of life that's worth living. Get some real knowledge about it, try it out, eliminate and then systematize!

THE Summer-girl-that-is knows that Summer is a frightfully revelatory time. We can't hide our defects behind our clothes because we wear so few clothes and they're so thin. We can't bank on our "make-up" staying on as it does in Winter because we melt it off on the golf-course or tennis-court and swim it off in the sea. And what can we do on the beach with all those unbeautiful lines and little fat spots that fur coats and velvets befriend?

Our too-thinness or our too-fatness are brazenly exposed to the public eye. Our—shall we say too-conspicuous?—fuzz on arms or face or legs sees the pitiless light of day. Our hair, unless it is naturally curly or permanently waved, straightens out and doesn't care. Our sharp elbows and knees, unattractive feet, ambitious "tummies" and hips, our wrinkled brows, all leap and shout "Look at me!" under the high Summer suns and moons.

And that's the difference between the Summer girl one dreams about and the Summer girl one is. The one is born, and the other is quite a lot made.

But there's a perfectly good technique.

There's no reason at all in this educated day why a woman should be fat or "perspiry" or oily-skinned or lanky-haired or lumpy-souled. This is woman's day. And if we're not getting something out of it, we don't deserve to be members of the undefeated sex!

A letter came to us not long ago, a nice appreciative letter, in which a woman said she had charge of heaps of girls and that lots of them didn't know what depilatories or deodorants were, had no idea what kind of powder they ought to use or how to put on a make-up, especially in Summer, so that it would stay on, and that every single one of them most awfully wanted to look groomed, but didn't know how to get that way.

Well, a depilatory takes off superfluous hair, the too-conspicuous fuzz. There are a number of good and harmless ones on the market. We'll gladly send you a list if you want it. Special directions for use always come with them. But be advised: Don't use a depilatory just before you're going out, because, of course, the skin does feel a bit insulted and looks wrathy.

There are people who take it off of arms and legs in the same way, but that seems to us heroic. There are gentler methods: liquid or powder which you make into a paste with warm water. These you can put on at home, easy and painless. Wash the skin with *hot* water to get the pores all open, dry it and spread the depilatory on with a thin wooden paper-knife or old steel knife. Don't spread it over any abrasion. Let it stay on until it is perfectly dry, then wash off with pure warm water, dry the skin, and powder with a good talcum.

It's ridiculous to have superfluous hair, the methods of eliminating it are so simple and harmless. Most of the depilatories are very inexpensive and none of them prohibitive.

HOW C. C. C. CAN HELP YOU

Summer brings beauty problems all its own. When scorching suns and blustery winds do their best to ruin complexions and torrid heat wilts one's freshness, then every woman needs Celia Caroline Cole's aids to loveliness. Read the helpful hints she offers here—and then write her for special advice on your own problems. She's a beauty expert, you know—but all she asks for consultation is a stamped return envelope

THE deodorants are preparations you put under your arms to control perspiration or nullify the odor of it. As a matter of fact, we think perspiration should be controlled largely by baths and health. The safest deodorant should just deodorize, not control. There are excellent ones, perfumed and not perfumed, on the market. We can always send you a list, you know!

Frequent bathing will ameliorate the odor. But now and then you will find some one with a body odor that nothing seems to help. That person should go to a good physician. This matter of perspiration odor, body odor, goes deep into life. It is very distasteful to men. They want woman to be a poem, not a destroyer of dreams.

TO KEEP a make-up on in Summer, use plenty of astringent if you have an oily skin, or a vanishing cream. All vanishing creams are drying, and in this America, after thirty-five, most women shouldn't be using them. But if your skin is oily, use a good vanishing cream, then your rouge, then a powder that is heavy enough to stick, yet not so heavy that it makes you look artificial. Or, instead of powder, use a good liquid powder, preferably cream in shade, or even ocher, and an orange shade of rouge with it. Then you look wind-blown and sun-kissed and delightful and never artificial.

Liquid powder is for dry skins, too, and if you get a pure one—and you simply mustn't get any other kind—it won't hurt the skin and it will keep it from sunburning.

There's a new fluffy, pearly-pink cream, luscious and just out, that gives you a beautiful dull luster. Thin it with skin-tonic or wich-hazel for the face, but put it on straight for neck and arms. It's *heavenly* for evening!

This cream absolutely will prevent sunburn and freckles and tan. And it's waterproof, so that you can spread it over face and neck and arms, look more beautiful than ever, and go swimming in the sea and sunning on the sand and be as safe from sunburn and freckles as you'd be lying in a cool, dark cave.

ON THE beach one sometimes feels that if the Great and Glad Creator of Man made us in His image and likeness, He either had a very bad mirror or sculpture was not easy for Him.

The fat spots can be banished by local reducing. Any tummy will vanish if you will stop eating when you could eat quite a lot more, make it a rule *never* to take a second helping of anything, and take this exercise as many times a day as you possibly can: Stand with the back of your head, shoulders and buttocks touching the wall, heels out about three inches. Draw the small of your back in toward the wall until it touches it. Wear a surgeon's elastic garment, band or belt, around the waist over the tummy every time you play golf or walk until the "paunch" is all gone. Carry yourself always as if a ribbon were fastened to the top of your backbone there in the back of your neck and then up to the top of the sky.

Use a reducing soap or cream wherever there is local fat. No woman really needs to have one ugly line in her body if she really wants a beautiful one. For about twelve dollars and enough character to be faithful, she can obliterate her too-fatness or too-thinness by getting the one set of record exercises that has been made solely for women. And with it she gets personal supervision of her diet.

Think how easily you close your fingers and what centuries of effort passed to bequeath you that ease! What if the apes had been too lazy or indifferent! Carry on! There's an unlimited body for posterity if we'll do our bit!

Concluded on page 57

PLAY AND GROW STRONG

A great expert tells you about games and exercises for your children

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

PLAY is an important and serious matter in a child's life. It is an instinct—God-given—and it is not in the province of man to thwart, stifle or misdirect it. A large portion of the leisure time of every child should be occupied with games, for play is very closely bound up with the growth and development of both mind and body.

The playing of games dates back to the Stone Age—perhaps before. The use of balls for playing were known in Greek mythology, and Atlanta's instinct to follow the ball caused her to lose her most famous race. In the New Testament we read of children sitting in the market-place and calling to their playmates, saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned with you and ye have not wept." This refers to some clap-in and miss-out game such as is still played by children to-day.

The future of this or any other country depends on the health, vigor and strength of its children. This is a self-evident fact. Yet in this age of conservation when we safeguard our fish, game, forests, mineral deposits and especially our oil-fields, we as a nation are doing very little to conserve and preserve our greatest and most valuable resource and asset—the child. He receives education, but too much stress is laid on his mental side and an insufficient amount on his physical or health side. Games and play must be regarded as chief factors not only in the growth but also in the education of children. Authorities all agree on this.

The physical examinations made by the various draft boards during the World War revealed some very disillusioning and disheartening facts about the health and strength of our young men. Over one-half the men examined had one or more physical defects, and one-third of them were rejected on account of physical unfitness. It has been shown that much of this was avoidable and could have been prevented had the defective conditions been recognized and corrected in early childhood.

WEAK CHILDREN MAY BE MADE VIGOROUS

Modern medical science and public-health instruction are responsible for the preservation nowadays of thousands of babies who, had they been born twenty-five years ago, would surely have died. Many of these babies are not physically strong; they are weaklings. Our responsibility is to see that they are not permitted to continue existing in this state of poor health, but that by proper care and exercise they are developed into strong and happy children. This can be done, as the case of the late Theodore Roosevelt proves. He was a weak, sickly youngster, not physically able to take part in the games and activities of other children. But he followed strictly the rules of health, took moderate and systematic exercise, and lived much in the open air. As a result by the time he reached early manhood his physical strength and endurance were equaled by few.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt in a lecture delivered in Peking shortly before his death spoke of the many times he had observed weak, deformed and physically unfit infants who later developed into strong, vigorous children. "Such satisfactory results," he said, "are favored by vigorous exercise during the period of active growth—from eight to sixteen years—such as is possible in country life. Hence the importance of the country school for young people of this age. But even among the poor, and in cities where opportunities for outdoor exercise are fewer, the efforts now being made along lines of physical education by the public schools are beginning to show results." The lesson to be learned is that there is absolute need for closer observation and greater control of the health and growth of children—not alone in children of school age, but in little infants also.

PLAY WITH YOUR BABY

A baby should be given an opportunity each day for free exercise. He should be placed on a bed in a warm room with little or no clothing on him and allowed to kick and squirm to his heart's content. A short time, not exceeding ten minutes at first but gradually increased to thirty minutes, should be spent in playing with him.



"The world is mine!"

THE HAPPY CHILD DEPARTMENT

A NEW SERVICE FOR MOTHERS

Join Our "Happy Child Clubs"

There are four of them! One for expectant mothers. A second for mothers of tiny babies. The third for mothers of two to six year old "runabouts." And the fourth for the mothers of school children.

Membership in each club is only fifty cents a year—and in return you receive a letter every month from Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, the eminent child specialist. Doctor Shaw gives you a correct health program according to the age of your child, warns you of epidemics, and tells you how to keep your little one strong and well. His letters are timely and helpful—really a personal message from this great doctor.

You can enroll at once. Your first letter will be mailed to you on September first. Address "The Happy Child Clubs," THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., stating whether you wish to be a member of "The Baby-to-Come Club," "The New Baby Club," "The Runabout Club," or "The School-Child Club," and enclosing fifty cents for membership in each club you wish to join.

ENROLL NOW!

Hold out a finger for him to grasp so he can attempt to raise his body and head. Get him to push his legs against your hands and perform other active movements. The arms can be raised above the head and down again and the legs flexed upon the abdomen and brought back again. These simple passive movements assist in the development of the muscles and in nerve control or co-ordination.

When ten months old, the baby will usually grasp the side of the crib or chair and pull himself up to a standing position. When a year old, he can be taught to walk alone and to climb a step five or six inches high. As he progresses he should be taught more complicated movements, such as picking up objects and rolling a ball. For games, a baby delights in peek-a-boo, pat-a-cake, etc., and finger plays such as this-little-pig-went-to-market, knock-at-the-door, etc. Four hours a day for play in the fresh air is not too much for children from one to three years of age.

A German scientist has shown that weight for weight the amount of muscular work done by an infant in the course of a day is as great as that done by an adult. A word of caution must be given to ambitious and devoted but uninformed parents—that playing with a young baby can be overdone and the delicate and sensitive nervous system overstimulated and fatigued. There is such a thing as nervous exhaustion or neurasthenia in infants. Babies are often shown off, fondled and roughhoused by adoring parents when they should be left quiet and permitted to sleep and digest their food.

GAMES FOR THE "RUNABOUT" OR PRESCHOOL CHILD

From two to six years of age, the preschool period, children are not especially interested in group games. They play together with toys and in the sand-pile, but as a rule can not manage a game by themselves. They can, however, be taught simple games under the leadership of an adult.

The kindergarten system of Froebel and the Montessori method are applicable to children of this age. Educational experiments in play schools and nursery schools are now being carried out among children of this "runabout" age.

The natural play movements of the child should be encouraged, such as running, leaping, climbing and skipping. At this age there should be little or no restraint, full freedom of motion and plenty of rest.

It is stated by authorities who have studied the question that the modern child does not know how to play profitably and that healthy, outdoor play and games are on the decline. Our modern modes of life and environment tend to make city children, at least, inactive and blasé. The motion-picture theaters and other types of passive entertainment are taking the place of active and healthful out-of-doors sports and games. It is not at all uncommon for children to spend from one to three hours seven days a week in a dark and ill-ventilated movie-theater. It is true that the craving for amusement and entertainment destroys the natural inclination for play.

There is also an increasing tendency to play games by proxy. It does not improve a boy's strength or health to sit on the bleachers or peek through the fences, eat peanuts and ice-cream cones while watching eighteen athletes play professional baseball.

> Take me out to the ball-game,
> Take me out to the grounds,
> Buy me some peanuts and crackerjack
> And I don't care if I never come back——

This is too often the attitude of the city-bred boy of to-day.

GAMES FOR YOUNGER SCHOOL CHILDREN

A few years ago a "game" survey was made of five thousand schoolboys in Detroit and it was found that only a very small number of them knew anything about games outside of baseball, football, tag and a few hiding games. The number of boys who could chin themselves even once was very small. The facts brought out in this investigation changed the methods of physical training and exercises in the public schools of Detroit. These had previously consisted of ten minutes of formal "Arms raised, knees stiff, back straight, bend body; one, two, three, four, etc." usually conducted in the narrow aisles between desks. There was no semblance of game or play or pleasure in these formal school exercises. No wonder the children hated them, shirked them and derived no physical benefit from them whatever. To-day all this is changed and instead of ten minutes in classroom exercises there are sixty minutes devoted to games, stunts, outdoor exercises and other activities in well-equipped gymnasiums. The children are being educated for health and they crave it, enjoy it, thrive and wax strong on it.

This plan is being rapidly adopted in schools all over the country. The American Child Health Association through its health-education committee which has been so ably guided and directed by the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt and by Miss Sally Lucas Jean has been instrumental in popularizing the health game among school children. A joint committee on physical education of the National Educational Association and the American Medical Association has just prepared a health-activity program for school children arranged in age groups. For children in the first three grades they suggest for outdoor plays those activities which include running, jumping, hopping, skipping, walking, climbing, pushing, shouting, singing, throwing, catching, dancing. They recommend that the

Concluded on page 64

OUR "LITTLE DELINEATOR" POST-OFFICE

Philadelphia, Pa.

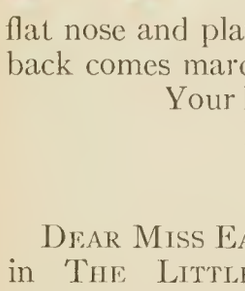
DEAR AUNTIE: I am very anxious to speak to you personally. Some day I'll go to New York, right into your building, too. Don't be surprised if a girl with eye-glasses, a flat nose and plaits trailing down her back comes marching in.

Your loving niece,
LEANORA THOMAS.

Hope, Ark.

DEAR MISS EAGER: Of all the pages in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month I like "Easter Day" the best. I like drawing very much and to think it is done by one of THE LITTLE D. R's. The picture is sweet and impressive. It is simple, too. That is the part I like about it. The poem just fits the picture, especially the lilies that "stand so cool and white" and the windows "shining all holy-bright." Somehow it gives a certain feeling of Easter, a kind of humble feeling that even the small child realizes.

Elizabeth Green.
(*Cover prize, April.*)



Orange, N. J.

DEAR MISS EAGER: I like the little Deli-bear's Thanksgiving lesson because I like stories of the wildest animals there are, and little Deli-bear is the wildest animal in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.

FRANK C. CHESTON.

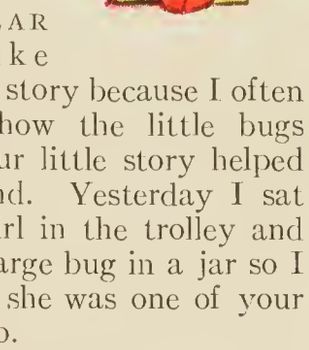
TO MY DEAR EDITOR: I like Tommy Tiptoe's story because I often wondered just how the little bugs breathe, and your little story helped me to understand. Yesterday I sat beside a little girl in the trolley and she had a very large bug in a jar so I thought perhaps she was one of your little readers, too.

Your little friend,
ROBERT CUNNINGHAM.

Boonton, N. J.

DEAR HARRIET IDE EAGER: I like the story of Tommy Tiptoe best of all the stories. It was so nice of you to tell how the dragon-flies were born and how they hatched and became real dragon-flies.

Would you please tell all the other little children to take a needle and put in it colored thread, double, to make a nicer bow. Stick the needle through one part of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR booklet near the middle and then go a little ways away from



it on the inside and come out again. Then cut the thread right up by the needle and tie your bow. Then you will have the nicest little booklet in the world.

Lovingly yours,
MARTEN ELDREDGE.

Farmville, Va.

DEAR MISS HARRIET: I have enjoyed THE LITTLE DELINEATOR for some months and wanted to try for the contests, but I could not decide what I liked best of all. The thing I like best in the March number is Deli-bear, because it shows me how to take nice rides at old March wind's expense and it shows me that if anything does not suit me, I can do the best I can and whatever worries me will help me, just as the wind helped Deli-bear. The way Deli sails along by the help of the wind shows me whatever hard, hard thing comes up I can laugh at it or sail over it as Deli did. It helps me to see how I can make troubles things to laugh at and gain by.

I like your letter and the contests next best, but I *love* Deli-bear because



it shows me what to do when worried.

Your friend,
HENRYETTA M. TATE.
(*Cover prize, March.*)

Jersey City, N. J.

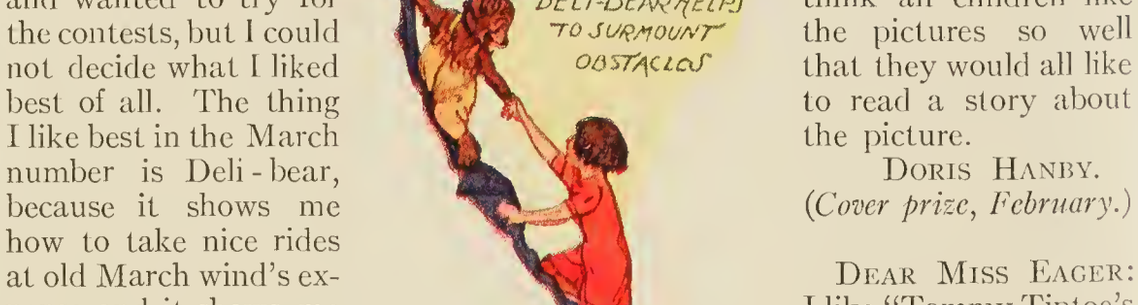
DEAR MISS EAGER: I would suggest that whatever picture is on the front cover of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR should be the title of a story to be published in the book, because I think all children like the pictures so well that they would all like to read a story about the picture.

DORIS HANBY.
(*Cover prize, February.*)

DEAR MISS EAGER: I like "Tommy Tiptoe's Dream" best because the picture is so bright and pretty and because when I read "Out-of-doors, out-of-doors, eyes open, open, open, secrets!" I want to run outdoors myself and keep my eyes open so that I can learn secrets, too, about birds and insects and plants. I like THE LITTLE DELINEATOR very well.

LUCILE KROGER, (*Age 6*).

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Lucile, you forgot to send your address, so I couldn't answer your letter.*



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

SEPTEMBER 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



"GOOD-BY, VACATION FRIENDS!"

TO WIN A BIG PICTURE LIKE THIS, LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT

WIN THE "GOOD-BY, VACATION FRIENDS!" COVER

Do you want to help your editor, and perhaps win a big, hand-painted cover, framed, like the little one on this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR? Then write a letter, telling what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month, and why. Explain why you enjoy it or how it has helped you. The most interesting, helpful letter will win the big picture. Address the "September Cover Contest," THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.



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The Quest of the Holy Grail



From Paintings by Edwin A. Abbey in the Boston Public Library

Copyright by Edwin A. Abbey, from a Copley Print copyrighted by Curtis & Cameron, publishers, Boston, Mass.

TO A high castle on a far hill an angel of Heaven had borne the Holy Grail, that sacred cup from which Christ drank on the eve of the last supper. And there only good knights and pure were set to guard it, and Amfortas was their king. But Amfortas did evil, and a spell was cast over him and his court so that they slept and the Holy Grail stood unguarded.

And it was made known throughout the world that only a knight pure in heart as in deed should find the Grail and free the castle from its spell. So all knights strove to live purely and many set forth in quest of the Holy Grail, but none were truly pure and none reached unto the high castle on the far hill.

Until to the court of King Arthur came a boy, Sir Galahad by name.

When but a babe, Galahad had been given to a company of nuns that he might grow pure and innocent as they. And while a holy woman held him in her arms, the Angel of the Grail came in a vision, so that the babe laughed and held out his hands to the mighty adventure before him.

So in the convent the boy Galahad was trained in holy ways.

Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors to fasten spurs upon his feet and to lay upon his head the helmet of knighthood, while all about stood the nuns in holy white, holding high their flickering flames and bidding their son godspeed.

In his robe of red, the bright red of purity cleansed by the fire of temptation, knelt Sir Galahad and pledged



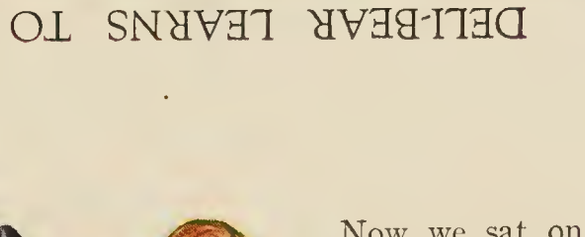
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And one day from the court of King Arthur came Sir Launcelot to knight the boy and lead him to the other Knights of the Round Table. All night young Galahad knelt alone in the convent chapel until the candles burned in their sockets, and, when dawn stole through the windows, came his life to the Quest of the Holy Grail.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Your teacher will be interested in this story of the Holy Grail—take her this page and tell her there will be another, next month.*

DELI-BEAR LEARNS TO CHOOSE HIS FRIENDS

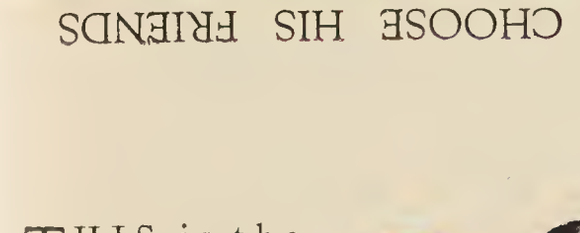


"Now, shut your eyes," they cry, "and turn
your face against the wall,
"Greenhorn Surprise—instead of Summer
now you'll see the Fall!"



"A can of paint! We'll have some fun!"
the Deli-foxes cry,
And slyly tie a string and wait till Deli-
bear comes by.

He pulls the string, and oh, and oh! This
was the foxes' "fall"!
A fall of paint from ears to claws—snout,
tummy, tail and all!



"Come play this game—Greenhorn Sur-
prise!" they shout, and though he knows
What bad boys Deli-foxes are—yet—yet—
our bear-boy goes.



Half-blind, he staggers home again, scares
mother into bits,
"He's poisoned green!" the family scream
and have ten Deli-fits.

At last with soap and brush and hose
they've scrubbed him brown once more,
And Deli's learned to pick his friends more
wisely than before.

THIS is the story of the coming-out party your editor gave for her own Deli-bear toy. Even if your mother hasn't made your Deli toy yet, you can give a zoo party.



YOUR EDITOR'S DELI-BEAR PARTY

Well, Deli-bear and I had cut bars from pasteboard, which we fastened across the door, with a sign "Deli-bear's Zoo," so when the children came in, it was like stepping into a cage. Of course my toy Deli-bear was sitting on the table with LITTLE DELINEATORS piled around him for every one to look at.

As each child came in, he had to shut his eyes and grab from a big bag full of toy animals. Whatever animal he drew was tied around his neck with a ribbon and that was his zoo name.

Then came the game of "Feeding Deli-bear." Every child—excuse me, I mean animal—was given ten peanuts. I had painted a big Deli-bear head on pasteboard with a cut out mouth and the game was to throw the peanuts into Deli's mouth. The one who threw in most won the prize.



Now we sat on the floor, with one child—excuse me again, I mean animal — blindfolded and holding a bunch of ribbons. The other animals (I got it right that time!) held the other ends. The one in the middle began to tell a story about Deli-bear, and as soon as he pulled a ribbon, the chi—I mean, the animal at the other end went on with the story, bringing in something about his own animal self. If he was supposed to be a duck, he must tell the adventures of Deli-bear and a duck, and so on. Whenever the chi—the animal in the middle pulled another ribbon, that player went on with the story.

Then we gave out paper and pencils and slips with animal names and everybody had to draw a picture of the animal on his slip.

After that each child acted like the animal he wore around his neck and we voted on the best.

Don't you think it was fun? If you give a Deli-bear zoo party, please write to Deli-bear about it and he promises to send you a sassy Deli-bear answer.





HOME-MAKING TOPICS

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE VITAMINS

By Flora Rose

VITAMINS are the real mysteries of nutrition. Yet they are so important to us that if we are at all interested in our own and our family's welfare we can not afford to be in ignorance of them.

There are four vitamins, popularly named A, B, C and Antirachitic. Each of these vitamins plays its own particular rôle in the drama of life. One vitamin can not take the place of another.

Vitamin A is necessary to make children grow. Also it helps to build up resistance to disease in both children and adults. Nobody can be well without it.

Sources of Vitamin A—To enrich the diet in vitamin A it is best to use an abundance of whole milk. Cream, butter and cheese are also excellent sources, as are cod-liver oil and eggs. Good additional sources are spinach, green vegetables, carrots, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and tomatoes. If each child in the family has a quart of good whole milk with three to four per cent. butter-fat a day, enough vitamin A for growth and protection will be supplied.

Vitamin B is also necessary for growth, due in part probably to the fact that it stimulates appetite. If children do not eat well, if they are not growing as they should, check up to see if lack of B is the cause.

Sources of Vitamin B—The easiest and cheapest way to insure enough vitamin B is through the use of breads and breakfast-foods made from the whole grain. Yeast also is rich in B, and so are vegetables and fruits. If a person has poor appetite, the best way to cultivate it is by feeding fruits and fruit-juices, gruels made from bran and whole grains, breads made from whole grain and an abundance of yeast and fresh crisp salads.

Vitamin C is necessary if tissues are to remain strong and healthy. When vitamin C is absent or supplied in too small amounts, tissues become more subject to breaking down and the disease called scurvy finally develops.

Sources of Vitamin C—Foods which can be relied upon generally to supply vitamin C are fresh raw fruits and vegetables. Among the fruits, oranges, lemons and tomatoes lead; and among the vegetables, cabbage, turnip, carrots, onions and potatoes. Fresh raw milk produced by cows fed partly on green food or on rightly grown and cured hay may contain enough C to protect a bottle-fed baby against scurvy. It can not be depended upon, however, so it has become routine practise to feed bottle-fed babies after they are three or four weeks old very small and increasing amounts of strained, diluted orange or tomato juice. If the mother who is nursing her baby fails to obtain C from her diet, it is absent in her milk. It is therefore important for the nursing mother to watch C in her own diet.

The Antirachitic Vitamin has an equivalent: the action of *direct* sunshine, not through a window, on bared skin. Either this or direct sunshine is necessary for the growth of straight, strong bones. One or the other of these seems to be needed to protect the body against infections. It is believed that an abundance of either will help the body to build up protections against disorders such as colds, tuberculosis, mastoiditis and sinus difficulties.

Sources of Antirachitic Vitamin—Less is known about sources of this vitamin than about those of the others. Cod-liver oil is the best known source, and eggs are also valuable. If there is any suspicion that children or adults are not getting sunshine enough each day, a taste for cod-liver oil should be cultivated. It can be given to little bottle-fed babies quite easily by putting from five to twenty-five drops in each of the baby's bottles. It can be beaten into orange-juice for older children or adults. An egg a day will probably protect the adult. There is evidence that green vegetables may also supply it, but the record for this is not yet complete.

If your family is not positively well, check up on the daily dietary to see if the vitamin count is correct on all points. And if you want to make sure that your children and grown-ups are getting their proper share of these health-builders, write THE DELINEATOR for a simple, practical chart that tells you just which foods contain vitamins A, B, C or the Antirachitic one. A stamped envelope, self-addressed, will bring this helpful information to you. Address The Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR
Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

MOTHERS OF SCHOOL CHILDREN!

WHAT do your children eat at lunch-time? Do you realize that often the nutrition of your little ones—and sometimes their very health—depends upon the meal they eat in the middle of the day? Lunch furnishes slightly less than one-third the complete nourishment they receive!

Of recent years mothers have given more attention than formerly to the subject of school lunches. They have, in many instances, established hot-lunch systems in their local schools, where their children can obtain nourishing, heated food in the middle of the day. It is reported now that even in the more or less remote districts over four thousand schools have established hot noon lunches. In every case this has been possible because of the help and cooperation of the mothers.

What these women have done in their communities, you can do in yours. When your children go to school, let them take along your interest in their welfare. Make yourself more public-minded. Know the conditions under which your children work and study during their school hours. Ask yourself these ten questions:

1. What kind of lunch do your children eat at school?
2. If there is no school lunch, will you help introduce one?
3. Is the school-building in clean, wholesome condition?
4. Is it properly lighted, heated and ventilated?
5. Are the school grounds attractive?
6. Is there a well-equipped playground?
7. Has the water used at the school been tested to determine if it is safe to drink?
8. Do you know what toilet accommodations are provided?
9. Is there medical inspection?
10. Can you help to secure medical inspection for the children?

And if you want to know how to establish a hot school lunch, read the article called "What Do Your Children Eat at Noon?" on page 42 of this issue, and write THE DELINEATOR for further information and help. Address The Home-Makers' Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Martha Van Rensselaer

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THE IMPORTANT MATTER OF A FAMILY BUDGET

By Martha Van Rensselaer

WE HAVE made some rapid strides in education during the past twenty years. We have raised the standard and broadened the scope of mental training for women and we have traveled in seven-league boots along the highroad of science.

But in two vital subjects we have failed entirely and tragically: We have neglected the teaching of politics, and we have failed to teach our sons their part in the fundamental subject of home economics.

Yet we still ask why politics is so wrong—and why so many homes fail.

The average new family lays the corner-stone of its home with a gold ring and builds on a moon-beam—love! It is the beginning and the end of life. But love does not always imply happy home-building. It may be the compass and chart, but it is not the ship.

The most hopeful sign in life at this time is the strong desire for progress—for better homes and for better living.

It has taken us hundreds of years to put home-making into our girls' schools, where they can actually learn the fundamentals of managing a house and a family. We have not yet begun to teach our boys their share in this home-making responsibility. We go on training them for business or for professions, seeing them started in life, married and beginning new generations, but entirely untrained for the most vital jobs of their lives, the winning and making of homes. They have business-like programs for all their other endeavors—budgets for their businesses, budgets for their clubs, for their churches, for their fraternal societies. But their homes are run on the blind faith that they will take care of themselves.

This is not fair to any man's wife, nor to his children, nor to himself. Neither is it fair to his business. A properly run home, brought safely within means, is an asset in dollars to a business and it is insurance against domestic breaks. It is a guarantee of peace of mind and self-respect. It lets one know exactly where one stands in life—what one can do and what one can not do. It is a check on restlessness. It puts a stop to little leaks that drain resources. It teaches a true sense of values. It changes the method of spending and leaves money with which to purchase worth-while things of which one can be proud.

There are hundreds of thousands of women in this country who literally shorten their lives on the first day of every month. That is the day when the bills come in—the milk bill, the store bill, the feed bill, the gas bill and the other bills. The rent is due, too. And these thousands of women have to face the men of their homes with these debts; and often there is not enough money to pay them.

But they are family debts and they must be met.

Money slips through one's fingers so easily! Most men are paid on Saturday night; and three times out of four the first of the month, with its accumulation of bills, seems—and is—pretty far away.

But when it comes, it gives no time of grace. The collector comes with it!

There is only one way to live comfortably and with safety, and that is to budget your income and your expenses and make them balance.

This job can not be done by a wife or by a husband alone, any more than a business can be kept out of bankruptcy when one of two partners is responsible for the bookkeeping and the other is permitted to dip constantly and freely into the cash-drawer. It is just as hopeless—just as dishonest—to try to run a home on that pilfering basis.

Money stretches when it is budgeted. It shrinks when there is no system.

If your husband is willing to try the budget plan, write to THE DELINEATOR for a special form which we will be very glad to send you. This will help you get your expenses down on paper so that you can see at a glance just where you may begin to save.

We have a budget service which we have built up gradually and carefully under the direction of experts. It is yours for the asking. We want to help you—we are glad to help you. We invite you to ask us anything you want to know about budgeting. Address The Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Your communication will, of course, be kept entirely confidential.

MEAT WITHOUT HEAT

By WINIFRED MOSES

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

THE dog days of August and September bring many calls for food in its chilliest form. Thus the housewife endeavors to satisfy her family's demands with crisp salads, frozen desserts and iced beverages, recipes for which she has more or less at her command. But she is often at a loss just how to prepare cold meats, though it is sometimes true that the cheapest, most attractive and the most elaborate meat dishes are served cold.

Meat for these cooler dishes does not always just happen to be on hand when wanted. It must be planned for, either by buying a large enough roast of lamb or veal to allow for a good portion left over or by deliberately buying a roast or a chicken for cold purposes only. The latter plan has the advantage that the roast may be cooked during the evening when one is out of the kitchen.

To serve roasts of cold meat, cut the slices very thin. The meat not only goes farther, but it presents a much more appetizing appearance.

HAM MOUSSE

2 cups cold ham put through a meat-chopper and mashed
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon onion-juice
1 tablespoon prepared meat sauce (this may be omitted)
½ cup tomato jelly or jellied stock
½ cup cream (whipped)

Add the seasonings to the ham and mix thoroughly. Then add the jelly or gelatinized stock. Cool and fold in the whipped cream. If this is to be used for luncheon, pack it in a square or oblong mold; if it is to be used for any special occasion, pack it in individual molds. Set on ice for three or four hours. Serve with tomato salad or with lettuce.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

1 cup cold chopped chicken
¾ cup chopped sautéd mushrooms
½ cup cream (whipped)
Celery salt to taste
1 cup hot chicken stock
1 tablespoon gelatin

Soften the gelatin in cold water and add to the stock. Proceed as for ham mousse.

Stiffly beaten egg-whites may be added with the cream if desired. In every case, be sure that the mixture is well seasoned before the cream is added and that it is thoroughly chilled before serving.

Since these mousse dishes are very rich, only small portions should be served.

MEAT-LOAVES

An excellent method of using cheap cuts of veal or beef, such as the neck, breast or knuckles, is to make them into well-seasoned loaves. Beef may be used in the same manner. Seasoning is the most important feature of meat-loaves. Be sure to season and taste and then season again. The following meat-loaf recipe makes a very tasty dish:

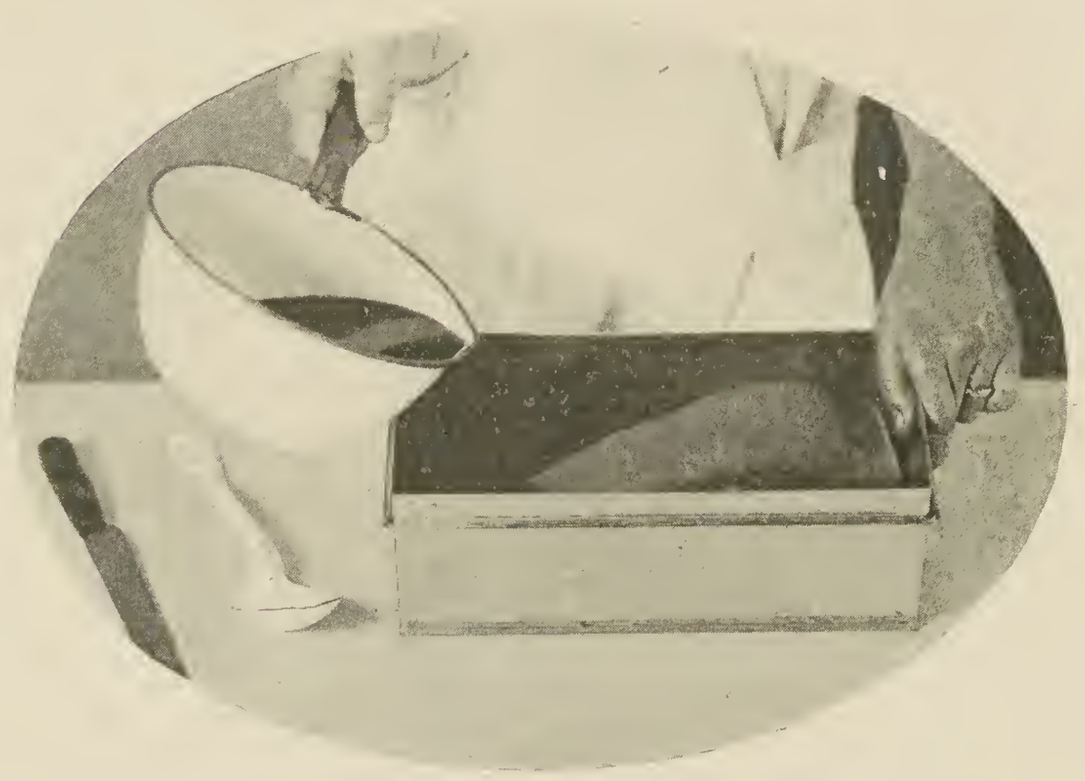
2½ pounds veal
½ pound lean ham
¾ cup cracker-crums
6 mushrooms
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon herbs

Sauté the mushrooms and ham in butter; then put the veal, ham, cracker-crums and mushrooms through the meat-chopper. Add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly. Form the meat into a loaf by pressing it into a mold or tin. Turn out on a narrow baking sheet. Set this on the rack in a dripping-pan—or a cake-rack may be used. Cover the loaf with very thin slices of salt pork or bacon and bake at about 300 degrees Fahrenheit for about two hours. Baste every ten minutes with water and butter.

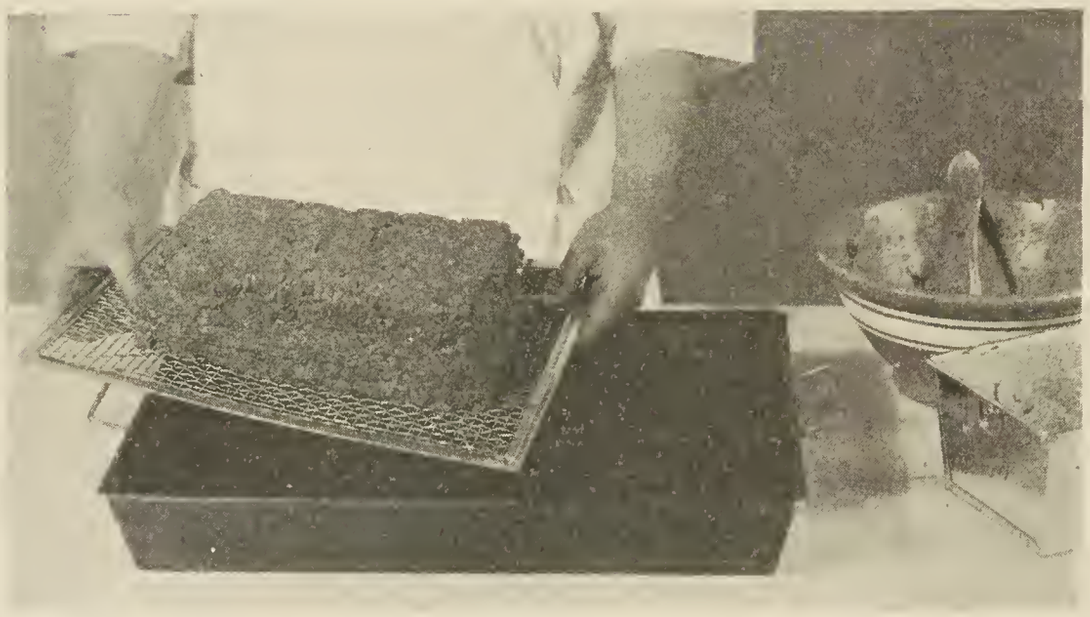


Photos by Dana B. Merrill

AT THE HOTEL MAJESTIC IN NEW YORK CITY JELLIED TONGUE IS SERVED WITH STUFFED TOMATOES AND ASPARAGUS-TIP SALAD AND GARNISHED WITH CRESS, PARSLEY AND PIMIENTO



GARNISHES FOR JELLIED TONGUE SHOULD BE PLACED ON THE BOTTOM OF AN OILED MOLD AND SET IN A THIN LAYER OF ASPIC BEFORE THE REST OF THE JELLY IS ADDED



A MEAT-LOAF BAKED IN THIS MANNER MAY BE BASTED AS OFTEN AS NECESSARY DURING THE COOKING. IT WILL HAVE NICE CRUSTY EDGES AND WILL SLICE IN CLEAN EVEN CUTS

JELLIED CHICKEN

Select a fowl weighing about four pounds. Cut it up as for fricassee. Rub each piece with salt. Put it all in a saucepan. Add a few stalks of celery cut in dice, one carrot cut in slices and a bit of bay-leaf. Cover with boiling water and let boil for five minutes. Then lower the heat and allow it to simmer until the meat falls from the bones. Remove the pieces of chicken from the stock and reduce the stock to one quart and season to taste. Add two tablespoons of granulated gelatin which previously has been soaked in one-half cup of cold water. Remove the skin and bones from the chicken meat.

Pour a very thin layer of the stock in the bottom of a mold. Let it begin to stiffen. (It must not get too hard or it will separate from the rest when turned out.) On this arrange a design either of circles of hard-boiled eggs surrounded by rings of green pepper or of mushrooms and strips of pimiento. Pour just enough of the stock over this to cover. Let this harden. Then put in the chicken, making alternate layers of light and dark meat. When the chicken has all been used, pour in the remainder of the stock and set it away to harden. When ready to serve, turn out on a platter and garnish and serve with watercress, quarters of lemons, and mayonnaise.

JELLIED TONGUES

Select tiny lamb's or calf's tongues. Allow one for each person to be served. Pickled, smoked or fresh tongues may be used. Those that have been pickled or smoked are usually more piquant in flavor. If fresh tongues are used, wash them well. Cover them with boiling water. Season the water with a little salt, add an onion, carrot, a small bunch of parsley and a clove or two. Simmer for an hour and a half, or until the tongues are tender. Remove the tongues from the water, take off the skin and put them back in the water and let them remain until cold. This adds to their flavor.

Sprinkle the bottom of a mold with capers. Arrange the tongues on the bottom of the mold. For each pint of stock—there should be at least a quart—add three bouillon cubes and one tablespoon of gelatin which has been soaked in a quarter of a cup of cold water and softened over hot water. Strain over the tongues and set away to cool.

This makes a delicious cold dish for luncheon, supper or picnic. It should be prepared the day before it is to be served. Lettuce and tomato salad tossed in French dressing and fresh-cooked buttered spinach are excellent to serve with this dish. Mayonnaise may be passed with the tongue.

Beef tongue may be prepared in the same way. If the tongues are pickled or smoked, they should be soaked in cold water overnight and put on to cook in cold water.

CHAUDFROID SAUCE

For a very elaborate luncheon, cold tongues, sweetbreads and boned fowl may be coated in chaudfroid sauce.

A chaudfroid sauce is simply an ordinary white or brown sauce stiffened with gelatin. To make a chaudfroid, begin with a pint of medium white or brown sauce. While it is still hot, add two tablespoons of gelatin which has been soaked in one-half cup of cold water for fifteen minutes. Stir until the gelatin is dissolved. The sauce should then be strained and it will be ready to use as soon as it begins to stiffen. If a yellow sauce is desired, add three slightly beaten egg-yolks to the sauce just as it is taken from the fire. If the color scheme requires red, use strained tomato-juice for the liquid in the sauce instead of milk or brown stock.

For small pieces of meat, such as slices of ham, chicken, veal or tongue, hold the article on a fork and apply the sauce with a brush or a spoon. Set larger articles, such as a roast or chicken, on a rack in a large dish. If the coating of sauce is not smooth and glossy, dip a spatula in hot water and rub it over the irregularities until they disappear. Set away to cool and harden. This sauce should be highly seasoned and of pleasing color.

Surprise your family one of these hot nights. Serve them a meal that's cool from start to finish. We'll mail you the necessary recipes if you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Home-Makers' Department of The Delineator, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

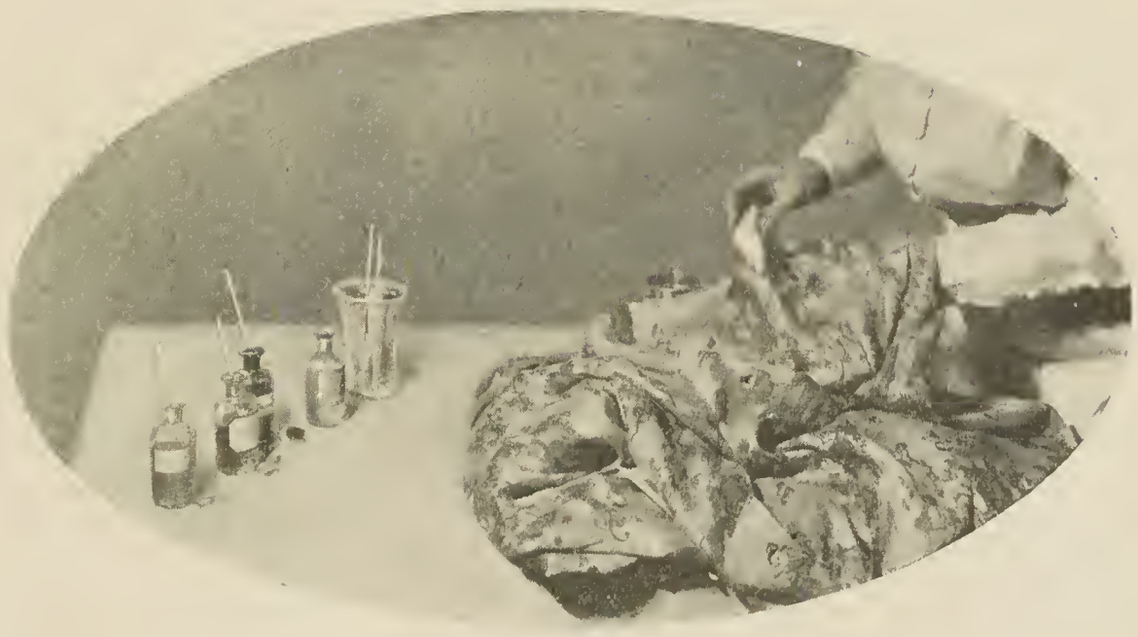
THE FINE POINTS OF LAUNDERING

By L. RAY BALDERSTON

Author of "Housewifery" and "Laundering"

WHEN YOU IRON—

*do you finish your day's work with a breaking back and a shoulder that threatens to drop off? You don't have to! Write us for our special chart, which will give you the correct and comfortable working heights of your ironing-board, your tubs, sink and work-table. * * * And while you're writing for that, ask us about anything else in the realm of washing or laundering. Address The Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and kindly enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope*



THE MAGIC OF REMOVING STAINS FROM COLORED GOODS LIES IN OUTLINING THE STAIN WITH SOAP, USING DILUTE SOLUTIONS AND RINSING CAREFULLY

THE French laundress has always been cited for her wonderfully finished work. If one stops to analyze why her work is so fine, one is forced to admit that she has no unusual equipment, she has no special science—but she does possess art and skill which have been inherited through years of practise and influenced by real pleasure and pride in her work.

The American woman, however, asks: "But what of the time element?" She realizes that any artistic handwork, such as the doing of laces, delicate plaits and ruffles, requires dainty finger-work and very careful manipulation, and also entails an expenditure of that which we prize so highly to-day—time.

The experimenting which has been done in recent years to save time, together with due consideration for skilful work, has resulted in the production of special soaps and special blues and starches, and has, in turn, made possible the wider use of dainty colors and finely finished fabrics in our garments. Fine colors and filmy fabrics have entirely changed in their uses, not only as trimmings but also as garments, and to-day fashion produces a demand for silks and crêpes which are used for underwear as well as for outer garments.

This reaction works two ways. It brings about a use of fabrics that formerly were considered impractical because they were expensive or frail. And also because these fabrics now serve as underwear and almost entirely replace lawns and cambrics, they are considered as every-day materials subjected to ordinary washing processes—all of which opens up a new laundering problem. Wash-boards and rubbing have been replaced by careful manipulation and harmless soaps which balance the initial cost of the garment by saving on its wear. The woman who uses these dainties learns that cleansing them each day saves them.

There are two definite processes to be considered in the cleansing of garments. One is their renewal with soap and water, and the other is the removal of spots and stains.

The removal of spots seems to represent weird trickery, but almost any one may be a magician when she knows how. The French woman whose work we admire knows that cold water removes many of the stains, because she has found as she washed by the running brook or river with no special aid that the water has floated out the stain. The unsightliness of the spots that did not float out has claimed such attention as any emergency might, for, no matter how well a garment is washed and ironed, spots are glaring.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS

First, divide stains according to their causes, and then see how easy the removal can be made. Cold water removes so many stains that it is the safest first treatment. Table-linen is very likely to be spotted. Sugar and sweet things made from sugar, egg and other albuminous substances, whether cheese, milk or blood, are easily washed out in cold water—just as one puts bowls and egg-beaters to soak in cold water to make them easy to wash.

Is it magic or French art that tells us that fat and water do not mix, or is it science that says we make them mix by a bit of soap as a "blender"? For the first two sets of stains, then, it is just cold water; and for the third, cold water and soap. If fats are overheated by hot water or by using a too hot iron in trying to remove grease spots with a heated iron and soft paper, the stain is darkened and the work of removal is increased. This is, perhaps, the greatest reason for never putting soiled clothes in a tub or machine full of hot soap-suds until they have been examined and found free of grease spots.

If these same spots are on colored linen or embroidery, use the same method, but be sure the water is cool, because colors are affected by heat. Machine grease, grass stains, shoe-polish and many medicine stains can be easily made ready for removal by applying kerosene to them and then washing them with soap-suds and warm water.

Ink, dye, iron-rust and old stains which have been boiled in or "set" will need a special treatment that may be called bleaching. This bleaching on colored fabrics can be done only with the risk of removing the color. To bleach means to use some method whereby oxygen performs its tricks. Oxygen does the work when a garment is sprinkled and put in the sun or placed on wet grass overnight to bleach.



NOT ALL FINE LAUNDERING IS DONE WITH AN IRON. LACES ARE PINNED, GATHERS ARE STROKED AND FINE PLAITING REQUIRES A KNIFE

The quickest way to bleach is by the use of chemicals in place of nature's way. They do no harm if one is careful to use diluted chemicals and always to wash the garment thoroughly just as soon as the stain is removed. Cream of tartar and borax are simple bleaches and very mild as well as slow. Salts of lemon, too, is good; but here danger creeps in, for unless this latter is washed out, it is a strong enough chemical to weaken the fiber and produce a hole. Oxalic acid and Javelle water, the latter a solution of chlorid of lime and washing-soda, are the stronger bleaches and are especially helpful for quick action or for heroic needs, but are always safer if diluted with a quantity of water. All these chemicals must be washed out carefully. Ammonia may be the companion chemical of oxalic acid and together work well on ink spots.

To remove stains from colored fabrics by the use of chemicals requires care. This means that all the chemicals must be diluted and that they must be applied with a tiny dropper so that the acid or the alkali will be entirely under control. In this case let the two hands work in close sequence, so that the reward will be to have saved the color.

In working with stains on colors, it is wise to decide whether the stain is more or less noticeable than would be a white spot that might result from an unsuccessful attempt at removing the stain. A trick that may spell magic is to outline the stain with a corner of a moistened cake of soap before beginning work and in this way to confine the action of the chemicals used in the process.

HINTS ON WASHING

Washing a garment means to float out the dirt. But usually this dirt is mixed with grease, and hence warm, soapy water, not too hot, is necessary. There should always be enough soap to suds the clothes and so counteract the grease.

The laundress who produces clear-white clothes rinses until the water is perfectly clear—because a bit of gray in the tint of the rinse water means gray, grimy garments. Too much bluing acts as a handicap, not whitening but rather making the clothes gray and in no way whitening those that are already dark. The color of overblued or grimy clothes may be changed by placing the clothes in cold water and heating them to the boiling-point, then repeating the whole process until the linen is whiter. Javelle water will help in extreme cases, but it is not wise to boil this bleach, as it may weaken the fabric.

Colored clothes need good soap, warm (not hot) water, little rubbing and good rinsing. Should the color start to bleed, or if one fears it may, reduce the temperature of the water before using any salt. Salt is a good mordant to set colors, but to use it as a preventive is to harden the water, making it a hindrance rather than an aid. Vinegar in the rinse water brightens faded colors, but for the greatest success various color tints dissolved in the water can be used in the same way as bluing.

Colored fabrics should be dried out of the sun, or as in the case of many delicate fabrics, like organdies, voiles, pongees and crêpes, they should be rolled in a layer of cloth to absorb the excess moisture and then ironed without drying and sprinkling. This is the better way because the even moisture makes the organdies iron very crisp and smooth, helps the voiles and crêpes to overcome shrinkage and the pongees to dry evenly, thus avoiding water streaks and spots. Pongees should be ironed on the wrong side and preferably when equally damp but not wet.

STARCHING AND TINTING

This latter suggestion of rolling the fabric without drying and sprinkling is one of the fine points of starching

Continued on page 64

HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY

Ten ways to make yourself a finer, happier person

By VIDA R. SUTTON

ARE you a happy, healthy, effective person, filled with vigor and joy, getting the most out of life and giving the most? You can become such a person. Under your curly locks or your bobbed hair or gray tresses—that is where your personality begins. All that you are, all that you may become, starts in your thoughts. Whether you are a girl of twenty or a woman of forty, on the sunny side or the shady side, you can make yourself over again mentally and physically.

Your personality has two sides, your inner self and your outer self. What goes on "under your hat" is your inner self. It is what you "take in" of what you see, hear, feel, experience and read in the world about you. No two people build this inside world quite alike, no matter how similar their circumstances. Side by side with you, seeing, hearing, knowing the same things you know, are other people building different worlds. There is an "inner eye" which, when used rightly, goes to the soul of life, thinks right. The outside world is a mirror of this world within, and it is of the greatest importance, therefore, to build this inside world with right vision. Not only in what you do and in how you live, but also in your figure, voice, movements and face is this inner world reflected.

There is a certain woman of my acquaintance whose power of seeing and getting the best out of her surroundings is such that no ill-fortune has been able to conquer her cheer, courage and helpfulness. No matter what comes, she has a constructive way of meeting it. She faces her problems, and if she doesn't always conquer them, at least they never down her. Her secret is this: there is no time for the unpleasant or the unprofitable; life is now, and the "now" must be well put through. And what did this woman do when real tragedy faced her?—for it came to her. Her husband died suddenly in the prime of life and health and left her with an unexpected burden of debt and responsibility in addition to her loss. She refused to let grief master her. She found a position and went whole-heartedly to work. She said: "We had a wonderful love and a wonderful life together. The memory of it is a rich gift. That is what I shall think of and be grateful for and build upon."

What is the result on herself and others? That courageous attitude grows, spreads, affects others by a kind of contagion, until all those around her feel it, so that wherever she is that place is a happy place.

Another illustration of the "gloom or glory" that the inner eye can give is revealed in the case of two sisters, both good-looking, healthy, brought up in the same home. With one, nothing is ever right; she is always in trouble. The other is always finding joy; she is the family peacemaker. Both of them married good men with seemingly good chances for happiness. To-day the first sister is separated from her husband because she says he never tried to make her happy; and her children, whom she calls "terrible nuisances," are in the home of her sister. This sister has a devoted husband and sons who adore her. "Mother never discourages us," one of them said the other day. "She always makes us think we can do things."

Of course one sister was gifted, endowed with a mind and heart that knew instinctively how to meet life; she had the art of living. The other one wasn't born with it, and she never acquired it.

It ought to be a very simple matter to shut our minds to destructive thoughts, to "let in" only those things that build our lives. It *is* easy. And it is the right way. But the beginning is hard. Getting the habit has its difficulties. Here is the way to apply my ten suggestions for developing your personality:

BEFORE YOU GO TO SLEEP

Just before you go to sleep say to yourself over and over, ten, twenty, a hundred times, that health, well-being, is the natural thing and the right thing. Say it until the idea of life, complete and full, possesses your mind. By so doing you are starting right currents of life. Science and religion both tell us this is true. The simple formula of Coué, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better," is a scientific use of the power of self-suggestion. The prayer of faith achieves the same end. If your mind goes to sleep with courageous, healthful thoughts and a certainty that the life-force,



VIDA R. SUTTON

God-in-you, is working and building, then you are bound to wake with a realization of strength, for this thought unites you to the great source of life. Persistence in this kind of thinking will develop energy and power for living.

STRETCH THE BODY AND THE MIND

On first waking stretch your mind as far as it can stretch to the conception of strength, power, force. Realize that you are a part of that force which makes life, that you are united with it and using it. Stretch to your full length before you rise and feel this "building" thought reach every part of your body. Then stand on your tiptoes, arms up, head and eyes up, breathing deeply and reaching "up" till you feel the stretch through your whole body. Repeat until your body feels balanced, coordinated and properly "set up." This means your weight forward on the balls of your feet, chest leading, head erect, arms relaxed. This exercise can be reduced to one minute, but it is a vital minute, for it "sets up" both body and mind. If persisted in, it means a gradual correction of bodily maladjustments. Keep always a picture in your mind of a perfectly poised, proportioned and healthy body. The sense of this brought daily to one's mind works consciously and unconsciously in helping one do the right things to make and keep such a body.

1. Go to sleep with the right thought.

2. Revive this thought on waking. Stretch the mind and body to it.

3. Plan your day's work and your day's recreation to it.

4. Give yourself completely to what is before you.

5. Look your best.

6. Take care of your body.

7. Take care of your mind.

8. Watch your words and speak in low, pleasant tones.

9. Have gracious manners.

10. Pause often, relax and revive the right thought.

PLAN YOUR DAY

Behind all work—business, office, school, home-making—must be thoughts of strength, courage and right visioning. The day must be planned for work and for play. If life is to go smoothly and we are going to master it as an "art," we must, to begin with, make a "business" of living. Not only to keep busy during all the working hours, but busy in such a way that we make the most out of our time, energy and money. Eliminate the unnecessary and simplify your job so that the essentials are what take your skill and you learn to fit them in easily, one thing as it is finished making room for another. You may have little ability to plan, but use what you have and it will grow. Plan your work and work your plan, and each day you can improve on it. Planning the day leads to planning the week, the month, the year and eventually providing for the rainy day.

Don't leave play out of the day's plan. Play is anything that rests you, sets you up and makes you more fit for the job. Walking, swimming, gardening, dancing, hiking, reading, games, concerts, theaters, lectures, social gatherings, stunts that use your imagination and get the family together for a little fun, or even another kind of work, or a hobby, offer diversion and relaxation.

CONCENTRATE ON WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

One of the great secrets of getting things done is the ability to keep the mind focused in one direction—to pay attention to the thing in hand and finish it without letting your mind go wool-gathering. Give yourself to the job when it's a job you are doing; to play when it is play; and to people when it is people. If you give yourself wisely, you have time for the things that count and you grow into a larger consciousness and understanding of life. You will learn to love your work, your play, your friends; you will develop the power to think.

LOOK YOUR BEST

Make the best of yourself at all times, and dress neatly and suitably for your part whatever it is, office, kitchen or parlor. It is a help to your job, a reenforcement of yourself. Be sure your feet are dressed in shoes that do not throw your body out of balance; a grouch on life often begins in the feet. And make your clothes look their best. How you wear them is more important than what they are. Dress your hair to frame the face. Select your hat also as a frame to your face. Get the constructive thought reflected from head to foot. Put it on with your clothes and wear it all day.

CARE FOR YOUR BODY

This means right diet, plenty of water, sun, fresh air. If you do not know the proper diet for a person in your condition of life, inform yourself. Remember that water, air and sunshine are as necessary as food. Keep the air moving freely in your home and work out a plan that ventilates adequately all the time. Keep the body clean, polished, radiant. The mouth, teeth, skin and nasal passages will repay care in health and comfort and save dentist and doctor bills. Care of the hands and nails and of the hair are marks of refinement. The feet need the same care as the hands. Foot comfort depends on this care.

Keeping clean internally means complete elimination through bowels and kidneys and pores of the skin. A clogged system is the cause of much ill-health and often the basis of an unpleasant disposition and a pessimistic outlook on life, because with a clogged body one loses the ability to think right and to concentrate properly.

AND CARE FOR YOUR MIND

Do some reading every day—reading that has value to you. This is one kind of mental food. Conversations, lectures, anything that carries you in the direction of better, clearer thinking is mental food and helps you to clean out the rubbish of unprofitable ideas and bring in the right kind of "mental furniture." Taking care of the mind means keeping it employed to its capacity,

Concluded on page 65

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT SHOW THAT SKIRTS ARE SHORT, HIPS ARE CLOSE, AND THAT FASHION TAKES A FLUTTER IN SCARFS, PLAITS AND DRAPERIES



Rabbits' ears of beehive cloth edged with ermine is Paton's way of putting the new excessively narrow silhouette in black and white

Jean Patou's Orchidée is dancing its light and fluttering way into the best Parisian society. It is usually made in mauve and sometimes in salmon-colored chiffon with flowers at shoulder and hip and a full sun-plaited flounce and capette





"As narrow as you can wear them and as short as you will wear them" is Jenny's rule in making her Autumn models. A tube coat of black kasha is laid in plaits and interlaced at the close hip and narrow hem

Manipulations of fabric play an important part in the new fashions. Jenny uses many narrow strips of fabric on a narrow coat



Draperies that flutter from the shoulder to the brief and narrow hem are the distinguishing features of the new lace and Georgette frocks. Lucien Lelong makes an exquisite gown of tobacco-brown silk lace with an embroidered motif of goldenrod and dull-red flowers

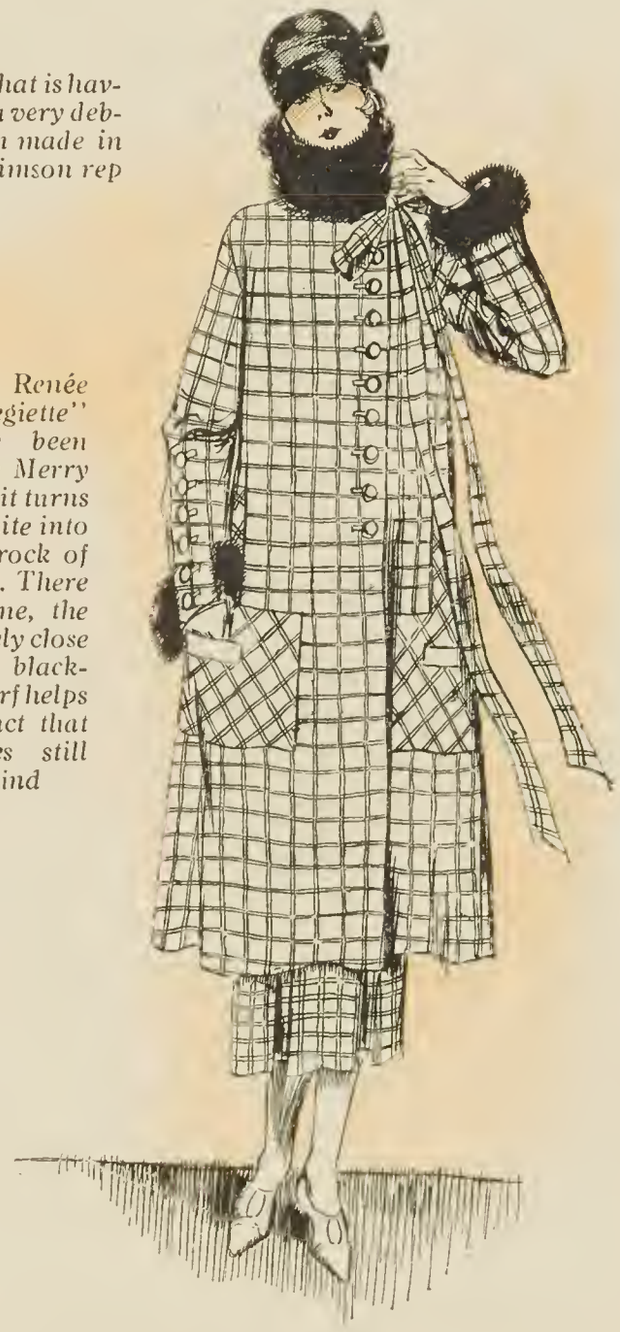
If the fashion for fur continues, the next generation of the animal kingdom is likely to be entirely hairless. Are they even now inventing new animals? Note "Renardeau," the fur used by Doeuillet on a brown coat

Doeuillet is again using the circular peplum that is having such a tremendous vogue in Paris. It is a very debonair and youthful fashion, especially when made in Doeuillet's combination of navy-blue and crimson rep



The ensemble costume is the most important part of the Autumn wardrobe. It begins with a coat and ends with a dress matching it in color and material or made of the printed lining silk. For Cri-Cri, Renée uses black velveteen tucked with machine stitching and trimmed with gray fur over a narrow velvet skirt and a long tunic of white satin stitched like the coat

A frock that Renée miscalls "Negiette" should have been named "The Merry Widow," for it turns black and white into a gay little frock of the new genre. There is no waistline, the hip is extremely close and the long black-and-white scarf helps to veil the fact that some figures still curve behind



What does it matter whether seal belongs to the same little family as sielieski when the new fur lends delightful softness to Lucien Lelong's suit of plaid drapella? Like many of the new costume coats this one is long enough and yet shows several inches of the narrow dress beneath

Dress 5501

Dress 5499
Embroidery
design 10277

Dress 5487

Dress 5477

PARIS-SENT STYLES FOR AUTUMN

5487—The tiered lower part which joins a long upper part gives a very new and smart effect to this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Make it of silk crêpe, silk alpaca, satin, twills, wool crêpe or cashmere. It may have a long body lining.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch satin. Lower edge, with plaits drawn out, 1¾ yard.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5487

5501—Beading or embroidery or a yoke and a wide band of lace contribute a great deal of elegance to a one-piece slip-over dress of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or Georgette. It has a straight lower edge.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette, ⅜ yard 35-inch lace for yoke and 1⅝ yard 12-inch lace banding. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5501

5499—10277—Many of the newest dresses use plaits without destroying the narrow effect. The lower part of this one-piece slip-over dress has a straight edge and is joined to a long upper part. Use silk crêpe, silk alpaca, satin, twills, wool crêpe or cashmere. The scarf-collar is smart. The embroidery is effective. Work it in one-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¼ yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5477—A one-piece slip-over dress of wool jersey tubing is useful to wear in town for early Fall. It has a straight lower edge and a collar and cuffs which may be sewed to the dress or detachable. The casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline and a body lining may be omitted. Flannel, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silk jersey are also suitable.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5499



5513

5513—An extremely graceful dress of satin, silk crêpe or moire is composed of a long upper part draped over the straight lower part which is joined to a long underbody. The latter may have a camisole top.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is very lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Dress 5513

Dress 5505

5505—Buttons trim the decorative side closing of a new one-piece dress. Heavy silk crêpe or satin is used for this type of dress while for Fall, cashmere, twills, wool rep, wool crêpe and flannel are very smart. The dress may have a body lining if desired.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch cashmere. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5505



5477



Coat 5518



Coat 5512



Coat 5519



Coat 5520



5518



Dress 5517

COATS AND DRESSES WITH SCARF COLLARS AND THE NEW CLOSE HIP

5518—Fabric inserts trim this coat of broadcloth, soft pile fabrics, suède-finished coatings, wool rep. cashmere suitings, kasha or soft twills. It may be worn wrapped around the figure or in a straight-line effect. Lower edge 49 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft twill.

The coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5512—The fringe is very easily made for the scarf collar on this coat. Make the coat of velours, fleece coatings, camel's-hair, plaids, checks, stripes, tweeds, cashmere, twills or wool rep.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch plaid wool and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54-inch plain wool. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5519—Double-faced coatings, cashmere coatings, plaids, stripes, fleece coatings, Teddy bear, homespun, chinchilla, camel's-hair, soft pile fabrics, suède-finished coatings, etc., make a smart coat which wraps around the figure or is worn in straight-line effect. Pockets may be used inside the coat.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft pile fabric. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5520—The new coats have interesting sleeves and are held wrapped around the figure. This coat is 44 inches long in back and has a straight lower edge. For certain types of figure and in wide materials this coat has no seam under the arm. Use cashmere suitings, kasha, broadcloth, velours, twills or wool rep. Lower edge 45 inches.

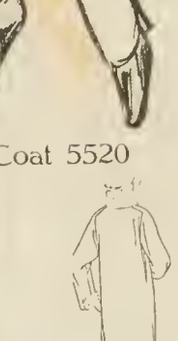
36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth. The coat is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5519



Coat 5516



5516

5517—The new narrow French silhouette in a one-piece dress has a close-fitting hipline which is fitted as closely as one can sit down. The dress slips on over the head and has a choice of body lining. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, cashmere, broadcloth or heavy silk crêpe, and a collar and scarf of crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.



5512



5517

5516—The new coats are straight and narrow and are worn in straight-line effect or wrapped closely about the figure. Use cashmere coatings, suède-finished coatings, soft pile fabrics, plaids, stripes, chinchilla, double-faced coatings, fleece coatings, homespun, Teddy bear, camel's-hair, etc. Use pockets in the coat or lining. Lower edge 50½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch soft pile fabric.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.



5516

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Dress 5509



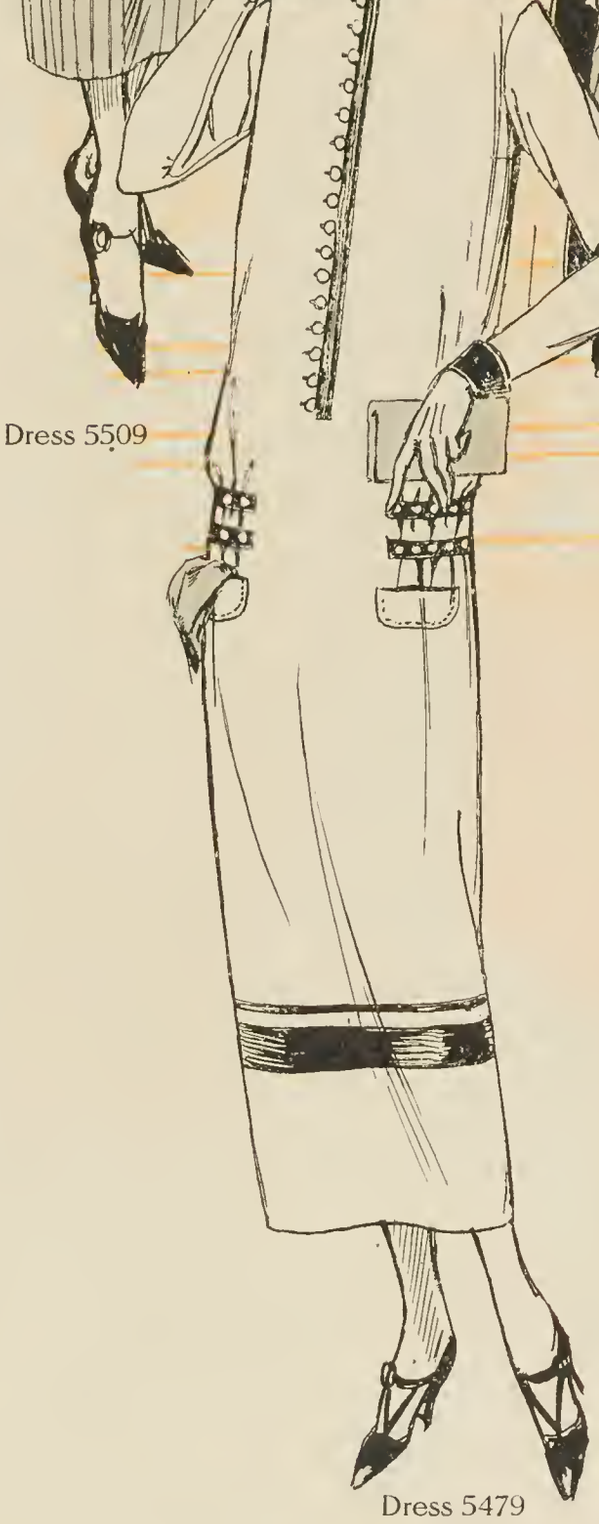
Dress 5467



Coat dress
5497



Dress 5514



Dress 5479



Dress 5511
Embroidery
design 10191

Other views and descriptions are on page 76

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 64.

Dress and scarf
5459

Dress 5447
Embroidery
design 10269

Dress 5451
Hat 4973

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 76

Coat dress
5461

Dress 5441

Dress 5455

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Dress 5460

Dress 5470
Tam-o'-shanter 5458

Dress and bloomers 5464

Dress 5424
Hat 4926
Embroidery design 10415

Dress and bloomers 5428

Dress 5418
Tam-o'-shanter 5402
Embroidery design 10787

Dress 5472
Hat 5292

Dress 5412
Tam-o'-shanter 5416

Dress and bloomers 5436

Suit 5478
Hat 4517

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 77

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Dress 5444

Dress 5471



Dress 5445



Dress 5389
Tam-o'-shanter 5416

Dress 5473



Evening dress 5465

Dress 5403

Dress 5495

Other views and descriptions of these dresses are on page 78

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Dress 5427
Embroidery design 10787

Dress 5439
Tam-o'-shanter 5402
Embroidery design 10961

Dress 5433

Dress 5457

Dress 5463
Hat and scarf
5218

Dress 5469
Hat 5353

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 79

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Blouse 5496
Skirt 4251
Embroidery design 10208

Blouse 5502
Skirt 5042

Blouse 5508
Skirt 5322
Embroidery design 10603

Blouse 5486
Skirt 5079
Embroidery design 10225

Coat dress 5493

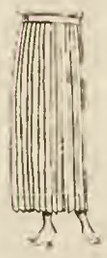
Blouse 5490

Blouse 5498
Hat 5353

Dress 5481



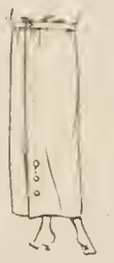
5496



4251



5486



5079

Other views and descriptions are on page 79

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SMART FROCKS, A SUIT AND WRAPS FOR SCHOOL



Dress 5483



Dress 5489
Embroidery design 10189



Dress 5476 — Tam-o'-shanter 5458 — Embroidery design 10179

Coat 5456



Suit 5466 — Embroidery design 10939

Coat 5492 — Embroidery design 10939



Coat 5484 — Hat 5292

Coat 5462 — Hat 5214

Coat dress 5485 — Hat 4973

5489

5484 5456

5491

5466 5492 5476

5483 5462 5485

5483—Plaids, stripes or checks, soft twills, cashmere, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, satin, etc., are smart for a young girl's one-piece slip-over dress with separate guimpe.

18 years or 35 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5456—The junior starts her school-year gaily with a plaid coat. Soft pile fabrics, kasha or cheviots are suitable to use as well as checks or plaids.

14 years requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool plaid.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5476 — 5458 — 10179 — Cross-stitch gives color to this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be removable. Her gored velvet tam-o'-shanter is smart.

13 years requires 1¾ yards 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5489—10189—A full straight skirt which joins a slightly long body makes a picturesque slip-over dress of satin crêpe, silk crêpe, moire, etc. It closes under the left arm. Work the embroidery on the ress in color.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

5491—10245—The collar and cuffs may be detachable or sewed to this one-piece slip-over dress of cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, kasha, flannel, plaids, stripes, checks, silk alpaca, satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The motif is effective trimming.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

5466—10939—This little boys' suit has a slip-over blouse and straight trousers. Use chambray with serge trousers, white gabardine with colored serge, white with colored jersey, or cottons, etc. Emblems trim the suit.

4 years requires 1 yard 35-inch cotton for blouse and ¾ yard 35-inch cotton.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 7.

5492—10939—Important first-graders wear an overcoat of serge, checks, cheviot cloth, oxford or tweeds on extremely good lines. The sailor emblem on the sleeve is the regulation type.

5 years requires 1¼ yard 44-inch serge.

The overcoat is for boys 1 to 8 years.

5462—5214—For the first crisp days of Fall, the junior will want a new coat of cheviot, kasha, soft pile fabrics, plaids or checks and a hat with gored crown and a corded or plain brim of wool jersey, taffeta, etc.

10 years requires 1¾ yards 50-inch kasha for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5484—5292—The scarf collar to her flared coat of soft pile fabrics, cheviot, homespun, twills, plaids, checks, kasha, etc., gives a gay air to the little girl. For her tricorne hat use satin, taffeta, wool jersey, serge, etc.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure require 1⅜ yard 54-inch wool check and ⅜ yard 54-inch cloth for hat.

The coat is for little girls 4 to 8; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5485—4973—For traveling back to school, a straight-line coat dress of twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, cashmere, etc., is very smart. The capette is detachable. Her duvetyn hat has a gored crown.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep for coat dress. Lower edge 46 inches.

The coat dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women and for ladies 38, 40 bust; hat for misses and ladies.

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YOUTH SELECTS ITS PARTY AND EVERY-DAY ATTIRE

Dress 5500
Embroidery design 10159

Dress 5494
Hat 4451
Embroidery design on hat 10119

Dress and bloomers 5468
Smocking design 10241

Dress and scarf 5448

Dress 5474
Tam-o'-shanter 5416
Embroidery design 10787

Dress 5488

Dress 5480
Embroidery design 10264

Dress and bloomers 5482
Hat 4926
Embroidery design 10125

Dress 5507

5448

5507

5515

Dress 5515
Embroidery design 10155

5468 5500 5494 5474

5480 5488 5482

5500—10159—An embroidered banding brightens this one-piece slip-over dress of wool jersey, light-weight flannel, crêpe de Chine, pongee, etc. It has a straight lower edge and the collar and cuffs may be detachable.

11 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch light-weight flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5494—4451—10119—A one-piece slip-over dress of soft twills, wool crêpe, cashmere, heavy silk crêpe, and a duvetyn hat are smart for Fall. Plaited sections are inserted at each side. Embroidery trims the hat.

13 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch twill for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; the hat for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5474—5416—10787—Use soft twills, wool crêpe or serge for the straight skirt, and plain or printed silk crêpe for the body of this slip-over frock she wears with a velvet tam-o'-shanter. The monogram is smart. Collar and cuffs may be removable.

12 years requires 1⅛ yard 35-inch silk crêpe and ¾ yard 54-inch serge.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5468—10241—Both the dress and separate bloomers are made of chambray, pin-check gingham, fine cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, dimity, plain lawn, crêpe de Chine, pongee or wool jersey. The smocking, which is attractive in color, may be omitted.

3 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6.

5448—It is new to wear a scarf to match the dress of Georgette or crêpe de Chine trimmed with marabou. The dress closes under the left arm and the slightly circular skirt joins the basque at a slightly low waistline.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women and ladies 38 bust.

5488—Hand-made flowers are dainty on a slip-over tucked dress with a straight lower edge. It may have a collar and cuffs sewed to the dress or detachable. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, handkerchief linen or organdy.

7 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for little girls 4 to 12.

5507—Plaids, stripes, checks, wool jersey tubing, flannel, cashmere, silk jersey or a heavy silk crêpe, etc., make a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch plaid flannel. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women and ladies 38, 40 bust.

5482—4926—10125—Use chambray, gingham, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or pongee for her dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Her hat of wool jersey, velours, etc., has a gored crown. Embroidery on the collar and cuffs is dainty.

4 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch checked gingham for dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6; the hat for girls 2 to 12.

5480—10264—An adorable tucked dress of lawn, nainsook, batiste, dimity or handkerchief linen has a boyish collar and effect, making it suitable for the little boy and the little girl. The flower embroidery is delicate.

2 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen.

The dress is for infants, little boys and little girls ½ to 3 years.

5515—10155—Her straight-line one-piece dress slips on over the head. Use cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, or satin. Embroidered motifs trim the tie. Lower edge 53 inches.

18 years or 35 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.



Nightgown 5380
Boudoir cap 4830
Embroidery design 10627



5361

French lining 5361

5380

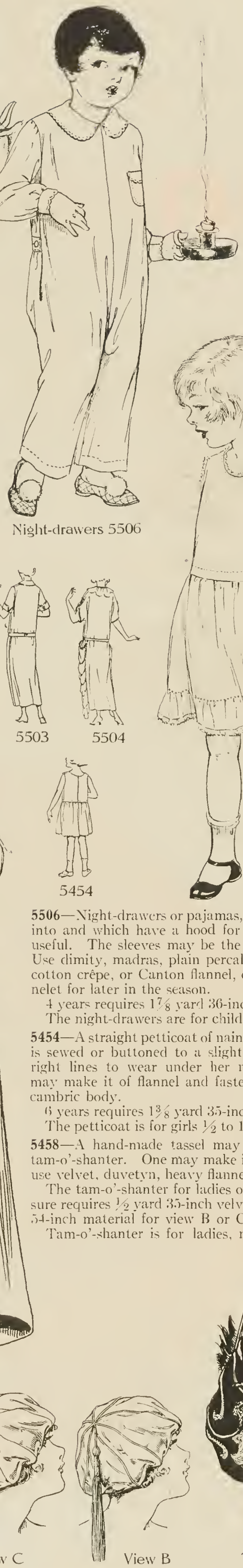


House dress 5503

5510



Negligée 5504
Boudoir cap 4830



Night-drawers 5506



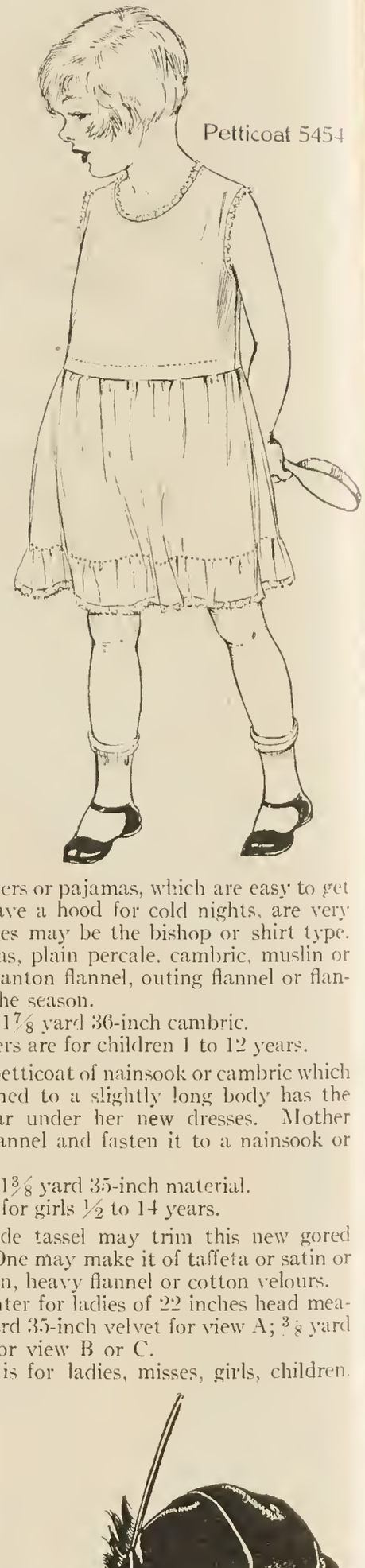
5503

5504

5454



5506



Petticoat 5454



View C

View B



View A
Tam-o'-shanter 5458

5380—4830—10627—A poke bonnet boudoir cap of net trimmed with lace edging, ribbon and flowers is a dainty accompaniment to a nightgown of nainsook, longcloth, batiste, dimity, cotton voile, cotton crêpe or crêpe de Chine. Embroidered roses trim the nightgown in raglan effect. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 35-inch batiste and ⅜ yard 72-inch net.

The nightgown and boudoir cap are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5503—Gingham, chambray, percale, striped madras, cotton poplin or linen-finished cottons make an attractive one-piece house dress on wrap-around lines.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

The house dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5504—4830—Fruits that never grew from Nature's hand are used as trimming for a negligée of chiffon taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk mull or silk-and-cotton crêpe de Chine. The bandeau boudoir cap is lovely.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine for negligée. Lower edge 54 inches.

The negligée and boudoir cap are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5361—To make this French lining which may close in back or in front with curved or straight edges and which has a two-seam sleeve, use silk, mercerized or cotton lining material. To cover a bust form use natural colored linen or duck, or unbleached muslin.

36 bust requires 2 yards 35-inch silk lining.

The French lining is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5510—If he would look like the very Devil, a man or boy should wear the jacket, trunks, cape and hood of this Devil's costume. Make it of sateen, mercerized fabrics or lining satin with velveteen bands, etc., paper muslin or cambric with contrasting shade of same material for bands, etc.

36 breast requires 8¼ yards 36-inch sateen and 1 yard 35-inch velveteen.

The costume is for men and boys 28 to 40 breast.

5506—Night-drawers or pajamas, which are easy to get into and which have a hood for cold nights, are very useful. The sleeves may be the bishop or shirt type. Use dimity, madras, plain percale, cambric, muslin or cotton crêpe, or Canton flannel, outing flannel or flannelet for later in the season.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch cambric.

The night-drawers are for children 1 to 12 years.

5454—A straight petticoat of nainsook or cambric which is sewed or buttoned to a slightly long body has the right lines to wear under her new dresses. Mother may make it of flannel and fasten it to a nainsook or cambric body.

6 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch material.

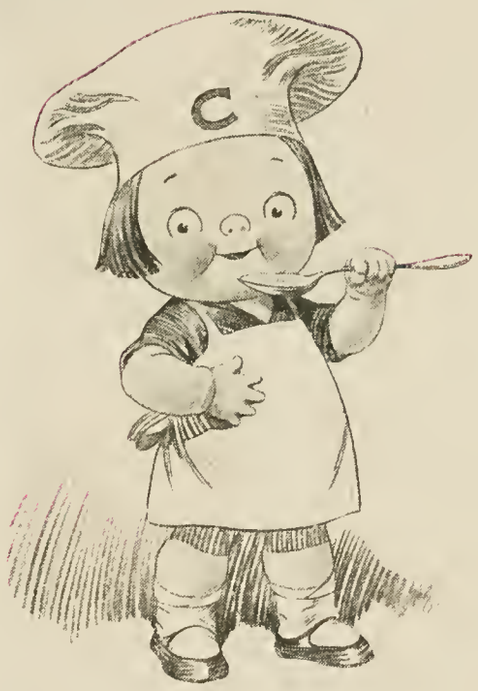
The petticoat is for girls ½ to 14 years.

5458—A hand-made tassel may trim this new gored tam-o'-shanter. One may make it of taffeta or satin or use velvet, duvetyn, heavy flannel or cotton velours.

The tam-o'-shanter for ladies of 22 inches head measure requires ½ yard 35-inch velvet for view A; ⅜ yard 54-inch material for view B or C.

Tam-o'-shanter is for ladies, misses, girls, children.

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EMBROIDERY GLEANS FROM GARDENS FLOWERS FOR A BEDSPREAD, LUNCHEON CLOTH OR LINENS



Embroidery design 10278

10276—On a bolster pillow and a bedspread flower wreaths are arranged in a graceful fashion. They can be worked in a combination of one-stitch, lazy-daisy and outline embroidery on linen or linen-finished cottons, or on unbleached muslin if one wants an inexpensive bedspread. The bedspread may be used for a single, a double or a three-quarter bed. This design can be adapted to a large motif for the center, a small motif for a bolster and bandings for the edge.

Embroidery design 10276



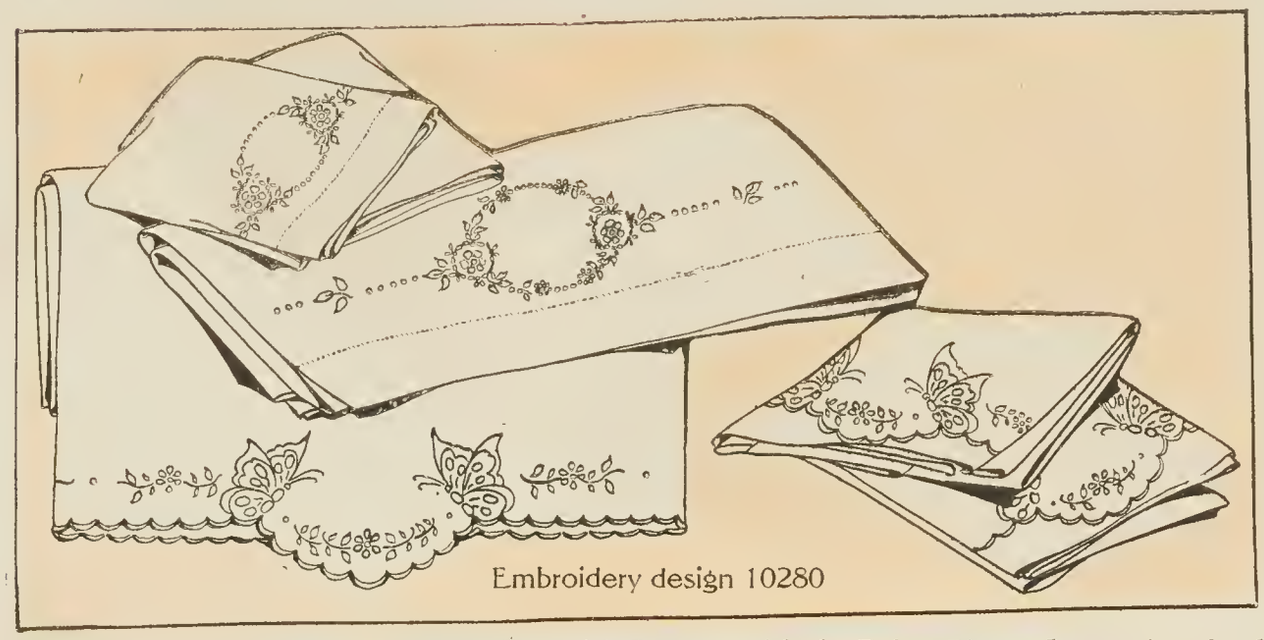
Embroidery design 10273

10273—There is always a place for new table linens and this embroidered luncheon cloth is very decorative for a table. The scalloping harmonizes with the flower design. This design should be worked in satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and scalloping, or lazy-daisy and outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to one 54-inch luncheon cloth.



Embroidery design 10278

10278—Pearl or crystal beads or rhinestones gleam from evening dresses whereon they trace flower patterns in graceful effects. Beading is also used for blouses. The bandings and motifs of this design may be worked in French-knot embroidery instead of beading. The design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of 7⅛-inch banding, 2½ yards of 3⅛-inch banding, 2½ yards of 1⅜-inch banding and 30 motifs in 5 assorted styles.



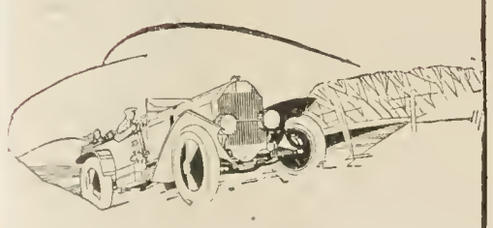
Embroidery design 10280

10280—If you like your embroidered linens to match in design, you will want to use this new embroidery for sheets, pillow-cases and towel-ends. The butterfly motifs and scallops are very lovely for linens, or you can use the wreath design with hemstitching. This embroidery is worked in satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and scalloping. The design can be adapted to two sheets and four pillow-cases in 2 assorted styles.

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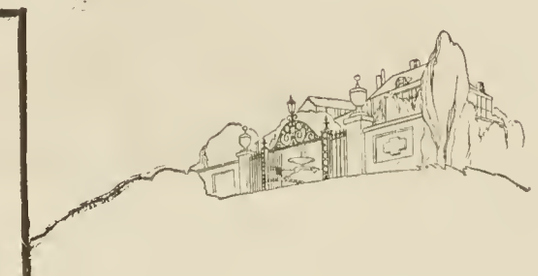
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(A letter from Mrs. P. F. Robin, Mobile, Ala.)



"***I was only 24 years old,*** my health, my good looks, and the old-time dynamic energy, which I had believed so permanently mine, were gone. A man of wisdom is my physician, but I thought him indeed crazy when he prescribed three yeast cakes a day. But at the end of a month I was surprised to find that the world looked much better to my tired eyes. For two months more I took the Yeast and now I am well and happy, the old-time buoyancy and energy are mine again."

(A letter from Miss Elva Tanner, Clover, Utah)





"***When I was constipated, I was always gloomy,*** melancholy, and unhappy. I got so I did not believe in any remedy at all. But I found on taking Fleischmann's Yeast that I did not have to have faith in it. It is one thing that will do its work whether one has faith in it or not.

"At the end of about three months I was as well as any man could possibly be. My constipation was gone, all my old headaches, listlessness and gloom left me. It does seem strange that these little yeast cakes can do this thing, but as sure as the sun shines, they can."

(A letter from Mr. T. C. Hinkle of Baldwin, Kansas)



"***Youthful freshness made way*** for lackadaisical indifference—headaches and constipation were my constant companions. Splotches appeared upon my face, and with seven large carbuncles, in a short time my neck and back resembled a shell-torn battlefront. When Fleischmann's Yeast was proposed I readily accepted it as a possible means of escape. The effect was miraculous. The invaders withdrew, and in ten days the last of the carbuncles was healing, and very soon my health was restored."

(Miss Lydia M. de Fuentes, Waukegan, Ill.)

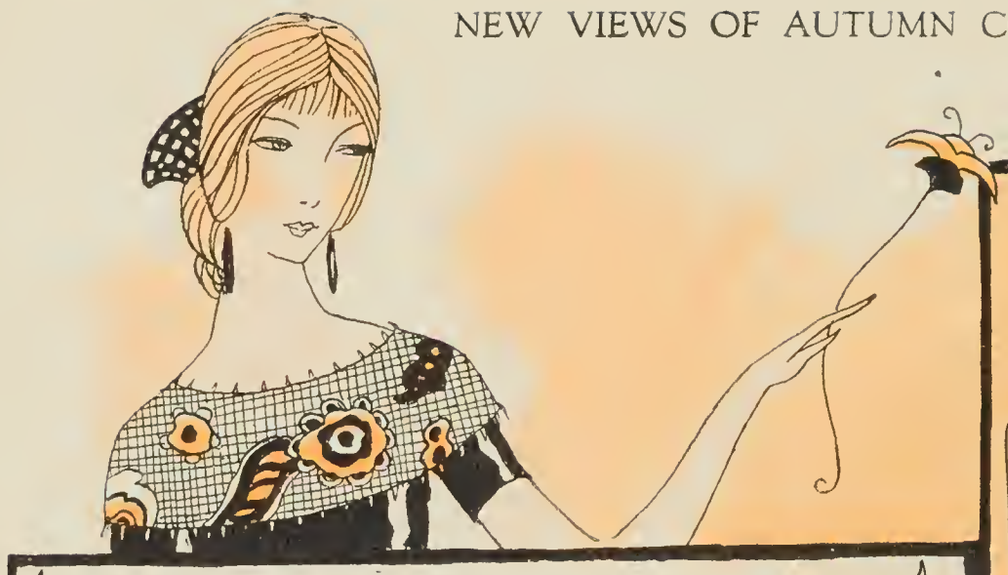


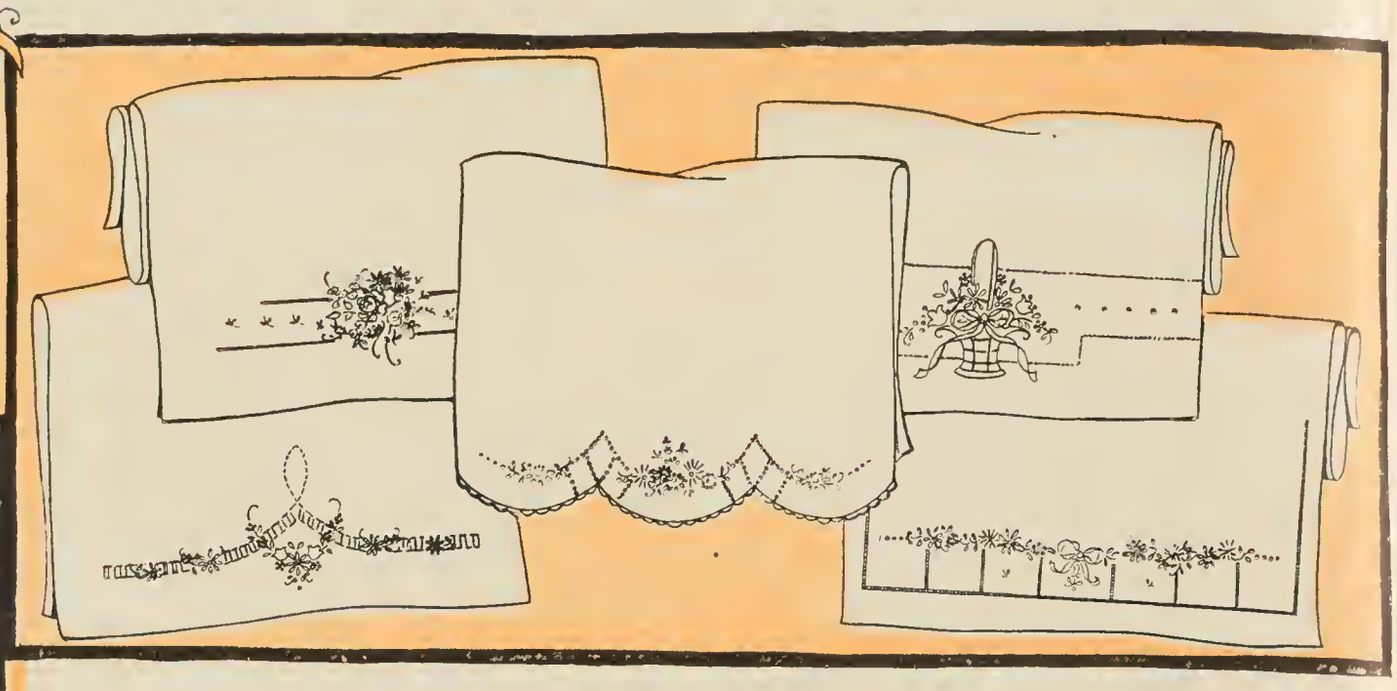
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*

"***One day the chef*** at the country club suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I was haggard, anaemic, and had lost all interest in life. I smiled, reminding him of my previous experiences with 'tonics.' He began serving me with what he called a special cheese sandwich daily. A month elapsed, and everyone marvelled at my complete transformation. One day I saw the chef spreading Fleischmann's Yeast on sandwiches and realized that I had been the butt of what he thought was a good joke."

(Mr. Herbert J. Hoffman of Philadelphia, Pa.)

NEW VIEWS OF AUTUMN COSTUMES REVEAL MOTIFS AND BANDINGS IN GRACEFUL EFFECT

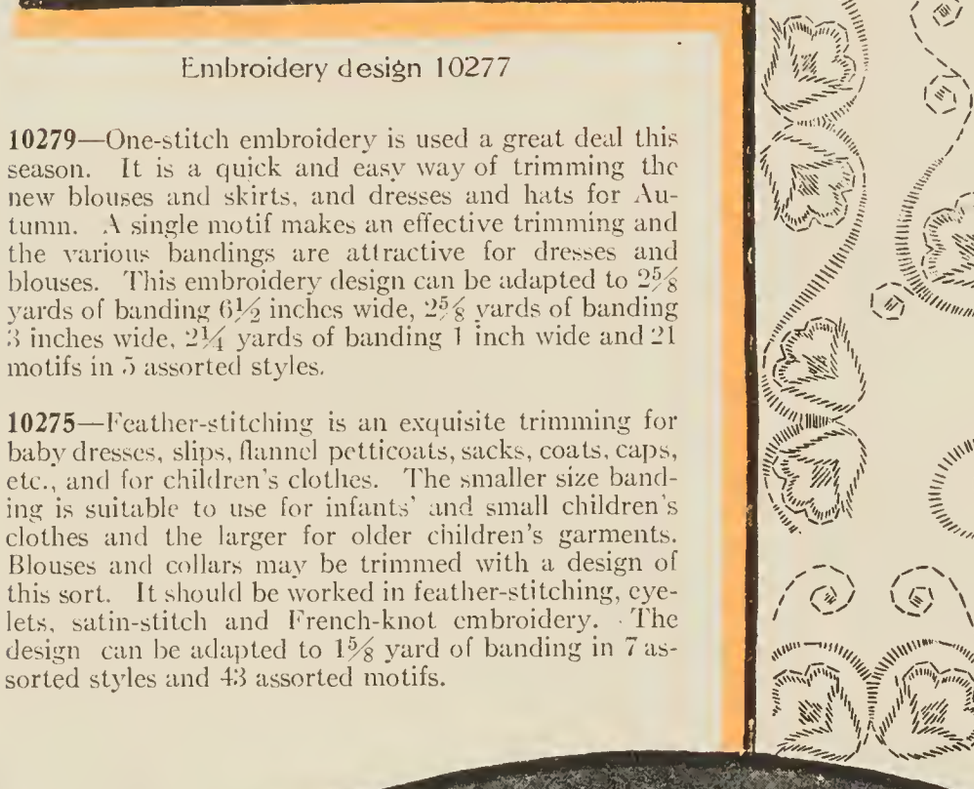




Embroidery design 10274

10277—This embroidery is a new version of a design always a great favorite with those who embroider. The satin-stitch gives sufficient body and color to the design and the one-stitch makes it work up very quickly. It is the type which is so admirably suited to the new dresses, blouses and hats for Fall. Both the bandings and motifs of this design should be worked in a combination of satin-stitch and one-stitch. It can be adapted to 3½ yards of 4½-inch banding, 3 yards of 2-inch banding, and 3⅛ yards of ¾-inch edging. It can also be adapted to 26 motifs in 3 assorted styles.

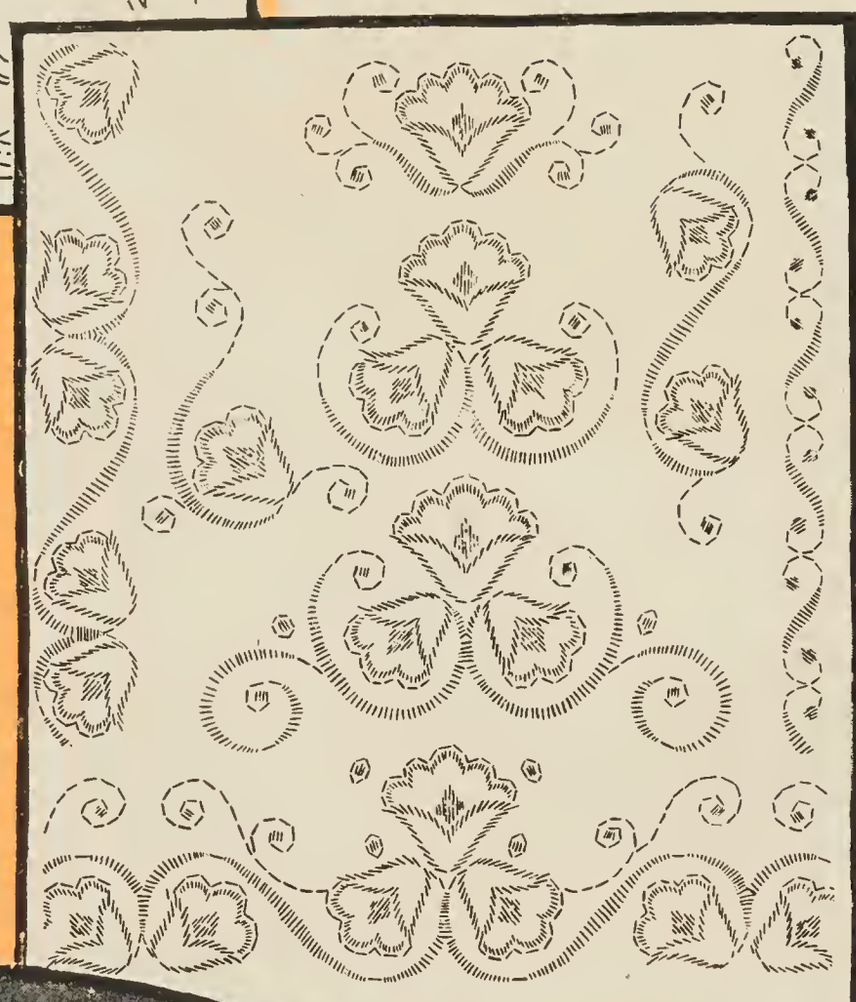
10274—The needleworker who is replenishing her linen closet, sewing for the Autumn bride, or who this early plans her list of gifts should consider this new design for towels and pillow-cases. The design contains a French basket and flower sprays which can be used with French knots, etc. The border in scalloped effect is very attractive and the flower design with hemstitching is an exquisite trimming for these linens. The banding and motifs of this embroidery should be done in eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy, one-stitch, hemstitch and outline. It can be adapted to 12 towel ends in 5 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10277

10279—One-stitch embroidery is used a great deal this season. It is a quick and easy way of trimming the new blouses and skirts, and dresses and hats for Autumn. A single motif makes an effective trimming and the various bandings are attractive for dresses and blouses. This embroidery design can be adapted to 2⅝ yards of banding 6½ inches wide, 2⅝ yards of banding 3 inches wide, 2¼ yards of banding 1 inch wide and 21 motifs in 5 assorted styles.

10275—Feather-stitching is an exquisite trimming for baby dresses, slips, flannel petticoats, sacks, coats, caps, etc., and for children's clothes. The smaller size banding is suitable to use for infants' and small children's clothes and the larger for older children's garments. Blouses and collars may be trimmed with a design of this sort. It should be worked in feather-stitching, eyelets, satin-stitch and French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of banding in 7 assorted styles and 43 assorted motifs.



Embroidery design 10279



Embroidery design 10275

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 64.



Lingette

Everybody thinks it's silk

A WOMAN once had to choose between plain white undermuslins and beautiful, tinted silks—between sending her clothes to the laundress or laundering them at home with infinite care.

But—until Lingette was created—she could not have *both* beautiful underthings and *freedom* from laundry worries. Silk was exquisite—but the effects of warm, cleansing suds, of hot irons, had to be worried about—guarded against. Muslin was durable but not exquisite!

And then Lingette was perfected—Lingette that combines the beauty of silk with the sturdiness of cotton—Lingette that meets the test of modern laundry methods and comes back with its shimmering loveliness unimpaired!

Yet, even better than its beauty, Lingette offers *long wear*. In garments where friction is greatest—as bloomers, for instance—you will be really amazed at the wear-resistance Lingette affords. Women write us that it seems as though it simply *won't wear out!*

If you have any trouble obtaining Lingette, send to us for name of nearest retailer.

FRED BUTTERFIELD & CO., Inc., 361 Broadway, N. Y. C.

OFFICES: BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, BALTIMORE, PITTSBURGH, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI.

They say— "Women are clever shoppers"

Yet every day we receive letters like this—"I should have known it was not Lingette, for it did not carry the Lingette name or label."
But we are almost powerless to help you *after* the wrong purchase is made!

A retailer usually has only one reason for offering a substitute for Lingette

He is making a few cents more profit per yard on the substitute! One tubbing will show you the difference. One tubbing will probably be all that is needed to remove the surface luster from those "just as good" materials.

You are buying 86 years of cotton goods experience

when you buy Lingette. We are using the very finest material, finished in the most beautiful and *lasting* manner, and we will not break faith with our public by using inferior materials or processes.

We are marking every yard of Lingette with the name, and we are giving to manufacturers of true Lingette garments the label shown below, so as to be of genuine service to women who know that economy is not "how much" a fabric costs, but how long it wears, and how beautiful and satisfactory it is in service.



A Lingette label may read

Slip	*Lining*
Bloomer	*Pajama*
Vest	*Quilt*
Step-in	*Gown*
Chemise	*Camisole*
Shirt	*Creeper*

Brassiere

or "*Garment*" as shown in the label photographed. But it never varies otherwise—always the Lingette name and 'the little fat man' trade mark are there—acting as friendly guardians to you, helping you to buy fine, long-wearing Lingette, and saving you from the imitations made up to trade on Lingette's great prestige and remarkable success.

Won't you protect yourself, and make sure that label *is* there before you buy?

No matter what any one tells you, a fabric is *not* Lingette unless it has Lingette marked plainly along the selvage; a garment is not a true Lingette garment unless it has in it the Lingette label.

LINGETTE IS A BUTTERFIELD QUALITY FABRIC — MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NORMANDY VOILE

GIPSY MEALS BY THE ROADSIDE

By Anne Madison

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

NOT to enjoy the adventure of eating picnic-fashion out-of-doors is to acknowledge oneself alien to the gipsying instinct and the spirit of youth.

It is quite conceivable that the traditional cold picnic lunch may pall by too much repetition. The solution for lasting success in automobile picnics lies in the hot outdoor meal.

For occasions demanding the conventional clothes of every day, the practical hot meal is the one prepared at home and served at the appointed picnic spot. This necessitates containers which will keep cooked food hot. For a hot drink (coffee, tea or cocoa) or for soup, large vacuum bottles are to be recommended. For other hot food, either large, wide-mouthed vacuum containers or covered earthenware or glass casseroles or baking-dishes or the familiar bean-pot will serve most excellently.

When either the casserole, baking-dish or bean-pot is used, it may be kept hot by taking advantage of the fireless-cooker principle of retaining heat in already heated food. This is accomplished by surrounding the dish with some nonconducting material. If the meal itself is the occasion of the motor trip and the place and time of eating are not far distant, wrapping the casserole in a number of thicknesses of heavy newspapers will serve to keep it sufficiently hot. But if the food must be kept hot several hours, then the casseroles should be buried in liberal thicknesses of closely packed nonconducting material. Thoroughly crumpled or cut newspapers may be used, or if the dish has a tight-fitting cover and is properly protected, cork or excelsior, or even hay, will do.

If a half-day's journey must elapse before the food is to be eaten, a large vacuum container is the best thing—or even a small fireless cooker. If picnics are to be frequent, it will pay to devise a special box with proper nonconducting linings for keeping the main dishes hot. The butter-keg type of home-made cooker is excellent, because it does not take up too much room in the car.

The hot motor meal if prepared entirely at home should ordinarily include two hot dishes: one to be a liquid, either soup or, if preferred, coffee, tea or cocoa; and the other to be the main dish of the meal. This main hot dish should be meat, with one or more vegetables. The food should be in some compact form which lends itself well to retaining heat and which can be cooked and carried in a casserole or transferred to a vacuum food-container. In case the vacuum food-container is used, hot water should be poured into it and the inside well heated just before the hot food is transferred to it.

THE following dishes are all delicious and satisfying and if combined with other foods will double the joys of the motor picnic. Every picnicker will probably think of a large variety of similar dishes which can be substituted for these:

Scalloped potatoes and ham en casserole; chicken fricassee with dumplings; swiss steak with carrots, little onions and potato-balls; any well-seasoned stew; casserole of pork chops and apple; creamed chicken and mushrooms; baked beans or eggs scrambled with bacon.

Two of these dishes are here selected and developed into complete menus. They show that although the hot motor meal must follow a more set type than the home meal, it need not differ from the latter in being well rounded, interesting and complete.

1. Swiss steak with carrots, little onions and potatoes; buttered bread or rolls; cocoa, coffee or tea; fruit cup and little cakes.

This meal may be further elaborated by serving the fruit cup in little fluted paper cups as a fruit cocktail at the beginning of the meal and by having small individual pumpkin pies for dessert.

2. Casserole of pork chops and apple; potato-cucumber-and-celery salad; buttered bread; cocoa, coffee or tea; and Washington pie.

Salads are not difficult to carry on a motor picnic—but they should be carefully packed. Lettuce should be washed thoroughly and wrapped in a cloth wrung out in cold water.



Crisp Autumn days will be coming along soon—and when you pull up the car and stop under a bronze-leafed tree you'll want a generous warm meal to take the tang out of the air. Try us on menus for just such days. We'll send you recipes and directions for making some luscious dishes. Address The Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope

If the weather is hot, it may be protected further by having a wet newspaper wrapped around it. Fruit for salad or whole tomatoes, scalded, cooled and ready to have the skins slipped off, or potato salad, may be carefully packed in straight-sided cans—or, better still, into glass fruit-jars—from which they may be served.

Of course an equipment should be kept on hand which includes a knife, fork, spoon, plate and cup for each person attending the picnic. Two or three large spoons for serving, two or three extra teaspoons, salt and pepper shakers, a jar of sugar, a case-knife and fork, a carving-knife, a can-and-bottle opener, a supply of paper plates with parchment insets, paper napkins and the little fluted paper cups are also useful.

Deep, narrow, straight-sided baskets are best for motor picnics, as they will hold more things and pack more compactly than those with rounded bottoms. Two of medium size are better than one very large one.

HOWEVER, if the motor trip is to be made in outing clothes which will stand the vicissitudes of cooking, and if the group includes a good camp cook, the soul-satisfying meal cooked out-of-doors may be indulged in instead of a meal prepared at home.

This may mean either very little equipment or an elaborate one. Reduced to its simplest, most practical terms, a frying-pan, a coffee-pot, a cooking-pail, a water-pail, a long-handled spoon, a long-handled fork, a sharp knife and a can-and-bottle opener will do the business.

It greatly adds to the ease of outdoor cooking to have a rack which can be set over the fire to hold pots and pans, and which can also be used as a broiler when the fire is low. The whole scheme can be conventionalized, especially in those sections where wood for a fire is difficult to secure, by a small gasoline auto-stove. At least one of these stoves is now so perfected that the cover opens up to form an oven and affords the possibilities of a well-baked loaf of bread or browned camp biscuits.

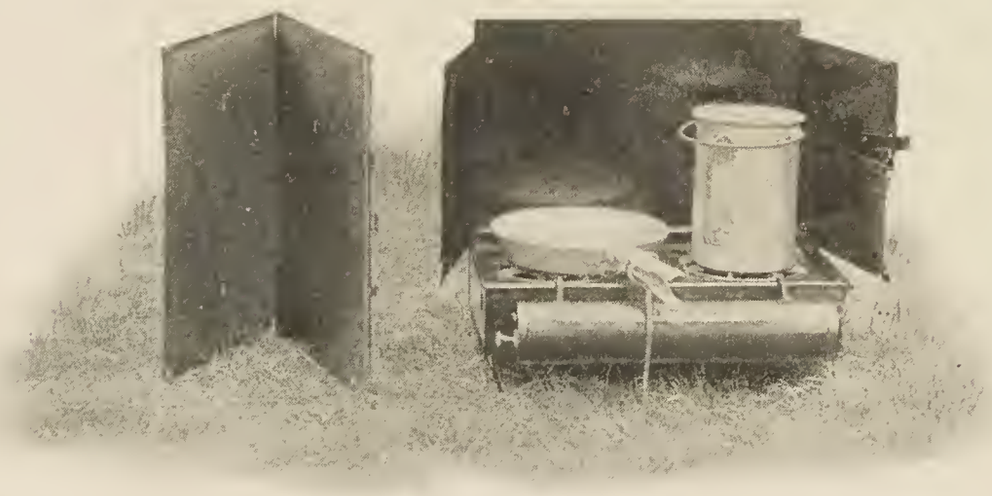
The following type menus show the possibilities of simple camp-fire meals.

1. Bacon or ham and eggs; salad; jam; bread and butter; coffee.

2. Corned-beef hash; fried potatoes and onions; bread and butter; canned fruit; cookies.

3. Broiled steak or fish or chicken; potatoes baked in the coals; camp biscuit; honey; fresh fruit; celery; coffee.

In cooking out-of-doors, two or three small fires, one for each dish to be cooked, will do better than a large bonfire.



For outdoor meals, a compact form of motor oil-stove with windshields of its own makes both cooking and baking possible

SUGGESTIONS FOR EMERGENCY MEALS

The following menus are planned for emergency meals:

1. Canned tomato or vegetable soup; minced canned beef served on pieces of zwieback; coffee; canned fruit and cookies.

2. Canned grapefruit cocktail; bacon, flapjacks and maple-sirup; coffee.

3. Creamed salmon with evaporated or dried milk; bread and butter; coffee; canned fruit salad with prepared dressing; wafers.

A section of the kitchen pantry should be set aside to hold the necessary equipment so that it may be gathered up for a picnic at a moment's notice. Further, a shelf or two should be devoted to foods which are reserved for the emergency of a suddenly planned outdoor meal. On this shelf the following foods should figure:

Canned soup	Fruit
Soup cubes	Lemon powder
Canned meat, fish or bacon	Raisins, dates or figs
	Maple-sirup
Canned baked beans	Prepared flour
Canned cheese	Crackers, zwieback and cookies
Peanut butter	
Salad dressing	Pickles
Marmalade or jam	Mustard
Tomatoes	Prepared coffee
Evaporated, dried or condensed milk	Onions
	Corn-meal

Except for the addition of bread and butter, a good meal can be quickly planned and assembled from such a shelf.

When bread is not available, flapjacks, camp biscuit or corn pone may be used in place of it.

Flapjacks are most satisfactorily made from prepared flours, and a little experience will soon give the needed deftness in baking them. It must be remembered that the batter must be thin if the pancake is to be delicate. The addition of some canned corn to the flapjack batter makes a fritter which many may prefer to plain flapjacks. Camp biscuit may be made from prepared flour or according to the ordinary biscuit recipe.

CORN PONE

Into one quart of boiling water to which has been added one-half teaspoon of salt, sift gradually two to two and one-half cups of corn-meal. Stir this mixture over heat until the mass is smooth and thick. Gather it into a ball and let it cool. When cold enough to handle, pat it out into circles one-fourth inch thick and sauté it in bacon or other fat. When brown on one side, turn and brown on the other. Eat hot with or without butter.

CASSEROLE OF PORK CHOPS AND APPLE

Allow one and one-half chops, one and one-half apples, and three teaspoons of brown sugar for each person. Sauté the chops in a heated frying-pan until they are a delicate brown. Slice the apples into the bottom of a casserole and sprinkle them with the sugar. Place the browned chops over the apples, cover the casserole and cook in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) until the apples are tender.

CASSEROLE OF SCALLOPED POTATO AND HAM

Allow one and one-half medium-size potatoes and one piece of ham about four to five inches long, three to four inches wide and one-fourth inch thick for each person.

Sauté the pieces of ham until they are a delicate brown. Into a greased casserole or stew-pot slice a thick layer of potatoes; sprinkle with flour, pepper and salt. Arrange pieces of ham on top of this. Add another layer of potatoes as before, until all are used, having the potato as the top layer. Cover with milk. Then cover the dish and bake in an oven at 350 to 375 degrees Fahrenheit until the potatoes are tender. Remove the cover and brown.

"I won't need a third lesson"



Copyright, 1924, The Selby Shoe Co.

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of the Nation. No. 4

THIS is the story of an Indianapolis woman, the mother of three children.

As a young woman she was an enthusiastic golfer, having won several rather important matches. Then she was married, and in establishing her new home she abandoned golf—temporarily. She told herself that as soon as she had time she would take it up again.

But the children began to come along, and instead of getting more time for recreation, she had less. Also, her feet commenced to bother her.

So she applied herself closely to the rearing of her family. Meanwhile, she found the Arch Preserver Shoe, and with it, perfect comfort and foot usefulness. Then for six years she was a happy, normal mother, enjoying life — growing further and further away from the golf that she had loved so much.

One day in early summer she started down-town to purchase shoes. "I'll try to buy them as economically as I can," she said to herself. "The children need so many things. Perhaps I can find a special sale somewhere."

Then she remembered the old trouble she had had with her feet. But it was not a serious problem to her now. "Oh, my feet are all right," she thought. "Really, I believe I overestimated these Arch Preserver Shoes I've been wearing. I have an idea they aren't so wonderful as I thought. I'm going to try something else, if I can find a bargain."

She found the "bargain" easily. It is always a simple matter for a woman to find a special sale. She purchased a pair of shoes "at just a wonderful price," and carried them home exultantly.

Nothing was said to her husband about the new shoes. There was really no need of telling him, since he had not given a thought to her feet in years. Further, she felt a little glow of self-satisfaction in effecting a little economy unknown to him.

The first day she wore the new shoes they felt fine. She was happier than ever over her "shrewdness." That evening her husband came home and added to her happiness. "What do you think, little wife, the boss came in today and asked if I played golf. I told him I had played a long time ago.

"Then he asked whether you played. I told him a plenty about your playing. I told him—"

"Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful to play again!" she interrupted.

"That's just it. He asked you and me to join him and his wife at the club tomorrow afternoon for a foursome. You've got to go."

"I should say I will go, even if I have to lock all the children up in the bathroom!"

It was a bright sunshiny afternoon. The golf course was in perfect condition. Her husband was in a fine mood, and the boss and his wife were as nice as they could be. All in all, it was a perfect afternoon of golf—excepting for the fact that she had a miserable time.

She started out dashingly, driving a full two hundred yards from the first tee. The second hole was played almost as brilliantly. Then she realized that her feet were acting queerly. First a feeling of fatigue, then a noticeable discomfort, finally a sharp pain that made her fairly hobble over the last few holes.

She paid dearly for her "bargain" shoes.

When they reached home she was in tears. "Oh, I simply spoiled everything. I know they'll think I'm a dreadful old woman who can hardly walk."

"Don't worry about it," comforted her husband.

"But I can't help but worry. That game meant so much to you in business."

He seemed to be puzzled. "I can't understand about this. I thought you had fixed up your feet long ago with those shoes you got. What made them behave as they did this afternoon."

"I know you'll hate me, but I did the silliest thing. I thought my feet didn't need that kind of shoes any more. I thought I'd save some money by buying shoes at a sale. I had on different shoes today, the first I've tried to wear in years."

He laughed good humoredly. "Well, I guess you'll behave yourself from now on. I'll say that's a good joke on you."

"It's not a joke at all. It's awful that I should make such a spectacle of myself. But I've learned my lesson; I've learned it twice. I won't need a third lesson!"

A few weeks later they played another game with her husband's employer and his wife. This time, she played her sparkling game clear through the eighteen holes. The hostess was astonished. "Why, what in the world has happened to you? I never saw such a difference in any one's playing."

"Well, I must tell you the story," she replied. Then she explained about her Arch Preserver Shoes, with their special built-in arch bridge that holds up the delicate weight-carrying structure of the foot without strain or sagging, the flat inner sole that prevents pinching or cramping the nerves and blood-vessels of the forepart of the foot, and, finally, the different system of fitting that insures the placing of the bridge underneath the foot arch in exactly the right position She became enthusiastic as she talked and went into careful detail.

Her hostess smiled amusedly as she finished. "Do you know," said the older woman, "that's the very kind of shoe I'm wearing.

"I've been wearing it for several years. I never had much trouble with my feet. They never ached or bothered me a great deal. But the store said that I should wear these shoes. I don't remember just what reasons they gave me, but I have had wonderful comfort.

"I go back there when I want more shoes and they fit my feet. I've always wondered why they measured my foot that way. It's interesting to know all the things you told me. I understand now why my shoes have been so satisfactory."

"Well," replied the younger woman, "don't ever make the mistake I made of thinking you can get along without Arch Preserver Shoes. I learned my lesson twice; I won't need to learn it a third time!"

Women everywhere, in every walk of life, have been learning, and re-learning, the story of the Arch Preserver Shoe. They have welcomed this shoe enthusiastically, because it has given them advantages they never before could get in a single shoe—comfort and style combined.

It was a logical result that the Arch Preserver Shoe should "change the ideas of the Nation" regarding shoes.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade-Mark

It is on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
203 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Makers of Women's Fine Shoes for more than Forty years

Send for this interesting booklet—"HOW TO KEEP YOUR FEET YOUNG."



No. 678



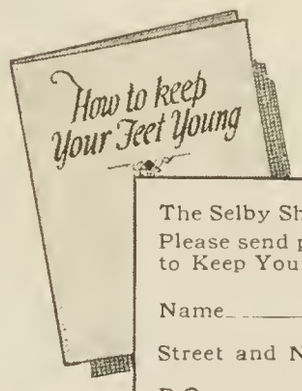
No. 114



No. 95



No. 30361



The Selby Shoe Co., 203 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 193, "How to Keep Your Feet Young", and name of dealer.

Name_____

Street and No._____

P.O._____ State_____

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN EAT AT NOON?

By Flora M. Thurston

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

AS SOON as children reach school age, one-third of their nutrition is jeopardized by the problem of the school lunch.

The responsibility for establishing and maintaining correct food habits at the noonday meal must be divided between the home and the community. This holds true whether the children swing from their book-straps a meal brought from home in tin pail or lunch-basket, whether they hastily select something to eat from the corner store, or whether they dash home to bolt half their food and neglect the rest.

Wherever this responsibility is not recognized and assumed, children who are underweight and badly nourished will continue to prevail.

In many schools rapid progress has been made toward a satisfactory solution of this lunch-time problem. Some schools maintain a lunch-room, others have milk served in the middle of the morning. Even in many rural and village schools, cocoa or some other hot food is served at noon to supplement the lunches which the children bring from home.

HOWEVER, the situation is far from being adequately met, partly because in most homes there is not a whole-hearted conviction that health is dependent upon satisfactory nutrition, and partly because the home and the school do not recognize their partnership in this enterprise.

If the children hurry off in the morning with only a scanty breakfast, they are hungry enough at recess-time to eat the larger part of their lunches. At noon, the portion that is left is consumed on the way out to play, or, if it is especially unattractive, it is thrown away or given to some other child. Is it any wonder that after a long walk home the children demand more food at once and often eat so heartily then that their appetites for the regular evening meal are greatly impaired?

Accompanying these bad practises among the children is usually a wrong attitude on the part of their parents. One hears the remarks not infrequently from fathers and mothers: "*I* lived through it; I guess our children will, too. What's good enough for us is good enough for them." Such logic does not stand the test of time. Fathers and mothers of to-day did not live *through* it, but *in spite of it*, and what they thought was good enough for them has sometimes unfortunately helped to make them what they are to-day—worn machines, teeth going or gone, the weakness of age showing itself while they are still young in years. Their children, too, will doubtless "live through it," but unless food habits change, each generation will be weaker than the past.

In large centers the children may not be better off than they are in isolated places. Even city children who live near the school sometimes hurry away in the morning with less food in their stomachs than do their rural cousins. The milk they have served to them at school during the morning recess may, unless the mother is wise, merely take the place of milk they should have consumed at home at breakfast-time. Lunch if eaten at home may be a picked-up affair, sometimes without mother to supervise the picking. If it is eaten at school or at the corner store, the selection may score even lower than at home. Then after school hours come the irresistible attractions of soda-fountain products and confections.

MOTHERS may rise up and declare that the schools are responsible, that they should provide proper food in their lunch-rooms, and insist that the children patronize them. But the schools may justly answer: "How can good lunch-rooms be maintained without home cooperation? If children are permitted to refuse wholesome food at home, they will refuse wholesome food at school."

The problem is clearly one of education and of service, of teaching the younger generation what and how to eat and of providing wholesome food for them not only at home but also at school.

First of all, parents, teachers and children should be conscious of the importance of high standards of food selection. To live up to the score-card of nutrition (published in THE DELINEATOR in June and obtainable in return for a stamped, self-addressed envelope) is even more important for children than for adults, because to build well in childhood is the best insurance for health in adult life. The supply of food must be regular and adequate to bring the best results. A child can not be poorly fed at school five meals of the week, whether or not he is well fed at home the rest of the time, and have the best opportunity possible for good nutrition. A leisurely breakfast with more than enough food to provide fuel for the morning walk to school and for work and play afterward, an appetizing lunch that is eaten while its owner is sitting comfortably at a clean desk or table rather than on the way to a ball-game, and a supper that satisfies but does not overload should be not the exception but the rule.

The average lunch can be greatly improved by the addition of a hot dish, such as cocoa, served at school. This adds food that serves a threefold purpose: it supplies liquid and heat, which a dry, cold lunch lacks, and it adds immensely to food value if the cocoa is made largely of milk.

DESIRABLE as a hot drink is, it does not go far enough. The school lunch to be wholly satisfactory must fit into the food plan for the entire day. If breakfast and supper are necessarily light, then the food during the middle of the day should make up the rest of the required amount.

If the score-card is to be followed, the task is merely one of distributing the correct food quantities throughout the day so as not to overload any one meal. The time-honored prejudice against eating more than three times a day needs considerable modification in cases of malnutrition or where there are long periods between meals. With children there is more danger of underfeeding than overfeeding, for a child has a more limited ability to digest and store food than has an adult and therefore should not be required to live on three meals a day if he can do better with four or five. Children who do not eat heartily at meal-times should have a mid-morning lunch and something to eat again at four o'clock, unless an early supper is served, in which case it is sometimes desirable to give a light lunch before going to bed. With undernourished children, it is especially important not to allow too long a period between supper and breakfast, and for those who have no appetite for breakfast, the supper should be especially easy to digest. Some cases of lack of appetite for breakfast may be traced to fried potatoes or some other dish hard to digest the night before.



THE DELINEATOR will welcome the opportunity to assist in the establishing of hot school lunches. We offer our counsel with regard to methods of organization, necessary equipment and correctly balanced menus. The score-card referred to in this article will also be sent on request. Address The Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

The following plan may suggest ways of distributing the necessary food throughout the day:

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Water or lemon or orangeade, one glass or more.

BREAKFAST

Fruit (if not taken before breakfast).

Whole cereal (cooked or ready-prepared) with milk or thin cream.

Milk or cocoa to drink.

Egg, bacon and toast may be added.

MID-MORNING

Water, milk, sandwich or a piece of fruit.

LUNCH AT SCHOOL

A vegetable or tomato in the form of clear or cream soup, scalloped, baked, creamed or plain with butter, or as a salad.

Bread and butter in the form of sandwiches with or without fillings of meat, egg, nuts, cheese or sweet fruit. If fillings are not used, these foods may be taken separately.

Fruit, raw if possible, canned or dried.

Milk taken plain or combined with cocoa or vegetables.

Cookies, plain cake, sweet chocolate, custard or other pudding.

MID-AFTERNOON

Water, milk, sandwich or fruit, if supper is late.

SUPPER

One or, if possible, two vegetables.

Meat, cheese or eggs.

Bread and butter.

Simple pudding or fruit and plain cake, or fruit salad.

Milk to drink, if required amount has not been used.

BEFORE BED

Milk to drink, sandwich or fruit if supper has been early.

THERE are several important conclusions one might draw from such a plan.

First, that it is a *plan*, not a haphazard method of feeding, and that it is based upon needs scientifically determined. The lunch at school is a part of the food scheme for the day, and in order to be appetizing and to meet the child's need for vegetables it contains a hot vegetable dish. It is comparatively simple to include bread, fruit, milk and even meat, eggs and cheese in a cold lunch and have them palatable and attractive, but it is almost impossible to make cold vegetables, except raw cabbage and celery, alluring enough to be eaten on a Winter day.

In order not to overburden the supper menu, at least one serving of vegetable should be given at noon. This requires some equipment for cooking and washing dishes, but is well worth the effort and cost.

The portion of the school lunch that is brought from home should consist of bread, fruit, milk, meat, egg or cheese, unless the necessary quantity of these foods is provided for in the breakfast or supper. A mildly sweet food is desirable for dessert, but it should not replace any of the other foods.

If a child has a light breakfast or is not able to eat a hearty lunch at noon, a mid-morning feeding is desirable and may be necessary for normal growth. Several types of foods—such as sandwiches, milk and fruit—should be tried, to determine which one best satisfies the need for food without lessening the appetite for the next meal.

SECOND, if a plan is to be followed, parents, teachers and children must agree upon it, the parents to furnish the food or the funds to buy it, the teachers or other school employees to supervise its preparation and serving and the children to help prepare and serve it, and, most important of all, to eat it.

In rural schools, where the number of children is small, mothers may arrange to take turns in sending a hot dish or one that can be heated for the entire school. Where there are more children, it may be advisable to send raw or canned vegetables, milk and flour. Where it is impossible to cook food in the school, the children may bring cooked food in small glass jars which can be put into a boiler and surrounded with hot water to heat them. In some cases it may be more convenient for each child to pay a small sum and to have all the supplies purchased as needed.

Through the many interests that grow out of the lunch at school, the teacher and children may come to live more together, because they will work, plan and eat together. Innumerable lessons in health, food selection, sanitation and teamwork are learned over a bowl of soup, a dishpan or a broom. The noon hour becomes a time for companionship and thoughtfulness rather than merely a period for boisterous play.

To the teacher of home economics, or the nurse who is especially interested in nutrition, the school lunch offers an opportunity to teach all the children good nutrition habits. No home-economics teacher who is on her job can afford to confine her efforts to those alone who study cookery, any more than a nurse gives all her attention to only those children who are ailing. If boys and girls of to-day are to be effective home-makers to-morrow, they must learn well the relation between food and health.

IF YOU as a mother have children who eat their lunches at school, have you ever seriously considered whether or not they were being well fed—or have you just expected that they would "live through it," as you may have done? Have you ever visited the school at the noon hour to see if there is any provision for preparing a hot dish and whether the lunch as a whole is the kind of meal children should have at noon? Have you ever let the teacher know that you want your children to have the right kind of lunch and that you will stand back of her in any effort she may make to bring the school up to intelligent food standards? Have you ever urged the parents' organization to inform itself on the food needs of the children and as a group to cooperate with the school in promoting the teaching of nutrition to all the boys and girls?

If you haven't, take your own lunch to school some cold Winter day and spend the noon hour with the children. Talk it over with them and the teacher; hold a family council and convince your husband.

In one community where it was difficult to persuade fathers that a hot dish was necessary for the children's lunch, the mothers who firmly believed in the idea convinced their husbands by serving them with cold lunches, such as the children had every day. Only one lunch was needed to effect the change of opinion on the part of the fathers.

Then extend your activities to the community. Make your proposal and strike high. The home-making standards of the community are at stake. Try it and see it work!

Served with cream or rich milk Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration.



Three times a day you make your choice

For illness, depression, failure—choose the wrong kind of food. For health, happiness, efficiency—choose the right kind of food.

Upon the *carbohydrates* (a great part of which comes from the grains) we depend for our power for mental and physical work. At least one-third of our nourishment should come from them.

Yet in order to give the body the nourishment it needs, they must be specially prepared; otherwise they may begin, instead, to manufacture actual poisons that lead to illness.



An EMINENT PHYSICIAN says:

"Grape-Nuts is an excellent food to eat every day, a simple nourishing food that in no way overtaxes the digestion and yet supplies an abundance of working power.

"The form in which the carbohydrates occur in Grape-Nuts — *dextrinized* — renders their nourishment available to the weakest or most abused digestion."

"Your teeth, like any other part of your body, need exercise to keep them healthy," says a distinguished dentist. "That is what I like about Grape-Nuts—it requires good, hard chewing.

"When you eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast you give your mouth regular daily 'setting up exercises.' Chewing the crisp, hard grains stimulates the teeth and gums and starts a normal flow of the protective alkaline juices of the mouth glands. This means a clean, healthy mouth, and, incidentally, a proper start for the whole digestive process."

A delicious food—easy to digest

MORE than three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts (made of wheat and malted barley) are these precious *carbohydrates*, and—what is of supreme importance—in the form which your body most easily and completely turns into nourishment.

In Grape-Nuts the *carbohydrates* have been *dextrinized*—scientifically broken down into the form most suitable to the needs of your digestive organs. The *carbohydrates* are at once thoroughly digested and absorbed into strength and vitality.

Grape-Nuts gives you nourishment without forming injurious acids—dangerous poisons. No matter how much you have abused your body with difficult foods, you can digest Grape-Nuts quickly and easily.

Served with milk or cream in the morning, a bowlful of Grape-Nuts gives you just the *nourishment* your body needs. Eat it every day and see how much more healthy and alive you are—mentally and physically.

All grocers have Grape-Nuts. All hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion. The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

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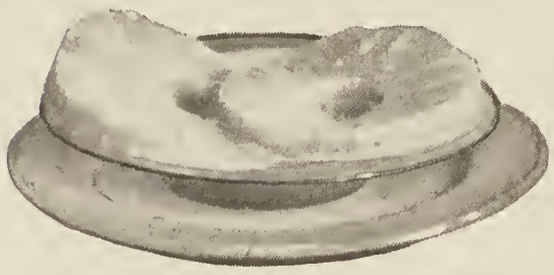
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If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

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BUY IT *Sliced*

for serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads



Of course, you know the haunting, tropical charm of Hawaiian Pineapple—the matchless flavor that has made it America's favorite fruit.

But remember also that it is packed in two forms—each particularly convenient and economical for certain uses. Buy it both *Sliced* and *Crushed.*

Open a can of *Sliced* Hawaiian Pineapple, for instance! Serve the luscious, golden slices as a tempting, ever-ready fruit, just as they come from the can—or in simple, easy-to-prepare salads and desserts.

You'll generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen from your grocer—a half-dozen of each kind.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced *Crushed*

Two New Recipes for Your Book

THREE-STORY SALAD: Cut thick slices from peeled oranges and slice solid ripe tomatoes, allowing one slice of each for a serving of the salad. Place a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on each salad plate, then a slice of tomato and top with a slice of orange. Serve on lettuce leaves with French Dressing.

PINEAPPLE MINT SALAD: Cut mint jelly in cubes. Place a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on each salad plate, garnished with lettuce, and top with a cube of the jelly. Add mayonnaise.



To prevent loss of the delicate flavor of thin-skinned mushrooms, brush them instead of paring and do not let them remain in water while cleaning them

EVERYBODY LOVES MUSHROOMS

By Jessie A. Boys

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

MUSHROOMS will always be classed as luxuries and delicacies, whether they are purchased at a reasonable price from the market or gathered from lawn, woods or pasture. Hence they will always be used in combination with certain appropriate foods, such as chicken, eggs, whitefish, sweetbreads, oysters, etc., and their flavor will be made to "go" as far as possible in sauces to accompany any of these foods.

PREPARATIONS FOR COOKING

First the mushrooms must be cleaned. This may be accomplished by brushing them with a soft-bristled brush or by rubbing them with a soft cloth. If mushrooms are muddy or very dirty, it may be necessary to wash them with water, though they should not be allowed to stand in water long enough to permit the gills to become water-soaked.

When cleaned the stem should be trimmed off or broken off close to the cap; and the cap, if washed, should be placed gills downward on a clean cloth to dry. The caps may or may not be peeled, depending upon whether the skin is thick and tough, as it sometimes is with the field or market mushrooms, or whether it is so thin that it is negligible. Some cooks claim that the mushrooms have more flavor if the skin is left on.

The stem between the cap and the ring is usually tender enough to be included with the cap when the caps are to be used chopped. The lower part of the stem and the cap peelings should be covered with cold water and put over a slow fire to cook. When strained through cheese-cloth, the stock thus made may be used in soups or sauces.

Puff balls are always peeled and, in case of the larger ones, sliced before cooking.

Most mushrooms will be sufficiently cooked in from five to ten minutes. Longer cooking tends to make them tough.

CREAMED MUSHROOMS

Perhaps the most simple and satisfying way to serve mushrooms is to cream them. One method of preparing such a dish is to add the sautéd mushrooms to a thin white sauce. The other method follows:

1 pound mushrooms
¼ cup butter
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup cream
Few drops onion-juice

Prepare the mushrooms, slice them and sauté in the melted butter from three to five minutes. Sprinkle with the salt and the flour, mix well and add the cream, stirring carefully, then simmer from five to eight minutes. Serve very hot on toast or in a timbale case, bread box or patty shells.

MUSHROOMS À LA KING

Use either recipe for creamed mushrooms with the following additions:

1 tablespoon pimiento strips
1 egg-yolk
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon lemon-juice

Add these ingredients to the hot creamed mushrooms; stir thoroughly and when the egg-yolk has thickened serve at once.

Creamed mushrooms or mushrooms à la king may be served in croustades or cases of bread, patties of puff paste, ramekins, Swedish timbale cases, baked-potato cases, nests of mashed potatoes, or as a hot sandwich or a sauce with potatoes, boiled rice, chicken, sweetbreads, whitefish, etc.

MUSHROOM SOUP

Prepare mushroom stock from cap peelings and chopped stems. To one cup of this stock add one cup of cream and one cup of chicken stock. Season to taste with salt, white pepper and paprika.

MUSHROOM SAUSAGES

½ pound mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
Few drops onion-juice
2 egg-yolks
1 teaspoon lemon-juice
White pepper
Salt

Prepare the mushrooms and chop them fine. Sauté them in the butter with the parsley for five minutes. Add the parsley, onion-juice and lemon-juice; remove all from the fire and stir in the beaten yolks. Season to taste with pepper and salt.

Roll plain pastry or rich baking-powder-biscuit dough in a thin sheet. Cut into oblongs about three by four inches. In the center of each place a tablespoon of the mushroom mixture and roll up like link sausages, moistening the edges and pinching so as to make them adhere. Place them in a greased baking-pan an inch apart and bake in a moderately hot (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) oven for ten to twenty minutes. Serve with a cream sauce.

MUSHROOM SOUFFLÉ

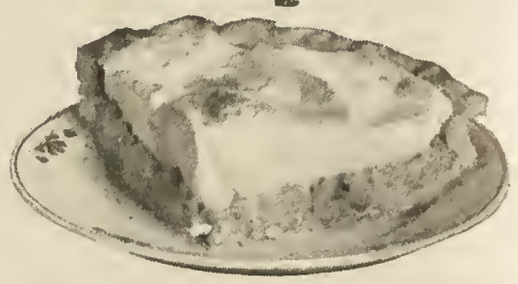
1 cup chopped mushrooms
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup cream
½ teaspoon salt
2 egg-whites

Sauté the mushrooms in the butter for five minutes. Sprinkle the flour over and stir well. Add the cream and let the whole cook till thick, stirring carefully to prevent scorching. Season with salt. Beat the egg-whites very stiff and fold the hot mushroom mixture into them. When well combined, pour into a buttered baking-dish, set it into a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) oven twenty to thirty minutes, or until firm to the touch. Serve at once.

If you take an epicurean delight in mushrooms, you'll no doubt want a set of very choice recipes which we've collected. And perhaps you'll also want our directions for drying and canning. Write the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped reply envelope.

BUY IT *Crushed*

for Sundaes, Ices, Pies, Salads and hundreds of made-up dishes



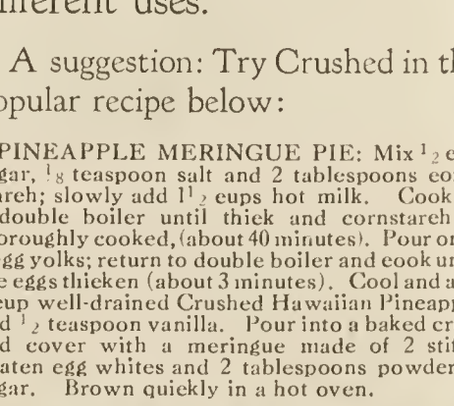
Packed in convenient, economical *crushed* form, Hawaiian Pineapple makes it easy to serve reputation-making dishes—pies, cake-filling, ices, sundaes, salads, fruit-cocktails and endless tempting desserts.

The Crushed is identical in quality and flavor with Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple—the same full-ripened fruit, grown on the same Hawaiian plantations—simply packed two ways for different uses.

A suggestion: Try Crushed in the popular recipe below:

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE: Mix ½ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons cornstarch; slowly add 1½ cups hot milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, (about 40 minutes). Pour onto 2 egg yolks; return to double boiler and cook until the eggs thicken (about 3 minutes). Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced *Crushed*

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Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

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Going on three — and going strong



JAY PETER OLWYLER, *son of Mr. and Mrs. John Olwyler, 11 Chester St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*

THIS is the second chapter of a continued story—the story of little Jay Peter Olwyler's life. The first chapter was published last year in all leading magazines when Pete was only nine months old, but those short nine months had been eventful ones.

Soon after he was born he became seriously ill with intestinal troubles. No food would agree with him. Finally, after weeks of sickness, his mother put him on Eagle Brand. In a few days he had recovered completely and immediately began to gain as he should. At the age of nine months Pete was as healthy and happy a baby as anyone could wish to see, alert and interested in everything going on around him.

What happened after that? Just look at this latest picture of Pete, taken when he was "going on three." It tells the whole story — a story of continued healthy development.

Once given the right start, Pete's progress was steady and normal, without interruption. His good health bids fair to be permanent, too, for it is built upon a sound foundation laid in early infancy.

◆ ◆ ◆

SOME people suffer all through life from the unfair handicap of poor health, started by wrong feeding as babies.

Ordinarily nothing is better for a baby than mother's milk. But if for any reason you are unable to nurse your baby or if his present food does not agree with him, give him Eagle Brand.

Eagle Brand is more nearly like breast milk than any other baby food. It is pure cow's milk and cane sugar, combined by a special process which makes it exceptionally digestible. Even the most delicate baby stomach can assimilate it easily. It also contains the vitamins, so necessary for healthy growth.

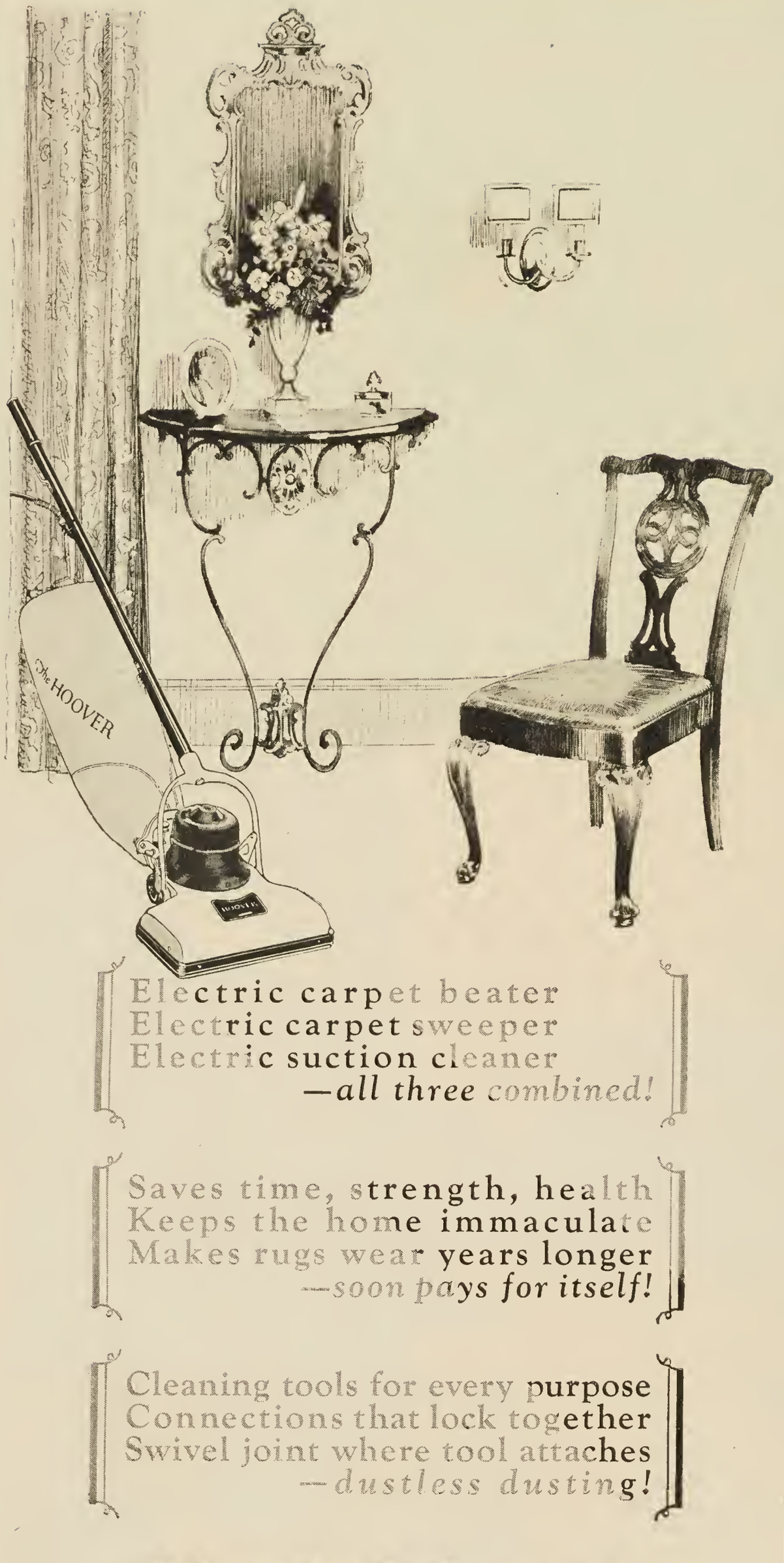
Eagle Brand has given thousands of babies a healthy start in life and kept them healthy. It is the standard baby food wherever bottle feeding is necessary. *THE BORDEN COMPANY, 108 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

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The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
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KNOW YOUR MATTRESS!

By Beulah Blackmore

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



A good mattress deserves good care. Frequent turning, sunning and cleaning with a brush or vacuum-cleaner attachment will keep it buoyant and elastic

IN ONE of the large State universities where animal husbandry receives serious consideration, a great amount of time is spent in the study and investigation of the best types of bedding for animals. Through this investigation it has been proved that when animals are comfortably bedded there is little pressure on their nerves, their muscles relax more easily and a smaller amount of food becomes necessary during the day because less energy is used up during sleep. After a period of comfortable rest, animals that are well bedded exceed in energy and strength those animals that are uncomfortably bedded.

If large sums of money are appropriated for investigating the gentle sleep of animals, surely the housewife is justified in giving time-consuming consideration to the selection of comfortable beds for her family.

The one fact that one-third of life is spent in bed is enough to make her first question: "What makes a comfortable bed?"

The length of the bed, the construction of its springs and the bed coverings are all very important, but one fundamental part that must be right is the mattress.

Persons differ as to certain factors that go to make up a perfect mattress; yet there are many essential points that are common to all tastes and should be common to all mattresses. One person may prefer a soft mattress, another a firm mattress; but surely every one desires a sanitary mattress, a light one, one which has elasticity, one that will give good service and one that will make a bed perfect in form when dressed for the daytime.

MATTRESS FILLINGS

Mattress fillings are made of many materials and combinations, such as hay, cornhusks, excelsior, jute, wood chips, shredded husks of coconuts, sea-weed, cotton-felt, kapok or silk floss, wool, various grades of horsehair and small coiled springs with a surfacing of cotton-felt or hair. In choosing a filling for a mattress, the essential points to remember are that it should be sanitary, light and elastic, that it should not mat, ball up or powder, and that it should not have an odor. These qualifications exclude the consideration of all but cotton-felt, kapok, coiled springs, wool and hair.

A cotton-filled mattress is cheap, durable, comfortable and fairly satisfactory if of good quality. The cotton fiber from which it is made is, however, not greatly elastic. Because of this a mattress filled with cotton lacks springiness and in time will become lumpy. Also a cotton mattress has a tendency to absorb moisture, and consequently is less satisfactory than others in a very damp climate or near the seashore. When a cotton mattress packs, it is practically air-tight and therefore less warm. It is the tiny chambers of still air which are held in a mattress that make for its warmth.

Kapok, a silk floss imported from Java, is proving very satisfactory when given careful treatment. It makes a very soft, light, non-absorbent and sanitary mattress. An hour or so in the sun will bring it back to its original softness even after weeks of use. Kapok is free from odor and is practically vermin-proof.

Wool mattresses are seldom used, because they are very warm and often irritating to the body.

The standard mattress is filled with hair. These mattresses are guaranteed to last a lifetime, and experience has proved this to be practically true. The hair used in mattresses comes in greatest quantity from the horses that roam the prairies of South America. The best hair is obtained from the mane and tail of the horse, the very best being that which comes from the tail, known as super-extra long drawings. The white-hair mattress is the most expensive, the black hair second and the gray or mixed hair cheapest. Black and white hair of equally good quality give approximately the same wear.

In hair mattresses there is always a certain per cent. of short hair and a certain per cent. of long hair. Horsehair is occasionally adulterated with fine shreds of whalebone, goat hair, cattle hair and hog hair. The long hair is the best quality, but short hair must be added in order that the long hairs may be kept from interlocking and matting. The hair as we get it in mattresses is processed very carefully to make it sanitary and then curled.

Hair is the most elastic and resilient of all fillings, is not absorbent, will not pack, is free from odor and is sanitary. Hair mattresses are warm, as the resiliency of the hair allows for holding air within the mattress. Frequent sunning is desirable. The mattress should not be beaten, because this breaks the hairs.

There is a still different type of mattress on the market which seems to be giving satisfaction. This mattress contains a great number of small, upright coiled springs of finest steel, each spring inclosed in

Concluded on page 51



Broken or lost tufts should be replaced immediately by candle-wicking or cloth

For ices that meet every hot weather need



SERVE THEM THIS WAY

Del Monte Fruits are delicious just as they come frozen from the can, when cut in circular slices as shown above. Note the attractive cylinder of frozen sliced peaches, and the way the individual service is sliced off the end. You may freeze Del Monte Sliced Peaches, Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, or Loganberries in exactly the same way. Each has its own hot-weather appeal as a simple fruit ice.

But you will especially appreciate the many other unusual and delightful menu variations which this simple method of serving fruit ices places at your command—like the frozen strawberries with whipped cream — or the frozen pineapple salad — both of which are also shown above.

In freezing, follow the simple suggestions illustrated in the panels below. Three hours is just about right for freezing, as the fruit then turns out in a firm cylinder, not too hard and not too soft. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer. If softer, use less salt or shorter freezing. Smooth results are best obtained by slow, even freezing.

Send for this Free Book

Besides several hundred other simple and attractive ways to serve canned foods, our latest edition of "Del Monte Recipes of Flavor" contains several pages of attractive ways to serve frozen fruits. Send for a free copy today. Address Dept. 73, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

FREEZE DEL MONTE FRUITS *right in the can*

Cool as a glacier — refreshing as a draught from a cold mountain spring. And yet one of the simplest frozen delicacies you can serve.

Just pack a can of Del Monte Sliced Peaches or Peach Halves, Crushed Pineapple, Pears, Apricots, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Loganberries—any variety you wish—in an ordinary bucket, surrounded by equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice-cream salt. Set it aside and let it freeze for three hours. Then take the can out, dip it for an instant in hot water, punch an airhole in one end of the can, cut off the other end as shown in the diagram, and there you have it—a sparkling, translucent cylinder of frozen fruit—ready to cut and serve in wonderful tempting slices—one of the most delicious fruit ices that ever helped make hot days cool.

Be Sure You Get Del Monte

Just observe this one precaution. Be sure it's a Del Monte Fruit that you freeze this way. There are various grades of canned fruits on the market, but only the right quality will freeze satisfactorily.

Freezing fruits in the can is distinctly a Del Monte idea. It's the uniform high quality and even consistency of all Del Monte Fruits, and the fact that each Del Monte Fruit is packed in just the proper richness of syrup to make it congeal smoothly, that make it possible for you to freeze these tempting ices so successfully right in the can.

Next to the ease of preparation, one of the best summer recommendations for Del Monte Fruits frozen in the can is the wide number of uses they fill. As a frozen salad for lunch—a simple dessert at night—to take along on picnics—the same advantages—ease of service and refreshing appeal—make them a most appropriate suggestion.

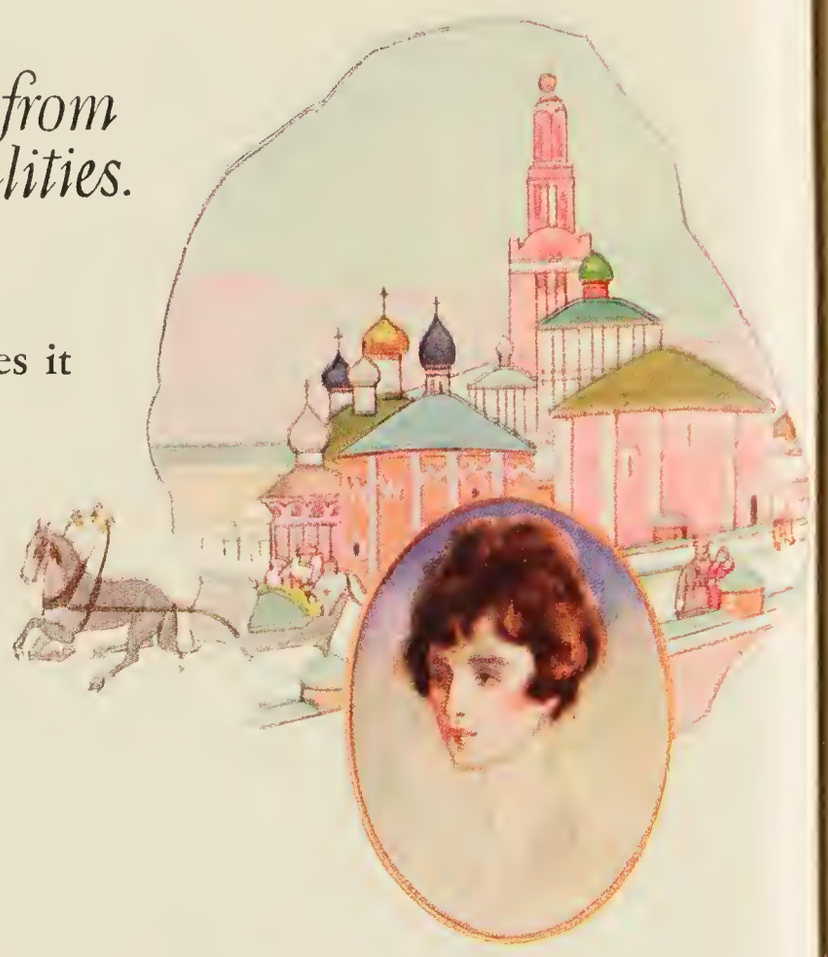
Try freezing Del Monte Fruits on any hot day and for almost any occasion. You'll find them truly delightful. Serve any of the varieties listed above. All are delicious, all freeze perfectly. Just be sure you say Del Monte.



ALL OVER THE WORLD THEY USE IT

The Princess Yedigarova tells about its use in Russia. Mrs. Fritz Kreisler finds it invaluable for countless purposes in her Viennese home. Rodier—master creator of fabrics and designs—praises it. The Princess Rospigliosi uses it for her most precious possession.

Read these intensely interesting letters from enthusiastic Lux users of many nationalities.



Why a RUSSIAN PRINCESS values it

"Most of you in America have no conception of the intense, penetrating cold of my Russia. Winters are long—snow everywhere. We must wear woolens else we would suffer. It wasn't always easy to keep these garments soft—comfortable. That is why I feel we owe a debt of gratitude to your Lux. With it, all the woolens so important to our comfort are kept soft and elastic."

PRINCESS MARIA YEDIGAROVA



The SMART RESORTS of Italy and Switzerland

"Thousands of dollars a year we spend for table and bed linen for the Bucher-Durrer chain of hotels in Rome, Milan, Lugano, Lucerne, Burgenstock. It is a tidy sum. For fifty years I, myself, have supervised the buying and the care of it. I love it—my linen. Every day sunny piles come up from the *blanchisseuse*—here in Lucerne—to be carefully inspected before they find their way to dining *salon* or Madame's chamber. I write you this because for the last three years we have used Lux for washing our best linens. It is incomparable for the fine laundering I demand."

MME. ROB. BUCHER-DURRER





Where DAKOTA SAND STORMS blow

"In western Dakota to see our nearest neighbors we have to ride miles along roads inches deep in alkaline dust. But does the dust give me stringy, faded hair? No! Once a week I use Lux as a shampoo and my hair is always soft and fluffy. Lux is undoubtedly the best shampoo I have ever used."

MILDRED MCLAUGHLIN



MRS. FRITZ KREISLER finds it invaluable

"You would be surprised at the number of uses that are found for Lux in my household—not only in New York but in Vienna. I find it keeps my collection of old Bohemian glass clean and sparkling. It is used, too, with very satisfactory results for the rare old pieces of Viennese porcelain that form part of my collection."

MRS. FRITZ KREISLER

ITALIAN PRINCESS protects her rare old lace

"One of my choicest possessions is my great-grandmother's wedding veil of old blonde. It requires the most delicate treatment. Of course, there is nothing better than Lux to clean it with. I can say after using Lux that it deserves my warmest approval."

PRINCESS GIAMBATISTTA ROSPIGLIOSI

RODIER — greatest living textile designer, writes from Paris

"Since the sixteenth century when the first Gobelin tapestry was created, we in France have had a veritable passion for the weaver's craft. In our own *fabrication de tissus* three generations often work together at their hand looms with the zeal and enthusiasm of the true artist.

"So, it is natural, is it not, that when the fabric is finished we should still be interested in the preservation of its beauty. That is why it seems so good to us that you in America have made a soap like Lux so mild and pure that it will not injure our delicate white kashas, crêpellas and tisseclas. Lux preserves the beauty of weave and texture of these *tissus.*"

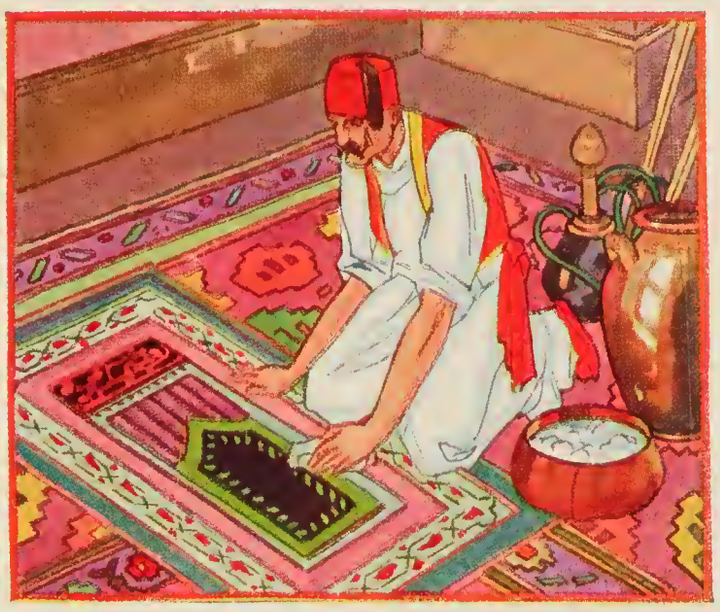
RODIER



In sunny DUTCH KITCHENS

"You know how you rejoice—when you are in a foreign country—to see a familiar face? That is the way I felt when I saw packages of Lux in a shop window here in Amsterdam. I couldn't resist going in to find out what they use it for in Holland. 'Everything', said the shopkeeper, 'Dutch ladies seem to like it especially for their dishes.'"

MARY CARROLTON



Rugs washed in TUNIS STREETS

". . . . There I was walking along a narrow twisty street bordered by small shops filled with all sorts of Oriental treasures. Suddenly I came upon a Turk—I guess he was—kneeling on a magnificent rug, washing it. Can you guess with what—with our American Lux! I told my interpreter to ask him if he wasn't afraid to wash so priceless a thing. He showed us all his white teeth in a wide smile and picking up the package of Lux said, 'Not with this'."

HELEN MARTIN

Wherever Lux is used, the reason for its use is always the same, in every country of the world. It is because Lux is so pure it won't injure anything water alone will not harm—it won't injure fine fabrics—won't roughen or redden the most sensitive hands. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.





"It is well, even for the average person, to include plenty of bulky food in the diet to prevent the bowels from becoming sluggish."

From "HOW TO LIVE" *by* Fisher and Fisk.

Health is your family's greatest treasure— Do you guard it well?

PLAIN, unadulterated carelessness, physicians all agree, is responsible for fully three-fourths of all human illness.

Why not use an "Ounce of Prevention"?

Most of us eat too much and exercise too little. The result is sluggishness and faulty elimination.

Surely as the slow poison of the Borgias, accumulated digestive waste undermines the physique, breaks down resistance and opens wide the door for sickness and disease.

Betty's Cold and Father's Blues

When Betty brings a cold home from school, when father develops his bi-monthly fit of blues, somebody has been careless. Once those symptoms were the signal for castor oil or the box of pills. But an "Ounce of Prevention" is much better.

Post's Bran Flakes for Everybody Every day

Headaches, colds and general lowered resistance which pave the way for all kinds of sickness are the common results of faulty elimination.

And how much better than cure-alls and drugs is *prevention* in the form of a delicious food.

The intestines need bulk if they are to function properly and Post's Bran Flakes provide that bulk together with other important elements the body craves.

Crisp flakes of bran (with other nutritious parts of wheat) Post's Bran Flakes contains phosphorus and iron for body building, proteins and carbohydrates (high food value in digestible form), the dietary essential, Vitamin B, and *phytin,* nature's own harmless laxative.

See to it that every member of your family gets Post's Bran Flakes in some form every day, just as an "Ounce of Prevention."

Serve these flakes often as a cereal with milk or cream —they are really delicious. Bake golden brown Post's Bran Muffins. Add Post's Bran Flakes to the children's cooked cereal and breakfast fruits. Bran cookies and bran bread are also good.

Snip the coupon opposite and send for an "Ounce of Prevention." We will mail you free a hotel size package of Post's Bran Flakes and a recipe book which shows you many tempting ways to serve bran. Remember this simple formula: *An ounce of Post's Bran Flakes for every member of the family every day, just as an "Ounce of Prevention" to keep every body well.*



At hotels, clubs, restaurants and on Pullman diners Post's Bran Flakes are served in individual Ounce of Prevention Packages.

Mail This Coupon

Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan
Please send me your "Ounce of Prevention," a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and your booklet showing many different ways to serve bran.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

9-104 © P. C. Co.

Canadians, write to
Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
45 Front Street, E. Toronto, Ont.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan—Makers of Post Health Products—Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Malted Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes

KNOW YOUR MATTRESS!

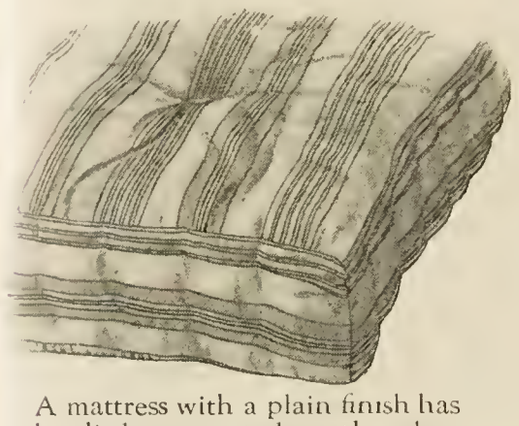
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a separate compartment of muslin. These springs are upholstered with a thick layer of hair or of felt, making a mattress which is very sanitary and comfortable. It is somewhat heavy and should be handled carefully so that the individual springs will not become detached.

HOW TO KNOW A GOOD MATTRESS

There are three common edge finishes, the simplest being the plain edge. This has two rows of tacking on the vertical sides and no curve at top or bottom to show that additional filling has been stuffed in along the edge.

The second finish is called the stitched edge or rolled edge. This finish calls for

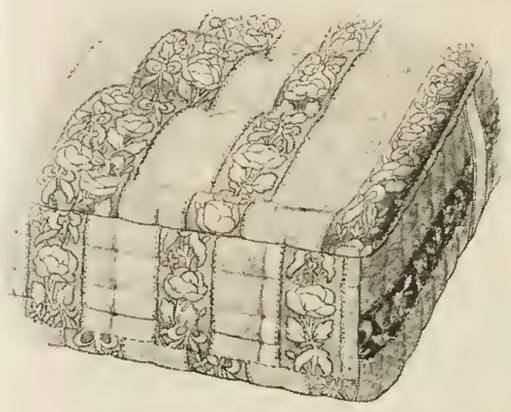


A mattress with a plain finish has but little support along the edges

special rows of stitches about two inches from the edge seam on the upper and lower surfaces of the mattress and along the vertical sides in order to hold the extra edge padding in place. The stitching and extra padding form a roll extending slightly outward along the edges of the mattress. This gives the mattress a firmer, more lasting form.

The third and best type is called the imperial edge. This finish also has the roll edge, but in addition it has never less than four rows of tacking on the vertical sides. These rows of tacking hold the extra padding very firmly in place and give a mattress an excellent and permanent form.

The tufting of a mattress is very important to its length of life. It is the tufting twines which run from a tuft on one side of the mattress through the mattress to a point opposite on the other side and back again that hold



The best have the "imperial edge" which is both rolled and side stitched

the filling in place. In selecting a mattress, the buyer should note carefully how these twines are tied or laced. Bits of cotton or leather under the loops which appear on the sides of the mattress prevent the twine from cutting the mattress.

A mattress should be the exact size of the springs. No part of the mattress should hang over without support, nor should a part rest on the ridged side of the spring. In selecting a mattress as to size, it should be kept in mind that it will spread an inch or two from use.

The average mattress is about five inches thick, though they may be made thicker if desired. Each added inch in thickness means about five pounds additional weight.

Half-inch circular brass screen ventilators are now being placed along the sides and ends of many mattresses. This permits freer passage of air through the mattress, making it warmer, softer and more sanitary.

As a mattress should be turned frequently, its weight is an important item.

Some manufacturers are adding cloth strips of ticking to the sides of mattresses, thus making convenient handles that may be grasped to facilitate handling and turning. These handles though helpful are not entirely satisfactory, for they occasionally give way, snagging out a piece of the mattress ticking. It may make for ease in handling or turning to have the mattress made in two pieces.

Mattress ticking should be unobtrusive in design and color. The color should be fast to moisture at least. The dull brown or the tan-and-white or the blue-and-white striped twill weaves are the most satisfactory tickings in appearance, wear and ease in cleaning.

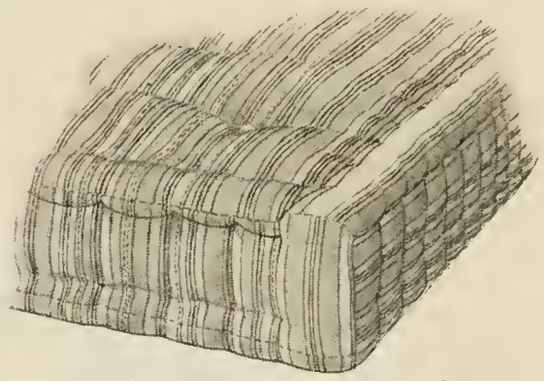
A hair mattress should always be covered with at least an eight-ounce ticking in order that the hairs will not pierce through.

A hair mattress should always be remade just as soon as remaking is necessary. Cotton-felt mattresses are seldom satisfactorily remade. Kapok mattresses may be remade, but at considerable expense as compared to their value.

The cost of remaking a hair mattress and having a new ticking will usually run between a fourth and a sixth of the value of a new mattress. Often a good hair mattress which is carefully used will give satisfactory service for from fifteen to twenty years. And then its term of usefulness can be doubled by remaking.

CARE OF MATTRESSES

A mattress should be turned every week from side to side and from end to end. It should be sunned as often as possible, since



A stitched or rolled edge finish gives a mattress a more durable form

sun and air add to its life and the comfort it gives. People should be discouraged from sitting on the edge of beds, since weight crushes down the boxing of a mattress and makes it lose its firm, square edge.

Soiled spots may be removed from a mattress by rubbing them lightly with a clean cloth and warm suds. Follow this with a light rubbing with clean warm water. Cleansing of any kind should be done in the sunshine when possible, in order that the ticking may dry before the moisture penetrates the filling.

To dust a mattress, use a clean broom, brushing lightly, or use the correct attachment of a vacuum cleaner. In brushing or using the cleaner, if any of the tufts are removed or the twines which hold the filling of the mattress in place are broken they should be replaced immediately. To replace a tuft, slip a finger or a pencil under the loop appearing on the top of the mattress, press down on the mattress with the other hand and slip in a bit of candle-wicking or a square of cloth if the original tuft can not be found. Then when the string is released it will press against the tuft and will not cut the mattress ticking.

Mattress Cover—Muslin covers to protect mattresses are usually made slightly larger than the mattress, but of the same box shape, and snap or tie in place.

Spring Cover—The covering for the springs may be bought ready-made, but it is simple and cheaper to make it.

Mattress-Pads—The mattress-pads protect the mattress from soil and in some cases makes the bed more comfortable.

THE DELINEATOR will publish in another issue an instructive article on the relative merits of different types of springs. Meanwhile we invite our readers to consult us concerning the selection or care of either springs or mattresses. Send your inquiry with a stamped reply envelope to the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



No Clean Teeth, No Pearly Teeth,

if cloudy film is on them

Brushing leaves the teeth unclean, leaves them dim and dingy, if the film remains. That is why so many teeth discolor and decay.

Millions now use a new method. The prettier teeth you see everywhere now show you what it means. Let it show you, by this ten-day test, the way to whiter, safer teeth. You will always be glad that you tried it.

The great enemy

Film is the teeth's great enemy—the cause of most tooth troubles. It mars their beauty and is the cause of attacks on their structure. Yet no ordinary tooth paste can effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. Under old methods, much of it clings and stays. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. Thus teeth loose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Under old methods, nearly everybody suffered from some trouble caused by film.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

New-day methods

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. A new type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Its use has now spread the world over. Careful people of some 50 nations now employ it, largely by dental advice.

Other enemies

Acids and starch deposits are other tooth enemies. Nature gives alkalinity to the saliva to neutralize mouth acids. It puts a starch digestant in saliva to digest the starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Old-time tooth pastes reduced the power of these protective agents. Pepsodent gives both of them a multiplied effect.

These results are bringing a new era in teeth cleaning. It means new beauty and new safety. Let this test show you what it means to you and yours.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Amazing results

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

It will bring you a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1598

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 140, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.



This dress can be made at home with Standard Designer pattern No. 7696.
The boy's suit is one of several Tom Sawyer suits made of Indian Head.

The spot came out, but the color stayed

RUB-A-DUB-DUB—the clothes are in the tub, covered with the grime of a hard week's play. Don't worry, if they are Fast Color Indian Head. Scrub them, *boil* them; the color will not fade, for Indian Head holds its clear, beautiful color against any kind of washing as well as any kind of weather. Its weave is firm and sure, its finish is smooth, and its price makes it a practical as well as a fashionable fabric.

Identify it by the selvage mark when buying by the yard. It is woven 36 inches wide in 18 fast colors, price 60c a yard; and in 7 widths, 18 to 63 inches, in white, price 20c to 75c a yard. You will find the label "Indian Head" in ready-to-wear garments made of Indian Head. (See guarantee below.)

Bag for 25 cents

All women like gay bags that can be washed. To show the attractive possibilities of Fast Color Indian Head, we are offering the materials complete for a bag 9 x 12 inches for 25 cents. State whether you prefer jade and mimosa-yellow or silver and rose.

FREE BOOKLET

The blue that brunettes should wear, and hues that give color to pale cheeks, are among the color harmonies explained in our booklet, "Your Color and Why." It is sent free upon request.

We guarantee every garment or other article bearing the Indian Head Label to give perfect satisfaction as to fast colors, workmanship, and finish. If not, we will refund the total cost of the article.

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 609, Box 1206; Boston, Massachusetts

MADE OF

INDIAN HEAD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© 1924, Amory, Browne & Co., Boston and New York

FROM THE FALLEN BIRCH

By Dora Read Goodall

Would you like to try your hand at making these attractive little birch-bark novelties? Perhaps the children would find it fun! Complete directions for making them all—and other suggestions, too—will be mailed you in return for a stamped envelope sent to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Editor of the Department of House Decoration, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

NEVER, even in the wilderness, have I stripped the gleaming bark from a living tree; it would seem like sacrilege. But wherever the white birch grows, there are busy lumbermen and also fallen logs. The birch is not long-lived—but its exquisite covering long outlasts the wood. Every article here described, and many others, too, I fashioned from bark taken from two decaying logs which I found lying together beside an overgrown wood-road.

So much for the raw material. As to the craft, it requires less skill and much less time than the simplest basketry. It costs nothing, or next to nothing, and results in a really fascinating collection of quaint, amusing and artistic souvenirs. It offers an opportunity for both grown-ups and young folk to test their constructive ingenuity and to design useful and attractive little articles. As a vacation-time or rainy-day industry it has a most flourishing popularity.

For tools, you will need a pair of scissors, a thin-bladed knife and a slender, sharp-pointed, long-eyed needle. These with a handful of raffia or other material for binding and sewing complete your outfit.

While the scope for individual taste and ingenuity is unlimited, a few general rules apply to all cases:

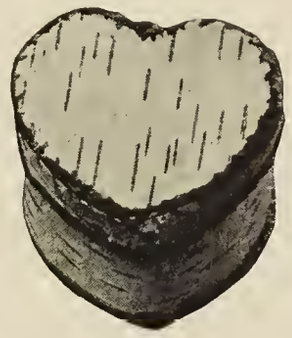
First, wash your bark and scrape the inner surface, next to the wood. The outside of old bark is often improved by a good scrubbing. As for the inner layers, no art can rival the color and gloss that "Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."



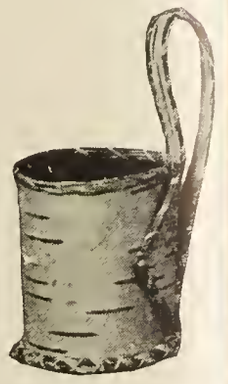
Birch-bark cups, graduated in size, make unique flower-containers



This practical flower-holder features a projecting knot-hole



A handy box can be made in a pleasing heart shape



Flower-cups must be large enough to hold a glass

To take the curl out of the bark, dip it in hot water and dry flat. If hard or splitty, wet it before sewing. Cut by pattern—that is to say, cut a paper pattern first and be sure that it is right. This is a saving of time, work and material.

Every cut edge—which means every edge except those which follow natural irregularities—must be strengthened and finished with a binding. A few long pine-needles or strands of raffia are suitable for the purpose. Also, nothing is really prettier than a half-dozen blades of fine, wiry swamp-grass, with its lovely green and silvery tones.

Complete directions for making the articles pictured here, as well as suggestions for other attractive rustic novelties which are most suitable for Summer homes and camps, will be gladly sent to any reader who writes to THE DELINEATOR for them.



For a camp, a birch-bark desk set, with picture-frame and candle-shade to match, would be appropriate



STEICHEN

From an eminent scientist:

"Use a dentifrice that cleans and polishes without scratching and one which mildly stimulates the salivary glands.

"The copious flow of saliva is the best preventive against tooth decay and unhealthy conditions of the gums."

Pebeco restores the natural alkaline action of the glands, protecting teeth from the mouth acids, which are the chief cause of decay.







When you are having the best times together—talking and laughing —your teeth show most. Keep them always white and shining and sound with Pebeco Tooth Paste.

Now you can prevent Dry Mouth *that* leads to tooth decay

By stimulating the natural fluids of the mouth this tooth paste keeps your mouth healthy and your teeth safe

Dentists and physicians now know that only your own mouth glands can keep your mouth and teeth permanently clean.

And men and women everywhere are learning this truth: To keep the teeth safe the mouth glands must be kept healthy.

Normally your mouth glands should be working all the time, constantly flushing your mouth.

But in almost everyone today these glands have been seriously weakened. Our soft, cooked foods do not stay in the mouth long enough to excite a normal flow of saliva.

Our mouths have become dry. And the teeth have been left exposed to the acids of decay. It is only recently that this simple natural way has been found by which you can gently aid the glands to protect your teeth.

Brushing is not enough—you must gently stimulate the glands

The effects of ordinary cleaning are over the minute you stop brushing.

With Pebeco good healthy streams of saliva flow and you experience an entirely new feeling of mouth cleanliness. The tongue, the tonsils, the entire oral cavity, feel the lasting effect of these protective fluids.

Every day your glands flow more normally. Your mouth, no longer dry, grows cleaner and stronger.

And your teeth are kept not only white and shining—but *safe*. The natural alkaline fluids of your mouth counteract the acids of decay as fast as they form.

Stop wasting your time with mere temporary cleaning. Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists. *Canadian Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont.



Free Offer

Send Coupon for Free Generous Tube

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. B-9
635 Greenwich Street
New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....



Public School No 169
New York City

Start the Children right!

Careers are founded on habit. The future of your children depends largely upon the training they receive when young.

Begin early to teach them good, useful and self-respecting habits. One of the most important is that of always looking neat and tidy.

The child who is taught to take pride in personal appearance has an advantage. It is a habit that will be retained all through life. And personal appearance is a vital factor in social and business life today.

Start with the shoes! No one can really look neat with untidy shoes. Buy a Shoe Shining Outfit for the home and see how quickly and naturally the boys and girls fall into the habit of the daily shoe shine.

Aside from its everyday convenience, a Shining Outfit is economical. It saves many a dime. And frequent shines with a good shoe polish preserves shoe leather. A saving both ways!

SHINOLA COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y. — S. M. BIXBY & CO., INC., Indianapolis, Ind. — F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, INC., Buffalo, N.Y. and Hamilton, Can.

"look at your shoes!"

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N.Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.



Shinola Home Set



Bixby's Liquid Polish



2 in 1 Shining Kit

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

WHEN YOU GO TO COLLEGE —

How will you furnish your room?

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Editor, Department of House Decoration

COLLEGE STUDENTS! (And this applies also to all young people who have an ambition to have rooms of their own.) Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, our expert interior decorator, offers to plan your room for you. Just send her a little sketch of the floor and window spaces, tell her what furniture you have and how much you want to spend, and she will help you create a comfortable, attractive room. Address Mrs. Sanders, care of THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York City, enclosing a stamped envelope for her reply*

COLLEGE life has its own ideals of success. To stand well in classes, to be chosen for a popular fraternity, to associate with the best men and girls and to make lasting friendships which mean much in later life are the ambitions of every young freshman.

Most college graduates admit that one of the easier ways to smooth the path to popularity is to have an attractively furnished room. This can be observed by walking through any dormitory or residential hall; one can always single out the well-furnished rooms, for they are invariably the gathering-places of the most interesting boys and girls.

As nearly all dormitory rooms have plain, neutral-colored walls, it is necessary, in order to create an individual homelike air, to choose colors that harmonize and to select interesting types in carpets, furniture, hangings and accessories. To begin with, there should be one good-sized rug or several small rugs. Choose preferably those which are darkly blended in color and of short pile, such as a linen fiber in any of the heather mixtures, a wool braided rug, a hooked or a Brussels rug.

As it is the ambition of most students to have a combination bedroom and living-room which will present none of the earmarks of a bedroom, the general choice for sleeping is a day-bed, davenport or box couch. Any one of these makes a decidedly comfortable bed at night and during the daytime may be made up into an inviting sofa.

Box-couch, day-bed and davenport mattresses which are covered in tapestry or cretonne need no other bedspread for day use; but in some instances a spread is necessary to cover a made-up day-bed or iron cot. A simple square or valanced bedspread of dark green, brown, black or burnt-orange rep, denim, mohair or upholsterers' sateen will transform the most unmistakable bed into an attractive couch, especially if the sleeping-pillows are covered with slip-covers of the same material and used as cushions during the day.

For glass-curtains, fabrics such as scrim, dyed cheese-cloth and tarlatan are appropriate; while for overdraperies, bedspreads, cushions and bureau scarfs the cotton crêpes, cretonnes or damasks can be chosen to carry out any color scheme.



This simple, comfortable room holds all the furniture a student needs

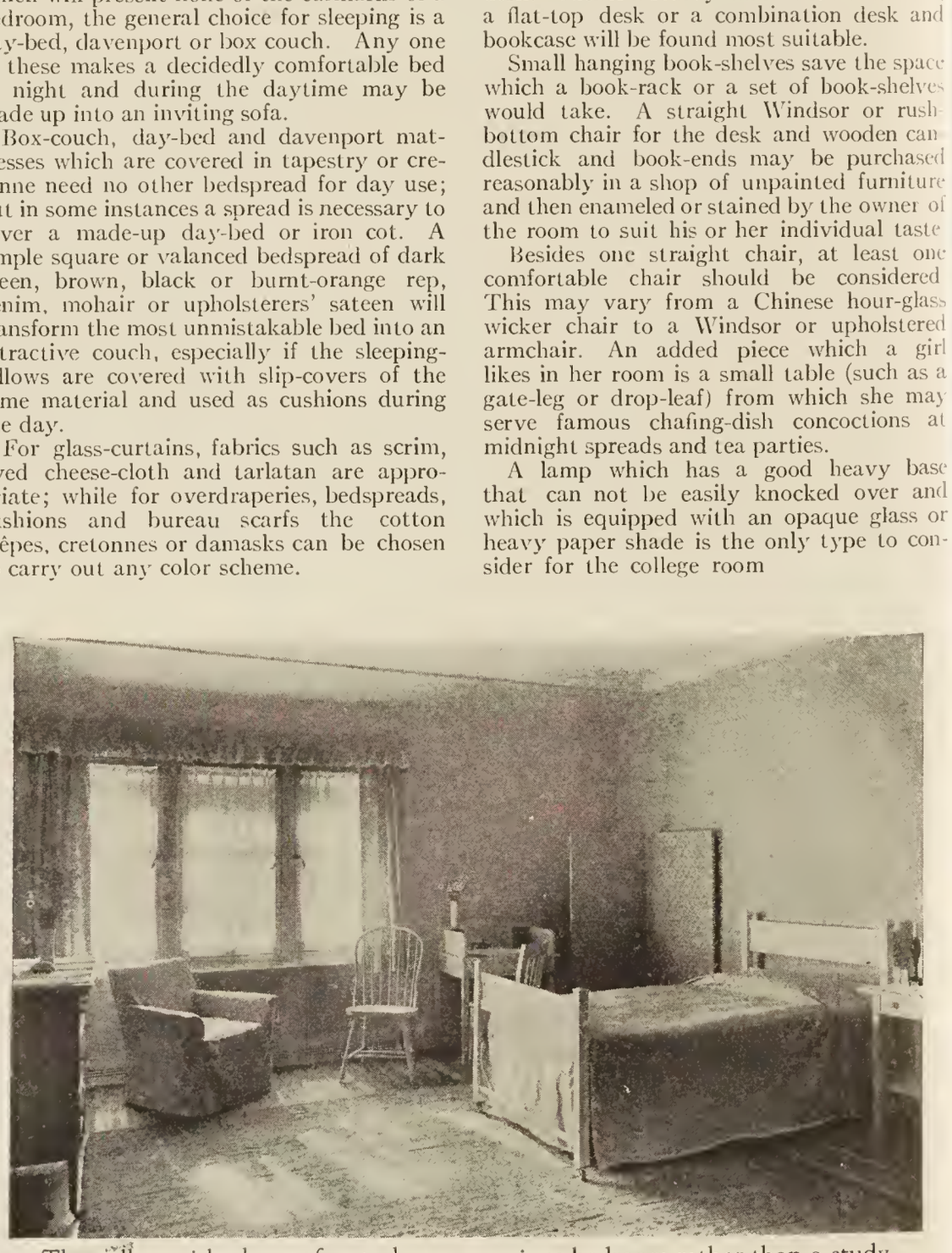
A high-boy or chest of drawers with interesting plain lines, finished if possible to correspond with the bed, solves the bureau and dressing-table needs. If the mirror is detached and hung flat against the wall by means of a silk cord or invisible hook and placed over the day-bed or in some accessible place easy to reach while dressing, it will help do away with the idea that both bureau and mirror are bedroom necessities.

The next most desirable and necessary piece of furniture for the college room is a desk. Either a sturdy table with a drawer, a flat-top desk or a combination desk and bookcase will be found most suitable.

Small hanging book-shelves save the space which a book-rack or a set of book-shelves would take. A straight Windsor or rush-bottom chair for the desk and wooden candlestick and book-ends may be purchased reasonably in a shop of unpainted furniture and then enameled or stained by the owner of the room to suit his or her individual taste.

Besides one straight chair, at least one comfortable chair should be considered. This may vary from a Chinese hour-glass wicker chair to a Windsor or upholstered armchair. An added piece which a girl likes in her room is a small table (such as a gate-leg or drop-leaf) from which she may serve famous chafing-dish concoctions at midnight spreads and tea parties.

A lamp which has a good heavy base that can not be easily knocked over and which is equipped with an opaque glass or heavy paper shade is the only type to consider for the college room



The college girl who prefers to have a spacious bedroom rather than a study or den will like this arrangement of painted furniture and gay cretonnes

You'll Prefer these *Double-Thick* Corn Flakes They Stay Crisp in Cream



If you want to know how good corn flakes can really be, ask your grocer for Post Toasties, the delicious, *double-thick* corn flakes that stay crisp in cream.

Crispness and flavor! There you have the secret of Post Toasties ever-growing popularity. Crispness and flavor! That's why millions prefer these *double-thick* corn flakes to any other kind.

Made from the hearts of selected white corn, flaked *double-thick*, expertly seasoned and toasted by special process to golden brown, these improved corn flakes hold their crispness and their flavor, even when swimming in milk or cream.

To test these *double-thick* corn flakes for flavor and crispness mail the coupon today for our free test package or buy the regular family size at your grocer's.

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Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me your Free Test Package of Post Toasties the *Double-Thick* improved corn flakes that stay crisp in milk or cream.

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City..... State.....

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Note: Canadians address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Post DOUBLE-THICK Toasties

THESE *DOUBLE-THICK* CORN FLAKES STAY CRISP IN MILK OR CREAM

FLETCHER



"List to the Tale of an Old Pine Table"

Fancy an ordinary kitchen table—five years old—selling for almost double its original cost after half a year on a roof top! And all because of a coat of Valspar Varnish-Stain!

Let Mrs. Frances Caplan of Brooklyn, N.Y., tell you in her own words how it happened.

"In order to keep my little son, who has a weak heart, away from excitement, and at the same time pleasantly occupied outdoors, I resurrected an old discarded kitchen table, Valsparred it, and in a cozy corner up on the roof Bobby and I played many a game on the nice shiny table. We had many a meal up there, too, and I taught him his A-B-C's.

"One day my husband came home and said we would have to sell our furniture as the office was planning to send him to Chicago for a several years' stay. We brought down the old table to hold the cut glass during the sale, intending to leave it in the rooms after everything was sold. You can imagine my astonishment when one woman asked me would I sell her the table. And all I had done to it after its long stay on the roof, exposed to the elements, was to wipe it off with a dust cloth!"

Mrs. Caplan's letter is only one of hundreds we have received telling of the great satisfaction given by Valspar Varnish-Stains. You, too, will find them invaluable in brightening up and making new again the woodwork and furniture about the house.

Valspar Varnish-Stains are Valspar itself plus beautiful, transparent stains. With one stroke of the brush you Valspar and stain, bringing out the full beauty of the grain.

These Varnish-Stains are ideal for finishing floors, furniture and all woodwork indoors and out. They are waterproof and accident-proof *and can be washed freely with hot water and soap.* They are easy to apply, dry dust free in 2 hours and hard overnight. The colors—Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry and Moss Green.

Send in the coupon below for a sample can —enough to finish a small table or chair.

Send for Sample Can and Color Chart



Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World

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VALSPAR
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The famous Valspar boiling water test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price)
Valspar Instruction Booklet with Color Charts, 15c extra.
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Choose 1 Color	
Clear Valspar	☐
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Del. 9-24

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In this department, which was inaugurated and developed under the editorial adviserships of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent baby specialist, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the most authentic information on baby care and child welfare.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart, and "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)."

There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Better Homes—This national movement for Better Homes in America, which THE DELINEATOR organized in 1921, has now been incorporated as a public service under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. Plan-books may be had telling how to organize local campaigns. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to furnish information and to forward inquiries; or you may write direct to headquarters.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Children—We've a page of children's prayers, and also a list of books that will help develop good reading habits. A two-cent stamp will bring one or both to you.

An attractive little binder that will hold twelve numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may be had for twenty-five cents. The binder is red in color and has the words "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the front cover.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

An illustrated booklet of exercises for women, called "Keeping Fit at Home," may be had for ten cents.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have three new parties, "A Can Shower," "A Mah-Jongg Garden Party" and "A Spanish Fiesta." Two cents will cover return postage.



SUN BLOWS AND FLYING FEET

Concluded from page 15

THE reason many of us wear bathing-slippers is that we have abused our feet and are ashamed of them. Shoes that don't hold the foot firmly back into the heel make most of the corns and calluses. High heels! The circulation in the foot is poorer there than anywhere else in the body. High heels and straps make it even worse. Inflammation is caused, the capillaries dilate and the shoe, tipped up out of sensible position, makes the foot rub and stub—and there you are!

Walk in oxfords and rubber heels. For dress get the pumps that fit your feet properly and do not cut the instep. And never, never any shoe that doesn't hold the heel firmly back in its place.

People should be just as fastidious about their feet as they are about their hands. Feet are so lovely when they *are!* And flying about over sand in bared feet is such fun! And dancing with a wisp of chiffon is *wings!* But you can't do it with ugly feet.

Everybody should go to a chiropodist at least once a month and be manicured and corrected and advised. And if your feet bother you, go once a week. So many older women have swollen, suffering feet. That comes from years of neglect and from the deposits that unwise eating (and we all eat unwisely) and living make throughout the system. The circulation being poor in the feet, more deposits are left there.

Never use a hot-water bottle for cold feet. Bathe them in very hot water, then in cold, and then again until you've got the circulation up. Then wear bed-slippers if necessary. But let your feet breathe as often as you can. Let them be bare, with the sun and wind on them.

There's a funny little instrument, called a nail-cutter, that you can get in a cutlery shop which will keep your toe-nails beautifully shaped. And polish them—give them beauty. You'll walk differently, with comfortable feet and a consciousness of beauty to the very end of your toes.

"Fight on, my men," says Sir Andrew Barton,
"I am hurt, but I am not slain;
I'll lie down and bleed a while,
And then I'll rise and fight again."

That's the way to go after beauty, all over you and all through you and everywhere in the world where you see ugliness.

It's worth it!



Remember—lines of fatigue and sallowness come from *beneath* the skin

TIRED lines about the mouth and eyes. A sallow, "muddy" skin. How discouraging they are—and how desirable is their correction!

Often they bring the touch of age to faces that should be fresh. Often they show most conspicuously on faces that might otherwise be beautiful. Their causes lie deep, beyond the reach of any surface treatment.

The bloom of beauty! Too often it is lost. Not because of age, but through neglect of certain simple rules of health. Through unwise diet, for example, and lack of sleep and exercise.

Avoid stimulants. Do you remember this rule? It is one of the most important of those relating to proper diet.

In two million American homes people avoid the use of caffein by drinking Postum. They avoid the enemies of beauty—digestive disturbances, headaches, nervousness, and sleeplessness—which often accompany the taking of caffein.

Postum is not an imitation of any other drink. It is made of roasted whole wheat and bran, with a little sweetening—nothing more. It has the full delicious flavor of this wholesome roasted grain. Its use is in keeping with the laws of health—and beauty!

Postum has helped others to wipe away the lines of nervousness, the drawn look of fatigue—and that telltale sallowness of skin. If your mirror reflects these discouraging signs of inward disorders—you try Postum, too! Try it for thirty days. Compare the way you feel with the way you felt before. Compare your own appearance. What Postum has done for others, why not for you?

We want to give you your first week's supply for the thirty-day test. Enough for every meal for a week, without cost to you. We will have Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing Postum, together with your first week's free supply.

In fairness to yourself and your family, will you accept Carrie Blanchard's offer?

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want the women—and men, too—to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

© 1924, P.C.Co.

Healthy children love Postum made this way! You know how much youngsters like to have the same drink as the grown-ups! You know, too, that many of them do not get the milk they need, because they do not like its flavor. Make Instant Postum for them, with hot (not boiled) milk, instead of water. It has the wholesomeness of a warm drink, all the nourishment of milk and Postum, and the real goodness of Postum flavor. We think you'll like it too!

TEAR THIS OUT—MAIL IT NOW

D.D. 9-24

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . ☐ *Check which*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ *you prefer*

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

In Canada address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

Convenience and Economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the easiest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.



How Mennen's protects baby's delicate skin

MILLIONS of babies have endured less suffering and enjoyed more comfort because of Mennen Borated Talcum. Millions of mothers have used it and praised it and told their friends to use it . . . But even today many mothers do not realize that Mennen Borated Talcum is entirely different from any other powder. Many more do not know how modern and scientific it is in combating the three forces that attack a baby's skin.

◆ ◆ ◆

ANY *moisture* (perspiration, urine and bath water) will inflame a baby's skin. No towel can reach the skin-folds that secrete this moisture. But Mennen Borated Talcum is so highly absorbent that every trace of moisture is removed. Each tiny fleck of Mennen's is like a little drying sponge that harmlessly absorbs poisonous liquids.

Friction is another menace. Skin-folds rub; clothes sometimes bind; bedding often chafes. To overcome these conditions, Mennen Borated Talcum covers baby's skin with a smooth protective film that keeps friction from harming the sensitive tissues.

Infant skin is so delicate and immature that it cannot easily throw off *infections*. So Mennen Borated Talcum comes to the rescue again. Mildly antiseptic ingredients, safe and tested, are compounded in the powder to combat dangerous infections.

◆ ◆ ◆

MENNEN BORATED TALCUM is a carefully compounded preparation containing five different ingredients, each one having definite therapeutic value.

One affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One ingredient was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps in defeating friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency of Mennen Borated Talcum, and counteracts acidity.

Now you know why Mennen's is so soothing and protective to baby skin—why it should be applied to the roly-poly body after every bath, change of diapers, before each nap, and whenever baby is fretful.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 9

"How did you know that he was that way? You only saw him lying sick and still."

"I knew, and so did mother, and we ached for you."

"For me?" he wondered softly.

"Yes, because you are not really like him. You are good and gentle and upright. You really want—a home."

He did; he was wanting it then. Her words fed something in him and he could feel it swelling under his chest—something conscious of being entirely all right. He became aware of how nearly she was beautiful, standing there at his side in the moonlight.

She spoke with a smiling carelessness.

"What was it you were going to tell me when—*he*—called you away?"

Dreamily he remembered that moment, and it was like a drug to his nerves, still tingling from his own music. That safe path—it stood before him again like something projected from himself. He could make it, he could walk on it.

"I was going to tell you how much you mean to me."

"Yes?"

That was only a breath which stilled as she waited. Then, as he stood silently, there came a smile of provocation.

"Suppose you tell me now."

"You mean peace—and light—a—a striving to be better and better—down the years—hand in hand——"

She was in his arms now, her kiss warm upon his lips.

"My dear one! Oh, I knew how you needed us—mother and me. How glad I am that you were led here!"

There came moments of silent charm, even the night seeming to hush its passing lest it might intrude.

"The moment you came here I saw how lost you were. I yearned over you."

"You did?" he marveled.

"I am so happy for you. I must go and tell mother."

"Can't we keep it a secret between ourselves just for to-night?" he pleaded.

The curves of Cyrena's mouth pinched a little in silent determination; her glance became proprietary.

"I always tell mother; she will be happy, too. Every night as we sat together in the silence we denied *his* power over you and declared your freedom as God's child. We surrounded you with our protection."

THEY were at the steps now and with a last kiss she left him. He heard her cry of "Mother!" then murmurs from behind a closed door.

It was strange, but with the going of her physical presence went much of his impulse toward her too. He stood there, wondering how it had all come about. He ought to be happy—he *was* happy.

So this was the love to which men finally settled down. A few days ago he had thought it meant one who followed out after another, to serve, to soothe, even to fight for that other. But now it seemed that love was something which reached out and pulled one in, setting one's feet on the path they should go.

"*My* people your people, *my* God your God."

They were in there together, mother and daughter, settling the way he was to walk in future. He could see them, with that light on their faces, struggling in the silence for his freedom from Sid. Poor little cast-out thoughts, moaning about in the darkness there—his music was out there too, and the tingle of it caught his nerves again. White arms against the moon, a madness of joy on the raw night—that jasmine over there—all sweetness and stars above, but underneath it dry-rot choking the life from the palm.

He wondered if he was going crazy; probably this place was the only hope for him. Yet as he stood there a bitterness of clear seeing came upon him. That light on their faces did not come from within them. It was really a light rejected, turned back as from a mirror with dust and cobwebs in its back.

A swelling panic rose in his chest. He simply *couldn't* go through with this—years and years—oh, God! But then his word? A dirty cad, that was what he would be if he—He couldn't help it; that panic was stronger than himself. A blasted sneak, crawling off into the dark—but if he stayed and they got that silence to working on him again—insidious fat nothings, thronging invisibly about him—pompous with "protection"— Hell—the only two people he had ever met who really understood were Vereker and that girl of the ballet.

A moment later he was back in his room gathering his scanty belongings.

IT WAS little more than a mile before he came on Vereker stretched out by a camp-fire under the live-oaks. He grinned up as Weston stalked in and flung down his knapsack.

"So you escaped the enchanted garden, did you? And the good ones are the hardest to get out of, too. They make one so comfortably conceited in those."

"Hush your damn gab!" Weston blazed.

He had followed, he was there, but he was hanged if he would be gracious about it. The trouble was that Sid understood that.

"I'm just talking," Vereker went unmovedly on. "Talking of rags of righteousness; fig leaves plucked from the tree of the knowledge of the all-encircling good. Go to sleep, you tin Parsifal—you'll feel better about it in the morning."

The camp-fire died down; furtive wild things rustled in the bush as the darkness took on the tone of deeper night. Neither of them had mentioned the Mission Perdida, but it was none the less there, hanging in the silence between them.

As he sank to sleep at last, Weston wondered if there really were places which, once one started for them, could not be escaped?

ON THEY went, day after day of liquid gold, footing the high trail. The magic of the open had done its work, and it was a different pair, thinned, browned and hardened, who now footed the ridge. The range was lower there, the ranches climbing almost to the crest with slopes of purple figs and gold-green grapes. Below, the plains stretched out, burned yellow by the sun, tawny and vast under the cloudless arc of the sky.

It was noon, and a waterfall thudding down into a pool had invited a bath and laundry. They splashed and scrubbed and spread their garments to dry, then curled like salamanders on the baking rocks. The hot stillness was mellow with approaching Autumn; wild blackberries drooped within lazy reach. His lip curling about the stem of his pipe, Weston grinned across at Vereker's olive-white length stretched out on a baking slab.

"We have got here too, haven't we?" he triumphed. "What about your Mission Perdida now?"

For answer Vereker reached for his tunic, pulling out the paper given by Kwan on that night of stress in Todos Santos. Merely a house number in San Marcos to the north, followed by spidery Chinese writing.

"Do you want to decide?" he asked.

"We ought to have a plan."

"Plan away," Vereker nodded. "There's nothing like sticking up a tower for drawing the lightning."

It was useless to ask him what he meant; he would merely come back with more from the same strange basket. Two weeks of that intimacy of the woods had taught Weston much and the dust of accustomedness was upon their association. He knew now that Sid's queer talk was mainly—just talk.

"We can't go prancing on without any idea of where we are going," he persisted.

"I've generally found that it is the finish of an affair which owns the right of way."

"We are out of that policeman mess now," Weston went on. "They aren't going to bother with us very long."

Sitting cross-legged on the rock, like some young Buddha about to make renunciation, Vereker held Kwan's directions out over the stream.

"You can burn this bridge before you come to it if you like."

At Weston's nod he let it go and it fluttered down, was caught in a swirl and swept off between the boulders, lost beyond recall.

"Throw chance to the discard," Vereker said. "From now on we play the might of the human will. What next?"

"Let us strike for San Francisco. I have friends up there who will land us both good jobs. But there is no hurry," Weston yawned, turning another side to the white hot sun. "This is too good to leave."

"We must be near where the Galilans come down to the sea," he continued. "There's a stretch of country I always wanted to get into. They say there are queer things in there, places where even the mails don't reach, a regular hide-out hole. Are you game?"

"It is you who are deciding."

The lost Mission was truly lost now, even the way to it swept off in that paper swirling down-stream. Its going was like a load lifted from Pete's shoulders. He hated mystery; it was good to feel his own choice once more at the wheel of his affairs. As they started again on the trail, it was Vereker who stood aside and waved him ahead.

"Lead on, you pathfinder."

The day failed and the first breath of the sea blew wisps of fog between scattered redwoods. Then all distance was blotted out in a gray smother, the trail winding on a barren slope with the surf gnawing like white teeth a thousand feet below. The fog bit coldly through their khaki as they stumbled on, seeking a shelter from the swiftly falling night.

It was more by sense than by sight that they found the empty cabin tucked into a fold that broke back through the hills. Putting shoulders to the door they burst it in. A barren place, half-squalid in its emptiness, the strange poison of its human touch rendering it more repellent than the woods. But there was oil in the hanging lantern, scattered paper on the floor. Picking up a scrap, Vereker glanced at its inverted hieroglyphics.

"Japs," he briefly announced.

"Then the place is clean."

Thirty miles lay behind them that day. Food and the moan of the unseen surf brought quick sleep.

IT MUST have been some subtle sentry of his own brain, alertly at post out in that gray murk, which so suddenly awoke Weston. All at once he sat up, coldly conscious, instinctively reaching for his shoes, grateful for the caution which had kept them fully dressed. A touch woke Vereker and they listened. There was more than fog and surf out there: voices on the beach in tones of guttural staccato. Those Japanese were returning, and with their approach the blank anonymity of the cabin seemed suddenly sinister, as of a place to be fled. Seizing their knapsacks, the two stole out at the door.

"There is a trail leading inland," Vereker whispered.

He hushed to silence as from that trail came the sound of other voices. There was hardly time to press back into the dripping bushes, averting their eyes lest the strange magnetism which lurks in a human gaze might bring suspicious glances their way. It was three men who passed, obviously white. Three men, passing unseen, their progress for the ear alone. But as they went by there seemed to hang about them an aura of hidden ferocity, a trained cunning, as of wild animals reared in slums.

One of them called down to the voices on the beach.

"Hey, Shimba—that you?"

"Why you so long?" came the sullen answer. "We wait two day off coast and gov'ment boat be plenty thick."

"Gov'ment man be plenty thick too," snarled the first. "They were watching us in San Marcos. How did you know we were here?"

"You been show light 'long sundown."

"A light—we have only just come."

There was silence at that, thick with threat, and through it came the click of a revolver hammer. Like a pair of gray cats Weston and Vereker faded up the trail, their ears straining backward. A pall of night, bushes dripping with fog, the voices of men whose faces they must never see; this was the third time they had fled together and now it was from unlawfulness that they were escaping. Weston had a chill certainty that if they were caught the meshes of crime would prove the more merciless.

A little way and the slopes swung back. In the wan reflections of the fog they discerned a road of sorts and the warm bulk of a waiting car. There was a figure in the tonneau, but they had no need of speech

Continued on page 60



NOT THIS



BUT THIS

To make Rugs Safe from Spilly Inkwells

Have a Duofold on the Home Desk

For the young folks' school work—
for your own writing, too



No variation in hands can distort this jewel-smooth point, guaranteed 25 years

ONE pen that you would be willing to have the whole family use—did ever such a pen exist before? You know how soon awry would be the point of the ordinary pen if you permitted different hands to write with it. That was the chief excuse for old style pens and spilly inkwells.

But this super-writer—the handsome Duofold Pen—has created a new situation that makes inkwells needless. For here is a point no style of writing can distort. That's why the Parker Duofold is used instead of ordinary pens to register guests at clubs and hotels. The Duofold point is extra thick gold tipped with polished Iridium—guaranteed 25 years not only for mechanical perfection—but WEAR!

So now are thousands of Duofolds not only carried in the pocket and the handbag, and worn on the chatelaine, but thousands of writing desk Duofolds are left where all the family can freely use them.

Whenever there's writing to be done, they eagerly turn to this clear, rapid writer. Its balanced symmetry and jewel-smooth point make life-long friends with the hand.

This pen has Parker's Press-Button Filler, capped inside the barrel—out of sight—out of harm's way. Also the Parker Duo-Sleeve Cap—an extra sleeve for an Ink-Tight seal. One by one, Geo. S. Parker abolished pen faults in producing this creation; so look and look carefully for this stamp on the barrel—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD—Lucky Curve." Then imitations can't deceive you.

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Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

A NEW STYLE TOUCH
is Slender Lady Duofold for Costume Wear $5: Black-tipped Lacquer-red to enliven or pick up some color note—Flashing plain Black to contrast or subdue.



ONE is a summons to the table—the other, a warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat at our three meals a day that is bringing an avalanche of troubles to our teeth and our gums.

It's too soft. It doesn't stimulate the circulation of blood in the gums. Under this modern diet of ours, gums are growing soft and logy. They bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears—let your teeth beware.

Take care of your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 58

between them. Like two bodies actuated by one mind they crept forward, Weston springing to the wheel while Vereker threw himself on that lone watcher.

A moment's fumbling at the dashboard, a muffled cry from behind, broken by Vereker's quick "Drop that gun, kid, or I'll break your arm," then the lights shot, and the car leaped forward.

A WILD ride on a wilder road; for miles it hung as a mere shelf on the mountainside, full of sharp curves where the lights shot straight out over unfathomed abysses of vapor. Even without the doubled danger of darkness and fog it needed nerve to drive such a road. As it broadened out again Weston stopped and his hands shook as they dropped from the wheel. From behind him Vereker spoke:

"Haul out the trouble light. I want a look at this lad."

The bulb gleamed out, showing a small figure clad in breeches and shirt of gray cords, a cap to match perched on a crop of dark curls. A thin face, dead white, which the eyes seemed rather to darken than to light. A face oddly old for all its youth, overlaid by a mask of still defiance, one crescent eyebrow cut by a white scar. The face of an elf, it might have been; one that had been steeped in queer sophistications without quite losing its unhuman charm.

After a moment Weston delivered his verdict:

"That lad is a girl."

"And if I am, it isn't going to do you birds any good," she spat back at him.

"Pleasant as a rattlesnake," said Vereker. "Now, sister, what is your name?"

"Miss Brown, of Sonoma."

"Also Miss Smith, of Azusa, and others?" Vereker retorted.

The girl's eyes glittered at them with the opaqueness of jet.

"If I'd seen you first, I'd have shot you both."

"Woman, in thine hours of ease," he murmured, "I have seen that cleft eyebrow before somewhere. I remember—it was in a dive on the Barbary Coast back in the old and spacious days. She was pointed out to me as Kate O'Hara, the queen of the snowbirds."

"Dope-runners, eh?" Pete breathed.

"May you fry in hell," the girl writhed. "There's thirty thousand dollars' worth down in that boat."

"Another miraculous draft. What will we do with her, Pete?"

THE girl sat silently while they discussed her. There was something wretched in that passive waiting; it hinted so much that this was not the first time her person and her life had hung on men's decisons. Furtively she studied the faces revealed by the lamp, then broke into helpless sobbing.

"Woman's tears," Vereker nodded. "The oldest weapon of all, save one. Do they tug at your entrails, Pete? That is where they are really hitched up if you only knew it."

With a glance of venom, the girl hushed her crying and drew an incongruous vanity-case from that mannish shirt. Busy with puff and mirror, she seemed to wipe them both from her mind, humming softly the while.

"We have got away, and that is all we care about," Weston offered. "We can go on and leave her here with the car to wait for her friends."

The girl broke at that, clutching wildly at their shoulders in a genuine terror.

"No, no, you've butted into this and you've got to see me through. For God's sake don't leave me here. Red Butch would never believe but that I'd double-crossed him in some way. I can't drive this wagon, and if he catches me— You've got to get me to San Francisco."

Weston remembered those men who had passed in the dark. The girl's clutching fingers and distorted mouth gave a glimpse of depths of sordid tragedy. So this was the romantic path of crime. There seemed no place on which to rest one's feet. The wearily familiar way, the morasses of the determinedly "good," the barbed entanglements of beyond the law, all were equally to be fled. And yet, what in heaven's name was there else?

On the seat beside him lay a paper and he picked it up, scanning it in the light of the bulb. Only a newspaper, it proved, the San Marcos *Herald*, evidently devoted to the doings of the great tourist hotel there. He caught a headline, "Distinguished Arrivals," As he looked, decision came to him.

"How far is it to San Marcos?"

"Nearly a hundred miles, half of them rotten," answered the girl.

Rapidly Weston calculated.

"We can make it by morning. We will take you there; I have business in San Marcos to-morrow."

THE sun was already high when they rolled into San Marcos, drowsing under its live-oaks, little more than an appendage to its great rambling wooden hotel. The garage to which the girl directed them had an air of secrecy, as of things hidden behind its businesslike surface.

Without a word the girl disappeared into a back room. Vereker curled up in the car like a sleepy cat. An hour later Weston, shaved, shined and pressed from his yellow crest to the tips of his shoes, sought the hotel. A lingering caution kept him from adventuring the office and giving his name. He sought a seat beneath an oak which commanded the entrance. He could wait; all he had was time. Then fatigue came upon him, not to be denied, and he slept.

It was a prod in his ribs, a tinkle of laughter which awoke him. Lifting eyelids that seemed weighted with lead, he looked into the face of Rita Romano.

"So it really is you," she triumphed. "I saw you from my window and came down to see what man was left lying about in this hen-roost."

It was his first sight of her in every-day attire. She had rested in his thoughts as a creature of star-dust, a golden moth fluttering out on moonlit dusk. But here she was revealed as frankly human. Her champagne-colored sports suit had Paris woven into every line. Above it was a hat of the same, which with every change of mood she tugged to some more bewildering angle. There was an impertinent Summer fur of ermine, an ebony cane for the prodding of sleeping youths, a general air of being vividly alive.

But the change he divined in her was more than one of mere clothes. She had an air of power as of a woman beginning to find herself.

Noting his trimness, she dimpled a question.

"Such glory! What is her name?"

"Rita Romano," he answered, and she caught at his hand, pulling him down beside her on the bench.

"You got safely away that night?"

"Yes, thanks to you. And last night I saw your name in a San Marcos paper, and so—here I am."

"You dear thing; I have thought about you so often. Let me look at you. You have been through things since I saw you," she decided.

"Never mind about me. What of you?"

"I have left Malikine. She was sick in San Francisco one night and I had to dance in her place. I ran away with the show; then of course the band played, and I can tell you it was no *Liebestodt*. But oh, I *got it* that night—I really *got it*."

GAY, instinct with the golden vitality of the day, she laughed and flashed at his side, her amber eyes catching blue glints from the sky and the sapphires at her breast.

"You got what?" Pete asked, and she sketched a question.

"Who knows what it is? The thing that we all seek and so few of us ever find. Did you think that dancing was just doing steps? There are girls in the lines who can twiddle 'points' better than I can, but they never make the center of the stage. To do that you must at least know of it."

"Know of what," he persisted, and she breathed in hopelessness of words.

"I'd have to dance it to make you understand. 'The Rainbow' they call it, those who know of it. Inspiration, I suppose you might call it. Things get all bright about you and you are caught up and tossed to and fro on great waves of joy like colored light. I thought the place was on fire, my feet grew so hot—and then—ah——"

She sighed, with a motion as if eager to be up and away, flitting in and out between the oaks. Her eloquent dancer's feet rapped rhythmically.

"I suppose you think I'm crazy?" she finished.

"No—I can see what it must be like, at least."

"I am going to strike for London now," she went on. "Oh, if I could only get the thing I want! Not just tee-totumming about in those stilted old ballets, but something big and perfect. Story, music, song, setting, drama, all in one beautiful completeness. A background of deep colored light—and me in the middle——"

She relapsed back with a hopeless sigh.

"I want the impossible, of course. So you came to thank me? Most men forget—but I would do the same for any of you boys."

"Of course," Pete stammered, "I knew it wasn't—wasn't——"

"Did you know that?" she asked, with a limpid disconcertingness. "I didn't—I never do. Is your friend still with you?"

"Yes—he's a good guy."

She laughed again at that.

"That is hardly the way I would describe him."

"But how do you know?" Weston marveled. "You hardly spoke to him."

"I didn't have to. We looked at each other and we both knew. He has walked the black path, too."

He looked his question, puzzled once more. Like Sid, there were times when this girl seemed to speak an alien tongue. Her atmosphere was like the vibrations of some unheard bell, calling to things which he had known existed in him.

"You nice solemn thing, I forgot you didn't know about that," she was saying. "And yet I believe that your feet are on it, too. Turn your head." she commanded. "What a shame to waste that hair on a man. It is the graveness about your mouth, I suppose, but you make me think of some young knight keeping his vigil—and wondering what on earth it is all about."

"And the black path?" he asked again.

"He is not to be put off," she shrugged at the world in general. "But I was just talking—you mustn't notice what I say."

"Tell me."

"Tell you what?" she evaded.

HIS whole mind was an aching demand as he realized how little he knew of her. She was there at his side, yet she seemed unreachable. Even though he stretched out with superior strength and swept her into his arms, he knew that he could not hold that mysterious something which was herself.

She made him think of some sphinx, still in the glory of her youth, sitting serenely on her pedestal and gazing out on things hidden from him.

"Tell me where I am going," he burst out. "What am I doing, where am I to end? I can't help believing that you know more of it than I do. You are like Sid, you speak of things and then you are gone, off to somewhere that I can't reach."

"I am just a silly woman, talking too much."

"And the black path?"

She sighed in sudden surrender.

"Well, if you will have it—there isn't any, really."

"And yet there is," he returned.

"Oh—if you know that——"

She looked away from him, suddenly quiet, speaking as if from visions flitting at random before her gaze.

"Any street can be that path. What do we know of those who pass us by? Six people on a sidewalk—six different worlds. One going home to supper, one going to God knows what, and one perhaps going to greatness."

"And the black path?"

She breathed impatiently, flashing at his persistence.

"God help your poor wife, if ever you get one."

"And——"

Her hands begged his mercy, closing her ears.

"Oh, hush! What I mean is the way of—of art—of anything great. But if you can get off it, do, for it is lined, paved with the poor broken bodies and souls of those who couldn't quite face it.

"The path of ashes," she went more somberly on. "That is why it is black. Ashes that fall as we burn our way through things."

Continued on page 63



Are you sure that ALL the danger-spots are kept germ-free ?

WHAT about the door knobs and door jambs—favorite lodging places for germs because touched so often by hands, little and big? What about the cracks in the floor, catching the dust and germs that feet drag in from the street? What of the scores of tiny corners and crevices where the friendly sunshine cannot reach to cleanse and purify?

All those places must be kept as germ-free as possible if every member of your family is to be effectively safeguarded against the attacks of disease-carrying bacteria within the home. It is not enough to disinfect just the few conspicuous danger spots—toilet bowl, drain pipes, garbage pail.

Old-fashioned cleaning methods are ineffective

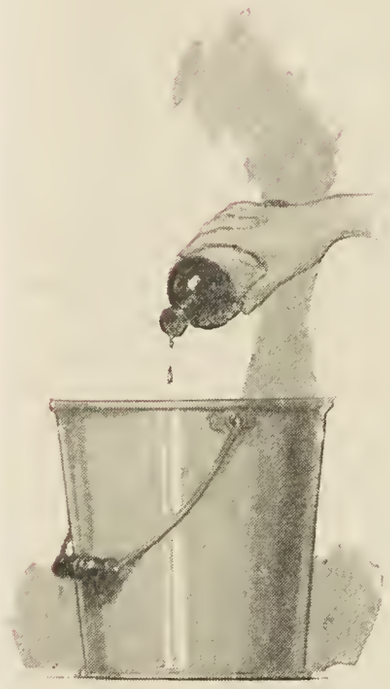
MICROSCOPIC examination of a new cloth used with soap and water for general cleaning purposes for only one week, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria on the cloth. That shows the ineffectiveness of old-fashioned cleaning methods. Yet there is a simple, easy way to kill those dangerous, invisible germs.

Just put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water—*everytime and everywhere you clean.* Dip your cloth, broom, mop or brush in this solution. Wash, scrub, cleanse surfaces with it everywhere. Then you will have germ-free cleanliness in every part of your house—without a particle of extra work or bother!

This cleaning solution has germ-killing power

"LYSOL" is the standard disinfectant, endorsed by physicians, used by hospitals. It is completely soluble in water, forming a clear solution with high germ-killing power.

Because of its soapy nature, "Lysol" Disinfectant also helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical; two teaspoons in a quart of water make a thoroughly effective solution. Be sure you get genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant. All druggists have it.



Use "Lysol" Disinfectant in all your cleaning water

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Lysol Disinfectant

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Free booklet—

a helpful guide to better, safer cleaning

IT GIVES complete information about the many household and other uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant. It explains in detail the correct solution and methods of use for cleaning floors and rugs, woodwork and door knobs; in the kitchen; in the bathroom, etc. It has helped thousands of careful housewives. Send now for copy.

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Mail me, without charge, a copy of your booklet which gives complete information and directions for the many household and other uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant.

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Plaits ··Scarfs··Buttons

Paris is gay with these new fall styles

SCARF DRESS

A collar is a scarf, or a scarf a collar in the new mode. This new dress is pattern No. 5455





TAILORED FROCK

Buttoned from throat to hem, the new tailored frocks use little vests to complete their smartness. This is pattern No. 5437



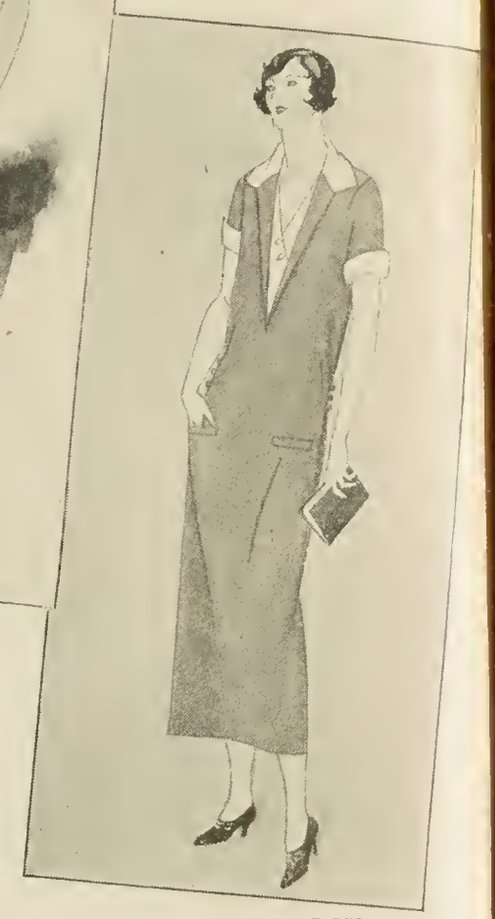
PLAITS AND LACE

The informal afternoon frock is plaited, partly at least, this season and both buttons and lace are used. This is pattern No. 5452



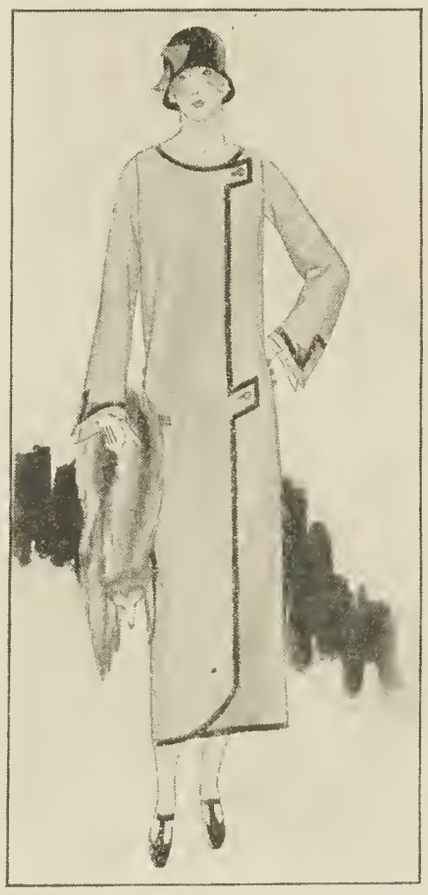
THE LONG SLEEVE

The long, somewhat fitted sleeve is in high favor among the day dresses seen in Paris. This is pattern No. 5439



VEST FROCK

Again and again Paris uses the vest in an utterly feminine way. It is very correct for tailored frocks. This is pattern No. 5421



BOUND EDGES

The influence of the tailored mode is seen in frocks that use contrasting binding in the simplest and most successful ways. This is pattern No. 5433



CAPE FROCK

A little cape gives dash to a frock this Fall, and is delightful in its youthfulness. This is pattern No. 5451

Each new mode is waiting for you in the patterns of our famous fashion house

THE silhouette remains slim and short, but the new Fall frocks are fresh and fascinating because of their new details. Plaits and scarfs rival one another in their new uses, and buttons have captured Paris! The beltless frock is more and more the favorite, and Paris wears her sleeve long and fitted or very, very short.

These are the styles you want for your own Fall dresses. And Butterick has a pattern ready for every one of them!

At the showings of the great Paris designers at restaurants and plays favored by *les élégantes,* there is a Butterick expert watching for each new significant mode. The Butterick Paris office cables news of each as it appears. Fast steamers bring sketches, details. And immediately a pattern is made for that new style.

Dresses with the new plaits, or scarfs or buttons, frocks beltless, long-sleeved, or short—you can buy Butterick Patterns for each new vogue. And with each pattern you get the secret of how to make it—the Deltor that shows you how to cut out, put together and exquisitely finish that new style by Butterick of New York, of Paris, of London.

No other pattern approaches the complete service the Deltor gives you

The easiest pattern to use

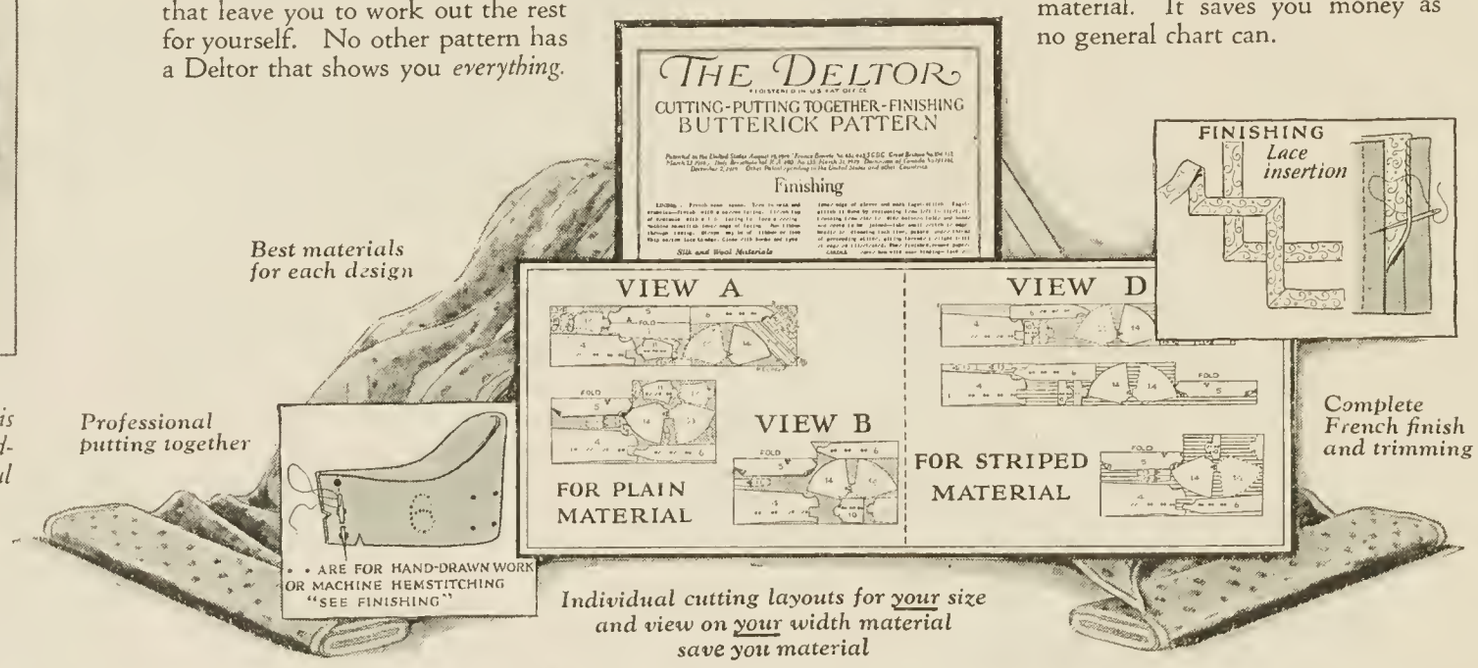
Just what each piece is, which to put together and in what order, and exactly *how to do it step by step*, is shown you in the Deltor. Every step is shown you—not just two or three that leave you to work out the rest for yourself. No other pattern has a Deltor that shows you *everything.*

The only complete finishing directions with any pattern

Their finish and trimming gives Paris clothes half their charm, but other patterns practically ignore this all-important service. The Deltor shows you each tiny detail.

The pattern that really saves money

Ordinary patterns give you only two or maybe three *general* cutting charts. The Deltor gives you an *individual* cutting layout of your size and view laid on your width material. It saves you money as no general chart can.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 60

"Through what things?"

Chin on hands, she regarded him long.

"You must know some of them already. There are lines about your mouth which were not there two weeks ago. And just running to the opposite of those things is no use. There are plenty doing that, but there is precious little that is worth while coming out of Greenwich Village or Sing Sing either.

"It takes more than craziness, or even courage, to walk that path, my dear," she finished. "It takes—compulsion."

"But what can compel one?" he wondered.

"What is compelling you now?"

He had not thought of that—it was merely circumstances, of course. But then, he had had his chances to turn aside, even not to start at all—and yet——

Compulsion; the word was bitter in his mouth. To march victoriously with drums and banners would have suited him better. But in the last weeks he had been constantly turned back to the trail, like some straggler found A. W. O. L. He wondered if there were drums inaudible—drums which caught the feet, not the ears, and marched them implacably to that distant rhythm.

Footsteps approached and she gave a weary exclamation.

"Look who's here!"

FROM an alley of clipped laurel came a man, stoutly forty, dressed in a gray golfing suit, with pea-green stockings and yellow gloves. His hat was in his hand and his bald head and the face beneath it might have been modeled from some too-pink wax. His lips were loose and over red, but behind enormous crystals his eyes glittered with a biting authority as of life or death. At sight of Weston by Rita's side he turned away with a palpably petulant shrug.

"That is Dr. Jordan Michaelis," Rita said. "You must have heard of him. He's a famous specialist by day and a notorious chaser by night. Now he is on a vacation, he seems to think the sun sets before he gets up. He is down here looking for something—something besides me, I mean. He thought he'd combine the two while he was here. It is something somebody lost a hundred years ago, or that never existed, or—oh, never mind him. Tell me what you are going to do."

"I don't know," Pete admitted.

"We none of us do, not really. Take myself. I am at the point where I can go up or go down. There is a place like that in everybody's career, and with a woman it depends on—the man."

"What man?" Weston demanded, amazed at his own heat.

"Do you think that we women of the stage make our own career?" she asked. "I have played a lone hand so far, and I can always draw my three hundred dollars a week. But for what I want, the Big Success, there must be a man. It is they who hold the keys of things. And the pity of it is that it might be such a glory—and so rarely is."

"But surely, with your art and charm——"

She leaned against him, rubbing her cheek on his shoulder with the frankness of a child.

"You nice thing, why aren't you a great big producer? But then producers aren't like that," she sighed. "They can't be, for a thousand reasons, every one of which I know. You'd have every little hussy in the business working you to a frazzle."

She sat up again, shrugging it all off in a defiant gaiety.

"I'm not a real lady, you know. No real artist ever is—the two don't go together. The only real ladies I know are club women. They just about support the Malikine ballet, but they don't dance in it, poor dears."

He had imprisoned her hand in his and with the contact a spasm of jealousy came to him.

"I don't want you going off to London."

"Have you anything better to offer me?"

He had nothing to offer even to himself. Like two moths caught in the draft of a flame, they had been whirled together, only to have her flutter up beyond him to some more potent light. A bitter futility rose up and swamped him.

"All I know is that last night when I saw your name, I knew that I had to come here—I couldn't help it—I——"

A pink palm pressed warmly on his lips.

"Stop—don't propose. I'd probably accept you, the way I feel now, and then I'd get cold feet and pack up and run away. You are too nice to be hurt in that fashion."

"Oh, I know that I am only one of a million to you!"

"And I am waiting for the million to turn into one."

Rita sprang to her feet with that, in a swift dismay.

"Oh, it is time I went. Don't get up, I'm not going to kiss you good-by. That other time it meant just what it did—but now——"

He reached for her hands, but she eluded him with the ease of the ballet.

"I always go when they get masterful—*adios*."

In defiance of her own words she leaned suddenly over him. It landed on the bridge of his nose, a hit-or-miss breathless sort of kiss. Before he could recover she was gone.

He sat long on that bench, his brain a confusion. A million kisses, and the last one as inept and fresh as the very first. It was merely another encounter of this odd experience, of which the pain was that nothing lasted.

The day marched on about him like a procession of splendors pillaged from some bright dream. At last he was gloomily convinced that Rita would not come out again. There was comfort in that too, for it seemed to prove that she was somehow afraid to do so.

Later on Weston passed out again to the street, all hot dust, pepper-trees and store fronts beating back the sunshine.

Before him went two men. One of them was that Doctor Michaelis, who had retreated on seeing him at Rita's side. Fragments of their conversation floated back to him:

"This map newly discovered in the church archives at Monterey shows the place as located on Assuncion Creek."

That was the other man. Peering, shabby, he shambled along with his pockets bulging with books; but his voice was that of authority.

"But Assuncion Creek disappeared in the 1807 quake," Michaelis objected.

"This map was made in 1805 and has been admitted as evidence by the State supreme court. If any traces of the place exist, they must be within sixty or seventy miles of here."

"Then it is merely a case of search."

Weston remembered Rita's saying that this Michaelis was "looking for something besides herself." He grew cold with dislike. "Damn wax image," he muttered. It pleased him to think of the even pink of that face as cracking under his fist.

AT THE garage Vereker was still asleep. There came an impulse to wake him and get out together on the evening train. But there were hours to wait for that. Weston got into the car, yielding to the unsatisfied weariness of a night of stress.

The next he knew was the sunset flaming in at the garage doors and a hand on his shoulder. It was Kate O'Hara who stood there, her face bleak with the fear that came out in a panting whisper.

"Red phoned in here just now; one of the men tipped me off. He has got hold of a car somehow and is at Los Olives, twenty miles away. And there's no train out of this hole until nine o'clock!"

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Weston shook the figure at his side.

"Sid, wake up. Here's another mess."

"You won't leave me for that devil to get me?" the girl begged.

Two men and a girl whispering in a corner of a dubious garage. Bare walls, the smell of oil, overalled men with hard faces, ostentatiously indifferent to all but their own business.

He had thought that they were done with this girl, but there she was again. What was it Rita had said? "Plenty of them running to the opposite." Broken souls, caught in the bars which they had tried to break through. The trouble was that she was still a woman, with the mystic claims of her sex.

"All right," he wearily agreed. "We'll run you out of it to somewhere!"

Continued in the October DELINEATOR



Why Artists Want Their Models to Use Princess Pat Natural Tint

A surprising tribute from the profession in all the world most critical of women's beauty

ONE of the most curious and interesting side-lights on the virtues of Princess Pat Tint is its almost universal use in the studios of famous artists.

In explanation, a well known Chicago painter says: "Princess Pat Tint is the only rouge-shade I have ever found that gives my models an absolutely life-like color, one that I can transfer to my canvases without modification."

This tribute is even more remarkable than the mere words convey—for artists invariably paint in the clear, cold "north light" that is merciless in revealing false notes of color. And Princess Pat Tint withstands this test *without a single hint of artificiality*. Think of it!

Now, being a woman, you have tried to match odd silks. What a task it is. You can get *almost* the right shade, but *not quite!* With the usual orange rouges, you can get *almost* a natural color—but, ah madam, *not quite!*

And why? There lies the fascinating secret of Princess Pat Tint, the secret of the difference between it and all other rouge-shades known. Here is the explanation: Princess Pat Tint contains a certain ingredient—a so-called "variant"—which will change color on the cheeks instantly the Tint is applied.

Moreover this ingredient changes *differently* on every type of skin. Have you ever watched the play of softly colored lights with which such beautiful effects are achieved in a Belasco play? You have seen pure white shade marvelously into delicate rose, and deepen or diminish at the will of some one unseen.

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PLAY AND GROW STRONG

Concluded from page 16

children fly kites, and that if water is available they go in wading, splashing, swimming, etc.

Children of this age have initiative and dramatic play instincts and should be allowed free scope in inventing games. They can engage in competitive games such as ball-games, tag games, hiding games, circle and swinging games, and games requiring motor ability and skill, such as throwing at a mark.

GAMES FOR OLDER CHILDREN

For children from eight to twelve years of age, more complex games are required, for by this time the simpler ones have lost their charm. Group games and stunts can be attempted: catching games are popular, such as tag; counting-out games; dodging and dare games; throwing games, and games requiring motor control, such as leap-frog, hop-scotch, cat's cradle, jackstones and marbles. Hiking, swimming, roller-skating and dancing can be done in moderation and under supervision.

Up to this age there should be no difference in the games of boys and girls. All girls should be tomboys up to twelve years of age. They should play with boys and be encouraged to be as much boys as possible. Girls should learn to give and take and receive hard knocks without having their feelings hurt or doing the baby act. Some one has said that if a girl does not become a good sport before she is twelve years of age she never will be one, but will most certainly be condemned to premature young ladyhood.

A child ought to spend three hours a day in the open air out-of-doors, weather permitting, and the same length of time, if the weather is bad, in games and play indoors. One great trouble with primary public-school education is that too much time is given to study and too little to games, recreation and health. Added to school and home work, many ambitious parents crowd extra lessons, such as music and dancing, on their overworked children. Thus very little time is left for spontaneous, free and unrestrained play.

DANGERS OF EXCESS IN EXERCISE

Like most good things, games and play can be overdone and thus cause permanent harm. Excess should be avoided in games as in food and sweets. Many children are not physically able to play active and strenuous games. Parents and teachers must watch closely for indications of fatigue and make the game stop before there is any strain. Children should not play too long at any one game, especially if it is an active one. An active game should be followed by a quiet one. It is always well to stop a game half an hour before a meal. Much indigestion is caused by children eating when overheated and excited from play. Games should never be permitted to fatigue the child. Overfatigue is shown by exhaustion, loss of appetite, peevishness, irritability, etc.

Ambitious children do not spare themselves in competitive games, but push their bodies to and beyond the limits of endurance in order to win at any cost. No less an authority than the late Dr. Luther Gulick condemns strenuous games in young children as they require more bodily energy than the growing child can afford. He specifies as too strenuous games, basketball, football, long runs and sprints.

The effects of games and exercises on the heart is of the utmost importance in children. Statistics on the condition of the heart found among many thousands of school children in different cities throughout this country show that from two to four per cent. have some form of heart disease. In a number of cities these children are placed in special cardiac classes where their exercises are prescribed by physicians and their general health kept under close observation.

The volume of the heart in children is proportionately smaller to the diameter of the arteries than when full growth is attained. For this reason there is always danger of overfatigue in young and growing children. Overstrain of the heart at this time may cause, and often does cause, permanent injury. An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure, and the ounce in this case is an annual and complete physical examination of every child by a careful and competent physician. Signs of under or faulty nutrition, incipient or unobserved physical defects, especially the strength and condition of the heart, should be noted and proper precautions taken to avoid strenuous or too active games. And then the pound of cure would not be necessary.

Games and exercises mean growth and education in the lives of young children. This period in their lives needs supervision but not restraint. Games provide exercise in an informal, spontaneous and pleasant manner. Exercise in the open air improves both the respiration and circulation and helps build up the bones and muscles. Special formal exercises are used to correct stooping shoulders, weak muscles, crooked backs and poor posture. Children should be taught the habit of good posture early in life. Proper posture means erect head, high chest, flat stomach and straight back.

Parents must realize that their duty is not merely to provide for the material needs of their offspring. Much more is expected of them than that. They should take an active and sympathetic interest in their children, cultivate in them a love for nature and the great outdoors, and encourage them in their sports and games. Thus they will come into confidential relations with their children and grow to be real pals and not merely parents.

NOTE—A list of previous articles in this "Happy Child" series that are available in pamphlet form will be found on page 57



THE FINE POINTS OF LAUNDERING

Continued from page 21

in "French" work. It means thin, well-cooked starch paste—so thin that it is like water—and then ironing the fabric, which should be evenly moist, until it is really dry. In place of starch, gum arabic will stiffen and borax will make thin material crisp.

Rice starch gives the daintiness of French organdies and does its work with real magic finish.

Tints may be added to starches and by their use the fabric may be brightened.

Lace curtains are usually finished with an écru tint of tea solution or, for special purposes, with a dye. By having the tint and the starch mixed and divided into lots for reserve supply, the curtains will then be all one stiffness and shade of color.

If colors are to be reestablished, as in the case of brightening one piece and not the other, the piece that is overbright should be washed, perhaps boiled, to reduce the color, and then it may be tinted. In this way the tone is likely to be kept more even.

THE FINE POINTS OF IRONING

Washing is a science in which the knowledge of chemistry plays a large part, but ironing and its finer results means practise.

Perhaps the first point is the knowledge required for sprinkling—to know when there is water enough. This suggestion may help: thin fabrics must be moistened to prevent their drying too quickly, and thick garments require heavy sprinkling to be sure they are damp. Laces should be wet by dipping the fingers in water and pinching the lace, for dry

lace neither stretches nor shapes easily. Hems, such as there are on all sheets, pillow-slips or dresses, should be thoroughly moistened. Roll the garment after folding and shaping it, laying the lace or embroidery as well as the tucks in the center of the roll. The beginner usually has her clothes too dry or dry in spots.

Fine ironing depends upon irons that are clean and smooth enough to slide easily. All garments should be ironed until they are perfectly dry. An experienced ironer presses firmly and always takes the grain of the goods as the guiding direction. A quick stroke is not the best, unless the iron is scorching hot, which in turn is very risky for the garment. In such a case, save heat and time by choosing a heavy fabric that may be ironed by using long strokes, such as a sheet. Iron with the grain of the goods and usually along the length of the garment as far as possible. For example, an apron, dress or petticoat should be placed on the board with the edge which is to be ironed next the worker. This means that the free hand that spreads, pulls and prepares the garment is more free to do its work and that it may pull the garment away from the worker without wrinkling the ironed part. The thicker the garment the longer the worker should hold the iron to glaze and dry it smooth.

Gathers should be ironed so that they look as they did when made by a seamstress—and not like flattened plaits. To do this, "nose" the point of the iron well into the gathers and hold it until the cloth is dry. Very fine gathers, such as are made in fine organdies or muslins, look like new, if, after the garment is ironed, it is put on the board and with one hand the binding of the ruffle is held and with a needle or pin the gathers are "stroked" as in sewing. The inner edge of a pair of scissors or the dull edge of a case-knife produce knife-plaits.

Plaits should be ironed down from the band rather than up, and care should be taken to make the fold in line with the grain of the cloth. Shirt-waist fronts, for example, should be ironed down from the shoulder seam rather than up to the seam. Up to the seam usually results in a little fold caused by the fabric's being pushed up to the stitching. To baste these plaits seems easiest at first thought, but this should have been done before the garment was wet and by basting on the underside, thus preventing the thread from showing. Sometimes a thread that will be in the crease of the tuck fold will act as a best marker. Pinning the tuck top and bottom under tension, and then ironing, gives good results.

Ruffles and jabots can be well done in the absence of a plaiting-machine if the plait is drawn taut from the binding to the edge and is held by means of pins stuck at each end into the underside of the plait and at the edge. Two or three plaits can be pinned and set and then ironed at the same pressure of the the iron. Then release the pin of the first plaits to help make fulness to allow for the formation of the next plaits.

Circles should be ironed with the thread of the fabric or grain of the goods, and always with straight lines. A centerpiece, for example, should be put on the ironing-board so that the iron may press to dryness the lower segment of the circle and then in turn press each other section.

Embroidery should be placed upside down on a pad and ironed from the wrong side. It is possible to pin embroidery as well as laces, and in many cases the results are far better, that is, the thread is not glazed or discolored and the heavy embroidery is allowed to dry under tension rather than pressure, which allows it to cushion rather than flatten.

In pinning either lace or embroidery, have both quite damp, and should they dry, as they may if on a large piece, moisten them with a damp cloth so there will be no wrinkles and so the fibers may be stretched equally. Even the finest laces can be set and stretched while wet, which is not possible to do with dry threads. Drying under tension gives a certain stiffness which is all that is necessary and far better than even a thin starch. To iron lace as that on a small ruffle, instead of ironing lengthwise of the ruffle and its lace edge with the point of the iron, nip the outer edge of the lace with the iron and iron from the scallop top to the bottom where the lace is stitched. This makes the lace look like new and causes it to widen and open.

Buttonholes, whether well or poorly made, can be good-looking always by pulling the fabric lengthwise of the buttonhole just as the hot iron is placed on it. This sets it and gives it a good shape.

Sometimes the ironer finds difficulty in producing good work, not because she is not efficient, but because the seamstress has created difficulties that are hard to overcome. This is often true in ironing cuffs and collars of several thicknesses of material or where the length or width of the warp and woof of a fabric have been stitched together. In such cases, shrinkage is uneven, and the result is a fulness on one side or the other. This fulness must be put somewhere by the ironer. If possible, iron it down where the overlap of excess is pressed next the gathers. Do this same thing with the round collars so popular for children's wear.



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N. B. C. Graham Crackers and milk make a nourishing lunch for both children and grown-ups. Their delicious nut-like flavor comes only from using real graham flour.



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HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR PERSONALITY

Concluded from page 22

using it all day and every day to direct your life and to control your feelings so that worry, anger, fear, jealousy and hatred do not possess you. Such feelings are poison to the mind and to the body. Care of the mind means keeping them out by filling the mind with things that count.

WATCH YOUR WORDS AND TONES

The spoken word has a life the end of which no one can see. Don't start the wrong idea going. Speak only of those things you wish to build on and have grow in your life. Never dwell on the disagreeable or the unhappy. Avoid such things as you would a dirty puddle or a garbage pile.

And remember the tones of your voice are most important. Low, pleasant tones have a calming effect on others as well as yourself. One can change one's mood by simply assuming a low, gentle voice. If your voice is harsh or nasal, wheezy or whiny, attention to proper breathing and use will help it.

A pleasant voice should be a permanent possession.

CULTIVATE GRACIOUS MANNERS

Gracious manners are the natural expression of the right feeling within. If you have the same helpful thoughts for others as you do for yourself, your manners will show it at once. Such manners are magical in putting people at ease. The forms and usages of etiquette are important too. If you are ignorant regarding social usage in introductions and greetings, in table, street and theater manners, conversation and so forth, consult some of the new books on this important matter.

GAIN POWER THROUGH REPOSE

The art of living well means realizing there is always time. Stop often in the day, relax, sit or lie down for two or three minutes, revive the thoughts you began your day with and "reset" your machinery. If you do this you will not move through the day with a jazz rhythm, but instead you will have poise and calm and will work without fatigue, rush or hurry. Whenever things get the better of you, just try this formula. It is magical.

THE entire ten suggestions may be summed up in this: "Live now, this moment, to your best strength and vision." Life is all "now." It is our part of the "forever." Live well this present moment, hour and day, feeling yourself a part of all life, united with the Spirit that gave all life—and you will be building on a secure foundation. An old proverb says,

Look to this day, for it is life.
To-day well spent makes every yesterday
A dream of happiness and every to-morrow
A vision of hope.



The A-B-C of Nutrition

SEPTEMBER—and millions of youngsters are off to school. Science teaches that upon the diet of the child depend an alert mind and a strong body. Children must have *fats* for energy.

To Promote Growth and Health Children Must Have Vitamins —Especially Vitamin "A."

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MY OWN STORY

Continued from page 11

If this were my sister's story instead of mine, how I would love to tell it! It would be a tale then of beauty in small things, of a sunshiny little kitchen full of village girls learning to cook and sending her into her gales of laughter over their mistakes, of a little sitting-room full of wonderful books, of a heart that found equal riches in the Polish laundress's story, the English reviews, and the ups and downs of the suffrage movement. It would try to recall a face glowing with light and interest, with love and intelligence, under a rich dark crown of braids.

But here I can only say gratefully what we all said to one another so often then: "Oh, do let's appreciate how wonderful this is! Don't let us ever want anything more!"

When sorrow came to my nursery, and when, after only a few happy hours of being able to say "the children," being able to speak of "my little girls," I found myself the mother of but one child again, we told ourselves that we had been too happy. But presently all the other thousand interests came back and something like the old happiness returned and we shared Teresa's three lovely children and my one as if we had both been their mothers.

By this time every one of my mother's six children was happily married, even our "babies," and snapshots of staggering persons in rompers were being exchanged in almost every mail.

AND meanwhile I worked hard. Immediately after "Mother" I began "Saturday's Child," and then came "Julia Page" and "The Heart of Rachel" and a score of short stories. All these brought me letters, hundreds of letters, and much work.

It is hard for me to remember now that I had an "incurable" illness in these years and was crippled for months, helpless in a wheeled chair or in bed and seven separate times in the surgery. It seemed then the end of the road, and I felt years older than I do to-day and quite willing to call mine a full life and turn the rest of the job over to somebody else.

But that passed like a dream; and the war came—like a nightmare. It came to our village, and the young fruitman and the young boatman, our friends for years, began to look worried. Teresa and I had allied ourselves with the pacifists long before this, but when the men of the families got into olive-drab, what could we do? We tore lint and wound bandages and threw ourselves into what she used to call the "love side of it," with all the other mothers and wives. Hate, we knew, would never get any one very far; we used to rejoice that America's share, whether America realized it fully or not, was almost all pride, generosity, loyalty, hope, love.

When that Summer came, we took an old mansion outside of Mount Holly, New Jersey, and here we "pooled" the women and children and nurses of the family at a convenient distance from the camps and the various headquarters of soldiers. We were three sisters then and eight children—for a loved little adopted son of mine came with us that year—all the time, and sometimes we had our major, our lieutenant and our commander, and sometimes one or other of my brothers, with his family.

We had our own lake and our own wooded acres, and here we hid ourselves, hoping that the war would be over next week if not this week, following the battle-line with white-headed pins on a big map, fearing, hoping and praying. To the rest of us, the Summer had its human moments of excitement and, indeed, of actual pleasure; we liked the camps and the "sings"—we forgot Flanders.

But Teresa did not. There was a grave, a stricken look in her beautiful eyes that Summer that was like that of some wounded, bewildered creature whose life-blood is going slowly, drop by drop.

I don't mean that she was not merry sometimes, with the children and the gipsy lunches on the shore. She had a deep fund of enjoyment all her own—enjoyment in sunshine and tree shadows and silences, a passionate enjoyment in little children and their absurdities and their wisdom. But more than once as July burned into August and August into September, she said to me dreamily: "I'd like to take this dear fourth baby somewhere—where there isn't war. Somewhere men can't pretend—for a cause so small—that they must make murderers of our little, safe, good boys."

Only one of a million—her life—only one of ten million young and good and precious lives that were sacrificed in those years. We had been poor almost all of our thirty-five years together. But I had never known poverty—grinding, aching want and need—until then.

IN THE Autumn the wonderful woman her husband called mother and that she called her "mother in love" wanted Teresa and the children to come to her, to be safe and happy in the big Southern homestead; and indeed we all wanted her to be there, away from the "flu" epidemic that was reaching the camps even then. So my smaller sister and I arranged to stay in Washington with four children, and to nurse the "flu" and to be on committees, my two and her two; and the others were to visit there for a week, and then go on southward.

The day came when the little sister and Teresa and their nurses were to leave me in Mount Holly, I to follow them to Washington a day or two later. It was only one of a hundred adjustments of our enormous group—a few hours' separation, no more.

Yet it made me strangely uneasy. The day of parting was unnaturally bright and soft and still. I went with all of them to the train in Philadelphia and saw them through the ticket-gate. Teresa had been feeling tired, and we had just had one of those irregular mid-morning meals she loved. They all went through the gate to the train, the colored nurse with her white baby, and the big German nurse with her white gown and her streaming peasant ribbons, and the merry little children eager for travel——

Teresa came running back at the last moment, laughing and with tears on her cheeks. She came through the gate, she was in my arms.

"Don't miss me!" she said. "Didn't I leave you to try the convent, years ago, and come back to you? Didn't I leave you to go abroad with my Ellen, and come back to you? I'll always come back."

My little sister, this time you will not come back to me. But some day I will go to you.

I never saw her again. By a rearrangement of the crowded war-time trains she went on her way to Georgia the next morning.

She died in January, radiant and wonderful to the end. And with her something died out of life forever in the hearts of us who loved her.

And so came middle age, for I have discovered that middle age is not a question of years. It is that moment in life when one realizes that one has exchanged, by a series of subtle shifts and substitutions, the vague and vaporous dreams of youth for the definite and tangible realization.

It may be a very beautiful and successful realization; it may be, indeed, real furs for dream furs, real travel for dream travel—but it is never the dream, it never can be the dream. A fact is but one fact, after all; a dream may enclose a thousand glowing and iridescent and, indeed, irreconcilable facts.

FOR a while, when the war was over, we wandered, spending six months with my younger sister's family, in Rio de Janeiro, afterward to Europe, finally back to California. By this time my husband had written his first book, "The Amateur," and then, just before the war, his second, "Salt." "Salt" was much discussed, even in all the hurry and confusion of 1918; and "Brass," written in Rio de Janeiro, but dealing, as they all do, only with America and the Americans, was a best-seller.

We had always said that when we were successful writers we could live where we pleased. We presently found this to be only about fifty miles from the scenes of our very beginnings after all—fifty miles due south from San Francisco, straight into the sunshine and the sweetness of the Santa Cruz mountains. Here there was a rambling ranch of two hundred acres, here there was a creek and redwoods and fruit and hills and oaks and a lawn and millions of roses and a tennis-court, as shut away from the world as if they were in the bottom of the sea. And here we presently built a swimming-pool and a chicken-house and a play-house

Concluded on page 67



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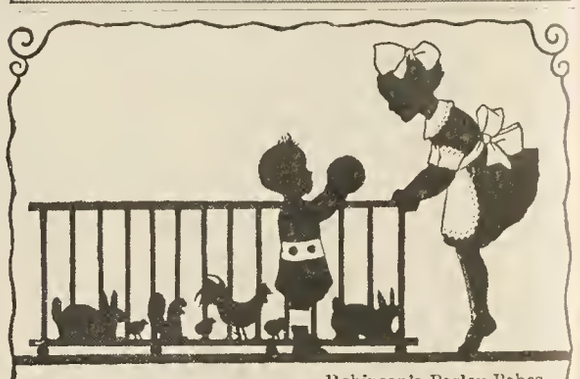
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MY OWN STORY

Concluded from page 66

and other cabins for all the aunts and uncles and cousins.

The aunts, uncles and cousins come for the long vacations. Cousins come from Washington, cousins come from New York, cousins come from the Mexican border; the nearer cousins come on Friday afternoons, and one meets little blonde girls wandering ecstatically about with interlaced arms, and says gladly, "Ah, the Jimmies have come!"

The cousins, fifteen all told, are useful when the time comes for the noon meal. They rush about with cream-pitchers and pepper-pots; they set the long table with forks and cups and mulberry leaves. Their elders broil and toast and butter and serve; and chops and beans and macaroni and chickens and everything else with which any cook cares to experiment are cooked in a grove of redwood and madroña trees over an open grill. Sometimes fifteen and sometimes twenty sit down to it, and sometimes the talk about the tables goes on uninterruptedly until it is time for the four-o'clock swim.

FOR the days that are not all holidays, both Charles and I keep regular hours. We work from nine o'clock to one without any interruptions; no telephone messages are delivered during this time. As for voluntarily using the telephone in the morning, I no more think of it than using my great-grandmother's spinning-wheel. Not that a telephone need be an interruption to one's work—but then it most always is. There are still dear good women in the world who love to telephone one and say amiably, "Tell me something new. There are a few left, I dare say, who ask: "Do you know who this is?"

At best, the telephone is apt to distract. One leaves it musing about the dinner on Friday night, stops to make a note, sees a heap of waiting mail, an open door letting the flies in or a delivery-boy hunting for the side gate—and all is lost. In going to speak to the delivery boy, one meets the cook, who is not quite pleased with the weight of the chickens. If she had known they were to be so small, she would have ordered fourteen instead of ten——

Looking dreamily and with total indifference to their weight at the chickens, one sees the small girls' nurse, who asks amiably for the flower-scissors—she has been trying to fill the vases. And the flower-scissors are somewhere, one has seen them somewhere—ah, yes, on the rabbit-hutch, and about the hutch, in the pleasant orchard shade, are Kit-fox and Con and the beautiful Janey, all so innocently pleased to have company, because they dare not walk up past the woodpile without a grown-up——

At three o'clock in the afternoon one returns to one's work-shop. And there are the pages beside the typewriter, pages that have been fluttering untouched since ten o'clock without a word added to them. No, a writer has no business with interruptions, and until she learns to classify them under two simple heads she can make small headway. The first classification, to which "Disturb me" may be added, would comprise the falling of any or all children into any or all wells, the biting of any or all children by one or more rattlesnakes, and fire. All the others go into the second group, "Do not disturb me."

All my mail, and sometimes there are a hundred letters in a day, is answered in the evening. And except in the happy Summer we work all morning, and until midnight, five nights a week. To the average novel there are more than one hundred thousand words, and many writers think a thousand words a day a good measure, and some think five hundred words a good day's work. There are one or two, Charles himself among the number, who sometimes hammer out three sentences in as many hours' hard work. Fanny Hurst is one of these, wrestling with every one of those powerful phrases as if it were actually iron. And perhaps that is why one can read the same story of hers twice in an evening and feel the tears starting each time at a certain point, and read it again the next day and feel the tears come again.

Charles works in a cabin far from the main house, when we are at home, and usually has a remote den in which to hide himself even when we are in a hotel. He does all his struggling and suffering beforehand, and rarely changes a word afterward. I work with speed when I do work, but I spend half my working-time playing solitaire, when conversations and scenes in the story I am writing unroll themselves plainly and clearly, having only to be remembered when I am at the machine. With fifty-two editorials to write every year, at least one serial story and a dozen short stories, and with usually a little side issue in the shape of an experiment going on, I have often occasion to be grateful for the old newspaper days, when a certain promptness of delivery was a part of one's training, and when the city editor's dry "Get a job on a monthly" met all the unfortunates who pleaded that their stories were not quite finished.

I always feel that my husband's plots create his characters, while my stories are plotted about a character that especially takes my fancy. We both write only of America, but while his analytical studies of social and domestic conditions slowly force his imaginary men and women upon their logical and predestined paths, my heroines occasionally prove superior to circumstances and arrive triumphantly at the happy ending.

For I believe, of course, in the happy ending! There are a million guide-posts all along the road, leading to a million happy endings. The happy ending is not a question of a gift, after all, for long before Gray leaned weeping upon his mother's tomb in a country churchyard we all knew, and we always will know, that the greatest singers will never find their public and the greatest writers die unknown. We knew that of all spectacular tragedies those of youth and beauty and power and success are the most common, and the happiest and fullest life of all is that of the woman who has discovered the Kingdom within and who can well afford to ignore the trumpery and unsatisfying kingdoms without.

LOOKING out upon the blue bay of Palermo as I write—for sometimes we take the two small typewriters and a small child or two and come away from our own country, only to prove how wonderful America is and how we love her—looking out this sunshiny Winter morning from the very room in which ended the life, a year or two ago, of a most unhappy king, it seems to me that there is a happy ending for every one if he may but find it.

A story about service and love may be a good story, but fiction is but the guinea's stamp, after all. Real service and real love must always be more wonderful. We read the story, thinking, with wet eyes, "That is just like my father. That is my sister—that is my child, alive again!" And only half-realizing perhaps that but for the genuine love that we can remember, all the great books would be so much print and paper only.

Europe has given the world great stories, great music. Europe is filled with great pictures, thousands of sweet sleepy babies in their aureoled mother's arms. But we have pictures in America finer than any that the old masters painted or that Balzac and Goethe made immortal in words. We have the living scene: tree-shaded villages where every baby is started straight and strong, where his eyes and his schooling and his morals and his rights are important; we have women with serene eyes and hearts at peace; we have glimpses—from a passing motor-car—of dinner-tables set in grassy back yards and little cars in open garages and little libraries at cross-roads.

And these are the real stories, after all. And some day when the children are grown up and married, and when the book I am writing now—or the next—proves itself to be the Great American Novel, and when the old Mill Valley days of Miss Alcott's books, and "The Wide, Wide World" and "Strickland's Lives of the Queens," the days in which my sister and I planned and dreamed so many long and happy dreams, are just a little further away and the time of seeing some loved faces again just a little nearer, I mean to stop writing the limited books of ink and paper. I mean to disappear into some little American village where there is a good crop of babies and begin living the real stories again!

THE END

NOTE—The first instalment of Kathleen Norris's new novel, "The Black Flemings," will appear in the October DELINEATOR



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MOTHER'S BUSINESS

Continued from page 6

drying her face at her mother's door because she could not wait to talk. Mona was behind her, comb in hand.

"Tudor is a gorgeous name for a decorating firm," she added.

"You may have changed that name in six years," mother pointed out. She had busied herself at her bureau so as not to face them.

Their nods admitted it. Both had abundant suitors.

"We could keep it for the firm name," they said. Betty added that if she married a man with an ugly name she would make him change it to Tudor anyway, and Mona said that a man who would do that was a poor fish, not worth marrying, and as Betty's best suitor was abjectly ready to change Funk for anything, there was a squally moment. Mother never troubled to pour oil. Thirty seconds later they were trying over Funk-Tudor and Tudor-Funk with gurgles of laughter, Betty's cheek squeezed against Mona's. They had always done that—squeezed their joyous faces together with a murmured "Um-um!" They would do it to her when she told them.

She had not often in her life said "I can't," but the words were saying themselves now: "I *can't* tell them." It was like asking her to cut into their flesh. What if she simply waited until they saw for themselves? But they were planning, planning. They were sure her eyes would be well enough for town in the Autumn.

"Commutation is vexation," Betty chanted, and was secretly kicked by Mona, who declared that it was half the fun. Betty instantly agreed. The good children! Why must she, who had lived to further their lives, be now the dead weight that dragged them back?

SHE had meant to tell them when they finished the dishes. She had her casual beginning all arranged: "Oh, children, I went to town to-day and saw Dr. Oscar Stein—" But they were called to the telephone, and then a neighbor came in, and then it was ten o'clock and bedtime.

"I'll tell them in the morning," she decided, and lay all night staring into the dark; but in the morning there was no time.

After all, Sunday morning would be better; they would have all day to get used to the idea and make their plans. Reprieved for five days, mother went briskly about her new business of becoming the smartest blind woman in the country. She learned the rooms and the garden paths by heart; she invented pricked labels for kitchen condiments; she spent hours mastering Betty's old typewriter; she simplified her clothes and did up her hair in the dark. She was busy from morning till night.

"I'm kind of enjoying it," she admitted to herself. "I always did like being smarter than other people!" The girls found her in her usual even spirits that week and told her that she was getting better all the time. They noticed that she moved more securely. She let them rejoice in it without comment. Sunday morning would be time enough.

FRIDAY night they came in with the shout of good news. Mother, gathering "Europe" and "four months," sat down as though her knees had melted.

"She'll take you with her? For four months?" she repeated mechanically, and then, hating to kill their joy in its first splendor, she added a temporizing, "She must think you girls are pretty promising!"

"She thinks we're wonders," Mona declared, and Betty added, "Tudors," and they laughed richly over the old joke.

"But, of course, mother, we will find some one nice to stay with you," they said, and fell upon her with comforting arms and cheeks, then went into a rhapsody of what four months among Old World treasures would do for them professionally. "I'll bet she means to hand on the business to us when she retires," Betty declared.

They must be told; the moment had come. If they had looked into mother's face then, they would have known her news without words. But they were hauling out their clothes for inspection. Betty thought Mona's serge looked shabby and Mona retorted that it was a good deal fresher than Betty's crêpe, and there was a sharp spatter of "You always—" and "The trouble with you—" Then a gust of laughter cleared away wrath and the warm "dearest" and "ducky" were back in their speech.

"You know, muddie, we're sailing next Wednesday," they threw out.

Mother went to her room and closed the door. For a moment it almost seemed to her that she needed some outside help. One must stay home, one must go burdened with the other's loss as well as with the family sorrow.

"Old spoil-sport," she muttered, and even thought of death, but was too sensible to encourage the idea. "That wouldn't help much. But I might just wait till morning. They can't do much before morning," she decided, and again lay staring into the dark all night. What she saw there finally brought peace. She let the girls race happily off after breakfast, and as soon as her house was in order she telephoned for Pussy Meadows.

PUSSY came with a lonely eagerness.

"It is too soon to tell yet, but he believes he can cure me," she began, her face lovely with its new light. "The family doesn't know a word about it—they think I'm gadding to town all the time. Oh, I am so happy!" Mother let her talk about it until Pussy herself remembered. "You wanted to see me," she broke off.

"Yes, I did." Mother meditated her beginning. "How would you like a job?"

Pussy sighed her desire. "Oh, if there were only something I could do!"

"There is. My girls are going to Europe for four months with their boss. If you want to move over here for that time, I'll call you a companion and marrage a little salary. They don't just like leaving me alone."

Pussy was delighted and would not hear of a salary. She had a dozen reasons why it was just what she wanted most to do, but under-them all lay the warm glow of being needed.

"And we can watch me get better, then spring it on the family," she exulted. "Oh, what good things are happening!"

"You know, I don't see very well," mother warned her. "You might call me half-blind. That will sort of tie you down."

"Well, I don't hear very well; you might call me half-deaf," Pussy returned with happy flippancy. "That will be a bore for you."

"I might go stone blind," mother insisted. "But I'm making it my business to get ready for that. It won't be much harder on you."

"If I go stone deaf, I'll drown myself, so that won't be any harder on you," Pussy said, and burst into a song about the owl and the pussy-cat.

Mona and Betty demurred a little at the idea of Pussy Meadows, but were too rushed not to accept any solution that satisfied mother. They were counting the days, yet they ran home with a new eagerness.

"We'll miss you horribly, mother!" they kept telling her. When the last evening came, something unknown laid a cold hand on their spirits; they began to mean it so poignantly that it could not be said. They cried at good night.

Mother had no tears. She only looked at them, looked and looked into their faces as though she learned them by heart. When they were asleep, she stole in with a candle and stood looking down until they began to sigh and stir.

"I won't see them again, but that doesn't mean I won't feel them and have them," she scolded herself. "There's no sense in making such a fuss."

Her last sight of them was a blur of waving hands and laughing, tearful faces.

"Do be careful, mother!" they implored.

"Go along with you. You'll miss your train," she said, as always.

PUSSY was not to come until the next day.

Mother allowed herself twenty-four hours of stark desolation, of great sighs bursting up from a sick heart; then she said, "Now, that's enough!" as she might have to a crying

Concluded on page 69



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MOTHER'S BUSINESS

Concluded from page 68

child, and went about her business. Pussy found her digging in the garden.

"We've always had pansies here, but I want something that smells sweet," she said. "Stocks, maybe."

"We ought to have a bonga tree," said Pussy.

The busy weeks flew past. Pussy helped in the garden, in the house, everywhere, and she looked like an ideal sweetheart—any man's ideal—in the bloom of her growing hope. Their two cases seemed to keep a mysterious balance: with every leap forward for Pussy there was a leap backward for mother. People were soon only shapes to her, a face was a pale blur. She had to hurry with her preparations, and became so deft at managing that Pussy still did not guess all her secret. The letters from the girls came tumbling in, three or four by every boat, loving, rapturous, full of sights and wonders. Her own letters, typewritten, ran about like this:

"Dear girls: You are good to write so often. I am glad you are enjoying it all. Pussy and I get along all right. She seems to like it here. We have set out some new roses. She wants to hire a boy to help with the vegetable garden. I don't know that I ought to let her, but Doctor Gracie knows of a young man who would be glad of the work. I miss you both, but I am glad you are having such a good time." And so on, down to "Your loving mother." And yet they were not unsatisfactory letters. Something could be felt under the words—like the grip of a warm and steady hand.

IT WAS two months to a day, a soft gray morning, and the world was little more than light and shadow. Pussy having gone to town, mother allowed herself rather more cane and fumbling than usual. There were days when she felt a great weariness, a longing to sit with hands folded, like any blind woman. It had taken scolding to get herself out into the garden, and even scolding could not keep her trowel going. She presently let it fall and felt her way to the seat under the old maple, sitting there with the lifted face of the blind.

"Well, I didn't suppose it would be any too easy," she said aloud. "I've had fun out of it, all the same." And then something made her aware of a presence. "Who is it?" she asked.

A husky little cough seemed to indicate a shy youth standing before her on the lawn.

"Oh, are you the young man who is coming to help me?" She spoke with new briskness.

His answer hesitated. "Yes; I've come to help you," he said at last. He did not sound like the lad she expected.

"Did Doctor Gracie send you?"

Again she had to wait for an answer: "I was sent to you." They were walking toward the vegetable garden and she could hear that he limped. She peered to see him, but could make out only a wavering shape. "You equal to the work?" she asked kindly.

"Oh, yes." He evidently wanted it very much, poor fellow. "I'm all right," he insisted.

He seemed to know by instinct where the tools were kept, and he worked so steadily and silently that mother decided to call it a full day, even though he had come so late. She sat within sound of him and her dark mood passed, leaving a new and rich content. The sun, coming through the grayness, seemed to warm her to the soul.

"I guess I was lonesome," she decided. "Funny—he doesn't open his head, yet he's real good company."

She started to move her chair into the shade, and it was done for her. She dropped her cane, and as she felt for it it was placed in her hand. He was very thoughtful.

"I always did like a nice young fellow," she explained the growing anthem in her heart.

Toward noon she left him and went in to prepare lunch. Her ear had placed him as older than a boy, a gentleman, perhaps down and out and needing a good meal. She made her lunch of the things Lawrence had loved, hot muffins and bacon and cool salad and her own perfect coffee, and spread it on the veranda, then called him, sending him up-stairs to wash his hands.

"The end of the hall," she directed him.

"I'll find it." His voice was a mere thread, and she could hear the drag of his lameness as he went.

"I guess I've worked you most to death," she apologized, and hurried to bring in the lunch. When he was seated opposite to her, the sunlight gave him a flickering outline. "Why, I can almost see you," she said contentedly.

"Are you here alone?" There was feeling, protest, in the question.

SHE told him about her dear girls and the trip and the young neighbor who was staying with her. Suddenly, not knowing how it had happened, she was telling him of her coming blindness.

"There wasn't any sense in spoiling their fun," she explained. "I can get about the house just about as well as I used to, so long as no one moves the furniture. Being blind isn't so bad—it makes other people kind. The way you are. Now, being deaf makes them cross. Queer, isn't it? I guess they like to put out a hand, but they hate to holler. Still, you could make a business of being deaf, just like I'm making a business of being blind. It's real interesting. I declare, I don't know when I've gabbled so," she broke off. "There's something about you— Are you eating your lunch?"

His answer was a sharp sigh. She knew that kind of sigh.

"You're in trouble," she said with her kindly directness. "You been sick?"

"Oh, yes—six months in a hospital." He spoke as though that were nothing.

"And I suppose you've come out without a cent?"

"No. I have—money enough." His voice trailed off as though speech were almost too difficult.

So the trouble was not health or money. There was loss, and there was also sin. She bent toward him, her eyes straining to see. "You want to tell me?" she urged.

"I want to tell you everything." He pushed back from the table, turning sidewise that he might rest his head on his hand, and at last she heard his full voice. "I don't know if I can. I've been broken to bits—body and soul."

She was listening rigidly, but as though to some far-off sound rather than to the words. "Go on— Go on—" she whispered.

"They patched up my body for me, but my soul had to find its own way." There was the sigh of sharp pain in every breath. "Back. Back through twelve years. Through layers and layers of rotten selfishness. Back to the good stock from which I had come. Back to—" He stopped.

Her hands, which had been checked in mid-air, fluttered toward him.

"Who are you?" she cried.

He came and knelt beside her, letting her fingers touch his face. They found it wet with tears.

"I am no more worthy to be called your son," he said against her breast.

THEY sat together hand in hand all that afternoon. Lawrence told her everything, without flinching—not as he had seen it at the time, but as he had found it written on the hospital wall. But her heart was busy with its great feast of love and welcome. Her transfigured face was never turned away.

"Well, I'm real glad you came home," she said when he stopped, and for the first time Lawrence smiled.

"Blessed mother!" he said.

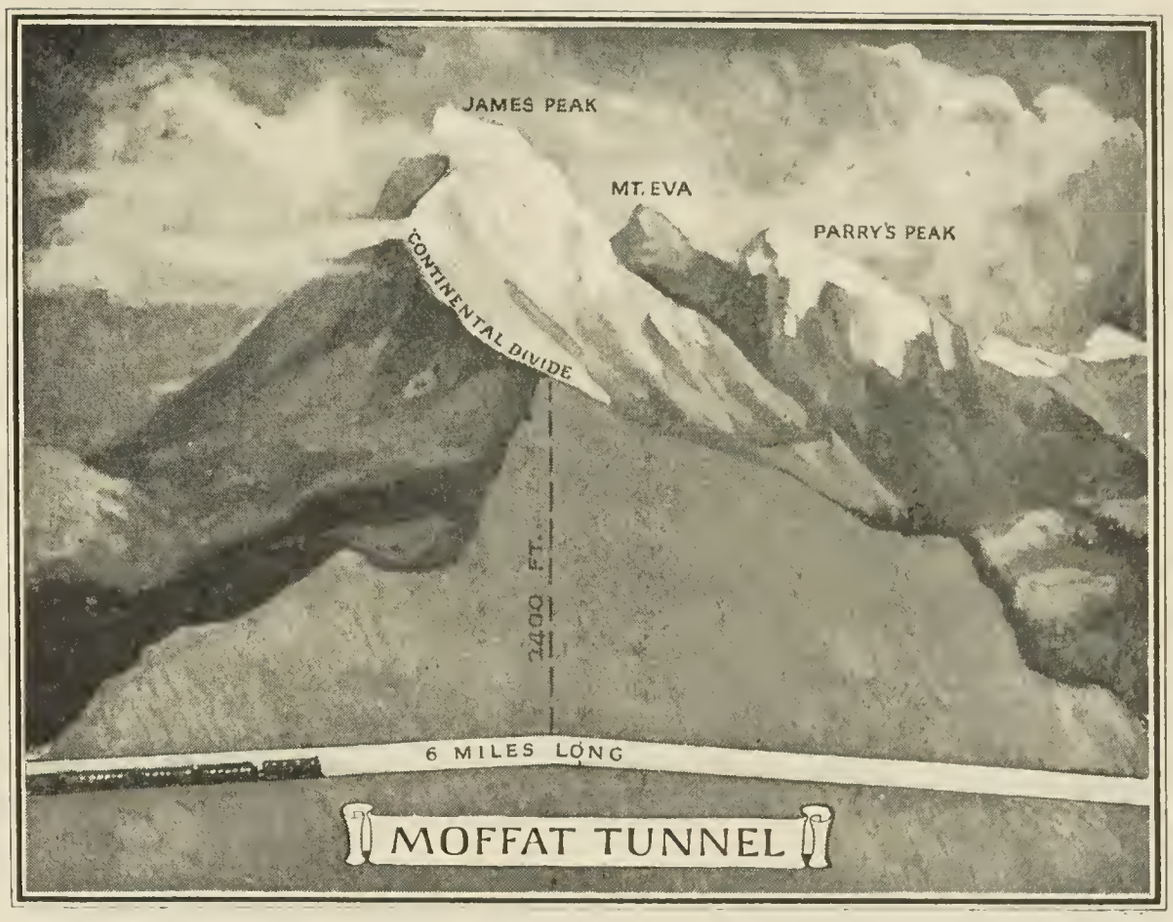
A joyous "Whoo-oo!" sounded through the house, and then Pussy Meadows stood in the doorway, lovely with happiness, a living sweetheart for any man's dream. Lawrence started up.

"Pussy, here's my son Lawrence," mother began. "He's come home—" Then she broke off with a cry. Over the sunset glow had come darkness, rolling down like a curtain. She turned her head in every direction but could find only the soft dark.

"Has the sun set?" she asked loudly.

"Not yet," Lawrence's voice answered, and Pussy added: "Why, it's glorious!" Their hands were on her arms, they were questioning her lifted face.

"Glorious?" she repeated, then spoke on a deep breath: "Glorious. Well, so it is!"



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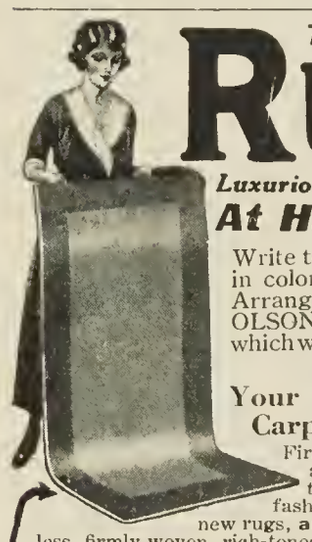
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ONE DOESN'T

Continued from page 7

"Very interesting," Sally Ann said evenly.

"No," said Jimmy, "not interesting—just silly. You act like a whole ladies' sewing-club going at once. When you went away to that darned school last Fall, you were the peachiest girl in town; and now—and now——"

"Go ahead, Jimmy, continue your compliments."

"Hell!" burst out Jimmy suddenly. "What you can see in a perfect lady like this Prentice Curtiss! Isn't that enough? A year ago you'd have given him the razz in about ten minutes, and now—gosh, Sally Ann, what's come over you anyhow? I thought all this society la-di-da of yours was just a stall to kid us along with, but are you really falling for it? Have you really gone and turned into that sort of an egg yourself?"

Sally Ann looked at him.

"Are you asking me, Jimmy, or telling me?"

"Gee, I don't know," he confessed miserably.

NOW at that moment Sally Ann was moved by a most unworthy impulse. The impulse was to go over to Jimmy and kiss him, because she knew he liked her so much and because he seemed so ridiculously unhappy. But Sally Ann stifled the impulse on the spot. She had read a good deal of late about the age-old war between the sexes. This, she knew, was part of that war. Therefore she dismissed the weak and unfeminine thought of armistice.

"If it weren't such exceedingly bad taste," she remarked lightly, "I would box your ears, young man."

"Bad taste!" Jimmy countered. "That's it. That's your new motto. Bad taste! Bad form! It isn't done! All that sort of guff—as if you didn't have a mind of your own. A year ago you did what you wanted to. A year ago you'd have planted me one on the jaw. Now look at you!" Jimmy O'Dowd stood up in righteous scorn.

Sally Ann stood up too. She was trembling, holding her clenched fists tight at her sides.

"Will you please go?" she commanded tensely.

"Will I please go?" Jimmy was magnanimously overbearing. "Will I please go? Say, watch me. And all my life I'll remember that Sally Ann Fisher, who used to be the best egg in the world, has turned into a perfect lady. You, Sally Ann, a perfect lady!"

"Thank heaven I *am* a lady!" she informed him, unfortunately not pausing to recall that this was a line she had read on the screen at a perfectly terrible picture two nights before. "And I'm glad I've found out in time, Jimmy O'Dowd, that you are not a gentleman. Mr. Curtiss is at least that. A man should be a gentleman first. After that he should be a man." She thought of something quickly and added: "You're neither."

"I should worry," said Jimmy O'Dowd.

"Yes, you should," said Sally Ann, stamping her foot. "If you paid more attention to your manners, if you had the least ambition in you to give yourself a little culture—" Sally Ann paused. Sentences beginning with "if" required some sort of conclusion, unless you simply stopped.

"I suppose," Jimmy suggested sarcastically, "I suppose, Sally Ann, that you would want me to get one of those books they advertise—'Faultless Manners,' you know—how not to eat with a knife—how to enter a ballroom—all that! Is that your idea?"

"It'd do you a whole lot of good!"

"I suppose you'd like me to carry the book in my pocket at your next party, and act accordingly."

"Yes," said Sally Ann, "I would. It would be a great satisfaction to see you acting like a gentleman, even if you aren't one."

Jimmy O'Dowd stared at her. Then little by little a smile began to wreathe his hitherto angry countenance.

"When is your next party, Sally Ann?" he asked benignly.

"You know just as well as I do," she snapped. "It's to-morrow night."

"I suppose you don't want me to come, though, now?"

"If I didn't need you to complete the table," Sally Ann told him, "I'd let you twiddle your thumbs till—till hell froze over!" She raised her chin defiantly.

"Ah," he observed airily, "all is not lost, I see! You can still swear, Sally Ann, can't you? Well, I'll be there at your blooming old party. Never fear, Sally Ann; I'll be there. Me and my long line of illustrious mick ancestors, the fighting O'Dowds! Count on us. Good night, old thing."

As he walked down the steps, Sally Ann tried to stop wishing that there wasn't a war between the sexes. Except for that, she would have asked him, quite honestly, just why he was smiling when he oughtn't to be. Because she wanted to know.

ALL day long the house had been upset. Sally Ann's mother and the two maids had been working like stage-hands moving furniture, rolling and unrolling rugs, sweeping and mopping and dusting and vacuum-cleaning until it seemed that more than mortal agency would be needed to bring order out of the resultant chaos. Sally Ann herself had merely flitted. At first she had tried to lend her own hands, but working required one to stay in a single space at once, and there were so many places to be looked after. In fact, as Sally Ann phrased it, there were millions of things to do.

Sally Ann's mother was not impressed.

"Botheration!" she said. "All this fuss for an informal little party——"

"It is not an informal little party," her daughter corrected her. "It's a big party, and it's going to be the nicest we ever gave. The nicest this town ever heard of," she added decisively. "And the boys are going to wear their dinner clothes, and everything. By the way, did you warn father? He's got to dress too."

Sally Ann's mother shook her head in resignation.

"This is what I get," she observed, "for sending you to a fashionable school. Whatever I plan or suggest seems wrong nowadays. Now about this dinner——"

Sally Ann stopped her. "Mother," she pronounced with tolerant scorn, "one doesn't serve caviar except with cocktails, and one doesn't ladle soup out of a tureen."

"I may be old-fashioned," stated Mrs. Fisher, "but I like it that way."

"It isn't done, mother," explained Sally Ann helplessly. "Don't you see? It isn't done, that's all."

"Well, it won't be done this evening anyway, so let's talk about something else."

They talked about something else, which was clothes, until Mr. Fisher came home. Then they informed him, after he had good-naturedly characterized his residence as a blooming greenhouse, that he would have to dress. Both Sally Ann and her mother watched his eyes, expecting the usual expostulations. But he surprised them.

"Naturally," he remarked. And added: "Full evening dress, of course—tail-coat and all."

"Certainly not," his daughter told him. "You wear your dinner jacket."

"Oh, all right! By the way," and his eyes seemed to twinkle for a second, "Jimmy O'Dowd dropped into my office this afternoon. Wanted me to look at a book."

"Is Jimmy selling books now?" asked Mrs. Fisher.

"Oh, no! Just a book he wanted to show me. Coming up to dress, Florence?"

"As soon as I've given things a last look," said his wife. "You'd better run up-stairs, Sally Ann. There's an hour and a half yet, but you'll take all that."

THE dinner hour was set for seven-fifteen. That was a compromise. Sally Ann wanted eight o'clock, because eight o'clock was fashionable. Her father had voted for six-thirty, because six-thirty was sensible. Mrs. Fisher had suggested quarter past seven.

"That gives you time to dance a little afterward, Sally Ann, before you pile over to the country club."

At seven-ten a dozen young people were chattering giddily upon the veranda. Sally Ann was radiant in soft white chiffon, layer upon layer of it, billowing and flowing softly about her slim ankles. She danced excitedly from group to group, putting in a word here, a word there, welcoming each newcomer with outstretched hands. She was particularly thrilled when she thus welcomed Mr. Prentice Curtiss, for he was conceded to be something of a catch. He was the only man there who had not grown up with the rest of them; he was older, and good-looking, and all the girls agreed that he was the most distinguished man who had ever come to town. Sally Ann knew that his dinner clothes had been made for him in London; this he had admitted to her, rather casually, only a few nights before, when they had met in pleased concurrence upon the theorem that no man may consider himself fitly dressed except in togs of London make.

"You are perfectly wonderful," said Mr. Prentice Curtiss to Sally Ann as he bowed over her proffered hands. He said it out loud, measuring his words and boring into her eyes with his so that everybody could see and hear. Sally Ann could have wriggled with delight. Everything was perfect.

At this instant fell that little hush which somehow inevitably precedes the announcement that one is to dine.

"Everybody here, Sally Ann?" her mother asked.

Sally Ann glanced about.

"Yes—no! Where's Jimmy O'Dowd?" Her eyes flicked helplessly toward the street. "Oh, there he is!" she cried in sudden relief. And then, "Oh, my gracious!"

Mr. James O'Dowd, descendant by his own word of the fighting O'Dowds of County Cork, was proceeding deliberately up the path.

"Oh, my gracious!" said Sally Ann again.

Mr. O'Dowd wore a high silk hat, a swallow-tail evening coat, a resplendent white shirt with a white waistcoat encircling it. About his neck reared a straight collar of unprecedented height. Over his arm was flung a light overcoat, and in the hand which projected beneath its folds were borne a cane and a pair of white gloves. But these items in themselves were as nothing compared to the fact that each one of them draped itself upon him as the clothing of a giant might drape itself upon a dwarf. Jimmy O'Dowd was of better than average height, but his coat tails almost swept the ground. Occasionally he turned to look at them, smiling his satisfaction. His trousers bagged in huge rolls about his ankles. The white waistcoat, designed apparently for a man of majestic girth, projected forward to indicate its utter incompatability with Jimmy's abdomen. Only one article seemed too small: that was his hat. It rode upon the top of his head with the abandon of a float upon a fish-line.

JIMMY O'DOWD smiled confidently as he approached the steps. As he ascended he bowed. He even removed his hat and swept it to his breast.

"Your mother?" he said to Sally Ann, while the others fell back. "Ah, there she is! Good evening, Mrs. Fisher. It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to attend this happy reunion of your charming daughter's schoolfellows. That line is in the book," he added quickly. "Want to see it, Sally Ann?" He produced a heavy volume from beneath the folds of his overcoat.

"Oh, Jimmy!" pleaded Sally Ann into his ear. "Why—why—why did you get yourself up this way?"

"Conversation about a guest's attire," said Jimmy courteously, "is always ill-bred. However, since you ask me, I find in the book that full evening dress is the only acceptable form of clothing for a man where ladies and gentlemen are to be thrown together after six o'clock. Therefore——"

"You poor boob," said a masculine voice, "you look like Ben Turpin."

Jimmy transfixed the interrupter with a haughty glare.

"If you would read the book, Joe Knox, my friend, you would find that full evening dress is always fitting." He glanced down at his bagging attire and nodded in a pleased manner. "If evening dress is always fitting, naturally it always fits. To be frank, I had to rent this suit from Thad Burroughs, the undertaker; but as long as it fits— Here, read the book yourself!" He thrust the volume under the other's nose.

"'Faultless Manners!'" exclaimed a girl. "Oh, I've wanted to read that!"

"You'll get enough of it," hinted Jimmy, "before the evening's over."

At this point Sally Ann's father turned his back upon Jimmy O'Dowd. "This is more than mortal man can bear," he stated to his wife and stepped into the house, his shoulders quivering strangely.

"I think so too," she said. But as she said it, she looked after her husband with a flick of uncomprehending interrogation in her eyes. It occurred to her only then that perhaps he

did not mean what she meant. Quickly, therefore, she bethought herself to save the situation by suggesting that dinner was ready. "Pile in, everybody," she commented.

Jimmy O'Dowd stepped to her side, bowed deeply and crooked his elbow significantly. "If you will allow me," he said.

Mrs. Fisher laughed as she took his arm. "Now, don't spoil Sally Ann's party," she warned him quietly, with a smile.

"Spoil it?" Jimmy was utterly taken aback. "Why, I'm doing exactly what Sally Ann asked me to."

The young people were still giggling at Jimmy as they took their places. But a frown had found its way to Sally Ann's silver-banded brow. This was odd, because her father seemed to be having some difficulty to keep from smiling. And even Sally Ann's mother looked pleasantly expectant.

From his inside coat pocket Jimmy O'Dowd solemnly produced a carpenter's jointed ruler, which he extended to its full length.

"What's that for?" Sally Ann asked sharply, forgetting to seat herself.

Jimmy took his book from beneath his left arm, opened it, thumbed the pages a moment, then read: " 'A proper seat at table is of supreme importance. One should sit erect, neither lounging backward nor leaning forward to snatch mouthfuls. The chair should be drawn in so that the chest or waist of the occupant is eight inches from the edge of the table.' " Jimmy sat himself down, measured his distance with painstaking accuracy, hitched himself backward and forward until at last he seemed satisfied. Then he folded the rule and returned it to his pocket with a nod of self-approval.

"Oh, Jimmy," said Sally Ann, "don't be a goose! Come on, everybody. Let's forget him."

"It is never proper," paraphrased Jimmy sonorously, "for a hostess to ignore a guest or to indicate in any manner that the actions or words of a guest are displeasing to her. To do such a thing would be discourtesy of a marked nature. A well-bred hostess rises above it." He grinned at her triumphantly. "Take that, Sally Ann."

SALLY ANN bit her lip. It wouldn't have been so bad with just the other boys and girls there, because they all knew Jimmy, but to have this happen in front of Mr. Prentice Curtiss, to whom things of this sort mattered so much— Mr. Curtiss sat by her side. She was ashamed to look at him.

"The hostess," Jimmy was mumbling aloud, "should always direct the conversation. She should never be at a loss."

Sally Ann turned sharply to her father.

"Daddy," she pleaded, "please stop him."

"Score one!" intoned Jimmy.

Sally Ann's father smiled judicially. "You asked him to bring the book, daughter, and to act accordingly."

"But I didn't know——"

"We live and learn," said her father calmly, looking up at the ceiling. "Yes, yes—we all live and learn."

Now Mr. Prentice Curtiss reached out a hand beneath the table and touched Sally Ann's.

"Talk to me," he whispered. "I understand. What else does one expect from a person of that sort?"

It is not impossible that Jimmy O'Dowd was watching Mr. Prentice Curtiss from the corner of an eye. Nor is it impossible that what happened next was purely an accident. At all events, Jimmy's glass of water, which was standing at the far side of his plate, was suddenly upset. It was upset with such a crash that the glass smashed itself neatly against his plate. The water flowed across the table in a clammy stream.

"Oh, you clumsy fool!" cried Sally Ann. She was angry now. She was angrier, she was sure, than she had ever been in her life.

Jimmy O'Dowd bowed serenely and again pulled out his book.

"What's it say this time, Jimmy?" somebody asked.

"It says," expounded Jimmy, "it says as follows: 'If at the dinner-table a guest meets with an accident, such as spilling water, breaking a glass or dish, or dropping food in quantity upon the cloth, the well-bred hostess will show neither irritation nor annoyance. In a few well-chosen words she will set the guest immediately at ease and then introduce a topic which will draw the attention of the company to some other subject.' That's what the book says. I am really sorry that the book does not permit a guest to criticize the manners of his hostess. That isn't done." He beamed exultantly about the table "I can read you more if you like," he added. "Give you other points, you know."

Sally Ann was standing up, shaking an extended hand at Jimmy O'Dowd.

"You listen to me," she said. "If you don't put that book away this minute and act like a human being for the rest of this meal—I don't care what mother and father say!—I'm going to ask you to leave this house. Do you hear me?"

Jimmy O'Dowd stared at her, a look as of wonderment flickering in his eyes.

"I hear you, Sally Ann."

"Well," she slammed the table with her palm, "I mean it. You've spoiled this party."

"That's only in the point of view, Sally Ann," said Jimmy quietly. "A year ago you'd have pinned a medal on my chest. But now, with all this society stuff——"

Sally Ann's father stood up. He was smiling, but behind his smile lay something else.

"Now listen, both you kids," he commanded. "From now on both of you shut up. Jimmy, you live around the corner. Go home and get some sensible clothes on. You'll miss the fish, but that can't be helped. And if I hear another word out of either of you, believe me, this house may not be a woodshed, but I'm big enough to spank either you, Jimmy, or you, Sally Ann, in any room you want to specify."

The entire company stared at him in blank silence.

Jimmy O'Dowd rose to his feet. "Yes, sir; I'll be right back," he said. But Sally Ann sank down into her chair.

"Daddy," she whispered fiercely, "you and Jimmy have humiliated me!"

"Oh, forget it, Sally Ann!" said Joe Knox.

"I shall never forget it," she announced with dignity, and tossed her head. "Never, never, never in all my life! There are some things one can not forget."

HOW she managed to live and act her part through the remainder of that dinner Sally Ann did not exactly know. It seemed to her constantly that at any minute something must happen—something, anything—to relieve the intolerable strain. Yet the tragedy of it was, she reflected bitterly, that no one seemed to realize the tragedy of it. That was the trouble with people—even her own friends of her own age. They were hard, uncouth; they had no finer sensibilities. Prentice Curtiss was the only one who understood.

She knew he understood, because he told her so. He told her so several times, and his whispers were like caresses. It gave her a feeling of wonderful comradeship with him, of infinite understanding. Here they sat, he and she, supposedly at a dinner-table, with friends all about and with her own father and mother on either hand; yet as far as the finer things of life were concerned she and Mr. Curtiss might just as well have been marooned upon a desert island, alone, desolate.

Not until they had reached the country club did Sally Ann feel as if she wanted to take a really long breath. Here only, at last, could she be herself. No longer was she hostess. No longer did she possess the responsibility of pretending. No longer must she wear a mask.

As they piled out of the car, her father had smiled at her and said: "Take it easy, Sally Ann, dear. You're such an intense little thing."

"Don't speak to me!" she had retorted.

"Have it your own way," her father had said. She noted that her mother was looking worried. That at least was a satisfaction. Then Prentice Curtiss had driven up in his own car, and smiled at her, a very different sort of smile. Her heart jumped in a funny way.

Presently she and Prentice Curtiss were able to get apart from the rest. The music was playing, and it was a shame to miss a dance with him, because he danced like a dream, but he had whispered that he wanted to talk to her, and that was what she wanted too. So they sauntered, apparently aimlessly, to the end of the long veranda, where the steps ran down to the eighteenth green and where you could look away and away across the hills to a horizon you couldn't see. They sat upon the steps.

"Oh, Sally Ann," he said, "you must believe me when I tell you how completely I understand. Never in my life have I felt so attuned to any one. When they stuck knives into you, they stuck the same knives into me."

That was it. They had stuck knives into her—Jimmy and her father and all the rest.

Concluded on page 72

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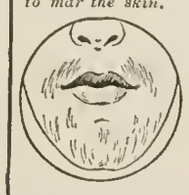
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ONE DOESN'T

Concluded from page 71

"They didn't know," she said softly. "How could they know?"

"*Bourgeois*," stated Mr. Prentice Curtiss with finality. "The bourgeois mind is a pitiful thing. It understands"—he swept an arm toward the landscape—"nothing."

Sally Ann nodded comprehendingly.

"You and I," said Mr. Prentice Curtiss, "we are different. The same things matter to us; the same things count. Oh, I wish, Sally Ann—" He stopped and gazed at her.

"What do you wish?" she asked softly. Her heart was beating very fast. She could feel it. It occurred to her suddenly, so suddenly that she gasped. that this—that this—was this the thing they called love?

"If we could only go away together!" Mr. Curtiss was whispering. "Just you and I, Sally Ann. Forever! Up into one of those stars. We would understand, wouldn't we? We—we would find our happiness—dear."

SALLY ANN felt shaky all over. This must be love. She felt his hand close over hers. She let it close and she twisted her hand around so that she could squeeze back. Yes, this must be love.

"Will you go with me, Sally Ann?" His lips were close to her ear. "Will you go with me," he repeated, "or would you rather stultify your soul by returning again to that atmosphere of—of crassness, of middle-class respectability? Which, Sally Ann?"

Which? Sally Ann tried to collect her wits, tried to think. That was his question—which? He had asked her which. That meant she must decide. But she didn't want to decide or anything. She didn't feel like thinking. She was all mixed up, turbulent, confused. She scowled in an effort to think, but thoughts wouldn't come. Then she felt his arm stealing about her shoulders.

"Dear," she heard in her ear, "don't you know I love you? Won't you come with me, now?"

A heavy footfall sounded on the veranda right back of them. Mr. Curtiss's arm jumped away. "Hey, you two," came the voice of Jimmy O'Dowd, "what is this—hide-and-seek? I thought it was a dance. How about me, Sally Ann? Take a little twirl, old egg?"

Sally Ann turned swiftly to Mr. Prentice Curtiss.

"Yes, yes!" she whispered. "I'll go—anything!" To Jimmy she called over her shoulder: "Next dance. I've got this one taken."

"So I see," growled Jimmy O'Dowd as he shuffled away.

His footsteps died in the distance. Then: "What do we do next?" asked Sally Ann, shivering slightly.

"My car," said Mr. Prentice Curtiss. "We go."

"Where to?"

Mr. Curtiss gestured largely. "Anywhere," he told her. "We'll think of some place on the way."

"But my clothes!" Sally Ann protested. "It's going to be cold." She looked down at her evening dress of soft white chiffon.

"Haven't you a wrap?" asked Mr. Curtiss. "To-morrow I'll buy you all the clothes in the world. Just get your wrap and meet me—down by the gate."

"But mother!" said Sally Ann. "Mother and father! They'll worry themselves sick. I ought to let them know."

Mr. Curtiss hesitated. "We'll call them up," he suggested. "We'll call them up later. After we're married."

Married! Sally Ann's heart seemed to stop dead. Married! My gracious, she hadn't really thought about that! Married! That meant for life. Her eyes darted about her helplessly. But at the same instant her head came up, chin high. She had given her word.

"All right," she said in panicky haste. "I'll run inside and get my wrap. I'll meet you down by the gate."

"Good," said Mr. Curtiss.

As Sally Ann tucked herself into Prentice Curtiss's roadster, a golden white light was hanging over the hills to the east. That, she knew, was going to be the moon. Well, everything was wonderful, just like the stories in magazines. Here she was, eloping romantically with a wonderful man, escaping from the middle-class *bourgeoisie* which she so hated, putting one over on that conceited fool Jimmy O'Dowd—all on a Summer's night, with the moon about to flood the countryside with its untellable mystery. Well, it wasn't so bad at that!

"Are you comfy, dear?" asked Mr. Curtiss solicitously, bending over her and fixing the edges of the robe.

"Yes," she said and smiled.

"Are you happy?"

"Oh, yes! Of course I'm happy. Where are we going?"

"Does it matter?" asked her companion, laughing just a little. Then: "Springvale, I think. There's a minister there."

"All right," said Sally Ann. "Step on her."

Sally Ann knew the roads by heart. All her life she had known these roads. The car slid out of the village, taking the left-hand turn from Monument Square. That took them up Residence Hill. Another turn, and they whirred out upon the Springvale road.

Something sharp stabbed at Sally Ann's heart. She bit her lip in angry vexation. Why should she feel so foolishly lonely, so absurdly like a little girl who had lost her parents? She mustn't feel that way! Sally Ann began breathing fast. She did not know it, but she was swinging her head from side to side like a trapped animal.

THE car pulled steadily up Pine Knob Hill, droning noisily. Mr. Curtiss looked straight ahead, for the road was twisty and narrow and ridged with "thank-you-marms." Sally Ann began fumbling hurriedly in her vanity-bag. A peculiar expression was haunting her eyes. Presently she almost smiled. Then stealthily she loosened the knot of the scarf which was tied about her head. She had to jerk her head a little before the scarf blew off and backward to the roadway.

"Oh, Prentice!" she cried out, catching his near elbow. "My scarf—it's blown off."

His eyes were on the road. "Let it go," he growled. "Get you another."

"No—my hair—please stop. I want it. Please."

He threw out the clutch, pulled the car up short.

"All right," he grumbled, "but it's only losing time." He climbed out and started to run back down the hill to where the scarf lay, a white patch in the moonlight.

Sally Ann squeezed breathlessly out of the car. In her right hand she gripped her cuticle-scissors. She gripped them harder and pushed the point as firmly as she could into the rubber wall of the front tire. The rubber was tough; the scissors wouldn't go in. She wabbled them around frantically, bearing down as hard as she could. At last—ah, they were in! A pleasant hiss sounded in her ears. She climbed back into her seat as Mr. Prentice Curtiss reached her scarf. She smiled complacently, wondering whether she would have to repeat the process a mile or so farther on.

Mr. Curtiss trudged back. He was panting.

"Prentice," said Sally Ann innocently, "do you hear anything funny? Oh, thanks for the scarf! No, I don't mean people chasing us. I mean a puncture."

He listened, cocking his head.

"Where?" he demanded.

"It sounds on my side," she said.

He kicked the rear tire viciously, announced that it was all right. Then he kicked the front tire and said, "Oh, damn!"

The car was on a hill and the front axle slipped off the jack four or five times before Mr. Curtiss could make it solid. "Damn mess," said Mr. Curtiss. It must be remembered that he was wearing his London-made evening clothes. Sally Ann hugged her knees delightedly.

Mr. Curtiss had put on the spare tire and was tightening up the lugs when Sally Ann at last heard the sound for which she instinctively had been listening. It was the sound of a car climbing the hill behind them. Mr. Curtiss did not hear it because he was grunting and swearing, quite mildly, under his breath. But Sally Ann looked back. When she finally saw the car, and recognized it, her heart seemed to turn two or three complete somersaults inside her chest. It was at about this time that her escort became aware of an alien sound upon the moonlit atmosphere.

"Hear anything?" he snapped, standing up.

"Yes—a car."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"There was no use. You had to get the tire on. Besides, we're not criminals."

Mr. Curtiss scowled at her severely. Then: "Why, it's right on top of us," he burst out. "Hey, there, you! Wait a minute! I'll get out of your way."

Somebody vaulted out of the car and ran forward toward them.

"You'd better get out of my way," said Jimmy O'Dowd.

"Why, Jimmy, what are you doing way out here?" Sally Ann called to him innocently.

"Say, do you think I'd let you out of my sight while that worm has you in tow?"

Sally Ann felt suddenly all warm up and down her back. She liked the feeling. It was better than feeling cold and shivery and excited—and scared.

"Listen, you, Curtiss," proclaimed Jimmy O'Dowd. "I've come out to get my dance. May I cut in?"

"You go to the dickens," retorted Prentice Curtiss. "Sally Ann, tell him."

"Tell him what?"

"Why——"

Jimmy O'Dowd stood firmly beside Sally Ann. "You get out," he directed her in a low voice.

There must have been something in Jimmy's tone to make her do what he wanted, because she didn't even think of answering back. She got out and stood beside him.

"Now, you, Curtiss," said Jimmy, "you get into your car—pronto!—and drive off. That's all you have to do. Into your car!"

Prentice Curtiss glared at the young man who was thus giving commands.

"And if I do not choose to?" he asked loftily.

"If you do not choose to," Jimmy O'Dowd bit out his words, "I'll begin using another book of rules that you probably never heard of. And I won't hesitate to violate 'em either. For your own information, I'm speaking of the writings of the Marquis of Queensbury. You wouldn't know, Sally Ann," he explained, jerking his head toward her.

Sally Ann looked up at Jimmy. She could not imagine why she felt suddenly so happy. "You'd better go, Prentice," she suggested. She wanted to giggle.

Mr. Prentice Curtiss bowed.

"If you ask me to."

"Oh for goodness' sake trot along," snapped Sally Ann sharply. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself."

NOW it must be remembered that Mr. Curtiss was wearing his dinner attire of London make. That perhaps is why he climbed into his car with dignity and without a further look behind him drove away and over the hill.

Jimmy O'Dowd stared after him in wonderment. Then he said to himself: "Well, I'll be damned! I wonder what class in the draft he was in."

"Jimmy," said Sally Ann, looking up at him with wide eyes, "I don't see how you can like me. I've been an awful fool."

"Forget it!" countered Jimmy. "How in thunder are we going to turn the car on this road?"

"Jimmy," said Sally Ann softly, "it's moonlight. I hate to go back just yet. Can't we drive a while—just a while?"

"First thing we've got to do," Jimmy answered, "is to find a house with a light in it and telephone your father."

"Of course," said Sally Ann submissively. Then: "Jimmy, if I asked you to elope with me would you do it?" Her eyes were meant to be laughing, but her heart was thumping terribly.

He stared down at her incredulously.

"Say," he said awesomely, "if you asked me that, I'd buy you the moon and the stars and the whole Milky Way. That's what I'd do!"

"But Jimmy, would you?"

"Gosh, Sally Ann, do you half mean that? No, not on your life I wouldn't. When we get married, Sally Ann, we're going to jam six truck-loads of flowers into the church, and you're going to wear a veil a mile long and you're going to have two dozen bridesmaids and the organ is going to play, and——"

"Oh, you old peach!" exclaimed Sally Ann rapturously. "Just the same," she pretended to pout, "I don't see why you wouldn't want to—sort of run away——"

"Now you listen here," said Jimmy O'Dowd soberly. "Get those ideas out of your head. It isn't done, that's all, Sally Ann. Real people don't do things like that. It isn't—why, it isn't the thing, that's all. When we get married, we're going to get married right. Don't you see?"

Her eyes, looking up at him fixedly, were very close to his. Perhaps that is why they forgot entirely about telephoning.



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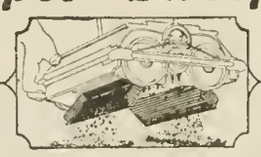
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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 14

On the stairs he met Mrs. Bellairs. She was looking deeply concerned and, at that hour in the morning, in spite of her brave gown, haggard and old. She asked:

"What is the matter with Linnie?"

"Ill—tired out—nervous," he said.

"It's more than that," said Mrs. Bellairs decidedly. "Linnie doesn't go to pieces—she's not that sort, you know. I've never seen her like this. She'll say nothing to me. Do you know——"

Benno sprang by her.

Linnie was standing at a window where she must have been watching her guests depart. She was still in the gown of lace which she had been wearing that evening. He thought, as she turned, that he had never seen her more beautiful. But her look alarmed him, her eyes so bright, her face burning. He felt a temptation to wait for her to speak, but dismissed it and said, without ingratiation:

"Whenever I offend you, I feel sick—physically sick. And you hate hurting me—I know that. Linnie! Can't we understand each other in this?"

She said: "I've tried for seven years to understand you."

"But I do understand you."

"That's the worst of it—you do understand me. You know how I feel these things. And yet to-night——"

To his consternation, she began to sob. For anger he was ready, but she never cried. He could not recall when she had cried. He moved nearer to her, but she shrank from him, caught away her hand.

"Jail-bird. You have forced me to receive in my home a jail-bird and his wife. I suppose she *is* his wife?"

"Linnie——"

"And down in the smoking-room they knew about it, talked about it, wondered about it—oh, how the women will tell it in town!"

"Do they know Faxon's story? Do you?"

"What does his story matter? Every jail-bird has a story. He was there—that's enough."

"Haven't you any understanding of a wrong-doer, Linnie?"

"I have an understanding of honor."

"It's a pitiless honor."

"What did your man do, then—this friend of yours!"

He told her. She cried: "He stole! It's worse than I thought. And I've received him."

"You've received some birds who ought to be in jail, I can tell you."

"There are your incredible ideas again. I've put up with those, and with your Mr. Bede and some more of them—I've done my best. I can't let myself in for what you've done to-night. I can't do it any longer."

He looked down at her. He had always supposed that he was the one who had thought that he couldn't endure things any longer. He was stupefied—and amused at his stupefaction.

"You can't what?"

"Endure this, Benno! You've no right. You married into my set—I didn't marry into yours. I promised you I'd do my best. Well, I've done my best. When you bring penitentiary graduates into my drawing-room—our drawing-room—I'm done. I'm done!"

"What do you propose to do?"

She looked up at him without anger, almost without irritation. In her eyes there was the light of reason—a light which he had not always observed in a woman's eyes—or in a man's eyes!—when either was aroused.

"I intend," she said slowly, "to give you your choice. Do you remember—at Lenox, that night in the ballroom, how you put it up to me? Would I come with you—would I do my best? Well, I came with you. I've done my best. The point is that you haven't done your best. You've never tried, yourself, to save me from any of your friends. Even from what your friend Bede called so familiarly the 'Pen.' Now there's this: Either you'll leave off this kind of thing—drop the Faxons from to-night—or else——"

She paused, her eyes not leaving his.

"Yes? Or else?"

She shrugged. "I mean it, Benno," was all that she said.

As she shrugged, then threw up her head and pressed her lips together, thrusting out her little chin, Benno was shot through with passionate distaste for her attitude, for her failure to comprehend, for the woman that she had become.

"Let me tell you what *I* mean," he said savagely.

"Yes. Not so loud, though, please, Benno."

He laughed. "No," he said. "Think of appearances—of the servants—of the guests—of every infernal thing before the real decencies of human living. *You* can't stand it any longer! What about my standing it—have you thought of that?"

SHE maddened him by crossing the room to see that the door was closed.

He went on, lowering his voice, but speaking with passion:

"You want to live for form, for what others have decided on. I want to live for reality. Isn't that plain, by this time?"

"I have a reality too," she said. "I'm trying to live up to it. That reality doesn't receive as social equals those who have violated social honesty——"

"Oh, doesn't it?" he interrupted. "Here in this house to-night was a man who robbed a railroad, robbed the stockholders just as much as if he'd put a gun to their heads. Here was another who took a big fee for clearing a scoundrel—and did it, everybody who knows him knows how. You don't mind them. You'll invite them here—while poor Faxon——"

"Is it possible that you don't see the difference?" Linnie looked at him with gentleness, even with pity.

"Only that Faxon is worth both of them put together."

"Benno!" She was very patient, was trying her best to clarify these things. "What those two men did was done in the routine which we've established—as a people we've established it. If we don't like what we've established—the—the courts and so on. We can vote to change them. Until we do change them, we're untrue to what we've built up. He's unfit to associate with the rest of us."

"Well, then, suppose he did all that. Your argument is absurd, Linnie—but suppose he did. What about this joy over a sinner that repents that we hear so much about and see so little of? Can't you feel a bit of that?"

"You're suggesting that it's right to condone wrong-doing?"

"I'm saying that it's right to give a hand to the man who's down, and sorry for it, if he's trying to get back. Or if he isn't, for that matter."

Linnie was superb. "You can be kind to him—one can do that. One can *not* receive him on equal footing."

"Well, we've received the Faxons," said Benno grimly. "And I'm mighty glad of it."

"He shall never come here again."

"Take care, Linnie!"

"He shall never come here again."

Benno wheeled. "That sort of thing is what I can't stand any longer. I mean it, Linnie."

They were both trembling. Benno thought: "How unspeakably degrading. A man and a woman—the parents of children—to fail like this!" But he went on briskly:

"I'll clear out as quickly as possible. You'll arrange with your lawyer—I'll do

Continued on page 74

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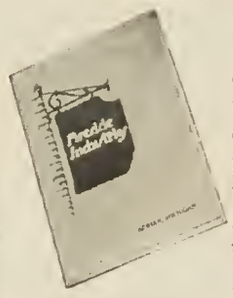
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QUEEN BEE

Continued from page 73

whatever is the thing. The children—" He stopped.

She said nothing. She was looking at him with eyes a bit widened.

"—the children," he continued, "I shall want a part of the time, of course. You'll have to run the risk, when they're with me, of their meeting the wrong people."

Still she was silent. Momentarily she looked tired, old. He felt pity for her, pity for himself, pity for the three little folk, growing up like that. Abruptly he wanted to escape from that room, from her, from talk like this.

"You're tired," he said. "I'll go now. We'll finish this in the morning."

"Wait!" she said sharply. "Yes, I'm tired. But how can I rest? I want to speak of the children."

She moved to her dressing-table and began taking off her jewels, necklace, fan-chain, rings, bandeau—and the bandeau caught in her hair. She struggled with it silently. He said, "Let me see if I can do that," and took it from her hands. It was caught in the meshes of her beautiful hair—and how beautiful that hair was, soft and tended, and in great negligent waves. These he chanced to loosen and they fell about her shoulders. With her hair down she always looked like a child. Like a child she said, "I'm so terribly tired—I can't think—but I can't rest, either. The children—we must talk about the children."

She rested her head on her hand, thrust out her foot.

"Take off my slippers, Benno."

HE TOOK off the slippers. "How she handles me!" he thought, and was swept by astonishment that she should care to manage him thus now, when they were talking like this. She put back her head and shut her eyes. Relaxed, she always breathed that potentiality of tenderness which was her charm and power. This was Linnie, and they were going to talk of what they should do with the children when they separated! The enormity of this seized him. He reflected that burning anger, a "scene," was necessary to carry off a thing like this as it should be carried off. The modern man and woman, the sophisticated married couple, could not have so good a "scene" as the older ones, lacking in humor. The enormity of the whole situation seized him, choked him.

"Linnie—" he said.

She did not open her eyes. "Get me my little silk gown, please," she said. "There—" He had always liked her refusal to keep her maid up at night.

He brought the gown, loosened the lace of her ball-gown.

"Benno, I don't think I can talk any more to-night," she said, eyes still closed. He suspected that weariness of hers now; was puzzled by it, and suspected it. But his heart was beating.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and looked at him: "Seven years ago to-night," she said, "we didn't think——"

He took her kimono, folded it about her and gravely kissed the top of her head.

"No," he said, "we *didn't* think. We've bungled things frightfully, Linnie. Good night."

She said nothing. Outside her door he waited for a minute. A sound, a sob, and he would have gone back. He dragged down the passage to his own door.

"She'll manage me that way no more," he said to himself.

He felt very strong, manly, assertive. His proud assertiveness soothed the misery in which he went to sleep. "I'll show her!" he thought, like a boy. In the night he lay staring at a blank wall. Seven years—and what countless times she had carried her points by playing on their love, on his love for her. Time after time he had said to himself that nothing but love mattered, that love was the strength of life.

Was love the strength of life?

He asked it of himself now, as he had asked it of himself seven years ago. Then he had answered: "Strength or weakness, we'll find it out together."

And now to-night, after these seven years, he faced it again: Strength or weakness? To-night it would have been weakness. To-night it would have meant surrender to her, a tacit consent to give up his act for Faxon, and the principle involved.

Sometimes was love not the weakness of life?

Seven years ago, if he had been forced to answer, he would have swept away doubt and answered no. Now, staring at the blank wall and the unpredictable future, he answered yes.

The men who were guests in the house, straggling in to breakfast, were met by a cheerful host. The women were still invisible. Divining that they had all been discussing him, Benno brought up the matter of Faxon.

"Any of you fellows talk with Faxon last night?" he asked. They all had: Brandt, whom Benno had characterized as the railroad robber, in particular.

"Nice fellow," said Brandt. "Shame Pell peached on him. Pell saw a chance to get the job and he did it—that's all. Pell ought to have been sent up himself for that."

"You don't think Faxon ought to have been sent up?" Benno asked.

"Strictly speaking—yes. But there ought to be more equity in these things. Here Faxon, as fine a fellow as ever breathed, does time like any thug."

"And gets a ruined reputation."

"Oh, no!" It was the lawyer who had taken the huge fee for clearing a scoundrel and had bribed a judge to do the job. "Nobody 'in the know' on this will hold it up against Faxon. He could land a job any day."

"But will he be received socially? Will his wife?"

Both men shrugged. "Don't expect too much," said the lawyer.

"Women are infernally moral," said the railroad robber.

"What's this about women?" some one cried. Linnie came in, languid but very lovely. She held a little court, sitting behind the coffee-urn, wan but smiling.

"I was saying," said the railroad robber, "that their high sense of morality is the great background on which—er——"

"—compassion has been shipwrecked," Benno finished gravely. And he thought: "There are women with Christlike compassion. It's only the queen bees who fall down there."

"How about Pell being received socially?" Benno insisted, and heard: "Ah, Pell is the new president of the Shore Golf Club," and said: "Exactly."

Mr. Bellairs had just come into the room, and he caught the name. "Pell? Larry Pell? As fine as fellow as ever breathed."

"The Larry Pells," said Linnie, "couldn't come last night. Something about a yacht." And again Benno said: "Exactly."

He was motoring into town with the others, who were all leaving. He went off to see about the cars, and as he was going he stooped over Linnie: "Will you be here for lunch?"

She said: "I can be here."

"I wish you'd make it a point. All this must be settled."

"Very well, darling—I'll be here!" She flashed a gay look at him before the others. And somebody said:

"Seven years not at all! That's the bride and that's the groom."

The bride and the groom laughed with the others.

LUNCHEON—and Linnie in a pretty frock. An uncommonly good luncheon too, he noted. Was it a fact that she didn't mean it, that she was frightened, that she was using these old lures?

They sat down alone together; they chatted through their lunch as in the old days. He retailed to her the talk of the morning regarding Faxon. She lifted her eyes and said nothing to that, but after a moment she added: "I've given orders that neither Mr. or Mrs. Faxon is to be admitted here."

He cried: "Linnie! You didn't do that."

She murmured: "*Please* remember the servants. How many times have I reminded you—" Under her breath he caught: "The bad taste, Benno——"

Now he felt blazing anger at her. This personal assumption of what should be joint authority was intolerable, even minus the issue over the Faxons. And that incessant harping on taste, on convention, on unessentials of their life together!

Now she was looking at him with that out-thrust chin, that pressure of thin lips, that curious coldness in her eyes. He felt again that in himself which frightened him—not distaste, but that ugliness which meant positive dislike. He remained silent until they had finished lunch. Every time a servant entered the room Linnie made some exasperatingly cheerful comment. To these he took a savage pleasure in not replying. When they were alone again, she said coldly:

"A curious lack in you, Benno, not to keep up appearances before servants. As if you weren't—weren't quite——"

"Quite used to them. Well, I wasn't, you know."

"—as if you weren't quite thoroughbred."

"I'm not that kind of thoroughbred," he returned. "I'd rather be disagreeable before a servant than before you."

He was aware that a maid had reentered the room and must have overheard, but he took an irritated satisfaction in ignoring her. Linnie's irritation expended itself upon the maid.

"Please don't hand a dish as if you had no bone in your arm!" Linnie directed sharply.

The frightened maid vanished, and Benno said quite gently:

"Always expend impatience on the helpless being nearest you. Speaking of being thoroughbred."

She stared: "To show displeasure to a servant is a part of their training, surely."

AT THIS he laughed in extreme bitterness. Oh, he had loved her so well. And before that he had dreamed so wistfully of the woman who should be his wife: Gentle, compassionate, a fountain of pity for every creature, of pity and friendliness; a well of healing for every one broken or in distress. And yet she was so fine! She would have died rather than touch her name or his with a "whisper." With all the frivolity and gossip, the bitterness and envy, the malice and evil-speaking of the world, she had nothing in common. She was generous; even, in a somewhat primitive way, she was drawn toward social movements (involving no "unpleasant associations"). She was an excellent mother. She was all that a "great lady" might have conceived herself to be in feudal times. But he wanted a woman to love people and to understand them; he would have liked Linnie to stretch bright wings over the world and brood, and instead she used her pretty wings to fly away from every such responsibility, and *justified* it as her code—her code of separation from the "unbeautiful." How had he married a woman so fundamentally separated from him in all that mattered——

He knew! Seven years ago that day he would have told every one that nothing mattered, really, beside love, love which was love in spite of all reason. To-day he would tell this to no one. Why?

"Let's go out here," he said to her abruptly when luncheon was finished. They went into the sun-room, bright with flowers in pots and in chintzes, with the sun surging upon windows which opened to the enamel of the Sound.

"It looks like heaven," he thought, "and—isn't!"

"Linnie, do you know what's holding us together?" he asked. He was curious—he wondered if she did know.

"Marriage," she said promptly.

"At least, you didn't say convention," he countered. "It's neither, Linnie."

"What on earth do you mean? What else could be holding us together?"

"Habit," he said quietly. "And—sex."

She looked at him with the scorn which he had learned to know so well.

"That's like you," she said, "to belittle marriage."

"Belittle it! I'm facing it, merely. That seems to be enough to hold countless homes together. We ought to be able to see that it's not enough to hold ours together."

"And so," she said, "it's about to fall apart—is it?"

"I think it is. If you are willing."

"If I am as willing as you are!"

He looked hard at her. "*Are* you willing?"

She smiled at him wickedly. "I'd hate the talk."

He continued to look at her. "No—but are you willing? I thought last night—you weren't willing."

She flushed. "I'm quite willing," she said coldly.

"Very well, then. That assures you. It's Europe, or somewhere, for me—for the desertion. You would stay here or in town.

The money settlement won't take long, fortunately! The children—" He always stopped on that.

"Yes? The children?"

"Six months with you and six with me."

"Barbara can't leave me," she said decidedly. "She's too little."

"Then the others—and Barbara when she's old enough."

She said nothing.

"That would seem to settle the children," he went on, and broke off abruptly on: "What are you thinking?"

She had been regarding him strangely. She said: "I was thinking of what you said—that habit and sex hold so many marriages together. Aren't a good many held together by children?"

"That's an absurd reason! That's so distinctly bad for the children."

"So is this."

"Yes—so is this. There's no help for that."

She said nothing.

"It's all a mess!" he cried. "But Linnie, for heaven's sake let's stay good friends. It's too absurd to be enemies, after——"

"Yes," she said, "that would be another absurdity."

He looked at her sharply. But she was looking toward the lawn with something in her face which made him follow her glance. Across the green between their place and the brown house at the foot of the hill Faxon was coming.

Benno wasted not a moment. "Since you've forbidden him the house," he said, "I shall have to go to meet him."

She said nothing. He stepped through the glass doors and went to meet Faxon.

FAXON was looking drawn and ill. He solved all those difficulties of which he was ignorant by dropping on a stone seat on the green.

"Benno," he said, "I don't know what the devil I'm going to do."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Everything. Last night, for instance. You were great to bring us in here—I'll never forget it. But it couldn't be done."

"Why not?" He had a momentary doubt of Linnie.

"In the smoking-room," Faxon went on monotonously, "I walked on to two of the bank's stockholders and one of the largest depositors. They were no end decent, but—you can imagine what kind of a half-hour I put in."

"Now, that's imagination," Benno began warmly. "They were talking of it this morning here, and they said——"

"Oh, in a business way I'll be all right. I don't need that so much. It's the other thing. Their wives—Benno, two of them *cut* Erna!"

Benno groaned. "Oh, Lord, we're not two feet from the cave door. We're primitive man and just as primitive woman."

"You see why we slipped away. It won't work. It can't be done. Thanks, though, no end. But, Benno, that isn't all."

Faxon looked down miserably.

"Erna and I aren't getting on."

"Oh, I say!"

"No. She's been a brick. She stood by me all through. But she seems—she seems to have got all that out of her system. Now she's irritable—she's nervous all the time—she's unreasonable—she's exacting—she's cross—I think she hates me—she's impossible!" The last word Little Faxon shouted.

"But what she's been through is enough to make any woman nervous——"

"And it's enough to make any woman hate me. That's the worst of it. I've been through something myself, and I can't stand any more. I tell you, I can't stand it—" His voice broke.

"What does she want to do?"

"That's it. If I—if she—I don't know what she would do."

"What would *you* do?"

Faxon looked at Benno bravely. "I want most awfully to be happy again. I suppose I'd try to find some one——"

"Yes," said Benno.

He forgot Faxon and faced himself. He, too—would he, too, "try to find some one?" And then, if that went wrong, or were artificially held together, would he go on and "try to find some one" else? Faxon and he, Linnie and Erna—would they all do that? And the children— He felt suddenly ill, old, despairing. What was marriage? What was life?

"Of course I know," Faxon went on, "if she should be dangerously sick now—or if I should come near to death—we'd get over all this. But that wouldn't mean anything either—not anything real. The truth is, we're tired—tired to death—and we want to get away."

"Or if you should go to jail again!" Benno brought out vigorously.

He winced. "I know it. Erna'd be right by me, just the same as she was before."

Benno said nothing. Faxon sat looking down. When he looked up, he said miserably:

"I suppose you think we ought to go on with it?"

"I don't know," said Benno. "I don't know."

He got to his feet and suddenly shook his fist at the Sound.

"I don't know!" he cried. "If you cut and run, I think you're wrong—and if you go on with it after love has ceased to be fine, I think you're wrong. By the great horn spoon, I don't know *what's* the thing!"

Something in his fervor caught Faxon, drew him from his own absorption. Benno wasn't concerned like this just in another man's problem. Faxon looked up, and what he saw in the other man's face brought him to his feet.

"I beg your pardon," Faxon said uncertainly. Suddenly, with no apparent reason, the two men had grasped each other's hands and Faxon had gone, was walking hurriedly down the hill as if he had intruded.

BENNO went up the slope toward the house, and coming down the slope was Linnie, running. He quickened his step, in a shock of terror lest something ill had happened. This deepened when he saw tears on her face. The last yard was covered by both of them running.

"Benno!" she said. "Ask him to come back."

"Who?" he stared at her.

"Mr. Faxon. Ask him! I *want* him to come back!"

"No, no. He's gone. Linnie, what is it?"

"Have him come to the house. Have her come. Have anything! Benno—I've been pretending you weren't there—that you weren't *there!* That you weren't coming, ever and ever! I can't stand it—I never can stand it. And the children—I was pretending that I was getting them ready to go away somewhere—to go away somewhere to you—in another house, with some other woman——"

She was sobbing.

"Linnie, Linnie! But remember. Think of it with me here—all the old question of flooding the house with people who—with prison-birds——"

He stopped, because a servant had appeared abruptly, stood asking Linnie some unimportant question. Benno would have answered, but Linnie turned angrily on the man.

"Go away!" she cried sharply. "Can't you see that we're—we're busy?"

The man fled, stricken. In all her grief she waited until he was out of ear-shot before she said:

"You can ask every tramp in the country all over the house. I'm done—I'm done. I can't live without you."

He knew that she wasn't done, that they would have all this over again within a year. Something else struck him.

"But Linnie. That's against your principles—your *principles*, of what is decent, of what's becoming in people. You're sacrificing for me something that you honestly think is *right*——"

"Yes! Yes! Anything! I'd do downright wrong to keep you. Benno, I love you—I'll always love you——"

He thought: "Love a weakness and not a strength?"

His mind ran back over those first days, seven years before. Then love had seemed a strength and not a weakness, for love was new and held him. Was he now saying that love might be a weakness and not a strength because love was old and he was tired of love?

What was the answer?

Her cheek was against his arm, out there on the open terrace. She was sacrificing right and left to principles of taste! And as for him? She was very lovely, very desirable——

He stood staring at the Sound. Somewhere, in the air or in their souls, he caught a flash of something flawless, something, it might be, never yet netted by men and women of earth, something still hovering too far from them to be made completely their own: The face of love, veiled, waiting for the exquisite of earth who shall some day look upon it. Not yet, not yet——

He put his arm about her. They went up to the slope and into the house together.

THE END

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5509—Narrow one-piece dresses in beltless effect are very smart in cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rèp or flannel. Heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca and satin are also suitable. The dress slips on over the head and has a choice of body lining. The collar and cuffs are detachable.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch striped wool. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5479—The neck of this one-piece dress may be worn buttoned high or open. The dress slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Make it of cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca or satin.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5467—If you choose a plaid, printed or contrasting color silk crêpe for the long upper part, and a heavy silk crêpe for the two-piece lower part, you will have a smart slip-over dress. Or you may use plaid or printed silk crêpe or plain silk crêpe in self or contrasting color with lower part of twills, wool crêpe, wool rep or cashmere. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch novelty and 1⅛ yard 39-inch plain silk crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5497—The closing is in very new effect on a straight-line coat dress. It is the one-piece type and may have a body lining. The collar and cuffs may be detachable or sewed to the dress. Use twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, cashmere, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca or satin.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 47 inches.

The coat dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5511—10191—A very smart fringed collar is a new feature of a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed heavy silk crêpe; or use crêpe de Chine or Georgette with beading or embroidery. Work the embroidery in one-stitch.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5514—Clusters of plaits both in front and in back and extending from neckline to hem are fashionable for the one-piece dress which slips on over the head. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile or chiffon, etc., in plain or printed weaves.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 40-inch silk crêpe and ½ yard 35-inch lace. Lower edge. plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5509 5479 5467 5497 5511 5514

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5447—10269—An all-over beading in a large design is fashionable for the sleeveless straight-line dress of satin, heavy crêpe de Chine, moire, etc. Work the design in self color. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and, if it is used in white as a wedding-gown, there is a detachable court train.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5461—With her gardenia and just a hint of pocket handkerchief she wears the correct accessories for a straight-line coat dress with a straight lower edge. For certain types of figure and in wide materials this dress has no underarm seam. Use twills, cashmere, wool crêpe, wool rep, plaids, stripes, checks, silk alpaca, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch twill.

The coat dress is for la ies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5451—4973—A detachable capette and braid trimming give a smart air to a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey tubing, flannel, cashmere, soft twills, plaids, stripes, checks, satin crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. For her hat with a gored crown use velvet, wool jersey, etc.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 4 yards 27-inch flannel and ⅝ yard 27-inch velvet for hat. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

5441—Satin crêpe or plain or printed silk makes a very attractive one-piece dress with cascade drapery. It closes under the left arm and slips on over the head. If desired, you may omit a long body lining. The ornament is distinctive and can be easily made.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 40-inch printed silk crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5459—A scarf of printed or plain silk crêpe and a vestee and facings of the same material are used with the straight-line one-piece dress of wool rep, wool crêpe, cashmere or twills. In heavy silk crêpe the scarf, etc.. is of the same material; without the scarf use silk alpaca. The dress slips on over the head.

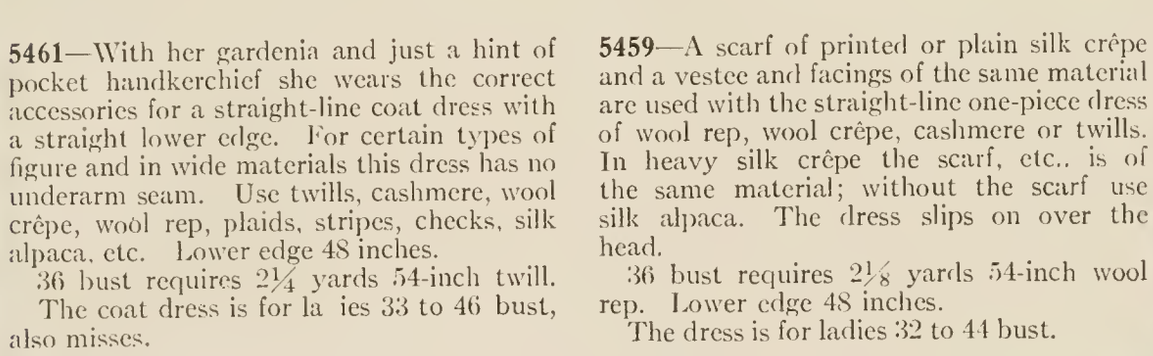
36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5455—On a straight-line one-piece dress a long scarf collar balances the effect of the Russian closing. Use plaid or printed silk crêpe or plain silk crêpe in self or contrasting color for the upper part and twills, wool crêpe, wool rep and cashmere for the lower part, etc.; or use silk crêpe in plaid or printed effects or contrasting color with lower part, etc., of heavy silk crêpe, or the dull with the shiny side of satin crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed and 1⅞ yard 39-inch plain silk. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5447 5461 5451 5441 5459 5455

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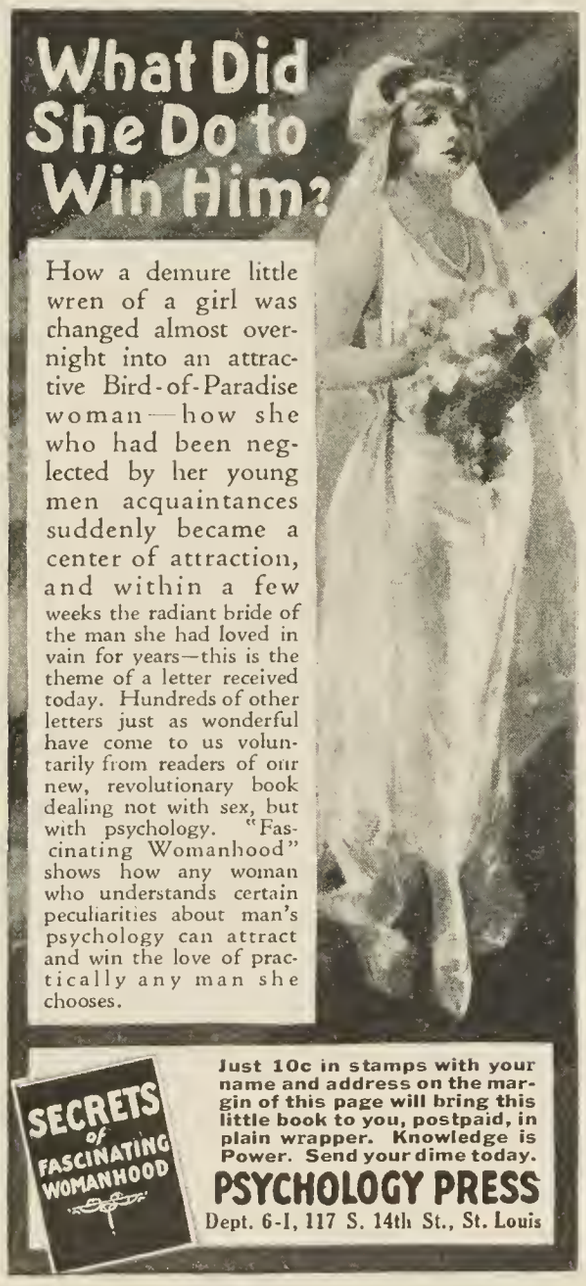
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5470—5458—For a one-piece slip-over dress use linen, linen-finished cottons, printed or novelty cottons or gingham with frills of organdy in contrasting color. The collar and cuffs may be removable or fastened to her dress. For the tam-o'-shanter use velvet, duvetyn, heavy flannel, etc.

13 years requires 2½ yards 35-inch linen for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5424—4926—10415—An initial trims this one-piece slip-over dress of checked, striped or plaid wool. Her hat of velvet, duvetyn, wool jersey, etc., has a gored crown.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool check and ½ yard 36-inch velvet for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5464—Smocked dresses of pongee, crêpe de Chine, plain lawn, nainsook, dimity, plain fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile, pin-dot swiss or pin-check gingham are dainty. Smocking may be omitted from this dress with separate bloomers and a straight lower edge.

4 years requires 2½ yards 32-inch pongee.

The dress is for little girls 1 to 8 years.

5428—Pin-check gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, dimity, plain lawn, cotton pongee, crêpe de Chine, pongee or wool jersey makes an adorable dress in raglan effect with separate bloomers.

3 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch gingham.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5460—The scalloped outline of the hem and the hand-made flowers and ribbon trimming are smart for this dress of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile. It may have a straight lower edge.

7 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 4 to 10 years.

5418—5402—10787—Wool jersey, pongee, crêpe de Chine, chambray, gingham and cotton crêpe are suitable for a one-piece slip-over dress in raglan effect. The velvet tam-o'-shanter is smart. Her monogram is used.

14 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5472—5292—For school a one-piece dress of plaid, stripes or checks, soft twills, serge, flannel or wool crêpe, etc., is good style. It has a Russian closing and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. For her tricorne hat use velvet, satin, wool jersey, etc.

12 years requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool plaid and ⅝ yard 35-inch velvet for hat.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15, the hat for girls 2 to 12.

5478—4517—A suit for little boys is composed of a dimity blouse with straight linen trousers. One may use cotton rep in two colors, crêpe de Chine or madras with shantung, etc. For his hat use corduroy, etc.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 27-inch dimity and 1 yard 35-inch linen for suit.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 7, the hat for little boys and girls 2 to 8 years.

5412—5416—Use wool jersey or soft twills for this slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. The tam-o'-shanter of duvetyn, velours, etc., is good looking.

10 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch wool jersey for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; the tam-o'-shanter for children, girls, misses, ladies.

5436—Rajah, heavy cotton crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, chambray, flannel or wool in small plaids may be used for a one-piece slip-over dress and separate bloomers.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch rajah.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.



5470 5424 5464 5428 5460

5418 5472 5478 5412 5436



Will He Ask for a Second Dance?

Modern men are pleased to see women returning to the healthy, active, outdoor life and the freedom from stuffy and hobbling fashions in dress which characterized the women of ancient Greece, and has been admired for centuries.

The girl who refuses to dress in the fashion of the hour—in filmy, sleeveless gowns or the sheerest of waists—or who fails to rid herself of the disfigurement of under-arm hair, the girl who sits inert and lifeless, with arms fettered to her sides, rarely meets with masculine favor. She is thought lifeless and behind the times.

Many women have hesitated to use a razor, believing it unwomanly and risky, and justly so. But Neet makes the removal of unwanted hair a thoroughly feminine and dainty process. After an application of this fragrant velvety cream you simply *rinse* the hair away. If Neet is not available at your favorite toilet counter use the coupon below.



Galatea, by Marqueste after the myth of Pygmalion and the statue, said by the Greeks to have come to life because of Pygmalion's great love of her.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

It costs you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied. You are invited to test Neet on our absolute guarantee of entire satisfaction or refund. Go to any drug or department store—purchase the generous package for only 50c. Apply according to the simple directions enclosed. If, after using Neet, you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness of your skin, let us hear from you. Neet must absolutely please you in every way or you can remail the package to us and we will refund your purchase price plus the postage it costs you to return it to us. If you are unable to find Neet at your favorite drug or department store, use the coupon below.

Nurses and Physicians:

The sterile, antiseptic, hair-dissolving qualities are so highly developed in Neet that it is in favor with many of the profession for depilating in preparation for obstetrical and surgical work.

A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed free to any physician or registered nurse requesting it.

Neet

Removes hair easily



HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO.
630 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
I am unable to get Neet from my dealer so I am enclosing 50c for a tube of Neet, prepaid by mail.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE ...
My Dealer's Name is .....

How She Got The Money to Buy The Things She Wanted



"I don't see how she does it," said Mrs. Allen. "John tells me Mr. Clark's salary is less than his. Yet, I can not begin to dress as well as Mrs. Clark.

"She had on the most stunning dress when I saw her the other day," continued Mrs. Allen, "and her home is a jewel—nothing expensive, but she has the things every woman wants to make her home cozy and comfortable."

Mrs. Allen was having one of those little gossipy chats with a neighbor. They envied Mrs. Clark because she possessed many of those small luxuries so necessary to comfort and real happiness. And this was all the more surprising when, apparently, Mr. Clark's income was not exceedingly large.

The Secret Explained

It was only a year ago that Mrs. Allen envied Mrs. Clark—oh, there were so many things she wanted which Mrs. Clark had. But one day soon after, she learned the secret. It was simply that of using her spare time profitably. She had plenty of spare time and very quickly began earning all the extra money she needed through devoting it to DELINEATOR Subscription Work.

Hundreds of women are buying beautiful new clothes, home furnishings, etc., with our practical money-making plan. The same opportunity is offered to you. We will pay you liberally for your spare time. And you will be surprised how readily your earnings will mount up because of the widespread appeal of THE DELINEATOR.

No experience is necessary. There is no obligation. We teach you how to start and cooperate with you at all times. Write for particulars—to-day!

Box 1103, Butterick Building, New York City





If Cassim Had Opened a Cave Like This!

WHEN Cassim of the Arabian Nights cried "Open Sesame" to the rock that guarded the robbers' cave, it flew open to reveal priceless treasures of gold and silver and preeious jewels.

But all that he eould buy with them were the barbarie discomforts that passed as Arabian magnificence. What wouldn't Mrs. Cassim have given of gold and jewels for one good American vacuum cleaner!

Take the advertising pages in this month's DELINEATOR, for instance. Count the pleasures and convenienees in your life that they represent. Here are new stories from old friends and first overtures from new friends. Get acquainted with them. THE DELINEATOR introduces and stands sponsor for them.

Read—and answer—the advertisements. Send for the interesting and informative booklets that are offered by DELINEATOR advertisers.

You may repose perfect confidence in DELINEATOR advertisers. You need have no fear of loss from patronizing these advertisers—if the aavertiser does not make good, THE DELINEATOR will.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5444—An adorable slip-over frock for a young girl has a basque to which a straight skirt is joined at a slightly low waistline. It closes under the left arm and has a long body lining. Use taffeta, gros de Londres, satin, moire, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2¾ yards 39-inch moire. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women and for ladies 38 bust.

5473—Taffeta, gros de Londres, satin, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or moire make a picturesque slip-over dress with a straight skirt joined to a basque at a slightly low waistline. It closes under the left arm and may have a long body lining.

16 years or 33 bust requires 3 yards 36 to 39 inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women and for ladies 38 bust.

5471—In wool jersey tubing or flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk jersey or crêpe de Chine this one-piece slip-over dress is attractive. It has a straight lower edge and a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline. The collar and cuffs may be removable.

16 years or 33 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

5465—An evening dress of Georgette, taffeta, gros de Londres, satin, silk or crêpe de Chine has a full straight skirt joined to a basque at a slightly low waistline and a camisole lining. It closes under the left arm and may have a straight drop skirt.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette and 2⅞ yards 6½-inch lace banding. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards.

The evening dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women and for ladies 38 bust.

5403—Whether she stays at home or goes away to school, the young girl will want a beltless one-piece dress of satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, satin, charmeuse, etc. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5445—The fan-shaped ornament adds a great deal of distinction to the draped dress of satin crêpe or plain or printed silk crêpe. It is the one-piece slip-over type and may have a body lining with a choice of camisole top.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5495—The hand-made flower gives a great deal of French distinction to a one-piece dress of satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, charmeuse or moire. The dress closes under the left arm and the sleeves are sewed into a long body lining which may have a choice of camisole top.

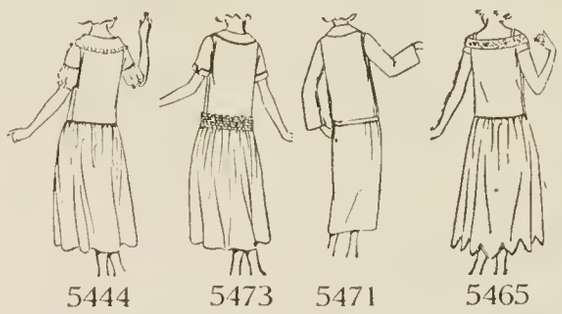
17 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

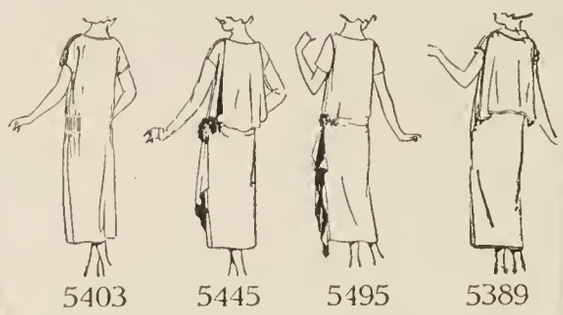
5389—5416—Plaids, stripes or checks, flannel, soft twills, cashmere, etc., make a smart one-piece dress with detachable capette. It slips on over the head and the collar and cuffs may be removable. For the tam-o'-shanter use duvetyn, etc. Lower edge 44½ inches.

16 years or 33 bust and 21½ inches head measure require 2 yards 54-inch wool plaid and ½ yard 35 to 54 inch duvetyn.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust; the tam-o'-shanter for misses, ladies, girls, children.



5444 5473 5471 5465



5403 5445 5495 5389

My Friends all Praise my Window Draperies



Let me tell you how

I planned and made my drapings. First I wrote Kirsch for their Rod and Window Draping Book. In it I found the ideas I wanted, and just the help I needed to plan and make the different styles of draperies.

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

simplify all your window draping problems—fit all your windows, provide for every treatment and insure correct hanging.

Kirsch Rods have many improved features in re-inforcement, adjustability, finish and brackets, that are exclusively Kirsch. You'll also like Kirsch pulleys and cords for draw curtains, and French heading rings, drapery hooks, etc.

Kirsch Rods are easy to work with. Slip smoothly into the draperies guided by the Kirsch thimble, tilt into place on the Kirsch brackets, come off just as easily. Yet never come down accidentally.

Kirsch Rods have a superior patented finish—called StippleTone. It's more beautiful, more durable, more artistic, at no greater cost. **There is no substitute for Kirsch Quality and Service.**

Look for the name Kirsch on the carton

FREE Write for your copy of Kirsch Rod and Window Draping Book.

KIRSCH MFG. CO. 142 Prospect Avenue Sturgis, Mich., U.S.A.

Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Can., Ltd., 203 Tecumseh St., Woodstock, Ont.

A New Perfume



As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of Rieger's new creation—

Honolulu Bouquet

Perfume, $1.00 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. $1.00. Talcum, 25c. At druggists or department stores.

Send 25c (silver or stamps) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of

Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months, Lilac or Crabapple $1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet $2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 20c stamps for miniature bottle. Send $1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25c bottles—5 different odors.

Paul Rieger & Co. (*Since 1872*) 129 First St., San Francisco

Send 25¢ for TRIAL BOTTLE

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album

10¢ Buys 100

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel

5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

ENGEL MFG. CO.

Dept. 29 J, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



Nothing Acts Like ANALAX

THREE DOLLARS PER HOUR IS YOURS Many of our lady representatives are making that much and more in their spare time. Write for Details and get our FREE STATIONERY OFFER.

INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, INC., Corry, Pa.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5457—This one-piece dress of wool jersey tubing is open in front to show the vestee. The dress has a straight lower edge and may be made of flannel, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silk jersey.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is very good style for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5463—5218—A flannel hat and fringed flannel scarf are the correct accessories for a one-piece dress of checks, plaids, stripes, soft twills, flannel, cashmere, heavy silk crêpe or satin.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 2 yards 54-inch check wool and ¾ yard 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

5427—10787—Cashmere makes a smart one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, heavy silk crêpe or satin are also appropriate for this dress with a choice of body lining. The pocket monogram is decorative.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch cashmere. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5433—Many Autumn dresses on this order secure a tailored effect with side closings and unbelted lines. For this one-piece dress use cashmere, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, satin, silk alpaca, silk poplin, heavy silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5439—5402—10961—Clusters of plaits inserted at each side give width to this one-piece slip-over dress of cashmere, flannel, soft twills, wool crêpe, satin, heavy silk crêpe, etc. The motif is effective. Work it in, color. For tam-o'-shanter use velvet, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; tam-o'shanter for ladies, misses, girls, children.

5469—5353—A tucked or a plain *gilet* which is part of a separate guimpe gives a tailored effect to this straight-line one-piece dress of wool rep, wool crêpe, cashmere, twills or heavy silk crêpe. Her velvet tricorne hat is smart. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch twill and ⅞ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine for dress.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.



5457 5463 5427 5439 5469 5433

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5496—4251—10208—She wears a slip-over blouse of heavy crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, tub silks, etc., with an accordion or side-plaited straight skirt on a camisole body The embroidery is effective.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅜ yards 39-inch silk crêpe (skirt on camisole body). Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅞ yards.

Blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 42½ hip.

5493—Twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, cashmere, flannel, plaids, stripes, checks, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca or satin make a very new one-piece coat dress of the straight-line type.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 48 inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5502—5042—For Fall choose a slip-over blouse of crêpe de Chine, silk broadcloth, satin, etc., to wear with a two-piece skirt of wool rep, soft twills, cheviot, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅛ yards 35-inch silk broadcloth and 1 yard 54-inch wool rep for skirt on camisole body. Lower edge 1½ yard.

Blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 52 hip.

5498—5353—Both collar and cuffs of this slip-over blouse with a shoulder yoke may be sewed to the blouse or detachable. Use silk broadcloth, heavy crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, silk crêpe, etc. For the tricorne hat use velvet, duvetyn, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses; hat for ladies and misses.

5508—5322—10603—The slip-over blouse is smart to wear with a wrap-around straight skirt with set-in pockets, etc. Initials trim this blouse of heavy crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅞ yard 54-inch twill for skirt on camisole body. Lower edge 44 inches.

Blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip.

5490—The scarf collar slips through a slash and gives a new effect to this slip-over blouse of plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, or of satin crêpe.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 39-inch novelty crêpe.

The blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5481—The French dressmakers use plaids, checks or stripes for the one-piece slip-over dress of this type. One may use twills, cashmere, wool rep, wool crêpe, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca or satin for this new dress.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch novelty wool. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5486—5079—10225—A new costume is composed of a jacquette blouse of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or satin crêpe and a one-piece wrap-around straight skirt of soft twills, etc. The embroidery is easily done.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 yard 54-inch cloth for skirt on camisole body. Lower edge 48 inches.

The jacquette blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 45 hip.



5493 5490 5502 5042 5508 5322 5498 5481

Oily skin



How you can correct it

An oily, shiny skin is not only unattractive in itself—it is especially liable to infection from dust.

You can overcome this condition by using, *each night*, the following treatment:

FIRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Then rub your face for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

Within a week or ten days this treatment will bring about a marked improvement. Get a cake of Woodbury's today!

For 10 cents a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations.

Copyright, 1923, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

The Andrew Jergens Co.
26 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me
A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch!"
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 26 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
Name..... Street.....
City..... State.....



—*discouraged!*

The Penalty of Bromidrosis (Fetid Perspiration)

HE PLAYS a little better than the average. He has a host of acquaintances—but only a few friends. He is able, thru his college training and his business career, to carry on a most interesting conversation. And yet, his associates seem to hold him at a distance. If only some kind friend would tell him that his remarkable personality is imprisoned, his happiness impaired, all on account of one weakness—bromidrosis.

How easily we detect this annoyance on others and how seldom we consider our own shortcomings. With AB-SCENT you can *be sure of yourself*, for it not only remedies excessive perspiration, but destroys odors harmlessly.

AB-SCENT

COLORLESS!

(Contains no staining artificial color)

Remedies Excessive Perspiration — Destroys Odors Harmlessly

AB-SCENT, formulated by a physician, and absolutely harmless, corrects the condition of which you yourself may be unconscious, and does not burn, itch or irritate. Ideal for personal use. It is used by men and women for preventing unclean armpits and perspired feet.

All good stores or by mail in plain wrapper, 50c

Prepared by the Makers of ZIP

Jean Jordeau, Inc.
Dept. 7-D, 562 Fifth Ave., New York City. TRIAL SIZE 10c
Enclosed find one dime. Please send liberal trial bottle of AB-SCENT and samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder. Please print your name.
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City and State*_____
*Dealer*_____
*Dealer's Address*_____

CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK

Next Month's Serial Novel

Following her story of her own life, Mrs. Norris's new novel, "The Black Flemings," will be published in THE DELINEATOR, beginning with a liberal opening instalment in the October issue. Although "The Black Flemings" is essentially a love-story, a mystery complicates the plot and adds to the suspense. A reading of the manuscript reminded us of a tribute to the author from one of her admirers, Alice Faith Powell, who wrote of her: "Kathleen Norris believes in the fundamentals of life. One can not read her stories without believing this. She believes in simplicity, in kindness, in charity, in her home, in those she loves—and, above all, in children. She is an optimist. She is no sentimentalist: she is a realist—a realist with a passion for detail and truth."

Mrs. Norris Rides a Hobby

Scarcely had we read in type our own words on this page, a short time back, about the diversity of interests that Kathleen Norris finds time for, when we discovered that she is also a cross-word puzzle fan. The discovery was quite accidental. On picking up the journal that usually contains the most interesting of these ingenious devices for torturing the minds of puzzle devotees, we saw a particularly intricate and inviting-looking one under the signature of our most famous woman novelist. In a note to the puzzle editor, Mrs. Norris explained that when her copy of the paper failed to arrive, she set about concocting a cross-word construction of her own, cheerfully admitting that she had deliberately included in it a seven-letter word meaning "drift of God's sending"—a word she has tried in vain to work into one of her novels for the past ten years. If you happen to know it, consider yourself among the elect, for no cross-word expert of our acquaintance even knew of its existence.

A Business-Story Writer

"Telling about oneself," writes Gerald Mygatt, author of "One Doesn't," "is a very different matter from telling on oneself. Telling on oneself would be interesting—but nobody ever does. There are plenty of things I can tell about myself, but I'm blessed if I can see how they can sound particularly exciting. I am thirty-six years old. Is that exciting? Not to me. I have been trying to write stories ever since I was twelve, when I turned out a two-hundred-word novel, illustrated by the author, entitled 'How Dan Saved the Flier.' In those days trains were fliers. That story still stands as the most direct piece of work I have ever done. I like to write. I can't do much of anything else. I have tried being a freight-clerk and a salesman and an advertising man—and I have always come back to stories. The result is that I am poor, but reasonably happy. I am particularly fitted to write business stories, because I know all about how to be a flivver in business. Outside of stories, the only real thing that I look back upon with a sort of secret satisfaction is the fact that I enlisted in the Regular Army at the beginning of the war and came out with an honorable discharge at the end. But a couple of million other men did that too. All in all, I should say I was a pretty commonplace sort of person. I went to college—Williams—and graduated. I went into newspaper work, which every writer seems to have to do. I have bummed through Central America; traveled steerage at sea; done some exploration in Haiti and San Domingo; I have even lived in the suburbs of New York. • I have had to pawn my watch, but never—possessing friends—my overcoat! Does that make a picture or not?"

A Successor to Doctor Holt

This month's article, "Play and Grow Strong," in the series of child-health articles by distinguished authorities is the contribution of Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, who succeeds the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt as editor of this important DELINEATOR feature. Doctor Shaw, who is particularly well qualified to write on this topic, is Director of the Division of Child Welfare in the New York State Department of Health and is ex-president of the American Child Hygiene Association. He was closely associated with Doctor Holt, who often referred to him as one of the men best equipped to carry on the work of popularizing scientific advances in baby health and hygiene.



We Provide an Epitaph

In the past few weeks the most unusual request received by our service editors has been that of a Tennessee widow who wanted a suitable epitaph for her husband's tombstone. Several were prepared and submitted for her selection. Although we have no special knowledge or information that makes us an authoritative source of supply for memorial inscriptions, it is a rare occurrence for us to deny any bona-fide request for help from a reader, however unusual. In the course of years of experience, editors in charge of correspondence accumulate no end of miscellaneous facts and develop something like a special sense for running down elusive information. Anything out of the ordinary routine of the day's mail is welcomed as a test of their powers. However, the departments in which we are prepared to offer really helpful service that is thorough, reliable and up to date are regularly listed in the column headed "Ask THE DELINEATOR." New and seasonable helps in the way of food preparation, diet, household management, home-building, interior decoration, baby care, health, beauty and entertainment appear from time to time to reward the regular reader who looks for them.



SAVE MONEY AND TIME

(This is a letter from one of our readers telling how she uses THE DELINEATOR'S advertising columns to save time and money. It is her contribution to the "Save Dollars and Hours" suggestions)

Every month I purchase a few post-cards. Then at my desk, with the latest edition of THE DELINEATOR before me, I scan its pages for those advertisements in which the manufacturers offer samples of their product. To these I drop post-cards requesting their trial offers, or in some cases asking merely for their advertising literature.

I save time, for when I am ready to purchase an article I am familiar with the relative merits of different brands and know without shopping around which appeals to me most.

I believe all home-makers would do well to read advertising and become acquainted with trademarks and their significance. It pays to study merchandise values.

P. S. In courtesy to THE DELINEATOR, I always mention the fact that I saw these advertisements in THE DELINEATOR.

Mrs. G. G. G., Clarksburg, W. Va.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

THOSE of our fair pewholders who occasionally give a thought to the hereafter will be interested in the causes of women's deaths as reported to the *Division of Vital Statistics* of an Eastern State. The following are quoted from the records: "Tired of living," "Celery morbis," "Early rising and marriage," "Why—nobody knows," "Worried to death by troublesome neighbors," "Natural causes," "Serving God and living with her husband and children" ◈◈◈ A once-popular magazine contributor was asked by the editor why she hadn't submitted a manuscript in more than two years. "There are two reasons," the author wrote in reply, "and I am enclosing their photographs." The attached snapshots were of two-year-old twins ◈◈◈ A most deplorable enterprise of the never-sufficiently-praised sex is reported from *Peking, China*, where a band of "rough country ladies" turned bandits have carried off many young men of rich families whom they are holding for ransom. The outlaws are described as "armed with modern pistols and iron clubs" and to be "heartless in their treatment of captives." As evidence of this latter trait, the report adds that many of the victims have been forced to marry their captors ◈◈◈ Our alert correspondents at the fashionable beach resorts of *Deauville* and *Biarritz* report a pleasant little custom that we should like to see generally adopted on this side of the water. Adhesive tape is cut in fantastic silhouettes and pasted on the arms, shoulders and legs. Then a good coat of tan is acquired on the beach and the tape removed ◈◈◈ Scientists at the *University of Wisconsin* have traced the source of a new and baffling skin disease to a poisonous ingredient in the preparations used by "Shoes Dyed While You Wait" establishments and recommend that puppy blankets thus treated be permitted to dry for twenty-four hours ◈◈◈ Any of our fair pewholders who are in danger of being misled into joining anti-tobacco campaigns should remember that one of their sex, a *Mrs. Prout*, of *South Windsor, Connecticut*, made and sold the first cigars back in 1799 ◈◈◈ A nineteen-year-old *San Francisco, California*, girl took poison when her mother insisted that she put sleeves in a new evening gown ◈◈◈ A Chicago railroad that recently experimented with Pullmans for women only has quit after a few trial trips because women simply refused to ride in them. Our readers may draw their own conclusions ◈◈◈ Husbands who grouse at the annual birthday gift should be thankful that they are not in *Sweden*, where women observe two birthdays a year—a birthday and a name day ◈◈◈ A veteran he-editor says so many women are now patronizing barber-shops that we ought to conduct a fashion section in the *Police Gazette* ◈◈◈ He also complains that few flappers are ever *shingled* in the right place ◈◈◈ We expect to watch with fatherly interest the brilliant career of little *Josephine*, age seven, a *Hartford, Connecticut* child, whose note to a six-year-old boy classmate was intercepted by her school-teacher. Here's the note: "Julin: if you are going to stay mad at me for life well then punch this hole (*indicated on the paper by an arrow*) and if you ain't then punch this one out (*another also indicated by an arrow*) don't think just because I am writing this I am trying to get glad at you because I ain't. If you are well then we will give up our secrets and I will get another friend. Answer. JOSEPHINE." ◈◈◈ The most romantic scientific journey we ever heard of was that completed recently by a *Dublin, Ireland*, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society who went to Africa and crossed the Dark Continent in search of a rare butterfly. He finally bagged a specimen with the help of native hunters to whom he had to describe what he wanted with colored crayons ◈◈◈ So far this year the fastest worker we have heard of is a *Washington, Pennsylvania*, woman who was divorced, remarried and jailed within twenty-four hours ◈◈◈ After the court granted her divorce, she immediately married a wealthy widower, then pleaded guilty to bootlegging in her fashionable tea-room and was sentenced to serve two months ◈◈◈ A *Hampton, New Jersey*, woman writes that she would rather read our column than eat. We are sure that a lady of such rare taste mentions THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.



Save Your Hands!

SWIFTLY, but surely, a revolution is taking place in the way women are going about their household duties.

It is no longer necessary to have your hands in hot dishwater three times a day. No need for rough, red and unsightly hands.

Dish cloths are in the discard. Gold Dust and the dish mop have done away with them forever!

Gold Dust works wonders in the dishpan! A tablespoonful —hot water—a few strokes of the dish mop, and grease and food particles melt away.

It's the simple, sanitary, sensible Gold Dust way of washing dishes. And Gold Dust is so soft and smooth! It will never scratch or mar even your best silver or daintiest china.

All through the house you will find everyday use for Gold Dust. Under its golden touch everything sparkles like new.

More users and more uses than any other soap powder on earth—that's Gold Dust!

GOLD DUST CORPORATION
Factories in United States and Canada

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work

Just *wash* your silver bright!
Gold Dust and hot water solves your silver cleaning problem. No rubbing. No scouring. No mess. Tarnish gone. Silver mirror-bright. Try the quick, easy Gold Dust way. Simple directions on package.

GOLD DUST



© *"The Rose"* *Painted for Colgate & Co. by Arthur Rackham*

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



Colgate & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1806
New York-London-Paris

It Brings You Perfumed Cleanliness

Beauty, of course, begins with cleanliness; and by its gentle, thorough cleansing, Cashmere Bouquet Soap will do as much for beauty as any soap can do.

But along with cleanliness, dainty women appreciate the luxury and delight of fragrance . . . a fragrance that seems to be the natural perfume of a clean and radiant skin.

This is what Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings to you . . . a purity and mildness that are unsurpassed . . . a perfume that is rare and infinitely alluring.



THE DELINEATOR



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. *If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in* THE DELINEATOR, *we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will.* G. W. WILDER, *President of The Butterick Publishing Company.*

FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

SPARE OUR TREES

THERE is one block in the city of New York where about five thousand people live. It is said to be the most congested spot on the face of the earth. To the eyes it is all brick walls, cement pavements and glass windows. With the exception of a few window-boxes, there is not a living twig or leaf to be seen. Yet that city block contains the dead heart of a forest. Like every other living-place in America, under its paint and varnish, in its wall coverings and its hundred and one little household articles it hides giant trees which once raised their branches high overhead.

Trees are as important to us in our houses and apartments as are food, air and water. In fact, without trees we could not have food and water. Without forests the nation's water supply would be endangered. Without wood, food could not be carried to you.

Literally millions of wooden boxes and barrels are packed into freight-cars and shipped around America carrying canned goods, cereals, flour and other foods. Wood goes into the wrapping-paper and the cartons that contain our breakfast cereals.

It is the trees of the forest, with their roots like protecting hands holding back the flood-tide of rains, that make it possible for our great cities and little villages to have their normal, generous, life-giving supply of water.

And yet we have stood idly by and watched four-fifths of our forest supply being destroyed.

No nation can be built without forests. No nation can continue to exist and prosper without forests.

For many years men of vision have been warning America that her timber-lands, which hitherto have been one of her greatest resources, were fast being depleted. Nature provides forests for the use of man and all the natural uses of timber should be encouraged; but we can not have gardens without planting seeds, nor fruit orchards without replanting shoots. Neither can we have forests and all the things that come from forests unless intelligent protection is provided for the husbanding and replanting of the woodlands.

About the time this magazine goes into your home, bills will be under preparation in various States and before Congress at Washington for the protection of the timber-lands of America.

At the last session of Congress when the Clark conservation bill was introduced it was revealed that the United States has only a twenty-five-year supply of timber at our present rate of consumption. Twenty-five years! Less than a lifetime!

New York State, which once supplied a large part of the timber needs of the whole United States, can now put out only one-tenth the amount of lumber she consumes annually. This condition is to a like extent true in many other States.

China is to-day a land of famine because in the thousands of years of its existence there has been no protection of forests. China has floods and droughts because the trees, which are nature's water-sheds to hold back rain and snow, have long since been destroyed.

It goes without saying that timber must be consumed. But it must not be destroyed. It must, above all, be renewed.

It is only in this generation that universities have begun to consider it worth while to include a department of forestry in their courses. However, there are still but five recognized schools of forestry in the country.

There is something in all this for us to think about.

Happily, there is a fine sentiment about trees. Great poets and philosophers have seen in them an evidence of the great vital principle of life—gigantic growth, strength and usefulness from a tiny seed! The law of life is nowhere more strongly revealed than in the forests of the land—in the trees that shade the traveler and shelter all living creatures, that replenish the life-giving qualities of the soil, that protect mountain streams, rivers and lakes, that furnish material for houses and for transporting the people of the world.

Our forefathers had a feeling about trees which most of us have forgotten. They brought trees from their homelands and transplanted them in America. Some of the oldest places in this country have been named for trees. It was once an American custom for distinguished visitors to plant trees. Many a Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Lincoln tree will still be alive long after the houses in which these famous men slept have fallen to decay.

In California there are trees which were ancient when Christ was born, and which, if not destroyed, will be useful to the people of this land when all of us of to-day shall have been forgotten.

A beautiful tree story is told by the president of the Rotary Club of Valeria, Ohio:

"I have the most wonderful tree in the world out at my house. Fifteen years ago I had a little boy who was then three years old. In the early Fall we used to gather buckeyes (horse-chestnuts) together. We gathered them sometimes by the pocketfuls and sometimes by the basketfuls and brought them in and played with them. One day my boy became ill. The next morning he was a little better and we went out as usual and brought in just one large, fine buckeye and played with it. The next day his life slipped out.

"I took that buckeye and carried it with me all the long Winter. I took it out every little while and looked at it. When the Springtime came, I went out and planted it under his sand-pile. Later the sand was taken away and the buckeye sprouted, a healthy little plant. Then I built a fence around it and I called the boys of the neighborhood together and told them the story. I asked them to protect this tree. I told them they might break anything else I had, the windows in my house, my automobile—anything, but not to break the tree. They respected that request.

"The tree stands there to-day—fifteen years old—a wonderful tree given by the life of one small boy."

That tree is not merely a monument to a boy, but a monument to a father's love.

Trees were planted in the names of soldiers who died in the World War. More of these living monuments should be raised.

All of this is the romantic side of tree life. There is also an economic side which touches the home-makers and the lawmakers of this land alike. The problem of reforestation must be faced. Its solution lies in the enforcement of wise laws and in the education of our people. We can all of us, at least, ask our congressmen and our State legislators to assure a heritage of trees to America.

There are four definite things which America can—and should—do for her trees: regulate lumbering; replenish the already devastated forests; educate our people in the need of trees; and provide adequate fire control.

THE BALANCE OF THE SCALE

Life is a scale—and I hold the balance in my hand.

I have looked upon the miracles of life—the heavens afire at sunset—starlight and snow crystal—clear water—Springtime and Autumn forests—babies in my arms—the high dreams of boys—the blind faith of mothers, and the surrender of life for a friend.

And yet I have whined at the spiritual poverty of things, at vanity, lust and lies, at ungrateful children and selfish men, betrayed trusts and broken faith.

Life is a scale—and I hold the balance in my hand. My body may suffer and be denied, but my soul is mine to make rich or poor. Mine is the hand that holds the scale.

BETTER HOMES PRIZE-WINNERS

IF YOU are a home-maker or expect some day to be a home-maker, the Better Homes in America organization has a message for you. It is the only clearing-house in America for supplying the last word of information to home-builders and home-makers. Its help will save you dollars and time and trouble. It dedicates its attention not only to the spiritual growth of the home, but to the practical every-day problems of home people.

The Better Homes campaign was conducted in more than a thousand American cities this year, and expert knowledge was demonstrated in actual better homes which were opened for the inspection of millions of people.

Dr. James Ford, national director of the Better Homes in America organization, has announced the prize-winners of this year's campaign. THE DELINEATOR is particularly interested in the results because it was this magazine which started the Better Homes movement in 1921. Now, however, THE DELINEATOR has no official connection with the Better Homes organization, having willingly transferred its control to the national leaders and specialists who incorporated the movement in January of this year.

Michigan has again won the first prize. It was Port Huron, in Michigan, which carried away the honors last year; Kalamazoo, Michigan, leads the country this year. Atlanta, Georgia, which won the third prize last year, climbed to the second prize this year with a remarkable demonstration. Greenville, North Carolina, was awarded the third prize, and the fourth prizes were assigned to New Rochelle, New York, Lockport, New York, West Palm Beach, Florida, and Fairmont, West Virginia.

The Kalamazoo achievement, like that of Port Huron, was largely the work of the department of education. The campaign of West Palm Beach was managed by Girl Scouts. Demonstrations in other cities were conducted chiefly by women's clubs and by extension bureaus of the Department of Agriculture.

Other prizes were as follows: St. Helena's Island, South Carolina, received a special award for a school-practise-house demonstration. Albemarle County, Virginia, was given first prize for the best demonstration in communities under ten thousand population. Conway, Arkansas, and Coxton, Kentucky, both received second rural prizes, and Relay, Maryland, and Fort Lauderdale, Florida, received third prizes.

The judges of the Better Homes contest were the Honorable Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, and President of Better Homes in America, Inc.; Dr. Louise Stanley, Head of the Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture; Dr. John M. Gries, of the Housing Commission of the Department of Commerce; Mr. Donn Barber, member of the American Institute of Architects, and Mrs. William Brown Meloney, editor of THE DELINEATOR.

THE DELINEATOR will publish in an early number a complete story of the demonstrations of the prize-winning houses in this 1924 campaign.

For information about the Better Homes movement, write to Dr. James Ford, Better Homes in America, Inc., 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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Drawing by C. R. Chickering

SHY CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

Author of "A Schoolmaster in the Great City" and "Child Training"

SHYNESS is an affliction of soul, the heaviness and the weariness of which none but its victim knows. Like a black cloud it descends upon him, and his intelligence is at once benighted, helpless, lost. His hands and feet become as mountains in size; his voice travels from a far distance and echoes in strange yammerings. The sound of the rushing sea is in his ears; weird lights flash before his bewildered eyes. He is frozen stark one moment and bedewed with warm perspiration the next.

And always it happens at the most inopportune time. He wishes to be gracious of manner and winning in speech; but his body takes on the grace of a galloping calf and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth in a panic of parching fear. Though truly an object to excite pity, he is commonly pronounced "silly," and "stupid," and "insincere," while a host of other unlovely adjectives wait to be heaped upon him, poor shy, inarticulate soul.

He is misjudged and mismanaged again and again until he loses faith in himself and in all those about him and retires within his shell. He can not tell his story, because confusion renders him speechless. His whole personality betrays and accuses him. He looks like anything but the innocent, yearning, timid soul that he really is. The message which he manages to convey to mistrusting ears brings scorn upon him, and worse. Too often he is accused of being untruthful, bad-tempered, unloving, hypocritical, when in all reality he is only scared into helplessness.

WEE Mary was a little girl who suffered from shyness. She lived in the country and saw very few people and had few experiences outside the family group. Her elders brought her up on the stern theory that children should be seen and not heard; and that if they weren't doing something wrong at a given moment, they were on their way toward doing it.

In her home, water was carried from the spring and dipped out of a pail as needed. One day Mary's aunt took her to the city for a visit, and for the first time in her life she saw water coming from a faucet. Of course she didn't understand it. She longed for a drink but didn't dare ask for it; nor did she dare cross the room to the faucet to get it, lest some one discover her ignorance and laugh at her.

All afternoon she suffered for a drink as only a country-bred child cooped in a city flat could suffer for want of a cup of cold spring-water. The aunts left her alone after a time and she tiptoed to the thing in the wall and twisted and tugged until the water flowed and she could drink her fill.

But how to turn it off again? She twisted and twisted, now this way, now that, and in her panic succeeded only in thoroughly wetting herself. In her fright she fancied she heard some one coming and fled to bed, leaving the water gushing and the stopper in the basin. The water flowed over the basin and along the floor; and wee Mary lay shivering in fear of the moment when her aunts would return and discover her mistake.

"Mary, Mary, why did you turn on the water and flood the place like this?"

"I didn't, I didn't!" wailed wee Mary.

"Of course you did, you bad child! What's the use of making it worse by telling stories about it?"

When at last she laid her shame-bowed head on her mother's shoulder, she sobbed, "Oh, mother, the water ran out of the thing in the wall and I tried to stop it, but it wouldn't and it tried to drown me, it did. And I couldn't, I couldn't——"

But poor Mary didn't know what it was she couldn't do. It was the hidden fear of grown-up displeasure that paralyzed her mind and her trembling fingers and sent her away in disgrace. She "couldn't." She couldn't turn the water off and she couldn't explain. Shyness choked her.

THE untoward position in which the shy person constantly finds himself is cruel enough, but sorrow is heaped upon sorrow when the reputation of irresponsibility and untruthfulness is added to it. "A little queer, that child, isn't he? Never looks you straight in the face. Don't like his looks, do you?"

"No. Did I tell you about the other day when he shut the door right in my face? It's a fact. He can't be right."

But he is right, so far as his desires are in question. He longs with a great longing to be liked, but he can't help running away from people and taking any means that offer to escape facing them.

One boy climbs a fifty-foot tree to avoid shaking hands with the kindly old pastor who has come to pay his duty call. Another goes from the table hungry and brings on a severe headache because the bread and butter are at the other end of the table. Later when he is discovered climbing through the pantry window in search of food he is punished for greediness, but makes no explanation of the real situation.

In school many such children lose opportunities for growth because they say "No" when the chance is offered them, rather than say "Yes" and let their voices be heard or their efforts and ambitions be uncovered.

How can one help them?

IF YOU have the sort of child who slams the door in the face of a visitor, realize now that he is shy and not wilfully naughty, and treat him for shyness instead of disciplining him for rudeness.

"I'm sorry it happened," will be enough at the time. Then manage so that he will be present when a visitor is due. Take him with you and let him stand beside you as you open the door and welcome the visitor. He will tense his whole body and shrink behind you; but pay no attention to him except to see that he follows you into the room again and goes on with his books or his toys.

By and by ask him to bring you something that you would like to show the visitor. Take it from him and let him slip into the background again. Don't ask him to make any advances to the visitor and don't ask him to show off his accomplishments.

When the visitor rises to leave, take him with you to the door and let him hold the door-knob and watch the visitor down the steps. Then signal to him to close the door gently, which he will do gladly. Ignore the rush and clatter of his hurrying away. It is the reaction that is due—nothing more.

Train him this way until you see that his fear has vanished and that he can smile and open the door and chatter gaily to those who come. But keep silent upon the subject of his failing. Work at it and keep still about it.

Telling a child to be brave suggests a cause for fear. You did not gain courage from your elders' preaching, but from their sturdy endurance under stress. When they told you to have no fear, you probed beyond their words to something that spoke more clearly to your troubled mind. You felt for their spirit; and if it was steadfast and serene, you were reassured and the haunting fear was smothered. But if so much as a suggestion of doubt reached you, fear set in a hundredfold.

If a child shrinks from going on an errand, send some cheerful child with him or go yourself until he gets the feel of the road and the people. His first dread over, send him alone with his dog for companionship or put something in his hand to steady him by its familiar contact; the hand carries a direct message to the mind.

If he is the sort of shy child who blusters and storms and then runs away, find out what it is he is afraid of and remove the cause. It may be that a bigger boy is bullying him, or that there is a fierce dog on the way to school, or that his teacher doesn't understand him.

If the shyness appears during adolescence, try to reason it out. Get the child to search for the thing that makes him fearful. Help him to bring it into his consciousness and discover that it is meaningless.

Speak gently and surely, and try to be the sort of person that a child loves to meet. You are all the people of all the world to a little child in your home, and from you he gathers courage or fear as you demonstrate it in your daily living.

Take the shy child to dancing-school. The music and the rhythm and the formality help lift the repression from the mind of the timid one.

Keep your eyes off the child who is suffering from shyness. One's eye can be a terrifying force when directed toward a shrinking child.

REMEMBER first and always to do nothing that will instil a fear into the subconscious mind of a child. It is so easy to do that without knowing at all that it has been done! When a little child is undressed for the night, he loves to frisk about on his bed for a few minutes naked and free. Let him. Don't say, "Shame, shame, somebody'll see you."

Don't you see that the naked child is the true child and that he feels very near to himself? When you tell him to hide himself from other people, you drop a dread into his mind that outlasts his baby desire to sport in naked freedom. It may very likely grow into a full-sized fear of showing himself at all, and you will have the problem of a shy child on your hands.

In teaching the conventions of modesty—an idea that belongs to adolescence, not infancy—be sure that you do it in a way that leaves no fear behind it.

Treating a child for shyness is a real job, but one should leave nothing undone that will help him; for while this self-fear lasts, growth is very difficult.

Consider these Victrola features

What records will you use? The Victor catalogs list the great numbers from the musical repertoire of the world.

What assurance have you of lasting satisfaction? The assurance that only the highest quality could have established the Victrola as the standard by which all talking-machines are judged.

What about cost? The unequalled Victor plant—the largest and most modern in the music industry—is devoted entirely to Victor products, assuring you the utmost value for the price of any Victrola style.



© Mishkin

PONSELLE
Victor Artist

The voice of Ponselle is a story. She sings; she more than sings: she transforms situations and events into glorious melody. This is the more striking in her Victor Records; in playing such records as those given below we feel her presence walking across the stage of our imaginations on wings of sound:

	Double-faced	
Aïda—Ritorna vincitor Aïda—O patria mia	6437	$2.00
Ernani—Ernani involami Forza del Destino—Pace, pace mio Dio	6440	2.00
Cradle Song (Brahms) Lullaby (Rossetti-Scott)	1002	1.50



Victrola No. 80
$100
Mahogany, oak or walnut



© Mishkin

RACHMANINOFF
Victor Artist

Rachmaninoff knows music; knows how to compose it, how to play it, and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that in the light of previous experience, he chose the Victor to reproduce his art. Of the twenty-nine records listed, none perhaps give greater insight into the personality of the artist nor of his profound genius:

	Double-faced	
Prelude in G Major (Rachmaninoff) Prelude in G Minor (Rachmaninoff)	6261	$2.00
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff) Spinning Song	814	1.50
Polka de W. R. Troika en traineaux	6260	2.00



Victrola No. 215
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut



SCHUMANN-HEINK
Victor Artist

To know the work of an artist and to know it well is to appreciate doubly the Victor Records made by that artist. Mme. Schumann-Heink has been heard by so many American audiences that unless her Victor Records were indeed her other self the discrepancy would be noted, not by the few but by the many. The fact is that intonation, interpretation, phrasing, these things on Victor Records are Schumann-Heink herself as the following records serve to show:

	Double-faced	
Adeste Fidelis Nearer My God To Thee	829	$1.50
In the Sweet By and By Sometime We'll Understand	832	1.50
Old Folks at Home The Rosary	6277	2.00



Victrola No. 230
Mahogany, $375; electric, $415
Walnut, $440; electric, $480



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U S PAT OFF

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal



COLORADO SPRINGS, at the foot of Pike's Peak, "the Sentinel of the Rockies," is a beautiful city of more than 31,000 inhabitants. It is visited annually by thousands of health-seekers and tourists from every part of the world. A cog-railway, trail and automobile road lead to the summit of the towering, snow-capped peak. The motor road has been used for testing the hill-climbing abilities of many types of automobiles.



Pike's Peak and Gettysburg

—*one soap holds first place*

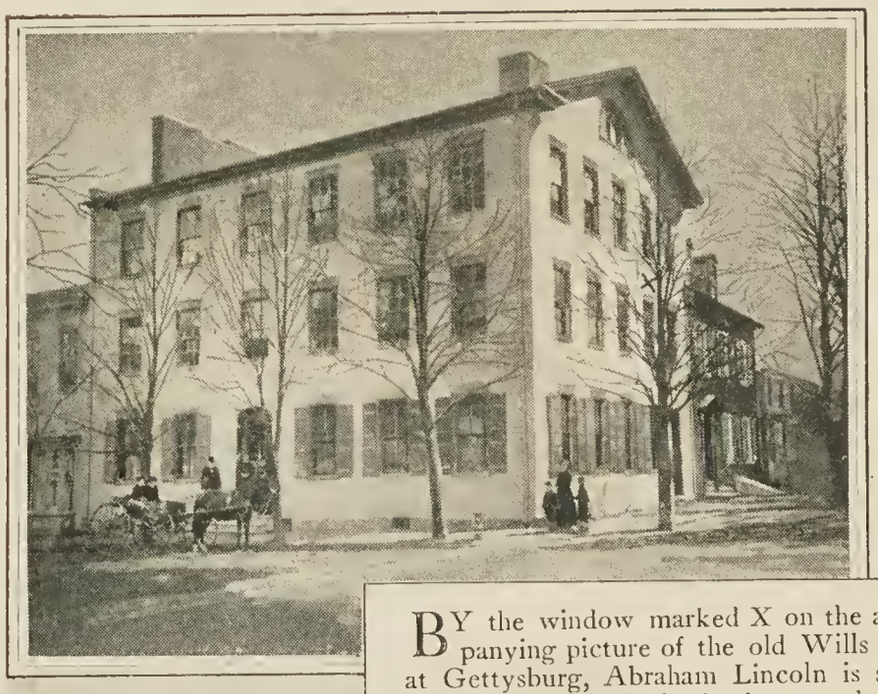


Photo by W. H. Tipton Gettysburg, Pa.

BY the window marked X on the accompanying picture of the old Wills House at Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln is said to have finished, on the back of an envelope, the brief address begun on the train from Washington, which today every school child knows by heart. This was Lincoln's room during his stay at Gettysburg. The Lincoln Highway passes the Wills House and crosses the Gettysburg battlefield where the famous address was delivered.

IT is something more than 1500 miles by airplane from Gettysburg, Pa. to Colorado Springs. But, in the matter of laundry soap these two widely separated towns might be next-door neighbors.

For in both, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest-selling laundry soap.

And what is true of Gettysburg and Colorado Springs is true generally throughout the whole country —P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America.

There must be good reasons for such remarkable supremacy. And, of course, there are!

P and G is *white*, for one thing. As women become more fastidious and careful about the appearance and daintiness of their clothes, they naturally incline towards the use of a white soap.

P and G preserves the whiteness of white clothes and the colors of colored clothes.

It leaves no yellowish tinge.

It leaves no soapy odor.

It cuts down the drudgery of washday by eliminating hard rubbing and frequent boiling.

It saves the time and strength of yourself or your laundress.

With all these advantages, and at a price no higher than that of the very best of the old-fashioned soaps, is it any wonder that P and G should outsell every other laundry soap?

Of course, the use of P and G is not confined to laundry alone—women everywhere have found it superior for dishes, woodwork, linoleum and all household cleaning.

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SHE—THE GIRL WHO HAD CRAWLED ACROSS THE BRIDGE ON HANDS AND KNEES TEN MINUTES EARLIER—WAS WALKING BACK TO HIM, SWIFTLY AND STEADILY, ALONG THE LITTLE LEDGE FORMED BY THE KERB OF LOGS

LEAVING VERRALL

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

AT 9:45 Verrall left the camp with his life wrecked and his heart broken. He returned at 3:47 singing. Mrs. Verrall heard him. He sang "Jerusalem the Golden"—flat. All his singing was flat, and he never sang unless he was happy. Mrs. Verrall, almost breathless, waited his coming.

He came muddy and beaming. He had a green beetle in a bottle. This he thrust at her. "It's new," he said blissfully, "and I'm going to name it after you—'*Spiræ-ococci Janettii.*'"

At least, it was something like that he said. The truth paralyzed her for a moment. He had forgotten all about the quarrel.

Something happened.

No. No—certainly not. But the bottle did happen to fall and get broken, and the beetle escaped.

"I'm going to leave you, Verrall."

Janet heard some one say so. She knew, after a moment, that *she* had said it. It shocked her, because she hadn't meant to.

Verrall was chasing the beetle. He paused reluctantly. After a minute he said "How?"

Janet was one of those girls who look like a snowdrop and do three rounds of a full-sized golf-course before lunch. She said firmly: "I shall walk to Quenepenon and make them flag the train."

Verrall said helpfully: "Maybe they won't."

"Won't what?" Janet spoke through clenched teeth. She clenched them because her mouth trembled so funnily if she didn't.

"Flag the train."

Janet was silent a minute. She clenched her hands as well as her teeth, and for the same reason. At last she said in a stifled voice: "Do you realize I've said I shall —*leave* you?"

Verrall, stalking the beetle in a thimbleberry bush, glanced at her once. He said: "Yes, I heard. I quite realize it. But I think you'll find— Got him, by gum! No, I haven't! I think you'll find I take some leaving."

She went into the tent and dropped the flap so emphatically that it was almost as good as slamming a door.

She did not dare stop to think. She was very cold. She had not a moment to waste if she intended to make Quenepenon in time for the Transcontinental. Sometimes trains stopped there. Sometimes they didn't. She determined this one should stop if she had to fling herself in front of the cowcatcher. She would *show* him!

SHE came out of the tent in ten minutes, carrying a small bag. Pausing a moment, she was struck by the beauty of their camp as by a brief pain. For days it had rained; now a vast warm wind had cleared a sky as tender as a blued pearl. The scent of wet cedar and balsam came from the drenched woods in waves. Veeries and whitethroats sang silverly between the shouting gusts. Great red king-billy butterflies drifted past. Summer was blossoming like a deep warm flower. And —she was leaving Verrall!

The world spun the wrong way a moment and righted itself. He was standing at ease without the tent; his pleasant gray eyes stared rather unseeingly before him; he had, to use his own expression, a pipe stuck in his face. He looked so comfortable, so secure, so very much as usual, that for the moment she could have—oh, anything—bitten him!

She said instead: "Good-by."

"So long," said Verrall quietly.

She hesitated an instant. Wouldn't he— No, he wouldn't. He didn't even take the pipe out. He said: "Got your thick boots on? The whole valley's flooded, and Dominique says the dam at the fish-hatchery——"

She did not wait to hear what Dominique said. She left him, walking rapidly away from the camp, down the path and out on the old logging road. She did not look back.

She repeated over and over to herself: "I—have—left—Verrall." Her neck ached with the effort of not looking back long after she had turned the corner and was out of sight of the camp.

Verrall stood as he was, consulting his wrist-watch. He gave her ten minutes. Then he took his stick—the two little stripes on his coat sleeve explained why he needed a stick—and went after her.

ONCE clear of the camp, Janet set off at a round pace. She had to follow the old logging road four miles, go around or cross the Rift, and then pick up the concession road to Quenepenon. She hurried through the cedar swamp, where the mud was over her shoes. The bullfrogs were croaking, the mosquitoes biting like wolves. Under the somber trees, with their twisted roots, the mealy sunlight of late afternoon gleamed golden on the shallow flood water. It made a picture of such loveliness she was just going to draw Verrall's attention to it, when she remembered he wasn't there. She had left Verrall.

At the fork of the road she decided to cross the Rift, as being the shorter way, though the rougher. A mile past the fork she stopped dead. She had just remembered the trestle bridge.

Continued on page 67

Beginning a new serial

THE BLACK FLEMINGS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Mother," "The Beloved Woman," "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," "Rose of the World," etc.

PART ONE

ONCE through the dark old iron gates, he seemed to have left the warm and friendly Autumn day, the warm and friendly world behind him.

David Fleming laughed half-aloud at the fancy and stepped back into the rambling country road to contrast once more the peaceful dreaming landscape in the afternoon sunlight and the sinister shadows of Wastewater.

Five miles away along the rugged coast lay Crowchester, the little fishing-village whose activities tinged the fresh salty air even here with the odor of salted fish. Between Crowchester and Wastewater ran the irregular road, skirting wind-twisted groves of pine and fir, disappearing into ragged hollows to emerge again on turfy bluffs, and finally winding in here, toward the old brick house that lay hidden behind these high walls.

On his right lay the shore, rocky, steep, rough, with pebbles complaining as the tide dragged them to and fro, surf hammering restlessly among the rocks or brimming and ebbing with tireless regularity over the scooped stone of the pools. No two inches of it, no two drops of its immensity, ever the same; it held him now, as it had held him for many hours in his very babyhood, in a sort of tranced contemplation.

The sun was setting in angry red beyond the forest behind him, but a hard and brilliant light still lay on the water, and the waves were sculptured harshly in silver-tipped steel. David breathed the salty, murmuring air, looked back once more toward the shining roofs and the rising faint plumes of smoke above Crowchester and turned again toward Wastewater's gates.

These were four: two great wrought-iron wings in the center, where carriages had once entered and departed, and, designed ingeniously in the same enormous framework, two smaller gates, one on each side, for foot-passengers.

The carriage gates had been closed for years and were bedded deep in dry grass and fallen leaves, and the right-hand smaller gate had, perhaps, not been opened three times in its more than one hundred years' existence. But the left-hand gate stood slightly ajar, and beyond it ran a faintly outlined footpath into a deep old garden.

DAVID had walked briskly from the village and his blood was moving rapidly, but he shivered as the familiar atmosphere once more enveloped him. The place had been thickly planted almost two hundred years ago; it was densely overgrown now. The trees crowded each other, and the growth underneath them was sickly. The old path was spongy with wet leaves underfoot and the air so pungent with their sharp odor as to be almost anesthetic. Between the blackened trunks on the right David could again see the serenely moving, deeply breathing surface of the ocean; but the garden and low cliffs shut off the shore.

On all the other sides lay the garden and the thicket of the plantation, through which presently, after some winding, he came upon Wastewater itself, standing up boldly in the twilight gloom.

It was an enormous old Georgian building, impressive for size if for nothing more. Wastewater's twenty acres stood on a sharply jutting point of cliff, and the house faced the sea on three sides. The main entrance was on the eastern front, but this presented now only rows of shuttered windows and stone steps deep in fallen leaves.

David stopped at the stone steps of the side door and gave the old-fashioned iron bell-pull a vigorous jerk.

Then came a long wait. But he did not ring again. The first fifteen of David's thirty-one years had been spent here, within these grave old walls, and he knew exactly what was happening now inside.

The jerk on the brass-handled wire would set into convulsive motion one of a row of precariously balanced bells far down in the enormous stone-floored kitchen. In the row, David remembered, were the front-door bell, dining-room bell and the side-door bell. He began to wonder if the last was broken.

No, some one was coming. He could not possibly have heard steps behind that massive and impenetrable door, but he assuredly sensed a motion there—stirring, creaking, the distant bang of a door. Then another wait. And at last the door was carefully opened by Hedda, who closed it behind him and then said in a mild old voice in which traces of her German origin lingered: "Good. How is Master David?"

"Splendid," David answered, with a heartiness that the chill of the dark old hall already tinged with a certain familiar depression. "Where's my aunt, Hedda?"

Hedda had been staring at him with a complacent, vacuous smile. Now she roused herself just a shade and answered: "Where but up-stairs shall she be?"

David remembered now that Gabrielle had long ago announced, with her precocious little-girl powers of observation, that "Hedda always tells us things the first time as if it were the twentieth and her patience quite worn out with telling us!" An affectionate half-smile twitched the corners of David's mouth as he thought of that tawny-headed, rebellious little Gabrielle of ten years ago, and he followed the smile with as sudden a sigh.

The thought of her, more than the thought of his old little self, of Tom and Sylvia, who were the real Flemings, after all, always came to him strangely when he returned to the old house after any absence. Gabrielle, shouting, weeping, laughing, had roused more echoes in Wastewater than all the rest of them put together; she roused more echoes now, poor little Gabrielle!

Poor Gabrielle, and poor Tom, mused David, mounting gloomy, wide old stairs. Life had dealt oddly with both these long ago eager, happy children, as life seemed to have a fashion of dealing with the children of so strange and silent, so haunted and mysterious an old house. The shadow of the house, as real upon his spirit as was the actual shadow of the Autumn twilight upon these stained old walls, shut heavily upon David as he crossed the upper hallways and turned the knob of the sitting-room door.

HIS aunt, in the widow's black she had worn for some eighteen years, was sitting erect in an upholstered armchair by the fire. She turned to glance toward him as he came in, and welcomed him with a lifeless cheek to kiss and with the warmest smile her face ever knew.

It was not very warm; Flora Fleming had the black coloring of the clan; her look was always heavy, almost forbidding. She was in the middle fifties now. Her skin was dark and the rough, heavy eyebrows almost met above her sharply watchful eyes. There were black hairs at the corners of her lips and against her ears below her temples; her eyes were set a shade too close together. She wore, as always, a decent handsome silk that seemed never old and never new; there was a heavy book in her nervous hands and David noted for the first time a discolored vein or two in her somewhat florid, long face.

"This is good of you, David," she said dispassionately.

"Didn't wake you from a nap?"

"A nap?" She dismissed it with a quiet, not quite pleased smile. "Since when have I had that weakness?" she asked. "No. On an afternoon like this, with the leaves falling, one hears the wind about Wastewater if it blows nowhere else, and the sea. I can never nap in the afternoons. I hear—voices," she finished, as if half to herself.

"Lord, one realizes how lonely the old place is, coming back to it!" David said cheerfully.

"Not for me," his aunt again corrected him. "Other places are lonely. Not this."

"Well, it's extremely nice to know that you feel so," David pursued, resolutely combating the creeping quiet, the something



KATHLEEN NORRIS

Ever since she wrote "Mother," Kathleen Norris has been loved for the human quality in her books. They have never lost that quality, ana they have gained steadily through the years in charm and power. She proved her versatility by the publication of "Certain People of Importance," which was hailed by the critics as not only a fascinating story, but a valuable contribution to the understanding of American life. Now she has given us a new evidence of that versatility. "The Black Flemings" is an appealing human story, with the exquisite love touch of which Mrs. Norris is master; it is a real and significant study of certain aspects of American life, covering three generations; and it is a story of mystery and suspense unexcelled by those who are recognized masters of that particular type of story. No matter what your special taste in stories may be, we are sure that you will love "The Black Flemings"

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Drawing by Henry Raleigh

"THERE WAS SOME LIGHT UP THERE LAST NIGHT, DAVID," SAID GABRIELLE. "I SAW IT WHEN MY OWN GASLIGHT BLEW OUT."

that was almost depression, always ready to come out of musty corners and capture one here. "But when the girls marry, we'll have to move you into brighter quarters—into a city apartment, perhaps!"

"When they marry?" she repeated.

"As I suppose they will. Sylvia—and Gabrielle, too!"

"Oh, Gabrielle?" She repeated the name quietly. "To be sure, she will marry. But I can hardly feel that quite as much my affair as Sylvia's future, David."

"Daughter and niece!" David summarized it. "Sylvia rich and Gabrielle penniless, but both young, and both our girls!"

"I can't see it quite that way," Mrs. Fleming said. "Gabrielle gets here to-night—you knew that?"

"That's what brings me. I thought perhaps you would like me to meet her in Boston, bring her home."

"I wired, in answer to the mother superior's wire," Flora said, "that she was quite capable of making the journey herself. She is eighteen, David. There is no necessity of making a child of her!"

"No," he conceded good-humoredly. "But it might seem a little warmer welcome. I'll go in to Crowchester for her, at least. After all, we've not seen her for years—for more than two years! When I was in Paris—when Jim Rucker and I were on our way to Spain—it was midsummer, and she and some of the other girls and nuns were in Normandy. I shall be glad to see her again!"

"I wish," said Mrs. Fleming slowly, "that I could say as much. But her return brings it all up again, David. I shall do all I can for her, try my best to place her well. But when I think of my delicate little sister," Flora rushed on, in a voice suddenly shaking, "and of her giving her life for this unwelcome child—the old bitterness rises up in me——"

She stopped as if she were choking and with set lips and inflated nostrils sat breathing quickly, shaken by the painful agitation of a passion usually suppressed.

"I know. I know," David, who came nearer than any one else in the world to intimacy with this woman, said soothingly. "But it wasn't Gabrielle's fault that poor little Aunt Lily made a stupid marriage with a—what was he, a traveling agent? Surely—surely if you loved Aunt Lily, you can make up all the sorrow and shame of it to Gabrielle! There was—there *was* a marriage there, Aunt Flora?" David added, with a keen look up from his finely shaped hands, now linked and hanging between his knees as he sat forward in his low chair.

"Between Lily and Charpentier? Certainly!" she answered sharply. And added: "What makes you ask that?"

"It has sometimes gone through my head that there might not have been—that that might account for her despair, and her death. But what matters is that here we have Gabrielle, a young thing of eighteen, finished off most satisfactorily by almost eight years with the good sisters in Canada and with two post-graduate years in the Paris convent—discovered not to have a vocation——"

"Which I profoundly hoped she would have!"

"Oh, come, Aunt Flora—the poor little thing! Why should she be a religious if she doesn't want to? After all, she's your sister's child, and your own Sylvia's cousin—give her a chance!" David pleaded good-naturedly.

Flora looked at him temperately, patiently.

"But of course I shall give her a chance, David," she said quietly. "She will unquestionably have some plan for herself. I shall see that it is helped, if it is reasonable. But in the old days," Flora added, "she was treated exactly as a child of the house. She must not expect that now. There have been changes since then, David."

SHE was silent. David, staring thoughtfully into the fire, was silent, too. The strangely repressive influence of the twilight, the old room, the cold, reminiscent voice that somehow rang of the tomb, the Autumn winds beginning to whine softly about the old house, and beyond and above and through all sounds the quiet, steady suck and rising rush of the sea, the scream of little pebbles beneath, the shrill, fine crying of gulls in the dusk, had taken possession of his spirit again. Something mysterious, unhappy, about it all—something especially so about Flora was oppressing him once more.

But why, David asked himself angrily. Here was a widowed woman, living in an old house only a few miles from the very heart of civilization, contented with her solitude, counting the hours until her idolized daughter's return to Wastewater for the Summer months, conscientious in the discharge of her duty where her sister's motherless little girl was concerned, spending her days peacefully among servants, flowers, books and memories——

Many and many another elderly woman lived so. What was there so strangely disturbing, so almost menacing about this one? He did not know. He told himself impatiently now that it was only because she was his kinswoman that she had power to make him so uneasy; this was, in short, the disadvantage of knowing her so well.

Presently Mrs. Fleming went away; left alone, David glanced about the familiar room, whose every detail had been just as it was now in all the days he could remember. It was a large room, with rep-curtained bays on two sides. The furniture was all dark and heavy, sixty, seventy years old: carved walnut, oak, horsehair, heavy-fringed upholstery, bookcases whose glass doors mirrored the room, gas-jets on heavy black-and-gilt brass arms.

On the walls were dark old paintings, engravings and woodcuts in heavy frames. The only notable thing among all these was a life-size study that hung above the mantel: the portrait in oil of a man of perhaps thirty or thirty-five. David ended his inspection with a long look at it, and his thoughts went to its subject.

This was Black Roger, who had been master here at Wastewater all the days of his stormy and brilliant life. The face at which David was staring now so thoughtfully had been one of the handsomest of its generation. When Roger Fleming—arrogant, young, rich—had posed for



Drawing by Henry Raleigh

"IT'S NOTHING, GABRIELLE," SAID FLORA, CHOKING AND WITH HER FACE LIVID AS SHE STOOD SLIGHTLY ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE OTHERS ON THE STAIRS, CLUTCHING HER DRESSING-GOWN TOGETHER

this picture, now a whole third of a century ago, the world had been at his feet. He had had wealth and beauty, travel, books; he had inherited Wastewater; and women—women had always been but too kind to him!

His first wife, Janet Fleming, the widow of a distant relative, had come first to Wastewater about thirty years ago. Janet was then twenty-two, weeping, helpless, alone—unless the four-weeks-old baby in her arms might be considered a companion. This baby had been David himself, fatherless since five months before his birth. Exactly seven weeks after her tearful and black-swathed arrival in the house of her kinsman, David's young mother had married Black Roger Fleming of Wastewater.

There had been quite a houseful of relatives, all more or less distant, there to receive her, for in the comfortable fashion of a past day the rich young heir of Wastewater had felt himself responsible for his less fortunate kin, especially his women kin, and it had suited his somewhat feudal ideas of hospitality to gather the entire clan about his big dining-table.

SO DAVID'S mother had found him with a stately, withered, little gray-headed cousin, "Aunt John," keeping house for him, and assisting her a dark-eyed, vivacious daughter named Flora, and a smaller, more delicate and timid daughter, Lily—third cousins, if relationships were to be traced. And besides these there was Roger's younger brother, Will, a sweet, idle, endearing ne'er-do-well, who was supposedly studying law with a Boston firm, and who was actually doing nothing at all except enjoy life as an irresponsible junior.

Roger's marriage made small difference in the others' lives; David, whose memory began a few years after this, indeed could remember them all living along comfortably in the big house. He remembered his dark-eyed, animated mother, who shortly after marrying Roger had had another boy baby in her arms; he remembered "Aunt John," who managed the house and ruled the children and servants; Aunt Flora, watchful and jealous and sharp-tongued; Uncle Will, idle and laughing; Aunt Lily, small and delicate, reading Tennyson and singing "In Old Madrid" at the square piano; remembered his own splendid, rollicking baby half-brother, Tom; and remembered above all Roger himself, still handsome, superb, riding his horses along the cliffs all about, driving splendid bays in an open barouche, carrying off the boy's mother to hear Irving's "Thomas à Becket" or Rostand's "L'Aiglon" in Boston.

A veritable horde of servants kept the big household comfortable—butlers, gardeners, a coachman, a stable-boy, fat cooks in the kitchen, whispering maids in the upper halls. This staff of domestics was lessened now, although there were still a butler and half a dozen underlings; but there had been other changes more important at Wastewater. First, when David was six and little Tom Fleming five years old, their mother had died. Afterward, the boys had been packed off to boarding-school, and had been there when they heard of another death at home, this time of old "Aunt John."

But Flora and Lily and Will continued to live there with Roger, and it was only a few months after their mother's death that Flora, between a frown and a smile, had told them that she was shortly to take their mother's place; she and Roger were to be married as soon as his year of mourning was over.

This had not deeply impressed the little boys; they cared little what their elders did, and David thought long afterward that if a new figure had not immediately come upon the scene he might easily have believed himself to have dreamed Flora's announcement.

But a new figure did come, among the many friends and relatives who were always drifting through Wastewater—the figure of a certain handsome, sensible, blonde Mrs. Kent, from Montreal, merely visiting Roger on her way back home, and with her her little daughter Cecily, fresh from a Baltimore school. Cecily had been seventeen then, dark, fragile, flowerlike. She was merely a child, going home to her father and little brother and stopping to visit a friend of mama's on the way.

Roger was in the early forties at this time, actually older than Cecily's mother, whom he had known as a girl in Boston. But six days after their arrival at Wastewater Cecily ran away with him and they were married.

David remembered all this well; the uproar in the house, Flora's loud voice, Lily crying, Mrs. Kent fainting and sobbing. Lily and Flora came to their senses because they had no choice and settled down to keeping house for the white-faced little bride, but Mrs. Kent never forgave her daughter, nor spoke to her again. It was at about this time that Flora quietly married Will Fleming — married him, David knew now, because she could not marry his brother.

Then came sad, sad years to Wastewater, years that sobered the dashing master of the house for the first time in his life. For it became evident from the first that the new Mrs. Fleming would not bear her title long. The city doctors, one after the other, gave her illness the name of a lingering and incurable malady, but Cecily herself knew, and perhaps Roger knew, that it was youth—youth forced too soon into the realities of loneliness, responsibility, passion and fear—that was really killing her.

Placid, uncomplaining, sweet, Cecily lay on a couch for months and months, sometimes worse, sometimes so much better that she could walk slowly up and down the garden paths above the sea on Roger's arm. Aunt Flora, David remembered, had been living in Boston then, where Uncle Will had some temporary position, but Flora came back to Wastewater for a long vacation, bringing with her her own baby. The lovely black-eyed girl was Sylvia. "Even then the little thing was as proud as Lucifer himself!" thought David, reaching this point in his recollections.

Flora and her tearful little sister Lily and the baby did not go back to Boston in the Winter; they would join Will "later on after Cecily's operation," they said. And even David knew that that later on might be only when Cecily was dead. He and Tom went back to school in September, and neither ever saw Cecily again. David remembered that last day at home:

Cecily lying on a big couch by the fire; Lily, who had been strangely pretty and gay of late, at the piano, sometimes singing, sometimes murmuring with Roger, who was leaning above her; Sylvia, three years old, running back and forth in the pleasant soft light that shimmered with the reflected motion of the sunset on the sea.

That was the last of domestic peace and happiness at Wastewater for a long time. For it was only a week after that that young Tom ran away from school and Roger was dragged from the bedside of his wife, just facing another operation, to go in search of his boy.

Tom, a sturdy, self-confident boy, now past fourteen, had indeed often threatened this; he was no student; his only books were sea-tales; his one thought was of the open sea. He had picked up enough sea-talk in Keyport, the straggling village of fishermen's huts half-way between Crowchester and Wastewater, to pass for a sailor anywhere. He left for his father a smudged and misspelled but unmistakably gay letter, assuring him that he would be back by Christmas, and love to everybody, and tell Sylvia that he would bring her a doll, maybe from China, and not to worry about him, because——

Eighteen long years ago now, but they had never seen Tom since. That had been the beginning of Roger's long cruises, always seeking his son, always returning to Wastewater with the hope of word from him. He had come back that same Winter from the first search to find Cecily dying.

Twice there had been word, a scratched letter from Tom in Pernambuco, three years after he went away, and another several years later, from Guam. Both sent love, casual greetings; Tom was on an interesting trip now, but immediately after it he was coming home.

SO ROGER traveled, hoped, came and went untiringly, and Flora kept Wastewater open, ready for the runaway's return, and meanwhile a home, a headquarters for all the other members of the family. Here David himself came for all his vacations, here Lily crept back, crushed, almost vacant-minded, deserted by her "traveling agent," and with a tawny-headed baby girl something a little worse than fatherless.

Continued on page 76

THE GIRL WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

Skippy's faith in women is again betrayed

By OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "The Varmint," "Skippy Bedelle," etc.

WHAT attracted Skippy Bedelle to Caroline Schmitt was the feeling of mystery. At once he knew that she nourished a secret sorrow and wore a brave mask to the world. Perhaps it was a note in her voice, perhaps a sudden pensive look that stole into her glance. Perhaps it was in the pressure of her hand at the first parting—perhaps it was just intuition, after all—part of the inexplicable laws of attraction and repulsion in a purely chemical world.

It must have been intuition, for outwardly Caroline did not in the least suggest the maiden forlorn or a disposition ravaged by the canker-worm of melancholy. She was what Hickey classed as a "fighting blonde": rosy-cheeked, apparently glowing with health in a bounding, rollicking way, plump or roly-poly, according to the point of view.

Yet in twenty minutes Skippy realized that she was misunderstood. He knew it—for Miss Schmitt told him so herself. The occasion was the Pennington game, and the cause young Schmitt, whom Skippy, from the magnificent heights of a leader of the house, had taken under his august protection.

HERMAN Melancthon Schmitt—better known as The Pink Rabbit—had, as the nickname implied, a lovely complexion and a delicate hue of hair. Likewise, he was neither aggressive nor noisy, nor inclined to provoke the bulldogs of the house to a display of the decorative arts—decorating, of course, the countenances of others. His nature was not only gentle but strangely inclined to the hunting down of supines and gerunds and the pursuit of the unknown factors in complex equations. Friendship must, of course, be based on the principle of give and take. Skippy, then, took The Pink Rabbit under his protection and saved him from the minor vexations of the freshman's period of apprenticeship—the dropping of June-bugs into the lamp, the pieing of beds, the fetch-and-carry express to the village, the creasing of trousers and the blacking of boots—Skippy's own sartorial needs, of course, excepted. As virtue is its own reward, association with The Pink Rabbit improved his scholastic standing to such an extent that he began to look forward confidently to a substantial increase of his allowance, which the Bedelle senior, in league with the faculty, had conditioned on certain scholastic results.

TOWARD the end of October, hurrying back to receive the results of The Pink Rabbit's researches into the travels of pious Æneas, Skippy found him sitting on his trunk, an open letter adhering to his fingers and such an expression of distress upon his face that he halted and said:

"Whazmatter—bad news?"

"Rather."

"From home?"

"Yep."

"I say, that's too bad. Mother or father?"

"Both."

"Great Heavens! How did it happen?"

"What happened?"

"The accident."

"There wasn't any accident. It's worse than that. They're coming down to-morrow to look us over, and they're bringing Caroline."

"Parents ought to be ruled off the grounds," said Skippy sympathetically. "I know what it means, old top."

"They always wear such funny clothes," said The Rabbit, frowning.

"They certainly do."

"Then there's Caroline—that's my sister. That's the worst of it."

"Well, there's the game."

"Paradin' around before the whole school," said The Pink Rabbit.

"Oh, well, we all get it," said Skippy, looking at The Rabbit's elevated nose and wondering what Caroline might have inherited.

The Pink Rabbit continued to stare at him thoughtfully for some moments and then rose impressively and unlocked his trunk.

"I say, Skippy, you can take your pick," he said, taking up a cane and stirring the many-colored mass, through which pink ties and blue ties, spotted ties and striped ties, flashed like a bowl of goldfish.

"Meaning just what?" said Skippy, looking him steadily in the eye.

"I'll make it two neckties," said The Pink Rabbit, as though in answer to his question.

"Two?"

"Any two except the four-in-hands and the white silk."

"How old is Caroline?"

"Sixteen and three months."

"Got a picture of her?"

The Rabbit indicated the table.

"H'm, all right, it's a go."

AND so it happened that, two days later, Skippy Bedelle found himself in stiff collar and the ceremonial blue trousers, pretending an air of indifference while he escorted Miss Caroline Schmitt before at least ten thousand eyes around the campus and over to the football-field.

There are two periods in the sartorial progression of the stripling: the first when he learns to wear long trousers without the feeling that his legs are wrapped in damp sheets; the second when he is able to parade the same trousers before the staring multitude in a nonchalant and soldierly rhythm. Skippy, needless to say, had not matriculated. He tried to adjust his walk to Miss Schmitt's tripping steps, and stumbled lamentably; then he tried to lengthen his own stride to take in two of hers, and carried her along fifty yards like a runaway racehorse until she cried for mercy. All the time he had the most distressed consciousness that his legs had shot up like *Alice in Wonderland's* and that his feet had lost communication with the rest of his body and were performing independently. Being in the throes of self-consciousness, he took off his cap to give his left hand occupation, and wiped his forehead continually to employ his right.

"My, I wish I'd been a boy," said Miss Schmitt, beginning to prance on her toes.

"Here's where we sit down," said Skippy, shooting an angry glance into the crowd to let Dennis de Brian de Boru know that he had caught his remark about a Statue of Liberty and would tear the hide off him later.

Then he slunk down into the bench, the team arrived and the crowd mercifully forgot him.

"Lordy, I wish I was a boy," said Miss Schmitt, thrilling at the antics of the cheer-leaders. "Who is that cute little fellow with yellow hair who does so much running around? Is that a Lawrenceville boy?"

"That's the fancy half-back of Pennington," said Skippy with a growl, for the gentleman in question was running rings around

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Drawing by J. M. Clement

"I'LL ELOPE WITH THE FIRST MAN WHO PROPOSES TO ME," SAID CAROLINE DESPERATELY

IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR HOMES?

A challenge to the women of the United States

By MRS. JOHN D. SHERMAN

President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

The woman who offers this challenge to the home-makers of our nation is herself a mother and the maker of a home. And in addition she is one of the most distinguished club women of the country, having recently been elected to the greatest honor that lies in the power of club women to bestow—the presidency of the General Federation



Drawings by J. Scott Williams

ONE LIKES TO RECALL THE OLDEN DAYS IN AMERICA WHEN THE FAMILY GATHERED ABOUT THE HEARTH, CONTENT WITH SIMPLE PLEASURES AND THE LOVE OF ONE ANOTHER

SOME one has said that this is the age of the open door for women—more particularly, perhaps, for the women of the United States. Sometimes it almost seems that the walls of the house of life are to-day solid with doors, all of them opening into broad avenues which formerly were firmly labeled "No Thoroughfare" for the supposedly less venturesome sex. One door leads to commercial success, another to social service, a third to club life, a fourth to a profession, still another to a career in the arts.

Doors and doors and doors. And the only key needed for any one of them is the downright will to open it, backed by the energy and initiative of which women have their full share in this era of 1924. Up-to-date femininity, like old-time love, laughs at locksmiths over her shoulder as she goes tripping through the open door.

Open doors are excellent things, of course—where will you find a woman to dispute that fact? What men didn't use to know is that *closed* doors are the really formidable things, with their threefold bid to the restless feet and the lively mind and the free imagination. Home-keeping hearts are not happiest if it takes a ball and chain to keep them there.



And yet, because open doors are comparatively new to women there may be a certain peril in them, particularly for a time. It all depends upon the point of view. To the tired traveler, open doors suggest a chance to come in; to the prisoner, they offer, far more forcibly, an opportunity to go out. Open doors, just at first, may have a tendency to lead away from home. And home is the greatest thing for a woman, after all, no matter how many doors are ready to open at her bidding. If the pass-key that modernity puts into a woman's hands is going to shut her out from the best thing life has to offer, it does not matter how many other things it opens to her, the time will come when she will deride it as a Bluebeard offering, leading to a place of emptiness and desolation and death.

If all the open doors lead away from home, what will happen to the American home in the next few years? But it is not necessary to use the future tense. What has happened to the American home of to-day?

There is no getting away from the fact that the homes of the nation at present offer a challenge to our women. American women, so quick to answer all other challenges tossed to them, can not afford to ignore this chief challenge. What is the matter with the American home? That is the question we hear to-day on every hand. If women neglect to answer it, they will be neglecting the greatest opportunity that has come to them.

Never in all our national history has there been such general criticism of the homes of America as we hear to-day. We all know how the chorus goes. Home is a disappearing element as a constructive factor in American life, we are told.

That a certain percentage of this wholesale criticism must be discounted goes without saying. But there is a wise old adage that has to do with the relation between fire and smoke, and the impossibility of the independent appearance of the latter. Smokeless fires we may have, but as yet no one has produced fireless smoke. The probability is that if there is more criticism of the American home to-day than there ever was before, it is because there is more ground for such criticism.

WHAT is the matter with the American home? If I were to summarize its chief defects in the present era, I think I should say there were six of them:

1. American homes are far too few in number because of our national lack of thrift.
2. We lack a sense of home responsibility.
3. Too much miscalled independence in the family circle is undermining our homes.
4. American homes lack simplicity.
5. Their mechanics are inexcusably inefficient.
6. American homes are not as attractive as they should be to hold chief place in the family affections.

The first and, perhaps, the most desperate charge to be made against the home is that it is non-existent in far too many cases. There is an old recipe for scalloped chicken that very sanely begins, "First catch your chicken." Any recipe for bettering the homes of the nation at present would do well to begin, "First get your home." "Better Homes in America," that splendid organization which has already done so much to establish improved standards in home-making, recently commented in one of its appeals for more owned homes: "We are becoming a nation of nomad tenants."

Figures have a reputation for veracity. It may be just as well to see what they have to say in this case. The latest figures on home ownership put out by the Bureau of Census in 1920 show that only four hundred and fifty-six families out of every one thousand in the United States own the homes in which they live. This means that considerably more than half the families of our nation are tenants, and, as such, can not experience that fundamental feeling of home that comes from owning the house in which one lives, and the land in which that house has its foundations, and the garden behind that house. As renters, many of these families necessarily live a more or less nomadic existence; they do not stay in one place long enough to strike roots—and roots, deep strong roots, are the very base of home.

There is less real home life, in the thorough sense of that word, every year in the United States. The women of the country offer ready alibis—and it must be admitted that some of them are excellent—for these absent homes, out of whose physical and spiritual sheltering their children are being cheated.

It would be absurd to say that tenants can not make homes, and good homes, too, for their children. Those who have the home instinct and the home desire can make a worthy home in a tiny flat of a crowded tenement-house if they must. They can do this because they belong to the class that is homeless from necessity and not from choice and because their hearts reach out after better homes. In great cities, apartment life can not be avoided, of course. But there is too much easily avoidable apartment life all through the nation.

A small boy of my acquaintance was recently very downcast. "Mother says I can't keep a dog in that darn ol' flat!" he explained. "Dad laughed and said that we might turn one of the stationary wash-tubs into a kennel, but mother says I can never have a dog while we live there. And—I *want* one; all the fellows have got

dogs. Gosh, what's the use of living where you can never have anything you want?"

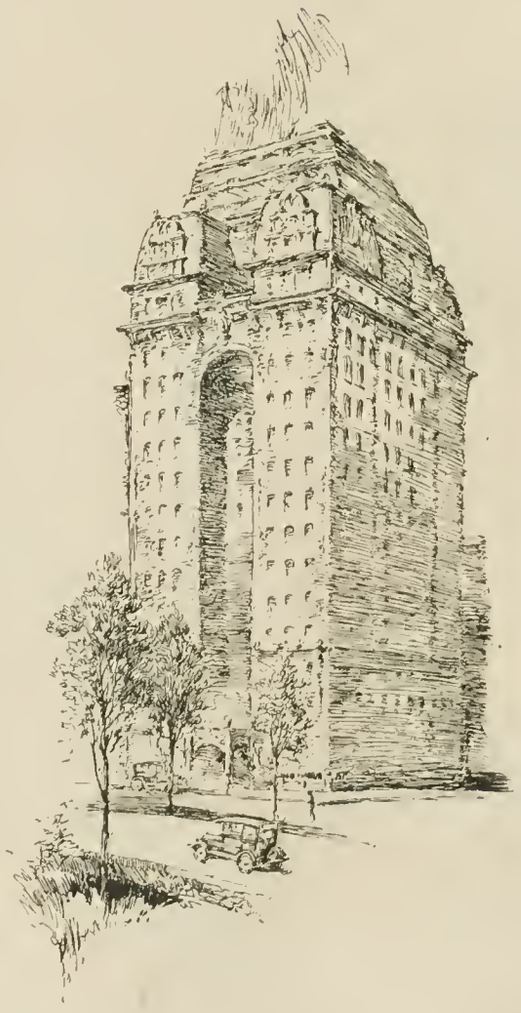
A young girl I know was telling me about a party she planned to give at a large hotel.

"Wouldn't you rather entertain at home?" I asked.

"Well, of course it would be nicer, but how could I in that apartment of ours?" she inquired. "The walls are like paper, and right in the midst of our fun we'd hear the Smiths in one of their squabbles. Being upper-class, they don't throw dishes, but they certainly hurl words hotter than soup-tureens at each other's heads. And at ten the old-fashioned Duncans on the floor above would begin to pound on our ceiling for us to stop laughing. No, I never feel free to have company there."

And so it goes.

"A PLOT of ground that is my own" is one of the noblest family creeds ever written. Any family that has ever owned land knows the deep feeling of coming nearer to the neighborhood, nearer to the nation, nearer to the source of the infinite that such an ownership gives. There is no easier way of acquiring kingship than to come into possession of a few yards of earth, no matter how inexpensive, where a little house may be built and a garden planted. I shall never forget my own pride in the first ground that I ever owned personally, a natural park of eighty acres in the Rocky Mountains. "My eighty" I called it. No other "my" offers anything to compare with the satisfaction that is afforded me by "my" home.



American families of to-day seem to have forgotten the meaning of thrift, in the downright sense in which that honest Anglo-Saxon word was formerly used. If we had more thrift, the open and absolute and unashamed thrift that was current in the day of our grandparents, we should have more homes. Our forebears were not afraid to voice their sound desire to have something to show for the money they spent; but we conceal that same timid longing as if it were a shameful thing. Our grandmothers, energetic and canny souls, would turn over in their graves at the thought of paying out annually for rent the sum expended every month for the same purpose by many a family in the United States. "All that money going out and nothing to show for it!" they would make instant objection.

"It's cheaper to rent than to pay taxes!" is the plaint of the women of to-day.

It almost seems a waste of time and effort to explode so obvious a fallacy. Every woman who stops to think must realize that rent-paying is one of the highest forms of taxation known. It is that unique form of taxation in which a family is forced to pay taxes on what it doesn't own.

I can not forbear mentioning here one of the great educational projects of "Better Homes in America." This organization advocates, as part of a high-school course on the fundamentals of home-making, that each student be required to found a home-owning fund, this to be earned by the student during the progress of her or his training, banked and added to from time to time as the student is able, and kept sacred until maturity for the sacred purpose to which it belongs. No possible branch of education, in my opinion, is more desperately needed in the country to-day. If the young people of our nation acquire this knowledge, which is the beginning of wisdom, it is earnestly to be hoped that they will pass it on to their elders!

WE COME now to the second great defect of the American home: a sense of slackened responsibility on the part of every one concerned. "Shall we buy a home or rent an apartment?" says father.

"I don't want to be the one to say," mother objects. "Don't put the whole responsibility on me."

"Let's buy a car!" cry the children. "A car will be more fun!"

Not only in the matter of acquiring a home, but in its entire equipment and operation, is responsibility too often avoided. The family bring to their home the polite, detached and slightly supercilious attitude of boarders, because they have no more real share in the work of running the home than boarders would have.

It often happens that the mother of a family, in her unfailing effort to be of service to the others, tries to assume all the responsibilities of the home. This apparent and intended unselfishness is really a monopoly, and has a monopoly's usual results. Those who put most into any project inevitably get most out of it, and this is as true of homes as it is of anything else. In the ideal home each member of the family has his responsibilities and takes pride in the manner in which he meets them.

THE third defect of the American home is the misscalled independence of its inmates.

"Business first!" says the father of the family.

"Up-to-date women can't bury themselves in their home!" says the mother.

"We've got our own lives to live!" say the children.

Formerly, the family gloried in being parts of a worthy whole, aspired to add up into a unit of society. Now each member too often insists upon being himself, no matter if it is only a fractional self. The sum total is not as it should be. We must learn all over again the lesson that our fathers knew—that no one can live for himself alone. Not even a nation can do that. Individuals have their duty to the family, as the family has to the community, the community to the State, the State to the nation, and the nation to the world.

To my mind, perhaps the one most dangerous defect in the American home of to-day is its increasing lack of simplicity. This is a complicated era in which we live, and its complications have crept into our homes —from which it would be pleasant if we could sweep them out with some giant vacuum cleaner. One comforting thing about home used to be that it was perhaps the only place in the world where one needed to make no pretense. There, at least, it was necessary to make no effort at "saving face." That could be done for the rest of the world, but home was a haven of naturalness, a retreat of simplicity. Nowadays, too often, home itself, in the scale on which it is operated, is a frenzied effort to "save face" with the community, a pretense of prosperity instead of the reality of contentment.

The aim of a true home is a simple one. Briefly expressed, it is to afford a fitting environment in which a family may live in health and comfort and beauty and the pursuit of high ideals. Parents who give their children a home which fulfils this aim are making them a gift for which no splendor could be a substitute, just as parents who forget this aim in striving to give their children more material things are doing them a wrong for which no elaboration of living can be a compensation.

One of the happiest homes I ever knew, a training-school for the highest type of citizens, cost but three thousand dollars. All the furniture in it could have been

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MODERN LIFE IS TOO OFTEN SHOW AND GLITTER — BARREN OF THE INTIMATE JOYS AS WELL AS THE HAPPY DUTIES OF A REAL HOME

Drawings by J. Scott Williams

THE FIRE-FLOWER

A story of youth, love and high adventure

By CHARLES SAXBY

SYNOPSIS

PETER WESTON'S Great Adventure began when Vereker tumbled into his life—a dark street, a woman's scream, a shot, and a man, wounded, in a heap at his feet. From that moment there was no more boredom for Peter Weston. The young men were both in uniform, and when a policeman appeared Weston went to the defense of his comrade. The policeman was badly hurt in the mixup and there was nothing but flight for Pete and Vereker. They helped themselves to a car left in the street, and when it gave out they stopped to dress Vereker's wounds. This was Pete's chance to go back quietly to his family and his job in a California town; but after-the-war weariness had been heavy upon him, he hated his job and he had made no headway with his music, which was the only thing he really cared about. So he chose the strange companionship of Vereker and danger and the open road.

First there was Rita of the Malikine Ballet, who took them on the ballet special and helped them escape when detectives trailed them there. Then there was Kwan, the mysterious Chinaman who gave Vereker directions for finding the Mission Perdida, fabled refuge for those in trouble. Next there was the flight from the farm where they had stopped for a few days to rest and where Pete had fancied himself in love with the gentle Cyrena until it came to a choice between her and Vereker. Last there was Kate O'Hara, whom they found in her confederates' car when they escaped in it from a dope-smuggler's hut in which they had taken refuge. In San Marcos they stopped for a rest, and Pete found Rita staying there. A golden hour with her, and then Kate O'Hara begging them to get her away before her "pals" found her. And so—once more it was the open road and flight.



Drawing by C. R. Chickering

"IT BEGAN TO BE WHISPERED THAT SOMEHOW THERE WAS RECEPTION, SAFETY, SANCTUARY HERE AT THE MISSION PERDIDA," THE MAN WENT ON

PART THREE

THE State highway opened before them. More of these flashing pictures of the strange path. Mile after mile through the gathering dusk, the asphalt slipping behind them like a dark river.

Then Kate O'Hara's voice in his ear.

"There's a car behind that's hanging on in a queer way. Look—they have doused their lights."

"We can do the same. Is there any place along here where we can turn off?"

"Some miles ahead, to the right."

The darkened car roared forward until an opportune descent hid it a moment from the pursuer. Crashing recklessly in behind a belt of eucalyptus, Weston stilled the motor. In a few moments the other car sped past. In cool disgust with the whole affair, he turned to the girl.

"Now where do you want to go?"

"He'll be in Frisco before me," she said, her tones acid with anxiety.

She was crumpled in the tonneau behind them. It seemed as if she could stand certainty, of no matter what, while apprehension left her nerveless. But back of it her brain was still swift.

"This road to the right here must be the one that goes to the San Joaquin over the Castro Plains and the Pajaro Pass. There are those in Fresno who would look after me."

"Then Fresno it is," Weston decided. "Anything to get out of this mess!"

"Thank you," the girl smiled.

The words came with a drawling sweetness. But noting the glitter of her gaze, Weston was convinced that some time, if she had her way, he would pay for that frankness.

Hour after hour they went, with never a sign of habitation, the road increasingly rough. Later on it became mere ruts, winding on the bottom lands. Then they ceased abruptly in a cupped hollow in the very heart of nowhere.

It was the end, with nothing to do but turn back. Silently Weston swung the car about, never dreaming that by day that darker patch might show a marshy greenness.

A lurch, a wallowing grunt, and the car sank to the hubs. Then stillness, complete and final, broken only by the sipping of the morass as the wheels sank more deeply.

There was nothing to be done. It would take all the power of a five-ton truck to pull the car from that. Vereker yawned, stretched and fumbled for a cigaret.

"Looks like a case for another of those decisions, Pete."

Futility again; all the night's rush of danger and escape, the golden charm of that hour with Rita—and it ended here in a *cienega* in perhaps the loneliest spot in all the State. Back of them lay forty miles of crumpled emptiness. Sid was singing softly, and he caught the mockery of those nasal notes.

"—all remind us,
We can ma-a-ake our lives sublime."

"There's got to be something somewhere," Pete declared. "Let's walk up that slope and see."

THREE of them, shouldering scanty baggage, crunching their way in single file across the thorny cactus. The moon was down now, the earth lying like some dark sediment at the bottom of an infinite blue bowl. And somewhere down among it, like a fallen star, a single light. That light, set in that dim immensity, brought a queer swelling of the throat, half of hope, half of that formless fear that walks with loneliness and night. A light meant humanity, at least, and Weston struck toward it, wondering what it might portend.

Lost as they descended into the hollows, the light gleamed steadily nearer with each successive rise. Then all at once it appeared almost at their feet. The descent was steep, terminating in a half cliff which broke in avalanches of loose shale as they climbed down it. There were trees below; their tops rose, shutting out the sky. Off somewhere was a red glow, an impression of broken arches between the twisted trunks of sycamores. A voice, resonant as a bronze bell, seemed to be intoning a chant:

"Fire, messenger of the gods to man, we
offer thee fullest praise."

The noise of their coming had been heard; a dog barked, a lantern came bobbing toward them. Gradually a face formed above it, seeming to float disembodied on the darkness. It spoke, and the tone was obviously Chinese.

"How do."

"Where are we?" Pete called.

"All li'—you stay—come——"

A gust of wind brought showering leaves. There came a smell of burning wood and again that chanting voice, the words lost in the rustle of the trees. The face loomed more closely, olive-colored, moon round, inscrutable.

"What place is this?" Pete demanded again.

"No sabby. You stay—me fix."

"But——"

"No sabby."

There was nothing to be gained from a Chinaman. Already he had turned, pattering ahead on wooden clogs, and they could only follow.

A cleared place, beyond it more trees dark against the stars. A long, low building, thatched with palm leaves; a row of doors, low and dark, with little glassless windows barred by iron grilles. Just a row of old Spanish adobe cubes, it looked, and as if it had been standing there for a hundred years. Near it was a well, with a great wooden sweep, and more broken arches.

The Chinaman pointed to the doors.

Pete stepped to one of them, striking a match. A room with an uneven brick floor, a candle sconce on the wall, two cots and a pile of blankets, all aridly clean. Like a gray rat Kate O'Hara flashed by him. The door banged in his face and there came the grate of the key in the lock. She was settled, at least.

"Whose place is this?" he tried once more.

"Bime-by boss man come—he talk."

With that the Chinaman clumped off, completely detached from all their conjectures. Beyond the trees the voice rose again.

"Fire, O swift one, coursing on the paths of men.
Be thou a lamp to our feet."

There was something awesome in that voice crying aloud from out of that veritable wilderness. Pete shivered as he heard it, not from fear, but more from that strange awe which sometimes bids one run from some tremendous attraction. He felt Sid's hands on his shoulders turning him about.

"Pete, I take it all back. Oh, boy, you sure are some little guide!"

THEY chose another of those adobe rooms, carefully apart from the O'Hara refuge. The lighted candles sent their shadows flickering on the walls like substanceless monsters waiting to spring. Through the open door the wind seeped in, warm, enormous, its sweetness telling of the empty, isolated spaces all about. From that red place behind the arches the voice rose again.

"Flame of genius, when will the splendor of thee appear in the right way?
The path is black. Light is before thee.
Thou, O quick one, bloomest in splendor as soon as born."

Vague interpretations wove themselves about those words welling up into the night. A memory of Rita and her strange "Rainbow," something to be approached only by those compelled. "Blooming in splendor as soon as born"—Pete found himself liking that. It brought an impression of something vivid and sudden, as if one went to bed a dub and woke a genius.

"Sid, what in God's name do you suppose it all is?" he whispered.

"What is the good of supposing when we are going to find out? You decided it, anyhow."

"Do you imagine that I——"

"Not for an instant," Sid grinned. "But—'he who tossed you down into the field'—it's the loaded cart that owns the right of way, boy. Give me a cigaret."

Weston paced about, like a nervous cat. The loneliness out there was like a poultice for the drawing out of whatever might be in one. And, as he had found of late, one might be harboring such unsuspected things. He looked at Vereker, lounging there with unconcerned cigaret. Red murk in a junk-yard—then all the queer careering round of these past weeks.

There were footsteps outside and a man was framed in the doorway.

A figure tall and still slender in full evening dress, which was partly covered by a cloak draped foreign fashion about the shoulders. A bronzed face, rather hawklike under the grizzled hair, its graven lines deepened to austerity by the shadows from the candle. There was that in his presence which brought them both to salute. In answer came a sweep of hand, brown, finely formed, bearing the green flash of a huge emerald.

"Gentlemen, you are welcome. Soldiers, eh? I have been expecting some of them."

His glance was penetrating, as though it went through them with understanding. There was a glint of amusement in it also. The voice was the same which they had heard rising from the place behind the broken arches.

"You had better rest now," he went on. "In the morning whatever you may need will be supplied. Those who come here are apt to have left in haste."



Drawing by C. R. Chickering

THE CREAK OF THE DOOR WAS THE ONLY ANNOUNCEMENT OF HER EMERGENCE. ALL AT ONCE SHE STOOD THERE, ELABORATELY UNCONSCIOUS

"Thank you, but we must go on in the morning," Weston answered. "All we ask is a place for the night."

"You are at liberty to leave whenever you like."

There was a suspicion of a smile with those words. With his sudden appearance, his cloak, his jewels, his general unexplainedness, he might well have been suspected of the theatric had it not been for the undeniable power of his presence. Whoever this man might be, there was no questioning his authority.

"That dress suit was never cut west of New York," Weston told himself, and somehow there was comfort in that.

"They come, and after a while they go on again," the man was saying. "You are welcome to do either. As long as you remain you will be fed and sheltered and all that will be asked of you is to cut wood and take your turns at watching the fire over there, which it is my whim shall never be permitted to go out."

"We are not alone," Pete offered. "There is a young lady——"

"So I have heard. She is welcome too. With your private affairs I have no concern."

He turned to go, dropping them completely, as though their arrival were but a pebble cast in an ocean. With a hurried step Weston was at his side, breaking out in an uncontrollable question

"If we might know what place this is?"

The man stopped, his lean, strongly shadowed face covered with surprise.

"You mean that you actually do not know where you are?"

"No, we just—tumbled in."

It was amusement now which warmed the other's glance and speech.

"You really interest me. Of all those who have come here, you are the first who did not know——"

Weston's mind, racing ahead, caught the words about to come. Ridiculously he strove against them, even trying to stop their utterance by a furious rejection of his own will. It couldn't be—it was not—he wouldn't have it so——

But, impossible of change by mere refusal, the words came with the implacableness of their truth.

"—who did not know that they were arriving at the Mission Perdida."

THE time was to come when, looking back upon that stay at the Mission Perdida, Weston wondered if it had ever really been. It was like days intercalated, stolen from somewhere and thrust through the meshes of time. The gold of October was in the sky and the sere hill reflected it back. Besides that there was only day and night, like two wheels, bright and black, rolling the year forward.

They had not left the next morning; there was no particular reason for doing so. There was no particular reason for staying either, no particular reason for anything. Vereker was no help; he merely smiled lazily back with a gesture of complete detachment.

"It's up to you, Pete."

But the very quality of decision had failed Weston just then. All he could decide was to make no decision at all. They would wait and see. Something would turn up; it always did.

From the slopes he looked down at the place in the crude revealings of the morning, all mystery washed away by raw sunlight.

So this was that lost mission which had loomed so long as the queerly enforced goal of strange feet? A coiling path they had followed to reach it. Bloody poppies on a fence, that black-mustached policeman jingling to the sidewalk, the whirling color of the Malikine Ballet.

And now that they were here, what of it?

There were only the rolling yellow hills of the Castro plains, with the Coast Range like blue glass above the western horizon. Among the hills a winding river of trees which appeared to follow the course of some sunken creek. Some adobe ruins peering through the branches like a bit of that old California which is gone forever. A few broken arches, a fragment of a chancel with a shattered half-dome whence saints and angels looked stiffly down from time-battered frescoes. And under it a wrought-iron brazier for the fire which it was the whim of the place's master to keep always burning.

Of him since that midnight reception they had seen nothing. From the blank Chinamen, who were the place's only inhabitants, there was nothing to be learned. It was as if the man's retreating footsteps, the

last glimmer of his shirt front through the darkness, had carried him off the earth.

That might have been literally true, for much later on that night Weston, his senses still ajump, had caught the drone of a distant airplane spiraling up and away.

"Did you hear that?" he called across to Vereker.

Sitting up in his cot, Vereker fumbled under the pillow for one of his eternal cigarets.

"That bird is just leaving the ground," he announced. "Well, we sure had to go up in the air to get here—perhaps we'll have to go higher to leave it."

"I feel all bogged down, like that car," Weston snapped back. "Clear up to my hubs—held tight—God, but I want something really doing!"

Against the opposite wall Vereker's face stood warmly out in the flicker of a match. The match went out, leaving him merely a voice behind a tiny spot of red.

"Better make contact if you want something doing, boy. You have seen them start to fly. They fuss and stall about until you think nothing will ever happen. Then the bird says 'Contact'—and up he goes."

"What has all that got to do with it?"

"Contact—that's what," Vereker mused on. "Spark-plugs and switches, there are all kinds of them, some of them inside ourselves. I've watched them work. Look at a radio outfit—just a lot of iron junk. But switch it around until you make contact and it will pick a whole world out of the same empty air that you are breathing."

"Contact," he repeated, and the sense of a grin came across the darkness. "I warned you before ever you started to make contact with me, Pete, and you haven't touched the ground since—except when you ran that car into that *cienega*. Go to sleep."

He rolled over again; there was to be nothing more from him. They stayed; and that was all that Weston really knew. Three times a day an impassive Chinaman set meals under a grape-arbor. Each morning he went off with Vereker into the amber light under the sycamores, cutting wood to feed the always-devouring flame. At night they each took their two-hour turn at watching and feeding the fire.

HE LIKED those hours of dark vigil. Nothing to do but count the stars or gaze into the glowing embers, the smoke curling like incense to the broken half-dome. He liked the feeling of being the sole watcher of the night among the warm ruins. There were pictures in the fire, stories in the scarlet corridors between the logs, weird tones abroad in the night wind.

There were moments when one was half-hypnotized by those ever-upward flames—moments when there seemed a certainty of something bright and splendid about to steal upon one. So he sat one night when the sense of a presence forced itself upon him. Looking up, he saw the man whom he knew only as the mission master.

Merely a man, tall, grizzled, keen-eyed, dressed in a sober expensiveness, with the flash of a jewel upon his hand. He would have been impressive even in corduroys, but he looked one not afraid of assuming regalia.

As he looked at Weston his lean mouth curved into a smile which was half sarcasm.

"You are puzzled, of course."

He appeared to begin where most men leave off, or never reach, and Weston answered in kind.

"I was wondering most about you, sir."

"You would know my name if you heard it. It is much abroad in the world. But to me this place has always meant a refuge from being known."

The man sat down, smoking silently, staring into the fire as though waiting for it to expand some bonds of ingrained reserve.

"A place of refuge, that is how I always see it," he went on again. "Twenty years ago I bought an old Spanish grant, a hundred thousand acres of nothing in particular with a clouded title and a bad reputation. Even the Mexicans have avoided this spot since the great 'quake of 1807, whose tradition still lingers among them.

"Then I found these ruins, buried in trees, the riven altar infested with rattlers.

"The Lost Mission, almost forgotten, hardly even sought, hidden in a mist of trees, time and the entanglements of the law. It pleased me to drive out the snakes and rekindle the flame upon the cold altar. A hearth, burning in the heart of nowhere——"

As he mused on, the graven lines of his face softened with the light of some ideal known only to himself. Then silence again and the crackle of the flames.

The deepening hour wove a sense of subtle intimacy and Weston waited for more. "A hearth burning in the heart of nowhere"—that brought a strange feeling with it. He remembered his first glimpse of the place, a single light in the midst of a dark immensity, toward which he had instantly struck.

"A hearth," the other went on again, "the spot which draws all the household to its cheer. I kept it hidden, yet it became known, in a hidden way. It began to be whispered that somehow there was reception, safety, sanctuary here at the Mission Perdida. And in ways equally hidden, they began to seek it."

"Who are 'they?' " Weston asked.

"I never inquire."

"But what did they come for?"

"For what have you come?"

"I don't know," Weston burst out. "I never meant to come, really. In fact, I had decided against it. I half-killed a policeman, we stole a Ford and ran away, hit the high trail—and——"

"And somehow you are here," the other finished for him. "I shall be interested in the result."

"Of course I don't mean to stay," Weston assured him. "We should have gone on days ago. We are simply——"

"Hanging around," the man nodded. "I have seen them do that before."

"Seen who?"

"Those who come here."

"But how do they get to know of it?" Weston persisted.

"How did you get to know of it?"

"A Chinaman told us. He hid us one night down in Todos Santos and sent us on here."

"All my servants here are Chinese, and what is known to one Chinaman on this coast is known to all. You see, it all simmers down to something quite ordinary, after all. Any time that you wish to leave, it can be arranged; I have had your car pulled out. I will watch here now."

That last was dismissal. From beyond the arches Weston looked back at that warm core of the place. On the broken dome the painted prophets seemed to shift with a semblance of life in the flickering glow. Beneath them, silently austere, the man sat by the hearth which he had kept burning so long.

SO THE days slid by, after each another and all alike. It was like a hiatus, a golden emptiness which almost anything might rush in to fill.

It was Kate O'Hara who brought the first hint of change. For days she had remained shut up in the refuge of her own room, and it had been a relief to have her so. In gray cords and breeches she had dived through that doorway like some slim gray rodent hunting a hole; then suddenly she bloomed out of it again.

The creak of the door was the only announcement of her emergence. All at once she stood there, elaborately unconscious, her darkly opaque eyes blinking at the sunshine, her face paler than before, save for a reddened mouth. Gray cords and shirt were gone; in their place was a frock of deep-green Chinese silk, stockings to match above buckled slippers, a green scarf knotted about her bobbed curls.

From across the table in the grape-arbor Vereker made whistling exclamation.

"I was waiting for something like that!"

Weston could only stare. How the girl had obtained the things was a mystery, except that in some manner of her own she had established understanding with those Chinamen. Perhaps the antennæ of her illegal trade had devious groundings in San Francisco's Chinatown. Probably they knew of her position in that fantom world under the city's surface. There was always an explanation, and one simple enough when one knew it. But it was as if that adobe room had held some alchemy of transformation.

"Now we'll see," Vereker nodded.

"And what do you suppose we are going to see?" Weston demanded.

"I never predict, not when the eternal X comes around. Did you ever stop to think what this world would be like without women? It is they who really kick its wheels around, and if the wheels stop they will stick at nothing to start them up again."

More of Sid's queer talk, Weston shrugged to himself.

"I guess that particular woman over there knows better than to start anything with us," he declared loftily.

HE WAS right, it appeared. Keeping aloofly to herself, Kate O'Hara seemed to have wiped their images from off the plates of her mind. But she was always there. If one looked long enough in any direction, she was apt to cross it at a distance. A frail figure, drooping under her finery, always alone, wrapped in her own rather disastrous affairs. That constant picture etched itself on the memory. Even when one did not see her one knew that she was somewhere, solitary, silent, wistful and entirely feminine.

There were moments when the green silk seemed merely a flag of futile defiance, when the set face was haunted by a shadow of desperation.

A life thrown away, Weston thought. She reminded him of some butterfly caught in a net—a net all the stronger for being invisible. He came to wonder whose hands had first imprisoned her in it, and there was pity in that thought.

Sometimes he found her looking at him from across some space. There was longing in that look, and a hint of fear as well. She was actually getting on his nerves, sitting about like that—and yet what was she to do—poor little beast——

He had come upon her suddenly, seated in a pool of amber shade under the sycamores. Her white hands were lying uselessly before her, as usual; her bent head hid all but a curve of thin cheek.

"Look here, what are you going to do?" he broke out.

"What *can* I do?"

It was the first time they had spoken since that night of arrival, but they both plunged into the middle of things as if they had been in constant communication.

"You are at least safe here from your precious friends," he said.

"There are other things than just safety."

"Yes—dope-running, for instance."

That reminder was as much for himself as for her. It was hard to connect this silk-clad figure with that boyish one of the coast. It seemed impossible that she had ever been mixed up with a lightless boat on a fog-filled shore, with those inimical men who had crept by like beasts of the dark. In her green draperies she looked more some creature of the trees about her, meshed by strange sophistications.

She looked up at him, her eyes veiled by lashes above a quivering mouth.

"You don't like me very well, do you?"

He was silent to that, and she went on.

"The one you like is Sid."

Again silence; he could almost see her mind retreating like one who has tried a door and found it locked. There came a cry: "Oh—I have never had a chance."

Continued on page 72

A SONG TO A SWEET SINGER

Sing, bobolink in the meadows,
My love is lying near,
And spread, day long, your rainbow of song
It may be she will hear.

She sang as you sing, O wood-thrush!
As you sit in the dusk alone,
Your sad, sweet lay to the dying day
Hath the peace of God in its tone.

Sing, flowers in the measured valley,
Your song of the quickened sod.
Sing, stars of the night with your far-flung light,
Of the infinite valleys of God.

Sing, shepherd, in the twilight,
Sing, pine by the breezes whirled.
In all your airs are longing prayers.
From the deep heart of the world.

I sing of the faith that liveth
In the brave, old heart of man.
O ages long it hath filled his song
Since the ancient school began!

IRVING BACHELLER



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

THE GAME OF LIFE

Its best preparation lies in the playtime of youth

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

EDUCATION'S fundamental purpose is to build men and women—and the measure of its success is the measure of its results in doing this. Anything that contributes to the fundamental purpose of building men and women has a place in an educative program; anything that fails to make this contribution has no proper place. Unless the hours spent in classrooms and on athletic fields make for enlarged personality, they are wasted hours. Mathematics, history and sports are truly educative only if they pass this test.

Education is a series of experiences and observations, each of which should contribute to the spiritual growth of the individual and should increase his or her ability to learn, to produce and to enjoy. They should have a definite value in developing character as well as the ability to do useful work and to take a proper place in the affairs of the world.

The building of men is the greatest of all businesses, for he who builds men builds civilization. If we have the right kind of men—using the term always in the generic sense to mean mankind of both sexes and all ages—we have the right kinds of families and communities and nations.

IN BUILDING men we must start with boys and girls, for after an individual reaches maturity the builders may as well discard their tools. The developing of a boy or girl is a day-by-day process. Every experience that holds attention adds something to character, be it good or bad.

There are four sides to be considered: head, heart, hands and actuating desires. The development of brains, courage and manual dexterity will avail nothing unless these qualities are intelligently and honorably directed. We must create right habits of thinking and doing. Keenness and ability do not contribute anything to the world's advancement unless they are applied to some useful prupose and unless there is proper energy behind them.

An experience to be truly educative must draw the individual completely out of himself or herself and release powers previously unknown. It must be absorbing. Whether the enterprise is writing a story, drawing a set of plans, working out a mathematical problem or building a house of blocks, the test is the same. The more the individual puts into it, the more he will take out of it.

Play possesses the characteristics of the true educational experience. It is in play that children's full power is called forth. They put their whole selves into whatever they do in play. And herein lies the preeminent value of play in education. The late Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, perhaps the greatest physical educator that this country has ever known, said in this connection: "If you want to know what a child is, study his play; if you want to affect what he shall *become*, direct the form of his play."

If any man knows the physical-training needs of our young men and women, that man is Fielding H. Yost. He is Director of Intercollegiate Athletics in one of our largest coeducational institutions, the University of Michigan, where over one hundred thousand students have come under his expert attention in the past twenty-four years. In presenting this second series of his articles, THE DELINEATOR feels that it is offering its readers the most fundamental and helpful information obtainable on building strong bodies and keeping them running efficiently. "The Game of Life" begins the series

The play of children is not play at all in the sense that adults generally understand it: something unimportant and valueless. To the child, play is the most serious thing in the world. He gives it his whole mind and heart and is as much absorbed in it as is the adult in his most important pursuits. For an outsider to belittle a child's play means to that child a wound as deep as an adult would feel were his profession or business to be treated with scorn.

Educators are able to capitalize the seriousness of play and to make it a means to some of the most important character development. Natural play instincts are those that best prepare the child for mature life. All the normal activities of the adult have their counterparts in the play instincts of childhood. Play instincts lead the child through all the general phases of human endeavor. He is in turn Man the Maker, Man the Poet, Man the Nurturer, Man the Scientist, Man the Hunter, Man the Fighter and Man the Citizen.

Some authorities go so far as to say that youth exists solely for play. They assert that the reason the highest animal is sent into the world helpless and unformed is that he may be finished through his play time, that man is intended to be a playful animal, fashioned in obedience to the great play instincts.

MAN'S play is much more complex than that of the lower animals and is consequently more important There is a vast field for choice and hence a vast responsibility for the builders—a responsibility balanced by his opportunity. It profits little to suppress any natural instinct in a child without replacing it with another and better one. "Don'ts" merely delay an impulse; they do not stop it. The place of conscious direction in education is to furnish time, place and materials that will draw out the best instincts of the child. We must build upon the child's instinctive tendencies, rather than try to drive home education by force. The direction should be positive and creative, not negative and repressive.

Play has to do with every part of the four-sided man that we are trying to build. In play the boy does not merely learn *about* the various aspects of life as he does in purely academic pursuits; he learns the thing itself. For example, a boy learns *about* citizenship in the study of political economy, parliamentary law, history, etc.; but in the various team games he learns veritable citizenship. All the qualities of the good citizen are brought out in these games. A good sportsman is likely to be a good citizen, and a poor sportsman seldom develops into anything but a poor citizen.

In my coaching experience, covering more than a quarter of a century, I have had many opportunities to observe the working out of this theory. Almost invariably the men who were small and mean and selfish and dishonorable on the athletic field have been dominated by these same undesirable qualities in later life. On the other hand, the fellows who were gentlemen sportsmen in college have turned out to be gentlemen sportsmen in more serious things than football. At Michigan we have no place on any team for a man lacking the instincts of fairness. I have coached teams that were a long way from perfect football machines, but I shall never consider that any season has been a complete failure unless it has produced a team that can not play the game for the game's sake and win or lose according to the highest standard of sportsmanship. And sportsmanship in its true sense embraces observance of the spirit as well as the letter of both the printed rules and the best traditions of a game.

IN A team game a boy experiences the very essence of citizenship by losing himself in the larger whole. He undergoes the splendid experience of a properly directed "gang instinct" at a time when he is in the formative stage of his character and things are making their stamp indelibly. Furthermore, competitive team games afford actual experience in the use of such qualities as loyalty, courage, concentration, unselfishness, persistency, cooperation, poise, fair-play, self-mastery and respect for law and other authority. The boy does not merely learn about these qualities in an academic, detached and impersonal way; he actually feels and lives them.

Fair-play, self-control and respect for both law and one's opponents is the very basis of civilization. The language and ideals of the playground are carried into all walks of life. A self-respecting man would rather be called almost anything than a poor sport. The epithet hurts because it implies inability to maintain the standards established in the real life of youth.

Sportsmanship is an essential of democracy. The lessons of the playground make possible self-government and organization, as opposed to anarchy and the mob. The malfunctioning of our American form of government among certain classes of the population is not attributable to any defects in our Constitution, but to the fact that we have an element which never absorbed the idea of self-government for the individual and consequently can not absorb it for the group.

Deficiency in training during the years of play may

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DRESSING YOUR CHILDREN FOR HEALTH

By DR. HAROLD K. FABER

Director of the Division of Pediatrics in the Medical School of Stanford University

A MEDICAL writer recently compared the human body to an automobile and likened the skin to the radiator of the car. This conception is a very illuminating one in some respects, since it emphasizes the facts that the skin is in reality a cooling system and that body heat is a waste product which must be eliminated as quickly as it is formed if we are to avoid dangers comparable to those of overheating an engine.

The point is one which has practical implications of the greatest importance to mothers in selecting proper clothing for their children—and one which appears not to be very generally understood. The most common faults in the clothing of children, and babies in particular, have to do with excessive insulation against cooling, or in other words with clothing which is too heavy or ill adapted to the function of properly dissipating heat. On the other hand, the fault in the other direction is not uncommon—involving too rapid loss of bodily heat and waste of bodily energy.

It may be well for us to consider some of the more fundamental principles of the economy of bodily heat or the physiology of clothing, in order to reach a practical working basis for the intelligent selection of clothing.

The body, our engine, is fed fuel in the form of food which it converts into useful energy. Part of this energy is used for muscular activity, part is used for the various chemical reactions of the body; most of it finally emerges as heat—a waste product that has to be eliminated at the rate it is formed, no faster but not more slowly. There must be an accurate and constant balance between heat production and heat elimination. There is an elaborate mechanism by which the body rids itself of waste heat, so that when one method is not available another is called into play. Under normal conditions about three-fourths of the heat is eliminated by radiation from the body surface. It diffuses directly into the surrounding air, just as a hot-water bag cools by radiation from its rubber surface. Of the remainder, about one-sixth is lost by the cooling effect of evaporating sweat, on the same principle that keeps the porous Mexican water-jar cool. Most of the rest of the heat is lost in the warm air of the breath.

MAN differs from most of the other warm-blooded animals in that heat is lost more readily and rapidly by radiation from the body surface, because he has no fur to protect him. This has some disadvantages, but rather more advantages. Unclothed, in temperate and cold weather, man will lose his body heat too fast and become chilled. On the other hand the absence of fur gives him an opportunity through clothing to regulate his loss of heat, and so his comfort, very readily in accordance with the outside temperature; whereas the fur-clad animals on hot days have to pant and sweat in an effort to keep cool. Through suitable changes in clothing man is enabled to maintain his normal activity and efficiency over a much larger range of climatic variation than any other animal. As the temperature of the surrounding air approaches ninety-nine degrees, cooling by radiation ceases and sweating and rapid breathing have to take its place. The reason why humid air is so oppressive on a hot day is because it slows or prevents evaporation and its accompanying cooling.

Against the cold weather to which they are likely to be exposed, animals are efficiently protected by their fur. Man must be protected by clothing or else must borrow the fur of his animal friends. It is in his efforts to combat cold with materials other than fur that the ingenuity of human invention has been called into most active play. Naturally many mistakes and misconceptions have occurred. Thickness, denseness and weight of clothing have been chiefly relied upon, but we are beginning to realize that the body can be kept just as warm and a great deal more comfortable in relatively light clothing if a certain basic principle of clothing be followed. This basic principle is—the utilization of the nonconducting properties of air.

Protected by enclosed layers of air, man can withstand the extremes of Arctic temperature. Stefansson—if memory serves—discarded the tremendously heavy and cumbersome type of Arctic clothing used by other explorers, clad himself in a loose fitting two-piece costume



"The world is mine!"

THE HAPPY CHILD DEPARTMENT

consisting of a loose inner silk garment and an outer fur garment with the fur turned inward, and obtained perfect protection. This garment had three layers of enclosed air: one between the interstices of the fur, one between the fur and the garment, and one between the latter and the skin. Fitting loosely, there was enough air-space to take up the moisture of the body as it was formed and evaporate it before it collected and soaked the underclothing.

What, then, are to be the criteria of sensible clothing? Comfort is, perhaps, the best. For some peculiar reason grown-ups who clothe themselves comfortably (when the mode permits) clothe their children uncomfortably in their overzealous effort to avoid certain dangers, largely imaginary. This is specially true of babies. I have asked many mothers who have put their babies in woolen underclothing whether they, too, wear wool next to their skin. The answer usually is an emphatic "No. I can't stand it." But babies, it should be remembered, need comfortable underclothing even more than do mothers.

Besides the heat-regulating function of clothing, we have to consider that underclothing at least must be capable of absorbing the moisture which is constantly being given off by the skin, even when there is no visible perspiration. Underclothing must also be fairly durable. It must (in the majority of families) be relatively inexpensive. And finally, it must be capable of being really efficiently cleansed.

The skin of babies and children is comparatively thin, sensitive, easily abraded and readily softened and irritated by prolonged moistening. In selecting proper clothing there are, therefore, a number of points to be considered; particularly how much clothing shall be worn, and what materials, fabrics and garments are best suited to the child.

HOW MUCH CLOTHING?

The amount of clothing depends on the weather and the state of nutrition of the child. It is, of course, obvious that the amount of clothing protection required is inversely proportional to the temperature of the surrounding air and to the amount of body protection supplied by the covering fat of the body.

Among the many phases of this subject, a particular point which I wish to emphasize is that more protection from cold can be obtained when the clothing is reasonably loose and of light weight (knitted sweater fabric) than when it is tight-fitting, heavy and dense. A knitted wrap is warmer than a blanket of equal size and weight. Underwear of loosely knitted weave is warmer for the same weight and thickness and material than is that of densely woven fabric.

The second point to be remembered is that underwear and other garments when loose-fitting are warmer than otherwise identical garments when they cling to the body. This is, of course, because the former enclose more air than do the latter.

For indoor wear at temperatures of about seventy degrees and for children not malnourished, not more than two layers of clothing, loosely fitting, are necessary to give adequate protection against chilling. When the outer temperature exceeds seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, the radiation of heat from the surface of the body begins to be difficult through ordinary clothing, and less clothing should be worn. At a temperature of about ninety to ninety-five degrees, clothing is not necessary for the prevention of excessive heat loss, and its usefulness is largely limited to absorbing perspiration and preventing the discomfort incident to the latter.

Undernourished children require more covering than do the normally nourished. Mothers should know whether their children are of average weight and size for their years. (THE DELINEATOR will gladly send a "Weight, Height and Age Table" to any parent who will write and enclose a stamped envelope.)

Finally, children should be clothed for indoors. The average American home and school is steam or furnace heated to a temperature of about seventy degrees, and often more. Heavy clothing and many garments are extremely uncomfortable and unwholesome at such a temperature. When the children go outdoors, they should put on the necessary extra wraps, and take them off when returning to the house. For outdoor clothing, I confess a strong liking for knitted fabrics and would have them more generally used in place of overcoats and heavy fitted jackets. The sweater is an ideal garment for active children. It is light, it does not restrict the movements of the body, it is warm and still allows the circulation of air through the clothing, which is an important factor in the health of the skin. It has the disadvantage that it does not give protection against rain and high winds, and when these prevail it must be supplanted or supplemented by a garment made of less pervious material.

The whole body, with the exception of the face and usually the hands, must be clothed in cool or cold weather. It is quite unreasonable and unhygienic to bundle a child's body against the chill of a Winter day and leave the legs bare. The area of a child's two legs from knee to ankle is about the same as that of his chest, and he can lose heat rapidly enough from exposed legs to counterbalance that saved by extra layers of clothing elsewhere. Some children make up for this unnecessary

Concluded on page 64

A NEW SERVICE FOR MOTHERS

Join Our "Happy Child Clubs"

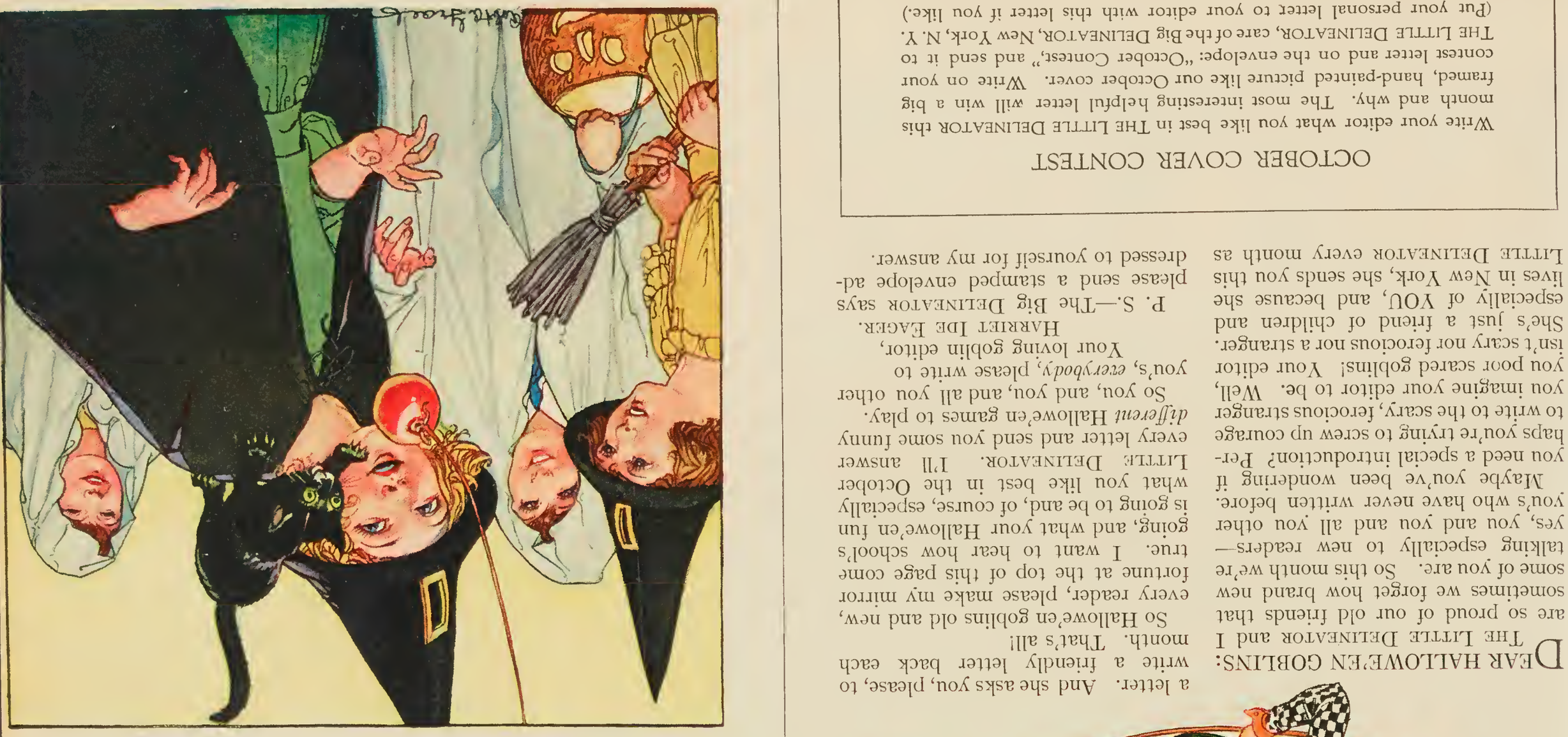
There are four of them: One for expectant mothers; a second for mothers of tiny babies; the third for mothers of two to six year old "runabouts," and the fourth for the mothers of school children.

Membership in each club is only fifty cents a year—and in return you receive a letter every month from Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, the eminent child specialist. Doctor Shaw gives you a correct health program according to the age of your child, warns you of epidemics, and tells you how to keep your little one strong and well. His letters are timely and helpful—really a personal message from this great doctor.

Enroll at once. Your first letter will be mailed to you on October first. Address "The Happy Child Clubs," THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., stating whether you wish to be a member of "The Baby-to-come Club," "The New Baby Club," "The Runabout Club," or "The School Child Club," and enclosing fifty cents for membership in each club you wish to join.

"THE HAPPY BABY"

There's a very new book called "The Happy Baby" which contains all the articles of THE DELINEATOR'S famous series on child health. This may be obtained by writing either to THE DELINEATOR or to the publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., Fourth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, New York, N. Y. Its cost is one dollar.



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

OCTOBER 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF

LOOK AT YOUR EDITOR'S MIRROR FORTUNE ON "MY LITTLE PAGE" AND, PLEASE, MAKE IT COME TRUE



DEAR HALLOWE'EN GOBLINS:

The LITTLE DELINEATOR and I are so proud of our old friends that sometimes we forget how brand new some of you are. So this month we're talking especially to new readers—yes, you and you and all you other you's who have never written before.

Maybe you've been wondering if you need a special introduction? Perhaps you're trying to screw up courage to write to the scary, ferocious stranger you imagine your editor to be. Well, you poor scared goblins! Your editor isn't scary nor ferocious nor a stranger. She's just a friend of children and especially of YOU, and because she lives in New York, she sends you this LITTLE DELINEATOR every month as a letter. And she asks you, please, to write a friendly letter back each month. That's all!

So Hallowe'en goblins old and new, every reader, please make my mirror fortune at the top of this page come true. I want to hear how school's going, and what your Hallowe'en fun is going to be and, of course, especially what you like best in the October LITTLE DELINEATOR. I'll answer every letter and send you some funny *different* Hallowe'en games to play.

So you, and you, and all you other you's, *everybody*, please write to

Your loving goblin editor,

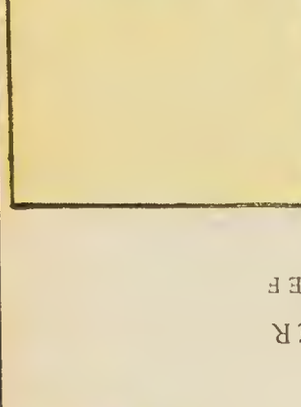
HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S.—The Big DELINEATOR says please send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself for my answer.

OCTOBER COVER CONTEST

Write your editor what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month and why. The most interesting helpful letter will win a big framed, hand-painted picture like our October cover. Write on your contest letter and on the envelope: "October Contest," and send it to THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. (Put your personal letter to your editor with this letter if you like.)

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FIRST KATYDID, *chanting:*

Where, oh where is Katydid?
Katy, Katy, Katydid.
I am better than the rest,
Katy liked my music best——
Where, oh where is Katydid?
Katy, Katy, Katydid!

VOICE OF TOMMY TIPTOE (*outside—very loud, because he has not turned little yet*): What's that funny little green thing jumping down there?

FIRST MAN KATYDID (*looking up*): What's that big giant shadow up there?

VOICE OF TOMMY TIPTOE: Ouch! What's happening to me? Oh, I'm turning little. Oh-h-h!

(TOMMY *runs in on his tiptoes. He stares up at the grass-blades and rubs the back of his neck. He feels the pebbles.* THE FIRST MAN KATYDID *jumps toward him.* TOMMY *screams. The katydid touches him with his feelers.*)

TOMMY (*frightened*): Go away, you green monster!

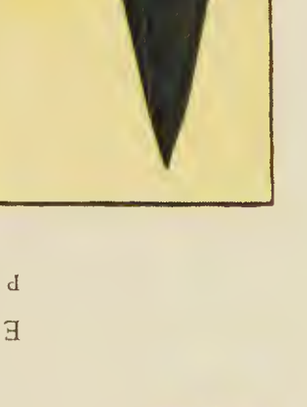
FIRST MAN KATYDID (*sniffing and turning up his nose*): Pooh! I wouldn't eat you, insect. I don't like your smell.

TOMMY (*laughing*): Smell! Smell! Where's your nose?

FIRST MAN KATYDID (*angrily*): In my feelers, of course! (*He begins to leap about again, singing*):

Where, oh where is Katydid?
etc.

(*Suddenly* THE FIRST MAN KATYDID *stops and rubs his hands together behind him, calling*: "Katydid! Katydid!" *He is supposed to be rubbing his wing covers. Some child behind the scenes can turn a wooden noise-maker whenever a katydid rubs his hands together.* TOMMY *claps his hands over his ears and runs away.*)



FIRST MAN KATYDID (*leaping proudly after him*): Pretty fine music, eh? That's how I play for Katy. Katy's only a girl, but oh, she has the most beautiful green face! And the longest green legs! And her eyes! Ten times bigger than yours! This is Katy's birthday. She sheds her fifth skin to-day. (*Touches* TOMMY *again with his feelers and* TOMMY *shrinks away frightened. Leaping high*): Ha, insect! I'll give you to Katy for her birthday present. You're funny-looking, but she can keep you for a novelty or EAT you.

(TOMMY *screams and runs away. The* Katydid *chases him until he hides behind* THE BLADE OF GRASS, *who covers him with her skirts.*)

FIRST MAN KATYDID (*stopping, calls*): Katy! Katy! Where's that girl? I guess my music'll fetch her. (*Rubs wing covers together. Proudly*): Katy said I was the best music-maker within twenty blades of grass, Katy did—Katy did, Katy did, did, did, did, did!

VOICE OF SECOND MAN KATYDID (*outside, rubbing hands*): Katy didn't! Katy didn't!

FIRST MAN KATYDID (*angrily rubbing wing covers*): Katy did! Katy did!

SECOND MAN KATYDID (*jumps in, singing*):

Katy didn't, didn't—*pooh!*
Katy, Katy where are you?
I am better than the rest
Katy did NOT like you best
Katy did, did NOT, so there!
Where is Katy—where, where, where?

FIRST MAN KATYDID (*rubbing wing covers*): Katy did! Katy did!

SECOND MAN KATYDID: Katy didn't! Katy didn't!

BOTH:

I am better than the rest,
Katy likes my music best.

(*Both leap and jump angrily about, each singing his song in turn and then singing together while* TOMMY *hides anxiously behind* THE BLADE OF GRASS *clapping his hands over his ears every time they rub their wing covers together. At last both leap off the stage, one to the right and one to the left.*)

TOMMY (*sitting down on a pebble*): Whew!

(SMALLEST BLADE OF GRASS *has begun to stir. She rises from her knees very slowly, growing taller and taller until she is standing on her toes, her arms stretched up.*)

SMALLEST BLADE OF GRASS (*stretching and swaying*):

Winter is done!
Spring has begun—
Oh, how good to stretch in the sun,



To stretch and to stretch
and to grow in the sun!

(TOMMY *begins to run about on his tiptoes.*)

BLADE OF GRASS:

I know a secret of Spring,
A beautiful, wonderful thing.
Now, now, it is happening!

KATY (*beginning to stir*): I feel so strange. Something is going to happen, something is going to happen.

TOMMY (*running back to her excited*): Why, she's the Katydid girl! Why, her green dress is splitting down the back!

KATY: Something is happening! Something is happening! I'm growing up—I'm growing up. (*She begins to wriggle her head out of the old dress.*)

TOMMY: Oh! She has a nice new green dress underneath!

KATY (*pulls out her feelers very slowly and carefully until her whole head is out. She sighs*): I feel so tired, so tired. (*Rests a long time while* TOMMY *tiptoes about and back again, and* BLADE OF GRASS *sways and stretches and chants*):

I know a secret of Spring,
etc.

(KATY *begins to jerk and wriggle again. Slowly and carefully she pulls out her front legs. Then she pulls out her body, moving slowly and carefully until she is quite out of the old dress. She opens her wings and stands still.*)

FIRST MAN KATYDID (*outside*): Katydid!

didn't!

(KATY *begins to leap, first low, then higher and higher.*)

KATY:

I have shed my skin at last!
Watch me jumping high and fast!
See me fly and see me spring
In a circle, in a ring!
I've grown up, I don't know how,
I am Lady Katy now!

(*Men Katydids leap after her.*)

FIRST MAN KATYDID: Katy, didn't you say I was the best——

SECOND MAN KATYDID (*angrily*): Katy didn't!

KATY (*leaping higher and higher*):

Silly boys to fuss and fight,
Katy's grown up overnight.

(*Running to* FIRST KATYDID *and making a face at him*): Katy didn't! (*Leaps away off stage and* TOMMY *runs out from hiding-place.*)

TOMMY (*running to* FIRST KATYDID *and making a face*): Katy did! (*Runs back and hides as* KATY *leaps in again.*)

KATY (*running to* SECOND KATYDID): Katy did! (*Runs off.*)

TOMMY (*running to* SECOND KATYDID): Katy didn't!

(MEN KATYDIDS *run confused from one to the other as* TOMMY *and* KATY *both come back until at last the real* KATY *runs off followed by the* MEN KATYDIDS. TOMMY *sits on a pebble and laughs, and* THE BLADE OF GRASS *sways and laughs with him.* TOMMY *wriggles out of his suit and dances about* THE BLADE OF GRASS, *singing*):

I am safe, I'm safe at last!
Watch me jumping high and fast,
Up and down and up and down,
All round the Green Grass Town.
Up I jump and down I jump,
Over pebble, grass and stump,
Here and there in the air.

(*Stops and laughs as voice of* MAN KATYDID *comes from behind the scenes*):

Katy did! She did, I swear!

VOICE OF SECOND MAN KATYDID: Katydid did not, so there!

(TOMMY *and* BLADE OF GRASS *listen, laughing and winking as voice of* MEN KATYDIDS *grow fainter and fainter, saying*):

Katy did!
Katy didn't!
Katy did!
Katy didn't!
Katy did!

CURTAIN



6

KATY DID, KATY DIDN'T

The second dance play in Tommy Tiptoe's Insect Theater

CHARACTERS

TOMMY TIPTOE.
FIRST MAN KATYDID.
SECOND MAN KATYDID.
KATY, THE LADY KATYDID.
THE SMALLEST BLADE OF GRASS.

DIRECTIONS

You can hang a sheet or a green curtain across the wall and paste on it giant blades of grass as tall as the sheet, cut from green crape-paper. For pebbles, wrap big sofa-cushions or boxes in gray paper cambric or paper. If you play out-of-doors, pretend trees-trunks are grass and stones are pebbles.

Let Katy Katydid's old suit be a square piece of green cloth with a hole in the center for her head to slip through. Look through the Big DELINEATOR *fashion pages this month for the* TOMMY TIPTOE SUIT. *Girls or boys can wear it as a costume in "Katy Did, Katy Didn't," and in the other Tommy Tiptoe plays to come. Boys can use it for masquerades in between times. For help with music and costumes, write to your editor.*

THE PLAY

When the play begins, THE SMALLEST BLADE OF GRASS *is kneeling in the center very still.* KATY, THE LADY KATYDID, *heels against a grass-blade at the back, her head bent forward.*

FIRST MAN KATYDID *comes in, jumping very high and all about the grass. He jumps over* THE SMALLEST BLADE OF GRASS. *He does not notice* KATY.

3



KATY DID, KATY DIDN'T

The second dance play in Tommy Tiptoe's Insect Theater



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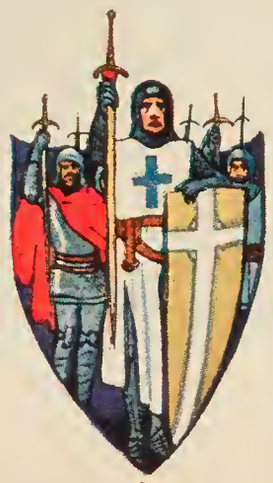
The Quest of the Holy Grail

THE SIEGE PERILOUS

AND when the time was come, young Galahad entered into the court of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. And in the great hall waited the Siege Perilous, a fearsome seat carven with strange figures that no man might read. And it was prophesied that he who sat therein must lose himself, so no knight dared fill the holy chair.

But humbly and without fear the boy Galahad drew near to the Siege, and a hooded spirit led him by the hand. Hush and awe fell upon the court; sword-hilts lifted high in the sign of the cross, unseen angels filled the hall and about the Siege Perilous the Angel of the Grail drooped his great white wings.

And the angel lifted from the holy chair its red cover of silk and an unseen finger wrote in the air above: "Here is the seat of Galahad."



And humbly, yet without fear, Sir Galahad took his place upon the Siege Perilous. And so was the prophecy fulfilled, for had he not vowed to lose all thought of self in the Quest of the Holy Grail?

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the third panel of the beautiful Holy Grail paintings by Edward A. Abbey on the walls of the Boston Public Library. When Abbey was making sketches for "The Siege Perilous," he wanted the tiles on the floor of King Arthur's great hall to be the kind really used in medieval England. When he heard that across the sea in Nuremburg were tiles saved from those ancient days, he went to Germany just to study them.*

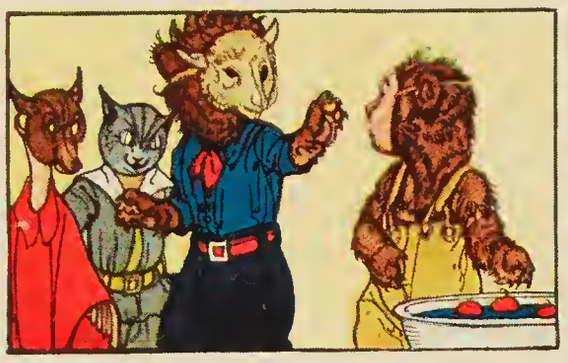
DELI-BEAR'S HALLOWE'EN



"Old folks might spoil my party," whines
Deli with a pout,
So sadly mother promises poor gran shall
be left out.



Hurray! It's Hallowe'en at last. The
party has begun,
And Del behind his funny-face is greeting
every one.



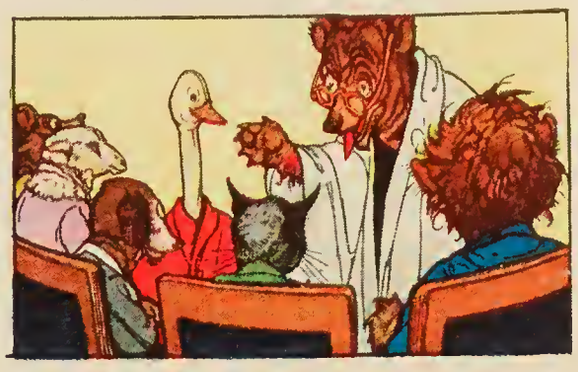
"First, bob for apples!" Del commands—
he feels important now!
But Deli-lion growls: "I won't!" and starts
a fearful row!



Masks off, both double up their paws and
jump into the fight,
(Such party manners, Deli-bear!) while
girl guests scream with fright.



When suddenly the room grows still and
visitors and host
Run scattering like frightened leaves—
"A ghost! A ghost! A ghost!"



Gran drops the sheet, tells thrilling tales—
while children crowd about her,
And Deli thinks: "Old folks know best.
We could'nt live without her!"



NEARLY ALL THE IODIN OF THE EARTH IS IN THE OCEAN—IN CRABS, SEA-MOSS AND LOBSTERS

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR IODIN?

By MARION HAMILTON CARTER

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

SOME years ago a French physiologist and dietitian named Gautier made a study of goiter in the Alps and in the mountainous regions of southern France, where it is prevalent. He was struck by the fact that throughout these regions the inhabitants obtained their drinking-water from lakes or other sources of glacial origin—that is, they were drinking melted snow-water. Now, chemical analysis showed such water to be free of iodin. At the same time he observed that goiter was almost unknown in the coastal regions where the inhabitants depended rather largely on sea-foods, all of which contain iodin.

Upon the mapping of the available statistics, there appeared a striking parallelism between goiter and iodin: as the one went up, the other went down; high goiter figures prevailed where iodin was low, and the reverse. On the strength of these figures, Gautier put forth the theory that a certain though unknown quantity of iodin was necessary to the proper functioning of the thyroid gland, one of whose diseases is goiter, and that goiter itself was fundamentally a case of iodin starvation.

At the time it was evolved this theory was flatly rejected by many physicians and physiologists. But today it is definitely established that the proper functioning of the thyroid in man and animals depends upon an adequate amount of iodin, and supplying that iodin by means of food is a vital problem to millions upon millions of Americans. For, according to J. P. McClendon of the University of Minnesota, "there is a wide goiter belt extending north along the Appalachian Mountains to Vermont, thence west through the Great Lakes region to Montana and Washington, and turning south it finally includes all of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States. In fact, the goiterous belt includes the mountainous and glacial regions. Since the run-off from the mountains and glaciated regions has carried away so much of the soluble material, it seems likely for this reason, in addition to other evidence, that the goiter belt is the low-iodin belt." A glance at the map will show that this belt contains millions of our population.

Now, nearly all the iodin on earth is in the ocean, except what has been extracted for commercial purposes; and all of the sea animals and plants thus far investigated chemically have contained organic iodin in more or less considerable quantities. Japanese crab rates as one of the highest, and lobster follows. This iodin content alone would make these shell-fish valuable as food.

Unfortunately, all these foods, though they may still be alive after several days' removal from their native haunts, are neither plentiful nor inexpensive in markets more than a few hours distant from the coast. Indeed, none of these is a really cheap food anywhere, unless you can go out and dig your clams yourself. As to lobster, at fifty and fifty-five cents a pound, shell and all, and clear meat at about one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound, it can scarcely be called a food for the masses.

However, there is a cheap available source of iodin to be found in the marine algæ, the different varieties of sea-mosses, all of which contain a considerable amount of iodin together with protein and carbohydrate. A recent bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries says that these masses compare favorably with other common food materials, particularly those of vegetable origin. "That they are wholesome and palatable additions to the diet in regions where they are eaten in quantities is well established; and it seems fair to say that they occupy much the same place in the diet as other common foods, particularly green vegetables. In order that digestion should be normally accomplished, foods should be bulky, and in this respect the marine algæ would certainly prove useful. Mineral matters are needed for the formation of bones, teeth and other tissues and to fulfil other physiological functions. The algæ are rich in phosphates, chlorids, bromids, iodids, etc. As Saiki points out, the algæ gelatins are of much importance in counteracting constipation."

One of these valuable food algæ, called Irish moss, is a native of our Atlantic coast from Carolina to Maine and has been harvested and used in invalid dietetics for nearly a hundred years.

Moss can be bought in two forms: the rough dry, which is sandy, rather troublesome to prepare, very effectual and very cheap; and a powdered form, called sea-moss farina, prepared with a cereal sold in one-ounce packages. This is easy to use, ever ready and effectual for most purposes, though fairly expensive.

I keep this farina continually on hand for emergencies. For general cooking I prefer to prepare a jelly in quantity from the dry moss, sealing it in glasses the same as other jelly and using it as needed.



CONSIDERABLE IODIN IS SECURED FROM SEA-MOSS HARVESTED ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST



IN THE UNITED STATES GOITER IS PREVALENT IN THOSE REGIONS (SHADED) WHERE THERE IS LITTLE IODIN IN THE DRINKING-WATER

QUICK DISHES WITH SEA-MOSS FARINA

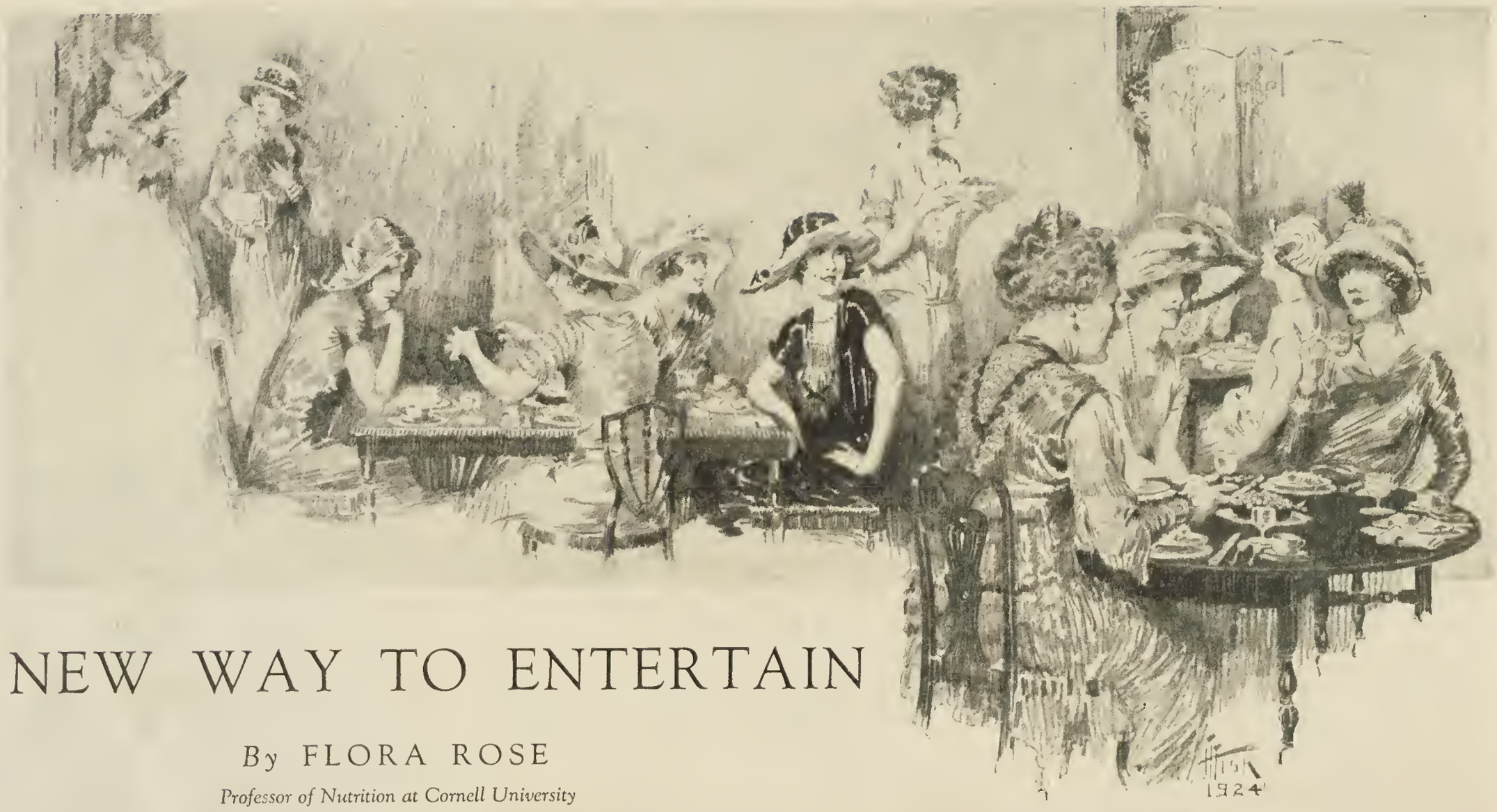
The sea-moss-farina box carries full directions for making blanc-mange and I will therefore content myself with saying that it can be made with evaporated milk, either full strength or diluted, as one may choose. This makes an excellent substitute for breakfast cereal in hot weather, if eaten with cream and berries or cut-up peaches. I make it the night before and pour it right into the porridge-bowls—and then it is ready for the morning's breakfast!

As an emergency dish, this sea-moss farina stands about at the head of my list. It takes only a few minutes to make with evaporated milk, and is set when cold. If

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SEA-MOSS FARINA MAKES A DELICIOUS, HEALTHFUL AND EASY-TO-PREPARE DESSERT



A NEW WAY TO ENTERTAIN

By FLORA ROSE

Professor of Nutrition at Cornell University

A FEW years ago when I was spending the Summer in a Canadian town a young friend of mine, newly married, invited me to a "high tea" at six o'clock in the evening.

I attached no significance to the word "high," though the hour surprised me, for my own dinner was set for seven o'clock and I had little mind to spoil my appetite with a "bite" so close to it. I went, nevertheless, and to my surprise and pleasure discovered that a "high tea" isn't a tea at all, but an early and glorified supper, a delightful entertainment, more friendly and less formal than a dinner and more of a party than a tea.

There were some twenty-five of us present, a number it would have been quite impossible to entertain in that modest home had a formal dinner been undertaken.

The food was delicious and just enough opportunity was offered for each guest to participate in the serving of the meal to break the ice between stranger and stranger and to start the ball of conversation rolling.

From that time on the high tea has seemed to me the ideal way for the young housekeeper to entertain—or for the experienced housekeeper, either, for that matter—if she particularly loves to gather around her at one time a cheerful group of friends. One high tea can be made to entertain at least twice as many friends as the formal dinner could and may leave an even happier impression.

Since the high tea is to take the place of dinner, the menu must include foods that are not only pleasing to the taste but really satisfying. The number of dishes served will necessarily be limited; and therefore each food served should have something rather special to recommend it. It must be spectacular in every detail to make it seem like a party instead of just a usual simple home meal.

WHAT TO EAT?

In planning a menu for the high tea, the young housekeeper should select dishes that can be partly prepared well ahead of time and thus save her the embarrassment of last-minute failures.

Two courses are all that should be attempted at the average high tea, a main course and a dessert, the beverage to go with the main course.

The following menus are suggested:

I

Creamed Chicken in Bread Croustades
Peas *Perfection Salad*
Buttered Bread *Coffee*
Fruit Cup with Whipped Cream
Chocolate and Coconut Cake *Salted Nuts*

II

Salpicon of Fruit *Chicken Salad*
Hot Buttered Rolls *Cocoa*
Ice-Cream with Sauce
Cake *Salted Nuts*

Additional menus and recipes will be sent by the Home-Makers' Department on receipt of a stamped envelope.

THE MAIN COURSE

This should be planned to include (1) a substantial dish, (2) a succulent dish, (3) bread in some form, (4) a beverage and (5) something in the nature of frills.

1. The substantial dish should be at once tempting and satisfying. Preferably a meat dish should be selected, though it is conceivable that eggs or cheese might be used for it. It may be cold or hot, but should be very good.

The following suggestions are made for cold dishes: Chicken or fish salad; pressed chicken or veal; jellied chicken or veal; cold chicken or cold ham, or a combination; or cold roast beef appropriately accompanied.

For hot dishes the following are good: Creamed chicken or veal, or chicken à la king; creamed oysters or lobster or shrimp; scalloped oysters; chicken or veal pies; hot baked ham; chicken en casserole.

2. The succulent dish may be specially chosen to give color or to provide sharp contrasts of flavor; and it must be depended upon to relieve the meal of any criticism of heaviness. Vegetables and salads of various kinds, or even fruits, may be used for this. The type of succulent dish chosen will depend largely upon the character of the main dish and the desserts. Salads may be best for cold meats and for some hot ones. Perhaps both a salad and a vegetable may be selected if creamed dishes are served on toast or in pastry cases.

3. Bread must be prepared in some way so as to relieve the guest of any responsibility for buttering it. Buttered slices of bread, sandwiches, buttered muffins, rolls, biscuits or scones are the proper breads for this occasion.

4. The beverage may be tea or coffee or cocoa; and there should always be provision for water for every one. The waterless meal is unsatisfactory to most of us.

5. Olives or pickles, salted nuts, celery, jelly, candy or bonbons may be used as special frills for the meal.

THE DESSERT COURSE

This must be more substantial than is necessary for a formal dinner, since it must be counted upon both to please and to satisfy and thus to leave the guest with a feeling of having had a delicious and highly agreeable meal. Ice-cream and cake, fruit bavarians with cake, fresh fruit and cream with cake, strawberry shortcake, fancy individual pies, such as small pumpkin pies served with whipped cream and a tart jam or jelly, are all good types of substantial desserts for the high tea. The serving of dessert should be a generous one, whatever the dessert chosen.

HOW MANY GUESTS?

The question of how many to entertain at a high tea is an individual one. It must be answered by an analysis of household resources or possibilities of easy borrowing. How many little tables seating four or six can you assemble? Can you arrange these for comfortable seating of the number of guests planned? Have you places for seating all guests? A high tea is a sufficiently short meal to allow you the liberty of using couches, rocking-chairs and all other available seating space. How much linen, silver, china and glassware does the house afford? Will the housekeeper do all the serving as well as cocking or can she plan to have some one to help in the kitchen?

If full responsibility rests with the housekeeper, perhaps twelve guests is a maximum number to attempt to serve, at least at the first high tea. If some one is in the kitchen to take care of the last-minute cooking, to help "dish up" and to wash any silver that may need to be used a second time, then it is safe to plan for sixteen or even for twenty guests, if everything else lends itself favorably to that number.

The recipes given here have been figured on the basis of fifteen to eighteen persons and allow for generous portions of all foods.

SEATING ARRANGEMENTS AND TABLE SERVICE

The guests may be seated at small tables, four or six, or even eight, at a table. The tables should be set beforehand, and if the living-room and hall are to be used as well as the dining-room, the ready-set tables may be pushed into the most convenient places until all the guests have assembled. When the meal is ready to serve, the guests may themselves move out the tables and find their own chairs and fill their own glasses with water. Place-cards should be used to locate the guests, as this will save confusion.

If the hostess is at the same time cook and waitress too, she should arrange ahead for some special friends to help her with the serving in the kitchen. In addition she may ask one person at each little table to be responsible for serving that table. We all love activities, and when a party of this kind is well arranged ahead of time it becomes a gay little feast with its good food, its informality and the activity which comes with giving the guests a share.

Each little table should be covered with a small tablecloth or with place doilies, and formally arranged covers should be set for each guest with the silver, glassware and linen needed for the meal. For each of the two menus given, the same individual service for the cover will be needed: a knife, fork and spoon for the first course, and a fork and spoon for the second; also a glass for water and a napkin.

Each cover should be arranged as follows: A knife to the right, blade turned in, handle one-half inch from the edge of the table; a fork to the left, tines up, handle one-half inch from the edge of the table; the knife and fork should be far enough apart to accommodate the largest plate upon which food is to be served and not have the plate overlap the knife and fork; the spoons to the right of the knife and close to it, but distinct from it, both handles one-half inch from the edge of the

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EXPERT ADVICE ON LIGHTING YOUR HOME

By MATTHEW LUCKIESH

Director, Lighting Research Laboratory of the National Lamp Works of the General Electric Company, Cleveland, Ohio

FIRST OF TWO INSTALMENTS

WE OWE our present civilization to an unquenchable desire to construct an artificial world, independent from nature. When and where this desire was born is likely to remain unanswered, but it is certain that fire and its light have played prominent parts in civilized progress since the earliest times. One can scarcely imagine a home and its family circle without them. Protection, comfort, leisure, recreation and advancement have ever been the gifts of fire and its light.

Throughout countless centuries flames were the only sources of artificial light. And, in fact, this was true until fifty years ago. Therefore, through continued association, light of a warm tint has become symbolic of home, and we have come to desire its kindly rays when our esthetic selves dominate after the day's work is done. The happiest homes are the best-lighted ones, and the most progressive country is the best-lighted one. Thus, artificial light is truly the torch of civilization.

But to a great extent we are still nature's beings, for we can not readily erase the imprints that the outdoor environment has left upon us. We are adapted physically, physiologically and psychologically to the natural lighting of outdoors. Our visual sense needs an abundance of light to function best. Nature's brightnesses outdoors are harmless except for the light from the sun, which is so powerfully bright that we dare not look at it. Yet even this is usually tempered by adequate diffused light from the sky.

Besides abundance of light outdoors without uncomfortably bright sources in the field of view, there is the great charm of ever-changing lighting effects. Variety is the key-note. Clouds add their influence. Shadows shorten toward noon and lengthen toward evening. We have a silent symphony of light all day long, often bursting into colorful melodies at sunset followed by a diminuendo, quite appropriate for the advent of the nightly period of artificial light in our homes and the reign of the family circle. From all these variations in natural lighting we may learn many lessons in artificial lighting.

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

From the view-point of utility, we should have an abundance of diffused light or else we should have direct light from sources that are thoroughly screened from the eyes. Without enough light, the reader holds the page too close to the eyes, and thus runs the risk of developing near-sightedness. Particularly is this to be feared in the case of the immature eyes of children. Glaring unshaded light sources are ever-present sources of eye-strain, but they are all too often unheeded, because the eyes do not always complain definitely or directly.



A WELL-LIGHTED DRESSING-TABLE HAS WALL-BRACKETS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE MIRROR

It is well known that many disorders arise from eye-strain. A glaring source of light tends to attract attention, and a reader, for example, is unconsciously subjected to the strain of keeping his attention fixed on the printed page while the glaring sources are claiming attention. Under these conditions the eyes are squinted and there is muscular strain in keeping them fixed on the reading matter. The pupil of the eye is contracted and the amount of light entering is materially reduced so that the retinal image is decreased in brightness, just as is the case when the aperture of a camera-lens is decreased. This reduces the ability to see.

Many persons, through carelessness or through lack of appreciation of these factors, have homes that are harshly lighted. Unconsciously they are driven out on many evenings when a charming comfortable lighting would have invited them to stay at home and enjoy relaxation and restfulness. Perhaps this indifference to glaring light sources is a product of the "dark" ages that we left behind only a score of years ago. Then light sources, such as flames, were of low brightness and much less glaring. To-day we can enjoy the superior advantages of our adequate light sources, but we must shade them or properly diffuse the light.

THE USE OF PORTABLE LAMPS

These are the home fires of the electrical age. They combine utility and beauty better than any other lighting device and can solve almost every lighting problem in the home. Theirs is the great advantage of being mobile. Furthermore, they are the property of the house-holder and can be taken along when moving elsewhere.

A portable lamp is not merely any shade on any pedestal. The shape of the shade, its density, the relation of its opening to its depth and the height of the pedestal are important factors. In order that a portable lamp may be used, the spread of direct light from the lower aperture should be great enough so that a magazine, for example, if one is reading, will be illuminated by direct light. On the other hand, the light sources themselves should be shaded from the eyes. The usefulness of a portable lamp may be tested very readily by sitting beside it and noting the foregoing points.

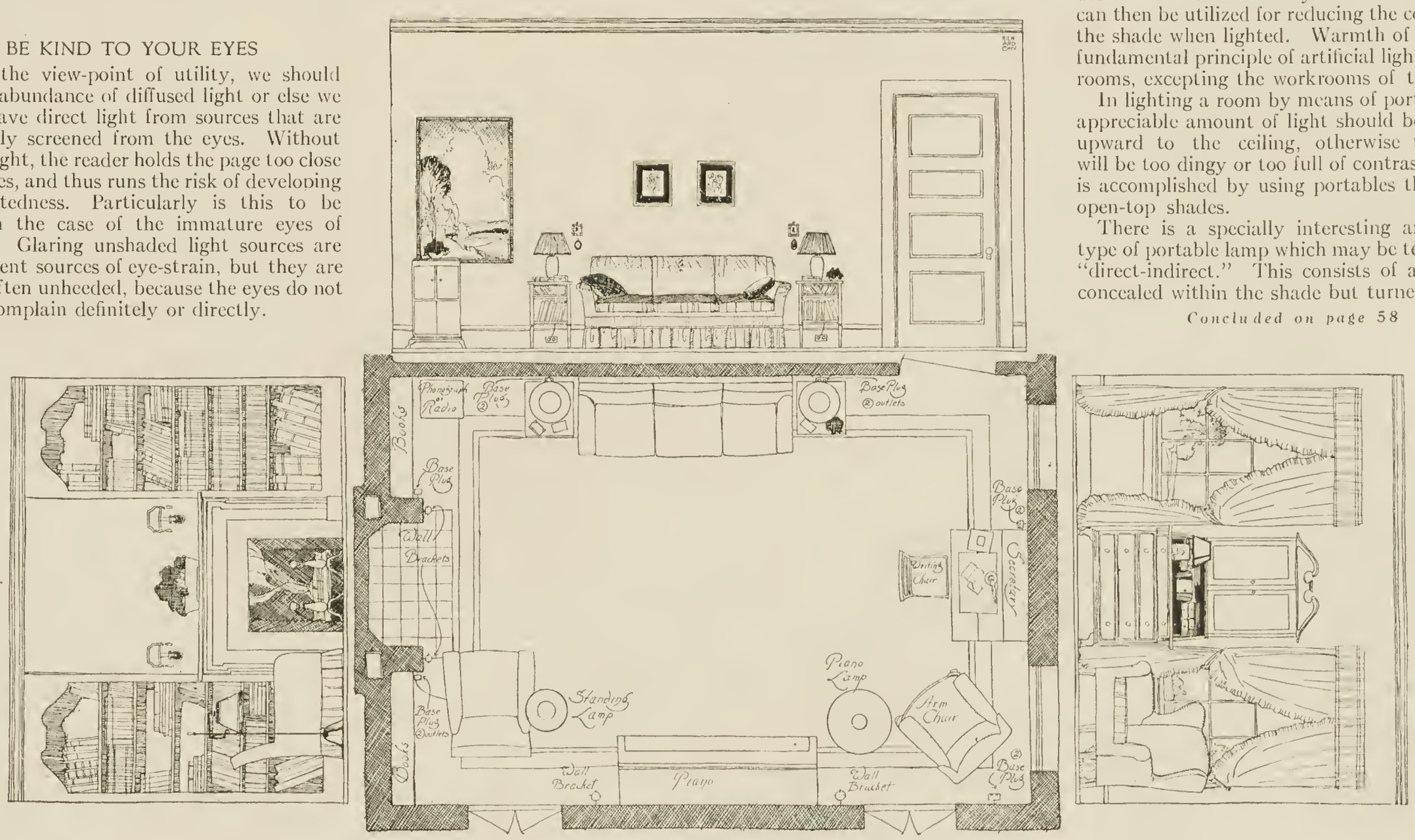
The shades of portables are too often not dense enough to screen the light source effectively. Sometimes the fringe is not thick enough to do this. In such a case the inner lining should be extended downward the full depth of the fringe.

When portable lamps are lighted, the shades should not appear a cold color. Blue, violet, blue-green and green may be desirable notes in the decorative scheme. If so, they can be obtained by a thin outer layer of the desired color. Inner layers of warm colors can then be utilized for reducing the coldness of the shade when lighted. Warmth of color is a fundamental principle of artificial lighting in all rooms, excepting the workrooms of the home.

In lighting a room by means of portables, an appreciable amount of light should be emitted upward to the ceiling, otherwise the room will be too dingy or too full of contrasts. This is accomplished by using portables that have open-top shades.

There is a specially interesting and useful type of portable lamp which may be termed the "direct-indirect." This consists of a reflector concealed within the shade but turned upward

Concluded on page 58



IF YOU READ THIS INTERESTING FLOOR-PLAN, YOU WILL SEE JUST WHERE ALL THE BASE-PLUGS AND OUTLETS ARE. AND THE WALL VIEWS SHOW THE ACTUAL LAMPS AND FIXTURES. THIS ROOM HAS MODEL LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

BACKS UP!

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

THERE never was an enchantingly pretty woman who didn't make us think instantly of an enchantingly pretty cat. And it has nothing to do with claws, either.

You steal cream for a cat, and you're perfectly repaid when she purrs. You steal far more important things for a pretty woman, and you're perfectly repaid when she purrs. We don't mean one of those beautiful women with faces like stars, a whole shining world in them; we expect more of such women. We mean just a pretty woman, with adorable ways, and a gay, fluttery mind, and grace—the kind whose lithe movements you love to watch and to whom you give everything. And she purrs, and you are content, especially if you are a man.

It's charm paying for itself. The cat and the lady. Our cat—and a friend—taught us that years ago.

And now suddenly she, the cat, has taught us something else. That luxurious stretch of hers, back arching up toward the ceiling, turns out to be not just a cat mannerism, but intelligence! She's stretching her spine to keep it long and supple so that she can leap swiftly and crouch low and save, time after time, those famous nine lives of hers by her agility.

The great Bernard McFadden says: "You are as young as your spine. Any one can take thirty years off the age condition by a straightening and stretching of the spine." Think of that sly, pretty cat knowing that! Dogs know it, too, for they stretch their fore-paws as far as they possibly can and then lower their bodies over them.

What makes the face of a woman?

Dreams! And back-bone!

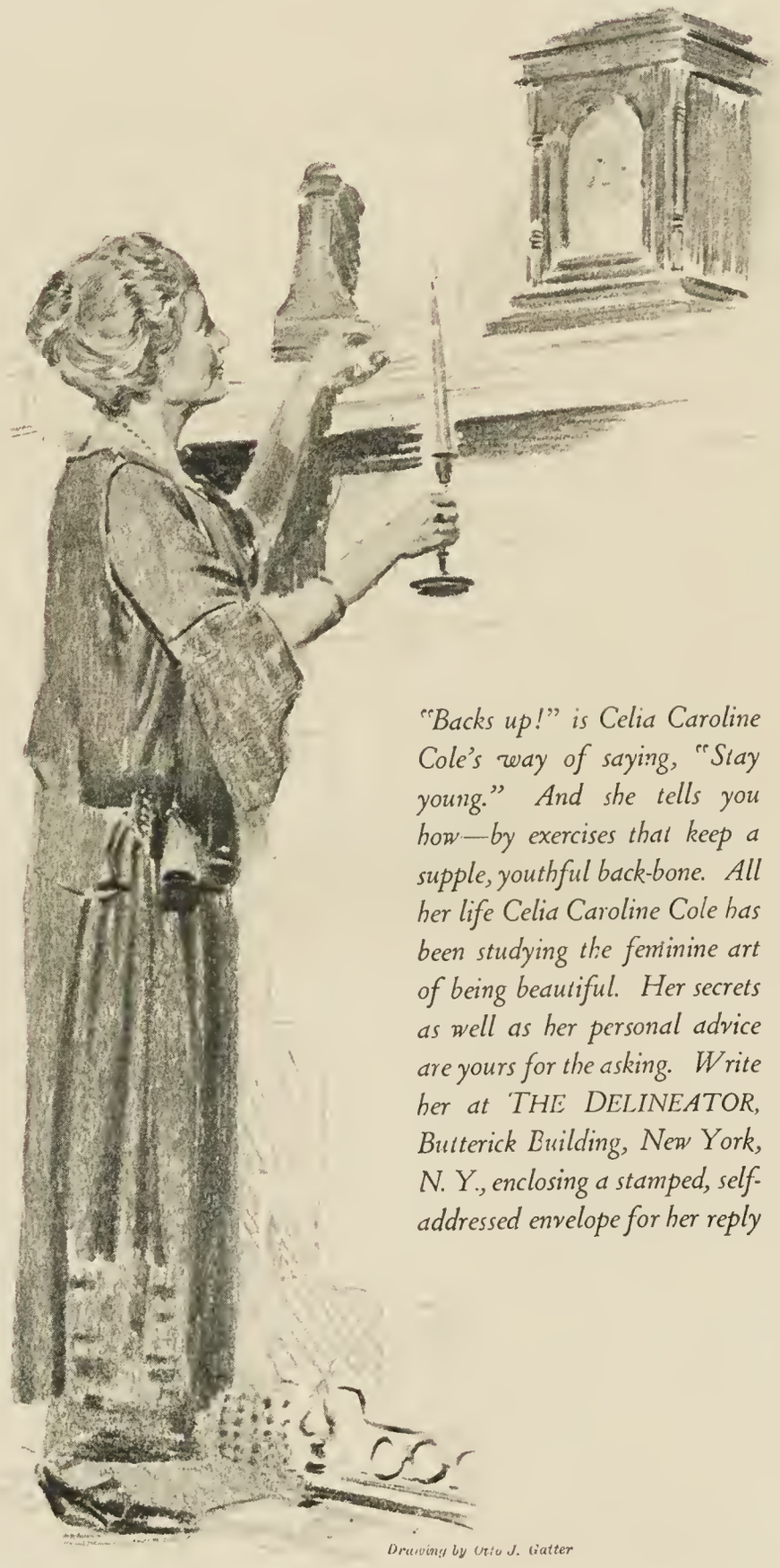
Why has youth always its own loveliness? Even when the features and other odds and ends of youth are not particularly lovely, why has it still an attractiveness that maturity rarely has? Faith! And a springy back-bone!

We come into life with faith in everything, and for years it stays, and our faces are eager and radiant and believing. And then comes the love that is flowers and stars and dreams; and if we never were lovely before, we are then. Then, by and by, comes the revelation that flowers can wilt, stars blink out one by one, and dreams fold up their shining wings and steal away.

And all that makes the face of a woman.

But if our dreams had any backbone, they come back, after a bit, in the guise of plans and adjustments; and our stars turn into stanch little lamps that steadily light up our way; and the orchids and lilies of the valley settle down into heartsease as life trudges stoutly along.

And all that makes the face of a woman.



Drawing by Otto J. Gatter

"Backs up!" is Celia Caroline Cole's way of saying, "Stay young." And she tells you how—by exercises that keep a supple, youthful back-bone. All her life Celia Caroline Cole has been studying the feminine art of being beautiful. Her secrets as well as her personal advice are yours for the asking. Write her at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply

BUT underneath all this mental thing is a back-bone. We arrive with it nicely cushioned and supple, and heaps of space between the vertebræ so that all the little nerves that are attached to the spine can nestle softly in the cushions. And we can run and leap and play tag and dare-base all day long and only be deliciously tired at night. Later we can dance all night, and later still we can walk, walk, walk all day about our work or our play and stand up under it comfortably.

But by and by comes a time when we can't do it any more. We don't want to dance all night or hike all day. That's partly because we've found that other things are more fun; but it's partly, too, back-bone. And back-bone, quite substantially, makes the face of a woman.

In the beauty-salons, the main point in the treatment for both hair and face is to get up the circulation; and the next point is to relax the nerves, and that wipes out the lines with the aid of softening cold-creams and wise manipulation; and last, to get back the contour of youth or make a beautiful new contour through exercise and diet.

Once more enters the cat. A physical director, Hobart Brodstreet, who has searched for years to find why one grows old, has studied the cat and learned. He has evolved five exercises that will lengthen any spine past thirty-five years of age up to seventy. And it will even lengthen the spine of seventy, only the man of seventy must do the exercises more gently. He sends all his knowledge out in a little book called "Spine Motion," with pictures illustrating the exercises, very simple and effective. We will give you the five here as nearly as we can, but it is not easy without the pictures.

TAKE a tape and measure your spine and then measure again in two weeks or a month. These cushions of cartilage that settle with the years are like mushrooms: they grow almost overnight if you give them space. As the spine settles there is less space between the spinal bones, and nerves become pinched and even come in actual contact with the bone. As a result, we have eye trouble, stomach trouble, liver, bowels—everything we do have as we slide down the forties and along the fifties and sixties. Rubber heels help a little, but the real need is to elongate the spine to its normal length and let the cartilage grow again.

And remember the face of a woman reaches straight down to her back-bone!

First. For the head and eyes—First lie face down on the floor. Then raise your body till you rest on hands and toes, feet about fifteen inches apart, the back arched as high as possible. Slowly lower your back almost to the floor, keeping your head back and your elbows and knees stiff. Repeat.

Second. For liver and kidneys—Start on your hands and toes as above, and with your back arched swing the hips slowly from side to side, thinking always of the stretch of your spine.

Third. For the whole hip region—Again on hands and toes, and with back arched, circle *widely* with hips, right, down, left and return. Do this slowly.

Fourth. For the stomach, and the best one for lengthening the spine—Sit down on the floor and raise the hips and seat by placing hands at the sides and drawing in the feet about twelve inches. You are now on the flat of the hands and feet and the seat in just off the floor. Raise the body rapidly until the spine is almost parallel with the ground, then down until it just misses the floor. Do it fast.

Fifth. For elimination—This exercise has cured many cases of constipation. Take the same position as in exercise four, on flat of hands and feet, pelvis clearing the floor. Swing as rapidly as possible from side to side.

And there you are! Thirty years off your face! Just try it.

WHEN you get up in the morning, take a cold dip or shower if you can. And don't take many hot baths in a tub at any time; it's a rather sagging thing to do. Take a delicious salt glow, with tepid water and shower afterward, finishing up with cold water; or take a warm soapy sponge-bath and the shower afterward.

Then after your plunge or shower drink two glasses of cold water with a little lemon-juice in them to bathe and tonic your stomach and liver. Then fifteen minutes of exercise, to music if you can have a phonograph in your room.

Here are two more exercises that everybody who has been unrestrainedly having birthdays ought to take.

First stand against the wall, head, shoulders and buttocks touching, heels three inches out from wall. Draw in the abdomen until the curve of your spine touches the wall. Then raise your chest and relax the abdomen. Repeat at least five times.

Then lie on the floor with your palms down and chin straight. Raise both legs and head slowly during a count from one to eight, and then slowly lower them. Do not let the neck wrinkle; keep chin pointing to the sky. Then bend your knees till your heels reach the buttocks. Extend your legs straight up, bend the knees and bring the legs down as in the starting position. When proficient, carry the body up with the legs until all but the shoulders is off the floor.

These two exercises will take off the paunchiness from the abdomen and hips and will tone up the whole body.

If you need an intestinal massage, lie down the moment you have drunk your glasses of water, legs slightly drawn up, feet on floor, right hand on your "tummy." Then draw your abdomen in as far as possible and raise your chest. Alternate with distending the abdomen and relaxing the chest.

If you have puffs under your eyes and want to look sweet for breakfast, there is a special astringent made for puffs. Put a dash under each eye and when it dries into a powder rub the powder off and rub in a bit of special puff cream.

For the enlarged pores and coarsened texture that so often slide in when the gray begins to come, there are two or three beautiful pore creams and astringent oils that may be used in connection with the creams for dry skins. Pores are indifference to beauty—they truly are—because these pore creams are inexpensive and have unfailing results in refining.

GRAY hair is such a beautiful frame for a lovely, cared-for face. Keep it silvery. There's a delightful new shampoo that you can use quite often because you neither have to wash nor rinse, and water is the thing that injures. You just rub the shampoo on and then wipe it off and it leaves your hair fluffy as a cloud. If your gray hair is inclined to be yellow, put a little every-day bluing into the last rinse water.

Ask your hair-dresser to pull out the "weeds" next time she massages you. These weeds are strong and wiry and not at all the texture of your hair. Nearly everybody has them and they take the strength from your hair just the way weeds in a garden do from flowers.

No more birthdays! Backs arched to the sky every day for five minutes. Glorious, ageless women, with all the flowers and stars and dreams still in your faces, meeting life with resurrection instead of decay!

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT SHOW

NARROW LINES, LONG TUNICS AND THE ENSEMBLE COSTUME



The over-the-narrow-skirt movement has two lines: Either it is short and flares like a peplum, or it is a long narrow tube such as Max Robert uses for a frock of black-and-amber-embroidered crêpe marocain



The new Directoire note is more a feeling than a fashion. Jane Hallée gives a hint of it in a jacket suit of blue rep trimmed with squirrel and worn with a crimson waistcoat embroidered in Persian colors

Standing four square to all the fashion winds that blow, a coat of green leather combines the long and three-quarter lengths, the tube and flare lines. From Madeleine et Madeleine

The vogue of black and white continues to exert its somewhat obvious but none the less potent charm. Max Robert combines black crêpe satin and white rabbit in an ensemble costume

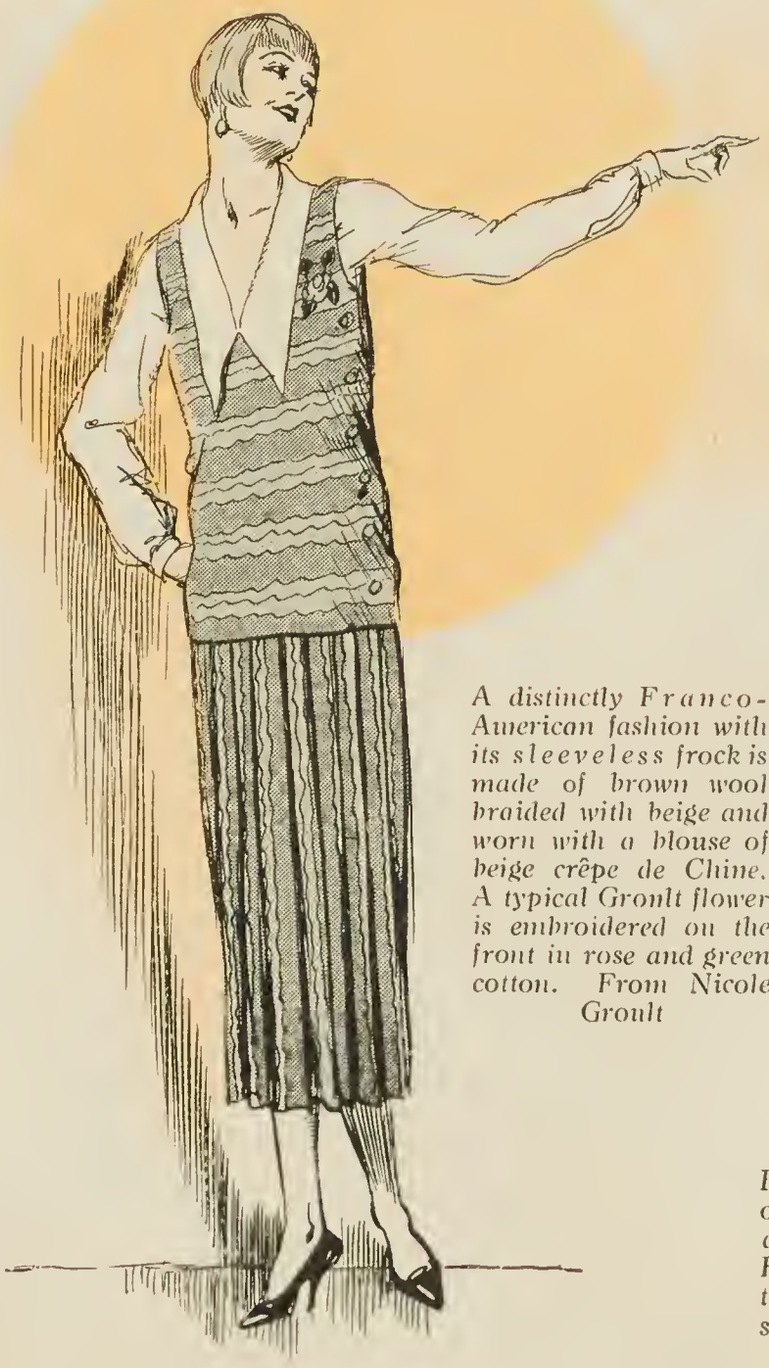


The fashionable ensemble costume as designed by Alice Bernard is made with a coat of green wool velvet trimmed with seal, and a frock of brick-colored wool velvet embroidered on the body in black and copper



A tunic of red-and-black taffeta takes to itself a finely plaited hem and is "posed" over a black-satin slip trimmed brightly with small red buttons. It is from Eva Couré

Laces of all kinds and colors are extremely fashionable for evening. The most elegant are the metallic laces, such as Eva Couré uses for a frock of gold lace trimmed with silver bands beaded with turquoise



A distinctly Franco-American fashion with its sleeveless frock is made of brown wool braided with beige and worn with a blouse of beige crêpe de Chine. A typical Groult flower is embroidered on the front in rose and green cotton. From Nicole Groult



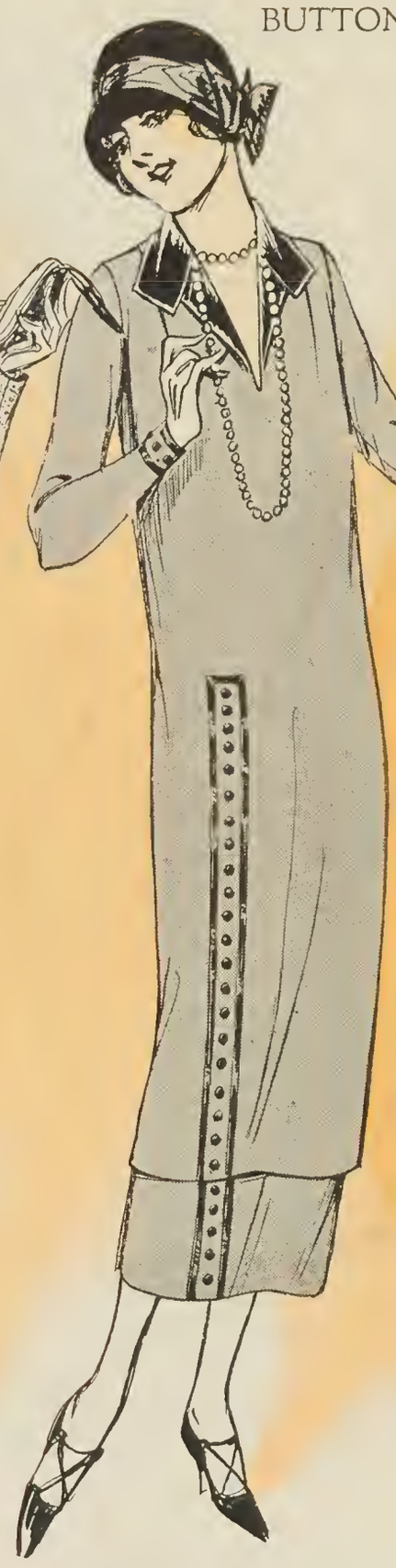
Fur mantles follow the fashion of the narrow coat wrapped closely around the hips. From Max comes a very beautiful wrap of black kid cut straight and narrow and bordered with lynx

The straight silhouette gains a certain freedom by means of the knee-deep flounce. Marie-Louise uses it in the same fine black lace that makes the collar of a frock of black chiffon embroidered in gold

BUTTONS, VEST FRONTS AND SCARFS ARE PART OF TAILORED STYLES



Coat dress
5542



Tunic blouse and slip
5538



Dress 5556
Hat 5561



Dress
5459



Dress 5467
Hat and scarf 5218



Dress
5554



5467



5542



5554



5538



5556

5459

5542—For the new coat dresses of this type the French dressmakers use materials which tailor well. Men's-wear suitings, men's mixtures, tweeds, plaids, checks, stripes and cheviot are suitable for this one-piece coat dress in mannish effect. It is the one-piece narrow type and has a close fitting at the hipline.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 44 inches.

The coat dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5538—If it seems to you advisable to break too long a line from shoulder to hem, you may choose the new narrow tunic blouse which fits closely at the hips. It slips on over a one-piece slip. You may use cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rep or kasha with the lower part of the slip of same material or of satin, or both blouse and slip of satin. Plaid wool or silk, check wool or silk or printed silk crêpes with lower part of slip of wool or satin are smart combinations.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch twill (including lower part of slip). Lower edge of slip 43½ inches.

The tunic blouse and slip are new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5556—5561—Some very simple device such as a box plait inserted at each side of the front of a dress may give it quite a fresh and original effect. The plaits give ease in walking and at the same time preserve the straight line of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Use cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, broadcloth, satin, charmeuse or heavy silk crêpe. The wrap-around hat of velours, duvetyn, flannel, velvet, satin or corded silks is typically French.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 2½ yards 54-inch broadcloth and ⅞ yard 27-inch velvet for hat. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

5459—The scarf, worn choker fashion, appears on many of the new French fashions. The scarf, vestee and facings may be of plain or printed silk crêpe and the dress of wool rep, wool crêpe, cashmere or twills, or the scarf and dress of heavy silk crêpe. This straight-line one-piece dress slips on over the head, and it may be worn without a scarf if one prefers.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch cashmere and 1 yard 39-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5554—With a long vest front to your narrow one-piece dress you can use many attractive color combinations, such as a gray, beige or white vest with a black dress, butter yellow or white with dark blue, gray with dark green, etc. Make the dress of wool rep, cashmere, wool crêpe, soft twills, flannel, kasha, broadcloth, wool jersey, plaids or checks. Satin or silk faille may be used for a different type of dress.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch wool rep and 1⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5467—5218—If you use this slip-over dress as part of a costume, the two-piece lower part matches the coat of twills, wool crêpe, wool rep and cashmere and the long upper part is the same material as the coat lining, silk crêpe in printed, plaid or contrasting color effects. Or use heavy silk crêpe with the upper part of silk crêpe in plaid, printed or contrasting color effects or the dull with the shiny side of crêpe satin. For hat and scarf use kasha, flannel, etc.

36 bust and 21⅞ inches head measure require 2 yards 39-inch printed silk and 1⅛ yard 35 or 39 inch plain silk and ¾ yard 54-inch kasha for hat and scarf. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat and scarf for ladies and misses.

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PARIS USES FRINGE, CIRCULAR EFFECTS AND DIRECTOIRE REVERS



Dress 5540

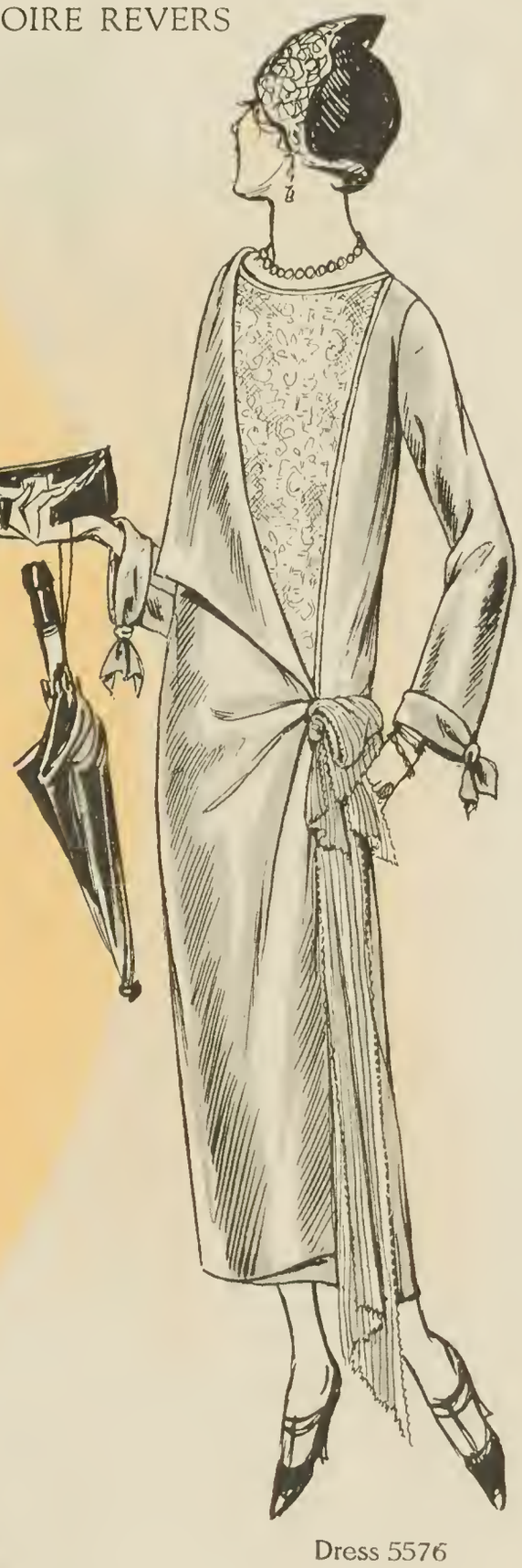
Dress 5558



Cape 5559



Dress 5568
Embroidery design 10284



Dress 5576



Dress 5501



5540



5559



5558



5568

5576



Dress 5501

5540—The same type of kid or fabric belt and buckle which the French dressmakers use may be made quite easily for this draped one-piece dress. The collar and cuffs are either sewed to the dress or detachable. Make the dress of cashmere, twills, broadcloth, satin or silk alpaca in black or dark blue with white collar, white or self-color bindings and a belt of emerald green, red or king's blue kid with gold braid trimming. One may use brown with a beige collar, binding in beige or self-color and a belt of darker brown or burnt orange trimmed with gold braid; or use gray with collar and binding of a darker tone of the same color, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge of this dress 46 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5558—Fringe is a most effective trimming for the apron front and the capette of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. One may omit the capette and a body lining. Make the dress of satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, all one material, or with fringe or lace dyed to match the color of the dress; or use printed Georgette, chiffon or silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5559—Capes for evening follow the narrow line prescribed by coats and dresses. This three-piece cape is most attractive in satin, faille silk, chiffon velvet or broadcloth in a brilliant color but one which will harmonize with the color of the dress. Black satin or chiffon velvet lined with silver cloth can be worn with any color of evening dress. Either a gray fur collar or a collar of the material with a silver and black flower as an ornament is used for this type of cape.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards 35-inch satin.

The cape is a very new style for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5568—10284—As one dances, the circular flounces of this dress give an exceedingly graceful effect, particularly if the dress is made of Georgette, chiffon or crêpe de Chine. The all-over beading is effective. Work it in a self or a harmonizing color. For an afternoon frock one uses sleeves sewed into a one-piece slip and make the dress of satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine all one material or with lace sleeves. This dress may have one or two circular flounces joined to a long body.

36 bust requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch chiffon. Lower edge of slip 43 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5576—The Directoire note is suggested in the revers of a draped frock. The lace vest of this one-piece wrap-around dress extends to the point where the drapery begins at the new close-fitting hips. There may be a belt across the back of the dress. Make it of satin crêpe, silk crêpe or moire with vest of lace or contrasting material, or the entire dress of one material.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe, 1¼ yard 35-inch contrasting material for loop and ends, ¾ yards 35-inch lace. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is a new style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5501—Lace gives a rather elegant air to this one-piece dress of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or Georgette. The dress has a straight lower edge, a casing and elastic across the sides of a low waistline and slips on over the head. One may use printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine with plain to match, or satin crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with beading or embroidery.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe, ⅜ yard 35-inch lace for yoke and 1⅝ yard 12-inch lace banding. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

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Dress 5479
Hat 5549



Dress 5564
Hat 5561

Dress 5572

THE

NEW FROCKS REVERSE MATERIALS

AS A TRIMMING, USE MANY BUT-

TONS, INTRODUCE A CLOSER

FITTING AT THE HIP AND

TURN TO SCARFS,

COLLARS AND

COAT LINES

Other views and descriptions are on page 94



Dress 5562

Dress 5544



Dress 5455
Embroidery design 10181

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Empire dress 5537 Dress 5447 Dress 5513 Dress 5548
(For each bridesmaid)

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Dress 5494
Embroidery
design 10138

Dress 5525

Suit 5535

Dress 5521

Dress 5532

Dress and bloomers
5468
Embroidery design 10241

Dress 5474

Dress 5527

Other views and descriptions are on page 95

Coat 5456
Hat 4926

Coat 5530
Hat 5557
Leggings 4038

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Dress 5487

Evening dress and scarf 5528

Dress 5550

Dress 5511

Dress 5550

Dress 5536
Tam-o'-shanter 5458

Other views and descriptions are on page 96

Dress 5489
Embroidery design 10175

Dress 5546

Coat-dress 5485
Hat 5561

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Dress 5514
Embroidery
design 10108



Dress and scarf 5531
Embroidery design 10246



Dress and guimpe 5526



Dress 5499
Embroidery
design 10178



Dress 5517
Hat 5561



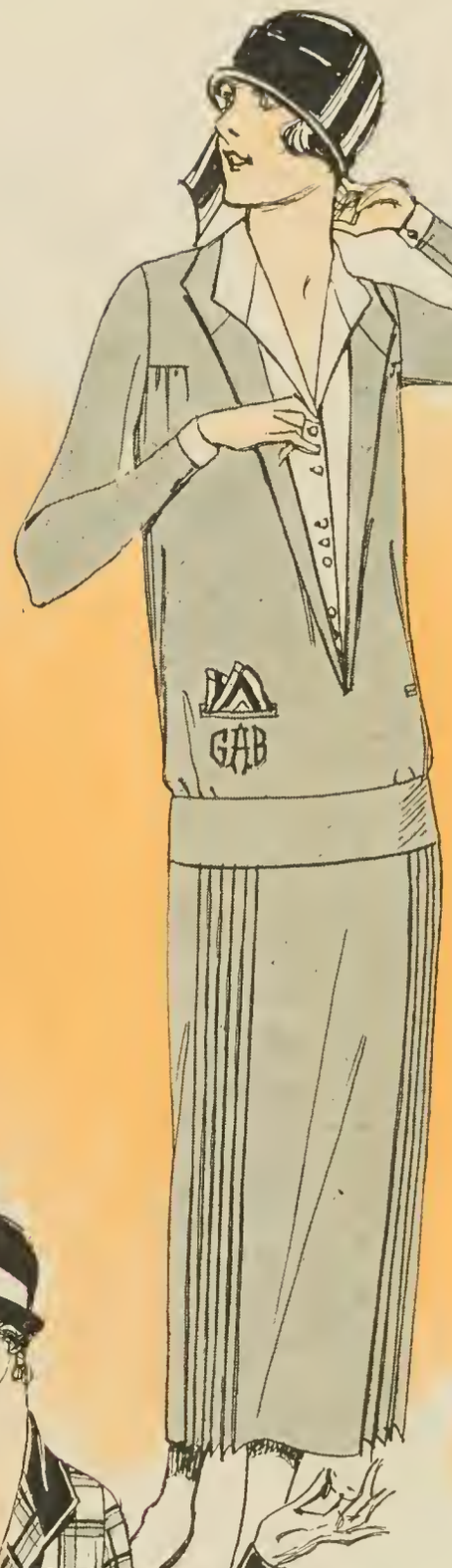
Dress 5533
Hat 5353

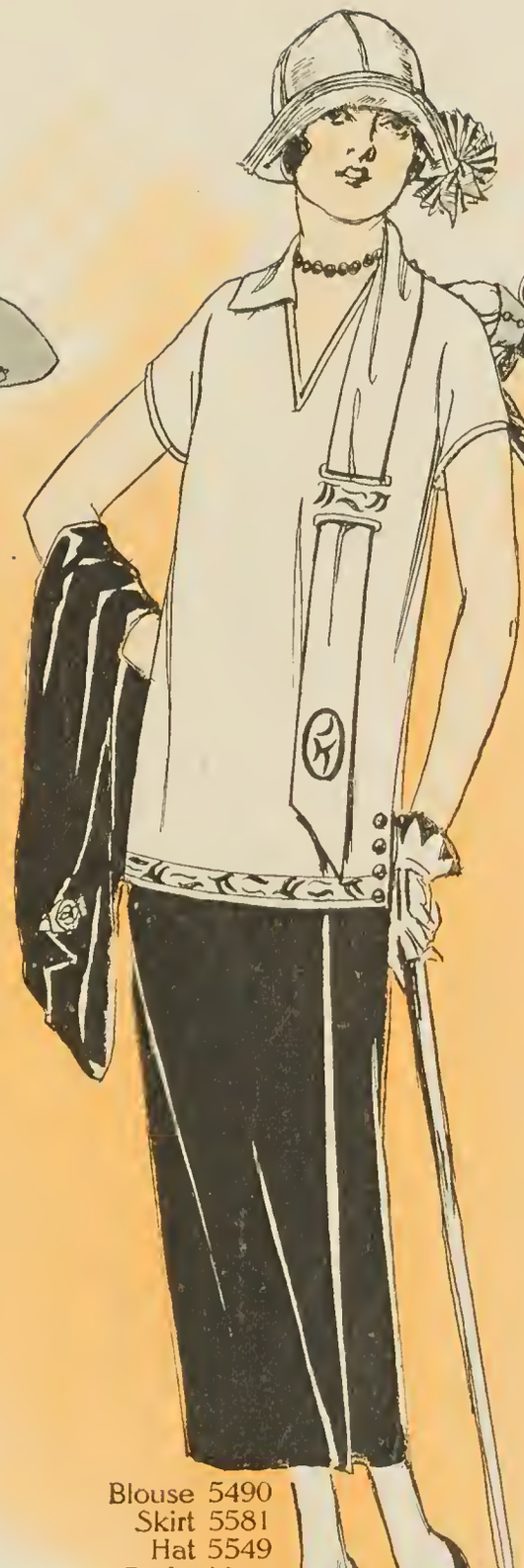
Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 97

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Coat dress 5524
Hat 5561





Blouse 5490
Skirt 5581
Hat 5549
Embroidery design 10138



Dress 5560



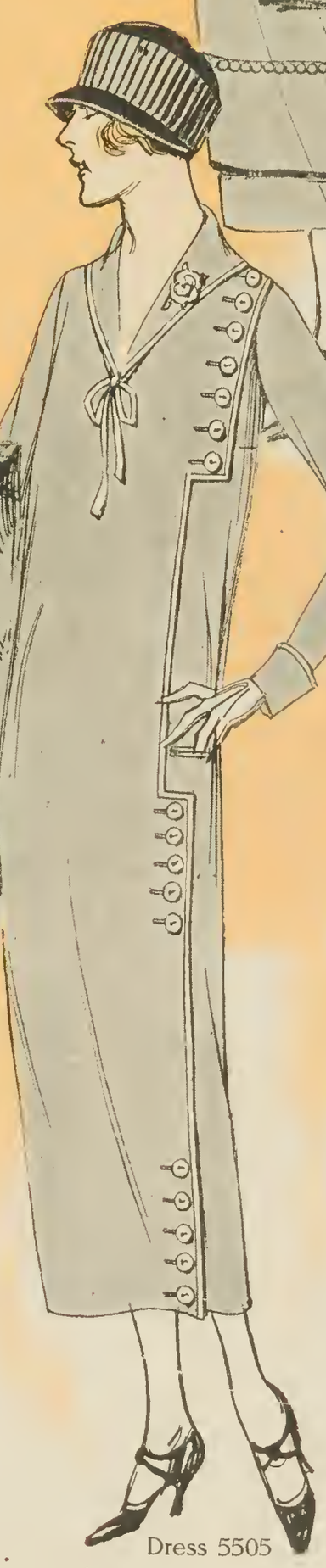
Dress 5552

Dress 5583
Embroidery design 10723



Blouse 5575

Blouse 5486



Dress 5505

Other views and descriptions are on page 97

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Pierrette costume 5398

Romper 4809

Tommy Tiptoe suit 5584



Clown suit and cap 4048

Turkish costume 4832
Embroidery design 10197

Ballet costume 3555
Embroidery design 10934

Devil's costume 5510

Dutch dress and bonnet 5522

THE EERIE WINDS OF ALL-SAINTS' EVE BLOW IN GAY MASQUERADERS FROM STRANGE LANDS

5398—Pierrette is a wisp of lightness in her costume of paper muslin, sateen, cambric or silesia with a tarlatan ruff, a hat to match the color of her costume and pompons of wool or silk floss. One may use satin, taffeta, gold tissue or pineapple cloth with a malines ruff.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

4832—10197—When Beauty ventures from her harem, she should wear this costume. Use sateen for bloomers, bolero, head-dress and sash with the blouse and sleeves of cotton voile or lawn, and a veil of net; or use satin with silk marquisette or voile, etc.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 42 bust.

4809—One can shed the years with everyday clothes and look for all the world like a little girl in this one-piece romper with inside pocket. Make it of check gingham or chambray with a sash of the same material or of organdy and with organdy collar and cuffs.

The romper is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

3555—10934—Black cats which grin at the Witches' ball are pasted on this ballet or Pierrette costume of paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, pineapple cloth with tarlatan or net ruff; or one may use tarlatan or coarse cotton net with sateen, etc. Lower edge 3 yards.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 38 bust.

5584—How much fun it would be to go to the Hallowe'en party dressed like little Tommy Tiptoe, whose exciting adventures all the happy readers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR know! Use green paper muslin, percaline, sateen or cambric for trousers and hat, yellow cotton print lined with red for his jacket and white lawn for the blouse.

The suit is for boys 4 to 12 years.

5510—The Devil appears in captivating guise with jacket, trunks, cape and hood of sateen, mercerized fabrics or lining satin, trimmed with velveteen bands. One may use paper muslin or cambric with contrasting color bands, or velvet bands on satin.

This costume is for men and boys 28 to 40 breast.

5522—A Dutch peasant dress cuts a quaint figure at the Hallowe'en ball. Use white taffeta or radium with Dutch blue ribbon for skirt and white Georgette with Val. lace for 'kerchief, underbody and apron, a bodice of Dutch blue velvet and a bonnet of white lace and ribbon. Lower edge 3 yards.

The dress and bonnet are for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 38 bust.

4048—At the Masque ball clowns make merry in a suit and cap of this type. It is made of paper muslin, sateen or silesia and worn with a tarlatan ruff, or of satin with a malines ruff. The pompons may be made of wool or silk floss.

The suit and cap are for men and boys 22 to 44 breast.

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FASHION SPONSORS ENSEMBLE COSTUMES, DIRECTOIRE REVERS



Coat 5520
Dress 5517

Coat 5585

Coat 5587
Hat 5549

Dress 5588
Embroidery design 10215

Coat 5589

5520—5517—The ensemble costume with a dress and coat which match in color and material is the leading costume for Autumn. This coat has a straight lower edge and it is 44 inches long in back. The narrow one-piece dress fits as closely at the hips as one can sit down and slips on over the head. Use wool rep, twills, broadcloth, cashmere, etc., with the same color crêpe de Chine for the collar of the dress and contrasting-color crêpe de Chine for scarf.

36 bust requires 5⅜ yards 54-inch wool rep (including dress). Lower edge of coat 45 inches; of dress 45 inches.

The coat is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the dress for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses.

5585—Cashmere, broadcloth, soft pile fabrics, suède-finished coatings, kasha, wool rep and soft twills are the smart materials for a coat on these lines. It may be worn in wrap-around style or in straight-line style and the pocket may be inside or outside the coat. The collar is very becoming to almost any type of figure.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch suède-finished coatings. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is good style for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5587—5549—Another of the new Autumn coats which may be worn in straight-line or wrap-around style has raglan sleeves and a patch pocket. It is smart in cashmere, camel's-hair, homespun, fleece coating, Teddy Bear, double-faced coatings, chinchilla, plaid or striped coatings, broadcloth, soft pile fabrics, suède-finished coatings or kasha. For the smart hat with a four-gored crown use satin, faille silk, milliner's velvet or duvetyn.

36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 2⅞ yards 54-inch double-faced coatings and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin for hat. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

5588—10215—Plaits are inserted into the new fashions in a new one-piece dress which is plaited at the sides. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. The embroidery is an effective trimming. Work the design in a combination of satin-stitch or outline and one-stitch. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or printed silks for this dress.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1⅝ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5589—The Directoire note appears in this coat which has the Directoire revers. Broadcloth is the best material to use, as it gives a soft drapey effect to the revers, although other coatings of similar weight and which will drape well, may be used. One may use heavy crêpe satin, faille silk lined with kasha, duvetyn or flannel. The coat may be worn in wrap-around or straight-line style and the pocket may be placed outside or inside the coat.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is good style for ladies 33 to 42 bust, also misses.

5586—Revers in Directoire style are very new for the one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. The revers facing and cuffs may be removable if desired. Make the dress of cashmere, wool rep, twills, kasha, broadcloth, wool crêpe, silk faille or satin with revers facing and cuffs of crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5520 5517 5585 5587

5588 5589 5586

Dress 5586

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OSTRICH, APRON FRONTS, BANDS TRIM THE YOUNG GIRL'S FROCKS



Tunic blouse and slip 5569

Dress 5558



Evening dress 5574



Dress 5570



Dress 5566
Hat 5549



Overcoat 5563
Cap 4068
Leggings 4038

Coat 5551
Hat 4926

Coat 5539
Hat 5557
Leggings 4038

Dress 5523

Suit 5547

5569—The dull side of crêpe satin is very smart to use for a slip-over tunic blouse which fits closely at the hips and for the lower part of a separate one-piece slip, the blouse trimmed with the reverse shiny side of the fabric. The collar may be detachable.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (including lower part of slip). Lower edge of slip 41½ inches.

The tunic blouse and slip are for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5558—The young girl endorses the apron front and the capette for her one-piece slip-over dress of satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, all one material or with the apron front and capette trimmed with fringe or lace dyed to match, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also for ladies.

5574—One of the smartest French evening frocks for the girlish figure is the narrow one-piece slip-over dress on this order. The skirt may be trimmed with bias puffings. Use satin or taffeta with ostrich trimming, or taffeta, moire, satin or drapey metallic fabrics. Lower edge 46 inches.

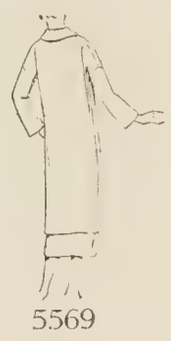
18 years requires 2¾ yards 35-inch satin.

The evening dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5570—A wide belt marks the hipline of this one-piece tailored dress on the slip-over order. The plaits at the sides are new and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use light-weight flannel, twills, cashmere, wool crêpe, plaids, stripes or checks, satin, etc.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch twill. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years or 32 to 37 bust, also ladies 38 and 40 bust.



5569



5558



5563



5551



5539



5574



5570



5566



5523



5547

5563—4068—4038—Small brother wears a polo cap and leggings to match the color of his overcoat. You may use cheviot, chinchilla, etc., for overcoat, heavy stockinet for leggings, and plush or corduroy for cap.

4 years and 6 cap measure require 1⅜ yard 54-inch chinchilla for coat and cap and ⅜ yard 36-inch or more material for leggings.

Overcoat is for little boys 1 to 6; cap for children 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 14.

5539—5557—4038—Soft pile fabrics make a smart coat and a hat with a four-gored crown for the little girl. Her leggings match the color of her coat and hat. You may use chinchilla, camel's-hair, etc., for coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 1⅝ yard 54-inch soft pile fabric and ½ yard 36-inch or more material for leggings.

Coat is for little girls 2 to 6; the hat for girls 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 14.

5566—5549—The narrow straight lines of this one-piece slip-over dress are becoming to a young girl. The dress fits closely at the hips and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use soft twills, wool rep, wool crêpe, etc. Her satin hat has a four-gored crown.

16 years requires 2 yards 54-inch soft twill for dress. Lower edge 41½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also for ladies 38, 40 bust; hat for misses and ladies.

5551—4926—A broadcloth coat and hat will please the junior. One may use soft pile fabrics, cashmere coatings, homespun, fleece coatings, etc., for coat, and velvet, velours, duvetyn or wool jersey for the hat with a gored crown.

12 years and 21¼ inches head measure require 2⅛ yards 54-inch broadcloth (including hat).

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5523—A square yoke and collar and cuffs which may be detachable give a tailored effect to this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey, light-weight flannel, pongee, crêpe de Chine; or for a tub frock use chambray, gingham or cotton crêpe.

13 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5547—A slip-over blouse and straight trousers compose this suit of chambray, rep, poplin, linen, linen-finished cottons, madras, silk-and-cotton jersey, pongee, soft serge or wool jersey. The collar in sailor effect at the back and cuffs may be detachable or sewed to the blouse.

3 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

The suit is quaint for little boys 2 to 6 years.

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THE TUNIC AT THE NEW CLOSE-FITTING HIPLINE APPEARS AMONG BOUFFANT AND DRAPED STYLES



Dress 5578
Hat 5561



Dress 5577



Evening dress 5465
Embroidery design 10208



Dress 5582



Dress 5495



Dress 5545



Dress and bloomers 5541
Embroidery design 10890

5545

5578 5577 5465 5553



Dress 5553



5541 5582 5495



Dress and bloomers 5543; Embroidery design 10107

5543

Dress 5571

5571

5578 — 5561 — For a very smart tunic costume the young girl selects a narrow one-piece slip-over frock which has a slightly shaped tunic joined across the front and side at a close-fitting hipline, and a wrap-around hat. Use cashmere, soft twills, wool rep, wool crêpe, serge or satin for dress.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch cashmere for dress. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; the hat for ladies and misses.

5577—Satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, plain Georgette, etc., are excellent to use for this slip-over dress with a one-piece front and back. The straight lower part is joined across the sides at the hipline. One may use taffeta, gros de Londres, moire, etc.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 59 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years or 32 to 37 bust, also small women, and for ladies 38 and 40 bust.

5465—10208—A pretty reflection of the young girl discloses her in an evening frock of taffeta, gros de Londres, satin, silk crêpe or flowered silks. It closes under the left arm and the full straight skirt is joined to the basque at a slightly low waistline. It may have a straight drop skirt. Rose motifs are delightful trimming. Lower edge of skirt 2⅞ yards.

16 years requires 3½ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The evening dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women, and for ladies 38 bust.

5582—Make this slip-over dress of taffeta or gros de Londres, plain silk crêpe, satin, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. The gathered straight skirt is joined at a close-fitting hipline. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 2 yards 36-inch taffeta, ⅝ yard 6½-inch lace banding for front yoke, ⅝ yard 6¼-inch lace banding for back yoke, 2 yards 4½-inch lace banding for upper inserted band on skirt and 2 yards 5½-inch lace banding for lower inserted band on skirt.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5545—The junior girl who likes a new and unusual trimming for her frock will be delighted with this new dress of flannel, twills, wool crêpe, serge or tweeds. Either plaids or checks are suitable for this raglan-sleeve style. Linen, linen-finished cottons or cotton ratine make an attractive tub dress. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

12 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch wool plaid.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5571—So simple are the lines of this dress that the junior could make it herself, even to the girdle at the low waistline where the straight skirt is joined. The hand-hemstitching is a characteristic French trimming. Use cotton voile, cotton Georgette, fine lawn, batiste, crêpe de Chine or Georgette.

10 years requires 2 yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 16 years.

5495—For the more formal social engagements of a débutante's day, this one-piece dress is very fashionable. Make it of satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe, charmeuse or moire. The sleeves which are sewn into a long body lining may be omitted for evening wear. The dress closes under the left arm.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5541—10890—A slip-over dress with a scalloped lower edge and separate bloomers makes a pretty outfit for the little girl. Work the motif in bright colors. Use fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, dimity, mull, lawn, batiste, light-weight cotton prints, chambray, gingham tissues or pin-check gingham.

3 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5553—There are many attractive color combinations for a slip-over dress of this type, whether one uses velvet with crêpe de Chine, etc., or crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, taffeta, pongee or cotton crêpe in two colors or printed with plain. The upper part and the sleeves are cut in one piece.

13 years requires ⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 2 yards 35-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

5543—10107—Smocking or a simple shirring is a very attractive trimming for this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use chambray, pin-check gingham, cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, dimity, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, pongee, wool jersey or wool crêpe. The collar and cuffs may be detachable. Work the smocking in color.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is very becoming for little girls 2 to 6 years.

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5529—These two-piece pajamas, which you may make now of cotton crêpe, madras, dimity, nainsook, longcloth or batiste, are very warm when Winter comes in outing flannel or flannelet. They are well cut and very simple to make in any of these materials.

9 years requires 3¼ yards 35-inch outing flannel for these pajamas.

The pajamas are for girls 4 to 15 years.

5534—10627—This is a very dainty straight petticoat in nainsook, cambric or crêpe de Chine. The flower embroidery is delicate trimming. The petticoat is sewed to the body at a point slightly above a normal waistline. For cold weather use flannel with cambric or nainsook body.

7 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch nainsook.

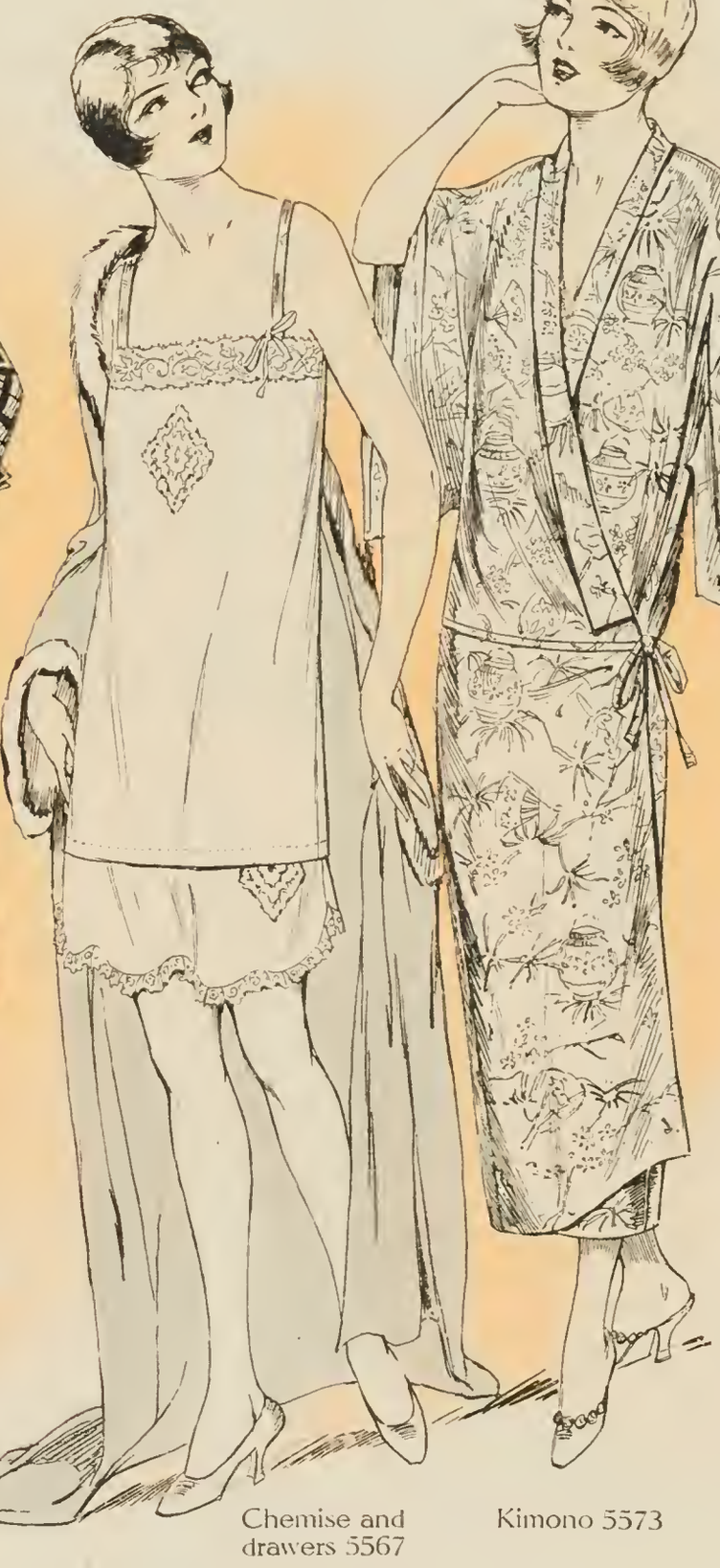
The petticoat is for girls 4 to 12 years.



Pajamas 5529



House dress 5580



Chemise and drawers 5567

Kimono 5573



Petticoat 5534
Embroidery design 10627

THE AUTUMN HATS, HOUSE DRESSES AND KIMONOS ARE CUT ON THE PREVAILING WRAP-AROUND LINES

5580—If one wants a dress which is easy to slip into in the mornings, and one which is very becoming as well, she chooses this one-piece house dress on wrap-around lines. Make it of gingham, chambray, percale, madras, cotton poplin or linen-finished cottons.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch gingham. Lower edge of house dress 54 inches.

The house dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 50 bust.

5567—This French chemise has just enough fulness to be attractive and is straight enough to wear under narrow dresses. The step-in drawers are 21 inches long, in skirt effect, and may have a plain lower edge and omit the piecing at the center back. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, nainsook, longcloth, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile or dimity.

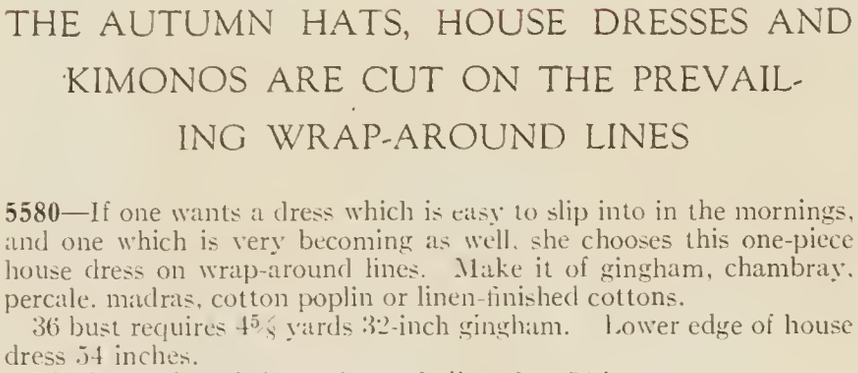
36 bust requires 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (with seam at center back).

The chemise and drawers are for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5549—The ribbon ornament gives a greater width to the close-fitting hat with a four-gored crown and is very simple to make. For the hat use satin, faille silk, milliner's velvet or duvetyn.

22 inches head measure requires ⅝ yard 35-inch material for any view.

The hat is a very new style for ladies and misses.



View A View B View C
Hat 5549



Drawers 5565

Embroidery design 10598



Hat 5561

5573—A kimono on the prevailing wrap-around lines of the new fashions is most attractive in printed silks or crêpe de Chine, or in habutai silk or plain crêpe de Chine embroidered with large chrysanthemums.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 32-inch printed silk.

The kimono is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5565—10598—Under the new narrow dresses you should wear lingerie cut on correspondingly narrow lines. These step-in drawers are in skirt effect, 21 inches long, and may have a plain lower edge and omit a piecing at the center back. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, nainsook, longcloth, cotton voile, etc. The embroidery is dainty.

38 hip requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch crêpe de Chine.

The step-in drawers are for ladies 35 to 49 hip.

5561—The hat which ties around the head to form a trimming at the side is typically French. It is very smart in velours, duvetyn, flannel, velvet or in satin or corded silks.

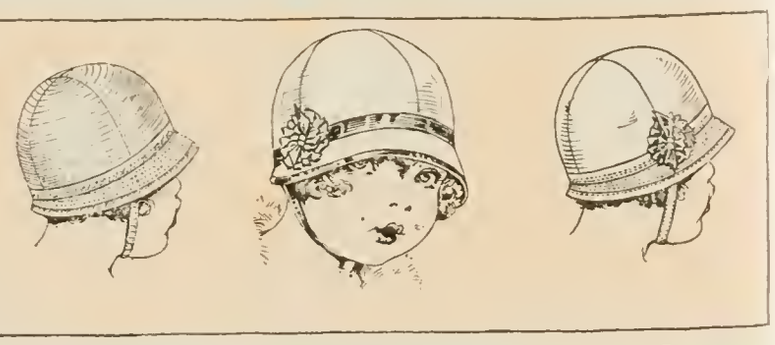
22 inches head measure requires ¾ yard 35-inch duvetyn or ⅞ yard 27-inch velvet for this hat.

The hat is attractive for ladies and misses.

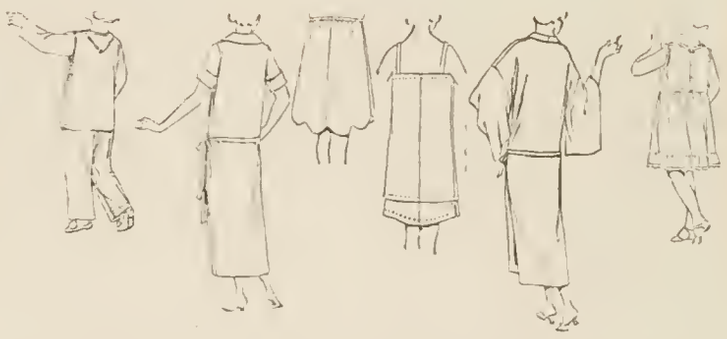
5557—It is new to dress younger girls in a hat and coat of the same material or at least the same color. This hat with a four-gored crown is smart in soft pile fabrics or velvet for view A, in kid for view B, and in corded silks, satin or taffeta for view C. The rosette is a smart trimming and one which is very easily made. The straps under the chin makes the tiny face look adorable.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure require ½ yard 27 to 50 inch material for any hat.

The hat is a new style for girls 2 to 12 years.



View B View A View C
Hat 5557



5529 5580 5565 5567 5573 5534

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When they hang full-ripe and tempting on the vines!



We pick them when they're ripe and red
But then the story's just half said,
For blended by our Campbell's cooks
They're even better than their looks.

"You seem to get all the good out of the tomato. The real tomato flavor tastes so much better in your soup that I'm sure you must always use the best in the market."

Yes. "Just tomatoes" are never good enough for Campbell's. We have studied and worked over the production of the most perfect fruit, right on our own great farms.

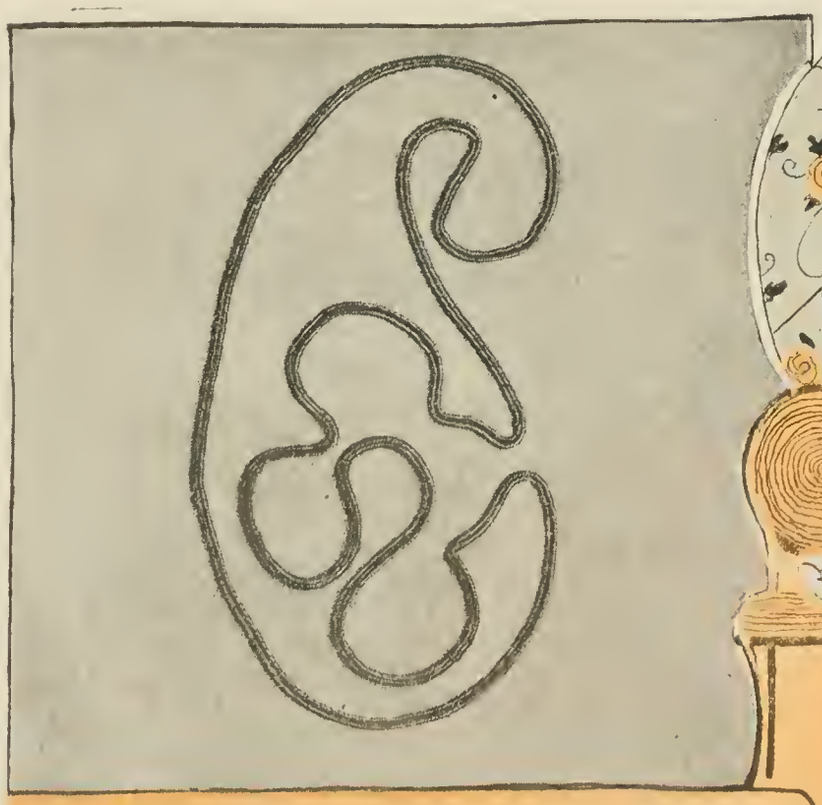
For years we have toiled and spent our time and money so that now thousands of acres yield their harvests of full-fleshed, meaty, juicy tomatoes for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Just when they reach red-ripe perfection they are plucked and blended by our famous chefs into this soup which "makes tomatoes taste so much better."

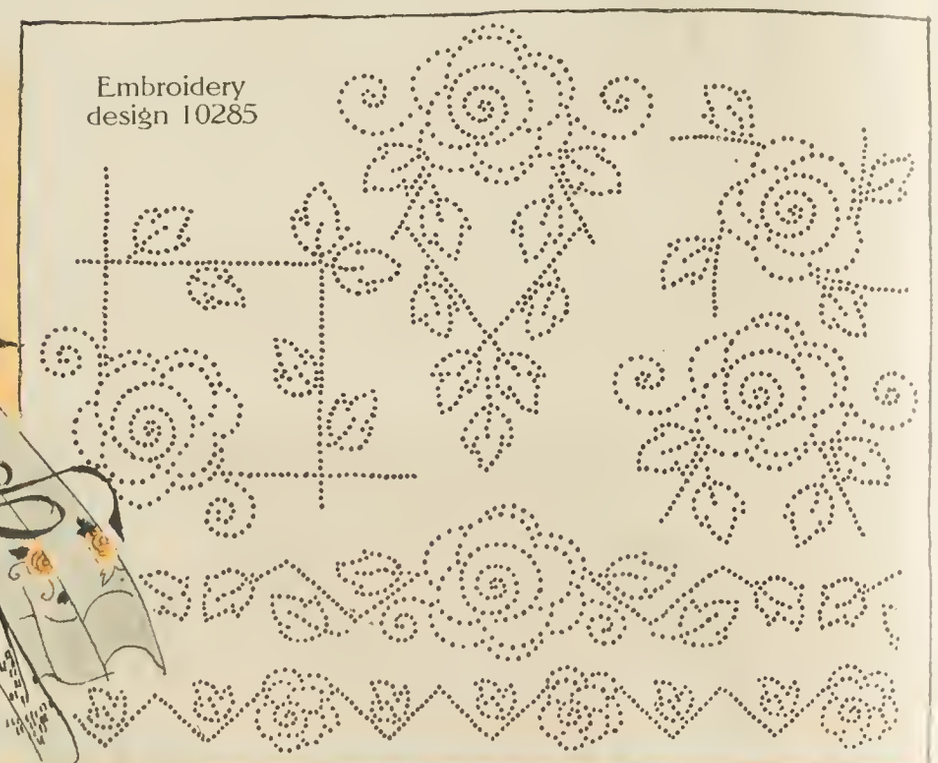
21 kinds

12 cents a can

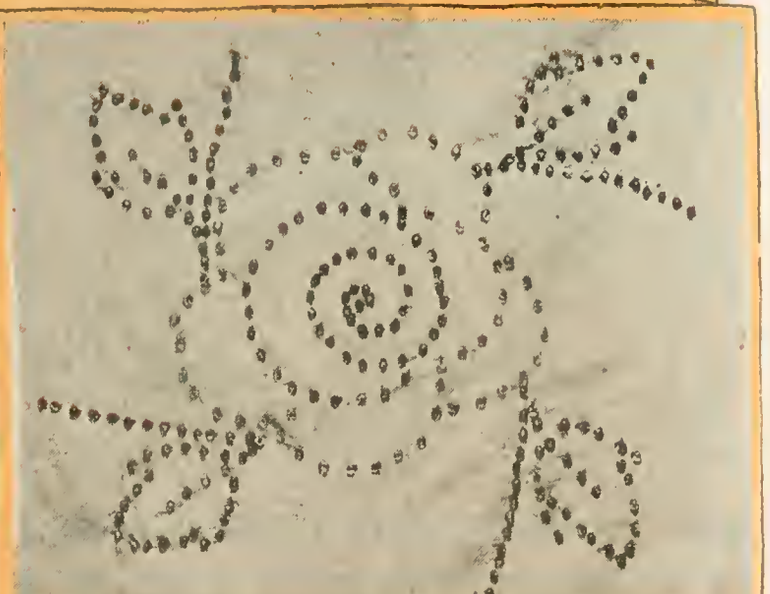
EMBROIDERY ASSEMBLES DESIGNS CONGENIAL TO AUTUMN FASHIONS PROVIDING SEVERAL STYLES IN ONE DESIGN



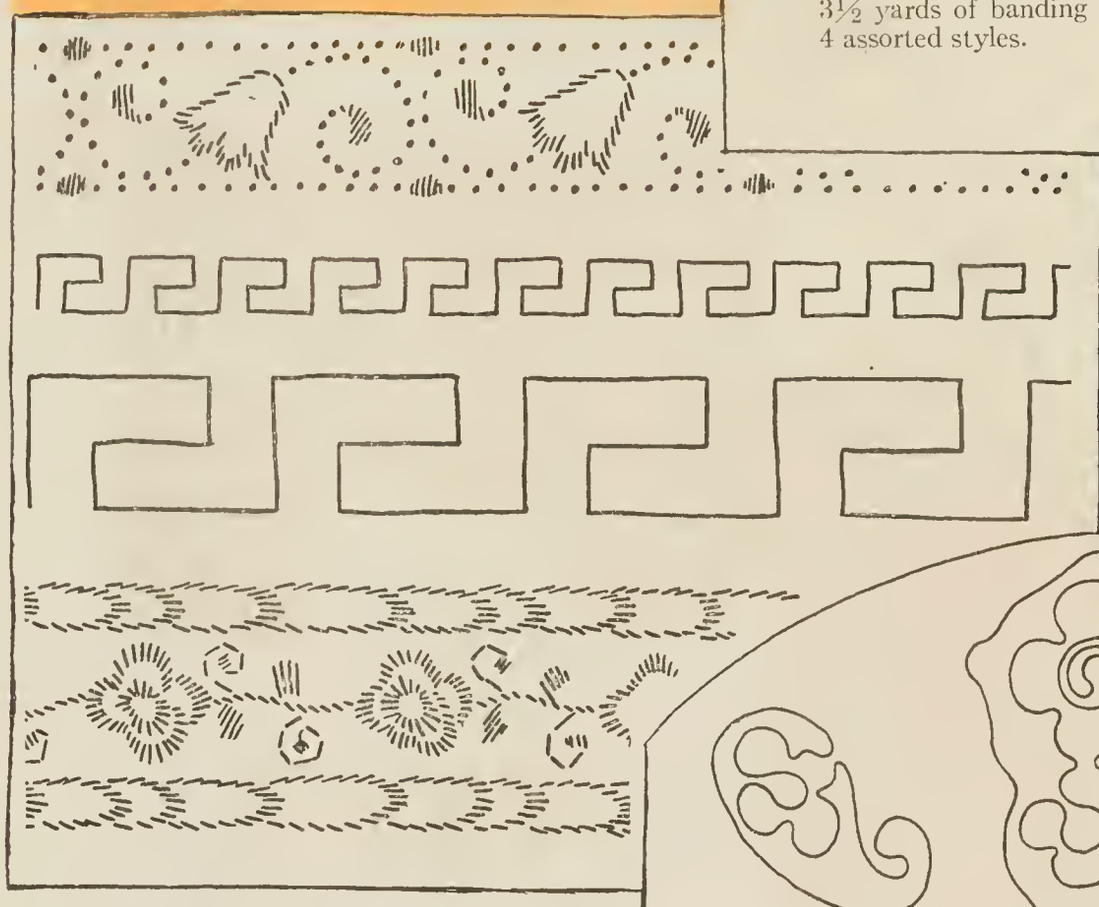






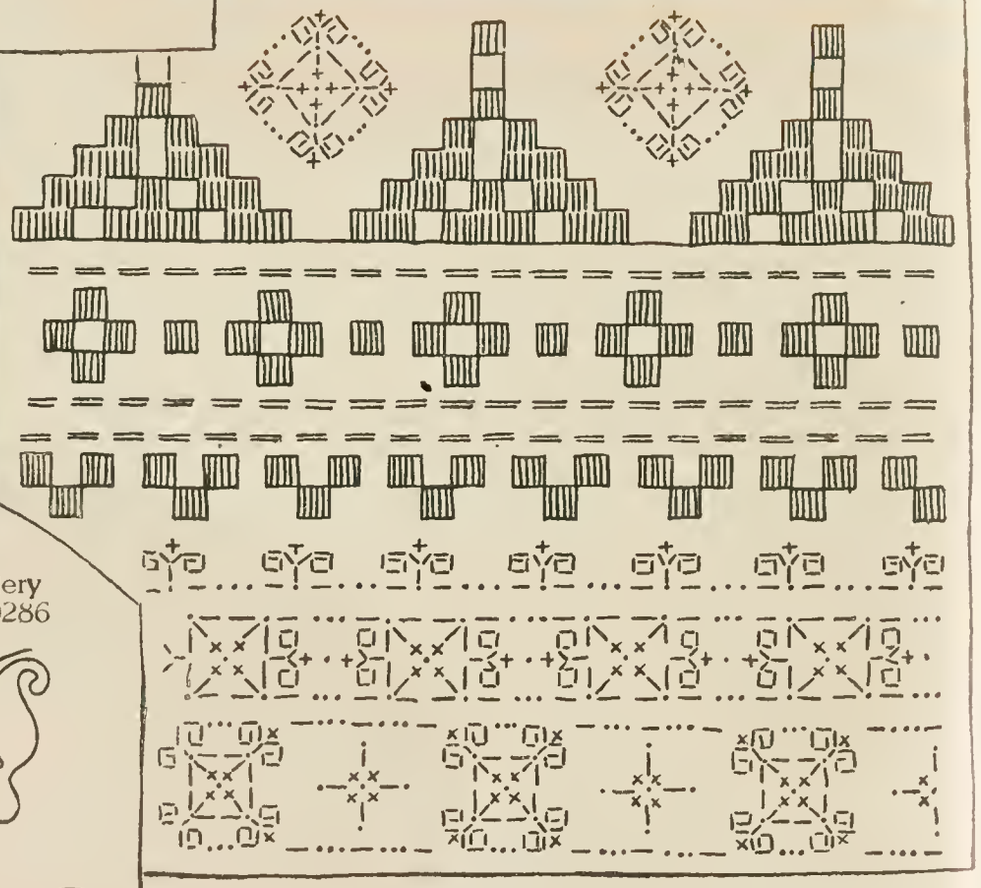


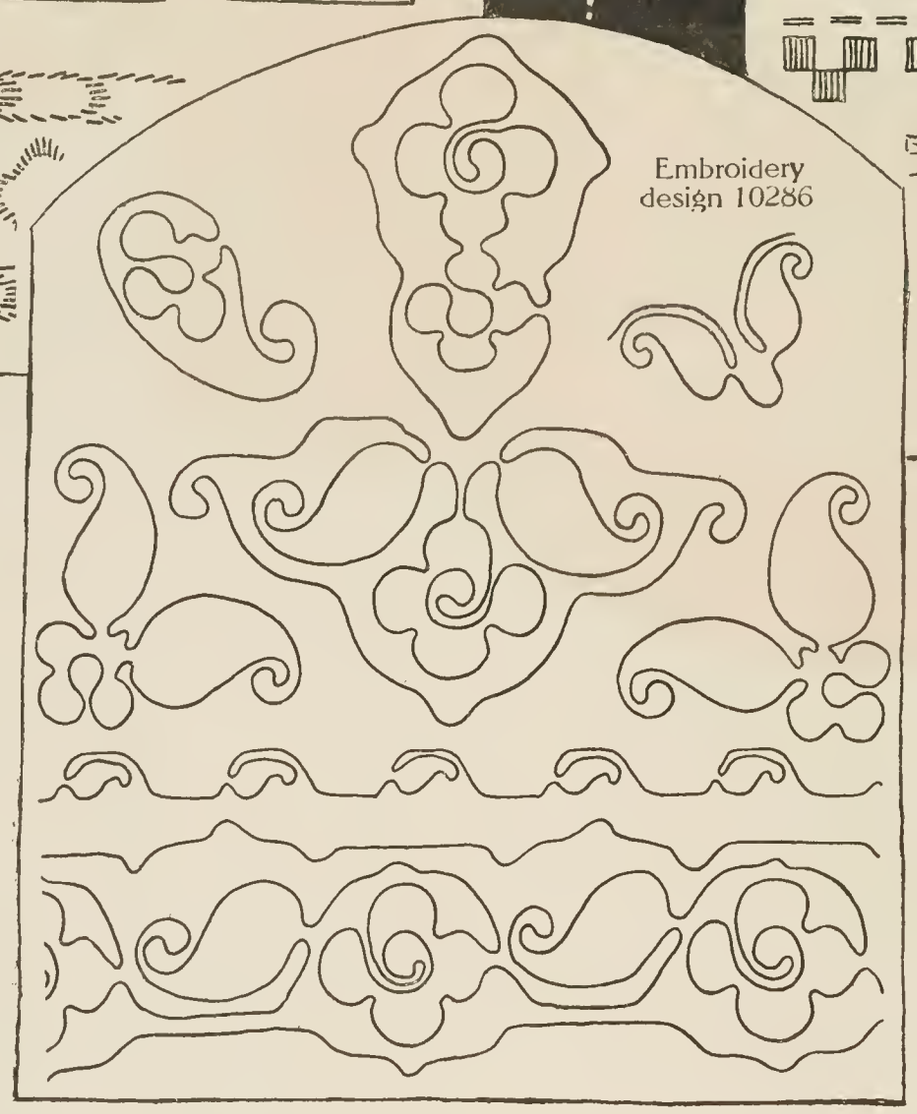
10285—Beading furnishes the scintillating note for Autumn costumes. From straight and narrow dresses of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or satin or in motifs on both the rather full-skirted evening dress and its companion scarf, beading glistens. Sometimes the wedding gown of white crêpe de Chine or satin is beaded in pearls which trace a graceful rose design. This type of beading is also used on the new blouses. If one prefers, the bandings and motifs of this design may be worked in French knot embroidery. This design can be adapted very easily to 3 yards of banding $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $1\frac{3}{4}$-inch wide and 14 motifs in 4 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10283







Embroidery design 10287

10283—With this new design you can have a new embroidery containing different trimming for more than one costume. There is one style of banding for braiding or outline, an excellent trimming for your new narrow coat, your Fall dresses or overblouses. Then there is another style of banding you can use for dresses or blouses, which is worked in a combination of one-stitch and beads. This banding will add the necessary touch of color to a dress. Then there is still another style of banding in this new embroidery. This last type is slightly wider and is worked entirely in one-stitch so that it goes very easily and quickly. This design can be adapted to $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of each style of banding.

10287—In another new embroidery for Fall, there are new bandings for one-stitch, and motifs and bandings for cross-stitch and beading or French knots. In this one design you will find trimming for more than one dress, skirt or blouse. It can be adapted to $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of banding 2 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of edging $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of banding $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding $1\frac{3}{8}$ inch wide and 12 motifs.

10286—The newest and smartest embroideries secure their effectiveness by exceedingly graceful and delightfully original designs. Both the bandings and the motifs of this design are very decorative for dresses, blouses or for coats and hats for Autumn. One can work them in braiding, in outline or in chain-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding 1 inch wide and 18 motifs in 5 assorted styles.

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Perfect Health—why not?

This simple food has given it to thousands

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

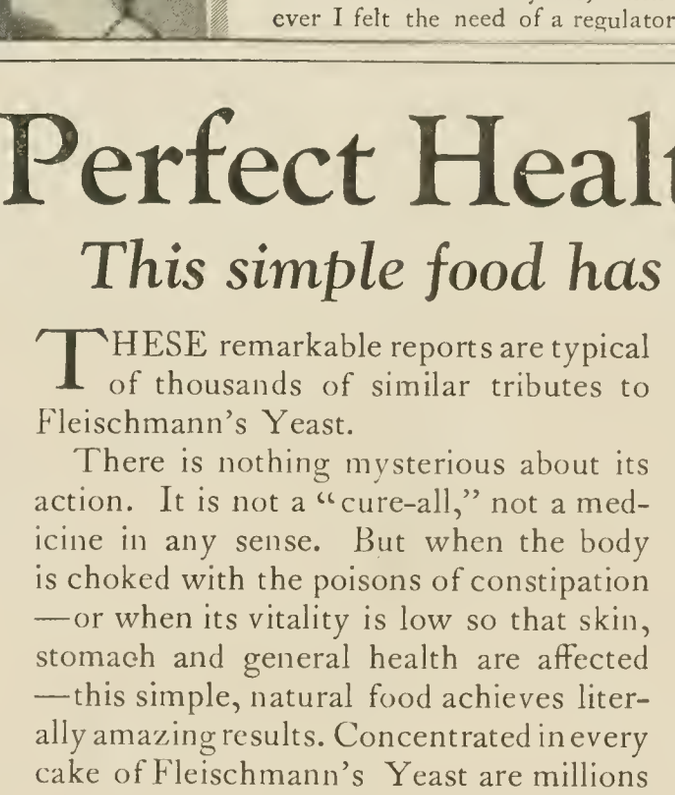
Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-9, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"War service left me with shattered nerves and indigestion. I became a walking wreck, unable to eat or sleep, and was obliged to abandon work. Then I recalled that I had enjoyed my best health when employed as a brewery machinist. As I thought it over I discovered the reason, and next morning I bought a dozen cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Two weeks later I was better and in four months' time the stomach trouble had vanished. Today I can eat everything, and it takes a six cylinder alarm clock to awaken me in the morning!"

(A letter from Mr. E. F. Caldwell of Los Angeles, Cal.)



"For two years I was never free from boils. While touring with the *Irene* Company one broke out on my chin which caused my whole neck to swell and turn purple. The hotel doctor said that if I would take fresh yeast and would keep taking it he would guarantee I would never have another boil. I started right in taking Fleischmann's Yeast and in two days the boil was drying up. That doctor told the truth: I have never had a boil since."

(Mr. M. W. Robertshaw of New York City)



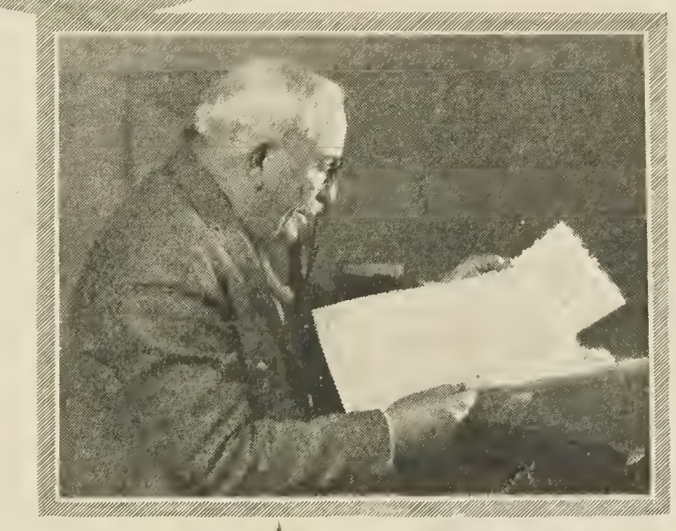
"After several years' strenuous work of studying I faced a new position with lowered resistance and depleted nerve force, and a splotchy, yellow complexion. Frankly, I scoffed at the idea of yeast helping, but the first benefit I noticed was—a long-standing chronic constipation relieved. Next, a clear complexion that was a surprise to my friends. In two months I faced life cheerfully, buoyantly and confidently."

(Miss Alice D. Nelson of Wilmington, Del.)



"At the age of 15 my forehead was a mass of blackheads and my appearance that of an unhealthy girl. One day father sent me to a little place by the sea. While lazily turning the pages of a magazine I came upon a Fleischmann's Yeast advertisement. I bought six little squares of Fleischmann's Yeast and continued the treatment for six weeks. Before very long my eyes had a different expression, my forehead was clear. And at the first party I went to after that my friends crowded round me asking me what I had done to myself. Those cakes of yeast have been a godsend to me. Today I am a happy wife and the proud mother of a five months' old boy."

(Extract from a letter from Mrs. Carano of Grant City, Staten Island, N. Y.)

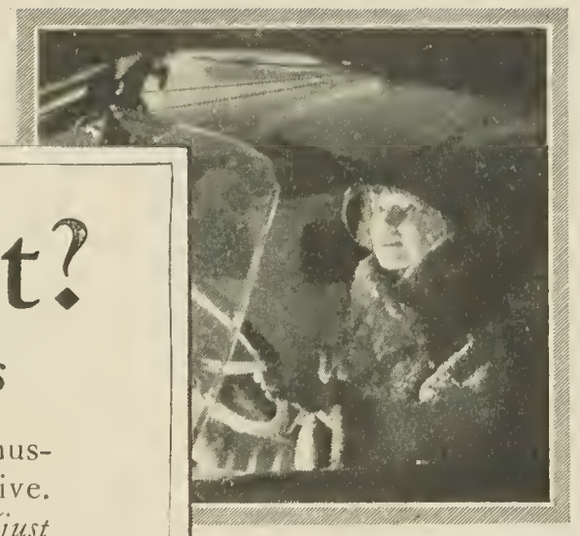


"Through overwork and worry I was a nervous, dyspeptic wreck. I tried at the time for life insurance, but was advised that I was not a good risk. I purchased Fleischmann's Yeast, determined to give it a trial at least. To my surprise and amazement it agreed with me. Today I can eat and relish food that a year ago I avoided in horror, and this spring I secured the much prized policy."

(Mr. Charles E. Payne of Ogdensburg, N. Y.)

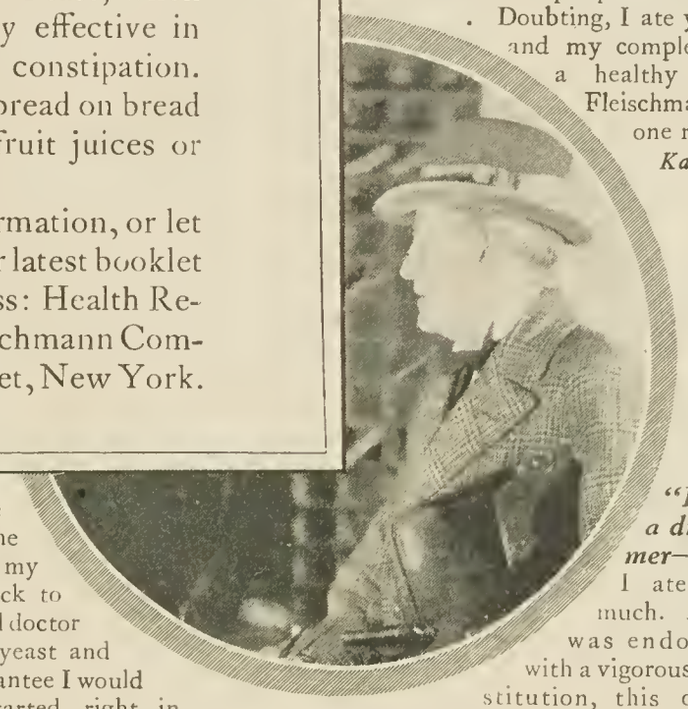


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*



was willing to attempt anything rid of terrible pimples on my . Doubting, I ate yeast and my complexion a healthy girl Fleischmann's one right.

Kansas)

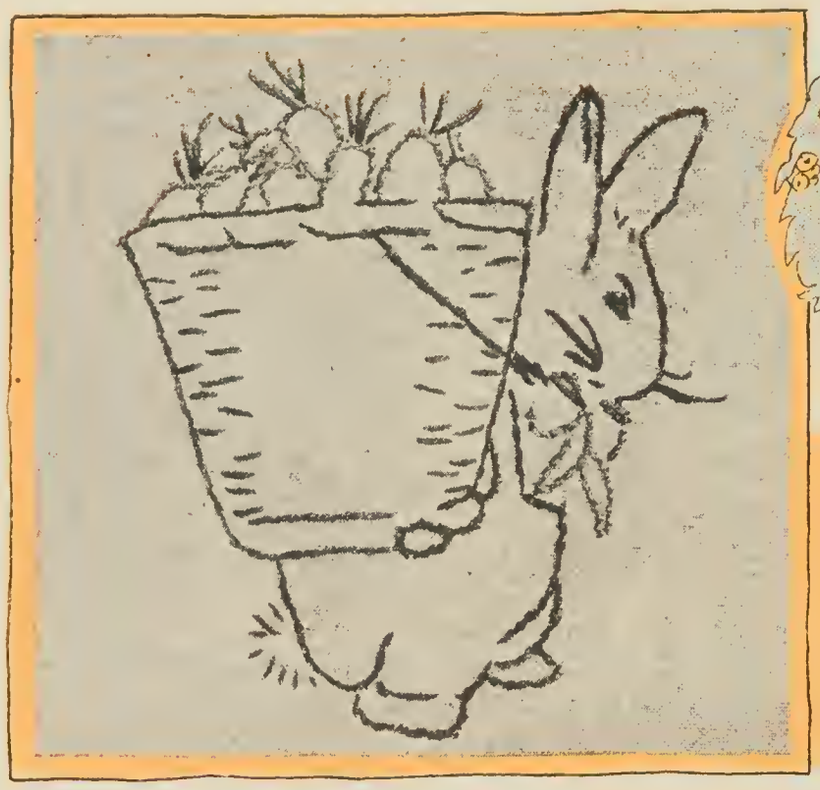


"I am a drummer—and I ate too much. As I was endowed with a vigorous constitution, this overeating didn't 'get me' so soon as it 'gets' most men, but it 'got me' eventually.

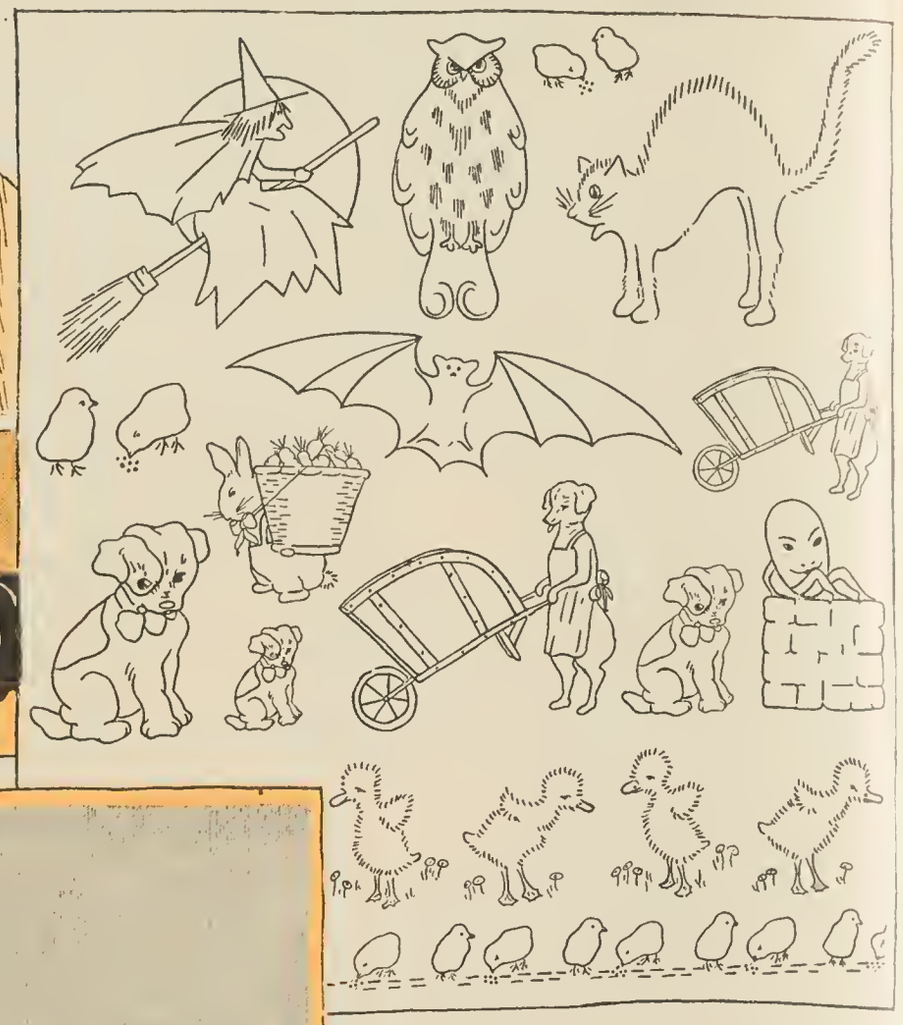
"There are many kinds of dyspepsia and I think that I had most of the kinds there are. When friends told me of the great benefit they had derived from Fleischmann's Yeast I was sceptical, but I began eating it and I blessed the day I did. For now I am a well man—can eat heartily three times a day with never a sign of stomach trouble."

(A letter from Mr. John Butler of Cincinnati, Ohio)

CONSIDER THESE NEW WAYS OF TRIMMING YOUR OWN AND YOUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES AND LINENS

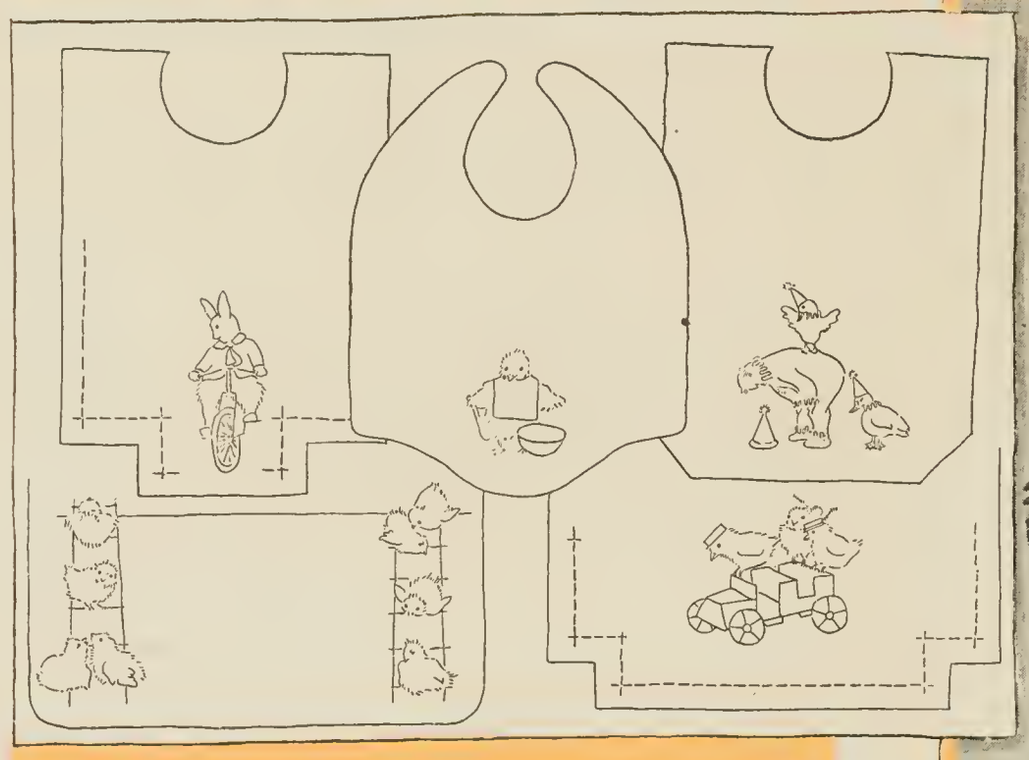






Embroidery design 10288

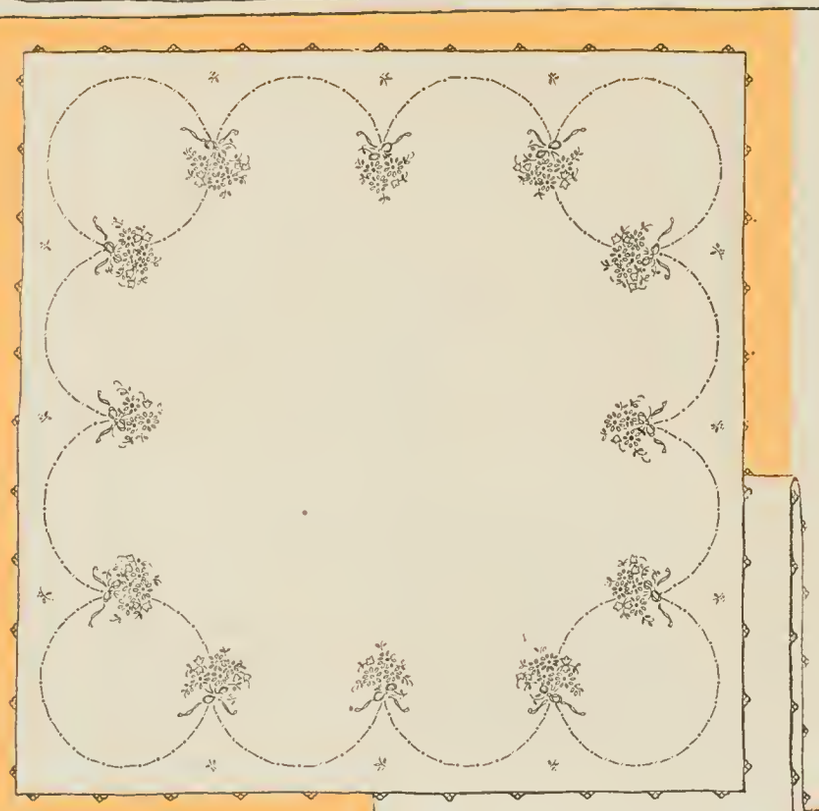
10288—Wise old owls, flying witches, winged bats and black, black cats may be cut out and patched on one's Hallowe'en costume. In this same design there are also figures from Nursery Land and fluffy little ducks and chicks to trim children's clothes. The banding and motifs of this design should be worked in outline, satin-stitch or patchwork embroidery. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of banding in two styles and 46 motifs and pockets in 18 assorted sizes and styles.





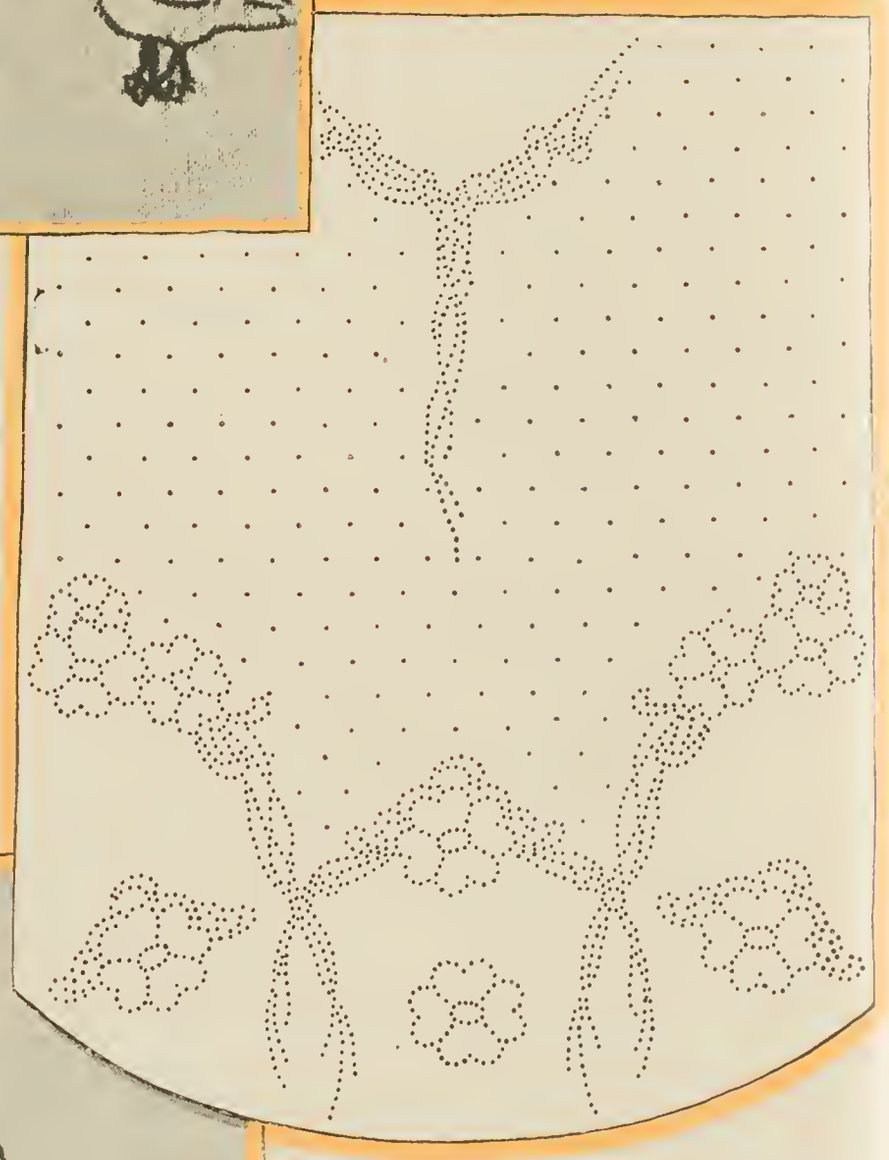
Embroidery design 10281

10281—When that small but important person takes his ten-o'clock orange-juice or dutifully eats his spinach, bibs of linen or linen-finished cotton will protect his rompers from too ambitious mouthfuls. Nursery figures and fluffy yellow chicks are also a bright trimming for tray-cloths. These figures should be worked in a combination of one-stitch and outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to 3 bibs and 2 motifs for tray-cloths.



Embroidery design 10282

10282—A very decorative square centerpiece makes a pleasant embroidery for leisure hours. The design also contains two motifs which one can use on the end of a scarf. Very lovely color combinations may be used for the flowers. Both the design for the centerpiece and the motifs may be worked in lazy-daisy, French-knot, outline and satin-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 28 inches square and 2 motifs 14 inches long to use on the end of scarfs.



Embroidery design 10284

10284—An all-over beading design which is quite effective and which is so simple in outline that it is easily done also contains motifs. Both the banding and motifs may be used to trim dresses or blouses. One may use French-knot embroidery instead of beading, if desired. This design can be adapted to 2¼ yards of all-over banding 31 inches wide and 16 motifs in 2 assorted styles.

Gloria Gould tells why the care of the skin is vital

"The women *of the younger set today are having the best time in the world. But oh! their lives are strenuous! Social engagements follow one another from noon to night and often on to dawn!*

"*But these modern young women have simply got to look fresh and lovely, nonethe-less. They never permit the strain of so many engagements or the attacks of wind and sun to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions.*

"*Fatigue and exposure can leave no trace on the skin cared for by Pond's Two Creams. They are really remarkable.*"

Gloria Gould



ALTHOUGH Gloria Gould has recently become Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop, to thousands who know her only by her famous name, she will still always be—just Gloria Gould!

The youngest—and many think the loveliest—daughter of one of America's oldest families of great wealth, she commands a unique position in New York's exclusive younger social set.

It was in the cream-and-blue drawing room of her smart East Side apartment that she gave me her views on the care of the skin. The simple friendliness of her manner delighted me. But what impressed me more was her vividness, her enthusiasm.

"She's the most alive creature," I said to myself. "Even her lovely ivory skin seems to breathe life." And I plunged into the interview.

"Mrs. Bishop, what in your opinion is the most important factor in a woman's looks?"

"Three things, I think," prompted Gloria Gould, "are vital to the woman who wants to keep an important place in the social world. Fine eyes, white teeth and a lovely skin. The latter, luckily, any woman may possess, if only she'll take the right care."

Every Woman should Guard her Beauty

"With the society woman," she continued, "the care of her skin is vital—a duty. But *every* woman should make her appearance express the happiness that's within her. How can it, if her skin is not clear, not glowing with health and bloom?"

Then we spoke of her set—that gay younger set—which crowds its days and nights so full of good times. These young women have sought ways to keep themselves looking fresh and lovely—"they've simply got to, you know," said Gloria Gould. In their need they've turned to Pond's Two Creams which prevent all weariness from showing and keep the complexion satin-smooth and exquisitely protected.



Gloria Gould's *French dressing-table bears witness to the care she gives her skin.*

On it may be seen Pond's Two Creams used by the women of the younger set to keep their complexions exquisite despite the strain of social life.

The first step in the Pond's Method is a thorough daily cleansing of the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it on with liberal strokes over the face and neck. Let the pure oil delve down into the pores and bring up the dust and grime, the powder and rouge that clog them. With a soft cloth wipe all the cream off, and instead of being shocked, rejoice at the black look it gives you! Repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice. Your peony-pink skin, you'll think, has never been really clean before! How relaxed it feels, how fresh and invigorated! It glows all over with new health.

The second step in the Pond's Method is to smooth over your freshly cleansed face a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Do this before powdering and especially before going out into the wind, sun, dust or cold. This delicate cream renders a four-fold service—it protects the skin from the weather, gives it a soft, smooth finish, holds rouge and powder evenly and long and, if used between the cleansings with Pond's Cold Cream, freshens and rests the skin amazingly.

Like Gloria Gould and the other smart young women of the exclusive social set, you can have an exquisite complexion. Begin today with Pond's Two Creams. At once you'll notice a new freshness, a smoothness, a lovely lustre. Their daily use will keep your skin exquisite.

And with Gloria Gould you'll agree that Pond's Two Creams "are really remarkable!" Pond's Extract Company.

THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE
THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, Sr.
MRS. JULIA HOYT
THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU

These are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.

Mail this coupon with 10c today

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. K
149 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for tubes of your two creams.

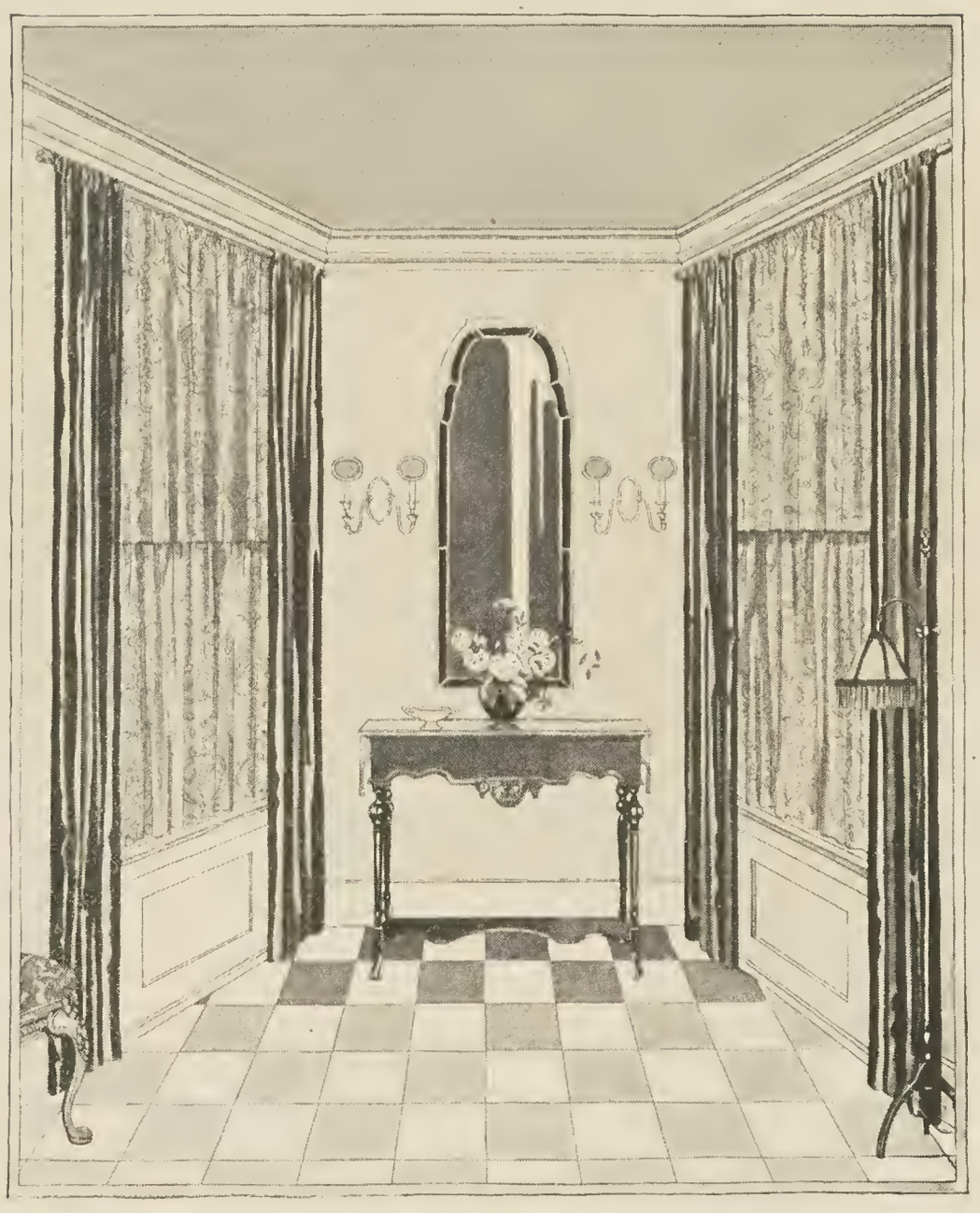
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Orinoka

DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES
COLORS GUARANTEED SUN & TUBFAST



Lovely colored draperies as washable as white

THERE'S a yellow to match the primrose, a gold-like sunshine splashing through the trees, a blue that might have filched its beauty from the sea or sky! There are greens of jade and emerald — mauves, lilacs, shades of red and rose! There is scarcely an end, in fact, to the colors from which you may choose in Orinoka fabrics — fabrics that are wonderful examples of the weaver's art — and each and every one can be exposed to sunlight freely and washed when necessary.

Washing will not fade your loveliest window decorations, if they are made from these Orinoka guaranteed fabrics. Nor will the sun dim their beauty. Because of the special Orinoka process of hand-dyeing the yarns before they are woven into cloth, Orinoka fabrics hold their colors always.

So look for the guarantee tag which identifies these fabrics before you buy. If the materials fade, the merchant from whom you bought them is authorized to replace the goods or to refund your money. They may cost a little more than ordinary draperies, but are the most economical you can buy in the end. Orinoka guaranteed fabrics for glass curtains and over-draperies may be found at the better stores and decorating establishments.

* * *

May we send you a copy of "COLOR HARMONY IN WINDOW DRAPERIES"? A prominent New York decorator prepared this handsome booklet, which is decorated in color. It is full of valuable suggestions for draping your windows, doors and for bed coverings. Send your address and 20 cents.

THE ORINOKA MILLS
506 Clarendon Bldg., New York City

THE ORINOKA GUARANTEE

is printed on the tag attached to every bolt of genuine Orinoka sunfast fabrics. Look for it when you buy.

"These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or to refund the purchase price."



DECORATING WITHOUT A FIREPLACE

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Head of the Department of House Decoration

WHO among us does not love the joy of a crackling fire? And who would not willingly exchange a room with inhospitable flat wall-spaces for one in which there was an open fireplace or coal-grate? However, the scarcity of dwelling-places compels many of us to live wherever we can, even if unbroken, unfriendly flat walls take the place of the fireplaces we would love to have.

To make the best of four plain walls, one must learn to create warmth and hospitality by the happy choosing of color and the grouping of furnishings. To do this, it is not always easy to follow the suggestions of professional decorators, since most decorators play up to fireplaces and invariably advise that they be the center or key-note of inviting groups of comfortable furniture.

It is best never to pretend to have a fireplace unless the chimney or flue exist, as false mantel-shelves and chimneypieces are exceedingly difficult to make interesting or even useful. Franklin stoves, a type of iron fireplace which is in good taste and of simple design, can easily be adjusted to any flue-hole, providing the chimney itself is in working condition.

Without a fireplace, one should, when choosing a wall covering, whether of paper, paint or tint, choose the more intense colors for the background, such as soft yellow, buff or salmon pink for rooms of northern and eastern exposure, and decided yellow-greens, grays and old blues for rooms of southwestern exposure. If any doubt exists concerning the correct shade of salmon pink, yellow-green or blue to be used for walls, the House Decoration Department of THE DELINEATOR will gladly send samples on request.

To assist in making the appearance of a small living-room larger, use cream, ivory or mist-gray paint, or tint, or wall-paper of an indefinite design. Dark colors on walls or in fabrics or furnishings fill a room and detract from its actual size.

After an individual background has been decided upon, the correct grouping of furniture and placing of lamps will do more than anything else to redeem the absence of a fireplace. As the average living-room has at least one long wall-space, it is best that the novice consider this the center of interest and carefully weave the picture of her room from the center of it.

Unconsciously, members of the family and occasional guests choose the most accessible pieces of furniture for reading or conversation. These should be of the most comfortable proportions and of good make and should be so invitingly grouped that the lack of a fireplace is completely forgotten.

AS MOST persons have one type or other of davenport, couch or day-bed, we will begin by suggesting a comfortable group which may be made by placing a sofa in the center against the wall. At one end place a small sofa end-table with a lamp on it; and at the other end, if possible, a standing lamp. Close to the standing lamp and slightly at an angle may be a comfortable low-backed or winged upholstered armchair, in front of which a small footstool would undoubtedly add cozy comfort. Such a group permits three persons to have the use of well-shaded

Concluded on page 44

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED

you could have a professional decorator rearrange your rooms, making the best of the furniture you have, suggesting here and there a few simple, transforming changes? Mrs. Sanders, THE DELINEATOR'S house-decoration expert, offers to perform just that service for any reader. Draw her a small plan of your rooms, tell her what furniture you have, and she will suggest new and improved arrangements. Consult her on any problems of house decoration. She asks only that you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write her, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



An inviting couch and an overstuffed chair under softly shaded lamps dispel even the most ardent longing for a fireplace



Served with cream or rich milk Grape-Nuts gives you in most delicious form the essentials of a well-balanced ration

Keep your human house in order

If you want to keep on having to patch your human house—keep on eating the wrong things.

If you want to get and keep your human house in order—eat foods your body can digest and *transform into nourishment.*



DENTISTS AS WELL AS DOCTORS recommend Grape-Nuts. It comes in crisp, golden kernels you must chew.

A prominent dentist says this:

"Soft foods that can be swallowed without sufficient chewing are responsible for much modern tooth and digestive trouble.

"Such foods lodge easily in the interstices of the teeth causing ferments which the mouth glands, through lack of proper exercise, are too sluggish to counteract.

"I believe that the form of Grape-Nuts is particularly fortunate in that it makes proper chewing a pleasant necessity."

Back of the thousands of doctors and dentists who are interested in what you eat are the biological chemists who are devoting their lives to find out just what it is you need.

The government, women's clubs, schools, dietitians, all are fighting against *malnutrition.*

One out of three persons in this country—rich and poor alike—is a victim of *malnutrition*—due not to lack of food but to the wrong *kind* of food.

Grape-Nuts gives you nourishment you need in the form your body most readily digests and turns into strength and vitality.

Copyright, 1924, by the Postum Cereal Co., Inc.

In this delicious food is nourishment you need in the form your body can digest

AT least one-third of your nourishment should come from the carbohydrates—the great source from which you daily renew your strength and vitality.

But the carbohydrates should be prepared right to meet the needs of your body. Otherwise they may fail to give you the nourishment you need and they may be producing instead the poisons and acids that give rise to so many physical ills.

Three-fourths carbohydrates—dextrinized!

Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts (made from wheat and malted barley) are the precious carbohydrates—*dextrinized*—scientifically broken down into the form that will yield the greatest amount of nourishment to your body. No matter how much you have abused your body with difficult foods, you can digest Grape-Nuts easily and quickly.

Daily renews your strength and vitality

There is no other food like Grape-Nuts in form or taste. It will be a revelation to you. Delicious, crisp kernels that invite a thorough chewing. This keeps your whole mouth healthy and starts digestion right.

Served with milk or cream Grape-Nuts gives you just the nourishment you need. Eat it every day and see what a difference it makes in the way you feel.

All grocers have Grape-Nuts. Hotels and restaurants serve it in individual packages of a single portion.

Free—Sample Offer

Send today for four of the individual packages—free. Enough Grape-Nuts for four nourishing breakfasts. Free offer also includes book of 101 delicious recipes selected from 80,000 prepared by housewives who regularly serve Grape-Nuts.

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Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

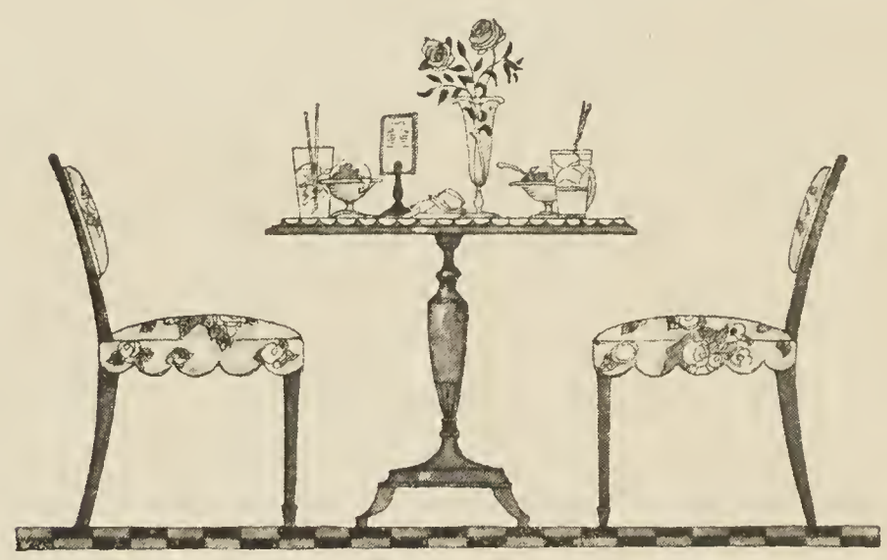
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

A treat for your palate— a threat for your gums



LET'S FACE frankly the facts about these soft foods that we relish so keenly.

They please our palates, but they give no stimulation to our gums—no work to our teeth. And it's lack of stimulation that we well can blame for the troubles we have with our gums today.

Gums, to remain healthy and hard, need a lively circulation of the blood within their walls. The work and massage derived from the mastication of coarse food once gave this. But the rich, creamy concoctions with which we regale our palates today rob our gums of that mechanical stimulation.

How Ipana *stimulates the gums*

Ipana Tooth Paste is a dentifrice that stimulates your gums as well as cleans your teeth. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists throughout the country. The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the toning and healing of soft or bleeding gums.

Dentists recommend it

That is why thousands of dentists now use and recommend Ipana to patients who wish to avoid the troubles that follow in the train of the "pink toothbrush." Many practitioners direct a daily massage of the gums with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or tender to the brush, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-10
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

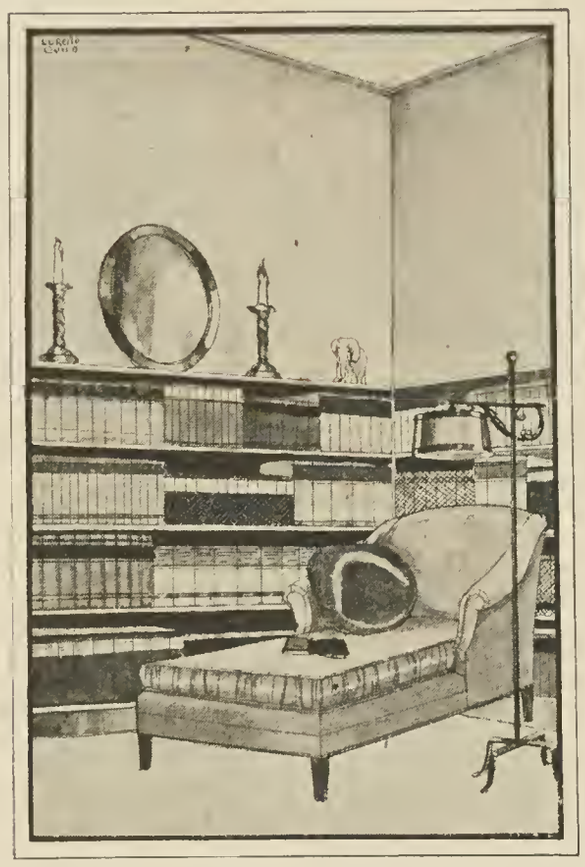
DECORATING WITHOUT A FIREPLACE

Concluded from page 42

lamps without being crowded.

To assist in adding the simulated warmth and glow of a fireside to such a setting, lamp-shades of amber, rose or orange colored parchment, fluted paper or glazed muslin should be selected. Lamp-shades of silk in somber or cool colors detract from rather than add to the general lighting effect.

If one is in possession of very many books, simple carpenter-made book-shelves built along the entire long wall-space, or in balanced fashion on the sides of a window, doorway or a corner, are attractive. The tops, when not extended to the ceiling, may imitate mantel treatment, being decorated with a pair of candlesticks, a clock, a copper or pottery bowl, a picture or a piece of fabric hung as in over-mantel decoration.



A nook of books and a chaise-longue make a very cozy corner for reading

With colorful bindings and the friendly companionship of books as a background, comfortable wicker chairs and small tables, a chaise-longue and a floor-lamp or two may be grouped in such inviting fashion that one is unconscious of the fact that no fireplace exists.

WHETHER in a corner or against a wall-space, the correct grouping about a piano often rivals in interest that of a fireplace, especially if it is a grand piano with a bench. A floor-lamp with a stout flaring shade at the left of the player and a chintz-covered chair or comfortable settee near by for listeners invite both player and listeners to linger.

Upright pianos, if space permits, are best placed flat against the wall with small balanced pieces of furniture or a pair of lamps at either side. If, however, there is not enough available space for this arrangement, place the piano at right angles with the wall and hide its unsightly back with either a Paisley shawl, a piece of brocade or an interesting screen. Against this, a big chair, couch or settee may be placed, thus making an unusual group.

When curtaining the windows, be sure to avoid any glaring top lights. Use valances to subdue the light and put shirred net over any window-transom. A pretty, warm curtain-color combination, with buff walls, could be made of cretonnes or sunfast material of a deep rose hue and cream background, edged with rose and blue fringe. Cover two small pieces of furniture with a two-toned rose striped or checked material, such as denim or damask, and one large chair in a dark-blue velours. On the table place a pair of deep-rose pottery lamps with plaited shades of plain deep-cream chintz or glazed muslin with rose-and-blue fringe bindings. And for the third, the floor-lamp, a parchment shade decorated with bands of blue, rose and black, lined with orange to give a warm light, would be most fitting.

In a living-room where walls might be a soft yellow-green, sun-colored taffeta or sunfast curtains would give warmth. Cover one or two pieces of furniture in a golden-brown damask or velours, and a third in a leaf-green-and-orange linen. Use leaf-green-and-yellow taffeta or rep cushions to set off the brown-upholstered pieces, and have shiny black pottery or wrought-iron lamps with bands of green, black and gold on the parchment shades.

When decorating without a fireplace, one must remember that color is the most effective aid that can be employed in the creation of a cheerful, glowing atmosphere



Long wall-spaces may be given interest by grouping a comfortable chair and a bench or two about a well-lighted reading-table



This $15,000 Electrical Home —free

INTERNATIONAL PRIZES

First Prize—

$15,000 Model Electrical Home

To be built on lot provided by winner

Two Second Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl

$1200 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

Two Third Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl

$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

Two Fourth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl

$600 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

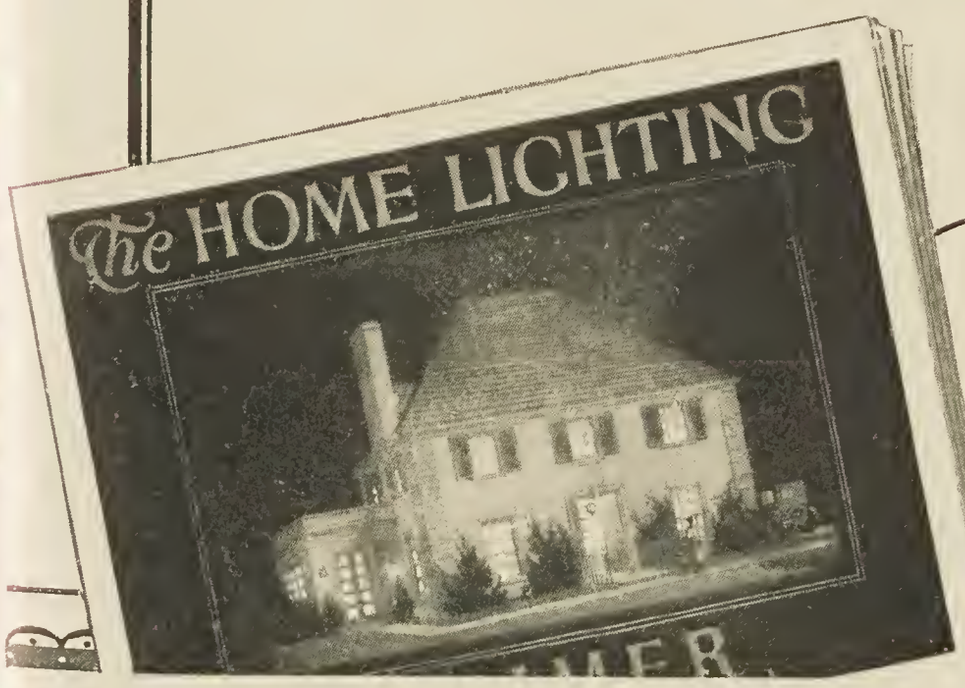
Two Fifth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl

$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

Two Sixth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl

$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

REMEMBER: To compete successfully in the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from your local electrical people.



Have your child go to the local electrical club or league or to the office where you pay your electric light bills and get free, the "Home Lighting Primer."

—It tells how to win this $15,000 electrical home or a college scholarship, contains a complete illustrated series of simple lessons on better home lighting and fully explains both the local and the international phases of the Home Lighting Contest activity.

Watch for the announcement of the essay contest in your town. —Any school child, ten years of age or older, may compete.

Better Light—Better Sight

The Home Lighting Contest is designed to teach the public, particularly the young generation, more about electric light, and how in their daily lives to properly use it so that in future years there shall be less eye trouble and better general health. This activity has the support of our leading educational and health authorities.

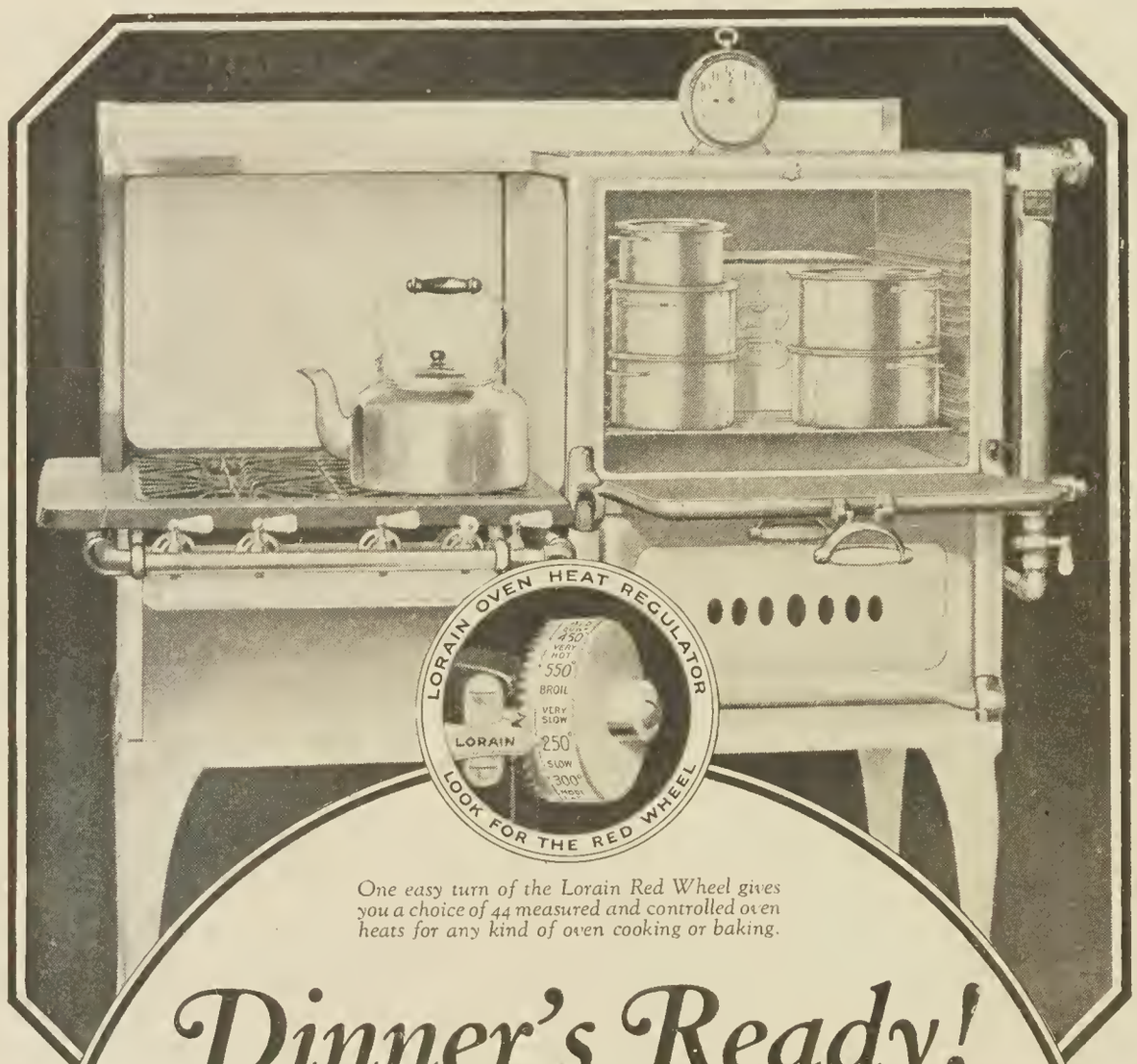
Your Local Electric People Will Help

The Electrical League or Club, or the Electric Light Company serving you, will gladly enter your children in the Home Lighting Contest, supply them with the "Home Lighting Primer" and tell them what to do. There will be local prizes, and the winning children will be contestants for the international prizes—the $15,000 electrical home and the university scholarships.

Be sure that your children enroll for the essay contest as soon as it is announced in your city or town. Watch your home paper.

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue · · · New York, N.Y.



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Dinner's Ready!

IT DOESN'T take long to get dinner if you own a Gas Range with a Lorain Self-Regulating Oven. You can be away for the entire afternoon and yet find a hot dinner in the oven ready to place on the table immediately upon your return.

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Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges are sold by Gas Companies and dealers everywhere. Go soon and learn for yourself the many advantages of Time and Temperature Cookery.

Send in the coupon if you'd like to know how the hard, hot work of getting dinner can be done in a Lorain Self-Regulating Oven without any attention on your part. The new menu with recipes was developed in our own Research Kitchens and even if you do *not* own a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you'll find the recipes interesting and instructive.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.



Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

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DEL. 10-24

MENUS FOR OCTOBER

By Jessie A. Boys

In planning these menus, Mrs. Boys had two ideas in mind—to provide meals of correct nutritional balance, and to meet the expenditures of the housekeeper of moderate means. Her suggestions were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THIS month sees the end of Fall fruits and vegetables and the beginning of the use of the so-called Winter fruits and vegetables. Also, we begin to draw upon the supplies preserved during the growing season.

Curly endive is available, and is a pleasant change from lettuce for salads, although its slightly bitter taste does not blend so well with mayonnaise as with French dressing. The more completely bleached or blanched parts are mildest in flavor.

If green tomatoes are not liked or are not obtainable, to accompany the roast pork as suggested in the menus, sauerkraut can be satisfactorily substituted. However, be sure to add a little onion to it.

Also remember that the first time raw carrots are perpetrated upon the family it is wisest to serve them grated. After their sweet nuttiness has found favor, the carrots can be finely chopped or diced, which is a little less work than grating them. Celery, nuts and cheese go well with raw carrots. Any kind of salad dressing can be used. It will be found that the grated form of carrots contributes color to cabbage and Waldorf salads. Small young carrots are sometimes served in place of radishes.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
Fresh Pears
Hominy Grits with Raisins and Cream
Bran Muffins *Scrambled Eggs*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Potato Salad *Tomato Sandwiches*
Peach Tarts *Hot Cocoa*

DINNER
Boiled Tongue with Raisin-and-Nut Sauce
Mashed Potatoes *Buttered Beets*
Crusty Rolls
Orange-and-Endive Salad *French Dressing*
Peach Ice-Cream *Cup-Cakes*
Milk or Coffee

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
Cantaloup
Rolled-Wheat Cereal Cooked in Milk
Toasted Rolls *Marmalade*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Cold Tongue *Horseradish Sauce*
Potatoes au Gratin
Bread *Apple Jelly*
Grapes
Milk or Hot Tea

DINNER
Beef Stew *Boiled Potatoes*
Buttered Cabbage
Graham Bread *Chutney Sauce*
Tomato-and-Onion Salad
Chocolate Blanc-Mange *Sugar Cookies*
Milk or Coffee

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Orange-Juice
Rolled Oats with Top Milk
French Toast *Sirup*
Buttered Eggs
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Cream-of-Pea Soup *Wafers*
Baked Stuffed Potatoes
Jelly *Muffins*
Lemon Cake *Milk or Tea*

DINNER
Meat-Cakes *Brown Gravy*
Riced Potatoes *Baked Squash*
Bread *Cucumber Pickles*
Cabbage-and-Green-Pepper Salad
Jellied Prunes with Cream Sauce
Milk or Coffee

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit
Prepared-Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Griddle Cakes *Maple-Sirup*
Sausage
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Potato Soup *Croutons*
Combination Vegetable Salad
Sardine Sandwiches
Spanish Cream
Milk or Cream

DINNER
Chicken Fricassee
Creamy Mashed Potatoes *Corn Pudding*
Tomato-and-Endive Salad
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Pumpkin Pie with Plum Jam and Whipped Cream
Milk or Coffee

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Fresh Peaches
Boiled Rice with Dates and Cream
Crisp Toast
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Corn-Meal Mush and Milk
Fruit Salad *Toasted Cheese Crackers*
Hot Tea

DINNER
Corn Soup *Wafers*
Stuffed Sausage
Potatoes *Sliced Tomatoes*
Graham Bread
Grated-Carrot Salad *French Dressing*
Prune Pie *Whipped Cream*
Milk or Coffee

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Baked Pears
Fried Mush *Sirup*
Crisp Bacon
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Shell-Bean Casserole
Tomato-Jelly Salad
Nut Bread *Blackberry Jam*
Milk or Tea

DINNER
Baked Halibut *Tomato Sauce*
French Fried Potatoes *Creamed Onions*
Chinese Cabbage Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread
Sliced Peaches and Cream *Angel-Cake*
Milk or Coffee

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes and Apricots
Soft-Cooked Eggs *Graham Toast*
Milk or Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER
Cheese Dreams
Cabbage-and-Apple Salad
Hermits
Milk or Tea

DINNER
Vegetable Soup
Loin-of-Pork Roast *Sweet Potatoes*
Sautéd Green Tomatoes *Creamed Beets*
Pineapple-and-Cottage-Cheese Salad *Bread*
Ice-Cream *Caramel Sauce*
Milk or Coffee

Look over these menus and if you find any dishes that are new to you, write us for their recipes. Enclose a stamped envelope and address the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



FREEDOM

for the woman who owns a Ford

To own a Ford car is to be free to venture into new and untried places. It is to answer every challenge of Nature's charms, safely, surely and without fatigue. ¶Where a narrow lane invites or a steep hill promises a surprise beyond, a Ford will take you there and back, in comfort, trouble-free. ¶Off and away in this obedient, ever-ready car, women may "recharge the batteries" of tired bodies, newly inspired for the day's work.

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What Mrs. Andrews has discovered while giving back-door cooking lessons

PROBABLY no other woman has a job quite like Mrs. Andrews' job. Mrs. Andrews is an experienced home cook. For months now she has been going from house to house talking to women about their cooking successes, their cooking failures, their cooking discoveries. And a very pleasant part of her work is to give hints which often lead to better results.

In the course of her daily chats with housekeepers, Mrs. Andrews is often able to point out, for example, advantages in Crisco which certain housekeepers have not appreciated.

She finds that quite a few women still attach to Crisco a certain mystery. When she explains that Crisco is simply a sweet and fresh and white shortening made from pure vegetable oils, when she tells them that Crisco, because of its purity and its ready digestibility is prescribed for use in many leading hospitals and sanitariums, housekeepers really begin to appreciate that Crisco foods are more than just delicious—that they are delicious in a healthful, wholesome way.

Surprisingly enough, Mrs. Andrews often talks to women who are delighted with Crisco but who are using it for but a single purpose. For example, one housekeeper with a very large family (her children ranging in age from a few weeks to 19 years) seemed especially glad to know that Crisco alone serves every shortening purpose—for cake making —for pie baking and for frying.

Naturally a woman with a number of growing children needs to know every convenient cooking method. And she needs to know, too, the economy Crisco offers in frying because it can be used again and again if strained after each frying operation. You know—you can fry fish, then onions, then potatoes in Crisco and the potatoes will not even hint of the fish or onions.

Delicious—and wholesome results

In talking to friends of Crisco Mrs. Andrews finds a very real enthusiasm for Crisco's perfectly delicious results. Light, tender cakes that stay fresh longer. Flaky, tender pie crusts. Fried foods that are crisp, brown and delightfully free from soaked-up fat.

And when she runs across a woman who entertains a great deal she finds her especially grateful for Crisco because it avoids the smoke and unpleasant odors which would mar the grace and charm of hospitality.

2,000,000 homes *prefer* it

In most of the homes she visits, Mrs. Andrews notices that the wife is constantly thinking about new foods and new ways to prepare foods that will please her husband.

That husbands like Crisco foods so well is probably one reason why Crisco is today the favorite shortening in over 2,000,000 homes. Practically every grocer sells Crisco so we suggest that you buy a can today and begin to give your husband and children delicious Crisco treats. Try Crisco in the recipe printed here or use it in many of your own precious recipes.

THE FOODS in this appetizing little "motor-hamper" picnic lunch were all prepared with this pure vegetable shortening from recipes furnished by Mrs. R. D. A. Mrs. A's recipe for the interesting Crisco Macaroons is given below. If you will write us we will gladly mail you recipes for the Nut Bread, the Lemon Tartlets and the delicious Crisco Fried Chicken.

Crisco Macaroons

2 tablespoons Crisco
½ cup sugar
⅔ cup cocoanut
½ teaspoonful baking powder
¾ cup rolled oats
2 cups corn flakes
½ teaspoonful salt
2 eggs

Beat eggs well and mix with the oatmeal. Let stand while you cream Crisco and sugar. Then mix both together. Mix cocoanut, corn flakes, baking powder and salt together, then stir into the other mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on a Criscoed baking sheet. Bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven, 325°. Let stand after removing from oven until they harden a little. This amount makes 25 cakes.

* * *

Write to the Procter & Gamble Co., Section F-10, Dept. of Home Economics, Cincinnati, Ohio, for recipes for Mrs. A's Lemon Tartlets and Crisco Fried Chicken.

Special

"COOKING SECRETS" *and* SAMPLE OFFER:

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin to cover cost of postage and wrapping) we will send you a special sample can of Crisco (containing full half pound) together with Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book containing scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes. Address Section F-10, Dept of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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SECRETS OF MAKING GOOD BREAD

By Claribel Nye

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

Miss Nye, one of Uncle Sam's extension workers at Cornell University, has probably judged more bread than any other woman in the world. She knows all the secrets of baking successful loaves and reveals them here for DELINEATOR readers . . . THE DELINEATOR is entering on a campaign for better bread and invites all housewifely bakers to bring their problems to the Home-Makers' Department. Write care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped reply envelope.



Get the dough in good shape on the board before you begin kneading

THREE things are responsible for the differences found in bread made from the same recipe. These lay in the methods of handling the dough, in the conditions under which the bread is allowed to rise, and in the oven in which the bread is baked, including the time and temperature of baking it.

It is obvious, then, that although a good recipe is important in bread-making, it is less important to the final result than the handling of the dough. The housekeeper must have also a knowledge of how to handle dough, she must be able to recognize the indications of proper rising, and she must acquire the skill that comes only with practise.

USE THE BEST FLOUR

Of first importance is the choice of flour to be used in making bread. A cheap grade of flour produces a poor loaf of bread, unless the dough is handled with great skill.

After having learned to handle white bread successfully, a beginning may be made with whole-wheat or Graham flour by substituting part Graham or whole-wheat flour for white flour. At first, half and half is



Next fold the dough over toward you, using the hands as illustrated



To shape the dough for the pans, press it out quite long and flat

enough, until the difference in handling the two kinds of bread becomes familiar, for whole-wheat and Graham-flour doughs are apt to be stickier than white-flour doughs. After experience is gained, up to four-fifths whole-wheat flour and one-fifth white flour may be used.

AND FRESH YEAST

Next to flour in importance is the kind and quality of yeast used. A compressed yeast in fresh condition is now available to many thousands of home bakers who a few years ago were unable to get it. Because the yeast plants in compressed yeast are in an active condition, bread can be made much more quickly with compressed yeast than with dry yeast. Bread made in a few hours is at times less likely to be exposed to changes in temperature and can be watched more carefully than when the process is slow. For these reasons, compressed yeast is used by commercial bakers and by many home bakers. However, excellent bread can be made with dry yeast, and some of the best home-made bread found in rural sections is made with potato yeast developed from dry yeast cakes.

Large amounts of yeast may be used to hasten the time of making bread and to increase its nutritional value. As much as six cakes of compressed yeast may be used to a loaf without affecting its quality.

Compressed yeast should be soaked in one-half cup of lukewarm water with one-half teaspoon of sugar. Sugar is a yeast food and stimulates the activity of the yeast.

Dry yeast may be soaked in a cup of potato water—that is, water in which potatoes have been boiled—to which one teaspoon of sugar has been added. If this is started at noon, the yeast will by evening be about as active as an equal amount of compressed yeast. If this dry yeast mixture is used, the remainder of the liquid necessary may well be milk, scalded and cooled as directed. Potato yeast is still used by many home bakers who can not get compressed yeast. (*A recipe for potato yeast will be sent upon request.*)

MILK FOR LIQUID

Milk in some form, because of its food value, is ordinarily the best liquid to use in bread-making. Potato water, whey, buttermilk or water may be used. If milk, buttermilk or whey are used, they should always be scalded and cooled to lukewarm (about 80 degrees Fahrenheit) before the yeast is added. This is done to destroy any organisms which might compete with the yeast plant in the bread-making process. The housekeeper must remember, however, that yeast grows best in a lukewarm environment and that the liquid must not be hot.

Excellent bread can be made by using canned buttermilk. Two tablespoons of canned buttermilk should be placed in the measuring-cup and the cup filled with water. This is then beaten well with a Dover egg-beater and one-fourth teaspoon of soda added. The buttermilk is then scalded and used as is sweet milk in bread-making.

If the family is unable to get fresh milk, the home baker may well get a goodly allowance of milk into the diet by using condensed, evaporated or powdered milk in generous amounts in bread.

When condensed milk is substituted for fluid milk or water, one-half cup less of flour is needed than called for in the basic recipe.

SUGAR AND FAT, TOO

Sugar in bread may vary from as little as one teaspoon to as much as one-half cup to each loaf of bread. More sugar in bread produces a loaf with a bright-brown crust and a sweet flavor. With either the maximum or minimum amount of sugar, the dough rises slowly.

Shortening in bread may vary from no shortening to one-half cup for each loaf. A large proportion of fat retards the rising process. Fat makes the crust and crum shorter but still makes an excellent loaf of bread.



The end of each kneading stroke is a pressing and pushing movement

BASIC RECIPE FOR TWO LOAVES

1 cake compressed yeast softened in ¼ cup lukewarm water to which ½ teaspoon of sugar has been added
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons fat
2 teaspoons salt
2½ cups fluid milk, scalded
8 cups wheat flour



After the dough has risen cut it into as many equal sizes as there are to be loaves for baking

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING

Dissolve the Yeast — Measure one-fourth cup of lukewarm water and add one teaspoon of sugar and one cake of compressed yeast.

Scald the Milk—Measure two cups of milk and place them on the stove to scald.

Add Sugar and Fat—Measure into a large mixing-bowl two tablespoons of sugar, two tablespoons of fat and two teaspoons of salt.

Cool the Liquid—Pour the scalded milk over the sugar, fat and salt and cool them until lukewarm.



Roll the dough like a jelly roll and press edge into the dough

Measure the Flour—While the liquid is cooling, sift and measure eight standard cups, or two quarts, of flour. (Although this amount of flour is about right, it may vary up to a half cup, more or less.)

Add the Yeast—As soon as the milk is lukewarm, add the yeast, softened in water, after stirring it well. The milk should be sufficiently cooled so that it feels neither warm nor cold.

Add the Flour—Add to the liquid mixture six cups of flour and stir until well-mixed. Add more flour until it is possible to handle the dough with floured hands on a bread-board which has been well-floured. Remove all dough from the bowl. A long, flexible spatula is excellent for the purpose.

Knead the Dough—Knead the dough until it is smooth and elastic, adding enough flour to keep the dough from sticking to the board or hands. If the dough sticks, let it stand three or four minutes before attempting to handle it further and it will stiffen considerably. Knead until the dough is smooth, elastic and no longer sticks to the board.

Prepare for Rising—Rinse the bowl with lukewarm water and place the dough in the wet bowl, first putting it into the bowl with the smooth side down and then turning it over so that the smooth side will be uppermost. In this way the dough is moistened and a crust will not so quickly form over it during the rising. Cover the bowl with a clean towel.

Keep the Dough Warm—Dough should rise at a temperature of about eighty degrees Fahrenheit. If it is difficult to keep the air in the room uniform in temperature, the bowl should be surrounded with warm water kept constantly at a temperature of about eighty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. This can be done by setting it on a radiator or by adding more warm water from time to time. The time of rising will be about two hours and forty-five minutes if the dough is kept constantly at this temperature. Dough has risen or fermented sufficiently when it has a little more than doubled its bulk, has small bubbles under the surface and will not spring back when pressed with the finger. If the dough begins to sink in the center, it has risen too long or had an insufficient amount of flour.

Reknead and Let Rise Again—At this stage of bread-making, the home baker often molds the dough into loaves and puts it into the tins. This sacrifices the quality of the bread. The commercial baker has taught us that results will be better if the dough is kneaded a very little without using flour, returned to the bowl and permitted to rise again until about double in bulk. The second rising should take about one-third as long as the first rising, or about one hour. It should be kept warm, as directed for the first rising. If the amount of yeast is varied, the period of rising changes, increasing if less yeast is used and decreasing if more is used.

Mold into Loaves—The dough is now ready to shape into loaves and should be molded on an unfloured board. The usual method used by the home baker consists in folding the edges of the dough under, gradually pressing the dough into an oblong shape, and placing it in a greased bread-tin in such a way that the crease is on the bottom of the pan. The commercial baker if he must mold dough into loaves by hand has a technique that the home baker may well imitate, for it insures



And place the mold in the pan so that the long crease is on the bottom

Concluded on page 60



Don't hurt him, Mother with pins and buttons

How to dress your baby in a human way

IF A BABY could only tell you! It is not colic or "temper" that makes him cry so much as pricking pins and bruising buttons.

No Pricking—No Bruising No Chafing

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Diaper folds with extra thicknesses where needed. See the free offer below.

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(1) *Pattern for making the Vanta Pinless Diaper.*
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KNOW YOUR BED-SPRING

By Beulah Blackmore

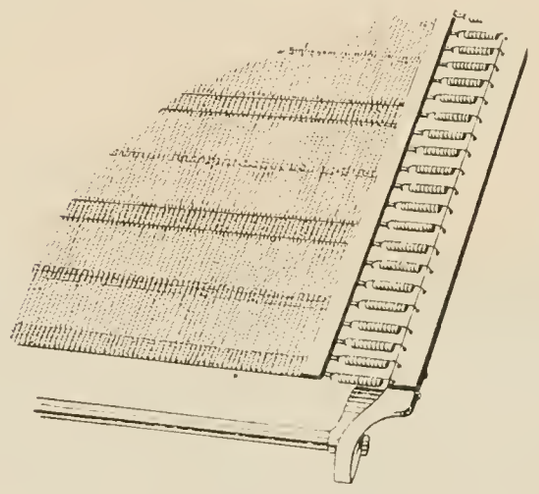
Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW the names of good springs and mattresses of various types, drop us a line and a stamped envelope. We'll send you a list of the makes that the Home-Makers' Department specially recommend. Address us at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

AT THE end of a day, when we are longing for perfect relaxation, there is no more restful sensation than that of dropping on a bed that is perfect in all its appointments. While every article used on the bed should contribute to its soothing comfort, the one great contributing factor to a feeling of buoyancy is its springs.

A sagging spring should be discarded at once if it can not be repaired. Not only does such a spring cause an extravagant use of nervous energy, but it is a further extravagance in that within a short time the mattress will be ruined, and the double expense of both mattress and spring must then be accepted.

The most important difference between bed-springs is the kind of springiness they give to the bed. One kind is called the "pull" spring and the other the "crowding" spring. In the "pull" spring type the springiness is controlled by rows of stiff coils of steel at the head and foot of the springs. (See illustrations of woven and linked wire springs.) These coils hold the main part of the spring to the framework. A body



A second type of "pull" spring has woven mesh instead of links

resting on this kind of spring exerts a pull on the coils, just as a door pulls on a spring fastening. A person's body resting on a spring of this kind assumes a gradual curve downward from the head to a point under the hips, then a gradual curve upward to the feet. This position of the body is assumed when it is resting on woven-wire or linked-wire springs.

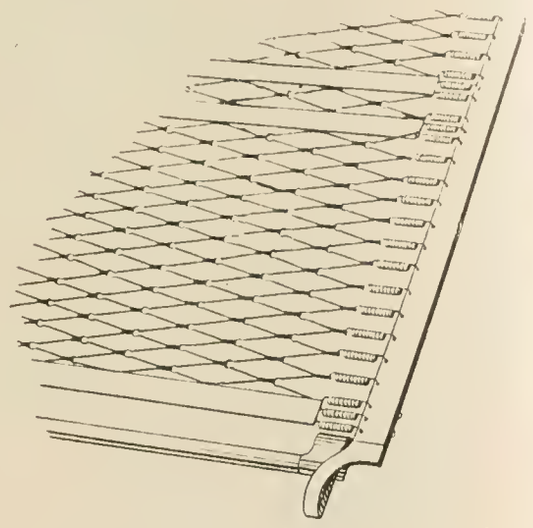
In the "crowding" spring type the springiness is controlled by spirally twisted springs placed vertically, just as they are placed in automobile seats or in upholstered chairs. One's body, resting on this kind of spring, assumes a perfectly natural position, with the least amount of unnatural pressure. There is a slight depression under the shoulders and a deeper depression under the hips, while the rest of the body lies practically straight.

Before purchasing, it is very important for the housewife to determine exactly how much she has to spend for a spring. It is the experience of those who have done thoughtful purchasing that the best bed-spring which one can afford to buy is in the long run by far the best investment.

THINGS TO LOOK FOR WHEN CHOOSING A SPRING

Woven-Wire Springs—These springs are made by twisting together slender coils of fine wire. They should be made from double or triple-ply wire, as this makes the spring less likely to sag; or the springs may be reenforced with strips of triple-ply wire throughout. A roll of heavier wire is usually woven along the sides, and steel wires are sometimes inserted to keep them from stretching. In the better makes of this type of spring the woven part is joined to the frame at the head and foot by horizontal coils of steel. If the springs sag, these coils may be replaced, thus tightening the entire fabric and prolonging its usefulness.

Linked-Wire Springs—These springs are constructed by linking together in squares or rectangles strong wires about four and one-half inches long. (See illustration.) The linked wires are then joined to the metal

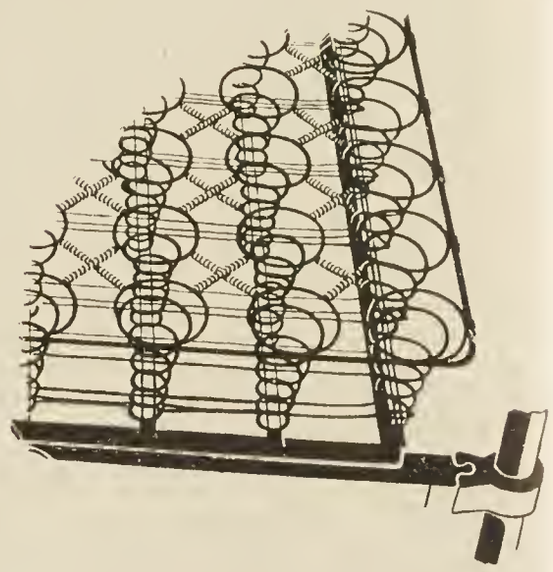


This is a "pull" spring of linked wires ending in stiff coils

tubing frame at the head and foot by strong steel coils about three inches long. It is these coils which give the springs their springiness.

The reenforcements used in linked-wire springs are usually double links along the sides, different weights of wire and one and one-half inch strips of metal of various weights woven in and out along the sides and at intervals throughout the entire spring. Each of these strips should be attached to the metal frame at the head and foot by at least two coils of steel. Linked-wire springs are strong and comfortable and only slightly more expensive than woven-wire springs. (See illustration.)

Spiral Springs—These springs are made from coils of wire placed similarly to those used in upholstered furniture or automobile seats. The springs may be single or double, having one set of springs placed directly above the other. It pays to buy the double spiral if one can afford to invest the amount necessary. They are very comfortable and



This "crowding" spring of spiral yields downward under pressure

durable, as is testified to by the fact that they are commonly used in hospitals.

Box Springs—The standard box springs are usually the most expensive of the four kinds of springs; but for the person who can afford them they are well worth the money invested. Box springs are constructed in much the same way as spiral springs, though they are usually mounted on a wood frame instead of a metal one. The top of the spring is covered with a thin layer of horsehair or felt, and then the entire spring is covered with ticking. This kind of spring will last for many, many years without the slightest repair.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



An attic bedroom floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, Pattern No. 8247

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

Room *or* Attic? The Floor Decides

ONCE she had thought of an attic as merely a storeroom for junk, with a rough, splintery floor. It was only when Junior wanted a room of his own that her imagination started to work—and turned to the neglected attic! There was a fearful array of odds and ends in it, but her imagination was game.

She said to herself: "I'll give away some of this truck. I'll keep the bureau. I'll paint the old wooden table a nice blue green. That old bed I'll have refinished—but the floor, the floor!"

Then she thought of a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum and followed her thought through.

And when the man came and laid the new linoleum floor in the attic, it was hard to tell who was the more pleased with the *new room's* look—Junior or herself.

Here was an attic bedroom—an additional room secured at slight expense; for the linoleum floor was Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, selected to match its walls and window-curtains; a practical floor for a boy to romp on, easily swept, easily kept in condition.

"What is linoleum?" asked Junior.

"Linoleum is made of powdered cork, oxidized linseed oil, and burlap," she replied. She had read "Floors, Furniture, and Color," a book issued by the Armstrong Cork Company.

Cork comes from a tree in Spain, and is springy, and waterproof, and sound-deadening. So is this floor. Linseed oil is pressed from flaxseed, grown in the Argentine. The oxidized linseed oil binds the cork together and makes this the durable floor it is. The burlap is made from jute, grown in India. Jute is used to make heavy rope. The burlap woven from jute forms the back of linoleum. So linoleum is hard to tear.

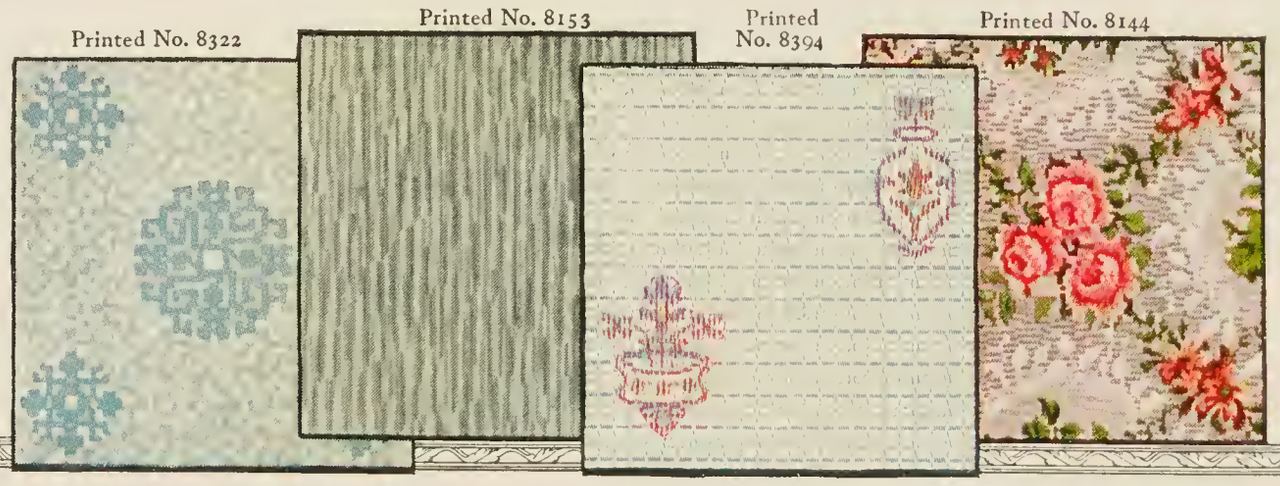
These are the facts. It is for you to insist that your merchant show you genuine linoleum made of cork, linseed oil, and burlap. So look for the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

If there is no burlap back, the material is not genuine linoleum. If the Circle "A" isn't there, it is not Armstrong's Linoleum.

"FLOORS, FURNITURE, *and* COLOR"

By Agnes Foster Wright

Mrs. Wright was formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York. Her book contains color plates and suggestions for color schemes in home decoration and furnishing. It will help you choose linoleum floors suitable for any room. It will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents (in Canada sixty cents). If you desire, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will send you color schemes for floors, wall coverings, and draperies.



ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
827 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.



An "Ounce of Prevention" Every Day To Keep the Family Well

HEALTH is your family's most precious possession. Guard it as the very cornerstone of your happiness.

And health, as physicians all agree, lies largely within ourselves. We can, all of us, *prevent* a great deal of sickness simply by eating the proper kind of food.

In the stress and strain of modern living most of us eat too much of the wrong kinds of food and exercise too little.

Sooner or later we must "Pay the piper." The penalty of carelessness is faulty elimination to which medical science now attributes fully 75% of all illness.

Digestive waste must be thrown off regularly if the human body is to retain its health and vigor. The intestines must have bulk if they are to function properly. This bulk is now conveniently provided for you in a new delicious food.

Now you'll like bran

Your own doctor will tell you that bran is an ideal bulk food for human consumption. In addition to many vital elements which the body needs, bran also contains *phytin* a natural, harmless laxative.

If you have tried ordinary bran and found it tasteless, unappetizing, order Post's Bran Flakes at your grocer's and learn how good bran really can be.

Post's Bran Flakes, with other nutritious parts of wheat, offer all the advantages of bran in a new, delicious cereal form.

In these crisp, brown flakes are found proteins and carbohydrates, phosphorus and iron, phytin (nature's laxative) and the dietary essential, Vitamin B.

See to it that every member of your family eats Post's Bran Flakes in one form or another, every day. Serve this popular cereal just as it comes from the package, with milk or cream. Add it to the children's cooked cereals. Serve it with fruits in season. Make it into muffins, cookies, bread.

Follow this simple formula: everybody, every day, eat Post's Bran Flakes, just as an "Ounce of Prevention." That's the way to keep the family well.

Mail This Coupon

Postum Cereal Company, Inc
Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me your "Ounce of Prevention," a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and your booklet showing many different ways to serve bran.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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45 Front Street, E. Toronto, Ont.



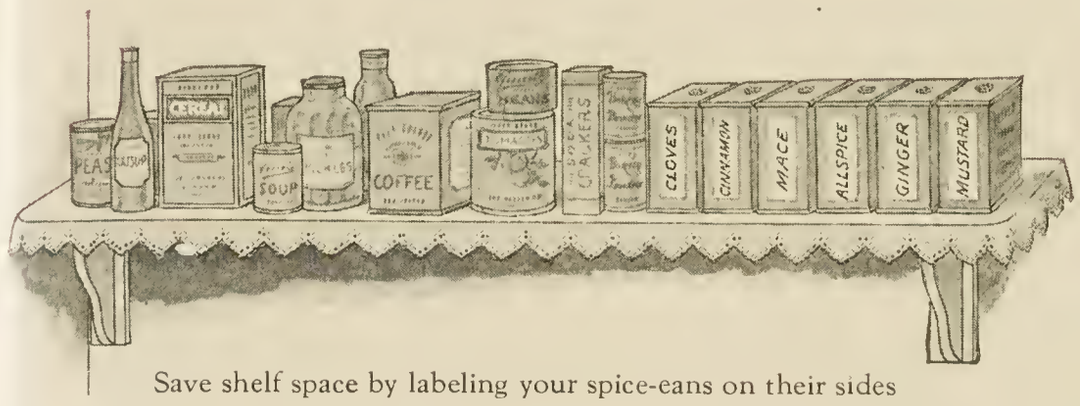
At hotels, clubs, restaurants and on Pullman diners Post's Bran Flakes are served in individual Ounce of Prevention Packages.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan— Makers of Post Health Products—Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes

SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



Save shelf space by labeling your spice-cans on their sides

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)

SAVE SHELF SPACE

The names on boxes of spices invariably are on the wide sides of the cans. In order to save shelf space and still be able to locate the spices easily, paste a label on the narrow ends of each can. In an apartment where shelf space is at a premium, this plan is well worth using.—MRS. R. L. S., Cheney, Wash.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FROM COLD LUNCHES

A hot lunch for the child who can not come home at noon is conceded to be very desirable from the point of view of health. We have worked out what we enthusiastically call "the pint-can school lunch." Each child brings from home a pint can containing some food or drink together with his usual sandwiches. This plan does not necessitate a great deal of work on the part of either the teacher or the mothers.—MRS. O. D. P., Ohio, Ill.

SAVE COOKING UTENSILS AND GAS

As a gas-saver and as a convenient utensil to handle, I recommend an omelet-pan. There are many ways in which it may be utilized: such as frying meat in one side and potatoes in the other; or two kinds of meat; or meat and any other combination; or it may be used simply for reheating purposes. This necessitates the use of only one gas-burner, the handling of only one frying-pan and the washing of only one greasy article. It is extremely practical for a small family.—MRS. R. K. M., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

SAVE TIME IN PREPARING PUMPKIN

The slow and rather difficult process of cutting, paring and cooking pumpkin may be greatly shortened by baking the pumpkin rather than stewing it. I wash the pumpkin, cut it in halves, remove the seeds and pulp and then place it in a moderate oven. In an hour or two the pumpkin is done, can be scraped from the shell, put through the colander and made ready for pies. This is a time-saving method compared with the old way of stirring the pumpkin constantly to prevent it from burning.—M. B., Green Ridge, Mo.

SAVE TIME IN DRYING CORN

Fresh corn may be dried on the cob, thus saving the time required to cut it from the ear. The corn on the cob should be boiled as for a meal, taken from the water and strung, or pushed on a nail, and dried behind the stove.

In the Winter the dried corn should be placed on the stove in boiling water. The kettle should be put on the back of the stove and left to simmer for a half-hour. The water should not be allowed to stop bubbling, or the corn will become water-soaked.

This corn, while not so good as green corn, can be made very palatable.—MRS. A. T. P., Lavina, Mont.

A DIPPER THAT SAVES TIME

Use your ice-cream dipper to shape croquettes, chicken salad for individual salads, or any salad, such as tuna fish or potato salad, that can be molded.—MRS. C. A. W., Albany, N. Y.

MAKE USE OF OLD BATH-TOWELS

A very useful way to use old bath-towels is to make them into "back-washers." Take two or more thicknesses twenty-four inches long and four inches wide. Stitch them on the sewing-machine twice and put a loop on each end.

Bath-mitts may also be made if the towel is not too badly worn. These will be preferred to wash-cloths by the boys of the family at least.—MRS. T. J. C., Long Beach, Calif.

SAVE EYE-STRAIN

When darning in the evening, use a light-colored darner for dark hose and a dark-colored darner for light hose. You will find the work easier and less straining on the eyes.—MRS. W. W. DEG., Centerville, La.

SAVE TIME IN MAKING DESSERTS

For a dessert that is quick, easy and sure to please, I make cup cakes. I drop about one-half as much of the batter into gem tins as is customary in making little cakes. On this I drop one-half a canned peach, apricot or a spoon of preserve. On this I pour the remainder of the batter and bake them the same as ordinary cup cakes. They are much like a steamed pudding and more easily made. And they may be served with a fruit sauce if desired.—MRS. C. F. C., Seattle, Wash.

SAVE MILK BILLS

From the milk we get from our two little goats, one of which is still suckling her kid, we are bringing up a lively bunch of baby turkeys and some baby chicks. There is a skimmed surplus of about a gallon a day after all household needs are taken care of. We have cream in chunks for the coffee and fluffily whipped for desserts and other good things. We believe in goats as milk-bill savers.—MRS. A. D. W., Novato, Calif.

SAVE TIME AND BURNED FINGERS

When boiling several eggs in the shell, considerable time can be saved by placing them all in a sieve or wire basket and then lowering this into the boiling water. When the eggs have cooked sufficiently, it is much simpler to lift out the sieve or wire basket than to fish for each egg singly with a spoon.—MRS. I. A. W., Phœnixville, Pa.



THE PERSONALITY SHOP

How one girl learned the secrets of distinctive, becoming dress

By JEAN CAREY

"THE Personality Shop"—Gold mystery letters on shimmering plate glass lured me, and I entered. Immediately gold and green flung greeting. "What a room!" I breathed.

Then the inner door opened. Out came a woman with eyes and face joy-lit.

A tall girl followed. Her smile at the waiting women, her gracious ease, told me she was owner.

I told her that I was interested in her success and asked her to tell me about it. "Why, certainly," she said pleasantly, "I'll be glad to tell you all I can."

"Then, first of all," I asked frankly, "what made that little woman so happy?"

"We were planning something lovely. Next week you may see her in a new gray street dress with snowy collar and cuffs." Her eyes shone with the same vision the little woman must have been seeing.

"Now I know just what 'The Personality Shop' is!" I exclaimed. "You give people charm just by dressing them the way they ought to dress."

"YES," she nodded smiling, "it's the most delightful work imaginable." Then she told how she had made pale, flaxen-haired Marion Walker into a colorful little flower; how angular Nancy Thomas had gained new grace. "You see, a dress may be ever so beautiful, yet fail unless it expresses the personality of its wearer."

"How did you happen to begin?"

"I needed clothes. I had just bought an expensive ready-made that was no more suited to me than to anyone else. I mean there was nothing personal about it. I tried making it over, almost ruined it, realized it would take a small fortune to get the becoming clothes I wanted unless I learned to make them myself. It was then I heard of the Woman's Institute and decided to enroll.

"Results surprised me. You know what the lessons are like. They aren't really lessons. They are just delightful guidance that helps you merge soft colors and lovely fabrics into gowns that cost a third the price of ready-mades, yet resemble imported frocks. That is why my work sells so rapidly. . . . The Institute makes possible the little distinctive touches so many dressmakers seem to lack."

"Had you sewed before?"

She smiled rather ruefully. "Not very well. But it wouldn't have mattered if I couldn't sew at all. The Institute teaches everything. Mrs. Picken, Director of Instruction, helped me with every problem—with sleeves, materials, trimmings—even bought some of the fabrics and sketched some of the loveliest ways to make them."

"Did you have any trouble starting this shop?"

"Not at all. The Institute advised me how to choose furnishings, advertise, send out my cards, put my business on such a safe basis, that success was inevitable. One of my first customers was a prominent woman here in town. When her friends saw her clothes, they wanted me to make theirs too. Since then, my shop has really advertised itself. Let me show you some of the dresses."

SHE led me into her fitting room and revealed closets of shimmering gowns in soft merging colors—each with little daring adornments and unexpected draperies—exquisite in every line.

"Isn't there some way that women everywhere can learn about the Institute?" I asked—"a booklet or something?"

"Yes—a very interesting booklet called *'Making Beautiful Clothes.'* Every woman and girl who delights in lovely dresses ought to read that book! She may not care to start a shop of her own, but the Institute can easily help her to dress inexpensively and in excellent taste all the time. Here, let me show you the booklet."

As I read it over, it gave me a new vision of the Woman's Institute and I determined that every one of my readers should have a copy.

So I am having a coupon printed below so that you, too, may have this booklet. Simply fill in your name and address and send the coupon to the Institute, and *"Making Beautiful Clothes"* will come to you by return mail free. I know you will always be glad you sent for it.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 41-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet, *"Making Beautiful Clothes."* I am most interested in learning:

- ☐ Professional Dressmaking
- ☐ Home Dressmaking
- ☐ Millinery
- ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



You cannot be sure of getting the genuine unless you ask specifically for

Kleinert's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jiffy Baby Pants
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patented Sept. 2, 1919

No pins, no buttons, no tapes—on and off in a jiffy. In natural, white, and flesh. Small, medium, large and extra large sizes. Guaranteed waterproof.

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
485 Fifth Avenue, New York, cor. 41st Street opposite the Library

Makers of:
Kleinert's Dress Shields—Household Aprons—Rubber Sheeting—Dress Protectors—etc.

OUR MOST COMMON AILMENT

By Flora M. Thurston

Uncle Sam's Nutrition Specialist in the Extension Service at Cornell University

The joy of life is lost to many people because they are sufferers from chronic constipation. The proper diet will cure you. We've a group of specially prepared menus that you'll find just as effective as they are delicious. Try them. They're yours in return for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. . . . And if you are interested in knowing the nutritional value of various foods and the quantities you need to eat to be really well fed, ask us for our food-chart and score-card. Address The Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

OF ALL the ills that human flesh is heir to, nothing has been made as responsible for a host of other more serious ailments as constipation. Physicians have said that eighty to ninety per cent. of the physical troubles of civilized man can be traced to this very common condition. It has been blamed for lowering bodily resistance to disease, for poor complexions, for dark circles under the eyes, anemia—and even more serious disorders have been laid at its door. Whatever may be the misfortunes that follow in its wake, just to be relieved from "that tired feeling," from headache, dullness, susceptibility to colds and indigestion, and to possess increased appetite and general vigor would be reward enough for any effort to overcome it.

To any one who is intelligently interested in the food habits of people, both the cause and the remedy are equally obvious. No other ailment that is as significant to the individual as constipation is so easily overcome; it yields readily before the proverbial ounce of prevention. Yet the habitual use of cathartics forces the decision that the public is either lazy or ignorant, or both.

Food, water and exercise, together with regularity of evacuation, are the means of success in ridding oneself of constipation. Many a person has secured results by emphasizing only one of these factors, while with others all three have had to be employed. Fortunately the difficulty is usually the result of the neglect of one or more of these habits, and is seldom caused by malformation of the alimentary tract. In most cases the tract is a good one and needs only to be treated well to respond satisfactorily. It is asking too much, however, to expect normal response immediately, especially if bad habits are of long standing. A month of consistent effort, on the other hand, may undo years of careless habits.

IT IS a new idea to the average person to think of food in the alimentary tract as being outside the body. One sometimes hears the remark: "We are between our alimentary tracts and our skins." It is important to appreciate this fact in order to understand the purpose of this food channel.

Food goes through the alimentary tract in order to become ready for absorption into the blood. As we eat food, it is not in a condition to be drawn into the body proper and distributed to all parts; therefore, as it passes through the stomach and intestines it becomes liquid and chemically changed, so that a large proportion of it can be absorbed. A certain amount of the food material eaten, depending upon the bulkiness of it, is not capable of being changed and absorbed, and so remains in the tract throughout the process of digestion and is evacuated as waste material.

Tardiness in evacuating this waste increases the difficulty, because the longer the food stays in the tract the more liquid is absorbed from it and the drier it becomes. Because some people are regular in their habits, they are not aware of the fact that they are suffering from delayed passage of waste material just as truly as those who may need to resort to the use of artificial means. Those who suspect such retardation may determine its extent by taking a dose of charcoal at the end of a meal and watching for the appearance of a dark ring in the stools. Authorities differ as to the length of time food should stay in the tract, although forty-eight hours or less is considered a reasonable limit of time.

One might take for granted that there would be economy in allowing plenty of time for the absorption of foods by figuring that the longer food stays in the tract the more nourishment is extracted from it. Other things being equal, this might be the case, but the difficulty is that bacteria of various kinds which may accompany the food and which are ever-present in the intestines offer competition to the body for some of the food. The longer food stays in the alimentary tract, the greater is likely to be the growth of these bacteria because the place is favorably moist and warm.

TWO types of bacteria fight for supremacy in the alimentary or food tract: one a kind of bacteria that grows on carbohydrate foods (starches, cellulose) and forms acid and gas, and another that lives on proteins (meat, eggs, cheese, etc.) and forms gas and toxins. When these two are equally matched, there is a satisfactory condition of affairs, because neither gains headway, and the minimum amount of gas, acid and toxin is formed. When either one outdoes the other, an abnormal amount of these products will be produced.

Too much fermentation (the action of bacteria on sugar, starches and cellulose) is not so detrimental to health as putrefaction (protein decomposition), unless it is extreme. Putrefaction, however, is responsible for the production of poisons that have opportunity to form in greater amounts the longer the food is held in the tract and the more protein food is present. It is especially important, therefore, to guard against putrefaction by hastening the passage of food through the tract and, temporarily at least, by reducing the amount of protein food. The amount of poison absorbed by the intestines may be determined by an analysis of the urine. While the maximum absorption of food is probably desirable, it should be accomplished with a minimum absorption of toxin.

Special care should be taken during pregnancy to avoid the production of intestinal toxin, because during that time the body is especially burdened with waste material, added by the growing fetus. Mechanical pressure may also be responsible for an increase of toxin by encouraging constipation. If the mother's ability to handle these poisons is limited—and human beings differ in this respect—she may suffer unduly from this extra task. If she has a predisposition to goiter, it may become noticeably increased at this time, due partly to the fact that the thyroid gland is concerned in the body mechanism which is responsible for the destruction of toxins. With this added burden it may become overworked and enlarged.

During illness, special care should be taken to avoid constipation because of the handicap it places on the body functions. One of the first and most important procedures is the emptying of the alimentary tract in order to reduce to a minimum the debilitating effect of the poisons it may contain. Unfortunately, the illness may interfere with the food habits of the person and thereby make the relief of constipation more difficult. Exercise is usually cut off, but regularity, water and proper foods can be more readily maintained. Every effort should be made to regulate the habits by these means instead of by artificial ones, for the longer the tract is made to act by abnormal stimulation the less able it becomes to act alone.

WHETHER one is sick or well, young or old, the same means may be employed to meet the situation. If one lacks time and an abundance of enthusiasm for reform, one may look over the list and choose first to

Concluded on page 57

Do you know these delightful uses for HAWAII'S MATCHLESS FRUIT?

1095 meals a year—breakfasts, lunches, dinners!

How to keep them always tempting—how to put new variety and sparkle into every menu—especially when you have to serve the same people day after day! What household problem requires more ingenuity than this?

No wonder women are so eager for new recipes—for original menu suggestions!

And no wonder canned Hawaiian Pineapple, world-popular, year-round fruit of many uses, holds a place of honor on so many pantry shelves!!

Packed in two forms, *Sliced* and *Crushed*, each particularly economical and convenient for a certain type of uses, Hawaiian Pineapple points the way to an endless variety of tempting menu treats. The *Sliced*, of course, is primarily a ready-to-serve dessert fruit; the *Crushed*, a never-failing aid in the preparation of made-up dishes—ices, sundaes, fruit-cocktails, salads, pies, puddings and delightful, thirst-quenching drinks.

Both *Sliced* and *Crushed* are identical in quality and flavor—the same luscious, sun-ripened fruit, grown on the same model Hawaiian Plantations—simply packed in different forms for different types of uses.

Don't be without either kind! You'll generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen—a half-dozen cans of each.



Two Simple Recipes Made With "Sliced"

PINEAPPLE COTTAGE SALAD: Arrange slices of Hawaiian Pineapple on salad plates, allowing one to each service, and garnish with *watercress or lettuce*. Heap with well-seasoned cottage cheese and add French Dressing.

CARAMEL PINEAPPLE CUSTARD: Prepare a caramel flavored mixture of milk and eggs for a custard. Place a slice of Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple in the bottoms of buttered custard cups. Pour in the custard mixture and bake until firm. Chill and serve.

Three Favorites Made With "Crushed"

"CRISS CROSS" PINEAPPLE PIE: Heat 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix ¾ cup sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Add the hot pineapple and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and add 1 teaspoon butter. Cool slightly, add 1 beaten egg and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into pastry-lined pie pan and arrange strips of pastry across the top. Put into a hot oven and after 10 minutes reduce heat and bake about 30 minutes longer.

PINEAPPLE HI BALL: Mix 2 cups water and ¼ cup sugar, boil 3 minutes and chill. Add 2 cups sirup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and 2 cups carbonated water and serve immediately with crushed ice and slice of orange in each glass.

BREATH O' THE TROPICS: Whip 1 cup thick cream until stiff, adding ¼ cup powdered sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 1 teaspoon gelatine (softened in a tablespoon of cold water and dissolved over boiling water) and ¾ cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Pour into sherbet glasses lined with lady fingers.

And This Free Book Gives Many Other Uses!

Write today for our free book of selected, tested Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes. Address Department 109, Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

Pineapple Hi Ball

Breath o' the Tropics



Pineapple Cottage Salad

"Criss Cross" Pineapple Pie

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

CANNED 2 WAYS

Sliced—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

Crushed—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads and hundreds of made-up dishes.



"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh

OUR MOST COMMON AILMENT

Concluded from page 54

practise the habit which has been least a part of one's routine. One change may be sufficient to turn the trick. If one enjoys the satisfaction of thoroughness, and believes that if it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, then all the recommendations may be adopted and success is much more likely to be the result. Whatever is adopted must become a habit, otherwise there is little hope for recovery.

THE easiest of all habits to accept is that of drinking more water. It costs nothing and takes little thought and time. This alone may be enough to encourage the flow of digestive juices and hurry the process of digestion and elimination. One of the important factors in the prevention of constipation is sufficient softening of the food mass. Water as such, and foods with a high water content, such as milk, fruits and vegetables, will go a long way toward accomplishing this end. Warm or comfortably hot water is preferable to ice-water, but cool water is satisfactory, especially between meals.

One or two glasses of water may be taken half an hour before breakfast, with meals and between meals. Orange or lemon-juice added to the water before breakfast makes it more palatable and more stimulating and also adds important value to the day's food. Beverages may be counted as liquid because they contain a high proportion of water.

A factor quite as important as water is proper food. Living up to the requirements of the nutrition score-card published in the April, May and June issues of THE DELINEATOR (*this score-card will be sent on request in return for a stamped envelope*) may be sufficient to insure enough laxative food, especially if one has not been accustomed to an abundance of fruits and vegetables and whole cereals. If it is not, larger amounts of the coating of cereals may be added in the form of brans; and vegetables and fruits also may be served more often and in larger amounts.

Some people pay little attention to the amount of food consumed. They sometimes think that if they eat some of several vegetables and fruits, then their needs are met. In order to be really effective about one-half cup of fruit or vegetable should be considered a serving.

For infants, a laxative may be secured by using certain types of carbohydrate, such as milk-sugar, in place of the more complex carbohydrates. Strained whole cereal may be given to a child over six months of age and the strained pulp of prunes is given at the same age. Orange-juice is a laxative to some babies, but not to all. Strained vegetable pulp or juice may also prove laxative to most infants.

REGULARITY is of great importance in relieving constipation in both children and adults. The customary hurried breakfast and rush to school or office makes adequate time for regular evacuation difficult. This neglect alone may cause constipation, since the longer food remains in the tract the more concentrated it becomes and therefore the more difficult to move. Babies only a few months old may be taught regularity, and when children go to school they should not be permitted to break the habit. The most favorable time for evacuation is after the morning meal, because the entire tract has been stimulated by the food eaten.

The importance of muscle tone in the prevention and cure of constipation has been too little appreciated. Many people who exercise their limbs in housework or other occupation have the impression that they exercise enough. Their arms may be hard and muscular, but their abdominal muscles may be very flabby indeed. Some people who over-exercise some parts of their bodies and not the corresponding parts develop a fatigue posture that is very detrimental to satisfactory intestinal activities. General exercise may not be sufficient; exercises that strengthen the muscles of the abdomen are often the most effective means of relief.

Many exercises might be suggested, but the following have proved very helpful. They should be taken night and morning in loose clothing and in a room with fresh air. Ten times for each may be enough for a beginning, but the number should be gradually increased.

Stand with feet six inches apart, pointed straight ahead. Stretch the arms sidewise. Turn the trunk to the left without moving the feet and touch the right hand to the floor between the feet, bending the right knee. Repeat by turning to the right and touching the left hand to the floor and bending the left knee.

Stand with feet six inches apart, pointed straight ahead. Raise the left knee as high as possible, clasp it with both hands and draw to the body. Repeat with right knee. Lie on the bed and repeat this exercise and add the clasping of both knees at once.

AFTER the morning exercises, the following daily routine is suggested:

One-Half Hour Before Breakfast—Drink one or two glasses or water (hot or cool), with or without lemon or orange-juice.

Breakfast—Have a large serving of fruit, diluted by adding water or by drinking water between bites if the acid is irritating. Eat whole-cereal breakfast-food with top milk, or toast or muffins or both. Add bran if necessary. Also eggs or bacon or both. Drink milk, cocoa or coffee. Then go to the toilet.

Between Meals—Drink one or two glasses of water or milk if needed. Exercise out-of-doors if possible.

Lunch (or Supper)—Have vegetables as a clear soup, a salad or cooked plain. Also a cheese or egg dish. If bread is eaten, use Graham or whole wheat. Have a fruit salad and dessert, and milk to drink.

Between Meals—Drink one or two glasses of water or milk if needed. Exercise out-of-doors if possible.

Dinner—Have clear vegetable soup or broth, two large servings of vegetables and a small serving of meat, cheese or eggs. If bread is eaten, use Graham or whole wheat. Have a fruit salad or dessert.

When one becomes enthusiastic about the possibilities of permanent relief from constipation through wholesome living, one must not throw all habits of taking cathartics to the winds immediately, but rather develop the resources of the body gradually and reduce the artificial means consistently. Thereafter cathartics should be used only in an emergency.

IN ORDER to make clear the effects of cathartics and to show what types should be used under various circumstances, a brief discussion is included with this article.

Since the purpose of cathartics is to increase the speed and facility of evacuation, the result, especially of those causing violent action, may be depressing to the alimentary tract and therefore may increase the tendency to constipation. The use of cathartics should be regarded as an expedient and never as a cure. A cathartic increases weakness rather than strength and tends to leave the individual with a greater problem each time it is used.

Cathartics may be classified according to their effect on the intestinal tract. Some cathartics stimulate the muscles to act by irritation; they whip them into action and have in the end a depressing effect. Others merely soften the stools and thus relieve the muscles of some of the necessity for action. Still another group increases the bulk of the food and provides material for the muscles to grasp. Some cathartics have more than one action.

A physiological salt solution (one quart to two level teaspoons of salt) is one of the best types of cathartic to use, because it does not form a bad habit, but leaves the tract in good condition. It is successful as a purgative only when enough salt is used to keep the solution in the alimentary tract so that it will not be evacuated from it. If the solution is not sufficiently dense, it will be absorbed into the blood and no purgative action will result. If too much salt is used, the solution will be irritating and harmful.

Most persons will be unable to take the entire quart of solution before breakfast. If it is all taken, it should be done slowly over a period of fifteen minutes. Three cups are sufficient for a good purgative, two cups a fair one, and one cup acts only as a mild laxative. The water should be cool or warm, not lukewarm, as lukewarm salt solution is sickening. It is especially important not to take clear water for a half an hour after taking the salt solution, as it would dilute the salt and make the desired results impossible.

This purgative is not safe to use in pregnancy—especially in large amounts.

THE · SECRET · OF · POISE ····· FIGURE · GROOMING



JUST notice the women who have sacrificed their appearance to false ideas of comfort and freedom. Who have, by discarding corsets, allowed their figures to sag and spread. Surely you don't want this to happen to you. It doesn't need to. Have the poise of women who have discovered "Figure-Grooming." Wear a Modart Corset.

Modart is a front fastening garment which makes it easier to adjust. It gives support where support is needed and by cupping under the body "stays put" and does not restrict the waist. Modart has a closed back because in this way only can the extreme flat hip and back line be accomplished.

Modart is an especially light, flexible corset, made from the finest materials, so designed that it not only gives a general slenderizing effect, but actually reduces the figure. These are the features which have caused hundreds of thousands of well-groomed women to purchase Modart Corsets year after year.

Buy your Modart Corset at one of the better stores or shops of your town where there is a corsetiere who understands "Figure-Grooming." Let her choose the one Modart created for you.

Write for beautiful booklet, "The Secret of Poise—Figure-Grooming." Address Dept. 734

THE · SECRET · OF · FIGURE · GROOMING

MODART

CORSETS

MODART CORSET COMPANY, *Saginaw, Michigan*



Cool and smooth with graceful finger tips—these hands can be yours

NOWADAYS - -

EVERY WOMAN can have hands so pretty she is proud to show them

YOU can easily make your hands so pretty you will want people to notice them instead of shrinking from their glances.

Every single thing you need to transform your finger tips —no matter how they look today—and then to keep them lovely all the time, has been perfected by a famous specialist.

Even that bothersome question of the way to keep the cuticle nice has been solved. Of course it is not cutting. You discovered long ago that only made the skin grow back coarse and lumpy, and pushing it back leaves all the old dead skin around the nail.

For the correct manicure—

The safe liquid—Cutex Cuticle Remover—loosens the uneven skin and those hideous little white shreds, so you actually get rid of the dead, superfluous skin. After using it rinse your fingers and wipe them, leaving your cuticle just the way you want it—thin, soft and fresh looking and quite even all around the nail.

Then for the finishing touch that makes the nails glisten like the lustrous inside of a rosy sea-shell Cutex has four splendid polishes.

Cutex Powder Polish in a new metal box that can't waste or spill the powder gives a delicate pink lustre almost instantly.

Cutex Liquid Polish gives the nails a brilliant polish that lasts a whole week.

Cutex Cake Polish is a velvet-smooth polish, in the familiar solid form some women prefer.

Cutex Paste Polish is a soft pink paste containing the oils some women like and gives the nails a soft glowing finish.

You can get each Cutex article separately for only 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. Or there are charming Cutex sets containing different assortments of all these things for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 or $3.00.

Special Introductory Offer—Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. B-10, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



Mail this coupon with 12 cents today

Northam Warren, Dept. B-10,
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. Box)

City_____ State_____

EXPERT ADVICE ON LIGHTING YOUR HOME

Concluded from page 21

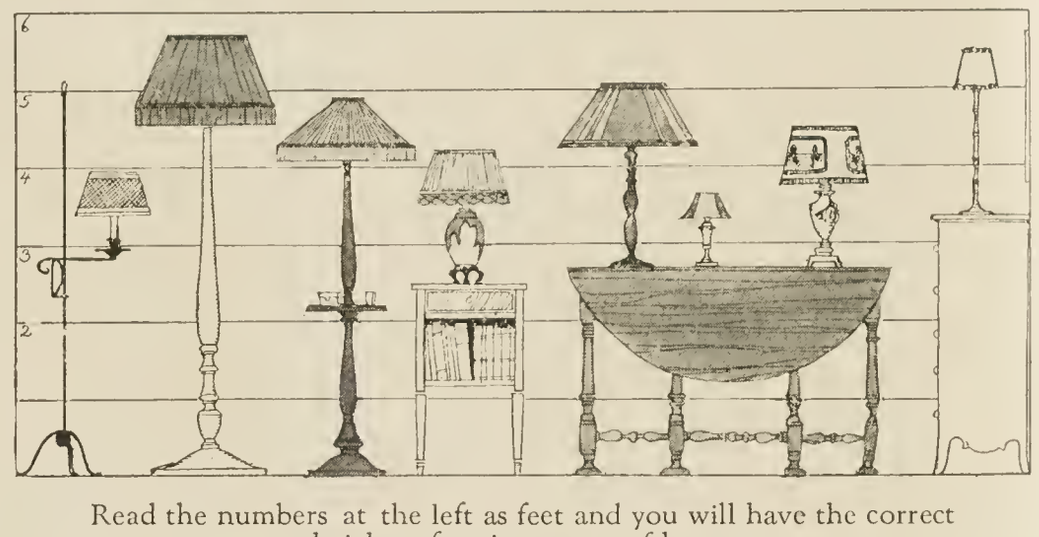
so that the light is sent upward. Besides this indirect lighting, several electric-filament lamps may, as usual, supply the direct light. Such portables will illuminate a room fifteen feet square quite adequately when a flood of light is desired.

HOW TO LIGHT YOUR LIVING-ROOM

The living-room is the domain of the portable lamp. We may think in terms of table and floor-lamps that are both useful and decorative. After useful light has been provided where needed, we may consider purely decorative portables as vitalized ornament.

The number of portables in a living-room depends largely upon the size of the room and the purse of the home-maker. Certainly four convenience-outlets are the least number that should be provided in the living-room, and these should be distributed according to the wall-spaces. In general, they are best located in the base-boards, because they are inconspicuous there.

A great advantage of the portable is its mobility. The floor-lamp type enjoys complete independence because its location is not limited to that of a table. It can be drawn close to a chair; and if its spread of light is



Read the numbers at the left as feet and you will have the correct heights of various types of lamps

sufficient, it is excellent for the easy-chair, for the writing-desk, for the piano, etc. It may have an open-top shade, thereby contributing some general light by reflection from the ceiling. The bridge-lamp has advantages owing to the projection of the shade from the pedestal.

The direct-indirect portable can flood the living-room with light when desired. It should contain a large lamp, from seventy-five to two hundred watts, depending upon the amount of general lighting desired. If a portable has only one socket, the lamp should be at least fifty watts for a small portable, but for a large one about one hundred watts should be used. Most portables have two or three sockets; in these, twenty-five to fifty watt lamps should be used. It is a good rule to use lamps which have diffusing bulbs.

It has been quite generally proved that for close work, such as sewing, a tungsten daylight lamp is best. In fact, this quality of light is quite generally desired for close work by persons with sensitive eyes. The lamp should be frosted and well shaded.

If ceiling fixtures are desired, a well-shaded shower light close to the ceiling or a bowl hung close to the ceiling is satisfactory for general lighting. If ball-lamp fixtures are already in use, they can be equipped with shades supported by the lamp-bulbs.

Brackets in the living-room should be considered only on the basis of ornament. They should be equipped with shields or shades and should contain small lamps of ten to fifteen watts. When lamps of large sizes are used, wall-brackets are generally glaring.

LIGHTING YOUR BEDROOM

The most important lighting problems are here found to be in connection with the mirrored furniture, such as the dresser and the dressing-table. Portable lamps may be used or brackets can be fastened to the sides of the mirror or on the wall at the sides of the dresser or dressing-table. When brackets are located on the wall, the arrangement of the lighting furnishings is fixed. A more satisfactory method is to supply an adequate number of convenience-outlets, one for each wall-space of importance.

The best lighting for operations before a mirror is accomplished by wall-brackets fastened on both sides of the mirror. This is even better than a single light at the top of the mirror. Thus the article of furniture is wired and can be connected to the convenience-outlet like a portable lamp. The convenience-outlets may be in the base-board or at a height of three feet. For the use of appliances, such as the curling-iron, a convenience-outlet should be available on the dressing-table or dresser or in the wall at a height of three feet, if possible. Greater flexibility is obtained when it is located on the article of furniture.

In the case of a dresser, where a person has to stand to use it, the brackets should be from sixty to sixty-six inches above the floor. In the case of a dressing-table, where the user is seated, the brackets should be lower, about fifty to sixty inches above the floor. If portable lamps are used, they should be tall and slender for the dresser and very short for the dressing-table.

A ceiling fixture for a bedroom is not strictly necessary, but is convenient at times. There are delicate glassware bowls or textile shades which provide general lighting. A convenience-outlet near the bed permits the use of appliances and reading-lamps. A portable lamp at the head of the bed on a little table, or a floor-lamp, is suitable if it provides an adequate spread of light. Here a delicate floor-lamp about four feet high with a shallow shade is satisfactory, for it can easily be drawn to the bed for reading. Bed-lamps are available for fastening to the head of the bed. If well-shaded, they represent the most satisfactory method of providing light for reading in bed.

The size of electric bulbs for the dresser and dressing-table should be forty to fifty watts; for the central fixture fifty to seventy-five watts; for the bed-lamps forty watts, and for the portable lamp at the head of the bed the total wattage should be from seventy-five to one hundred.

LIGHTS IN OTHER ROOMS

The same principles of lighting that have been discussed in connection with the living-room apply to the sun-room, study, music-room and library.

The lighting at the bathroom mirror is best accomplished by a wall-bracket on each side, placed at a height of sixty-six inches and controlled by a wall-switch near the door.

Ceiling fixtures controlled by wall-switches should be available in halls. An excellent fixture for hallways and porches is a prismatic enclosing globe. This diffuses the light and directs it downward. The lamps should be forty to fifty watts. Of course the reception-hall should have a more elaborate fixture.

Convenience-outlets in halls should not be overlooked. They provide opportunities for connecting portables if desired and are always available for the vacuum cleaner and other appliances.

In his next article Mr. Luckiesh will take up the lighting of the kitchen and dining-room

10-day Test FREE
Mail the Coupon

How millions are finding clearer, whiter teeth

—and without bleaching or harsh grit. The way foremost dentists now are urging

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. Beneath it are the clear, glistening teeth that you envy in others. Ordinary methods are inadequate. This new way combats it scientifically without harsh grit dangerous to enamel. See what 10 days will bring.

DULL teeth, dingy teeth, teeth that lack gleam and luster—modern science has discovered a new way to correct them.

In a short time you can work a transformation. In ten days you can have whiter, more gleaming teeth than you ever thought you could have.

This offers you free a 10-day test. Simply use the coupon.

Why teeth lose color; how combating the film works wonders—note results in 10 days

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must combat it.

Film is that viscous coat that you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So dull and dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.



New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that has changed the tooth cleansing habits of some 50 different nations.

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles when their chief cause can be combated. Don't you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?

Make the test

Remember, every time you eat, food clings to your teeth. Film is constantly forming. The film that ruins teeth; that mars their luster, makes them look dingy and dull.

This new way will combat it—will give the lustrous teeth you envy.

It will polish your teeth; give them a new beauty that will delight you.

Make the test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full size tube from your druggist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?



Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Every man—particularly any man who smokes—will find remarkable results from this new method.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

MAIL this for 10-day tube to

1707

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 171
1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the "*profile*" of the teeth

THIS is the tooth brush that is shaped to fit the "profile" of the teeth—*a feature originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* It brushes *in between,* not *over* the teeth. It *can't* "skip over" the innermost crevices, because the tufts are scientifically formed to fit every possible variation of tooth structure.

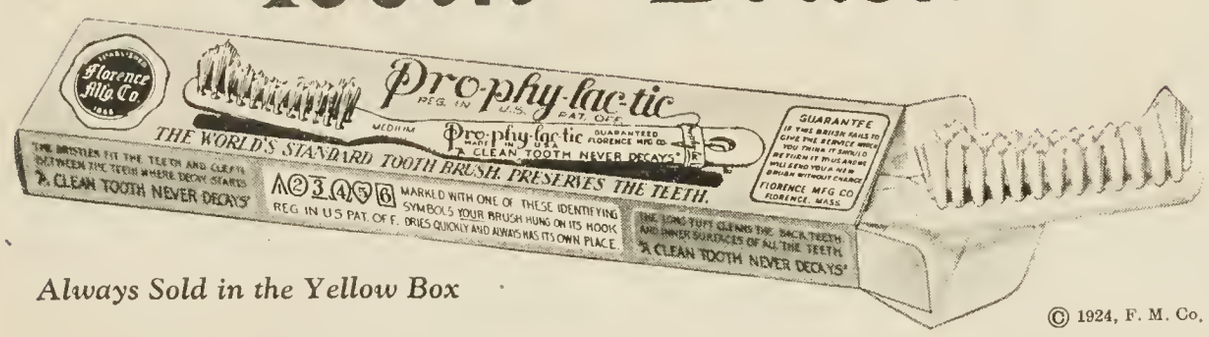
It is sold everywhere in the United States and in every civilized community on earth. It is the world's standard tooth brush. The whole world knows it to be the correct brush to clean teeth the correct way. The three sizes are priced in the United States: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made with hard, medium or soft bristles. Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

Pro-phy-lac-tic MEDIUM GUARANTEED FLORENCE MFG. CO. STERILIZED NEVER DECAYS 9

Pro-phy-lac-tic

REG U S PAT OFF

Tooth Brush



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ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In this department, which was inaugurated and developed under the editorial adviserships of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, the eminent baby specialist, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the most authentic information on baby care and child welfare.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt) and Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Three Special Problems: Eyes (by Dr. Ward A. Holden), Play (by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw) and Movies (by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw)."

There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Better Homes—This national movement for Better Homes in America, which THE DELINEATOR organized in 1921, has now been incorporated as a public service under the presidency of the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Headquarters are at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, District of Columbia. Plan-books may be had telling how to organize local campaigns. THE DELINEATOR will be glad to furnish information and to forward inquiries; or you may write direct to headquarters.

Housekeeping — The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Children—We've a page of children's prayers, and also a list of books that will help develop good reading habits. A two-cent stamp will bring one or both to you.

An attractive little binder that will hold twelve numbers of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR may be had for twenty-five cents. The binder is red in color and has the words "THE LITTLE DELINEATOR" printed on the front cover.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

An illustrated booklet of exercises for women, called "Keeping Fit at Home," may be had for ten cents.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have three new parties, "A Sorority Party," "A Hallowe'en Party," and "A Leather Shower for the Engaged Couple." Two cents will cover return postage.

SECRETS OF MAKING GOOD BREAD

Concluded from page 49

a well-shaped loaf which can be molded quickly, once a little skill has been developed.

This technique consists of molding the dough into a roll resembling a large jelly roll. The housekeeper is urged to try this method. The first few times it may seem slow and clumsy and the resulting product rough and poor in shape. Shape the dough into a round ball; then, keeping the smooth side next to the board, press it down with the palms of the hands and shape it into a long sheet about an inch in depth and wider in the center than at the ends. Lift it at the ends and with a gentle flapping motion pull it into an oblong. When the shape is right, with the hands bring the dough from each end over one-half way to the center and seal the ends of it to the dough. Lightly shape the loaf, bringing the back edge forward so that it is like a jelly roll and just the length of the bread-tin. Place it in the bread-tin, smooth side on top and with the long crease underneath, and grease the top of the dough with melted fat if desired.

Proof the Dough—The rising of the dough in the tin the baker calls proofing, and the quality of the bread is very dependent upon the temperature at which it rises in the tin and the amount the dough is allowed to develop in the tin. Many bakers permit the bread to rise at a somewhat higher temperature in the tin than during previous risings. The dough is ready to bake when it has about doubled in bulk.

Bake Carefully—Much dough that might otherwise have made excellent bread is spoiled in the baking. Dough properly handled should spring or continue to rise the first ten minutes it is in the oven. The loaves go into the oven, therefore, before they are quite as large as they should be when baked. The inexperienced bread-maker may make the mistake of waiting until the loaves are full-size before putting them into the oven. This will result in an over-light loaf, porous in texture, one that crumbles easily and has little flavor. If bread is not light enough, it is apt to crack.

Cool Properly—Loaves when taken from the oven should be removed from the tins at once and cooled quickly *before they are wrapped or stored away.* If the home baker prefers a soft shiny crust, she may grease the loaves as soon as they come from the oven.

In her next article Miss Nye will tell how to overcome faults of bread-making



Rid your hands of that in-the-dishpan look

Imagine washing your hands with kitchen soap an hour and a half every day

That is exactly what you do when you wash dishes with it . . .

IT seems unbearable to you—the idea of deliberately choosing kitchen soap to wash your hands with.

But when you stop to think of it that is what actually happens if you use harsh soap in your dishpan.

An hour and a half every day you're washing dishes — an hour and a half your hands are in a dishpan exposed to the ravages of strong kitchen soap suds. No wonder they get scratchy and unsightly.

If you counted up all the time you spend just washing your hands it wouldn't amount to more than half an hour—yet how carefully you choose the toilet soap you use for this purpose!

Choose your dishwashing soap with the same care that you select your toilet soap and your hands will instantly respond.

Use Lux for washing dishes. Just take your package, throw a teaspoonful into your dishpan. The quick, rich suds are every bit as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Kitchen soap irritates. You know how your hands sting and burn after you've finished the dishes with harsh soap. It's the alkali in kitchen soap that causes it. Alkali robs your hands of their important beautifying oils. When nature's little oil pockets are drained dry by this harsh ingredient your skin is irritated—your hands get rough and red.

Lux is mild and gentle. There is no free alkali in it to attack the beautifying oils—nothing that could harm even the most sensitive skin. It helps your hands retain their satin smoothness. You don't have to dread that three times a day in-the-dishpan look when you use Lux for washing dishes.

One teaspoonful enough. Incredible! Yet you've only to try it to prove it.

As one woman said, "I just throw a pinch of Lux in the pan and the minute I turn on the hot water the suds bubble up."

When you've a quantity of dinner dishes you may need two teaspoonfuls, but ordinarily one teaspoonful is enough.

Get Lux today. There's a big new package made especially for kitchen use, as well as the package you know so well. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Important Uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses recommended by great fabric manufacturers—silks—woolens—fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry
Dishes
Linoleum
Paint
Porcelain
Shampoo
Rugs
Automobiles



Choose your dishwashing soap as carefully as you select your toilet soap and your hands will instantly respond



Prolong the Life of your Linoleum or Congoleum with Valspar!



The famous Valspar boiling water test

It pays to Valspar your hard-surfaced floor-coverings! This is the opinion of Mrs. C. E. Fisher of Greensburg, Pa., who wrote us recently the following very interesting letter:

"Some years ago, during spring house-cleaning, we gave our linoleum a coat of clear Valspar Varnish, and the result was so very gratifying that it has become part of cleanup season just as much as cleaning wall-paper and scrubbing paint.

"*First*, it saves the linoleum by offering a protective coat of hard varnish against daily wear; *second*, dirt and dust cannot be ground into the material, but are easily wiped or even brushed away; *third*, the whole kitchen is brightened, and best of all, it is really clean."

If you will Valspar your Linoleum, Congoleum or Oil Cloth it will add greatly to its life and keep the surface bright and smiling. Spilled greases or acids will not spot it and repeated washings with hot, soapy water will never turn it white. A Valsparred surface is absolutely waterproof and accident-proof.

Send the coupon below for sample—enough to cover 20 square feet of surface.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & CO., Pacific Coast

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price).

Valspar Instruction Booklet with Color Charts, 15c extra.

Print full mail address plainly.

Dealer's Name .....

Address .....

Your Name .....

Address ..... City .....

Clear Valspar . ☐
Valspar-Enamel ☐
Choose 1 Color .....
Valspar-Stain . ☐
Choose 1 Color .....
Valspar Booklet ☐

Del.—10-24



A NEW WAY TO ENTERTAIN

Concluded from page 20

table; the glass at the tip of the knife or in the square formed at the ends of the knife and spoons; the napkin to the left of the fork, one-half inch from the edge of the table, close to the fork, but distinct from it, the loose corner of the napkin facing the fork and the edge of the table. In addition there will be needed a plate for the first course, a plate for the second, a cup and saucer and a punch cup or glass to hold the fruit.

Each table should have some simple decoration: a low bowl of flowers or even a single candlestick with a lighted candle.

After the meal is over, it is the work of but a moment to whisk away the dishes and have the evening for a game of cards.

RECIPES FOR HIGH-TEA DISHES

CREAMED CHICKEN SERVED IN CROUSTADES

(Quantity to serve fifteen to eighteen persons)

1 quart cooked diced chicken (a five-pound fowl will give this much meat)
1½ to 2 quarts of medium-thick cream sauce, seasoned and flavored
1 pint diced cooked veal (a pound and a half of shank will give this much meat)

If added flavor and color are desired, one or all of the following may be included: One-half small can of pimiento cut fine; one cup of stuffed olives cut in small pieces; one cup of canned mushrooms cut in medium-size pieces.

To Cut up the Chicken and Veal for Creamed Meat—If the meat is to be creamed, it should not be cut up until the morning of the party. Diced meat does not keep as well as meat left on the bone in large pieces. The veal should be cut in one-third-inch cubes, the dark meat of the chicken in a little larger cubes and the white meat in still larger cubes. This gives the effect of a greater amount of white meat in the mixture and obscures the presence of the veal.

The white sauce should be made with hot chicken broth. To have a finished, mellow flavor, a white sauce should cook at least an hour; it is even better when it cooks two hours. If the white sauce seems very thick, do not thin it until after the meat has been heated in it. This is because some of the jelly on the meat may thin the sauce.

CHICKEN SALAD

Dice and marinate the meat and let it stand overnight.

If the fowl and veal are to be used for salad, they may be diced the day before the party and mixed at once with what is called a marinade—a mixture of vinegar, oil and salt. The oil in the marinade coats the pieces of chicken and the vinegar keeps it from spoiling. Together they soak into the meat and thus make a salad greatly superior to untreated meat. Cut the veal in one-quarter-inch cubes, the dark meat of the chicken in one-third-inch cubes and the white meat in one-half-inch cubes.

For the amount of meat indicated, make the following amount of the marinade:

Vinegar ..... ½ cup
Oil ..... ¼ cup
Salt ..... 1 teaspoon

Mix thoroughly and stir into the meat. Taste, and if there is not enough vinegar to make the mixture taste a little sour, add one-quarter cup of vinegar and stir.

Dice one-half to two-thirds as much celery as meat, or use three-quarters celery and one-quarter cabbage, and wrap in a damp cloth and put in a cold place to keep crisp. Even the tougher, though not the flabby, pieces of celery may be used if the stringy parts are cut or pulled off. Cut the poorer celery and the cabbage into one-eighth to one-quarter inch cubes. Cut the tender parts of the celery into one-quarter to one-half inch cubes. The tender celery will thus obscure the tougher part, and the celery used in this proportion will completely obscure the flavor of the cabbage.

An hour before serving mix the meat and celery thoroughly and add enough well-seasoned mayonnaise dressing to hold all together and to moisten them well. About a pint of mayonnaise will be needed for this amount of meat, depending on the individual tastes. When ready to serve, place in a crisp lettuce nest, add a teaspoon of mayonnaise and garnish with an olive or a pickle.

PERFECTION SALAD

1 quart stewed tomatoes
2 slices onion
2 cloves
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup chopped cabbage
1 cup chopped celery
1 minced green pepper
Salt
Pepper
¼ cup vinegar
¾ box gelatin
¾ cup water

Wrap the cabbage, celery and pepper in a wet cloth until ready to use. Put the gelatin to soak in the cold water. Cook together the tomato, onion and cloves, then strain. There should be a quart of the strained mixture. Add the vinegar. Add the thoroughly soaked gelatin and stir until completely dissolved. Taste to see if it has sufficient vinegar and salt to give it a piquant flavor. If not, add more of each to taste.

Set away in a cold place.

When the gelatin begins to harden, stir in the chopped cabbage, celery and pepper and pour into a shallow oblong pan, or, if available, small molds, to harden. If the pan is used, the jelly can be cut into cubes for serving; if molds are used, it can be unmolded.

In either case, when serving make a cup or nest of crisp lettuce, place the mold or cube of jelly in it and arrange a dessertspoon of mayonnaise dressing at the side.

FOUNDATION MIXTURE FOR ONE COCONUT AND ONE CHOCOLATE LAYER-CAKE

1 cup butter
3 cups sugar
7 eggs
1½ cups milk
4½ cups flour
6 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream the fat and sugar, add beaten egg-yolks and beat well.

Mix and sift the flour, baking-powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Add the flavoring. Beat the egg-whites until stiff but not dry and fold lightly into the mixture. Bake one-half of this mixture in three well-greased layer-cake tins.

To the other half of the mixture add one tablespoon of milk and two ounces of melted chocolate and mix thoroughly and lightly. Bake in three well-greased layer-cake tins, or it may be baked in a thin loaf if preferred and if extra tins are not available.

Put the white layers together with white boiled frosting well sprinkled with grated coconut. Cover with boiled frosting and sprinkle with coconut. Put the chocolate layers together with boiled frosting and cover with boiled frosting. The frosting both between the layers and on top may be sprinkled with chopped nuts if desired.

FRUIT CUP

(Recipe for sixteen to eighteen persons)

1 can pineapple
3 grapefruits or 1 can grapefruit
6 oranges
Juice of 2 to 3 lemons
Sugar if desired
½ pound marshmallows cut in quarters
3 bananas
16 maraschino cherries
1 pint cream, whipped

Cut the pineapple into cubes. Free the flesh of oranges and grapefruit from all possible tissue and cut in pieces.

Mix the fruit thus prepared, add lemon-juice and, if this is to be used as a dessert, sweeten it to taste.

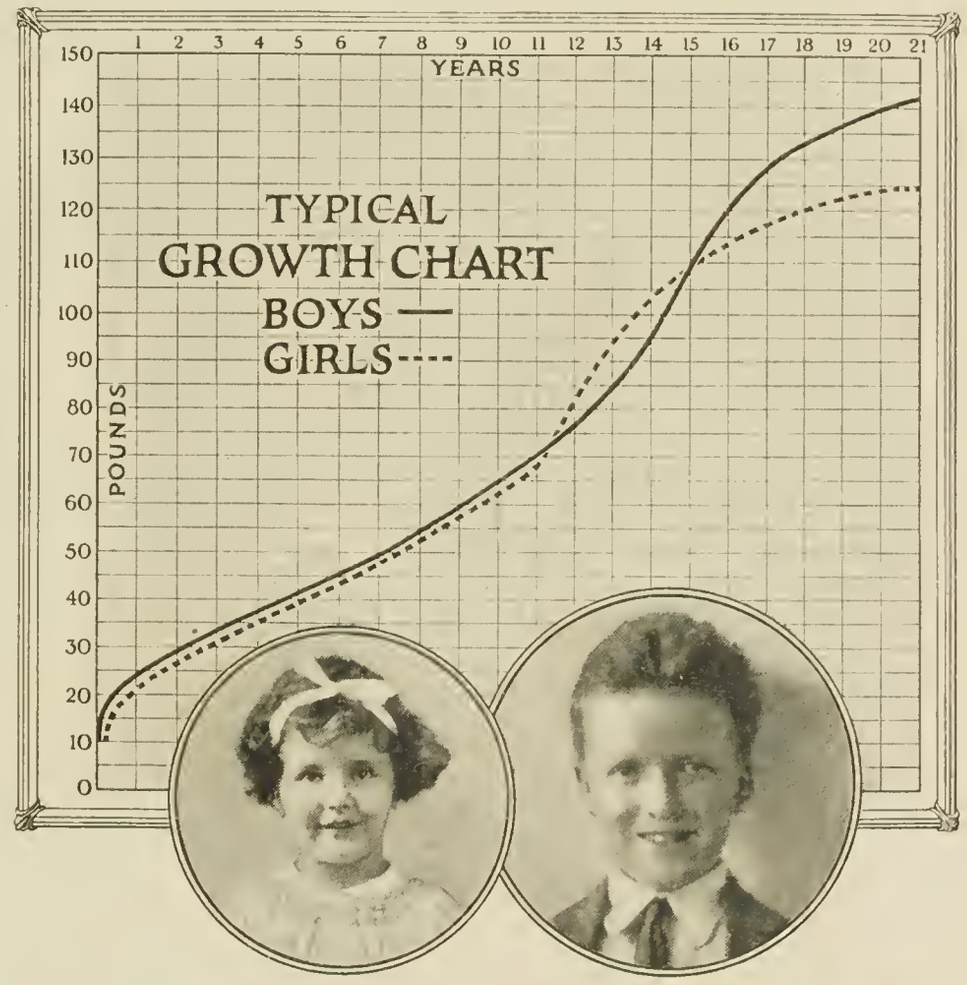
Just before serving, add the marshmallows and the bananas sliced or cubed.

Put into serving-glasses or glass cups, place a spoon of whipped cream on top and garnish with a cherry. Served with a generous slice of cake, this makes a bountiful and delicious dessert.

If fruit is to be served with the chicken salad, omit the sugar, bananas, marshmallows, cherries and cream.

The hostess who is planning a high tea and wishes further directions or additional recipes is invited to write the Home-Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. A stamped envelope will bring our answers to as many questions as she cares to ask.

Do your children measure up to the standards shown in the chart? Perhaps this page will help to put them there . . . or keep them there.



Are you doing the things which will help your children hold their own in life?

YOUR own life has shown you how largely the habits and daily lessons of childhood affect the welfare of later years.

You want your children to be strong, robust, healthy. You want them to grow big. Are you doing the things, now, which will insure their utmost development?

The schools are doing their best, with limited means and influence. Your influence is so much stronger, more intimate, more continuous. You have complete control of the hours most important in building health and strength—mealtime, the play hours, the sleeping hours.

One of the rules which the schools most strongly advocate is to avoid the use of caffein. This is not based on theory, but on many investigations which show caffein to be definitely harmful. One such investigation showed that children who were allowed caffein averaged 1½ pounds to 4 pounds less in weight, and ½ inch to 1 inch less in height than those who took no caffein. The caffein drinking children ranked from 2.6 per cent to 29.6 per cent lower in their school lessons than those who took no caffein.

You can very easily see that your children escape from the effects of caffein by giving them in its place a drink which they will instantly like—Instant Postum made with milk.

Postum is *all wheat*—whole wheat and bran, sweetened a trifle and skillfully roasted. It contains only the elements of this body-building grain. Instant Postum is prepared just as easily with hot milk as with boiling water. It is remarkably convenient—made instantly in the cup. It has the full, delicious flavor of roasted wheat—a flavor which makes it the favorite drink in 2,000,000 homes—with the *added* nourishment of milk. Then, too, this satisfies the children's desire to have the same drink as the grown-ups—and it is a *warm* drink such as you like to give them before they start for school.

Do your children measure up to the standards shown in the chart? To get them there—to *keep* them there—accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

D. & D. 10-24
POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM . . ☐ *Check which*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . ☐ *you prefer*
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
In Canada address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

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Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum is made in the cup by adding boiling water. There's no easier drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.

Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.



BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by every one.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children
—Fine for Men



Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



DRESSING YOUR CHILDREN FOR HEALTH

Concluded from page 16

loss by eating more and playing more violently. Some of them make it up by shivering. The malnourished and undernourished grow still thinner. Bare legs do not harden a child, do not make him more hardy nor do they make him more resistant to infection. It is common medical experience that children so clothed are more susceptible to colds and other infections. One of the best-established facts about resistance to disease is that local chilling lowers it.

In warm and hot weather the same objection does not hold, since it is necessary to make the dissipation of heat easier for the body. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether short stockings or socks are advisable unless the outer temperature exceeds eighty degrees.

OF WHAT MATERIALS?

The chief materials of which clothing is made are four in number—wool, silk, linen and cotton. Each has its field of value. A full discussion of this subject would take more space than is here available, so I shall limit my remarks to the relative merits of the four materials for underwear.

Wool at an earlier stage in the art of weaving had certain advantages over other materials which made it practically the only suitable material for underwear. Its stiff, curly, springy fiber produced a looseness of weave which encloses the multitudinous air-spaces that are always necessary for heat insulation or warmth. With the development of modern methods of knitted weaving, this advantage over other materials has largely disappeared, and the disadvantages of wool for underwear are now due to the fiber. The relatively stiff and microscopically rough fiber is distinctly irritating, especially when it is wet even slightly with perspiration. In babies, particularly, it readily causes rashes, infections and great discomfort. It is so difficult to remove from the fiber the last traces of natural wool fat that nearly all wool fabrics absorb moisture poorly, so that when placed next to the skin in regions of the body where perspiration is abundant it leaves the skin itself continuously moist, softened and unduly open to infection.

Again, since wool shrinks markedly when washed in very hot water, garments of this material can not be cleaned very effectively. For babies and young children, as near an approach to surgical asepsis as possible should be attempted in the washing of undergarments, and this can best be done by boiling. Even with repeated washings it is difficult to remove all traces of dirt and bacteria from wool, since the irregularities in the surface of its fibers hold microscopic particles tenaciously. Wool is a more suitable material for outer garments, suits, blankets and sweaters than it is for underwear.

Pure silk fiber under the microscope has a perfectly smooth surface, a quality which is reflected in the smooth feeling which silken articles give to the touch. While silk will not withstand repeated boiling, smoothness of its fiber permits a quite efficient cleaning of dirt and bacteria by repeated washings and rinsings. It is therefore not objectionable on the score of potential uncleanliness. It absorbs moisture readily, when not woven too tightly. Its chief disadvantage is its costliness. It has no essential advantages over cotton.

Cotton is smooth-fibered, soft to the touch, absorbent, can be sterilized by boiling without serious damage, is warm when suitably woven and is inexpensive. It has no serious disadvantage for underwear, and has really more advantages than other materials.

It was somewhat surprising to find in a series of laboratory experiments that the heat-conducting properties of a fabric depend very largely upon its weave and very little on its basic material. If similarly woven, woolen, silk and cotton fabrics resist the passage of heat to almost the same degree. The knitted weave used for modern underwear encloses as many air-spaces with one material as with another, so that cotton is as warm as wool or as silk. The reason why in these particular experiments the linen garments were less warm seemed to be due to the fact that in the samples tested the linen weave was more open and pervious and the air-spaces larger and fewer. It is difficult to weave wool so that it will be really cool, because the interlacing of the curly fibers even in the thinnest fabrics gives a high degree of air enclosure.

A word may appropriately be said of diaper fabrics. The ideal diaper fabric should not only be highly absorbent but should be porous enough to permit fairly rapid evaporation and aeration of the garment. The dense cotton flannel so much used absorbs a large amount of moisture but is not sufficiently porous to provide evaporation, and babies so clothed, unless changed very promptly, are subject to a steaming which is a frequent cause of scalded buttocks. The rubber knickers which are so popular permit no evaporation at all and should never be worn longer than an hour at a time. Bird's-eye is, perhaps, the best diaper fabric, being both highly absorbent and porous. The fact that it wets through quickly is a disadvantage to the mother only, but an advantage to the baby, since it assures frequent changing and better care of the skin.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN CLOTHING IS NOT RIGHT

Before the articulate age, it is not always easy for babies and children to communicate their complaints about improper clothing. How is mother to recognize the signs of this trouble? In the presence of too warm clothing, Nature will call on her various resources for getting rid of excess heat. The blood vessels of the skin will dilate, producing a noticeable flush, particularly of the face, which is usually the only exposed part of the body and the one where heat is most readily dispersed. The sweat-glands also will become very active, pouring out perspiration all over the body, but again particularly on the face and head, so that a great deal of water will be lost. Sometimes the first thing noticed is a wet spot on the pillow. The perspiration is not often seen in beads, but is detected merely as a dampness of the underclothing or of the pillow. Unusual thirst, sometimes interpreted as hunger, follows. Excessive head sweating may, of course, be a symptom of rickets, but is, perhaps, more frequently a sign of overheating. Excessive and continued perspiring with the resultant prolonged moistening sometimes cause marked irritation of the skin and produce rashes of varying severity on the face, in the folds of the skin and even over the entire body. Most of these resemble prickly heat. When they appear, the wise mother will suspect that she has been putting too much clothing on her baby. They are particularly common when wool has been worn next the skin.

Too little clothing is a rare fault and does not give such definite signs. There is, of course, a great deal of crying. Cold hands and feet sometimes mean general, but usually only local, chilling. Loss of weight is common. Perhaps the best evidence of chilling is a temperature below eighty-eight degrees (rectal), since the body temperature in children is rather readily lowered by cold.

In general it is safe to say that a child who is evidently comfortable is properly clad, and that when he shows signs of discomfort, not due to hunger or need of changing, improper clothing may be suspected as a cause.

IN WRITING this article it has been my purpose not to advocate particular garments of fashion, of which there are many varieties, the majority of them good, but rather to discuss some of the underlying principles of clothing, an understanding of which may help mothers to select the garments best suited to their own children and to the environment in which they live. The essential requirements are that materials and garments must be soft to the touch, absorbent, capable of efficient cleansing, light in weight, reasonably loose and at all times carefully adjusted to the temperature of the surrounding air. These requirements can be summarized briefly in a common-sense rule: Proper clothing is always comfortable and clean.

NOTE—A list of previous articles in this "Happy Child" series that are available in pamphlet form will be found on page 60

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A List of

HEINZ

57 VARIETIES

How many do you know?

1 Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
2 Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork—*Boston Style*
3 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat—*Vegetarian*
4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans
5 Heinz Peanut Butter
6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup
7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup
8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup
9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti
10 Heinz Cooked Macaroni
11 Heinz Mince Meat
12 Heinz Plum Pudding
13 Heinz Fig Pudding
14 Heinz Cherry Preserves
15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
16 Heinz Peach Preserves
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
22 Heinz Apple Butter
23 Heinz Crab-Apple Jelly
24 Heinz Currant Jelly
25 Heinz Grape Jelly
26 Heinz Quince Jelly
27 Heinz Apple Jelly
28 Heinz Dill Pickles
29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins
30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins
31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles
32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins
33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins
34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles
35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle
36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives
40 Heinz Ripe Olives
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
44 Heinz Chili Sauce
45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce
46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce
47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce
48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup
49 Heinz Prepared Mustard
50 Heinz India Relish
51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish
52 Heinz Cooked Sour Kraut
53 Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing
54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar
55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar
56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar
57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar



Scene at Capetown, South Africa. A symbol of Heinz world-wide distribution

A series of unusually artistic mural paintings by Trumbull always interests visitors to "The Home of the 57"

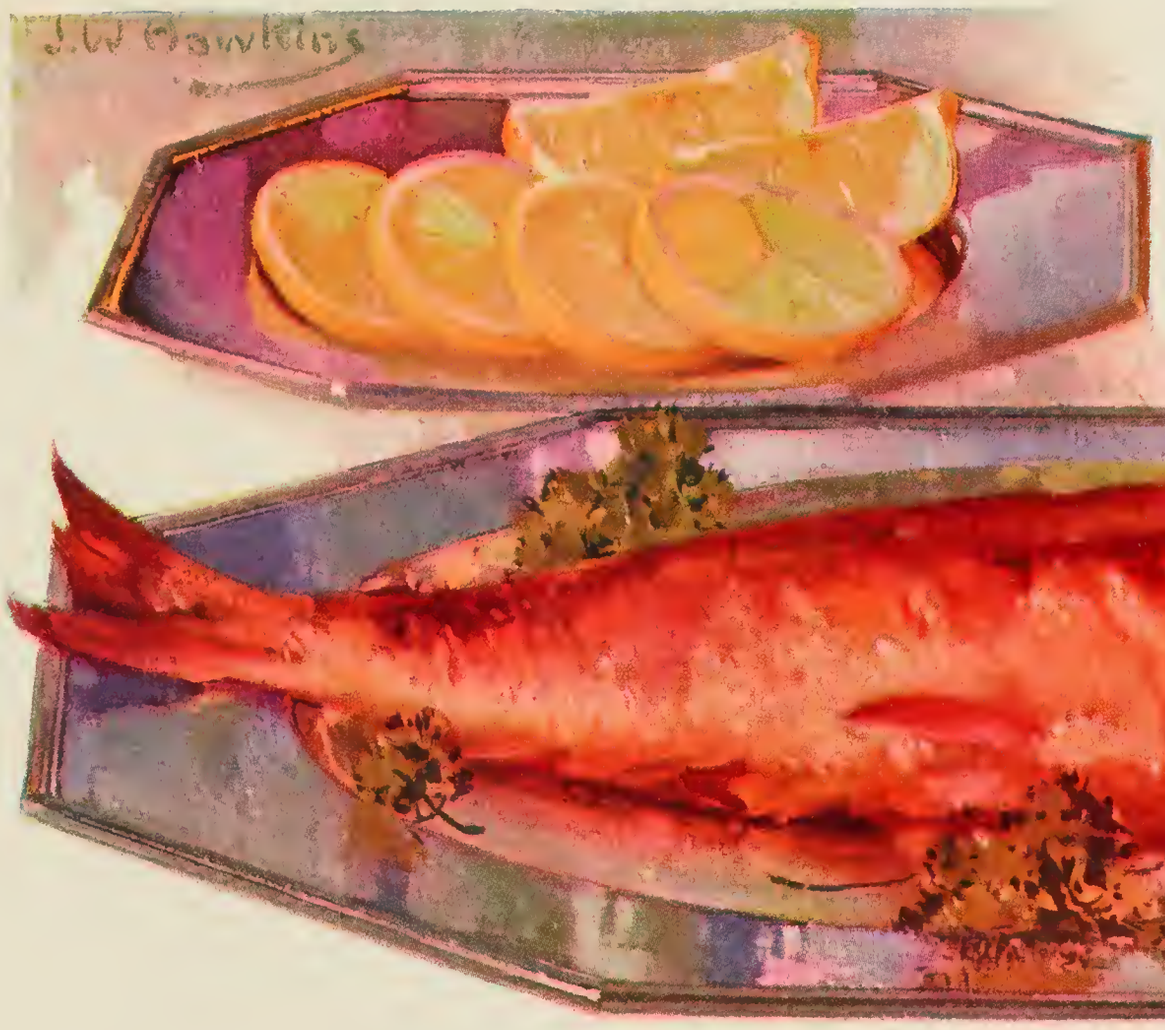
EACH YEAR more than 50,000 people visit the Heinz kitchens.

Mostly they are housewives—women who have kitchens of their own, and ideas as to how kitchens should be managed and how they should look.

Housewives have much in common with the people engaged in preparing Heinz foods. There is the same feeling of responsibility, the same high regard for cleanliness, purity and goodness. They praise the neat, cheerful "Heinz girls", the choice materials they use, the care and skill with which they work, their spotless utensils, everything glistening with snowy whiteness—and even the flowers in the boxes at the windows!

If you ever have an opportunity to visit us, you, too, will find that the making of the foods you like so well is as appetizing as the foods themselves.

H·J·HEINZ COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*



for Frying Fish

Clean, wash and drain fish. Dredge with flour or cornmeal and fry in Mazola. Fish fried in Mazola will not be grease-soaked and is therefore more palatable and wholesome.

This Will Make Many Women Think

WOMEN who dislike the idea of frying with grease, demand Mazola because they know it is a *pure vegetable oil* from an *edible source.*

They know what "edible source" means—that Mazola is made from the hearts of golden corn. Please read panel to the right.

MAZOLA-FRIED foods are never grease-soaked or indigestible. You will never go back to the old-fashioned way of frying with grease, once you try Mazola.

Mazola is a pure, wholesome fat—an oil that's so palatable and healthful that many mothers give a spoonful or two to their children.

Send for this Beautiful Recipe Book

containing over 100 delightful recipes for preparing foods. It's yours for the asking. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Department 16, Argo, Illinois

from the HEARTS *of* FULL-RIPENED CORN

IF you like "Corn-on-the-Cob" you can't help liking Mazola—for this delicious, pure salad and cooking oil is as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.





LEAVING VERRALL

Continued from page 5

She was a brave girl. She didn't mind tramps, rats or cows, and Verrall had educated her to spiders. But she hated trestle bridges.

The Rift was just a crack—a crack in the old-world granite on which the superficial part of that country is built. The sides were granite, and from them the land sloped back, steep as a house roof and clothed still in forest which had never been cut nor burned. At the bottom of the Rift was a stream. Seen through the split logs which floored the bridge, laid about two inches apart, it looked quite a long way down, especially as there was no hand-rail. A sort of kerb of logs was laid along a few inches from the edge on either side of the bridge. That was all. But Verrall used to lead Janet across it with her eyes shut.

Now she had no Verrall.

She set her teeth and went on. There was nothing else to do. If she went back to the place where the road forked and took the longer branch which led round the head of the Rift, she would miss the Transcontinental. And Verrall would think she had *meant* to miss it— She tried not to think of the bridge.

AS THE land sloped to the lip of the Rift, the woods grew older, darker and more lonely. The hale wind roared in the tops of the trees, but beneath them it was very still. She had never noticed that these woods were so still and lonely. Then she realized for a dizzy instant that all woods would be like that now, and all streets, and all towns, because——

She looked back. The trail lay behind her, a mile in the straight. The woods made of it a dark tunnel. At the end, in the golden light of the open, she saw a small black figure that, like Horatius, halted upon one knee, following her slowly.

She hurried on, pale and determined. If he thought he'd make her change her mind by following her round and looking pathetic, he was mistaken. She would show him. He would learn. He would learn at Quenepenon, when she mounted the steep steps of the Pullman and waved him a dignified farewell. She hoped the walk to Quenepenon and back would not be too much for his knee. It was more than he'd done yet.

This was a dangerous vein of thought. She began to think out what she'd say at the station, supposing he followed her all the way. "Good-by, Verrall. I have made a mistake; I thought I had married a man and not a microscope. You will forget me, Verrall, and be happy; it is always the woman who pays. In reasonable matters your will has been my law; but I will *not* feed your caterpillars."

She looked back. Yes, he was still there. Limping a little more than usual? No—that was imagination.

She hurried on.

Under the intermittent sound of the wind in the high trees she began to hear another sound. She did not know what it was. It troubled her—she could not have said why. It was a low vibration in the air, the rocks, the trees—without meaning—something like the sound of a train passing in the distance, but this was a train that never passed.

A last time she looked back. She thought the man who followed her was trying to overtake her, that he raised his arm in a gesture of appeal or warning. Triumph thrilled her. Then a twist in the trail hid him, and the short-lived flame went out. She only felt tired and bewildered and desolate. She walked on, not quite so fast. If only he'd be careful of his knee——

The trail began to twist this way and that as it descended the Rift; she saw no more of Verrall. The trees met overhead. It was cool and dark, and the sound as of a heavy freight train passing, that never quite passed, sent a little thrill through the pines and the wild vine leaves and her own stretched nerves.

At the last turn of the trail, where the rocky road gave on the bridge, the sound met her full-voiced. It was the roar and thunder of many waters.

A few miles up the valley an energetic millionaire from Montreal had set out to people with trout all the lakes and streams of that wilderness. He had dammed Lac Rendormi and started an expensive fish-hatchery to that end and to the admiration of all men. But a fortnight of rain had proved too much for his plans and his new dam and Lac Rendormi was now sluicing off several thousand gallons of superfluous water by way of the Rift as the most convenient ditch; and to-morrow the pirate pike of the backwaters would be feeding fat on immature troutlings, and all men who had never said anything would be saying "I told you so" to the millionaire. But Janet, at the bridge, had no thought for fish or millionaires. She was wondering if she could get across.

The water was not up to the level of the bridge, but it was high about the spidery trestles, and the giddy brown rush never stopped. It was just water, for all the bushes and boards and riff-raff had gone down on the first spate. It didn't foam or splash. The split logs of the roadway were dry. It just poured steadily. And its voice shook the earth, and the forest, and her own heart.

She took one tentative step on the bridge. A feeling ran up her foot as if she had stepped on the vibrating string of some giant bass-viol. All the world seemed sliding away with that brown flood beneath. Was the bridge really rocking and swaying like a float on the end of a string, or was it her own dizzy head? She gasped, grabbed for a hand-rail that wasn't there and retreated shakily.

But she was of fighting stuff. She had fought for Verrall for a year against the united disapproval of two families. She had fought for his life another year. And difficulties are made to be overcome; but the conquest always involves sacrifice—sacrifice of life, ideals, or dignity.

Janet sacrificed the last. With her eyes tight shut, she crawled across the bridge on her hands and knees.

ONCE across, she remained some time in a clump of goldenrod, crying miserably. She sat up at last, patted her hair back, straightened her hat, and at last looked at the bridge. The brown ribbon of flood water, the dark woods, the golden-blue sky, swam for a moment in a haze of tears. Then she saw.

She flashed to her feet.

Without a sound the bridge had tilted over. One side of the roadway was in the water. On the side that stuck up into the air was Verrall, hanging on by an arm thrown across the edge of the logs. He was trying to get his sound knee on to the kerb, which now formed a more or less horizontal ledge, but the wounded leg was a dead weight. When he saw her he whitened, but his voice reached her cheerfully, even above the voice of the flood: "All right. I'll manage it in a minute. Keep back, Janet!"

A sort of divine amusement filled her—a power to which she could not have given the name of any of the deeper emotions. She just thought: "How silly of him to say that!" The power lifted her, held her, drove her on without speech or hesitation. He needed her, and she went to him.

"Keep *back*, Janet!"

Verrall's face, suddenly agonized, seemed coming to meet her. She smiled into it. She—the girl who had crawled across the bridge on hands and knees ten minutes earlier—was walking back to him, swiftly and steadily, along the little ledge formed by the kerb of logs. It was not quite level, the bridge not having tilted enough to make it so. It was wet, shaggy with the fret of twenty Winters, slippery as fine grass. To herself she seemed a snail for slowness. To the man watching her, his heart in his throat, she came as if on wings, informed by a beautiful haste as by a flame.

"My God, Janet, you shouldn't have come!"

"How can I help you best, Very?"

"Get your hand under this shoulder. So! Now *heave!* Quick!"

Naked fear was in his face—for her. She smiled again. Balanced with sure poise on the five-inch ledge, she slipped a steady hand under his shoulder and heaved with all her strength. Never had she been so strong, so steady. For a long minute they struggled there on the edge of the bridge—struggled desperately, grotesquely. Then Verrall got his knee on the ledge and dragged himself up, wincing. He said with white lips close to her ear: "I can't pass you with this darned leg. You'll have to face about and go back first, Janey. But I'll have my hands on your shoulders, dear, and you can't fall. Shut your eyes if the water makes you giddy."

Concluded on page 68

"look at your shoes!"

For the sake of a good personal appearance—to inspire self-respect—to create a favorable impression—keep your shoes neat!

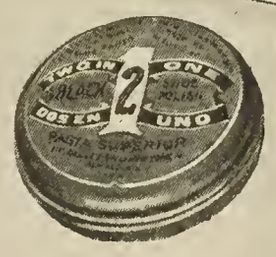
If you haven't got the tools—here they are! A Shoe Shining Outfit and the best of shoe polishes.

Shine your shoes at least once a day! A good habit—a thrifty habit.

Good shoe polishes preserve leather and give longer life to shoes.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes of Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes of 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.



2 in 1 SHOE POLISHES

Everybody knows the quality. Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-blood.



2-in-1 Shining Kit

A big, fine quality brush, and dauber, of South American horse hair, with polishing cloth—complete—in durable box.



SHINOLA SHOE POLISHES

The handy key-opening box. Black, Tan, White, Ox-blood and Brown.



SHINOLA Home Set. Genuine bristle dauber cleans the shoes and applies the polish. The big lamb's wool polisher brings the shine with a few strokes.

BIXBY'S SHOE POLISHES



A Success of Years

Everybody is pleased with Bixby's JET-OIL Shoe Polishes. They clean, dye and shine.

Easiest to use. Good for shoes. For Black, Brown, White, and Ox-blood shoes.



Four out of Five is *Pyorrhea's* toll

Be the one to escape—
Brush your teeth with Forhan's

Pyorrhea, public menace though it is, can be successfully fought.

You need not pay the price in lost teeth and broken health as four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, do.

But don't delay. Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to tell you Pyorrhea is on the way.

Start the fight now. Go to your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection and brush your teeth, twice daily, with refreshing Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white and the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company
New York

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan, D.D.S.
Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION



LEAVING VERRALL

Concluded from page 67

She smiled back into the tense anxiety of his face. He was leaning on her heavier than he guessed. Steadily she faced about and walked back. Her only fear was that he had strained his knee.

Nor did her calm desert her when they reached solid rock and the sheltering clump of goldenrod. It was Verrall who collapsed, white as chalk, his hair wet with more than the spray of the flood. He said at last: "You shouldn't have come, Janey. I'd have been all right in a minute." But his eyes adored her.

Her own wavered from his. She smiled tremulously. She seemed a little dazed, a little lost as she preened herself with deft unconscious touches. Then, without a word, she took up her bag and began to climb the trail again.

"Janey!"

"I *must* catch the Transcontinental, Verrall!" she said appealingly. Verrall drew a long breath, hesitated and again followed her.

The roar of the flood died behind them. The wind died in the trees. All about were the still woods of Summer and a hermit-thrush singing.

Janet walked fast, but unevenly. Verrall's stick had gone down the Rift. He found a kindly branch in the bush and followed twenty feet behind her. His eyes were infinitely tender. His lips were screwed into a soundless whistle. His leg hurt very much.

A MILE. The patches of sun on the trail were like golden cloths, fading, growing dim. Four thrushes were now singing in the dim woods. Ahead was a less lovely sound—the sound of a distant shunting-engine and the rattle and clang of empty flat-cars. Quenepenon was getting ready for the one event of its drowsy day—the coming of the Transcontinental.

Suddenly she dropped her bag in the grass, went to a tree and leaned against it. When Verrall came up with her, she was facing him pleadingly, her eyes tragic in her small flower face.

"I'll *never* make it, Verrall!"

"Sure you will," said Verrall encouragingly. "You've a good half-hour yet, and they're only just clearing the line. Come on, Janey—I'll help you."

She lifted her bag slowly. Helping himself with the branch, he slipped his other hand under her arm. They went on together. Now and then Janet's mouth trembled and she glanced darkly at Verrall.

Another mile. The thrushes silent and the gold dying from the day.

Quenepenon, a little picture at the end of the road. A rusty boiler overrun with wild cucumber, an empty siding. Then a pretty ticket-office roofed with green art-shingles and an empty, empty platform.

"Come on, Janey," said Verrall, "you've a good ten minutes. Wait here while I go find the agent."

There was a seat on the platform, shadowed by an enormous poster of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. She put her bag on the seat, turned and stopped him. There was the sort of terror in her eyes that he had seen there when she woke from a bad dream.

She said helplessly: "Verrall—what—are—we—here—for?"

"Don't you remember, Janey?"

Her eyes widened. Her lips just breathed the words: "Am I—*leaving* you, Verrall?"

"*Are* you, Janey?"

She was clinging to him. She said: "You know I'm not! You know I never will! There—at the bridge—it was like those awful days when you were at the base hospital, wanting me, and I couldn't get to you quick enough!"

"My dear! But you came—through everything—then and at the bridge!"

"Oh, the bridge! Will we have to go back that way, Very?"

"Janey, would you like to know——"

"What, Very?"

"—that the bridge went two minutes after you turned up the trail? Went down the Rift like a lot of matches? And that I'd never have got across in time without you? It's always you, you see. That's twice you—you've got me across the bridge. My life's in your hands, Janey. D'you wonder I'm——"

"Yes?"

"—content to leave it there?"

After a while, sitting under the poster, he whispered: "I was a thoughtless brute this morning."

She was very tired. Without lifting her head from his shoulder, she said drowsily: "I'll always feed your caterpillars, if you like, Very, even the woolly ones!"

He drew her closer. They did not move when the Transcontinental thundered through. They had not moved when the station-agent came to lock up an hour later. Both were asleep.



IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR HOMES?

Continued from page 11

bought for a third of that sum. Considered as a house, it was a humble place; but considered as a home, it had an impressive dignity and grandeur.

On the other hand, one of the gloomiest homes I have ever entered was valued at a hundred thousand dollars, and would, truly, have been an imposing mausoleum. It had thousands of dollars' worth of furniture in it, but not a dime's worth of real happiness and contentment. I should almost have preferred to live on a friendly street-corner than in that house. It needed simplification—as so many of our homes do.

Simplicity never yet hurt family life; it is as wholesome as spinach for the growing generation. The cheated children are not the ones who do not have folderols and mechanical trains and French frocks; they are the ones who do not have sympathy and understanding, obligations and real family love. A little nickel-pinching for the fine purpose of bringing up a family in their own home will not hurt anybody, but all the dollar-squandering in the world will not buy happiness.

THE fifth defect of the American home lies in its mere mechanics, which occupy so much time that there is none left to give to the soul of home. There is a crying need for more efficiency in our households. In the busy life of the present era, it is more necessary than ever before to have houses planned with convenience constantly in mind, providing all possible devices for time-saving and for lessening household drudgery.

Ninety-two per cent. of the home women of the United States do their own work. Doing hard work toward a noble end is a worthy thing; but wasting hard work toward no end at all is sheer folly.

"I know I'm sometimes cross with the children!" I heard a mother admit recently. "But I get kinks in my temper as well as in my back doing the housework in that terribly inconvenient old house!"

Efficiency is just as important in homes as it is in offices or factories—perhaps even more so. How to bring this about in the every-day home that must be run on a minimum of expenditure is one of the enterprises that is now engaging the attention of "Better Homes in America," of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and of a number of kindred organizations.

The last great defect in the American home that I wish to mention here is its lack of attractiveness. The home must be

Concluded on page 71

Mayonnaise

WESSON OIL and a fresh egg—beaten together and seasoned to taste—make the most delicious mayonnaise you ever put in your mouth.

Mayonnaise is nothing but oil and egg properly beaten together and seasoned. It is as simple and easy as that.

If the egg is fresh and the oil Wesson Oil, you are sure of a pure, delicious mayonnaise in almost no time and at a trifling cost.

The quickest results are obtained if the oil and egg are not too cold. The ordinary temperature of your kitchen is just right.

Break the egg in a bowl, add about a tablespoon of Wesson Oil and beat vigorously with an egg beater or a fork—until the oil and egg are thoroughly mixed. How long will that take? About a minute—or, maybe, while you count fifty, not as fast as you can count but as fast as you can beat.

Add another tablespoon of oil and beat again—vigorously.

Two tablespoons and beat again.

Two or three more and beat again.

Your mayonnaise will begin to thicken a little.

Then add Wesson Oil four or five tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition—until your mayonnaise is as thick and stiff as you want it. (Never add more than a quarter-cupful of oil at one time.) The more oil you beat into it the thicker your mayonnaise will be.

After your mayonnaise is made, season it.

You will find that a half teaspoon of salt, a teaspoon of sugar, a teaspoon of mustard, a generous pinch each of paprika and red pepper and a tablespoon of lemon juice or vinegar is a popular seasoning.

Mix the salt, sugar and spices in a cup, add the vinegar or lemon juice, stir until the salt and sugar are dissolved and pour into the mayonnaise—beating the seasoning in well.

This makes a *mild* mayonnaise.

If you do not like a sweet salad dressing leave out the sugar. If you happen to prefer a very sweet dressing add more sugar and leave out the mustard. Or if your family is fond of very spicy things, add any amount and any kind of seasoning and spices you like. Suit yourself.

There is really nothing easier to make than a good mayonnaise—and you *know* how good it is because you know that it is made of *Wesson* Oil, a *fresh egg,* and *pure* spices.

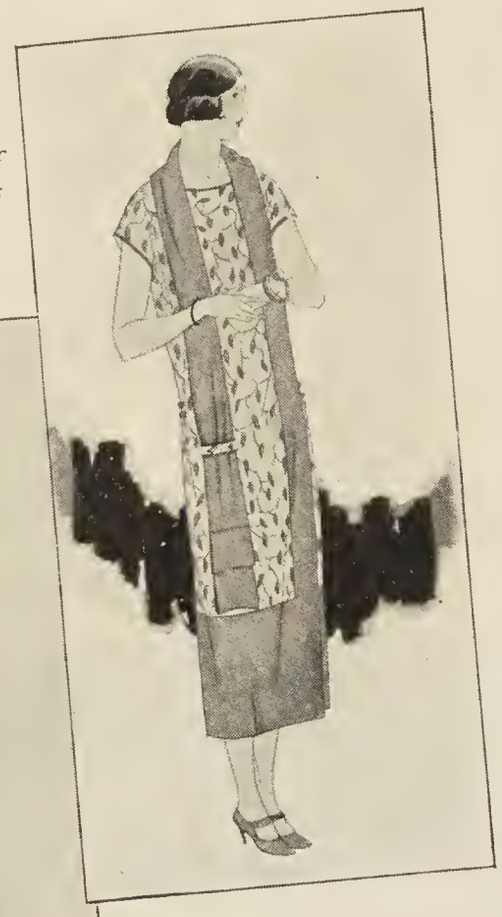
After you have tried it once, you will be amazed to find that anything so good can cost so little and be so easy to make.

Why wouldn't today be a good time to try it?



Plaits · · Scarfs · · Buttons

Paris is gay with these new fall styles



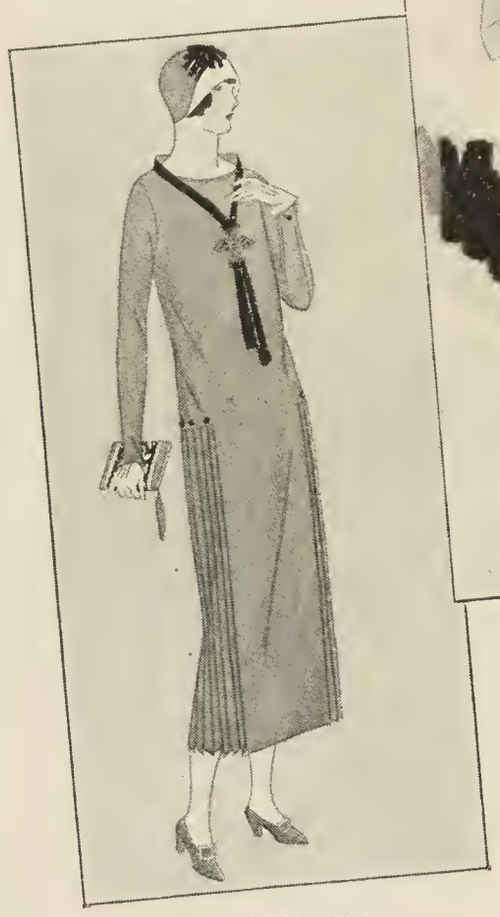
SCARF DRESS
A collar is a scarf, or a scarf a collar in the new mode. This new dress is pattern No. 5455



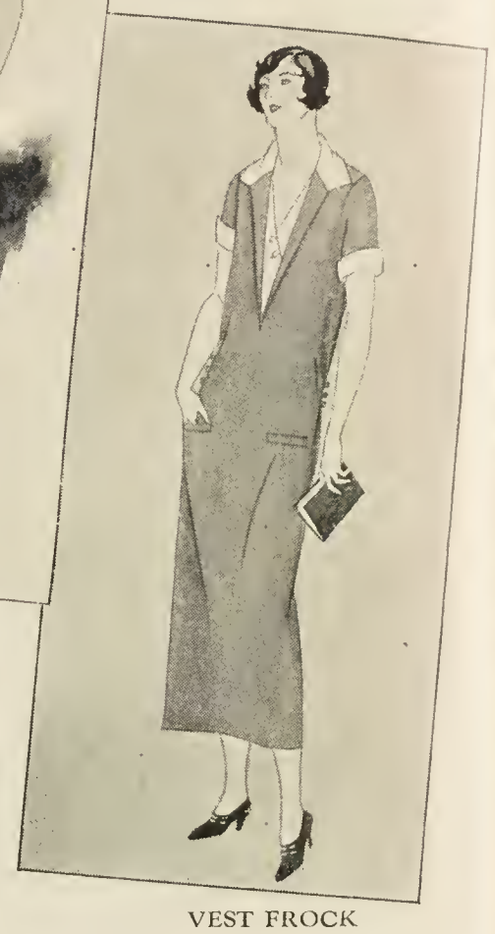
TAILORED FROCK
Buttoned from throat to hem, the new tailored frocks use little vests to complete their smartness. This is pattern No. 5437



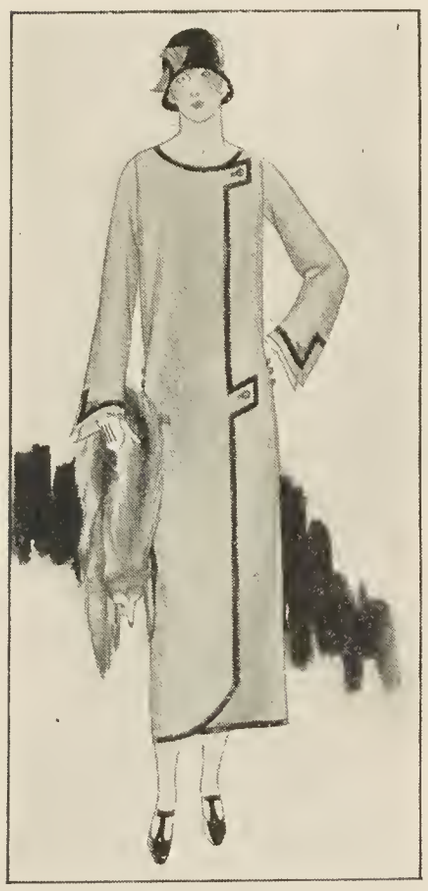
PLAITS AND LACE
The informal afternoon frock is plaited, partly at least, this season and both buttons and lace are used. This is pattern No. 5452



THE LONG SLEEVE
The long, somewhat fitted sleeve is in high favor among the day dresses seen in Paris. This is pattern No. 5439



VEST FROCK
Again and again Paris uses the vest in an utterly feminine way. It is very correct for tailored frocks. This is pattern No. 5421



BOUND EDGES
The influence of the tailored mode is seen in frocks that use contrasting binding in the simplest and most successful ways. This is pattern No. 5433



CAPE FROCK
A little cape gives dash to a frock this Fall, and is delightful in its youthfulness. This is pattern No. 5451

Each new mode is waiting for you in the patterns of our famous fashion house

THE silhouette remains slim and short, but the new Fall frocks are fresh and fascinating because of their new details. Plaits and scarfs rival one another in their new uses, and buttons have captured Paris! The beltless frock is more and more the favorite, and Paris wears her sleeve long and fitted or very, very short.

These are the styles you want for your own Fall dresses. And Butterick has a pattern ready for every one of them!

At the showings of the great Paris designers at restaurants and plays favored by *les élégantes,* there is a Butterick expert watching for each new significant mode. The Butterick Paris office cables news of each as it appears. Fast steamers bring sketches, details. And immediately a pattern is made for that new style.

Dresses with the new plaits, or scarfs or buttons, frocks beltless, long-sleeved, or short—you can buy Butterick Patterns for each new vogue. And with each pattern you get the secret of how to make it — the Deltor that shows you how to cut out, put together and exquisitely finish that new style by Butterick of New York, of Paris, of London.

No other pattern approaches the complete service the Deltor gives you

The easiest pattern to use

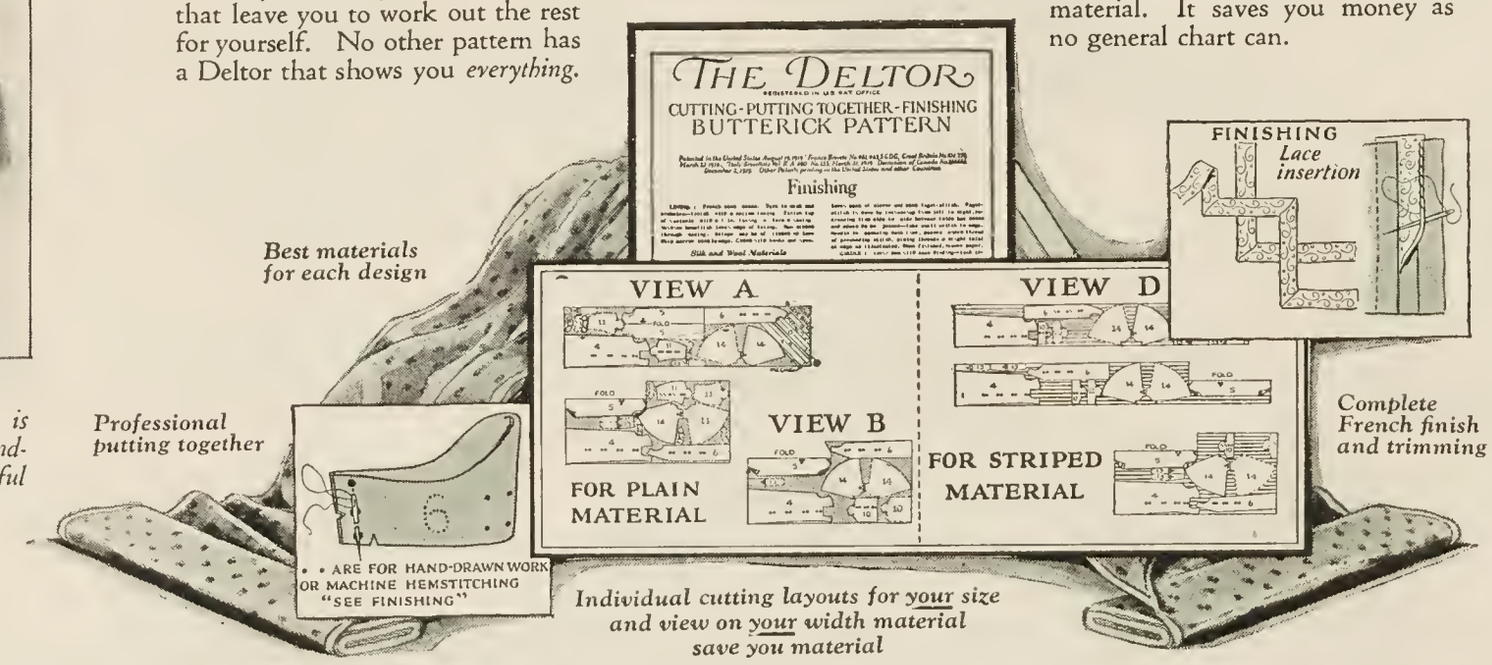
Just what each piece is, which to put together and in what order, and exactly *how to do it step by step,* is shown you in the Deltor. Every step is shown you—not just two or three that leave you to work out the rest for yourself. No other pattern has a Deltor that shows you *everything.*

The only complete finishing directions with any pattern

Their finish and trimming gives Paris clothes half their charm, but other patterns practically ignore this all-important service. The Deltor shows you each tiny detail.

The pattern that really saves money

Ordinary patterns give you only two or maybe three *general* cutting charts. The Deltor gives you an *individual* cutting layout of your size and view laid on your width material. It saves you money as no general chart can.



BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH OUR HOMES?

Concluded from page 68

a place of greater charm than it is to-day if it is to hold its own against all the rival allurements that present themselves to the various members of the family circle. Beauty and comfort are just as important as efficiency in any concentrated movement toward better homes in the United States. Each one of us all, man or woman or child, wants a home that can be the fitting object of his pride, a worthy contribution to his community, to his State and to his nation. Each one of us all wants a home that he can return to with eagerness and leave with regret, a refuge of sheer comfort, a concentration of beauty into a little space.

Women too often come to the great business and art of home-making with no training for it at all. They have to learn in the slow school of experience. Few persons are born with taste, and fewer still have it thrust upon them; it is one of the things that must be painfully achieved.

One thing for which the club women of the country are working is to stir up a commercial conscience which will be of aid to women in their task of home buying. They are trying to work out a system by which there will be a better understanding between retailers and purchasers. Women do eighty-five per cent. of the nation's purchasing for homes, and it is time that retailers took this fact into account. And not only a commercial conscience, but a civic conscience as well, is being aroused in the United States to aid women with their problem of efficiency and beauty in the home—as the Better Homes demonstrations, put on by communities all through the nation, under the auspices of "Better Homes in America," give proof

WHAT is the matter with the American home? A tendency toward selfishness. A looseness of relationship. A relaxation of former firm family ties that makes possible an appalling lack of understanding. A weakness in foundations which makes too many homes untrustworthy bulwarks against the world. Homes should offer a stronghold against all evil for those who live in them. They are the only defenses of the youth of the country. And if our defenses are weak, how can we hope that our youth will be strong?

With all the criticism brought against them, American homes are—for Americans. at least—the greatest homes in the world. The whole hope of the future is enclosed in their walls; the whole legacy of the past trusts its security to them. And so, women of the United States, I pass the challenge on to you, for it is yours to answer:

What is the matter with the American home?

Next month Mrs. Sherman will tell what she thinks to be the four fundamental failures of the American home.



HAVE YOU HAD YOUR IODIN?

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poured into custard-cups and placed in the refrigerator, it is ready to serve on the table in ten minutes from the time it leaves the fire. Sweeten it to taste, add vanilla after removing it from the fire and grate nutmeg over the top.

Either farina custard or mock Bavarian cream are very nice for cream puffs; and they make delicious cold puddings if they are allowed to set and then are spooned out and piled loosely on slices of plain stale cake with strawberry or peach preserve on the side and served with cream.

SEA-MOSS JELLY FOR A DOZEN USES

Now for the rough-dry sea-moss itself. This is widely used as a blanc-mange for invalid diet; and one-half cup of the dry moss will set one quart of milk, at a cost of a fraction of a cent. There are two methods of making. Wash the moss and allow it to soak about five minutes or until limber. Put a quart of milk into a double boiler, add the moss, steam for half an hour and strain through a thin cheese-cloth. By the second method, you tie the moss up in a thin piece of cheese-cloth and steam it for three-quarters of an hour. This latter method is rather easier than the first because it will not matter if you continue the steaming for an hour or more until the hard, thick stems are melted and dissolved. whereas with the first method lengthy steaming will make the blanc-mange so thick that it will be almost impossible to strain it afterward.

For ready-to-hand general kitchen use I prepare a plain sea-moss jelly in quantity and do it up in jelly-glasses sealed with paraffin. Take half a pint of the dry moss and wash in several waters, picking it over at the same time. For each loosely packed measure of soaked moss, allow three measures of water.

Put the moss into a double boiler with the proper quantity of water and steam it for three or four hours. During the first hour, stir the contents several times. After that, leave the boiler completely undisturbed and keep it hot for four or five hours, or even eight or ten, to allow the jelly to settle. When it is cold, spoon off the clear part on top, remelt it, strain and do up in glasses; discard the bottom layer with the settlings.

This jelly is sufficiently "standardized" to use by measure in ordinary cooking, and it is a jelly of this strength that I shall refer to in the recipes that follow.

This jelly will keep in an ordinary jar or glass in a cool place for a week or ten days, and if done up when boiling hot and sealed with paraffin. I have found it in perfect condition at the end of three months, the longest time I have ever attempted to keep it.

But the great merit of this jelly—and what makes it worth spending time to prepare in quantity—is that it is ready to use when, not minutes, but seconds, count in meal preparation. A tablespoon of it in a cup of boiling water, and there you are—ready for pan gravies as soon as the pan is. This is enough to give body, substance and consistency without appreciably altering the taste. After adding the jelly and seeing it completely melted and dissolved, test the consistency of the hot liquid by pouring a little of it over the edge of a silver spoon and watching it "run." If the "run" seems watery, add a little more jelly and test again. For everything to be served hot, you go by the "run."

In *boiled cocoa and chocolate*, a little of this jelly gives a smooth, creamy consistency and a feeling of richness when taken into the mouth.

To make a *rich cream gravy* for fried ham, use whole milk or undiluted evaporated milk instead of water.

For *bouillon* of all kinds, and especially vegetable bouillon, this jelly is invaluable. For meat soups and stocks or chicken soup or bouillon, it will produce the same consistency that is otherwise obtained only by prolonged boiling of bones to extract the animal gelatin.

Green-pea purée for a later meal can be very simply produced by saving out a cup of green peas and the water in which they were boiled. Mash the peas through a strainer, add sufficient milk to make up the desired quantity of purée and the proper amount of jelly to produce a creamy consistency. Lima and snap beans may be treated the same way. A thick purée of split peas or dried beans will be made smoother by the addition of a little of this jelly, which also prevents the settling of the heavier grains.



"My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose..."

A man compares the girl of his heart to a flower because he can find nothing lovelier in the whole wide world to compare her to..... Especially if there clings about her a faint elusive perfume she will seem to him flower-like. Perfume touches the heart and stirs the imagination as few things do, and the clever woman will never be without its lovely influence.

Follow the example of the flowers in choosing your perfume. The violet never borrows the fragrance of the lily. Choose the perfume that fits your type and use it always.

FLORIENT (Flowers of the Orient) becomes a sparkling, vivacious fragrance, has the quality of adapting itself to widely varying types, seeming to become a part of the personality of the wearer.

The Colgate Perfume Test shows you how to choose your perfume so that it will exactly suit you. Write for the three trial vials of perfume, perfumers test slips and directions, and enclose a 2-cent stamp. Address Dept. 781, Colgate & Co., 199 Fulton St., New York City.



COLGATE'S
Perfumes

How Many Inches Do You Want to Lose Next Week —From Waist and Hips?

How would you like to be two to three inches thinner in waist, hips and thighs one week from today? The Madame X self-massaging girdle actually takes off 3 to 10 inches and makes you *look* thinner the moment you put it on. No starving diets—no tiring exercises—no dangerous medicines—no weakening baths. Removes fat while you walk, play, work or sit.



New Hand-Turned Hem Prevents Splitting or Tearing

Pat. May 13, 1924

HERE is the scientific Madame X Girdle that slenderizes your figure the moment you put it on! That instantly gives you fashion's trim, graceful lines, and actually reduces your waist and hips almost "while you wait!" Makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin.

For the Madame X, which is worn over the undergarment as a corset, fits you as smoothly and snugly as a kid glove, and is so constructed that it fits right into the figure and touches and gently massages every inch of the surface continually. See how it holds in the hips and thighs as well as the abdomen. How it comes well up over the diaphragm and supports the muscles of the back and sides, helping prevent fatigue. The front cut-out insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing in the back makes it easy to adjust as you become more slender. The garters hold the Madame X firmly in place, so that while you may enjoy a maximum freedom of motion, your entire figure is held in firmly and the body is kept erect and well-poised.

Actually Massages Away Fat

Madame X Reducing Girdle is built on scientific massage principles that have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 pounds in an amazingly short time. It is made of dry heat cured, resilient, "live" rubber, especially designed for reducing purposes and strong enough to really hold you in. The rubber is the same kind that is recommended by famous athletic coaches and Health authorities as a safe and healthy way to reduce.

The Madame X is worn over the undergarment so that no rubber touches you. Yet with every breath, with every step, with every little motion it actually massages away the fat! For through your undergarment the live rubber gently grips and kneads the excess fat so it is actually eased away. Only *live* rubber can produce this marvelous "unconscious massage."



The Madame X Brassiere

Try It On Today

Once you try on the Madame X you won't want to take it off. See how it makes you look more slender at once. Enjoy the comfort of it, the sense of ease and poise it gives you. Why not go to the nearest dealer and see this remarkable girdle for yourself? Try it on and see how you like it—no obligation.

Also be sure to see the Madame X Brassiere which does for the upper figure what the Girdle does for waist, hips and thighs.

Write for Free Booklet, "The New Healthful Way to Reduce," which explains in detail how the Madame X makes you *look* thin while *getting* thin. Address

MADAME X COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. 12410, 410 Fourth Ave., New York City

On Sale At All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

What They Say

These excerpts are from just a few of the thousands of letters we have received from delighted users. The original letters in our files may be seen at any time by anyone interested.

"..... I must say they are the most comfortable corsets I ever wore and glad to tell you I am 7 inches smaller in the waistline in 10 days. I cannot believe it myself. I feel fine. I put them on early in the morning and keep them on until bedtime. I don't believe I could go back to wearing my stiff corsets again." Mrs. W. G.

"It's wonderful! I shall never be without one; I have lost 4 inches in hips, 2 in waistline, and 3 pounds in weight. I haven't worn it all day at times. Many thanks for it." Mrs. W. B. B.

"After first wearing it, I lost 4 inches. I have now lost 8 inches." Mrs. M. F. F.

"..... after one month's steady wear it has reduced my waist 4 inches, hips 4½ inches, thighs 3½ inches. I have tried so many things in the past, but got no results." Miss F. A. H.

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin

WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS: I. NEWMAN & SONS, INC., CHICAGO
CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS: DOMINION CORSET COMPANY, LTD., QUEBEC



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 14

Her head was bent; all he could see was a white neck and clustering curls above shoulders shaking with troubled breath.

"Why did you come breaking things up that night?" she accused.

"Putting it all on me now?" he demanded.

She picked herself up from the ground, leaning against the mottled sycamore, fingering aimlessly at its bark.

"Not in the way you are thinking," she said, her voice a dripping monotone. "It's just that—oh—I can't go back to that old life any more. Not now—now that I have seen—I never met a man like you before."

Fragments of thought chased each other through his brain. Half of them were suspicious, and yet— Poor little thing—if she really found him a good influence, he mustn't do anything to upset— Oh, hell——

The silence grew oppressive, but he seemed to have nothing that he could say. It was a relief when she spoke again, in a deliberate casualness.

"Have you known Sid long?"

It was odd that all the women they met asked him that question. It was as if they instantly felt some difference between Sid and himself. Before he could answer she flashed round on him.

"I'll bet it was he who started it!"

"Started what," he countered.

"You needn't tell me; I know that two fellows like you don't go running off for nothing. I can tell when men are hiding out—I have had good reason to. And I know that whatever it was, you never, never began it."

He had to smile wryly at that, remembering the unlucky blow which had been the affair's commencement.

"Then you know more than I do."

"Oh, yes, stand up for him," she sneered. "Men always stick up for each other; it is only we girls that they— Oh, God, I wish I was dead!"

She was crying now, softly, miserably, her face hidden by the tree-trunk against which it was pressed. The sound, dropping remorselessly as rain, brought remembrance with it. Sobs through the fog, Sid's voice, coolly penetrating: "Woman's tears, the oldest weapon of all, save one." But then Sid did not always know; there was a hard streak in that fellow; and he had never seen the girl at a moment like this.

An idea floated in his brain, formless, yet pompously important, that perhaps this was a "crisis in her life." And she was looking to himself for help.

"Look here—if there is anything I can do—" he stumbled, but she blazed round on him:

"I wish to God I'd never seen you! Go away from me!"

There was relief as he went; mechanically he wiped at his forehead with a feeling as of escape. Yet what in time was it all about?

Not until he was a mile away down that river of trees did the answer come. She had "fallen for him." That brought disturbance—a girl like that, you never knew what they would do.

Yet he could understand it.

THE day droned on, the distances veiling themselves in haze while thunder-heads, vast and shining, banked up over the Coast Range.

Weston mooned alone; he was in no humor just then for Sid's caustic sentences. He found himself uneasy, too. Most of that was the day, increasingly brooding as though hatching things to come. Some of it was also the place. There was something queer about the Mission Perdida after all—something which, in reverse of the usual order, increased with familiarity.

It was time that they got out. That interview with Kate O'Hara had spoiled the simplicity of the days. He had been nervous of late too; there was a constant feeling as of something stirring deep down in himself.

Day thickened off into dusk, only the moon managed to loom through the veiled sky. It was late when Weston went for his turn at the fire. His last turn, he was decided. The city, that was the place; his mind ached for lighted streets, bathtubs, the feel of good clothes next his skin, a job, all the every-day hum of life which keeps one so safely distracted.

The thick darkness all about oppressed him like some actual presence pressing in. To drive it back he heaped logs recklessly upon the brazier. He heard a step out there beyond the radius of the firelight, approaching with that casual saunter which only proprietorship can give. The mission's master was back again. As he came in, Weston rose to leave, but the other waved him down.

"Please stay. I have a disposition for company to-night."

He was in no hurry for speech, though. As he stood looking down at the fire, his bronzed face was crossed by a shadow as of a half whimsical regret. From beyond the broken arches came the sough of a wind sighing its way between the arid hills.

The man listened, nodding slowly.

"A lonesome wind that. I have heard it cry in that way before, and each time it has meant the end of something—as it does to-night."

He paused, listening long, then made announcement:

"We are about to be discovered."

Weston stared silently; the fire was at its half-hypnotic work again, breeding queer fancies, painting pictures in his mind.

"The Lost Mission is about to be found," the other went on, the humor of his mouth taking a wry twist. "Not three miles away is a camping-wagon containing one Doctor Jordan Michaelis, a nearly famous San Francisco physician with an itch for publicity. Also a really famous archeologist with a passion for the Franciscan missions. They are armed with a copy of an ancient map whose recent discovery has just made me the undisputed owner of this place, and they are headed directly this way."

"I could have turned them back, of course," he went on. "But the discovery must come some day. This present civilization has a long nose, and our American noses in particular have a liking for smelling out other people's affairs. It is the finish of all this," he concluded.

WESTON found himself uninterested; for him it had all concluded hours ago with his decision to leave on the morrow. He wished that he could have had this last watch alone. Things seemed to be going on out there in that thunderous dark and his ears were extraordinarily alert. Almost he caught the very tone of the night itself—something in B flat, with a whole battery of accidentals.

"Perhaps it is time that the fires of the Mission Perdida went abroad to the world," the other was saying. Then came a frank smile at his own taste for the dramatic. "But I must confess that I would have preferred a more striking last curtain."

"You would have a poor actor in me," Weston made response.

"We don't know yet what the play might be."

The other paused, resonantly murmuring to the flames.

"Fire, the carrier, the mover, the maker of paths,
The friendly one, the ever-upward gold."

"Did you know that there is an entire literature in praise of fire, some thousands of years old, still standing in the race? That verse is a tiny fragment of it."

"Fire," he murmured on, "that red blossom the administry of which distinguished man from the brutes. Think, some time, of what we should be without it——"

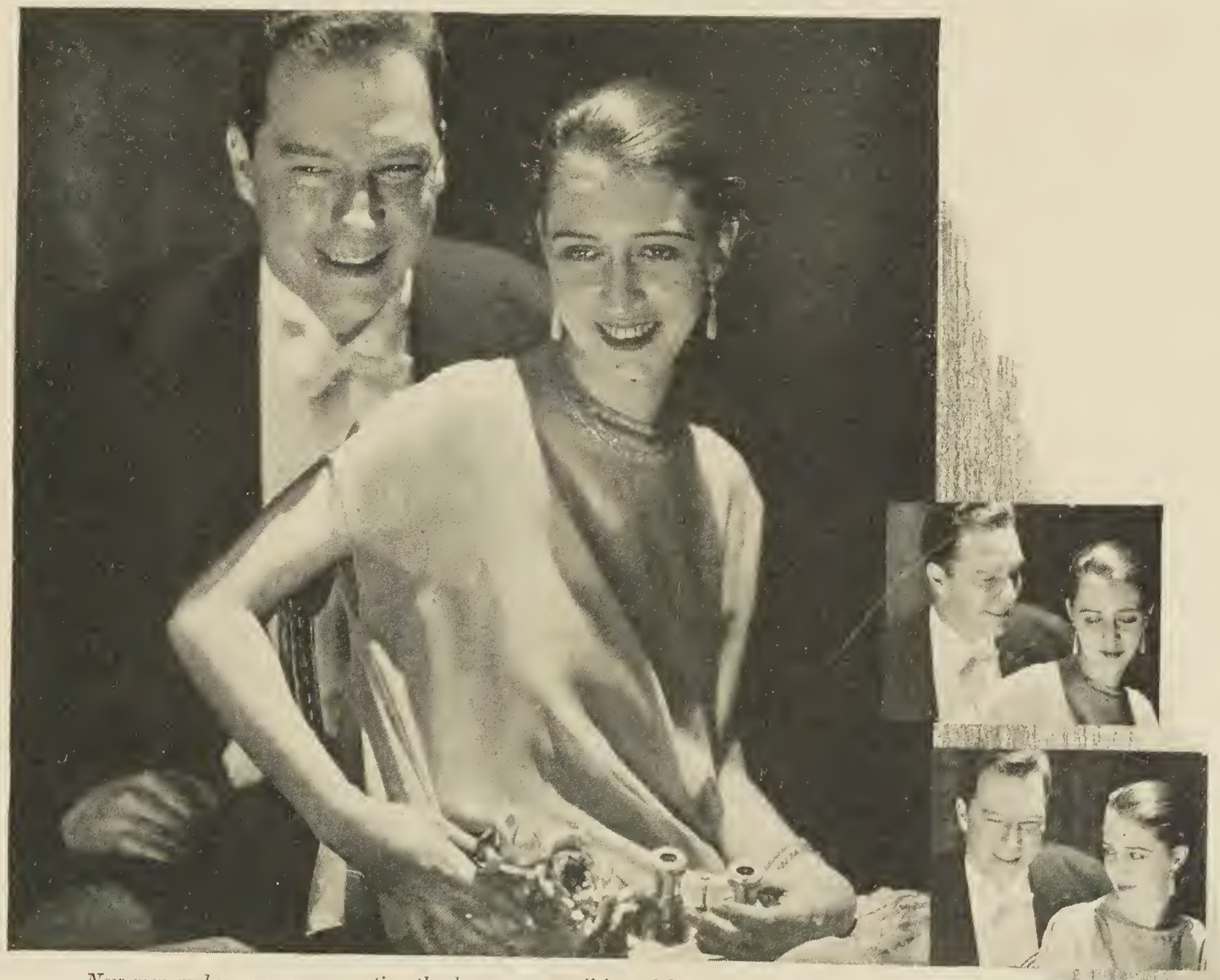
Indifferently Weston listened. Everybody seemed to talk, except himself. All he was able to do was to lag along and continually ask what they meant. His thoughts were on his own affairs just then, but through them the other's words seeped in at his ears, even as the heat of the brazier burned through his half-closed lids. They brought irritation with them, burning in like that, hot and insistent.

"Everybody knows all those things," he said.

"Nothing is so safely hidden as the things which all the world knows so well that it never notices them. They are like leaves in a forest, invisible because so plainly in sight.

"There is a strange unfathomableness of things so commonplace that we never even consider them, putting our mysteries off into some other region. What is this up-flame in man that lifts him on his feet instead of padding on all fours like the beasts? What is

Continued on page 74



Now men and women are correcting the dangerous condition of dry mouth with Pebeco

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STREICHEN

Thousands today are preventing tooth decay *by restoring the natural action of the mouth glands*

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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 72

that wondrous fire of the mind which blooms out in great arts of engineering, of science, or speech or color or form or music? Why is it that some of us can support enterprises that circle the globe, while others can only creep in drab and narrow ways?"

The man broke off again, speaking to the fire before him.

"O priestly flame, bestower of sanction, forgiver of the sense of failure and sin.

"Did you ever take a look at humanity in the mass? They walk mostly weighed down by a secret, dogging guilt of failure. And if one has no condemnation for his own failure, then his neighbors can supply it. And if one succeeds better than his fellows, then they will supply condemnation for that. Either way, if you do or if you don't, they can not sanction it. They long for wealth, yet they tear and claw at those who attain it. They ache for greatness in some form or other, but they howl at the lives of those who have even a touch of it."

"How can a pile of logs and a match give sanction?" Weston asked, just covering a sneer.

"Did you ever hear of cold feet? There is a wonderful wisdom in slang sometimes. 'The cold gray dawn'—that guilt which follows on the false fires of drugs, passion or crime. But I have seen in humanity a clean flame of joy and friendship that leaves no ashes dead upon the lips. A flame of greatness, that is; yet its beginnings are apt to be strange enough. Sad smells go up from a trash pile when just lit, but it burns brilliantly at the end.

"Trash piles, by the hundred million, lying about waiting for the spark. And when it comes, most of them stamp it out, if they can. I have watched them killing the very thing in themselves that might have been their art.

"Yourself, for instance—what do you really want?"

Weston rose resentfully, a dark mood upon him, turgid and sullen. He was sick of all this talk—that was all it was. Everybody talking at him until his ears rang with it. He'd do some talking himself.

"I don't know what I want," he spat. "But I mean to have it all right and I don't give a damn how I get it."

A gust of wind moaned in; in the brazier a log shifted and fell, sending up a shower of sparks. With a half-laugh at his own vehemence, the man caught at Weston's wrist in swift warning.

"Take care; oh, I'll admit a streak of superstition; I am careful what I ask in the presence of the fire.

"I have seen things happen to people here," he went on. "I have seen them drift in, driven on desperate ways. I have watched them sit, week after week, feeding my rather play-acting altar fires. And I have seen things come to them—strange things. Of course there is no proof that those would not have come to them anyhow. I offer no explanation—I have none to give—and yet——"

He stopped, resuming his usual rather overbearing aloofness.

"I will watch until your friend comes to take his turn. I have a fancy for a last time alone here."

BY AN effort Weston managed to get himself courteously away. He could not understand the mood which was upon him; it was like the night, thunderous, heavy, shot through with raw-smelling electricities.

He was bitter with a sense of being tricked. So this was all there was to that half-mythic Mission Perdida? Merely a rich man's plaything, a sentimental toy, and vaguely heathenish at that.

He wandered long among the dark trees, nursing that anger as if it were a precious thing. When he returned to his quarters, they were empty. Vereker must have gone to take his turn at the fire. He was glad of that, yet without him the empty room was cheerless as a cell in the candle-light.

Gradually he became aware of a sound out in the darkness, stealing on his notice through sheer persistence, like the hushed sobbing of something small and lost. He stepped out to seek it and almost fell over a warm, round body. It was Kate O'Hara, flung like a wet rag on the ground. As he lifted her up, she clung for an instant, then pushed him from her.

"Go away. I never want to see you again."

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, yes, pretend you don't know!"

"How can I know if you don't tell me?"

She turned from him with a hard laugh. In a flicker of sheet lightning she stood out, haggard, disheveled, a thing for compassion.

"Very well," she said, pushing the words between tight teeth. "I'll go in with you in your precious scheme. I'll go to San Francisco and line up the market and pull the wires for you. I'll start you two. I—I thought you— To hell with thinking!"

"What are you talking about now?" Weston demanded, and her laugh came jeeringly back at him.

"Don't try the high-toned stuff with me. I'm on to you now. I thought perhaps you were a man who would lift me out of things, but if you want to shove me down again—if it's money you are after, why there's plenty to be made in the dope-running and I'll show you how to get it. And if I go back to it, it means that I go the limit, too—what does anything matter to me—now——"

"Tell me what you mean by all this," he cried, seizing her arms and swinging her round to face him.

"You don't really know?"

"I haven't an idea in God's world!"

The shoulders, frail under his touch, stilled their shaking. She was quiet enough now, and oddly he wished she was not. There was always a glint of concealed poison in her stillness.

Now she was merely a warm pressure against his hands, a voice reaching in at his ears and touching keys in his mind.

"You mean that you never really planned to take up the trade and make me help you?"

"Who told you that?" he cried, and she retreated into vagueness.

"What does that matter now I know that you didn't?"

"Tell me," he declared, "or I'll——"

She laughed again, her face a mocking glimmer on the dark.

"No you won't; you aren't that kind!"

His hands fell from her and he stood there oddly helpless, held by that something which she knew he was.

"I have a right to know who has been telling lies about me."

"You won't get it from me," she said. "I'm not going to make trouble."

With a spring she was gone from him, safely behind her door again and the key grating in the lock. He found himself on tiptoe, calling furiously in at the high, barred window.

"Tell me, who was it?"

"I'm no squealer; I'm not one to go breaking things up."

HE FLUNG back into his own room, to find it arid and breathless under the night's oppression. He blew out the candles, but the darkness only made it worse, shutting him the more tightly in upon his own thoughts. Who could have told the girl those things about him? In all the place were only the mission's master, the Chinamen, Sid and himself. The Chinamen—he dismissed them. Chinese never sought to draw white men into their peculiar affairs. The place's owner was equally unthinkable. That left only—But he would not even think it—Sid was not that sort.

And yet—who else? It all came secretly, insistently, like some unsuspected vermin of his mind creeping out of hidden places. After all, what did he really know of him?

That suspicion, once admitted, swelled like some acid-filled blister, dripping poison that instantly raised other blisters. His whole brain was raw with them. The manner of Sid's coming had been doubtful enough. He never talked of himself. He must have something to hide. A queer chap—something uncanny about him——

Vereker was over at the fire and now was the time to have it out while the whole affair was hot upon him. Weston's footsteps, crunching out into the dark, were crisp with purpose. Behind him he had the sense of a white face pressed against the bars of a high window—watching him go.

Continued in the November DELINEATOR



Burning Pain! prevent it with MENNEN'S

Three fiery forces are ready to inflame your baby's skin. If permitted to go unchecked, they will cause untold suffering. Fortunately for baby, Science has exposed the danger, and the Mennen Laboratories found a way to combat all three enemies.

Moisture of any sort is highly poisonous to delicate infant skin. Yet no towel is absorbent enough to remove all perspiration, urine and bath water held in the skin-folds.

The high absorbency of Mennen Borated Talcum is required to dry the skin safely and completely. This special talcum is like millions of tiny absorbent sponges—gently drying baby's sensitive tissues.

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Apply this safe, scientific powder before each nap, after every bath, and whenever baby is fretful.

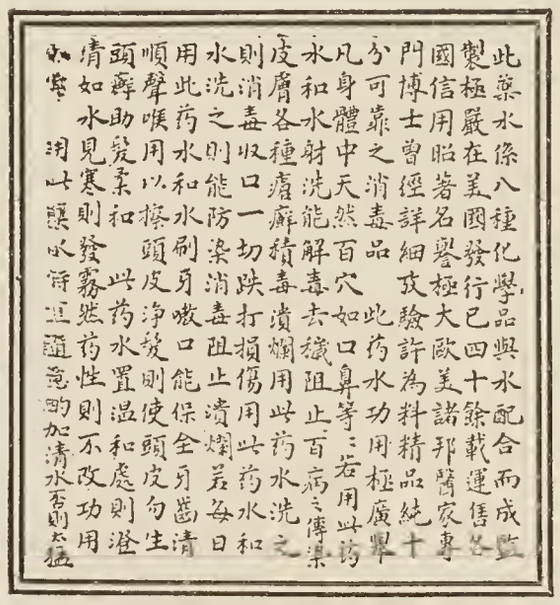
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Are the Chinese smarter than you are?



It so happens that the above is not a ledger sheet from a Chinese laundry. It is a reproduction of the back label on a Listerine bottle as sold in China. Listerine is distributed the world over. Branch laboratories are maintained in Canada, France, Spain and Mexico.

IN China, as you probably know, the doctor receives his fee for keeping you well. When you get sick, his fees stop until you are on your feet again.

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Modern methods suggest the systematic use of a safe, effective antiseptic that will guard you against infection and the many illnesses that follow.

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When you feel that first dry hitch in your throat on swallowing, which is the danger signal of sore throat, let Listerine guard you against more serious troubles.

Sore throat is a nuisance and usually comes at just the time you want to feel your best. By making Listerine a regular part of your daily toilet routine, you can usually avoid sore throat and often save yourself inconvenience and discomfort.

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THE GAME OF LIFE

Concluded from page 15

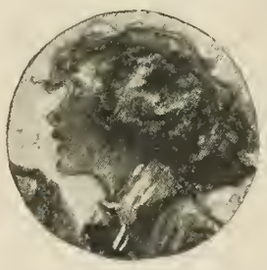
be blamed for much of this difficulty. The man who had been through the experiences of team games in his boyhood finds little novelty in the ideas of free government. He changes symbols but not principles when he begins to exercise the rights of citizenship.

Educators are only just beginning to realize the great importance of play in their programs. We are on the right track, but we still have a long way to go before we have brought out all the possibilities for man-building which exist in competitive games. Schools generally are now sponsoring fuller programs in play and competitive athletics than ever before, but until expert and adequate supervision is available and every child is given the opportunity to play and is heartily encouraged to take part in games suited to his physical ability, education will not be able to achieve its full purpose.

Adults as well as children should play. True, the adult has not the same chance to develop his character or alter it through participation in games, but he can make himself healthier and happier and more useful if he will give recreation a larger place on his life's program. There is very little difference between work and play. The difference is principally one of attitude. Play is the pursuit of an ideal, while work is the acceptance of one of the compulsions of life with most of us. If we could get into our work the same degree of enthusiasm and joy that children get into their play, there would be no more work as we generally accept the meaning of the word.

The real joy of play lies in accomplishing something that has completely absorbed our interest during the process of accomplishment. The fact that what we are doing in play has no immediate commercial value does not lessen the delight we take in it. Why, then, should the fact that our work means remuneration and is the means of giving us comforts or luxuries—or even a bare living—lessen our joy in it? If we are actuated in our daily tasks by the same fine ideals that impel a football eleven to give its best for the honor of the college it represents, our work will certainly become play.

True, there are no cheering crowds and blaring bands to spur on the adult worker. But he has the urge of loyalty to his employer, his profession, his organization, his family and, above all, to himself. The only reason that child's play is more fun than man's work is because the child puts more of himself into it.



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 8

Will Fleming, who had protested for cheerful idle years that office work would kill him, had proved his words when Sylvia was only four by quite simply dying of pneumonia during a long absence in the West, and so Flora and Lily were alone again at Wastewater, but with the two little girls to take their places as the children of the old place. Flora's child Sylvia was a superbly proud little creature, tall, imperious, with scarlet cheeks, the white Fleming skin, the black Fleming eyes—indeed, as absolute a "black Fleming" as ever had been born. Lily's Gabrielle, three years younger, was a thin, nervous, tawny-headed little creature, full of impish excitements and imaginings.

One day, only a few weeks before his death, Roger had a long talk with David, walking back and forth along the garden-paths that were sweating and panting under the breath of an untimely Summer day in mid-May. David remembered watching the slow, silky heaving of the ocean as his stepfather talked.

"I made my will when you were only a baby, Dave—when Tom was born. That's—my God, that's twenty years ago! But I put a codicil in a week or two back, giving Will's child—Sylvia here—the whole of it in case—he may have got mixed up in this sea warfare, you know—in case the boy never comes home. But he will! I gave Will's widow—poor Flora—all that my own mother left, when Will died. That'll take care of her and of Sylvia; Tom'll see that they stay here at Wastewater, if they want to. And Flora'll care for poor Lily's child. Your father fixed you pretty well—I've left you the Boston houses to remember your stepfather by. You've been like my own son to me, David. I've had a long run for my money—but a better man would have made a better job of it. Tom'll come home, though, and there'll be Flemings here again, boys and girls, David, to keep the old place warm."

"I hope you'll keep it warm yourself," David had answered cheerfully. "You're not fifty-three yet——"

"No, Dave—I've lived too hard. I've broken the machinery," Roger said—and it was true.

"Well," the master of Wastewater had ended, "if Tom's not here, turn it all over to Flora's girl when she's twenty-one. Women manage these things better. Sylvia'll have her fun and build for the future, too. Or maybe she and the boy may make a match of it—they're both Flemings, Dave. And more than that—your Aunt Flora has a score to settle with me—there's a sort of poetic justice in her daughter's getting it all. She—she cared, in her way—she's not a woman to care easily, either. And she forgave my marrying your mother—she stood by your mother. But when it came to Cecily—she won't mention her name to this day! I've treated a good many women badly," Roger had confessed, with a twitch of his handsome month, "but I never treated any one as badly as poor Flora——"

David had been pleased, and secretly amused, to see that the old incorrigible smile was lighting his stepfather's magnificent eyes. Upon whatever episodes in the past Roger's mind was moving, he found them sweet.

And after all, death had come kindly, as life had, to Black Roger Fleming. There had been one more hope about Tom; Roger had been eagerly and confidently flinging clothes into his well-worn trunk, telephoning, shouting directions, exulting in the need for action, all through a sweet June morning. Sylvia, nine years old, and Gabrielle, six, had been running at full speed along the upper hall, and they saw him come to his door—saw him fall, with one hand clutching his heart——

Three days later David wrote a letter to Tom, launched it out into the great world with little hope that he would ever read it. He was the heir, there was a large estate, he must come home.

But Tom had never come home.

SO THERE was the story, thought David, rousing himself from his favorite position of leaning forward in his low chair, with his linked hands between his knees, and looking upward at the superb and smiling portrait once more—there was the story to the present day. Flora had guarded her forlorn little sister to the end, ten years ago, had educated Lily's child, Gabrielle—that same Gabrielle who was to return from years of schooling to-day. Flora's own splendid child, the beautiful Sylvia, would also be coming home from college one of these days to claim her great inheritance, to be owner and mistress of Wastewater. David himself, finishing college, had had some rather unhappy dull years in business in New York, had gone from the handling of pictures to the painting of pictures, and was now happy in the knowledge that his day as a painter of this same murmuring sea was coming, if not quite come.

David, in his thirtieth year, kept a small studio in New York; his friends, his fellow workers, were there; the galleries and exhibitions

Continued on page 78

In all languages the same

THE three little los Reyes children call their favorite food "Aguila", but it's the same Eagle Brand that countless other families know, and the results have been equally successful everywhere.

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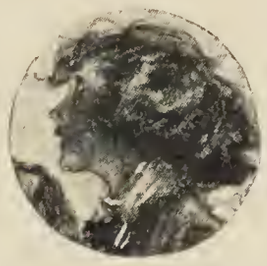
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 76

were there. But he did much of his painting near Wastewater and had a sort of studio-barn at Keyport, where canvases were stored and into which he sometimes disappeared for days at a time. Flora regarded him, however coolly and suspiciously, as a son; he was Sylvia's guardian, he was Roger's trustee, he advised and counseled the mother and daughter in everything they did. And then—he added this fact with a rather rueful smile to all the other facts of his life—he had always loved Sylvia, from the days of her imperious babyhood. He had gone from a big-brotherly adoration to a more definite thing; she knew it—trust Sylvia!—although he had never told her. Sylvia was just twenty. Give her another year or two, David would muse, let her feel her wings. And then perhaps—perhaps they two would bring the Fleming line back to Wastewater.

THE clock on the mantel struck an uncertain, silvery six. David looked at his watch in surprise—six o'clock! Gabrielle would be here in another two hours. "Heavens," he said half-aloud, stirring the fire and glancing over his shoulder at the deepened shadows of the ugly old room, "how the wind howls about Wastewater in the Autumn evenings, and how clearly one hears the gulls and the slash-slash of the sea!"

Flora came in with a lamp; usually Hedda's burden, but Hedda had gone down-stairs, she explained; David rose. They were setting it carefully upon the crowded table, when there was a stir outside in the upper hall and the door opened and a tall girl came quickly in, with a little nervous laughter in her greeting.

David had last seen Gabrielle at sixteen, when her teeth were strapped in a gold band and her young boyish figure still had a sort of gawky overgrownness about it. She had been convalescent after a fever when she had sailed for France then, and wearing big dark glasses on her bright eyes for fear of the glare of the sea, and had been plainly dressed in a heavy black coat and a school-girlish hat. She had been crying, too, emotional little Gabrielle; she had not altogether been a prepossessing little person, although David had always liked her and had given her a genuinely affectionate, brotherly kiss in good-by.

But that memory had not prepared him for this girl's appearance. Tired she undoubtedly was, train-rumpled, cold and wind-blown, but she was oddly impressive for all that.

She enveloped Flora with a quick embrace and a kiss; then her eyes found David, and she held out both her hands.

"David! But how exactly as you were! And how like Uncle Roger!"

David had forgotten the husky voice, with a delicious touch of contralto roughness in it; he had forgotten nothing else; for this eager graceful woman had about her little of the awkward, tear-stained child of more than two years ago. She was tall, perhaps not quite so tall as Sylvia, but very much more so than he had remembered her. Her hair, tawny, thick, spraying into fine tendrils on her forehead in the old way, hardly showed at all under her traveler's hat, but her mouth had gained in sweetness and power; and in the creamy pallor of her face—so different, as it had always been different, from Sylvia's rose-and-whiteness—her eyes were astonishing. Even as a child she had had memorable eyes.

They were beautifully shaped, deep-set eyes, of the living blue-grayness of star-sapphires. In odd contrast to the warm brunette skin and the fair hair, they were black-fringed, and the brows above them were black and straight. This had made the child look odd, pixylike, years ago, with her flying fair hair and nervous little forehead; but it made this serene girl superb.

Best of all, David thought, covertly studying her as she sat upon the stiff-backed little chair Flora indicated, between Flora's own armchair and David's, best of all were her contours, the making of her. Child of little cry-baby Aunt Lily and the peripatetic agent she might be, but she was splendidly fine in her outlines and textures for all that. Her hands were fine, white, not too small, beautifully shaped. Her ankles were fine, her head nicely set and nicely posed when she moved it quickly to look at him or at her aunt. The shape of her face was fine, the cheek-bones a thought too high, the upper lip a shade too short, but the modeling of the mouth and temples and the clean cut of the chin perfect. Her big teeth were white and glistening, her fair hair controlled to neatness in spite of its rebel tendrils and brushed to a golden luster. Her voice, husky and sweet, and lower than that of most women, was most distinctive of all. David wished that Aunt Flora would show something a little more motherly, a little more hospitable, in her welcome—would ask Gabrielle at least to take off her hat.

But Flora, for her, was not ungracious.

"You are early, Gabrielle," she said kindly. "David had said something of meeting you in Crowchester——"

"I came on a special train this morning. We stopped at Worcester with some girls who live there. We got into Montreal—what is to-day?—day before yesterday. Yesterday we were on the train, last night in the Boston convent."

"You hardly know where you are?" David, speaking for the first time, suggested.

"Ah, I know I'm at Wastewater!" she answered eagerly. "Every inch of the way I've been getting more and more excited. The sea—you can't know what it meant to me! I could just see it in the dusk. I can't believe that in the morning it will be there, right outside the windows, right below the garden. To-morrow I'll walk along our shore and out the little gate onto the cliffs toward Tinsall's—do you ever walk that way now, David? And Keyport! I must go to Keyport, too."

Her voice faltered on the last phrases a little uncertainly, and David interpreted her quick flush and the glance she sent her aunt aright. Tom's name was indissolubly linked with that of Keyport, for his father had first sought him and had always suspected that his escape had been planned there. And since Uncle Roger's death, Flora, whose own daughter's fortune hinged upon Tom's return or non-return, had not encouraged much hopeful speculation about him among the younger members of the family. But Flora had been rooted securely for many placid years now, and she only commented mildly:

"Keyport. That's where your uncle first hunted for poor Tom. Dear me, how many years ago!"

"No word—never any word," David said, shaking his head in answer to Gabrielle's quick questioning glance.

"Think of it—Tom!" Gabrielle said, under her breath. And for a long moment they were all silent. Then Flora asked the newcomer if she would like to go up-stairs.

"You'll hardly have time to change, now," said Flora. "Call Maria if you need anything——"

"Maria! Then she didn't marry her sailor!" Gabrielle said, laughing as she rose. "And Margaret's not here?"

"She comes and goes; she's pretty old now," David said.

"She'll come over to see me, or I'll go into Keyport and find her," Gabrielle promised. "Ah," she said softly, departing, "it's so good to be home!"

THE door shut behind her; there was utter silence in the room. Flora, who usually had her knitting at this time, sat back with leaden closed eyes.

"Is she like what you expected?" David asked.

"She's like nothing—*nobody*," Flora answered.

"She's handsome!" David offered. "Poor child!"

Flora made no answer. She opened her eyes and began to knit, flinging the granite-gray yarn free with little flying jerks. David was mending the fire when Hedda came stolidly in to announce dinner.

Gabrielle joined them on the way down-stairs. David smiled at her.

"Seems strange to be home?"

"It seems as if I had never been away! The old rooms, the old things—and that loud sound of the sea——"

Meals at Wastewater nowadays were tedious and formal affairs. The dining-room was large and drafty, and the candles lighted on the side-tables wavered in the cool Autumn

Continued on page 80



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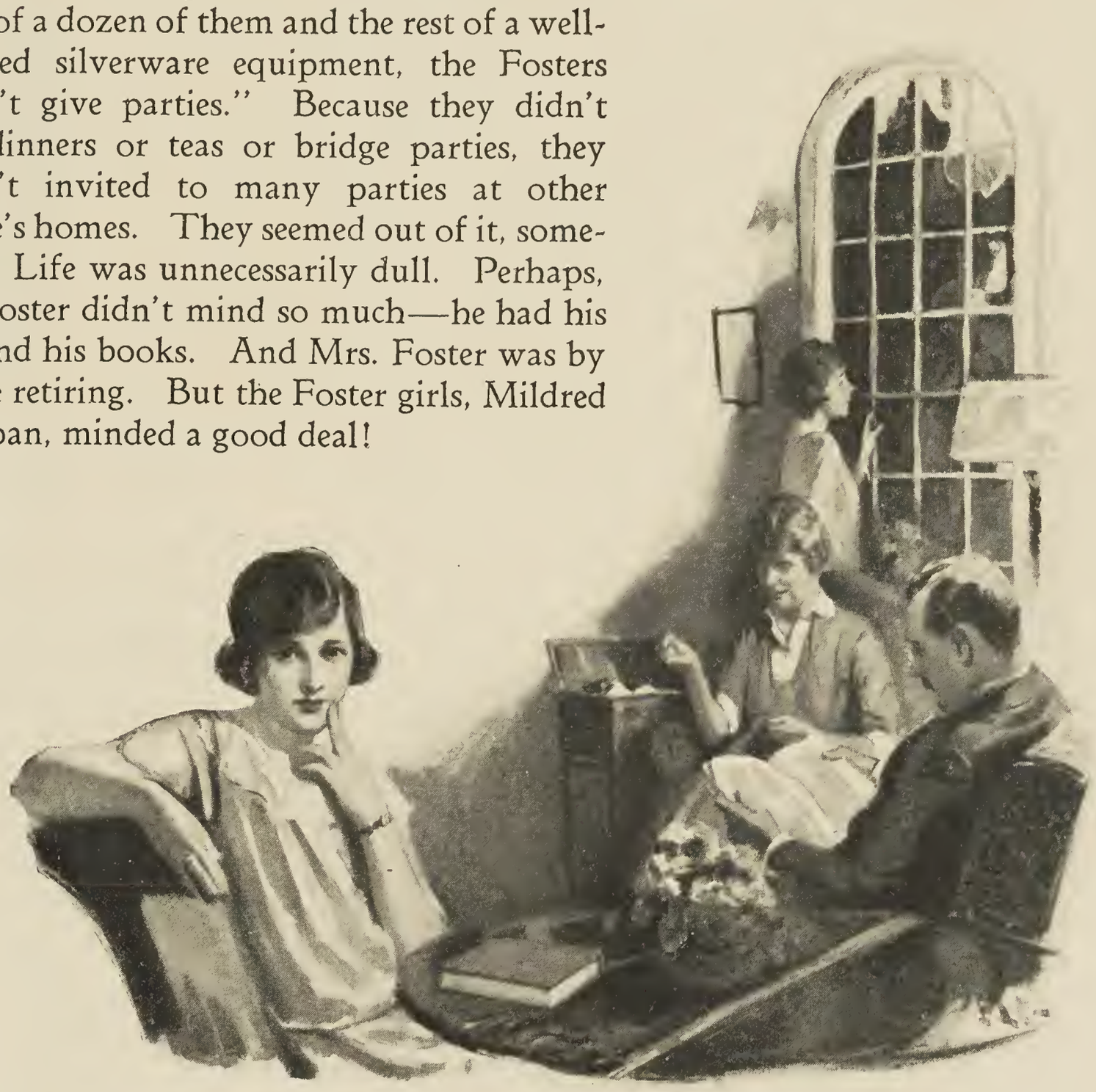


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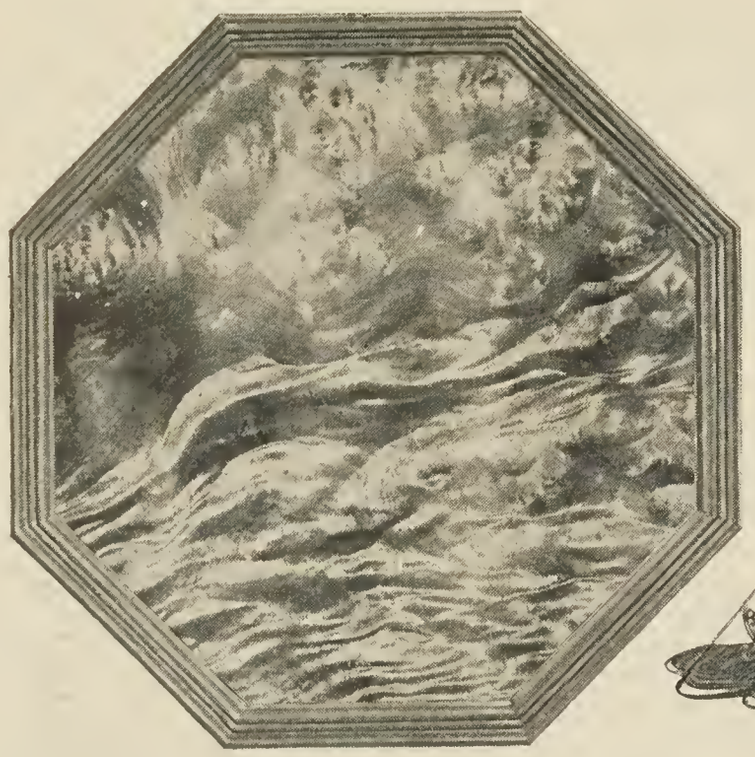
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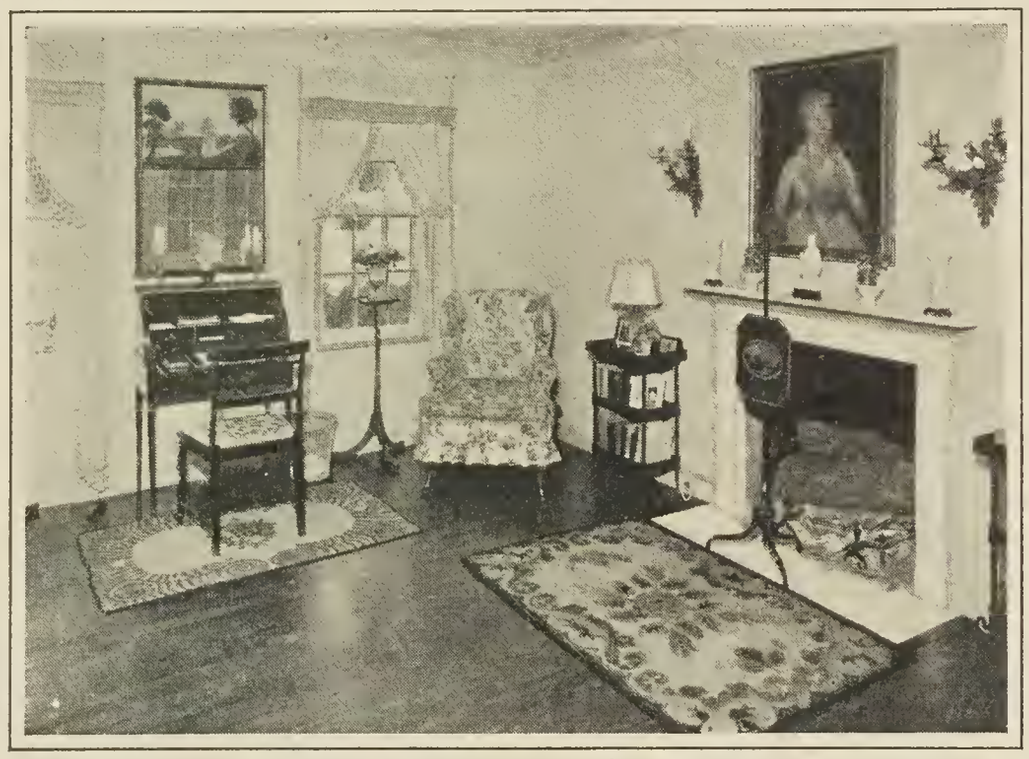


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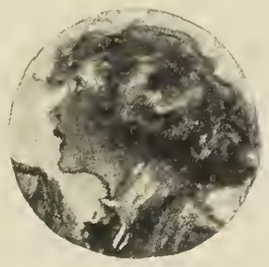
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 78

evening. Gabrielle asked an occasional question or two as the meal progressed; David—never an easy talker—did his best to keep the conversation moving. But Flora's heavy silences were too much for both, and in the end it was a quiet meal.

Afterward they went back to their places beside the fire again; but in pure charity David presently suggested that the traveler be sent to bed.

"Yes, go to bed," said Flora, knitting. "And—sleep late if you like," she added.

"Thank you," Gabrielle answered, very low. "Good night!" And it was only with his last glance at her that David realized with sudden compunction that she was on the verge of tears.

TEARS, however, that she did not shed. She went resolutely up through the cold, dark hallways and stairs to the third flight, where was the big room that had been assigned to her. The halls were pitchy dark, and the room, when she got to it, was impenetrably black.

Gabrielle groped for the matches, found them, struck a light and drew toward her the hinged arm of the gas-light at the bureau. There was a bare brown marble top on the bureau, with a limp fringed towel laid across it. The bureau and the great table, desk and bookcases were all enormous, heavy and as impersonally bare as those in some old hotel. Her trunk and suitcase had been set down in the center of everything, and in her hurried scramble for a brush and a handkerchief before dinner she had tumbled the contents of the latter dishearteningly about. She opened the bed with vigorous tugging—the sheets felt icily damp and lifeless.

Suddenly, as she struggled about forlornly in the dim light, a tap on the door made her heart leap. The old house was sufficiently full of ghosts without any such tangible horrors as this! But it was only good-natured Maria with a kettle of hot water.

David, it appeared, had just slipped down to the kitchen to send some one up to Miss Gabrielle. Maria moved about the big chamber capably and not too silently, and Gabrielle felt her fears dissipate under the wholesome companionship. She managed a sort of sponge-bath in the dressing-room, while Maria went down-stairs for more hot water, this time in a rubber bag.

"Tell me about Sylvia, Maria," Gabrielle demanded when the maid came back. "She's like all the Flemings—dark. Is she pretty?"

"They say she's what you call a beauty," Maria stated dispassionately. Gabrielle felt a little thrill of interest, perhaps of more—the beginning of a jealous stir at her heart. When Maria had gone, she sat on, cross-legged on her bed, wide-awake eyes staring into the shadows of the stately old chamber.

Sylvia was "what they call a beauty." Sylvia would have this whole place some day—would own Wastewater. Wastewater, the house that Gabrielle naturally thought the most interesting and important place in the world.

What did David think about Sylvia? Gabrielle wondered. He had sat there by the fire, with his handsome head bent a little to one side and his hands linked and a half-smile upon his face. He had glanced up at Gabrielle now and then, and always with a kindly smile. Was Sylvia to have David, too, with everything else?

But Gabrielle would not think about David. She dismissed him with a fervent "I hope I won't like him as well to-morrow! I hope he's really horrid and disappointing!" and knelt down to say her prayers. Prayers had always been in the chapel at St. Susannah's and the girls had worn their black veils. But she dared not think of that either—not to-night, when she was so alone.

She crossed the big room and opened a French window, pushed resolutely on the heavy shutters beyond and hinged them back. The night was moonless, starless and dark and filled with the troubled creaking and rushing of branches and the steady crashing of the sea. The girl could not distinguish where the garden ended and the wide surface of the moving waters began, but these had been her loved and familiar companions from babyhood, and she felt nothing but a restful sense of being home again when she heard their voices.

A current of cool moving air stirred the room, the bureau gas-jet wavered and went out, and Gabrielle, used to electric lighting, laughed nervously and aloud as she turned back to grope once more for matches.

But turning on the narrow iron balcony, her eyes were arrested by the great eastern façade of Wastewater, of which her windows were a part. It loomed in the night a shadow just a little blacker than the prevailing dark, her own room was in a corner, next came a deep angle, like the three sides of a court, and then the northern wing, where seamstresses and house servants and coachmen, ladies' maids and valets, agents delayed overnight, all sorts of odd and inconsiderable gentry had been lodged in Wastewater's days of glory years ago.

Gabrielle stared oddly at this wing for a few moments—looked back into her own room. There was no light behind her to be caught in a distant window and reflect itself like another light.

Her heart began to beat strong and fast. In the opposite wing, across the wide blackness of the court, in another corner room at the level of her own room—there was certainly a light. Gabrielle felt a sense of utter and unreasoning terror, she did not know why. She stared in a sort of horrified fascination at the yellow glints of lights behind the shutter—her breath coming hard, one hand clutching her heart.

"David!" she whispered. Then frightened by her own voice, she stumbled madly back in the dark, groping for gas-fixtures, for matches, lighting her bedside lamp with shaking fingers and springing in under the blankets with a long shudder of fear.

Safe—of course! But for a long time her heart did not resume its normal beat. There was something utterly unnerving about the sight of that quietly lighted apartment, mysteriously hung between the dark sky and wind and night and sea. Gabrielle did not fall asleep until she heard Aunt Flora and David come up-stairs.

SHE was wandering along an overgrown path before breakfast the next morning when David came after her and sauntered at her side. The sun was shining brilliantly after a clearing storm, the air aromatic with delicious leaf-scent and the sea dancing and blue.

"Oh, what a morning!" sang Gabrielle as David joined her.

"What a morning!" he echoed. And he added: "I needn't ask if you slept well?"

For indeed she was glowing from a bath, from a night's deep rest, glowing with all the morning beauty of healthy eighteen. The sun shone upon her warm hair, rousing golden lights in it, and her gray sapphire eyes were shining. David noted that she walked with a little spring, as if in mere walking there were not quite enough action to free the bubbling vitality within her.

"I didn't dare go far," she said, "for I suppose breakfast is still at half-past eight? But presently—when I've unpacked and gotten things straightened out—I'm going to explore!"

"I like this Quaker costume," David said, glancing at the plain gray dress.

"This? It's the Sunday uniform," Gabrielle told him. "Black on week-days, and black always for the street."

"All very well for the smaller girls," David smiled, "but didn't you others rebel?"

"Ah, but I have other clothes," said Gabrielle interestedly. "There's a lovely countess in Paris, a widow, who is one of the alumnæ of St. Susannah's. And every year this countess takes the graduates and goes with them to buy suitable clothes—that is, if there aren't fathers and mothers to do it for them. So she took me, the darling! We all know her quite well, and the last year one may go to her Sunday-afternoon teas four or five times," explained the girl seriously. "That is, if you've no *devoirs*."

"*Devoirs?*"

"Penances. Punishments to write for breaking rules."

"I feel dense. *Devoirs*, of course," said David, diverted. "Tell me more of this. If you had no *devoirs*, you might go to tea with the countess?"

"So that we might comport ourselves be-

Continued on page 81

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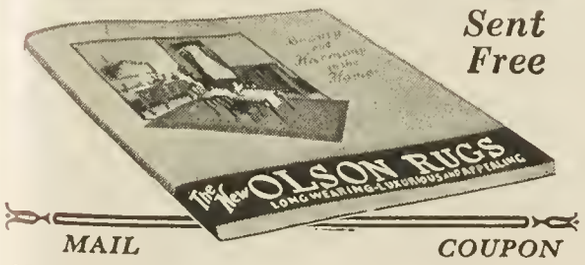
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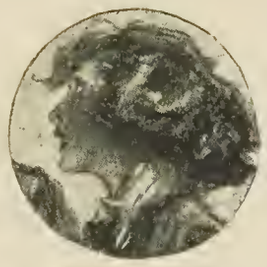
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 80

comingly in society," agreed Gabrielle. "And then, two weeks before we left for Cherbourg, she took me into the city and bought me—oh, lovely things! A velvet dress; I wore that once on the boat. And a lovely brown lace dress, and a hat, and a suit, and three blouses. But we had to travel in our uniforms, of course—that's the rule."

David was finding this extremely amusing and interesting.

"Did you—did any of the girls really like it, Gabrielle?"

"Did—" The wonderful eyes widened and were more wonderful than ever. "But we all loved it!" she exclaimed. "We had—*fun*. The gardens were perfectly beautiful, and on Sundays there was always a sweet, and often on Thursdays! Or some girl's father would send her a box of chocolates——"

"You were in Normandy when I was in Paris," David said.

"Normandy! Isn't it—but you don't know it! It's heavenly! But David," she broke off to ask earnestly, "didn't you find Paris very disappointing!"

"Rucker and I were only there ten days, on our way to Spain," David reminded her. "No, I don't remember that it was exactly—disappointing," he added in a tone that made her laugh.

"To me," the girl said, "Paris was all Dumas and Victor Hugo and Stanley Wayman. I like their Paris the best. Sedans, masked riders, horses waiting in the angles of the walls— Oh, look!" she cried, in a tone rich with affectionate recollections, as they stopped by the old sun-dial, set in a moldy circle of emerald grass.

"YOU still like adventure stories?" David suggested, remembering that she always had liked them.

"Not always," Gabrielle answered. And with a suddenly warming enthusiasm, she recounted to him a story she had read on the boat. It was so simple that it hardly engaged his attention at first; the story of two rich little girls with a marvelous doll's house, and two poor little girls socially debarred from being asked in to inspect it. Gabrielle described the minute perfections of the doll's house, the tiny beds and curtains, the marvel of a microscopic glass lamp. By chance, the poor little girls were offered an opportunity to creep in, and they were rapturously inspecting the wonder when the rich little girls' mother indignantly discovered them, sent them forth with insulting scorn, sent them shamed and bewildered on their homeward road. And the older child sat by the roadside, heaving with hurt and fury and heat and fatigue, with the little sister close beside her. The story ended quite simply with the little sister's murmured words of courage and comfort:

"Never mind. I seen the little tiny glass lamp!"

David was an artist; he adored beauty in youth, in words, in voices. Here he found them all, combined in this eager creature who ended her tale with tears in her glorious eyes and a smile that asked for his sympathy twitching her splendid mouth. Told so plainly, under the dreaming Autumn sky in the thinning soft Autumn sunlight of the old garden, the whole thing had a quite memorable pathos and charm, and when he thought of Gabrielle—as David did often in the days to come—he always thought of her standing by the sun-dial in the morning freshness telling him the story of the doll's house.

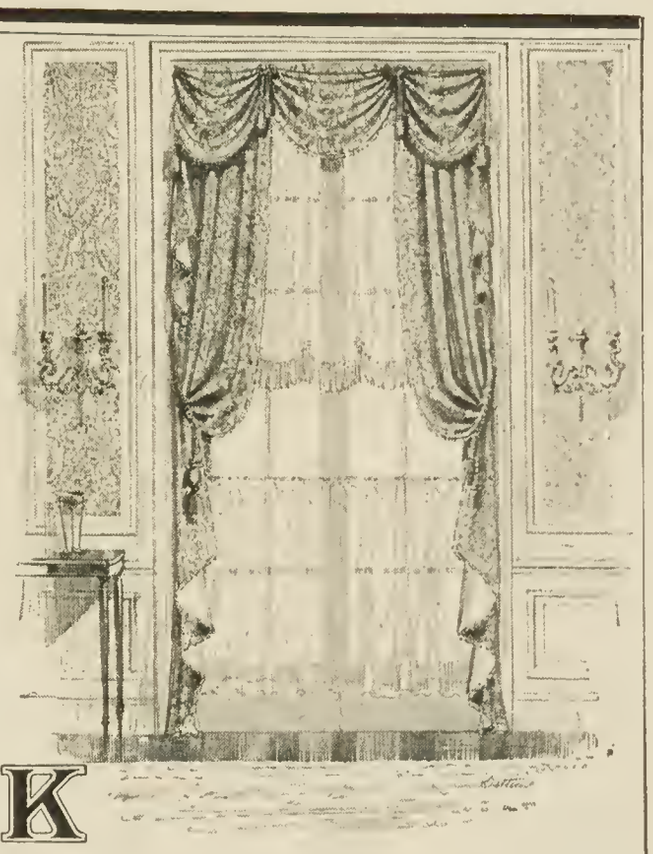
She had brushed the face of the dial free of leaves and pine-needles and was scraping the deep incisions with a stick.

"Twenty minutes past eight," she said, tipping her head to read the time. And afterward she read the inscription in her sweet husky voice:

"Turn, Flemynge, spin agayne;
The crossit line's the henter skein."

Continued on page 82

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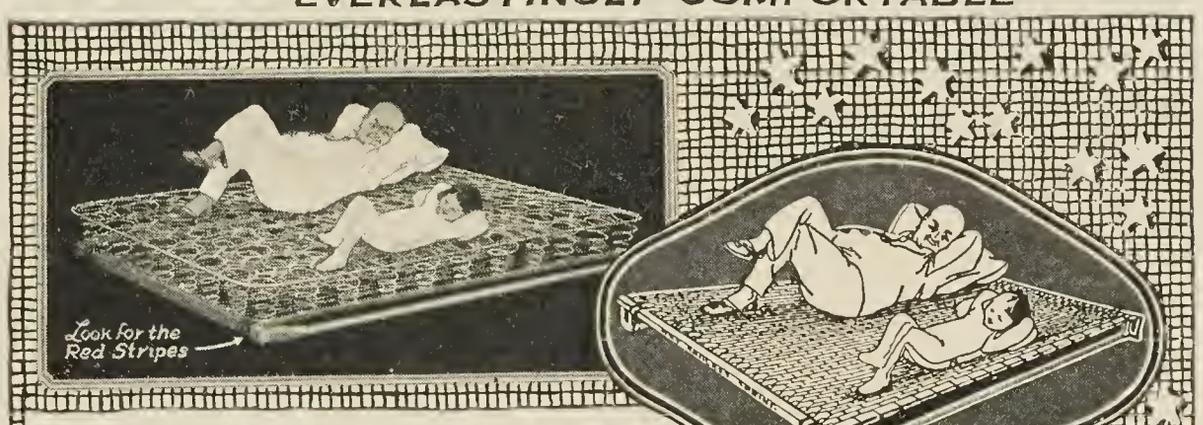
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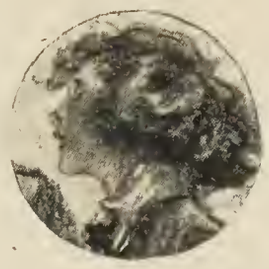
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WAY Sagless Spring

"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 81

"One of my first recollections," said Gabrielle, "is being down here with Uncle Roger and Sylvia—I must have been about six, for it was just before he died. He set us both up on the sun-dial and told us it was older than the Stars and Stripes, that it had come from England for his grandfather, and what it meant. It means that the Flemings were always bringing home wives from overseas and crossing the line. I remember it," she added, as they strolled back toward the house, "because I said—looking out to sea!—'Will Tom have a wife when he comes home?' and that pleased Uncle Roger—as anything did, I suppose, that made Tom's coming back at all seem likely!"

"Poor Tom! It would have been a nice inheritance," David mused.

"Is Sylvia apt to make her home here, David? She sounds rather worldly—that's a great convent word! But tell me, what is she like?"

"She is very beautiful, extremely clever, enormously admired," David answered, with a little flush. "She has the white Fleming skin, high color, shining black hair."

"And are there admirers?"

"A great many."

The girl looked a quick question, half-smiling, and he answered it pleasantly:

"Myself among them, of course! But Sylvia can look much higher than a painter of mediocre pictures."

"I don't believe they're mediocre!"

"I've some at Keyport, most of them are in New York, some on their way now to an exhibition in Washington," David said. "When I come back, you must see them, Gay!"

"When you come back—?" Her walk halted.

"I'm off for New York and then Washington this morning."

"Oh." It was not a question, not an exclamation. She pronounced the little monosyllable quietly, resumed her walking. "I like my little old name!" she presently said, with a glancing smile. And then, with sudden interest, as they came closer to the house: "David, tell me—who lives in that wing—up there, on the third floor?"

"Nobody now. Those are old servants' rooms; but the servants are on the other side now—Aunt Flora has only five or six. Hedda's cousin Trude is the cook. Then there's Maria and a couple of new ones from Crowchester, sisters named Daisy and Sarah, who live with John and Etta at the tenant-house. John occasionally employs others to assist him in the garden, his wife helps, I believe, with the laundry work, and old Margaret comes over from Keyport to lend a hand now and then. That's the staff."

"But look here, David," said Gabrielle. "You see my open window up there, with the curtain blowing—and then all those blank windows—then turn the corner of the court and come out again in the north wing—up there—there was some light up there last night! I saw it when my own gaslight blew out. It was unmistakable, coming through the chinks of shutters!"

"Reflection!" David said, smiling. "Reflection in glass."

"No, for my light was out."

"Reflection of some other window, then."

"Yes, but whose?"

"I don't know," he told her, amused. "You'll have ample opportunity to find out, my dear. I'm wondering what you'll do with yourself, here all alone with Aunt Flora."

"I'll work," she said stoutly. But he could see that she felt a little daunted by the prospect. "I'll practise, and keep up my French, and take walks, and, perhaps—" she gave a laughing look—"design all the little rooms and hallways of a house in beans when it rains!"

"Good Lord!" David said, with a great laugh. "Do you remember my houses designed in white beans, to amuse you and Sylvia on wet holidays? But you have no special plans for yourself, Gay?" he asked more soberly. "Nothing you especially want to do?"

"I talked it over with Sister Borromeo and Sister Alcantara—" she was beginning, when David laughed again.

"Are those Pullman cars?"

"No!" said Gabrielle, shocked yet laughing, as they mounted the three steps to the side door. "They are wonderful nuns. And they both feel that, under the circumstances, I had better wait and see if Aunt Flora has any plans, or any use for me here."

"And I think that, too," David said heartily, delighted to find her so reasonable. "You are only eighteen, after all. I'll be coming and going all Winter, and Sylvia'll be home, with a degree, in June. So keep up your spirits!"

"Ah, don't worry about me!" she answered courageously, going in to breakfast.

THREE hours later she said good-by to him composedly at Aunt Flora's side. He carried away a pleasant recollection of her, standing there tall and smiling, with her gray eyes shining. She was a more than usually interesting type of girl, David mused, going upon his way, and as the man of the family it behooved him to think out some constructive line of guidance in her direction. What about an allowance? Just what would Gabrielle's status be a year from now, when Sylvia reached her majority and Aunt Flora no longer controlled both girls as if their positions were equal? Sylvia might graciously provide for this less fortunate cousin, if Sylvia were properly influenced.

This was October. Sylvia was going with the Montallen girls to Quebec for the family Thanksgiving week-end, but she would be home for almost three weeks at Christmas-time. David must manage a talk with her then. Perhaps the peculiar embarrassments and deprivations of Gabrielle's position had never occurred to Sylvia—as, indeed, they never had presented themselves so forcibly to David before. "She is certainly a stunning creature—character, too," David thought. "God help the child, shut up there with Aunt Flora and the servants, and with Aunt Flora always so curiously hostile to her at that!"

He put the thought of Wastewater behind him, as he usually did at about this point in his journey toward Boston or New York.

But Gabrielle had found nothing at Wastewater to make her forget David, and the thought of him lingered with her for many, many days.

They were hard days, these first after her return. Flora was not visibly unfriendly toward her, and the servants were always responsive and interested. But Gabrielle was left almost entirely to her own resources, and after the regular rule of the convent life the girl felt lonely and at a loss for employment.

After breakfast every morning she mounted through the large, gloomy halls to her room, wrote in her diary, went resolutely at her French or Italian. Then she went down to the square piano and began with scales, etudes and nocturnes, sonatinas. When the half-hour after eleven sounded, usually she went out, down to the shore, scrambling among the big rocks she remembered so well, watching this favorite pool or that as it slowly and solemnly brimmed, overflowed, drained again.

Going in to lunch blinking and hungry, the instant effect of closeness, odorous age and quiet darkness would envelop her. She would look with secret curiosity at her aunt's mottled, dark face. Aunt Flora had been quietly reading and writing all morning; she would read and write all afternoon——

Immediately after luncheon came Mrs. Fleming's one outing of the day. Sometimes she walked about the borders with John. Sometimes John brought the surrey about, and Aunt Flora and Gabrielle went into

Continued on page 83

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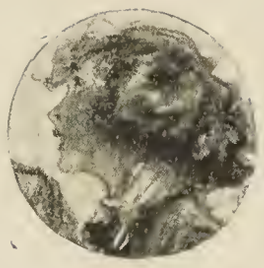
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 82

Crowchester to shop. Aunt Flora had acquaintances in Crowchester, but no friends. She never made calls or entertained at luncheon or dinner.

Flora wrote to Sylvia every three or four days, and received delightful letters from her daughter at least once a week. Sylvia wrote interestedly of a hundred activities, and Gay's word for her cousin came to be, in her own heart, "superior." Sylvia was assuredly "superior." She was still playing golf, for the snows were late, and basketball and squash; she was working for mid-term examinations in history, philosophy and economics. She would have sounded almost formidable if the Thanksgiving letter had not struck a warmer note: Sylvia was skiing, tobogganing, dancing; she had been to a little home fancy-dress party as "Night"; her letter was full of delightful allusions to young men: "Bart Montallen, who is in diplomacy, a charming Gregory Masters, and a dear idiotic cousin of Gwen's, Arthur Tipping, who will be Lord Crancastle some day, in all probability—but all such simple people and not rich!" Some of these might come down to Wastewater for a few days before Christmas. Gabrielle's heart leaped at the mere thought.

HER hardest time was when the decorous afternoon excursion or walk was over, at perhaps four o'clock. Dinner was at seven; the Winter dusk began to close down two and a half hours before dinner. The girl could not with propriety walk far from the house in the dark, even if she had cared to traverse the cliff roads at night.

Many an afternoon, as long as the light lasted, she prowled about within the confines of Wastewater, for, besides the always fascinating half-mile of shore, there were the cliffs, the woods back of the house and all the stable-yards, cow-yards, chicken-yards, paddocks and lanes that almost two hundred years of home-keeping had accumulated.

Wastewater itself might have filled many a lonely afternoon, for there were plenty of unused rooms worthy of exploring. But Gabrielle had small heart for that. There was something wholesome and open about the garden and the stable-yards and the sea, but the big closed rooms inside filled her with a vague uneasiness.

So, even with reading, wandering, tramping, exploring, music, languages, the time passed slowly. Gabrielle became, and laughed to find herself becoming, deeply interested in Aunt Flora's evening game of solitaire. Perhaps the two women never came quite so close to each other as then, when Gay bent her bright head interestedly above the cards and Flora, with care suspended, listened to advice. Affectionate, and hungry for affection, Gabrielle was oddly touched when she realized that Flora really liked her companionship at this time, if at no other.

On one of these evenings, when the wind was crying and they two seemed alone not only in the house but in the world, Gay asked suddenly:

"Aunt Flora, does anybody live in that north wing, opposite where I am, but on the same floor?"

"I don't understand you. How could—how do you mean?" asked Mrs. Fleming. Gay saw that she had turned a deathly color and was breathing badly, and she told herself remorsefully that such a query, hurled unexpectedly into the silence, might well terrify any nervous elderly woman living alone.

Eager to simplify matters, she recounted her odd experience on the very first night after her return. She had often looked over in that direction since, she went on, but had seen nothing.

"You may have seen a reflection of some light in the trunk-room, up above you," Flora suggested. "Perhaps Maria or Hedda went up there with John and your trunk."

Continued on page 84



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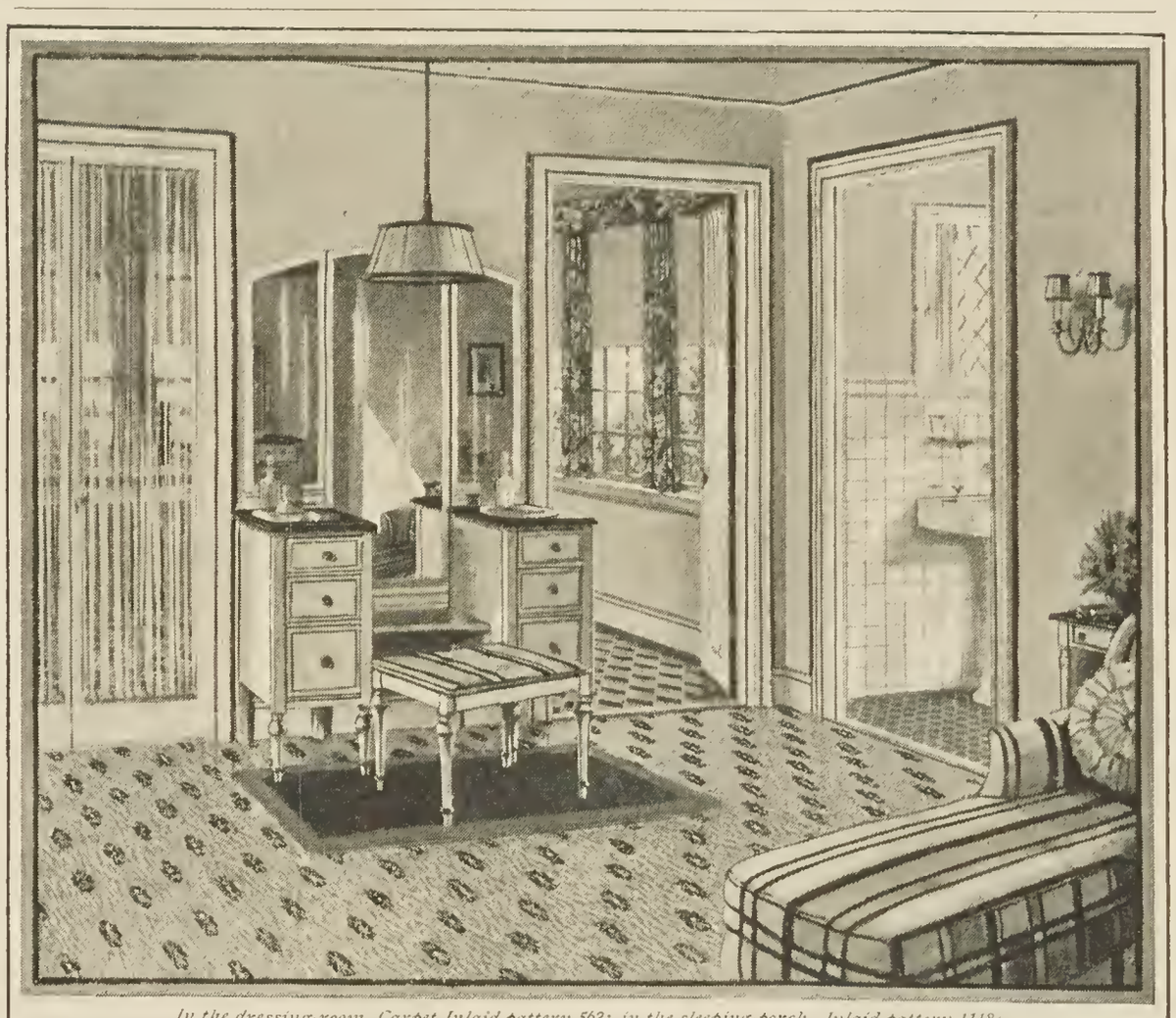
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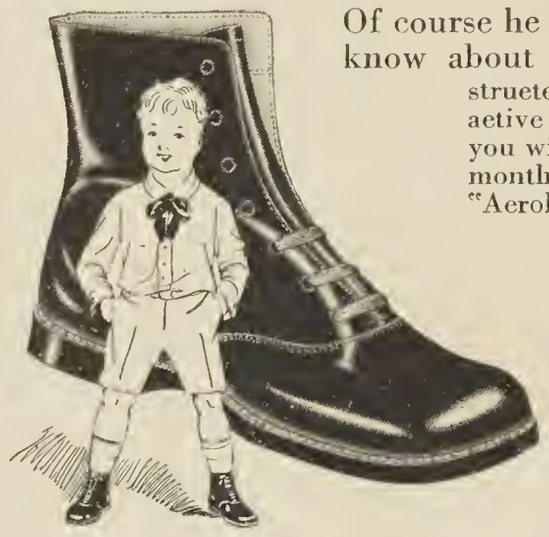
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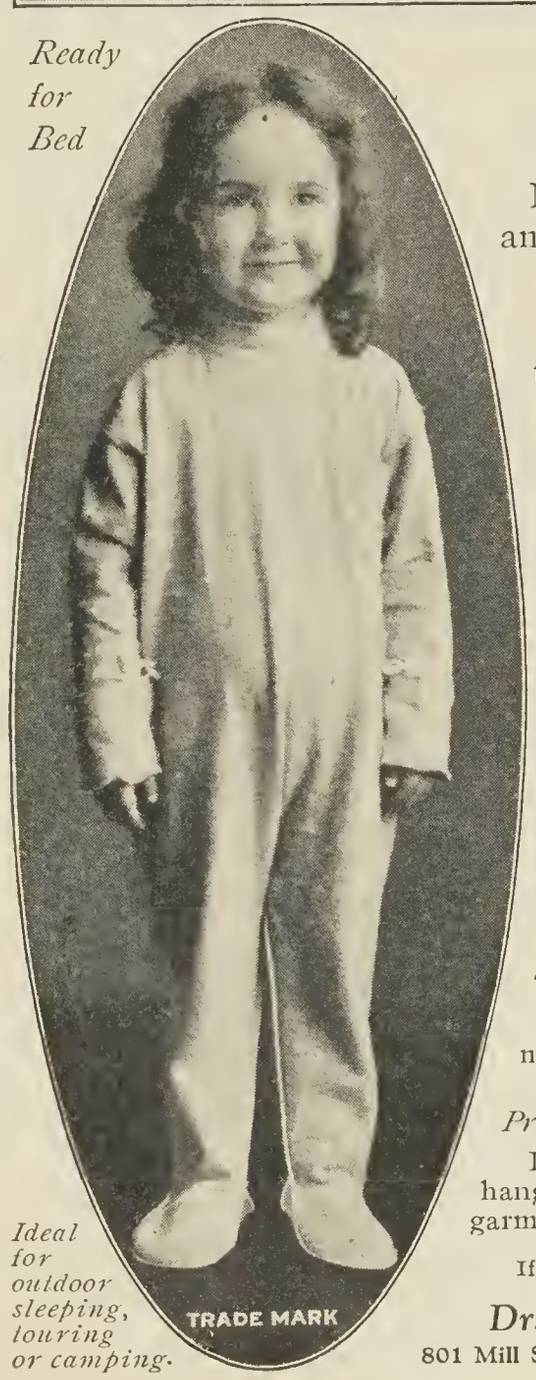


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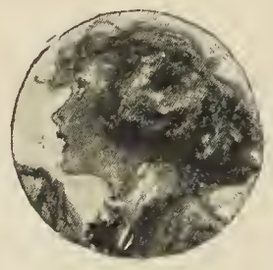
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 83

"No, for they didn't take my trunk until next day. But they might have gone up to make room," Gabrielle conceded, distressed at the continued pallor of her aunt's face.

"I'll have Hedda and Maria go all over everything to-morrow," Flora said. And with a mottled hand that shook badly, she resumed her manipulation of the cards, and Gabrielle for a time thought no more about the matter.

The two lonely women had a turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and Flora a telegram from Sylvia. And not long after that it was time to prepare for Sylvia's homecoming at Christmas.

This, Gabrielle perceived, was to be an event quite unparalleled by any of the sober festivities at Wastewater since Uncle Roger's day. The Christmas holidays, beginning with a little Christmas house-party, would be almost like a house-warming; a sort of forerunner of Sylvia's attaining her majority and becoming the real owner and the mistress of Wastewater. Sylvia would be twenty-one in late June, and David and her mother would end their long guardianship and surrender to her her inheritance from Black Roger Fleming.

Gabrielle, speculating upon Sylvia's prospects, had long ago satisfied herself that, whatever they were, David would share them. It was the logical, the probable thing; Gabrielle had, indeed, taken it half for granted for years. Now, when she heard the quiet little note of admiration in his voice when he spoke of Sylvia, when she studied Sylvia's pictures and found them beautiful, when she realized how pledged he was to the service of Sylvia's interests, anxious to do everything that Sylvia would approve, she appreciated that forces as strong as love bound them together, and she fancied—and not without a little wistful pain—that love might easily—easily!—be there too. Everything, everything for Sylvia.

THE scale upon which the preparations for the Christmas house-party were commenced was astonishing to Gabrielle. Aunt Flora had always been the last person in the world to associate with thoughts of lavish hospitality, generous and splendid entertaining. But Aunt Flora went about this business of getting ready with a sure and steady hand that astonished Gabrielle, who could remember nothing of the old days of Wastewater's splendor.

By mid-December some of the big downstairs rooms were opened. Linen covers came off, mirrors were rubbed and fires crackled in the unused fireplaces. The chairs were pushed to sociable angles, and whenever there was sunlight the windows were opened wide to receive it.

Up-stairs Flora counted out the beautiful heavy linen sheets, aired the blankets, hung fringed towels upon the balcony railings to lose their scent of camphor. From the dining-room mantel projected a new and ugly but eminently satisfactory air-tight stove, and the crackle of wood within it and the delicious corresponding softness in the cool heavy air of the room gave Gay one of the pleasantest sensations she had had at Wastewater. In the big square pantry the maids washed and piled china and glass; some of it Gabrielle had never seen before: pink Doulton, green and pink Canton, fine Old Blue.

Yet it was not to be so very large a party after all. There would be Laura and Gwen Montallen, the nice Canadian girls from Quebec; Bart Montallen; their cousin from England, Arthur Tipping, "who will be Lord Crancastle some day," and Bart Montallen's chum, a man named Frank du Spain, from Harvard. All three of the men were in college together, and the three girls had been classmates for years. David would of course join them, making seven, and "Gay eight," wrote Sylvia kindly; "and we may have an extra man for good measure, if I find just the right one, so that we'll be ten, with you,

Continued on page 85

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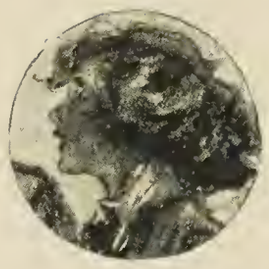




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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 84

mama dear. And that's just right. Now please don't go to making too elaborate preparations; these are all the simplest and least exacting of people, as you'll instantly see. They want to walk, talk, have some music, perhaps—ask Gay to be ready, for Mr. Tipping sings Of course, if we could dance one of the nights, that would be wonderful. But I confess the thought of the music daunts me——"

The thought of it, however, did not daunt Flora. There was even a triumphant little smile on her face when she came to this line; a four-piece orchestra should of course come down from Boston. The square piano was wheeled into the ballroom, and two days before Sylvia's expected arrival two men came out from Crowchester with a whole truckload of potted palms and shining-leaved shrubs.

Gabrielle caught the joyous excitement of it, or perhaps created it to a large extent, and in a shabby linen uniform and an old sweater of David's rushed about with dusters and buckets, nails and strings, climbed ladders, rubbed silver, and flung herself into the preparations generally with an enthusiasm that warmed even Aunt Flora. Flora had loitered coming out from church on the Sunday previous and had quite composedly asked a score of the nicest young persons in Crowchester to the dance; invitations that were pleasantly and informally worded and invariably accepted by mothers and aunts with much appreciation.

It was for Gabrielle to scour the woods for beautiful shrubs and Winter colors, and she did it enthusiastically, well rewarded when Flora smiled in spite of herself at the sight of berry-studded briers and glossy-pointed holly interspersed with scarlet beads. There was no loneliness and no idleness for Gabrielle now; she was off, well wrapped and in heavy overshoes, immediately after lunch, sometimes laughing aloud in the sun-lighted, snowy sweetness of the woods, trampling the first light fall of virgin snow, breathing the spicy, tingling air with great eager respirations and calling out a holiday greeting to other holly and mistletoe hunting folk.

ON THE day that Sylvia and her guests were coming from the north and David probably from the south there was no sunshine. There was a cold, unsteady wind and a cold, hard, low-hung mackerel sky, under which the sea moved rough and restless, topped with racing caps of white. All the world was gray and forlorn; the little houses in Crowchester and Keyport were closed against the weather and showed no sign of life except the varying plumes of smoke that rose from their frosted roofs. Gabrielle, who had gone into town with John on some last errands, thought she had never seen so many shabby, hungry gulls, so many lean cats investigating snow-topped garbage-barrels.

"A heavy storm on the way," John said. And Gabrielle, beside him on the front seat of the little car with a crate of eggs steadied at her feet and two quarts of whipping-cream held firmly in two bottles in her lap, looked up at the scudding sky and thought with exhilaration that it was probably true, and that all the company and David would be here in a few hours, to make merry in Wastewater and defy it.

She picked and seeded raisins for an hour in the kitchen before luncheon, and came to the meal with her cheeks red and her head hot, and after luncheon went out into the woods, where a realer color presently stung the warm brunette skin to glowing and where wrestling and tugging with obdurate saplings made her tingle from head to foot and push her hat back from her damp forehead, laughing and panting with the tussle. Aunt Flora had said, with one of her rare touches of companionship, "I would just like that empty corner of the hall filled up—some sort of branchy thing—" and Gabrielle had been only too glad to make it her business to fill it.

Continued on page 86



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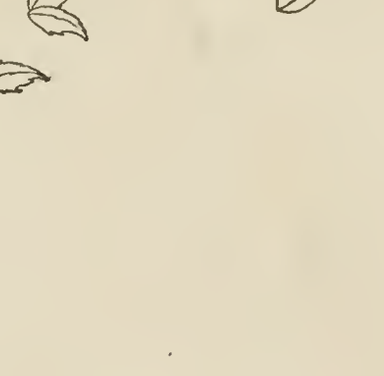
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 85

She had gone a little deeper into the woods for the greens than was necessary or than she had planned to go. It was already half-past three o'clock when, with her arms full of fragrant boughs, she started back toward the house, perhaps a mile away. The day had grown a little colder, the wind had steadied to something like a gale, and the sea—for she never was quite out of sight of the sea—was in an uproar, running high and wild, breaking furiously upon the rocks and flinging itself twenty feet into the air when these stood fast, as they had stood for a thousand years.

Suddenly, creeping through bare boughs like little silent fairies shod in down, came drifting the first snowflakes.

"Oh, this is glorious!" she said aloud to the sweet, empty forest. And she began to walk briskly, with that dancing step of hers that meant utter happiness and felicity.

When she came within sight of Wastewater's walls, the storm was upon her; the snow was falling rapidly and steadily now, and with a denseness that made a sort of twilight in the world. Wastewater's outbuildings were already furred deep, and John's wife Etta was laughing as she backed the little car into the shed for shelter.

"This is a terror, Miss Gabrielle!" she shouted. "It'll be a white Christmas all right! I only hope that Miss Fleming and her company don't get held up somewheres! "I declare, you can't see twenty feet in it!"

Gabrielle shouted back, fled upon her way, about the big north wing, through a sort of tunnel of dry branches above an arbor, already heavily powdered with white——

HER thoughts were all on the house, all intent upon reaching the side door, all upon the necessary stamping, shaking, disburdening herself and her branches of snow, and of outer garments; it was after four now, she must be ready in the velvet dress when Sylvia came at six——

Suddenly she stopped short in the lonely side garden, where the snow was falling so fast, recoiled and heard her own choking exclamation of dismay. Something was moving in the snow, something bent and whitened with flakes—but human! Gabrielle's heart almost suffocated her, and she felt her throat constrict with pure terror——

It was a child—it was a little old woman, doubled up with years, with wisps of white hair showing about a pallid old face that was scarcely a wholesomer color than they or than the falling snowflakes. She had her back half-turned to Gabrielle and was creeping along against a sort of hedge of tightly set firs, her old black cape or shawl topped with white, her thick shoes furred with it. She was muttering to herself as she went, and Gabrielle could hear her, now that the wind had died out and the silent, twisting curtains of snow muffled all other sounds.

Pity and concern for the forlorn old creature almost immediately routed the girl's first wild, vague fears, and she dropped her branches and followed the wavering footsteps, laying a timid hand upon the woman's shoulder. Instantly a yellowish ivory face and two wild eyes were turned upon her, and the stranger shrieked with a sound that was all the more horrible because so helpless and so weak. It was almost like the cry of a wind-blown gull, and here in the unearthly solitude and quiet of the storm it frightened Gabrielle with a sense of forlornness and horror. The house, only a few feet away, with fires and voices, seemed unattainable.

"Come in—come in!" cried Gabrielle, guiding her with a strong young arm. "You'll die out here—it's a terrible night! And you know it will be dark in ten minutes—" she added, half-pushing and half-dragging the old form, which was astonishingly light and made but a feeble resistance. "Daisy—Margaret!" called Gabrielle, at last flinging open the side door upon the blessed security and warmth of the hall. "Call Mrs. Fleming, will you! This poor old woman's gotten lost in the garden——"

"My God—what is this!" It was Flora's voice, but not one that Gabrielle had ever heard before. The hallway was instantly filled with concerned and frightened women, unduly frightened, Gabrielle thought, for the last of her own terrors had disappeared under the first ray of lamplight. "It's nothing, Gabrielle," said Flora, choking and with her face strangely livid as she stood slightly above the level of the others on the stairs, clutching her dressing-gown together. "It's some poor woman from Crowchester, Margaret!" she stammered. "Come up-stairs and dress, Gabrielle. Take her—take her to the kitchen, Hedda, and give her some tea and I'll be right down!"

"Imagine!" Gabrielle said eagerly. "She might have died in the storm, the poor old thing!"

The old woman had been turning herself uneasily, looking with rapidly blinking eyes from one to the other. Now the servants were gently urging her toward the doorway that led to the warm kitchen regions, and to Gabrielle's amazement she seemed to be still displaying a feeble resistance.

"Who's this girl, Flora?" she said now, in a cracked, querulous voice. "You stop pushing me, Margaret!" she added fretfully.

It was Gabrielle's turn to show amazement and consternation. She looked from one stricken, conscious face to another, and her own bright, frost-glowing cheeks faded a little. This trembling bit of human wreckage, dragged in from the storm, was not quite a stranger, at all events.

Flora's face was ghastly. But Margaret spoke hearteningly.

"It's old Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Fleming, from Keyport. She's—" Margaret had one stout old arm about the cowering stranger, and now she gave the other women a significant glance and tapped her own forehead with her free hand. "We'll give her some tea and dry her out a bit, and then maybe John'll take her home," said Margaret, "when he takes the sleigh in for Miss Fleming."

GABRIELLE, perfectly satisfied with the explanation and the arrangement, went up-stairs beside her aunt.

"Oh, will John have the big sleigh out?" she asked enthusiastically. Flora did not answer; she looked ill. She parted from Gabrielle without a word and went downstairs. But half an hour later, when the girl had had a hot bath and was busy with the bright masses of her hair before her mirror, she started suddenly to find that her aunt had come quietly into the room.

By this time Gabrielle had had time to think over her little adventure, and even in all the day's excitement and expectation she had felt an uncomfortable reaction from it. She shuddered whenever she remembered herself hurrying so innocently along the snowy lanes in the twilight and the hideous fright of that first sight of something moving—something human, shadowy gray and white against the gray and white shadows of the hedge.

"That was a horrid experience with that poor old woman, Aunt Flora," she said now, distressed at her own emotion.

"You must think no more about it," Flora, giving no reason for her visit to Gabrielle's room, said firmly. "The girls have taken good care of her, and John is to drive her back when he goes. She's perfectly harmless—poor soul. I would rather you didn't mention it to Sylvia, Gabrielle, by the way——"

Gabrielle, after a bewildered upward glance, of course agreed never to mention the circumstance to Sylvia—indeed, never to think of the poor old soul again. She went cheerfully on toward the pleasant moment of assuming the velvet gown when Aunt Flora was gone, brushing her rich hair simply back, pleased in spite of herself with her unusual color and satisfied with the brown silk stockings and the brown pumps.

Suddenly there was a sound of laughter and voices and sleigh-bells under her window, and for a moment she thought, with a sense of panic, that the company had come. She ran to her window and peeped down.

Below was darkness, through which the snow was falling—falling. But a great shaft of light shone out from the side door, and in it she could see the old red sleigh, filled with furry robes, and John on the front seat, already looking like a snowman. But there was no little old woman being bundled into the sleigh.

Where was she, then? Had Margaret

Continued on page 87

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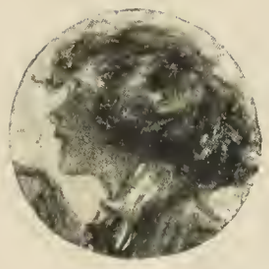
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 86

decided to keep her at Wastewater overnight? Odd——

Odd, mused Gabrielle, slowly finishing her dressing. Odder still to have Margaret herself, coming up-stairs to take a last look at the waiting rooms, affirm that the poor old lady had gotten off in a great bustle with John and surely her family was already wild with fright over her disappearance on such a night.

But again things of more vital interest to herself put these little mysteries out of Gabrielle's head. For when she had gone down-stairs, come up again, gone the rounds of the rooms, stolen at least a hundred glances at her pretty flushed face in various mirrors and admired a hundred times the simple perfection of the velvet gown, Gabrielle really did hear sleigh-bells again in the night, voices, laughter again. Then there was a sort of flurry down-stairs and the big front doors opened to a wild rush of wind and night and snow and storm that made the curtains balloon wildly even up-stairs and the lamps plunge convulsedly. Gabrielle heard "Mama!" in what was of course Sylvia's voice, then eager greetings and introductions and a perfect babble of voices.

SHE had been up-stairs, in the front hall; now by simply descending she could follow the company into the down-stairs sitting-room, which had been made warm and ready. Gabrielle in the darkness above stretched a hand for the smooth guidance of the wide balustrade and went down in light flight, like a skimming bird.

She had almost reached the lower level, which was but dimly lighted, when she saw that two persons were lingering in the hall, and stopped short, instinctively fearful that she had disturbed them. One was a woman, dark, furred, slender, and wearing a small, snow-powdered hat. The other was David.

Gabrielle was eighteen in years, but older in many ways than her years. She looked down and saw David, smiling that attentive smile of his, tall, broad, yet leanly built, belted into a brown coat that was not new, saying nothing that she could hear—just looking at this girl—just himself—David——

That instant changed the whole world. Gabrielle did not analyze the strange sweet weakness that flowed over her like a river, from head to foot. She did not say even to herself: "He is handsome. He is good. He is kind." No need for that—too late for that. Her heart went to him simply, completely. She had been one woman a moment ago; she was another now. Much of what she had heard and read of love had been a sealed book to her; it was all clear now. Reason, logic, convention had always influenced her; these were all so many words now.

She heard Sylvia, turning her head to look over her shoulder, and so bring a beautiful face close to his, say affectionately: "So many thousands of things to tell you, David!" and although she did not hear the brief words, or perhaps the single word of his reply, she heard the tone, she heard Sylvia's low laugh.

Gabrielle sat down on the stairs in the semi-darkness. Her heart was hammering and her mouth dry. The world—youth—beauty—jealousy—love—marriage—all these things moved before her consciousness like maskers coming into the light. She stood up on the half-way landing, and the woman in velvet, with the tawny hair, stood up, too. Gay walked slowly to the mirror, studied her own face. She was breathing hard, she was confused, half-frightened.

She heard Maria calling. Her aunt was asking for her.

"Say I'm coming!" Gabrielle said, clearing her throat.

David was down there, she would meet him—have to talk to him—before all their eyes——

She went slowly down-stairs.

***Continued in the November* DELINEATOR**



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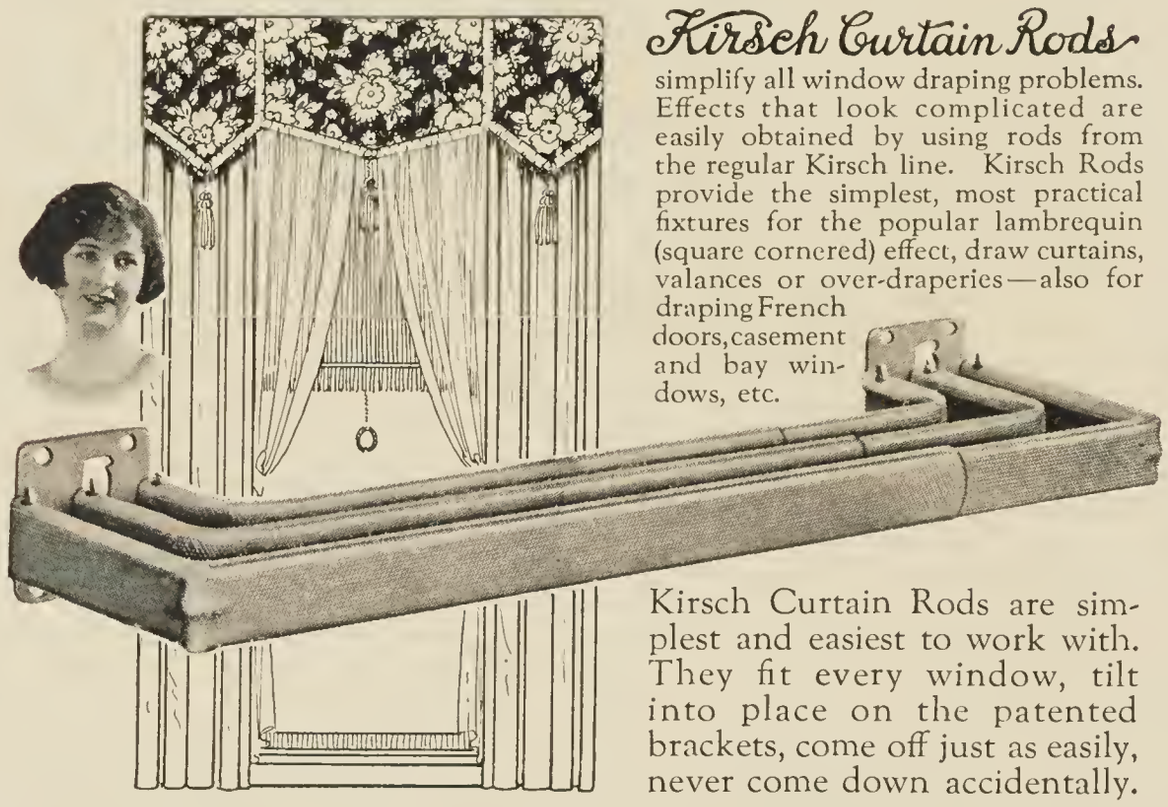
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THE GIRL WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

Continued from page 9

the home team at the moment. "He's one of the ringers they work in on us. Got a family in Trenton. But don't worry, he won't last long!"

"Gracious, what do you mean?"

"He'll be carried off, all right."

"Do you mean to say they're going to do it on purpose?"

"Why not? You only maim them, you know. It's a cinch when they're down in a pile."

At this moment there was a sudden mass and a player was seen stretched on the ground. Miss Schmitt gave such a shriek that every one stood up and Skippy, aghast at the publicity, hastily explained that it was all a joke.

Miss Schmitt recovered by degrees.

"You dreadful person! Never do that again!"

"I won't," said Skippy truthfully. "It was beastly. Sorry."

"I suppose I'm foolish, but I always trust every one," said Miss Schmitt, turning on him a pair of enthusiastic eyes. He noticed that she had a mole and a whisker to the right of her chin.

"I won't do it again."

"Promise?"

"Honor bright."

This instance had brought a little feeling of intimacy, which increased when in the excitement of the thrilling finish Miss Schmitt clung to his arm and shrieked with the loudest.

"I say, you're a good sport, all right."

"Wasn't it just gorgeous! Oh, I wish I were a man!"

At this repetition Skippy was forced to take notice.

"You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"Aw, I don't believe it."

Miss Schmitt gave another of the sighs with which she seemed copiously provided.

"What's wrong?" said Skippy sympathetically.

"Some day maybe I'll tell you."

"Family?"

"Your family like that?"

"You betcha," said Skippy, thinking of the last interview with the governor on the subject of the allowance.

"If they'd only understand me!" said Miss Schmitt with as much melancholy as her bounding health would permit. And in a burst of confidence, she added: "I'm seventeen, and I won't be treated like a child! I—I—sometimes think I'll just do something desperate!"

"Go easy."

"If you knew——"

AT THIS point the family joined them. Mr. Schmitt's small derby rode his head so as to reveal a bald half-moon under the brim. He wore a pepper-and-salt ready-made tie, of the sort that snaps on and off, and a large amount of heavy vest jewelry. He had chop whiskers like the public faces which adorn patent-medicine advertisements, and his opinions were delivered in the form of orders. Mrs. Schmitt ruffled along a little behind his shoulder, beaming cordially from time to time at the groups of boys who passed, while The Pink Rabbit, fists in his pockets, counted the grass.

"Time we're off. Carrie, say good-by now. Herman, I was going to tip you, but your house-master informs me allowances are strictly regulated. Well, Christmas is coming. If you're ever our way, Mr. Bedelle, you must pay us a visit."

"Oh, yes, do please," said Miss Schmitt, her face lighting up. She gave his hand a little extra squeeze and said: "Come over Thanksgiving."

"Can't at Thanksgiving; I'm engaged," said Skippy, who was at that moment in the depths of a desperate and hopeless passion for Miss Potterman.

Continued on page 89

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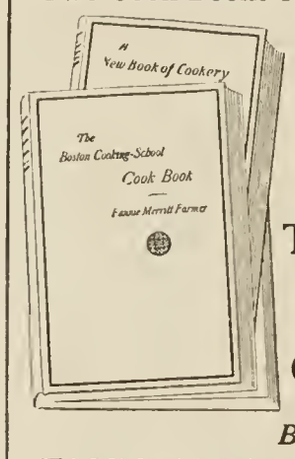
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THE GIRL WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

Continued from page 88

The Pink Rabbit, who knew his predicament, smiled discreetly, and Miss Schmitt immediately looked at him with a readjusted appreciation.

"Well, if you can *tear yourself away* after Christmas, then," she said, with a second tender pressure. "Please try very hard."

"Well, that's one more who is dazzled by my particular brand of manly beauty," said Skippy conceitedly to himself. This time it did not surprise him. It gave him a warming, comfortable feeling. He began to fancy himself. He gave a patronizing bow to Tabby, the young house-master, who flunked him regularly in mathematics, and said to The Pink Rabbit:

"I'll see if I can work out a few days at Christmas. Your sister is charming, old chap—quite charming."

DEAR MR. BEDELLE:

How funny and serious that sounds, but of course I wouldn't dare to call you Jack just yet! This is to tell you what a perfectly gorgeous time I had at the game and to remind you that you are coming to visit us the week after Christmas. I loved Lawreneeville—it is just the most fascinating thing in the world—and I adore your school colors. Please do come to see *us*. There is a perfectly Jim Dandy girl here you'll lose your heart to, right at once. Faithfully yours,

CAROLINE SCHMITT.

P. S. I wish we hadn't been interrupted. I did want to talk things out. I need *your* adviee.

Mr. Skippy Bedelle, in his new phase as a predatory bachelor, read this letter propped up on the window-seat, whistling softly to himself. Then he wrote, after a tremendous mental struggle, being still in the early stages of correspondence:

DEAR CAROLINE:

I am glad you enjoyed your visit here so much. The weather has been quite cold lately. I have arranged my engagements so that I can visit you the week after Xmas. I must close now as there is no more news. Faithfully yours,

JOHN C. BEDELLE.

DEAR JACK:

I was quite excited to get your interesting letter and to know that you are really coming. I'm thrilled! I've arranged a dance and a theater party already. [*Here followed three pages of a description of a play she had just seen.*]

I have been thinking over your advice, but it is terribly trying to be treated like an adopted child all the time. What do you think happened at table yesterday at lunch? I was actually forbidden to take a third helping of some delicious fresh butter that had been made on the farm. Butter! Now, really! I might just as well live in the nursery. And that's the way it goes every day. Father is a perfect slave-driver to me. I never dare ask him for permission for a thing. But I must not write you such uninteresting things. I don't know why I do, except for that little talk we had.

Well, I shan't be selfish and keep you all to myself. So tell me just the sort of girl you like. Blonde or brunette? Hop, skip and jump or a poetic languisher? Are you sentimental and fond of the moon or do you prefer to talk about a book?

Faithfully,
CAROLINE.

P. S. All my letters are read. Dear old dad never will realize I've grown up! Send your letters care of Betsy McVickar, 54 Green Street.

Skippy read this over several times—omitting the purely descriptive matter. Should or should he not begin an extended correspondence? His instincts were against it, but the clandestine quality of it appealed to him strongly. Should he swallow the bait held out to him and write a glowing description of Miss Caroline Schmitt herself? Or should he try the indifferent method and describe her exact opposite? Perhaps something subtle would be better, something to keep her guessing. But what? Then his sympathies and not his sentiments were in question. Already he felt a growing antagonism for the despotic figure of Mr. Schmitt, the family tyrant. Not to allow his daughter a third helping of butter! Up to now he had been in some doubt as to the extent of Caroline's sufferings. But this was convincing. It was unthinkable! Could such oppressors exist in these enlightened days! The blood of a descendant of Colonial patriots boiled up

Continued on page 90



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THE GIRL WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

Continued from page 89

hotly. He paced the floor and phrases effervesced like soda-water in his imagination. He seized a pen and spread the paper before him. And somehow all his eloquence vanished before that terrifying expanse of white. After half an hour's ruffling of his hair, staring out of the window and cleaning of the penholder, he wrote:

DEAR CAROLINE:
I am awfully sorry. The weather here is getting colder. We played Andover yesterday and won 20 to 6. There is not much news. I must close now.
Faithfully,
JACK.

P. S. If you want to know the kind of girl I like, wait until Xmas!

Miss Schmitt's letters increased in volume and intensity. Skippy's lagged somewhat behind. It was not that the spirit was unwilling, but that the pen was weak. About the first week in December came the distressing announcement of Miss Potterman's approaching marriage, and Skippy's recovery from the shock was somewhat hastened by the consoling thought that appreciation was waiting in other quarters, up to whatever limit he wished to be appreciated.

WHEN Skippy descended at the Pittsburgh station for a week's visit, it was with the firm conviction of preventing a catastrophe. The result of Caroline's epistolary outpourings was a settled feeling that something dreadful was about to happen, that he, Skippy Bedelle, from his growing acquaintance with women, alone would know how to handle. He was considerably surprised to find that Caroline, instead of wasting away, as any young lady should who was deprived of a third helping of butter, had the appearance of being plumper and rosier than ever.

Other things surprised him. Nothing in The Pink Rabbit's wardrobe, except perhaps his collection of neckties, had prepared him for the magnificence of the Schmitt home. There were two men on the box of the carriage which met him at the station, a butler opened the door and stared at the shoes he had forgotten to have shined. A supercilious valet was waiting for him up-stairs and delved into the shredded secrets of his wardrobe. There was a marble stairway which he felt he had desecrated by the passage of his plebeian boots, a conservatory with a real fountain, and at least three parlors.

The discovery of the plutocracy of the Schmitts intensified his indignation. What—to live like princes and to deny a daughter of your own flesh a miserable third helping of butter! Could such things be in this enlightened age? The figure of Caroline, shrinking in perspective, assumed a doubly tragic character—a martyr in a gilded cage. If no one would champion her, beard the tyrant in his den and tell him the truth, he, John C. Bedelle, at least would not lack the courage. And already a plan formed itself in his rebellious imagination.

That evening, while The Pink Rabbit read an imposing book, Mr. Schmitt dozed over a sentimental one and Mrs. Schmitt played with the vocalion, Skippy slipped into the conservatory, guided through the tropical turns by Caroline's soft fingers.

"Well, how's life?" said Skippy.

Miss Schmitt looked down and sighed.

"I am absolutely wretched."

"I'd sort of hoped——"

"No, no—it's getting worse and worse. Well, I've made up my mind to one thing."

"What's that?"

Mrs. Schmitt woke up and called out: "Carrie—Caroline!"

"Yes, mother dear."

"Where are you?"

"In the conservatory showing Jack the canaries."

"Oh!"

"What have you made up your mind to?"

Continued on page 91



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THE GIRL WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

Continued from page 90

said Skippy, touched by the gentleness of her replies.

"I'll elope with the first man who proposes to me," said Caroline desperately.

Skippy frowned thoughtfully.

"You won't do that."

"I will."

"Suppose—suppose it was the coachman."

"I don't care."

Skippy was fearfully impressed. Here was a situation that he must save.

"Does he still make a scene about the butter?"

"I haven't had a third helping for weeks!"

"Carrie, Car-oline!" came the summons from the other room.

"Yes, mother."

"Time to come back, dearie!"

"That's how they treat me! They won't leave me alone even with you!" said Caroline, whose fingers for some time had been entwined in Skippy's. "Oh, it's frightful, absolutely frightful—never to be trusted!"

THE crisis was, of course, the ceremony of the butter at luncheon the following day. Skippy had no sooner taken his place than his eyes instinctively searched the table. There it was before him in a rounded mold, a creamy yellow mass, product of home churning. Twice Miss Schmitt helped herself lavishly, with a defiant gesture, immediately seeking his eyes, as though calling on him to witness the approaching martyrdom. And then—of all things—waffles arrived!

"Peterson, place the butter before me," said the voice of the tyrant. "Caroline, we will again dispense with your cooperation."

Miss Schmitt flushed and looked indignantly at her father; furiously at The Pink Rabbit, who looked sad; appealingly at her mother, who clucked under her breath and shook her head; tragically at Skippy, who folded his arms, glanced at the father and haughtily refused the waffles.

The gesture was now up to Caroline. She hesitated, studied the waffles, but the flesh was weak and she succumbed. The shock to Skippy was terrific. Even her spirit had been broken!

"You oughtn't to have taken them," he said later, when they were having tea at The Ginger Jar.

"But waffles!"

Caroline, having bolted her cake, began to collaborate on his. Four out of six pieces went her way. Skippy began to wonder if he had misjudged Mr. Schmitt.

"You understand things so well," said Caroline with a sigh, which may have been caused by the disappearance of the last piece of cake.

Skippy tried to look modest.

"I have sometimes thought of running away," said Caroline, gathering up the crums with her rosy fingers.

"Where would you go?"

"I'd go on the sta_e," said Caroline decisively.

"I came near doing that once myself."

"Circus or stage?"

"Circus!" said Skippy indignantly.

"Well, most boys think of that, don't they?"

Skippy felt that the time had come to make an impression.

"*She* was on the stage," he said, gazing out of the window and flinging back his hair, to show that the memory still had power to hurt him.

"How romantic!" said Caroline, opening her eyes. "Tell me all about it."

"I never discuss a woman," said Skippy, frowning.

"I like that," said Caroline, nodding her head. "But what made you want to?"

"I was frightfully unhappy!"

"At home?"

"Yep!"

"Ah, that's why you understand!"

Continued on page 92

Blackheads



Keep your skin free from blackheads by this treatment

Perhaps your skin is especially susceptible to blackheads.

If so, you must use a special method of cleansing to overcome this trouble.

Follow this special treatment, to keep your skin free from blackheads:

EACH night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash-cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Within a week or ten days you will be surprised to see how your skin has improved in clearness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

For 10 cents—a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations.

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A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 27 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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Is Gray Hair Marking You Old?



She Is Getting Gray



He Is Getting Gray

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer

Makes Gray Hair DARK

GRAY HAIR, however attractive, does denote age. Are you allowing gray hair to hold you back in social or business affairs? You know full well you are no older than others who have no gray hair. Has it ever occurred to you that they are concealing a few gray hairs? Hundreds of thousands do!

It is so easy to darken your gray hair—the Q-ban way. Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is not an instantaneous dye; it does its work so gradually that during the first week or so you wonder if it is going to work at all; but the gray disappears, your friends do not notice it, and your handicap of gray hair is gone. It is inexpensive and is easily applied in the privacy of your home. **You need not have gray hair any more.**



Go to your druggist today. Get from him a full size 75-cent bottle of Q-ban Hair Color Restorer; use it according to simple directions, but don't get discouraged; you may possibly have to use the entire bottle before the desired result is obtained. That is why we do not put up sample or trial size bottles of this Q-ban product, although we have many requests.

75 cents per Bottle
Try the Drug Store First

Your Druggist Guarantees Q-ban

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is covered by the broadest kind of a guarantee. We authorize your druggist to refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied—and you are to be the judge.



Special Offer **This Coupon and 10 cents**

Send this coupon today for MINIATURE BOTTLES Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo and Q-ban Hair Tonic, and "BOOK OF SEVEN Q-BANS." Send coupon to HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, 163 South Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.

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163 South Front St., Memphis, Tenn.

Enclosed find ten cents (stamps) for which please send me miniature bottles Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo and Q-ban Tonic and your "Book of Seven Q-bans."

Name.....

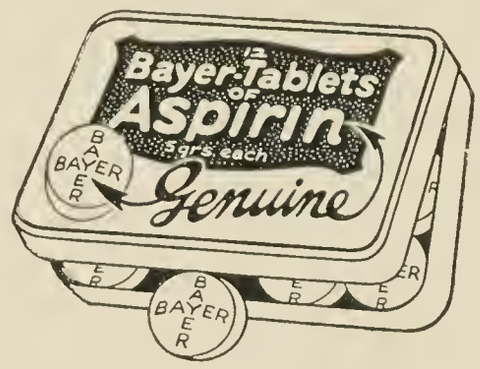
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Renew home beauty with

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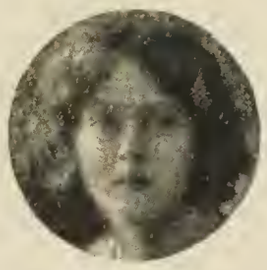
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No longer will you have to envy your friends and neighbors their good times and the many comforts and little luxuries which you now can not afford. No longer will you have to stay at home and see others enjoy the things you love.

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Box 1112, Butterick Building, New York



THE GIRL WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

Continued from page 91

"I used to think I was only an adopted child."

"Jack! Did you feel that way too?"

"You betcha!"

"Poor boy!" said Miss Schmitt, who felt the occasion justified the laying on of hands.

"That's why I understand," said Skippy, in a melancholy tone, for contact with a feminine hand always stirred him.

"We could go on the stage together," said Caroline enthusiastically.

"I don't know—it's harder on a girl," said Skippy, who began to feel the need of caution.

"Why so?"

Skippy, who knew that actresses had to begin with tights, reddened and looked away.

"Oh! I understand. And yet what is there left to do?"

"Try to hold on a little longer."

"You think that's easy!" said Caroline reproachfully, and her fingers entwined themselves in his in the most disconcerting way.

"Gee, I'd hate to think——"

"What, Jack?"

"I'd hate to think of your throwing yourself away on—on a coachman or something like that."

Her face clouded.

"That's what happens when you're unhappy and misunderstood at home. A man—a man's different. He can go out and fight the battle of life; but a girl—she's got to go on the stage or marry."

"I say——"

"What, Jack, dear?"

"There isn't any one—any one definite you're thinking about?"

"No-o," said Miss Schmitt, with the art that the sex possesses of giving to it an affirmative.

"There is!" said Skippy instantly.

"Hush!" said Caroline, looking around in alarm.

Skippy felt that he had blundered on a dreadful secret. He withdrew his hand to think more calmly and said in an agitated voice:

"Look here, Caroline, you've got to promise me one thing!"

"I don't know——"

"Promise!" said Skippy, taking her hand again.

Caroline hesitated, looked at him from under her eyelashes and finally surrendered.

"Well, what?"

"Promise you won't do anything rash until—well, until I've had a chance."

"What do you mean, Jack, dear?" said the young lady, beginning to flush with pleasure.

"I have a plan."

"Oh!"

"I can't tell you now—I've got to think it over. But promise you'll trust me."

"I promise," said Miss Schmitt, after a long look. "I do trust you, Jack. You're the one, you're the only——"

The moment was perilously close to the sentimental when Providence intruded in the shape of the waiter. Paying the bill at once restored Skippy's imperiled composure.

FOR the rest of the day Skippy brooded over his plan, blowing hot and blowing cold. All the chivalry in his nature impelled him to a decisive act, until his imagination conjured up the possibilities of the fact. The logic of circumstances decided the issue, logic in the shape of the fateful dish of butter. Again came the dreadful suspense and again the peremptory brutal refusal of Mr. Schmitt to permit of a third helping. Again Miss Schmitt, publicly humiliated, looked to him in mute distress—in the age-old appeal of the female to the male. And he responded

"Mr. Schmitt!" said Skippy loudly.

"Yes," said the tyrant, startled by the suddenness of the call.

"I should like to see you this afternoon," said Skippy sternly. "I should like to request a private interview."

Concluded on page 93

There Is One Cream Perfect for Every Use

To develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin you need only use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

It is a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable foundation for powder. But it has certain *remedial* properties that subdue redness, roughness, tan, freckles and such imperfections. Whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection, or a powder base, its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Used by discriminating women for more than thirty years.

A little scientific care *now* may save months of effort later on. Get a jar at your druggist's today, the dollar jar is the more economical for you.

Or send ten cents (coin or stamps) for generous sample with the *Dermascope*, which will prove its beneficial effect.

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Sage Tea Keeps Your Hair Dark

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

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THREE DOLLARS PER HOUR IS YOURS Many of our lady representatives are making that much and more in their spare time. Write for Details and get our FREE STATIONERY OFFER.
INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, INC. Corry, Pa.



Takes Off 41 Lbs. In Exactly 7 Weeks!

The lady in the picture is close to an ideal weight. Yet two months ago she was far too stout—was heavier by more than forty pounds! Mrs. Ella Carpenter, New Orleans, explains how she reduced with such success:

"I had long wished for some means of reducing my 170 lbs. Being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads; but two months ago I decided to try a method that somehow seemed sensible. The trial didn't cost anything, it required only a week—so I gave Wallace reducing records a chance and here is what happened:

"Easiest Thing I Ever Did

"Fifteen minutes each evening I took the reducing movements—to music. It was uncommonly interesting; I felt better from the start. But I watched my weight, and that is what thrilled me—*I lost 6½ lbs. that first week.* Naturally, I went on with it! The second week I lost 8 lbs. more.

"I didn't do a thing to supplement my course with Wallace—no Turkish baths, no starving, nor patent foods or drugs—I just got thin to music as the offer said I would. It was delightfully easy. Today, my bathroom scale said 129—not bad for my 5 feet 5 inches!"

Reduce without punishment; without any "reduced look"! Proof that you can costs nothing. The trial is really free. Coupon brings the full first lesson—record and all—without payment now or on delivery.

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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record.

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Sold Everywhere, or by mail. Flesh, White or Cream. **Send 10 cents for a sample box.**

Compact Lablache Rouge
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Retain the Charm Of Girlhood A Clear Sweet Skin
Cuticura Will Help You
Use Cuticura Soap Every Day



THE GIRL WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

Concluded from page 92

Every one looked at him in amazement, with the exception of Miss Schmitt, who was staring at him in consternation.

"Private interview, Jack?" said Mr. Schmitt, raising his eyebrows.

"An absolutely private interview, sir."

"What— Oh, all right. Five o'clock convenient?"

"That will be quite convenient."

Caroline's gaze continued fixed on him in terror for the rest of the meal.

AFTER lunch, in order to avoid Caroline and to be alone to think and to prepare himself for the portentous interview, he took his hat and skipped into the street.

For two hours he paced the streets, rehearsing the coming scene. The trouble was that while he *felt* everything distinctly, he found the translation of his emotions into words astonishingly difficult.

"I shall say to him," he began for the twentieth time, "I shall say to him: 'Now, Mr. Schmitt, sir, I shall waste no time. Let us come right to the point. This is what I want you to understand.'"

All well so far, but then what?

"What I want you to understand, to understand clearly," he began again, cracking his knuckles—when all at once he was aware that some one was waving frantically from an upper window. The next moment Miss McVickar, who had served as the mutual post-office, came rushing out.

"Goodness, what luck!" she cried, all out of breath. "I haven't had a moment for two days. Do be a nice boy and give these to Caroline. Good-by. I may be watched." And she thrust into his hands a package of letters.

Skippy, astounded, as though they had suddenly dropped from heaven, looked them over stupidly. There were five, no two in the same handwriting, and they were addressed to Miss Caroline Schmitt, care of Miss Betsy McVickar.

Five! Not one but five correspondents, each in secret intimacy with the girl he was preparing to champion.

For two blocks he walked on without another idea in his head than these strangely perplexing letters, letters arriving by the same intimate clandestine route, which alone had thrown the aura of romance over the weary nail-biting hours of composition. Five! He was then but one of half a dozen—probably of a score! He, John C. Bedelle, who at that moment was meditating an act of the highest moral courage, he who alone and unsupported was about to enter the secret shadows of Mr. Schmitt's study and tell him to his face that his crushing tyranny, his persistent nagging, his daily humiliation of a sensitive, high-strung girl was a fatal error—that he, the father, completely misunderstood— Misunderstood?

He thrust the letters in his pocket, glanced at his watch and hurried to the house. Down the block he saw the curtain moving in the second-story bay window, where Caroline was waiting for him. He entered and saw her above beckoning frantically to him. He passed down the hall unheeding. This alone should be her punishment.

Mr. Schmitt was in the farther end of the dark study, waiting for him in a ceremoniously defensive attitude, result of his conviction that his son's friend was about to borrow at least twenty-five dollars.

"Well, Bedelle," he said, avoiding the more familiar appellation. "You wished for a private interview."

Skippy carefully seated himself and rectified the crease of his trousers.

"Mr. Schmitt," he said, with one of those instantaneous changes of front which is the secret of boys—and Napoleons—"I want to get your advice. I'm going to be an inventor. How would you start?"

NOTE—There will be another "Skippy Bedelle" story in the November issue



"Brushing with the Wavex Is All I Do for Waviness"

The Brush-Waved Bob!

Wonderful New Brush Is a Boon to Bobbed Heads Helps Hair Curl Instead of Straightening It An Amazing Aid to the Natural Wave

Now, the bob *is* a blessing. Bobbed hair need NOT be a constant care. The inventor of Wavex—the new, curling hair brush—must have had bobbed heads in mind!

No more bother and expense of almost daily clipping and waving to prevent those straight ends from spoiling the trim, *chic* effect of your bob! No more ragged sides from sleeping on the short locks that are stubbornly straight by morning!



All you have to do is use the right hair brush. Simply brush-wave your hair with Wavex—the brush that brushes in waves. A glance at the pictures tells why this new type of brush coaxes to a curl. The brush itself will demonstrate its effectiveness in short order. *You can have one to try.* An actual test on your own hair is free. No sale if you don't see real results, and you can't count its purchase an expense—the Wavex brush soon saves many times its cost in fees paid for frequent wavings!

While the idea is still new, the makers will forward *one* Wavex curling hair brush at the special price of three dollars. It is a bargain at that price! For Wavex is genuine Ebony from India, with the rich, colorful markings of the imported ebony, unstained and highly polished. Real, penetrating China hog bristles *hand-drawn.* Will stand wetting and washing.

For hair that always looks its best—that just naturally falls into soft curl after every brushing—get a Wavex brush and begin using it. You'll be glad you did—your satisfaction will know no limit—for a Wavex is a joy. Short hair, long hair, any human hair responds to the gentle undulation of the bristles in wave-formation. A deluge of letters is proof of what it does for the appearance and health of the hair. It aids and abets curliness with every stroke. It brings a buoyancy and billow to the hair. It does away with that severe look which bobbed hair has when flattened by the old, straight-type of brush. The friction in brush-waving *polishes* the hair to a brilliancy no dressings can ever equal in effect.

Try Wavex and be convinced! Read the makers' generous offer appearing below and use the coupon *now!*



Special Free Trial Offer!

Until every store can be supplied, we will forward *one* Wavex curling hair brush to any address for an actual test of its remarkable properties. You need not send a penny. Pay the postman who brings it $3 and the postage. This will be returned if you aren't enthusiastic after even one week of brush-waving. Those who prefer paying now may do so and save the postage; if you enclose the $3 we'll ship the brush prepaid; money back either way—if you want it! But if you want Wavex at this price apply promptly, and please use the coupon:

THE WAVEX COMPANY 43A
310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's free demonstration which must sell me, or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman $3 and postage. (*Or enclose $3 now and get brush prepaid.*)

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DON'T be forced to depend on dad, brother or hubby the next time you see something you would like to have. Think how much better you will feel when you possess the means—earned by yourself in your spare time—*to buy what you want—when you want it.*

You can very easily. Those spare moments—the time you ordinarily waste—can be turned into cash; anywhere from $5 to $25 a month and more can be yours, through a little pleasant work representing *The Delineator.*

Simply take care of the profitable volume of new and renewal subscriptions that continually pour in direct from your vicinity.

Without any expense or obligation on your part, we furnish all supplies absolutely free, teach you how to start, and gladly cooperate with you at all times. Just fill in your name and address on the coupon. Do it—*now!*

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Please send me promptly full particulars concerning your spare-time money-making plan. This does not obligate me in any way.

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This woman earns from $20 to $50 a week *extra money* in her spare hours at home! Thousands of others are earning as much —many even more—at this fascinating new work—work which has won the praise and enthusiasm of men and women all over the country because of its delightful character.

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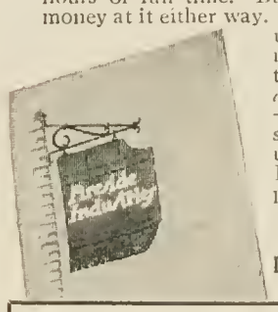
No special ability or experience is needed for this work. We teach you everything—how to *do* the work and how to *sell* it. You have only to follow the simple directions and you quickly learn how to decorate by hand such popular art novelties as candlesticks, plaques, picture frames, greeting cards, wooden toys, lampshades, batiks, furniture, and other unique art novelties which bring *handsome profits*. A complete outfit of working materials is supplied *free* to every member of this wonderful organization.

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Address .....

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5564—5561—French dressmakers use inserted bands of the shiny side of crêpe satin to trim a narrow, one-piece dress of this type which is made of the dull side of crêpe satin. It is also new to use broadcloth with trimming of the opposite grain of the material. The dress has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. Make the wrap-around hat of satin, duvetyn, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin for dress. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

5544—Plaits arranged in this manner at each side of a one-piece front and back and the diagonal closing are becoming to almost any type of figure and especially to stout figures. The lower section of this dress is joined across the sides at a close-fitting hipline, and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, heavy silk crêpe, heavy satin crêpe or charmeuse.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch soft twills. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is attractive for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5562—Many of the new Autumn dresses are made on extremely narrow lines and button all the way down the center front. The narrow effect of this one-piece dress is heightened by the new close fitting at the hips. Flannel, soft twills, heavy silk crêpe, satin, etc., are suitable to use for this dress. Plaids, stripes and checks also make a very attractive dress.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch cloth. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is very good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5572—One of the important features of Autumn dresses are the new collar and cuffs which are often detachable, although they may be fastened to the dress. Flannel, soft twills, cashmere, wool rep, kasha, plaids, stripes or checks, or satin or heavy silk crêpe are suitable to use for this one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and is very simple to make.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 46½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

5479—5549—With the coming of crisp Autumn weather, turned-down collars at open necklines button high at the throat on one-piece dresses of this type. This slip-over dress is smart in cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, flannel, heavy silk crêpe, silk alpaca, satin, etc. Satin, faille silk, etc., make a smart hat with a four-gored crown.

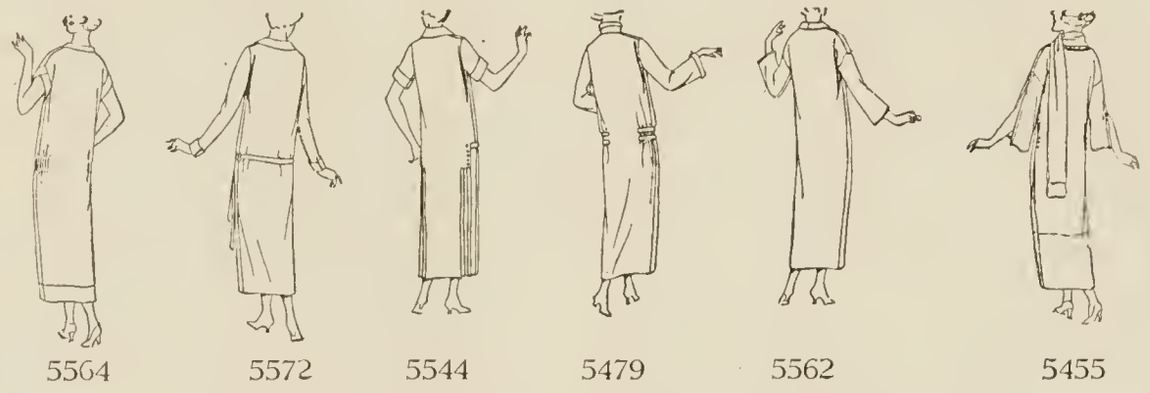
36 bust and 22 inches head measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅝ yard 35-inch satin. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.

5455—10181—If one is planning to have a coat of twills, wool rep or cashmere, she will be far-sighted to include in her wardrobe this straight-line one-piece dress to wear underneath. The lower part, etc., can match the coat and the upper part of silk crêpe in color, etc., can match the lining of her coat. The scarf collar and the Russian closing are smart. The braiding is effective.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 39 inch silk crêpe for upper part and 1½ yard 48-inch wool. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5564 5572 5544 5479 5562 5455

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5447—At this season of the year, weddings resume their formality, with many attendants and charming costumes for church weddings. The bride chooses white satin, white velvet, moire, brocades or silver cloth for her straight-line one-piece slip-over dress. The court train and sleeves may be removed after the wedding and the dress worn for evening functions. White satin or heavy crêpe de Chine with beading in crystal, pearl beads and rhinestones or in silver threads, crystal and pearl beads makes an elegant wedding-gown. Lower edge 48 inches.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards 35-inch satin and ⅞ yard 39-inch lace.

The dress is very beautiful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5548—The bridesmaids should be as picturesque as possible, choosing colors harmonizing with the matron or maid of honor's dress, and trimming their frocks with fabric flowers. The circular flare inserted at the left side gives the new French silhouette to this draped one-piece dress on the slip-over order. Use satin, moire or taffeta with the larger flower to match the dress material and the smaller ones of silver. The sleeves which are sewed into a one-piece slip may be omitted for an evening dress. Each bridesmaid wears the same style and all may wear the same color dress, or each pair of bridesmaids may wear a different harmonizing color. Lower edge of slip 45 inches.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch satin.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5513—If the bride wears a formal gown with a train, the matron or the maid of honor should choose a dress which is equally stately. Drapery of this type is very elegant for a wedding. After the wedding the sleeves may be omitted and the dress worn as an evening gown. Satin, silk crêpe or moire may be used for this dress with a long draped upper part, and for other occasions than weddings, chiffon velvet is suitable. The straight lower part is joined to a long underbody which may have a camisole top when there are no sleeves.

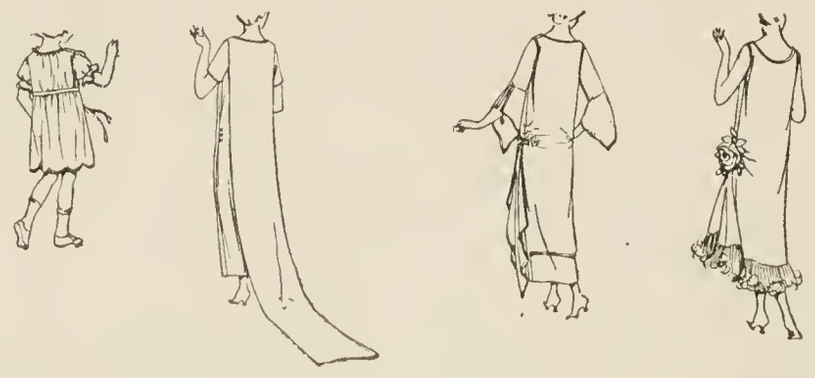
36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5537—When the bride wears the court train, her flower girl is consistently attired in a period frock. The Empire dress worn ankle length is picturesque and quaint for flower girls. Make it of Georgette with hemstitching, or crêpe de Chine (although the threads are more difficult to draw in this material), of organdy or light-weight silk crêpe. For other than weddings, communions, plays or fancy-dress parties, the straight skirt may be the regulation length and one may use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cotton Georgette with hemstitching, or silk mull, light-weight silk crepe or organdy.

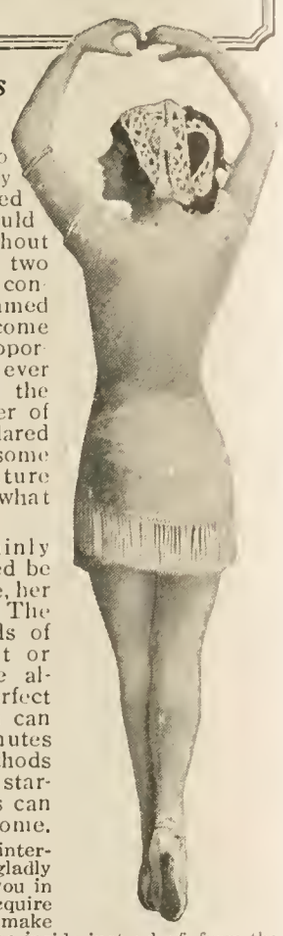
6 years requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is very picturesque for girls 6 to 12 years.



5537 5447 5513 5548

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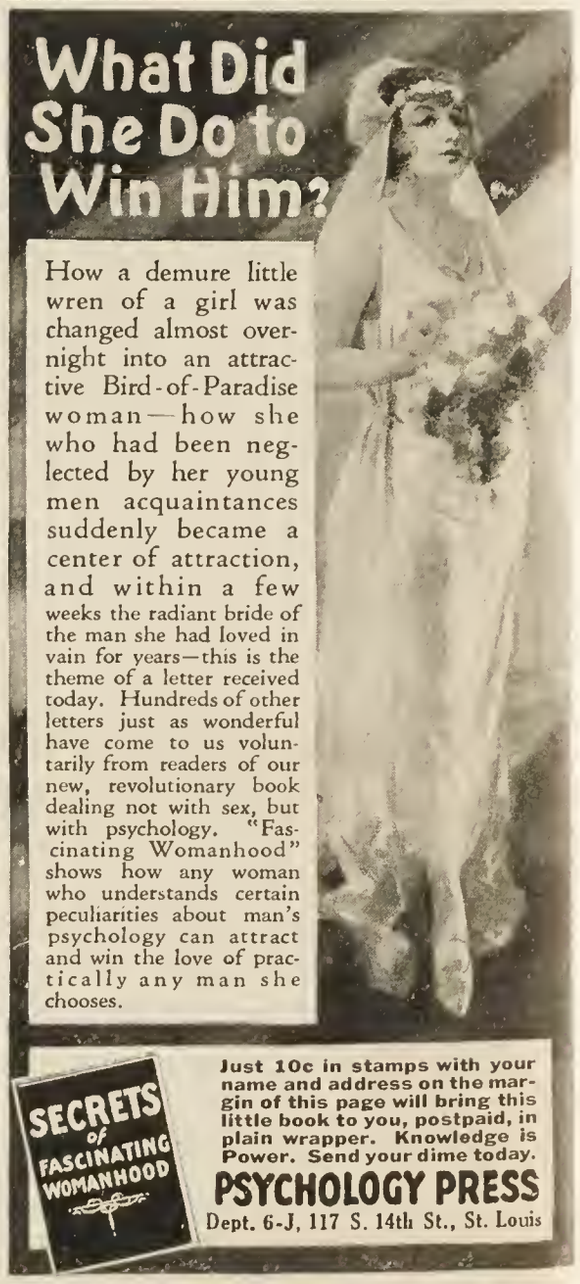
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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5525—Hand-made flowers add to the decorative side effect of this new one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Make it of taffeta, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, printed silks or plaid silks.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5494—10138—Plaited sections inserted at each side and a motif give a distinctive air to her one-piece dress of the slip-over type. Use soft twills, wool crêpe, cashmere, heavy silk crêpe, pongee, etc. Work the motif in contrasting color.

14 years requires 2 yards 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5521—There are many new color combinations Mother can use for this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge—tan with brown, light blue with dark blue, etc. Use printed crêpe de Chine for upper part with velvet, plain crêpe de Chine or plain silk crêpe for the lower part, etc.

7 years requires 1¼ yard 35 or 39 inch crêpe de Chine for upper part and ⅞ yard 35-inch velvet.

The dress is new for girls 2 to 12 years.

5532—Serge, soft twills, light-weight flannel, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe make an attractive dress closing in front at the left side.

12 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5535—A waist with collar and cuffs which may be detachable or sewed to the waist, and straight trousers compose this suit of linen, linen-finished cottons, rep, drill, piqué, poplin, chambray, madras, tweeds, wool jersey, serge or gabardine.

5 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 3 to 8 years.

5468—10241—Smocking in color makes a smart trimming for this dress with separate bloomers. It may be omitted, however. Use chambray, pin-check gingham, fine cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, dimity, plain lawn, crêpe de Chine, pongee or wool jersey.

4 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5474—The straight skirt of this slip-over dress is joined in a decorative way and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use plaid with plain wool body, plaid with plain flannel; or use soft twills, wool crêpe, serge, etc., with plain or printed silk crêpe.

13 years requires ⅞ yard 54-inch plain wool and 1 yard 54-inch novelty wool (cut crosswise).

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5527—For this one-piece slip-over dress use flannel, wool poplin, wool crêpe, twills, serge, homespun, tweeds, plaids, etc. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

10 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch plaid wool.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5456—4926—Soft pile fabrics, kasha, cheviots, plaids or checks make a very smart coat on these lines. Her hat with a gored crown may match the coat or be of velvet, etc.

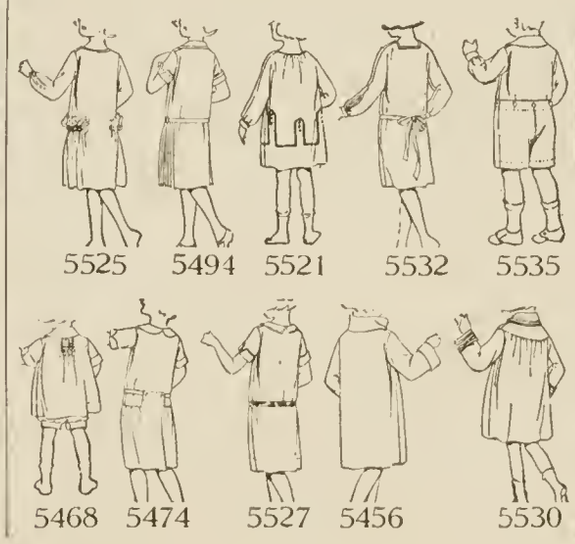
10 years and 21 inches head measure require 1¾ yard 54-inch soft pile fabric (including hat).

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years; the hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5530 — 5557 — 4038 — With her coat and matching hat of velvet she wears leggings for cold days. The coat has a drop yoke and plain lining, and the hat has a four-gored crown. One may use kasha, broadcloth, cashmere, velvet, etc., for coat.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 1¾ yard 39-inch velvet for coat, ½ yard 27 to 50-inch material for hat and ½ yard 36 or more inch material for leggings.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 8; hat for girls 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 14.





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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5487—Tiers plaited at the side are used for one of the new French dresses. This one-piece slip-over dress is made with a tiered lower part joined to a long upper part, and a scarf collar. Use satin, silk crêpe, silk alpaca, twills, wool crêpe or cashmere.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge, plaits out, 1¾ yard.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5528—One of the greatest French dressmakers advocates, for dancing, frocks that have a light, floating effect. This dress has the new two-piece circular skirt joined at a close-fitting hipline and the new ostrich trimming. There may be a long camisole lining. For the separate scarf and dress use Georgette or crêpe de Chine trimmed with ostrich and silver braid, etc.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 2 yards.

The evening dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5550—Silver, beige or colored lace is new for the overdress of a very lovely one-piece slip-over frock. It is worn over a slip of soft flesh-pink satin veiled with flesh-pink chiffon trimmed with lace. The dress fits closely at the hips and is trimmed at the lower part in front to give the latest silhouette.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 35-inch lace and 7 yards 4¾-inch lace. Lower edge of slip 42 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 19 years or 32 to 36 bust, also for ladies 38 bust.

5511—For a one-piece beltless dress with fine plaits at each side and a scarf collar velvet is very fashionable. One may also use satin crêpe, plain or printed heavy silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette with beading or embroidery for this dress.

17 years or 34 bust requires 3⅛ yards 35-inch velvet. Lower edge 51 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5536—**5458**—A scarf of beige, terra-cotta or apricot crêpe de Chine is smart with a dark-brown one-piece frock with a Russian closing. It is the new narrow type, close fitting at the hips as one can sit down. Use cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, broadcloth, kasha, flannel, etc., for dress. For her gored tam-o'-shanter use velvet, etc.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the tam-o'-shanter for misses, ladies, girls and children.

5489—**10175**—Braid makes a smart trimming for a slip-over dress which closes under the left arm and which has a full straight skirt joined to a slightly long body. Use chiffon velvet, satin crêpe, silk crêpe, moire, etc.

17 years requires 3 yards 39-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women, and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

5546—Bias bands are a very French trimming on a one-piece slip-over dress which is close fitting at the hips. It is new to use the shiny side of crêpe satin and bind the edges of the bias bands with the dull side, or reverse this order; or use silk crêpe or silk poplin.

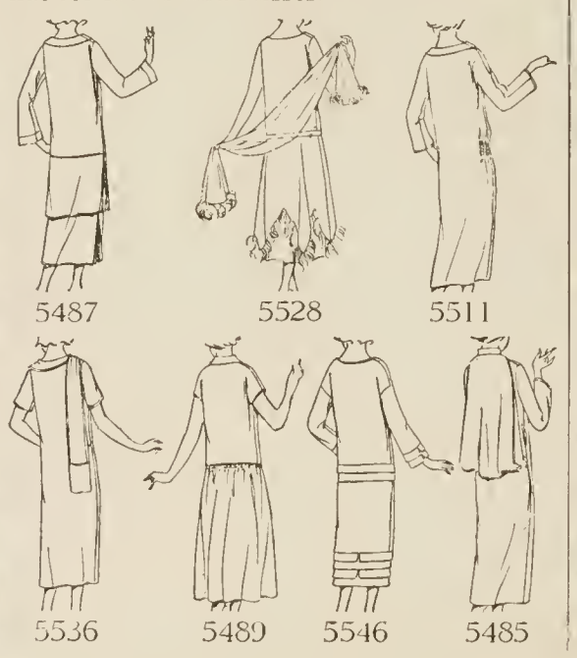
16 years or 33 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 41 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5485—**5561**—This tailored coat dress on straight lines has a detachable capette. Use twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, cashmere, etc. For the wrap-around hat use velvet, etc.

18 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch cashmere for coat dress. Lower edge 47 inches.

The coat dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, and ladies 38, 40 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.





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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5514—10108—Clusters of plaits at each side of the front and back give a graceful look to this one-piece dress. The beading is effective trimming. Use plain or printed silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 2⅛ yards.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5526—A separate guimpe and a buttoned side closing are tailored features of a dress with a straight lower part joined to the body at a close-fitting hipline. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, cashmere or soft twills with gilet of corded silk or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch soft twill and ⅜ yard 36 or 39 inch material. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5533—5353—A shaped peplum and the straight line of this one-piece slip-over dress are new and smart. The peplum is placed at a close-fitting hipline and may have creases in plait effect. Use wool rep, cashmere or soft twills with braid binding. The piqué collar and sleeve trimming may be detachable. The tricorne hat is smart.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cashmere for dress. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

5531—10246—For this one-piece slip-over dress which fits closely at the hips use the dull side of crêpe satin with inserted bands of the shiny side, etc. Work the embroidery in metallic threads or in color. Lower edge 45 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin, using both the dull and shiny side.

The dress is smart for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5499—10178—Silk crêpe, silk alpaca, satin, twills, wool crêpe and cashmere fall readily into the lines of this one-piece slip-over dress. It has a long upper part and the lower part has a straight lower edge and plaits at the side. The embroidery is attractive trimming. Lower edge, plaits out, 2¼ yards.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 35-inch satin.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5517—5561—This very new one-piece slip-over dress is narrow and fitted as closely at the hips as one can sit down. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, cashmere, broadcloth or heavy silk crêpe with a crêpe de Chine collar the color of the dress and a contrasting crêpe de Chine scarf. The wrap-around satin hat is smart.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep for dress. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses; the hat for ladies and misses.



5514 5531 5526 5499 5533 5517

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5524—5561—Striped, plaid or checked wools are used a great deal for a coat dress of this type. Cashmere, twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, broadcloth or kasha also tailor smartly. For the wrap-around hat use satin, corded silks, velours, duvetyn, velvet, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch striped wool for dress. Lower edge 47½ inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the hat for ladies and misses.

5490—5581—5549—10138—A slip-over blouse worn with a step-in, wrap-around skirt makes a smart costume. The three-piece skirt has a wide underlap. Chinese embroidery trims the blouse. The hat is smart. Lower edge 43½ inches.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1¾ yard 39 to 44 inch material for skirt on a camisole body.

Blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 44 bust and 35 to 47½ hip; hat for ladies and misses.

5552—This belted one-piece dress with a buttoned front closing is a smart tailored style in wool jersey tubing, wool jersey, lightweight flannel, silk jersey, silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch flannel. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5486—A particularly good collar and closing are used for a new jacquette blouse. It is attractive in plain or printed crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, or in satin crêpe.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch printed silk.

The jacquette blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5583—10723—A belt set in across the front gives a two-piece effect to this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. The back is cut in one piece and the guimpe is separate. A monogram is a smart trimming. Use satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5560—Band trimming breaks the straight line of a narrow one-piece dress fitting as closely at the hips as one can sit down. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, cashmere, broadcloth with collar and sleeve trimming (which may be detachable) of piqué or corded silk.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5575—This slip-over blouse may have full-length sleeves if one likes and is made of plain or printed heavy crêpe or silk crêpe, of satin crêpe, tub silks, pongee, silk broadcloth, silk jersey, flannel, wool jersey or cotton broadcloth.

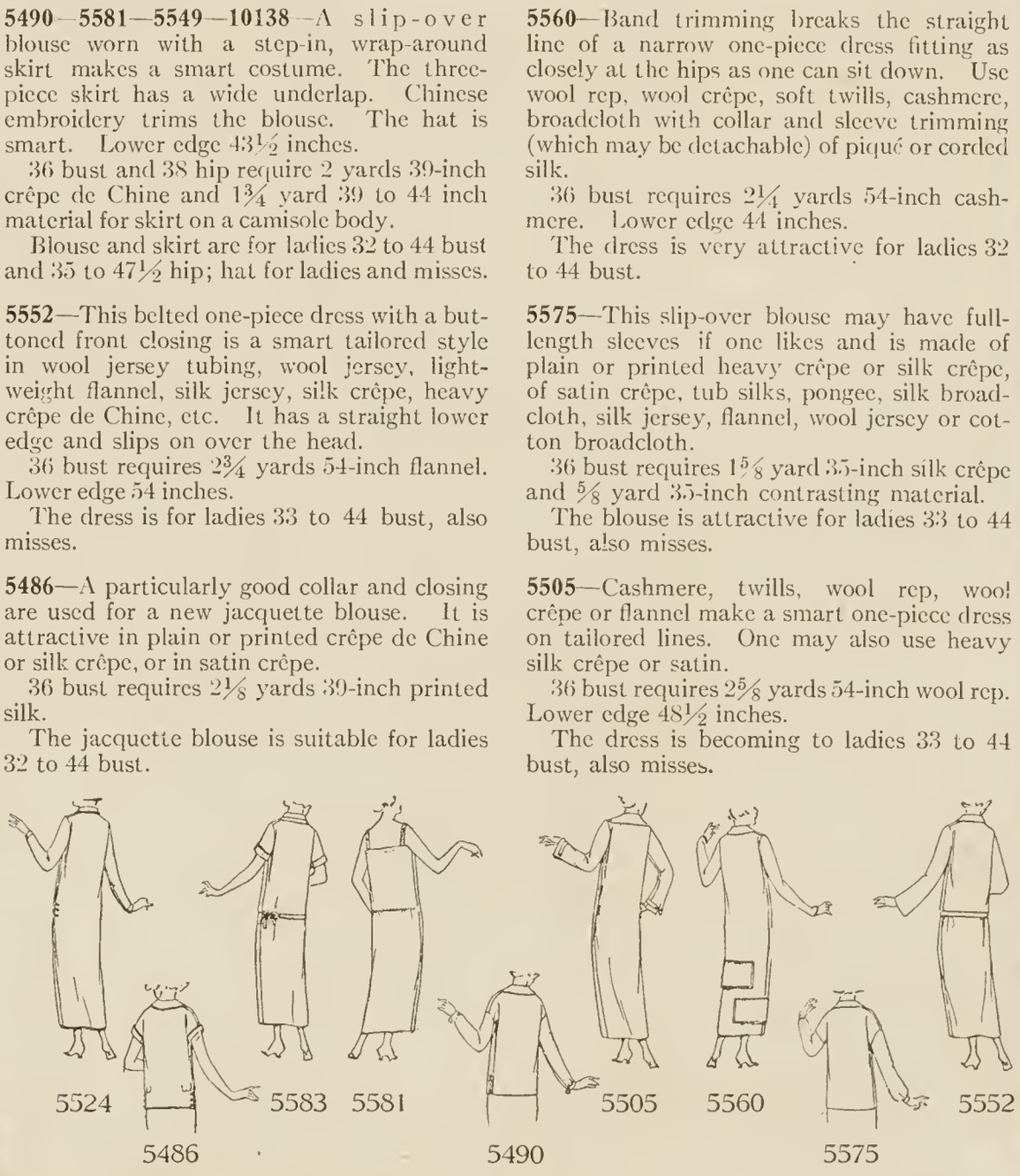
36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch silk crêpe and ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The blouse is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5505—Cashmere, twills, wool rep, wool crêpe or flannel make a smart one-piece dress on tailored lines. One may also use heavy silk crêpe or satin.

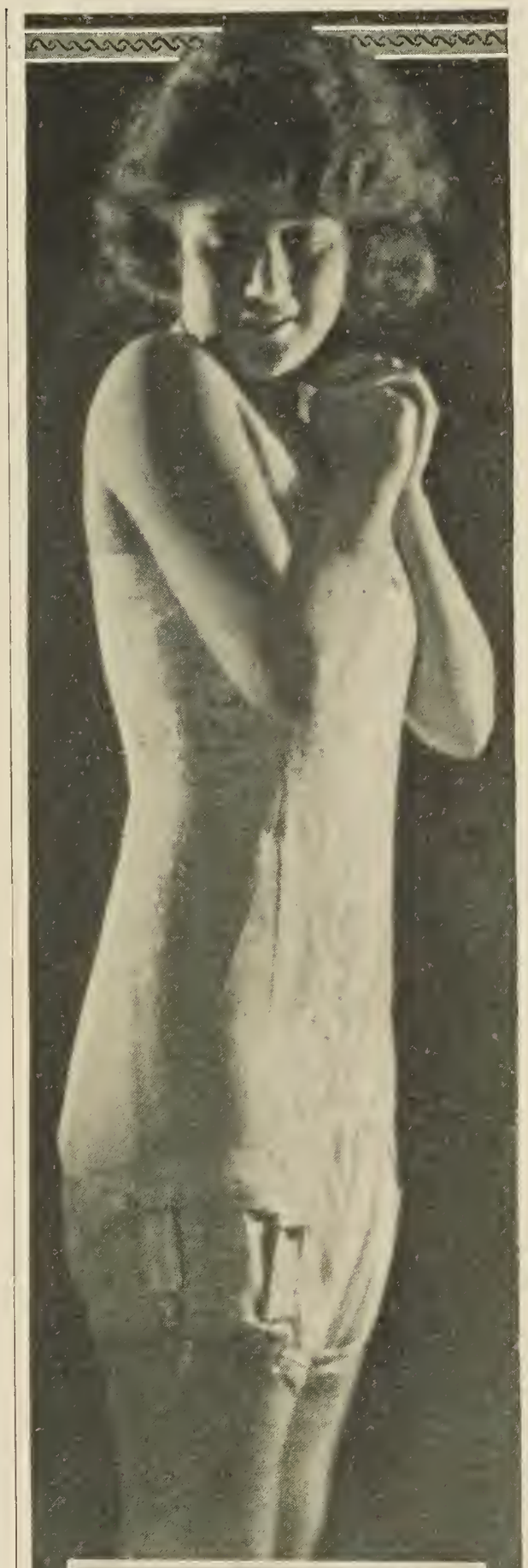
36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 48½ inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5524 5583 5581 5505 5560 5552

5486 5490 5575



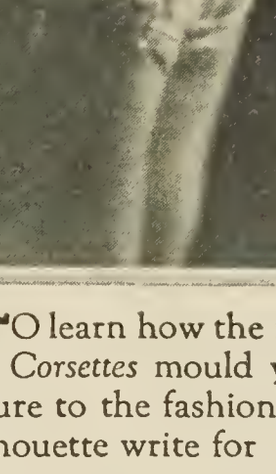
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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Three Delineator Celebrities

The first national conference on outdoor recreation, held in Washington, D. C., in May, brought together the three distinguished DELINEATOR contributors in our photograph. Miss Martha Van Rensselaer and Mr. Fielding H. Yost were delegates and Mr. Donn Barber, who was in Washington on other business, was invited to be present at the conference. About one hundred and thirty organizations of national scope, including Better Homes in America, Incorporated, which was represented by the Editor of THE DELINEATOR, sent their representatives. Miss Van Rensselaer's long and successful record in promoting recreational activities in rural New York through the extension courses offered by Cornell University made her a prominent figure at the conference, and Mr. Yost's twenty-five years of athletic coaching and physical instruction at the University of Michigan enabled him to bring to it a fund of invaluable experience and advice. Once again this gives us an opportunity to remind readers that THE DELINEATOR editorial departments to which these three nationally known experts regularly contribute are at your service—Miss Van Rensselaer on home-making, Mr. Yost on physical training, Mr. Barber on architecture and building.

Mr. Yost's Articles Resumed

There is good news for Mr. Yost's admirers in the announcement that he is now at work on a new series of articles on keeping fit, the first of which appears elsewhere in this issue. Readers of the interesting series that he contributed through last Winter's issues will need no urging to read the new one. Nothing we have seen on the subject of keeping in good health and spirits is quite so helpful, stimulating and readable as these informal common-sense talks by the man who has been responsible for the physical well-being of thousands of young men and women in his capacity as Director of Physical Education at the University of Michigan. He has had extraordinary opportunities to observe the habits and tendencies that undermine the health of young people from representative American homes and to learn what measures can be adopted to counteract them. One of the most popular of Mr. Yost's earlier DELINEATOR articles was "If He Were My Son," which has since been reprinted and widely distributed by the Boy Scouts of America as a splendid idealization of the kind of training a boy should have to guide him on the road to manhood. The system of exercises for women worked out by Mr. Yost and Miss Marion O. Wood, who is Director of Physical Education for Women at the University of Michigan, have been reprinted in an illustrated pamphlet which may be had from THE DELINEATOR'S New York office for ten cents in stamps. One of the largest insurance companies in Canada, requesting our permission to distribute thirty thousand reprints of these exercises among its representatives, writes: "Our chief topic is better health for the individual and the community. The exercises which appeared in THE DELINEATOR are the best we have seen for women."

New Service for Mothers

As announced in last month's issue, the most helpful service idea for mothers that we could work out with the expert help of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt is now available under the supervision of Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, himself an eminent child specialist and Doctor Holt's own choice as his successor. The plan comprises four "Happy Child" clubs—one for expectant mothers, a second for the mothers of new babies, a third for mothers of "runabouts" from two to six years old, and the fourth for the mothers of school children. Membership costs only fifty cents a year for one club—or a dollar for all four—and there is no other expense. Every month each mother will receive from Doctor Shaw a letter outlining a health program suited to the child's age, containing seasonable diet and hygienic suggestions and reporting the prevalence of regional epidemics with recommendation for precautionary measures. The first letter will be mailed October first. This club plan, the most important step in child-health conservation ever offered by a magazine, is now open to any reader (whether subscriber or not) who will send fifty cents for membership to "The Happy Child Club," THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. Be sure to mention the age of the child and to give the complete post-office address.



At the first national conference on outdoor recreation, Washington, D. C.—Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, Mr. Donn Barber (center), and Mr. Fielding H. Yost

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

THE refining influence of a good woman—a topic that always touches us to the heart—is beautifully illustrated in a story that comes from one of the largest cities in the *Middle West*◈◈◈This city boasts a new railroad station that was formally opened with befitting ceremonies attended by the nobility and gentry for miles around◈◈◈Among the more conspicuous of the new furnishings were row on row of handsome brass spittoons of the most capacious dimensions and approved design—a feature hitherto considered indispensable in any well-conducted waiting-room in those parts, but now under the ban◈◈◈It seems that the wife of the railroad president, elegantly attired for the rôle of chief hostess, was a bit careless in detouring around some of the more popular cuspidors, placed at strategic points, and suffered the inevitable consequences. That night friend husband came in for a violent wigging and next day the artistic brass *objets d'art* were removed and are still missing◈◈◈In *London, England*, a jobless ex-naval officer advertised for "any kind of a job," whereupon a woman offered him one thousand dollars and his expenses if he would go to Italy and beat up her brother-in-law for abusing her sister◈◈◈After giving profound thought to a news item that comes to us from *Germany*, we are still unable to determine its significance and pass it along to our fair pew-holders for interpretation. All women members of the German parliament, or *Reichstag*, are addressed as *Mrs.*, not *Miss*, whether married or single, and the rule was passed, after considerable opposition, by the members with husbands◈◈◈A ten-year-old *Brooklyn, New York*, boy went to the bank for a two-dollar loan to finance a back-yard circus. The banker explained that he could not make business loans to youngsters, but would advance the money out of his own pocket. The boy refused to consider a loan on that basis. The question now before us is: How many little girls of the same age would refuse two smackers for that or any other reason?◈◈◈A *Marysville, California*, justice of the peace advertises in the newspapers thus: "Attention! Matrimonially inclined—Are you about to get married? If so, see me. Knots tied that even Goliath, the strong man, could not tear asunder"◈◈◈A *Redford, Michigan*, farmer obtained a divorce because his wife insisted on smoking in the barn, not in the house, thereby endangering his property. He testified that he permitted his grandmother to smoke her pipe undisturbed in the house◈◈◈A *Los Angeles, California*, husband seeking a divorce testified that his wife wanted him to leave her, although he could not say that she had ever asked him to—she just "hinted." The hint that sent him to a lawyer's office came one night when he arrived home to find that she had locked him out and hung his pajamas on the door-knob◈◈◈A *Chicago, Illinois*, man recently asked the authorities to permit him to occupy a police-station cell for forty-eight hours so he could find the seclusion he wanted "for meditation on wives and the influences that made modern life complex." His present wife is his third◈◈◈A young *Brooklyn, New York*, man was sufficiently amateurish as a husband to believe that he could argue successfully with a woman. Since his bride of four weeks bit off a piece of his right ear and managed to get both of them into the toils of the police, his fate is a warning to all bridegrooms with debating proclivities◈◈◈After rereading these choice examples of domestic infelicity, we have come to the conclusion that the frog who would a'wooing go is none other than our old friend of elementary arithmetic days—the one who, when he hopped up three steps, always fell back two◈◈◈Members of the class are urged to copy in their little red books the following passage from one of the essays of the late *Maurice Francis Egan:* "As women were born without any real taste for food—they, when alone, absorb anything at hand, chocolate éclairs or barbaric salads by preference—they must learn, now that they are legally declared to be the equal of man, to discover why he has always been superior in that art which for centuries they have unrighteously proclaimed as entirely their own"◈◈◈All right-thinking and forward-looking women who heed this advice will do well to begin by reading the advertising pages in our favorite magazine and by remembering to mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.

THE DELINEATOR

NOVEMBER 1924



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KATHLEEN NORRIS OWEN JOHNSON SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT MRS. JOHN D. SHERMAN

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> "If your body is charged with fatigue poisons—your brain overactive from a day of mental work or worry—your nerves on a tension—use the bath to equalize the circulation and tranquilize the nerves and brain and secure the sleep that rests and builds."

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THE DELINEATOR

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

DO YOUR DUTY—CAST YOUR VOTE

THE Democratic and Republican parties have this year shown recognition of the woman vote by appointing women as vice-chairmen of their national committees. Women are represented in the Democratic party by Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, and the vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee is Mrs. Alvin T. Hert.

THE DELINEATOR asked Mrs. Hert and Mrs. Blair to write for our readers a special message on "Why Women Should Vote." We present their two messages, feeling that, regardless of political beliefs, women will profit by the counsel of these public-spirited women.

WHY EVERY WOMAN SHOULD VOTE

By Emily Newell Blair

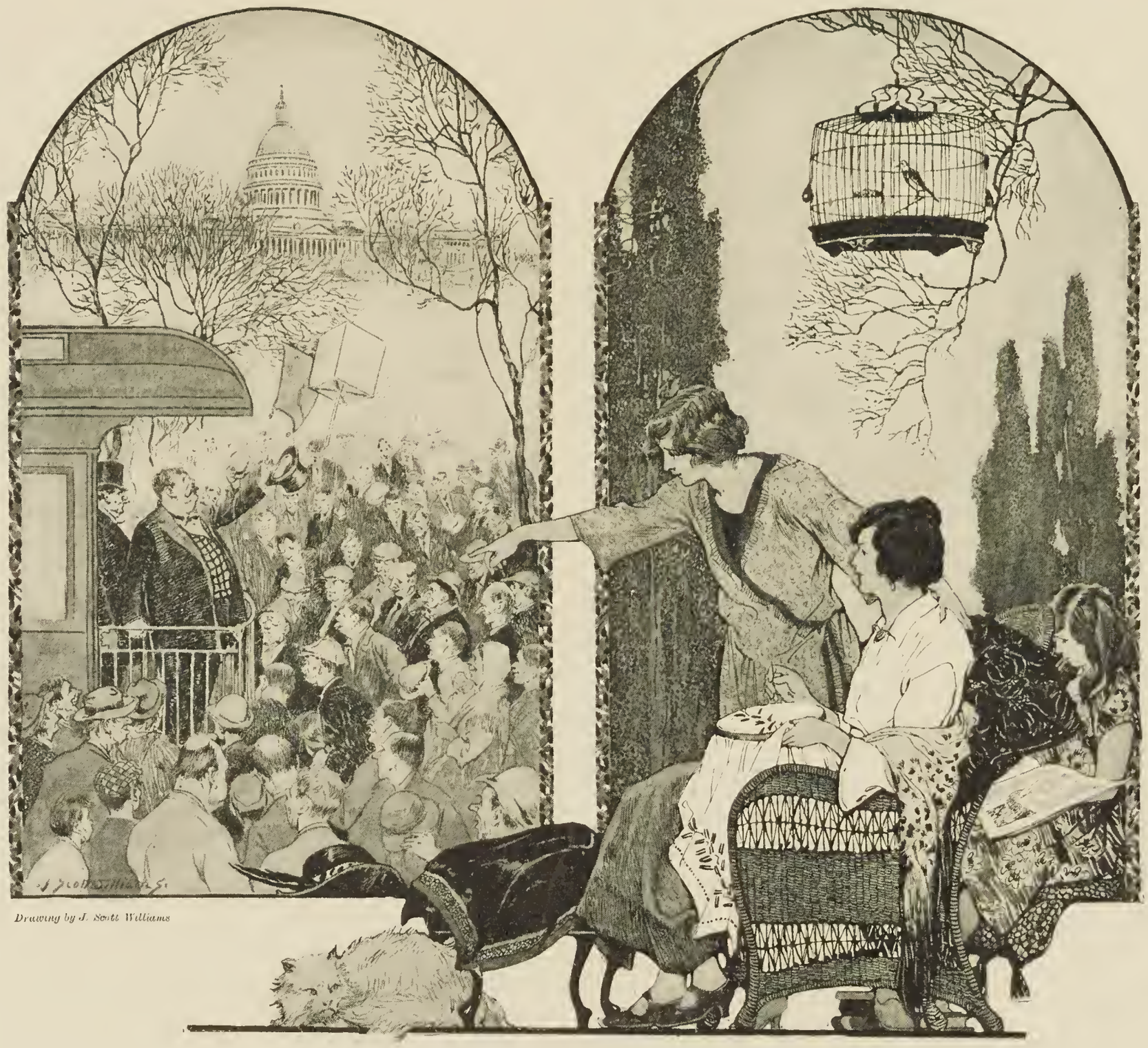
"I WAS not in favor of woman suffrage. But I am a religious woman, believing with all my soul that there is a God who guides the destinies of mankind. And this I know: it is our business as Christian women to discover for what purpose He intended us to use the vote, and then utilize it to that end. As He permitted the suffrage to come to women, so He will hold us responsible for using it."

These sentiments, expressed by a distinguished anti-suffragist shortly after women were given the vote, provide what may be called the religious motive for voting—or, to put it differently, tell us "Why the Christian Should Vote."

A woman in a Middle-Western State was an ardent advocate of votes for women. Her ninety-year-old mother was an equally emphatic anti-suffragist. Yet when the woman came down-stairs on the first election morning after the franchise was granted she found her mother waiting to be escorted to the polls. "But mother," she expostulated, "I thought you did not believe in women voting." "No more do I," answered her mother, "but when my country puts upon me a responsibility, it is my patriotic duty to respond." Here we have what may be called the patriotic motive, or "Why a Patriot Must Vote."

Then there is a third consideration which should claim the attention of every home-maker. The elected men or the successful candidates are the officials who will decide how much of our incomes is to go into taxes and thus how much will be left for our children's shoes, food and clothes; they decide how much of our taxes will go into schools, and thus what kind of education our children will have; they decide what kind of roads and sidewalks, what traffic rules, what street-lighting, what police protection we shall have, and thus what safeguards are to be thrown about our children when they leave us to go upon the street; they decide whether our nation shall go to war and whether we shall give our fair sons a sacrifice to the god Mars. If by staying at home the kind of men are elected who render wrong decisions on these matters, are we doing our duty by our children? This is what may be called the maternal motive, or "Why Every Mother Should Vote."

Thus her duty as a Christian, as a patriot, as a citizen and as a mother demands that every woman should vote.



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

GOOD WOMEN ELECT BAD MEN BY STAYING AT HOME ON ELECTION DAY

THE WOMAN'S VOTE

By Mrs. Alvin T. Hert

ALTHOUGH the vote did not descend with alarming unexpectedness upon the women of America, it has not yet assumed the relative place in their lives that it will occupy when it has ceased to be a novelty.

Fortunately, a great number of the women who did not seek the suffrage, and even of those who actually opposed the granting of it, have taken up the wielding of this power just as they would fulfil any obligation thrust upon them. Apathy on the part of women voters is probably no more general or pronounced than is that displayed by the men of the country. It was to be expected that women would evince all the enthusiasm of the novice in their opportunity to share in the nation's management; and in great part this is the case. But that indifference in the use of the vote does exist among women as well as among men is an undisputed and lamentable fact and a condition that constitutes a serious menace to the welfare of the country. The woman who voluntarily refrains from voting should refrain from criticism of the abuses in politics and government which are the direct result of the failure of citizens to vote honestly and intelligently. Our laws put it within the power of the voters to place good men in office and to retire faithless officials, to put wise public policies into effect and to repudiate harmful policies. The faults of government are the reflected faults of the people.

The issues involved in the present campaign are particularly appealing to women. Questions are to be decided about which women are qualified to make judgments. Here in the second presidential election in which she has been privileged to take part is a challenge to woman to make herself felt, to make her wishes known.

Figures tell us that in the last national election less than half the qualified voters of the country went to the polls. We know that many candidates for State and national offices recently elected have been the choice of a minority of the electorate. Women form a larger proportion of the population of the nation than men. Everything that women do, every interest they have, every walk of life in which they are to be found, will be affected by the result of the coming election. Women must register their will in the way provided them. Indifference at a time like the present is nothing less than a civil wrong. The old feminine antipathy to mingling in what has been fallaciously considered man's proper sphere must give place to the determination to help form an intelligent and active electorate.

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THE FOUR FUNDAMENTAL FAILURES OF THE AMERICAN HOME

By MRS. JOHN D. SHERMAN

President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

In her sixteen years' connection with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. Sherman has traveled every corner of our land. And when she says, "Something is wrong with the American home," she speaks from observation and experience. Last month Mrs. Sherman cast down a challenge to the unsuccessful home. This month she reveals what she considers to be its four fundamental failures

"WHAT'S the good of all this?" said one of my friends the other day. "Of what use is it for you, or any one else, to tell us what is the matter with the American home, unless you also tell us what we can do about it? All of us who aren't blind know that a good many things are wrong with it. Here's the point—how can we make these things right?"

She leaned back and earnestly glared at me. She need not have glared, for I was in entire agreement with her. What can we do about it? Unmistakably that is the point. With the earnestness of those who know that whatever strikes at the home strikes at the heart of our happiness, let us try to work out the answer to her question.

I make no apology for repeating here any former assertion that the status of the American home is such as to offer a challenge to the women of the United States. The home is at present a turbulent haven, an uncertain citadel. But why?

In my opinion the four things that chiefly threaten the security of the American home to-day are these:

1. The lack of honesty within the home.
2. The lack of a proper business basis for the home.
3. The lack of a sense of proportion within the home.
4. The lack of courtesy and of fun within the home.



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

Do you always tell the truth to your children? Does your husband give you a proper allowance on which to run your home? Do you live honestly according to your means and your station in life? Do you treat your family with unfailing courtesy and humor?

IF your answer to all these questions is "YES," this article is not for you

TAKE honesty first. It is a fundamental thing; it means to a home what foundations mean to a house; and yet it is a thing in which the average American home is remiss.

"What! Not honest in my home?" I hear the protesting chorus rise all over the country from East to West. "There you are certainly mistaken. Why, I always punish my children for not telling the truth!"

Yes, we instruct our children to tell the truth, and we sometimes punish them for not telling the truth; but nevertheless, we do not train them to tell the truth. Training must be made up of example as well as of precept, and it is right here that the American home so frequently fails. In fact, our children often get their first start in equivocation in the very places that should be their strongholds against deceit, their own homes.

"Mother, you're wanted on the phone!" piped the six-year-old son of a friend the other afternoon as we sat drinking a cup of tea in her pleasant home.

"Find out who is calling, and say that mother isn't in just now," she commanded.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with Billy," she confided a little later. "He's as bright as a new coin, he's obedient in everything else, he's affectionate and helpful—but he's the most dreadful little liar! I punish him for fibbing nearly every day of his life, and yet I can't seem to get him to discriminate between honesty and dishonesty. What do you advise?"

"You might try always telling the truth to him," I suggested—a little dryly, I fear.

The stories we tell our children concerning pixies, fairies and Santa Claus and others of the elfin ilk are not going to hurt them, of course. They are not falsehoods; they are the eternal truths of love and beauty, dressed up in party clothes. But the prevarications we unblushingly voice in the presence of our children, the countless counterfeit coins of conversation we daily pass before their observing eyes, the deceptions and humbug and hypocrisy that we practise in the home—these things are lies; and where they are, honesty is not.

"I hope that old cat isn't coming here!" frankly remarks Mr. Smith, when an unwelcome caller is seen approaching just as the family is about to set out for a spin in their car.

"Oh, so do I!" cries small Ann, with heartfelt sincerity.

A moment later, with popping eyes, she hears her father greeting the guest with the utmost enthusiasm.

"I'm so glad to see you!" he asserts. "It's delightful of you to come. No, indeed, we weren't going out."

"But, father—" begins Ann.

No wonder that Ann, silenced by a look, is puzzled. No wonder Jimmy, punished for a fib of his own the day before, is sulky when he is sent to the door to tell an unexpected collector that mother is out. No wonder the youngsters are at first bewildered and then entirely too comprehending when they hear father say with a long face that he is not well enough to attend Sunday service, and then, later, set forth furtively for a game of golf. No wonder that our children, seeing truth so carelessly juggled with, come to the opinion that it is not a thing of great importance. There is no short-cut in the task of training children in the ways of honesty; it can be done only by the example of absolute honesty in their elders.

We may recommend gentleness and consideration to our children in their games with their playmates, but if we are intolerant and unkind in our human contacts, they are almost sure to be so, too. We may send them to church and Sunday-school, but we must be reverent ourselves if we want them to be. We may deceive a diplomat, throw a detective off the track, wear a false face before the world, but the clear eyes of our children see us as we are.

THEN there is the matter of the proper business basis for a home. In my opinion it is relatively as important to have the right working basis for a home as for a business or a nation.

"More than half the cases that come before me here," declared one of the judges of the Court of Domestic Relations in New York, "arise out of disputes concerning money in the home and are occasioned either by the extravagance of the wife or the penuriousness of the husband. Almost all such cases could have been avoided by the simple expedient of a home budget made out in agreement by the two heads of the household and administered by the wife."

"A definite allowance?" argued the husband of a friend of mine, a man in comfortable circumstances. "I'm not ungenerous, but what does my wife need with money? She has charge accounts at the butcher's, the baker's and the modern equivalent of the candlestick-maker's, as well as at the leading shops, and at two or three hotels. She has a car. What does she need with cash?"

Yet she could not, for all her pretty clothes, purchase as much as a postage-stamp. When something went wrong with her car one day, she had to get out and walk home in the rain, rather than be put to the humiliation of borrowing carfare from the chauffeur. She had to have her tips added to her bills in the hotels where she stayed. She could not buy even a pound of candy outright.

"What do *you* need with money?" I asked her husband. "You have charge accounts everywhere, too. Your car brings you to your office and takes you home again. What do you need with cash?"

"Oh, come now!" he laughed, but without much amusement. "A man without a cent in his pockets! You must be joking."

Where families have only a limited income to spend, it is an even more vital matter to have a household budget and a regular allowance for the wife.

"That ugly little grocery on the corner there has stolen my home!" a woman not at all "well fixed," as our idiom goes, the mother of several children, told me one day. "We have a charge account there. My husband"—she flushed—"prefers to pay all our bills himself at the end of each month. I never have any money in my pocketbook to spend. I could save about a dollar a day by

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The Gentleman from Indiana



Photograph by the Bachrach Studio Indianapolis, Indiana

AT the Indiana State Fair last autumn the State Board of Health held a Better Babies Contest. More than six hundred children were brought to Indianapolis from all parts of the State to enter the competition.

Out of this great number the judges—doctors, all of them—selected a few babies who, according to careful mental and physical examinations, were found most nearly perfect.

In this small group of prize winners was little Joseph Mathew Galvin, with a score of 997.97 points to his credit, out of a possible total of 1000.

His mother, Mrs. M. I. Galvin, 1311 Kentucky Ave., Indianapolis, says "I am very proud of my boy's high rating, inasmuch as he was brought up on Eagle Brand milk."

Little Joe is as attractive as he is healthy. "I never go out on a shopping tour," says his mother, "but what he is admired by a number of people before my return."

• • •

MOTHERS have long been enthusiastic in their praise of this milk as a baby food. Their testimony—together with the verdict of doctors who have examined Eagle Brand babies and pronounced them physically perfect—is evidence you cannot ignore.

Mother's milk is of course the most perfect food for babies. But, if for any reason you cannot nurse your baby, Eagle Brand provides safe, dependable nourishment in an easily digestible form. It is more nearly like mother's milk than any other baby food.

Eagle Brand is simply pure cow's milk combined with cane sugar—nothing more. In the process of condensing, the hard casein of the milk, which is the indigestible part, is broken down and made exceptionally digestible. For this reason Eagle Brand agrees with most delicate baby stomachs. Eagle Brand contains the necessary vitamins, too—which promote healthy growth.

Eagle Brand is sealed against contamination. You can buy a quantity and keep it on hand, so you'll always have uniform food for baby.

Because Eagle Brand is all these things—safe, nourishing, digestible, easy to buy and keep—it has become the standard baby food. *The Borden Company, 110 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.*

If you want advice on the care and feeding of your baby, send for BABY'S WELFARE, *an authoritative little book for young mothers. It is free.*

Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK



Also makers of
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK
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CONFECTIONERY







Why each day should now have its "washing hour"

A conclusive safety test
for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

Let us send you a
Free sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 17-KF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IT used to be so easy and so harmless to toss one's soiled garments into the hamper to await washday.

But crêpe de chine and georgette have taken the place of muslin, silk has replaced lisle—the whole character of your wardrobe has completely changed.

You cannot leave delicate silk or woolen things rumpled and soiled for days at a time! They suffer. Perspiration fades their colors and injures the fabric.

So we offer this suggestion:

Find, each day, a few moments to wash quickly with Ivory suds your soiled silk and woolen garments. If they need ironing, and you cannot at once spare the time, dry them and lay them away clean until ironing day.

You will soon notice a difference in the appearance and in the life of your precious things, and it takes so little time, really—just a few moments of squeezing the pure Ivory suds through the delicate fabric, one or two rinsings—that is all.

This is the modern method of caring for the delicate garments that fashion has brought to every woman. And with Ivory suds, quickly made from either Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap, you can be sure of safety for fabrics and colors, as well as for your hands. Ivory, you know, is so mild and gentle that millions of women use it every day to protect their complexions.

A suggestion: Use Ivory for your *general* washing (weekly wash), too. It is so much nicer than harsh laundry soaps, and costs *very* little more.

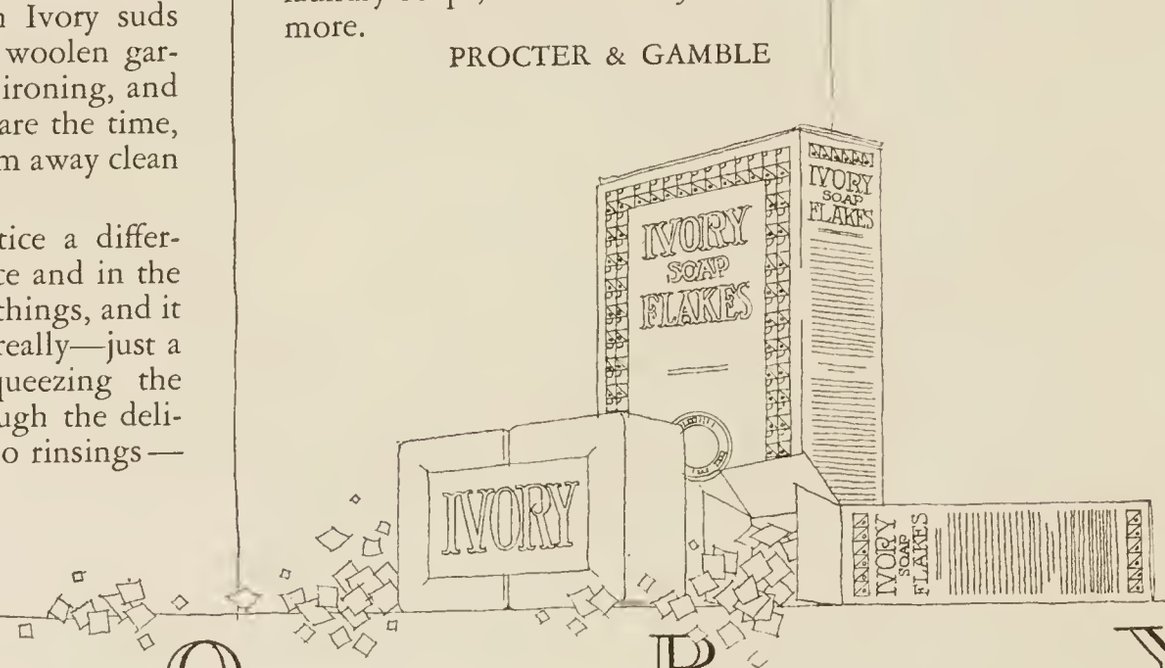
PROCTER & GAMBLE

Baby's underclothes
need this special attention

If baby's diapers, bands and shirts are rough, or if they are not thoroughly cleansed, or if unrinsed soap is left in them, skin irritation is almost certain to result.

If you will make sure that all of baby's garments are washed with Ivory (cake or flakes), the likelihood of irritation will be greatly lessened. In the first place, Ivory is pure—this is extremely important. Second, Ivory, mild as it is, cleanses thoroughly and rinses out completely, leaving the tiny garments in a perfectly hygienic condition and so soft that chafing becomes practically impossible.

Because of its convenient form, the use of Ivory Flakes for baby clothes saves both time and labor. Many mothers simply soak the less soiled diapers overnight in an Ivory Flakes solution and rinse in the morning. Of course the really soiled ones should be boiled, and occasional boiling of all diapers in Ivory suds is desirable.



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THE LATE MRS. CARR

But—grandmothers will be grandmothers!

By SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

WHEN Mrs. Anthony Carr was twenty she said to her husband that it was thrilling to be a bride and have many lovely parties given to her, and of course she'd give parties in exchange. They'd be as popular and lively as anything for a while; but when they began to get old, say at thirty, wouldn't it be nice to build a little house, outside the city, and withdraw from the whirl and be two dear, tranquil domestic pets for the rest of their lives?

"You'll never be that!" said the husband, clear gone in love and admiration.

"Why, yes, Anthony," said Mrs. Carr seriously, "I will—I think. I'd like that better than anything."

When she was forty and a little bit more, her husband asked her if she remembered.

"Of course I do," said the most beautiful matron in society. "How could I tell then that I would have two pretty daughters—one of them coming home from her honeymoon this evening to be in time for her sister's débutante ball? We must see the girls safely launched and then, Anthony, let's do it! I'm tired, Anthony. So are you. I think old age and peace and quiet will be wonderful!"



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

"GRANDMOTHER, AFTER ALL YOU KNOW HE SAID ABOUT YOU, WOULD YOU HAVE ME MARRY HIM?"

PAST sixty, Mrs. Carr drooped in unbraced lassitude on a stool in her locker at a popular gymnasium and said that her hour had come that morning if it was ever going to. Have you been in the locker-room of a woman's gymnasium? If you're a man, certainly not—unless you're a plumber. Even then such local color as concerns this story would have been shooed out of the way or would have drawn itself up out of sight on stools similar to Mrs. Carr's. Mrs. Carr said she had been in this place once too often and for the last time. She was sick of the whole horrible mess. The steamy atmosphere, heavy with the blended scents of cosmetics, depressed her. The trickle of a leaky shower-bath irritated her. All about her was a slithering and a whishing of assorted women getting out of street dress into the absurdity of bloomers, and a gabble, gabble, gabble, gabble!

And what did they have to gabble about—these mothers and even grandmothers, like herself? Across the way a post-mortem of a bridge error was held. To her right the mother of the president of the chamber of commerce was enlightening the world on the possibilities of taking tucks in the human face. The scars, she said, were removed by an electric needle. To Mrs. Carr's left, a boarding-school classmate, Mrs. Amiens, was describing her newest dinner gown.

An electric gong split the air. Soft whishings became excited flappings. Locker doors were flung open and feet, feet, feet padded past Mrs. Carr out into the corridor. Fat feet, flat feet, some still arched, but none exactly springy. She waited where she sat until Mrs. Amiens, always the last, steamed by. Then Mrs. Carr got up wearily and followed the class to the gymnasium floor above, where she tarried mutinously at the door, observing with rising nausea the versatility of the Lord's craft in human legs. Twenty-five pairs of them—and all different—long, thin crane legs, pillars, inverted ten-pins, legs curved in at the knee, curved out! When the command to mark time was given, Mrs. Carr turned her back on the shuffling array and on her own shapely limbs walked deliberately down-stairs on the way to her locker.

She couldn't have got away with this on any other Thursday morning, because ordinarily she was marshaled into line by her oldest daughter, who had constantly to fight a wholesome stoutness inherited from her father. To-day, however, Mrs. Payton was superintending the packing of certain clothes which she was sending on to her daughter Carlotta in Mrs. Carr's trunk. Mrs. Carr was scheduled to leave that evening by train for New York, to fetch home to her parents this same Carlotta, who was lingering overlong at the end of a Summer visit. Mrs. Payton herself could not go because she headed the local chapter of the League of Women Voters and was tied up in a senatorial campaign; but it was thought high time that somebody escorted Carlotta Payton homeward, for there had been a fear in the family lest Carlotta, who was an impulsive, witchlike maiden on the order of a certain young Mrs. Carr, had become attached to an unknown—a Cornell man, whom she had mentioned effusively, though vaguely, in a string of letters, and then had more fearsomely ceased to mention at all. It was to be Mrs. Carr's duty to see that Carlotta did not do something irreparably foolish in this line.

BUT the prospective journey had not released Mrs. Carr from gymnasium duty. As long as Mrs. Payton had to pack her daughter's clothes, she could just as well see to her mother's. There would be the long trip without exercise and no opportunity of the sort when she reached Carlotta. Mrs. Carr must not grow careless about such things now. It was more and more important that she should watch out for her marvelously preserved figure, said Mrs. Payton, who never dreamed that the whiteness of her mother's hair might indicate that in her heart was age with its strange desires.

At the desk below stairs an attendant smiled a question at Mrs. Carr.

"Mrs. Payton just called," she said. "She wanted to be sure that you had got here all right. She said you didn't seem just like yourself this morning. I told her I'd seen you go up-stairs with the class. But here you are!"

"I've decided not to take the exercises this morning," said Mrs. Carr.

"Oh dear, I'm sorry!" said the girl. "Had I better phone Mrs. Payton?"

"No!" said Mrs. Carr in alarm. "Gracious, don't do that! There's nothing to worry her about. I'll get home all right. Don't think of calling Mrs. Payton."

Among other things that Mrs. Carr didn't care for at the moment were arguments. Hence it is only decently respectful not to observe too closely her dreamy meanderings in her electric coupé that morning, mentioning

only one stop at an obscure little store, where she bought herself a flannelet nightgown, of all things! Of course the bundle was the first thing her daughter noticed about her when she returned home.

"Mother!" she greeted pleasantly. "Why, you've been shopping! And your trunk's gone! What did you buy?"

"It's a secret," said Mrs. Carr. "Something I'm going to surprise you with some day. There'll be room for it in my bag."

She was standing, as she spoke, beside the piano at the end of the great central hall in her house, looking up at a medallion photograph of her own mother on the wall. She remembered her mother well: a sweet-faced woman with a soft, quiet voice—the very incarnation of peace. In the picture she wore a soft woolen dress with white ruching and a cameo pin at the throat. Mrs. Carr had on a blouse of Paisley crêpe in henna tints.

"Funny to look at the two of you!" observed Mrs. Payton. "You would have been just like her in a past generation. But now! You don't look forty this minute! Suffrage has done wonders for women. Are you ready for your luncheon, mother? I want to get an early start this afternoon. You're to play at Lady Duff's table, if you don't mind. You play such a clever game and they say she's quite a fanatic at bridge. I'm hoping you'll impress her so that you can take her off my hands at the banquet, too, this evening."

AS A consequence of these fêtes honoring a visiting British lady politician, Mrs. Carr was a bit breathless when she took the train that night. It had been a hustle to get home from the banquet, fasten on her traveling togs, and reach the station on time. She scarcely heard her son-in-law's grumbling because she had chosen a slow train, equipped with old-time sleeping-cars.

"Why, she'll be safe enough," said his wife. "Nothing ever happens on this line. And mother can always take care of herself. You talk as if she were an old lady!"

Mrs. Carr was remembering that it was the first time she had taken the train since Anthony had left her lonelier than any one suspected and more and more inclined to grow old if she might be allowed to. Anthony liked slow trains. This was the one he'd always taken.

In the dim discomfort of her section, Mrs. Carr opened her bag, anxious about the bundle which would truly have been a surprise to Mrs. Payton. It was there, safely concealed by its wrapping. With a sigh she sat down on the edge of her berth and began to undress. Contrary to the prescribed custom of Pullmans, she took off all her clothing and put on the garment of flannelet. Its fleecy softness was as grateful to her tired, somewhat chilled body as a wrapping of cotton batting—infinitely preferable to the shivery inadequacy of the silk garments which her daughter had packed for her. Mrs. Carr likewise brushed and combed her marcelled hair and braided it into two passé pigtails before she snuggled herself down in the warmth of her flannelet for the night's rest that was to begin her two days' relaxation before she came to New York and Carlotta, and must resume the burden of living.

At three A.M. a typographical error in an engineer's orders sent the train crashing into the tail-end of a freight which had failed to take a siding. Of the wreck Mrs. Carr knew little. She had been cold in spite of her flannelet and had been trying to rouse the porter to get an extra blanket. Failing to do this, and remembering that Anthony had once found him asleep on his chair at the end of the car, she had gone in search of him. He was not at the end of the car, but black accents in coaxing vernacular were distinctly audible coming from the smoker of the car adjacent. Mrs. Carr went on, determined to have her extra blanket, craps or no! And she mentally halved the porter's prospective tip when she found that, in his eagerness to return to the gambling session, he had left the car door open at the last station. The wind came in and almost lifted her light negligée from her back. Before she could gather it to her, the trains collided.

AS I said, Mrs. Carr's impressions of the wreck were vague. It was as if some one from the rear had given her a violent push, which sent her spinning off into space. It was the negligence of that open door that made the rest of this tale what it is—saving some credit for a branch of a tree. As Mrs. Carr's faculties spasmodically reacted to an expected crash, this branch caught a flying loop of her negligée. Mrs. Carr swung a second like a pendulum, then slipped out of the robe and dropped easily into a clump of dried weeds. To her swimming senses the cars of her abandoned train seemed to be climbing over one another—and she lost consciousness.

She awoke to a bewilderment of flaring lights, a more distant glow of fire, voices shouting back and forth, groans, occasionally a wail. Directly over her swung an odorous kerosene-lantern in the hand of a man, whose booted leg, if it took one more step, would certainly crush her ribs. Mrs. Carr tried to rise, to move out of the way of that sizable boot; but either her fall or the brief rest on the frosted ground had stiffened her so that she could scarcely wriggle. She put out a hand and pulled at the trousers tucked in at the boot top.

"Hey!" the man was pardonably startled, "what?"

He lowered his lantern, illuminating the white braids, the decorous flannelet nightgown.

"Why, it's a lady!" he said. "An old lady. Are you hurt, mother?"

His young voice was husky with concern as he knelt down in the grass.

"N-n-no!" said Mrs. Carr in answer to his question. "I'm c-c-c-cold!"

Swiftly the young man pulled off a heavy ribbed sweater and rolled her in it after some fashion acquired on an athletic field rather than in a hospital; but he did not lay her back in the grass. He held her quite comfortably in his amazing arms. How his mother must adore him!

"I'll try to find your people," he said—and he spoke with a tragic note—"if you can tell me in which car you all were riding and just who was with you."

"I have no p-people," said Mrs. Carr. "I'm al-o-o-one!"

Her teeth still chattered, though she was immeasurably more comfortable now.

"The idea!" said the young man in eloquent reproach to all her neglectful relations. "Then there's no need of your shivering out here. I'll just carry you over to my house. It's only a step."

"Kane?" called a man in question to him as he strode out of the bedlam with his light burden.

"It's an old lady, doc," answered Kane. "She's all alone and she's not hurt a bit. I'm taking her over to my house where it's warm. I'll be right back."

SO THEY came to a house, white and huge in the dark night, with tall pillars in a ring about its door, and passed inside. Up a broad dark stairway tramped the young man, calling loudly to some one named Cindy.

"Not a nigger on the place, I bet!" he fumed. "And I told Cindy to get beds ready——"

"I is so yere, Mis't Bob," reproached a black woman from the upper hall. "Yo're makin' sech a racket you can't year me! I's made up four beds— Why, bless her heart!"

In half a minute Mrs. Carr was sitting, wrapped in a delicious comforter, in the midst of an enormous springy rocker, so grateful to the slope of her back that she felt she could stay there forever. "Mist' Bob" was excusing himself.

"I've got to go. They need my help. I'll look in on you again, though, after a bit. Ask Cindy for anything you want."

Near Mrs. Carr was a dresser of dark old walnut with a long oval mirror. In it she could see herself plainly from where she sat. She drew her braids behind her head and held them so that her white hair drooped softly over her ears. She tried to imagine a cameo breastpin.

LATER, as she was finishing a cup of tea, Bob Kane returned.

"Keep still," he said to Cindy's protests that she had the lady ready for bed and that was where she ought to be. "I want to ask her address so that I can wire her people that she is all safe here."

"My name is Mrs. Anthony. I am quite alone," said Mrs. Carr, following a whimsy that had been inspired by the reflection in the mirror. "It won't be necessary to wire any one."

"All alone?" said Bob Kane. He had adorable, sad brown eyes.

"All alone!" insisted the lady.

"And—and broke?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Then you'll have to stay here a while."

"I'd love it," sighed Mrs. Carr, "if it won't trouble you."

"Trouble me?" Adoration dawned in Bob Kane's eyes. "I'd love it too. I'll see about getting you some clothes first thing in the morning. You'd be welcome to my mother's—anything you could wear—but most of her things would be too large for you. She—she was much larger than you."

There was a sweet hush in his voice as he spoke of his mother.

"You haven't any mother?" asked the visitor.

"I lost her three years ago. I have only Cindy and hired help."

"My dear!"

"If—if you're as lonely as I am—and you stay here a while, perhaps you'd like to adopt me," suggested Bob.

It is scarcely surprising that Mrs. Anthony Carr lapsed for a brief space in her duty to her kith and kin. In the morning she heard Bob telephoning to some matron in a near-by town, appealing for help in selecting his guest's wardrobe.

"Some silk dresses," she heard him say, "just right for a nice old lady about five feet two and slim. You'll know what to get. Yes'm. Yes'm. Oh, I'm sure she's nice. She's an old dear! No'm, I don't think she has any money at all right now. She lost everything in the wreck. She used to live in Spokane and she was on her way to New York to look up some of her old kinfolk that she'd lost track of. I'm going to keep her as long as she'll stay. Yes'm, the wreck was terrible. About fifty killed, they reckon now. She'd have been too if she hadn't been thrown out. That was a miracle. Yes'm. Thank you."

THE dresses came. There was one with a V-shaped neck filled in with white ruching which Mrs. Anthony liked best, especially after Bob came shyly offering a cameo pin that had been his mother's. There were soft slippers and snuggly shawls. There was tender solicitude over her as if she had been a bit of fragile porcelain. There was a canary bird singing in the sunshine at her bedroom window. Later she acquired a darning-bag and a button-basket and used these two charming accessories in the after-dinner hour, when big Bob Kane would tell her his day's adventures in his struggle to make a profitable dairy farm out of the straggling acres which had come down to him along with his Southern accent and his old-fashioned ideas of chivalry. A peace that bordered on heaven folded Mrs. Carr around.

A peace that was marred by one disturbing emotion. The big boy who called her mother would have been a wholly satisfying family, but God had blessed her with a different one that would not be forgotten, however it had been ignored. Her impulse the night of the wreck had been a prankish whim to try out the dream which she had cherished long. She liked the dream better and better. She rather thought that her days henceforth would be passed in soft slippers and sober, peaceful silks; but she had had no idea that the play could have been allowed to go on this length of time. She worried and wondered about her family. What were they doing while she sat darning? Had Carlotta come home safely? Why had they not raised the hue and cry after her? Had her weary notion that since Anthony's passing no one really needed her or wanted her been a just one? Here she had been above a week in the house of Bob Kane on the outskirts of Millersburg, ninety miles from home, and

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"The world is mine!"

FOUR CLUBS FOR MOTHERS

Are you the mother of—a baby-to-come, a tiny baby, a two-to-six-year-old "runabout," or a school child?

Whichever you are, THE DELINEATOR is offering you a special new medical service in the form of a monthly letter from Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, one of the most eminent child specialists in the country. At the beginning of every month Doctor Shaw sends you a helpful letter, gives you a correct health program according to the age of your child, warns you of seasonal epidemics, and tells you how to bring your little one up in health and strength.

A membership in one of these clubs costs you only fifty cents a year—in all four, the special reduced price of one dollar. Remember there are four clubs, receiving four different letters every month. Let us know which you wish to join, and send your dues to "The Happy Child Clubs," THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

ENROLL NOW!

THE COLLECTOR

Another of the inimitable stories about Skippy Bedelle

By OWEN JOHNSON

Author of "Stover at Yale," "The Tennessee Shad," "Skippy Bedelle," etc.

KALAMAZOO was undeniably queer.

"I'm queer," said Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan in his breezy way; "queer and chesty; but Kalamazoo is queerer. I take off my hat, I bow before him, I throw up the sponge, I retire, I resign. He can have first, second and third prizes!"

"They're rich as blazes you know," said Snorky. "And his sister is an A Number One pippin!"

"I doubt that," said Skippy.

"Wait until you see her. She drives fast horses, wears pearls and diamonds and dresses like a prima donna."

"How d'you know?" asked Skippy.

"They lived near us one Summer. They're sort of cousins, third or fourth."

"Then Kalamazoo is queerer than ever," said Dennis, shaking his head. "I don't get him at all."

They had been sitting in judgment on the Autumn assortment of freshmen, and this diversity of opinion had arisen over the status of a certain Philip Shamberg, nicknamed Kalamazoo in tribute to the place which he intended to make famous by the accident of his birth.

Kalamazoo was an original character. Of that there could be no two opinions. He was, however, perfectly comprehensible once you understood that he had been born a collector, and for the purpose of this story it is essential that this be kept in mind. He collected stamps, and he collected butterflies, birds' eggs, beetles and neckties. The butterflies, birds' eggs and beetles covered the walls of his room. The neckties filled the bottom of a trunk. They were tossed in higgledy-piggledy and each day when he made his selection he would stir them around with a cane until one that he fancied came to the top.

Snorky, his family connection, and Skippy, whose neckties commanded his admiration, became the recipients of his confidences and were allowed the rare privilege of entrance to his den, which was locked as a protest against the theory of communal possession of property.

IN THE month of June, yielding to the entreaties of Kalamazoo, Skippy and Snorky found themselves in the Pullman of the Long Island Railroad on their way to a week's visit.

Following the fixed opinion of youth that a man is judged on his initial appearance, each wore a dark-blue suit painfully creased and peculiarly adapted to absorbing the dust and the grime, large speckled ties, silk socks and patent-leather shoes that pinched.

"What's Ida like?" asked Skippy, glancing at himself in the mirror. "She looks up and doing from the photos."

"She works fast," said Snorky airily.

"I suppose we'll have to be polite and swing her around now and then."

"Ida has gotten very haughty—nothing under a sophomore, and all that sort of stuff. Only plays with the talent."

"Suppose we try indifference on her?" said Skippy, flicking the dust from his sleeve.

"Go on and try."

At that moment the neophytes were irresistibly attracted by the dashing appearance of a remarkable specimen of their beau ideal of a college man languidly draped in the chair just opposite them. He was clothed in a delicate mauve homespun with a bold red check running through it; sported a buckskin vest and the yellowest of chamois gloves; parted his hair on the side and had a genuine leather hat-box beside him, heavily initialed. But what particularly drew their respectful attention was the golden glitter of a society pin which he wore on the daintiest of black silk four-in-hands, to give warning to the world that the secret order which he thus advertised must never be referred to without giving instant offense.

"Yale?" said Snorky with an imperceptible movement of his lips.

"Scroll and Keys," said Skippy with the same whispered caution.

The college man looked up, selected a cigar from a gold-tipped case, unneatly folded his overcoat over the back of his chair and strode toward the smoking-room—six feet of tailored ease, without a wrinkle.

"He heard you!" said Snorky.

"Do you think so?" asked Skippy in alarm.

"He heard you," repeated Snorky. "That's why he had to get up and leave. They always do."

"I know that," said Skippy, whose brother, the great Sambones Bedelle, was of the anointed; and being unwilling to appear deficient in worldly knowledge, he added: "My brother belongs, you know. The initiation is terrible. Some fellows never recover from it."

"Honest?"

"Sure. They mark you with a red-hot cigar—if you get that far."

"Gee, that's great!"

"When you take a bath, you have to keep your pin in your mouth."

"Never must leave you, eh?"

"It goes in the coffin with you."

"Can't you speak to any one about it—ever?"

"Never. That is, only to the girl you marry."

"We certainly get a raw deal at school," said Snorky, referring to a faculty prohibition. "Andover has secret societies."

"We certainly miss a lot."

"We certainly do. I say, old top, you'll make one some day," said Snorky enviously.

"You never know," said Skippy darkly, thinking of his late indiscretion. "One break can queer you for life."

Snorky's fingers meanwhile, by an unconscious suggestion, had strayed to a pin which he wore on the left side of his vest. It was the insignia of the Philomathean Debating Society, into which he had been lately inducted. He removed the pin and gazed at it profoundly and with a certain wistfulness. All at once he leaned forward and slapped Skippy on the knee.

"It's a peach of an idea!"

"Elucidate."

Snorky, with a triumphant smile, transferred the pin to his necktie and waited for the idea to penetrate.

"Well, I see it," said Skippy.

"Sh-h-h!" said Snorky, laying his hand on his lips. "Why not?"

This time Skippy's face responded with an ecstatic smile. In another moment his emblem of the Philomathean Literary and Debating Society shone from his necktie.

"When Ida sees that," said Snorky with conviction,

Continued on page 82



Drawing by Joseph M. Clement

"REALLY?" SAID SKIPPY, RETURNING THE STARE WITH A LOOK OF INCREDULITY



THE HISTORIC GOLD PIANO STANDS IN THE BALL-ROOM, WHERE PUBLIC MUSICALES ARE GIVEN



THE STATE DINING-ROOM



IN SUMMER THE FAMOUS MARINE BAND GIVES A PUBLIC CONCERT WEEKLY ON THE LAWN

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE TO-DAY

The author of this article has known the White House for thirty years. She has watched the ever-growing demands made upon the families of the various executives. Since the Roosevelt administration, when the White House was remodeled and the President's office moved over into the office annex, there has been a constant encroachment upon the privacy of the President's family and increasing demands upon the time and energies of the President's wife. Mrs. Harrison's health was broken in the White House, Mrs. McKinley became a confirmed invalid. Though President Roosevelt drew a line around Mrs. Roosevelt and forbade all publicity inside that mark, it was not possible for the Roosevelt family to enjoy any real privacy except on visits to Sagamore Hill. President Wilson's first wife died in the White House, hurried into her grave by the exacting demands of official life. Mrs. Harding, the second year of her stay in the Executive Mansion, had a serious breakdown. In spite of all these records, public demands on the President's wife increase rather than lessen. The purpose of this article is to take the reader into the home life of the White House, to reveal something of the routine of the wife of the President and to show the heroic efforts being made by Mrs. Coolidge to live up to the expectations of the public.

BEING a President's wife has always been a hard job. But with the growth of America, the Lady of the White House has become one of the busiest women in the nation.

Since the war, conditions have been even more exacting. Washington has become a convention town. Groups of people from all over the country meet there to discuss business problems, to found organizations, to do public good. And all of them request an audience at the White House.

The custom of going to shake the hand of the President and his wife may force the adoption of a definite policy for the protection of the Chief Executive and his family. Picture yourself having a hundred callers in a day—every day! People from all over the country who stop over at Washington on business or pleasure stand in line to meet the highest servants of the people.

A daily schedule has to be made to satisfy the public's demand. A few minutes are allotted to Mrs. So-and-So of Kansas who is a friend of Mr. Somebody Else. A Girl Scout worker, a handful of teachers and a special committee demand a portion of Mrs. Coolidge's time. A short quarter of an hour goes to a group of wounded soldiers who are learning photography as a new trade and wish to practise upon the First Lady, upon the dogs and cats and rabbits of the White House. Ten minutes, or twenty, go to shake hands with eighteen hundred members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Another period is given to several hundred members of the Pen-Women's League, another to a long line of Pi Beta Phi's, Mrs. Coolidge's own sorority, or to a thousand men and women from the National Recreation Conference.

Standing in line for long hours shaking hands and greeting members is a fatiguing task. Mrs. Coolidge has met this strain with remarkable tact and enthusiasm. She likes people—she remembers them. She sees a face, hears a name and registers a pleasant memory. She has amazed the White House officials by her daily evidence of memory. An obscure home-woman from the Middle West met Mrs. Coolidge over a year ago. Thousands of people have met her since. Recently their paths crossed again and Mrs. Coolidge greeted her with "How is your son? I hope the insulin treatment was successful." That sort of memory is the garment of a kind soul.

Mrs. Coolidge feels that the White House belongs to the people and that, except for her own living-quarters on the second floor, the public should be permitted to enjoy it. She has not forgotten that day years ago when she and a group of high-school students whom she had brought all the way from Northampton, Massachusetts, were disappointedly hurried out of the great East Room without having a chance to see the famous gold piano. Since she has come to the White House, she has not missed an opportunity to have the famous instrument shown for the pleasure of the public. At her wish a series of musicales were given in the East Room on Monday afternoons in season for as many guests as could be accommodated.

The President and Mrs. Coolidge use the historic East Room for meeting groups of people. This is the same room in which Dolly Madison hung the family wash on rainy days, in which Alice Roosevelt became a bride before the most distinguished gathering of that time, in which Mrs. Cleveland became the first White House bride, in which Madame Curie received her gram of radium.

With Mrs. Coolidge as hostess of the White House, there has been the gay but quiet enthusiasm that marks the true spirit of hospitality. The garden-parties have been revived—and they are garden-parties for the people. Along with the ambassadors, the generals of the Army and the admirals of the Navy, come shy little women from out-of-the-way places to behold the splendor and beauty of the first American home. Off in the State dining-room, the butler and his assistants hold their dominion, serving simple refreshments of fruit punch, sandwiches and cakes which have been prepared in the White House kitchen. Once every week during the Summer the Marine Band plays out on the lawn, and all those who care to listen are invited to make themselves at home on the slope behind the President's house.

MRS. COOLIDGE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Mrs. Coolidge has said laughingly that she hasn't had time to wear a kimono since she went to the White House. Hers is a "dressed" job. She has never spent much money on her clothes, but nevertheless is one of the best-dressed women in Washington. She has no valuable jewelry and even at State functions appears in a simple gown usually adorned by her sorority-pin or by a small diamond seal of the United States, a gift from an old friend. She likes gay beads and small earrings, and formerly always wore an inexpensive string of beads to match her hat or gown.

Mrs. Coolidge takes a keen interest in the clothes and pleasures of other people. She lives her life largely in the interests of others—of her husband, her boy, her friends—and just people.

Before nine o'clock in the morning she has looked over the list of guests for the day and determined her own personal engagements. She has planned the day's menus—the food is always simple—and ordered flowers to go to the hospitals or to the sick or to some friend who is having a party. And she has written to her son.

At nine o'clock she sits down with her secretaries. Thousands of letters come constantly to the White House from almost every town and hamlet of this vast nation. They ask for a pair of knitted socks to sell at a fair, for a picture of the First Lady to raffle at a church benefit, for her autograph to complete a collection, for money for a worthy cause, for a job for a man or for counsel for an unfortunate mother.

It takes two and sometimes three or four persons to read the letters that come to the White House. The President's wife can not possibly go over them all, but they all receive attention.

There are some things with which even the pressure of office business is never permitted to interfere. These are Mrs. Coolidge's letters to her son, an hour's recreational walk—regardless of the weather—and a quiet hour or two with her husband.

Joy and youth and love reigned in the White House until that tragic day in July when the finger of God forever stilled the lips of young Calvin Coolidge, Jr. This tender-hearted mother who has so many times thanked God for holding back the shadow of death from her little family, whose quick sympathy enabled her to reach out understandingly to any mother in grief, made her surrender with courage and strong faith. But something of her girlish joy went down into that Vermont grave.

Mrs. Coolidge has a genuine love for people and for all helpless living things. She has two dogs, Rob Roy, a Wisconsin white collie, really the property of the President, and Paul Pry, an Airedale who, when off the leash, is always at her heels. She has a collection of birds, too, whose songs echo through the White House all day long. And there are two cats, Blackie and Tiger, ordinary cats that she brought up from kittens. In the Spring they are locked up in the police watch-house because robins nest in the trees under the portico and rabbits live in the iris by the lily-pond. Blackie once killed a baby rabbit and dragged another away from its mother. Mrs. Coolidge took the little creature up to her own room and she and the President tried to nurse it back to life with milk and a medicine-dropper.

The simplicity and the sympathetic nature of the First Lady of the Land are reflected in the attitude of her servants. At luncheon, the butler, who has served five administrations, announced as he passed the muffins, "There is a new family of pigeons in the elms." And the next evening at dinner, "I thought perhaps I'd better tell you the little rabbit died."

Administrations come and go, but the personnel of the White House changes very little. Some of the white cooks, negro waiters and chambermaids of Cleveland's time still perform their duties. Mr. Hoover, the head usher, went into the White House thirty-three



THIS IS WHERE THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE SPEND THEIR FEW QUIET HOURS



MRS. COOLIDGE HAS TAKEN FOR HER OWN ROOM THE LONG LINCOLN BED OF CARVED WALNUT



© Harris and Ewing

DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS AND SOME PLAIN FOLKS HAVE RESTED IN THIS QUIET GUEST-ROOM

years ago as an electrician to install push-buttons and the first electric lights. He was retained there to keep the "electrical contraptions" in order, and gradually his job grew into what might be called a "majordomoship."

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE

No history has ever been written of the White House. No collected accurate data exists about the place. Most of the lore has been handed down from generation to generation, and much of it can not be proved. For instance, Mrs. Coolidge's room has in it the furniture which during Mrs. Harding's régime became known as "the Lincoln things." Tradition says that the old, heavy carved walnut bed was the Lincoln bed. In type it does belong to that period, and the fact that it is a foot longer than most beds supports the theory. On it Woodrow Wilson suffered his many months of pain. The Hardings relegated it to a guest-room. Mrs. Coolidge has taken it back for her own.

There is only one catalog of the things in the White House, and that, strangely enough, is of the china and glass. It was done by Mrs. Abby Gunn Baker and goes back to the time of Dolly Madison. Historic pieces are kept in a room on the ground floor, formerly known as the basement. They are all beautifully arranged and perfectly marked with cards which tell their stories. The records come down to the time of President Wilson.

Almost every First Lady of the Land has ordered new china for the White House. It has usually been necessary. The Wilson china, of cream color, heavily embossed in gold with the Presidential crest, is still in use.

It is interesting to note the age of the flat silver by its markings. In the early days, up to Andrew Jackson's time, it bore the words "The President's House." After that it was marked "The Executive Mansion." Then Theodore Roosevelt named it "The White House," and all the silver purchased since that time has been so engraved.

The earliest glass used was simple crystal, marked with the seal of the United States. Later, reflecting the change of the times, came heavy cut glass, followed more recently by a return to the thin, smooth crystal, some of it cut and all of it bearing the President's coat of arms. The silver is heavy and plain, with the seal of the United States carved in it. The candelabra are heavy silver, and the candles, unshaded, are usually the color of the flowers on the table.

All the linen is marked "U. S." Even the guest-towels have no personal touch: only the dignity and the simplicity of the initials of the United States.

A few changes have been made in the house appurtenances which the present First Lady of the Land regrets. The famous old crystal chandeliers with their hand-cut prisms were taken out when some remodeling was done in the Roosevelt time and would have been scrapped except for the interference of a senator, who had them put in the President's room and the Speaker's room at the Capitol.

Mrs. Coolidge recently went to the storehouse where old things from the White House are kept and there unearthed the chair which Jackson used in the Cabinet Room. It is a good chair, better in line and more comfortable than the antiquated swivel chair now at the President's desk in his study. There, too, she found a table from the Spanish American War council-room, as well as velvet-lined silver trunks that are said to have belonged to Jackson.

Down under the South portico there is a small tool-room—a sort of handy repair-shop. Mrs. Coolidge is always interested in the work that is being done there, for she knows how to carpenter. Once some years ago she built her boys a play-house out of an old piano packing-box, and it became the delight of all their little comrades in Northampton.



WHEN MRS. COOLIDGE AND HER SON JOHN WALK IN THE GARDEN, ROB ROY FOLLOWS AT THEIR HEELS

PRESIDENT AND MRS. COOLIDGE AT HOME

The guest-rooms of the White House, with their Colonial four-poster beds and high-boys, are dignified, even grand. But not so the President's quarters. He sleeps in a plain brass bed, and his room is simple.

His study, together with the guest-rooms and his sleeping-quarters, is on the second floor. In the early days the Cabinet met in this room. It is the smallest in the White House.

Here the President and Mrs. Coolidge spend most of their leisure time. On one wall hangs the famous portrait of "George Washington of Virginia," by Louis Cadena. On another is a painting made in that very room showing McKinley as he signed the protocol to the peace treaty with Spain. There are several pictures of Lincoln and one of the Charter Oak. There are scenes of Plymouth, where the President was born, and of Burlington, the home of Mrs. Coolidge. And there is the Howard Chandler Christy portrait of Mrs. Coolidge. Standing quite by itself on a shelf of books is John Burroughs's poem, "The End of the Road."

The study is not a comfortable room. It has old-fashioned leather-upholstered furniture and chairs that are stiff and a little worn. But here the President sits on one side of the old Adam fireplace while Mrs. Coolidge sits on the other side knitting socks for her boy.

On the second floor of the President's house is the library. This is an oval room and has been recognized as the family sitting-room since the very beginning of the White House. Architecturally it is a very beautiful place. Here friends of the family are entertained, and here the Cabinet members and their wives gather to accompany the President and the First Lady down the grand staircase.

The Oval Room has at least four good pieces of furniture in it: two old Chippendale bookcases and two Colonial sofas. The other chairs are inexpensive and have not the virtue of being even comfortable. A number of things here indicate the personal interests of the present occupants of the White House. There are the hymn books on the piano, neatly bound and marked "Grace Coolidge." There is a picture of the President's closest friend and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stearns of Boston. On the table near the fireplace and on the piano are treasured pictures of the Coolidge boys. And Mrs. Coolidge's tapestry knitting-bag hangs on the back of a chair.

Over the mantel in this room is a portrait of Mrs. Coolidge which Leonabel Jacobs did for THE DELINEATOR during the Arms Parley. The President likes this picture and has given it the place of honor. On another wall is the Chartian portrait of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, and to the left one of Mrs. James K. Polk, "from the ladies of Tennessee." On the ebony music-cabinet there is always some piece of music recently used. It may be a school song written by young John Coolidge, or a Hungarian rhapsody, or an old love-song. On the mantel stand two candelabra with black candles and in the center a Sèvres vase reflecting the old-rose brocades of the room. There are always flowers in this room, but never in profusion, although attached to the White House are eleven greenhouses. Mrs. Coolidge sends the great mass of these flowers to hospitals and to sick people.

The White House books are kept in the two old Chippendale cases in the Oval Room. It is not much of a library and not very modern: Cooper, Dumas, Mark Twain, Thackeray, George Eliot, Kipling, Bancroft, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson and a few others. These are all loaned by the Library of Congress.

Very different are the books in the President's study. These belong to the President personally. There are books on the philosophy, psychology and economics of to-day to the very last minute. There are long tables with all the current publications and one special table of farm periodicals. The pages are thumbed and in some places marked.

The Coolidge boys did not attend White House functions. They were present on only two occasions, the inauguration of their father as Vice-President and a New Year's reception, when they happened to be home because of a fire at their school. The boys were never apparently conscious of occupying a position of special distinction. Their father when he became President took just one more step as a public servant, as a lawyer acquires a new and more difficult case, or as Mr. Stearns of Boston acquired an annex to his department store. It was a logical sequence of events. Incidentally, John has no political ambitions; he would like to have a store like Mr. Stearns's in Boston.

The day usually ends at ten-thirty in the White House. The President's family and guests leave the Oval Room, Mrs. Coolidge being the last one through the door. She stops, with her New England thrift and her sense of responsibility for public funds, to press the black button which shuts off the current. There is no formality. She is as solicitous for her guests as would be the simplest home-maker in the country. She wants to know if the window is open, the ventilation right, if water is in the room and "you have everything you need."

The Government provides watchmen for the White House, but one is not conscious of them. All is quiet where have slept the men chosen by the voice of the people to run the Government of the United States.

THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Annals of a haunted family

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Mother," "Certain People of Importance," "The Secret of Margaret Yorke," "Rose of the World," etc.

SYNOPSIS

SITUATED on a point of cliff sharply jutting out from the New England coast was the enormous old Georgian building known as Wastewater, the family homestead of the Flemings, in former days the scene of many activities and the home of a houseful of Flemings, but now, in the decline of the Fleming line, a gloomy, forbidding old building.

David and Tom and Sylvia and Gabrielle, these were the "young Flemings," the present inhabitants of Wastewater, all dark—except Gabrielle, with her lovely tawny hair—all connected by ties of blood or marriage with "Black Roger" Fleming, who had been master of Wastewater all the days of his stormy and brilliant life.

David, the oldest of the group, was really the stepson of "Black Roger." He was the son of the widow of a distant relative of Roger's, whom, with her five-months'-old baby, David, Roger had welcomed hospitably to Wastewater on her husband's death. Shortly after her arrival at Wastewater, David's mother married Roger, and there had been a baby, Tom Fleming, David's half-brother.

On his death, Roger Fleming had left his property to Sylvia, the daughter of his brother, in place of Tom, who had run away to sea when a boy and never returned; and David was appointed as Sylvia's guardian until she became of age.

Sylvia's mother—"Aunt Flora" to the others—kept Wastewater open while Sylvia was in college and while Gabrielle—on whom Aunt Flora looked as the unfortunate result of the marriage between her sister, "Aunt Lily," and a "traveling agent" long since forgotten—was in a French convent school.

The childhood of the little group had been very happy in Wastewater, and it was not until Gabrielle's return as a "young lady" and Sylvia's approaching majority that the mystery and tragedy of the place began to close in upon the Fleming young folks. And it was around Gabrielle, the only light Fleming, that the mystery seemed to center.

The shadow over Aunt Flora's spirit and over Wastewater, added to by Gabrielle's discovery of a mysterious, unexplainable light in a window in an unused wing of the building, was only lifted by the news that Sylvia was bringing a house-party of college friends for the Christmas holidays, and Wastewater was scoured and furbished as it had not been since the days of "Black Roger."

Then, on the very afternoon of the arrival of the party, Gabrielle, while returning to the house through a heavy snow-storm, laden with wild shrubs, came suddenly across an old woman stumbling aimlessly through the garden of the estate. The pitiful old creature, Flora's horror at the sight of her, the servants' agitation and her mysterious disappearance were blotted out of Gay's mind only by the arrival of the guests and the excitement of dressing for her first real party—and the discovery that for her the party and everything else centered about David Fleming.

PART TWO

FLORA'S little Christmas house-party for her daughter, the beloved Sylvia, who was presently to inherit Wastewater and all that went with it, was a small affair after all, but to Gabrielle's confused eyes there seemed to be eighteen laughing and talking persons rather than eight in the sitting-room when she came in.

From the group, however, Sylvia instantly separated, and Gabrielle forgot everything else in the pleasure of seeing her cousin again. Sylvia gave her a warm, laughing kiss and stood talking to her with one arm about her, holding the younger girl off while she studied her face.

"Well, Gay! How you've grown up—and with the hair up, too! How dare you be fair among all us black Flemings!"

And with her arm still about Gay, she turned to the others for the introductions. Last of all came David's greeting, with his kindly smile and keen-eyed inspection; and when his hand touched hers, Gabrielle was conscious of that same suffocating flutter at her heart again and dared scarcely raise her eyes.



Drawing by C. J. McCarthy

SOMETIMES, BUNDLED TO THE EARS, GAY WOULD RUSH OUT TO THE OLD COW-YARD TO STAND BEHIND DAVID AS HE PAINTED

"Mama, you're simply a miracle-worker!" Sylvia was saying gratefully. "I knew there'd be fires, and I knew you'd realize how weary and cold we are—but upon my word, I hardly know Wastewater!"

She was beautiful, no question of it. Dark, vivid and glowing, yet with something queenly and superb about her, too. Instantly it seemed to Gay that she had never separated from Sylvia, that all these separated school years had been a dream. She remembered how close she and Sylvia had been in the days of sand-castles and flower-ladies, and that Sylvia even then had had this same bright, sweet, responsive manner, that was yet impressive and fine, with something of conscious high integrity in it; something principled and constructive even in her gayest moods. Sylvia was really—Gay came back to the word with another little prick of envy—really "superior." She was poised where Gay was simple; she was definite when Gay was vague; her voice had pleasant affectations, she broadened her a's in the Boston manner.

And Sylvia's youth and her fresh, glowing beauty kept these things from being in the least displeasing.

"Not tea, Maria?" she said eagerly to the old servant. "Mama, I congratulate you upon introducing anything like tea into Wastewater! I assure you, girls," she continued laughingly, "my mother's treating you like royalty! I've been telling them all the way down that we are absolutely Victorian here, and rather uncomfortable into the bargain——"

"We live in just such a country home, outside of Quebec; we're quite accustomed to country Winters," murmured the charming voice of the older Miss Montallen. The travelers drank their tea standing; exclaimed over the delicious home-made bread. The young men were rather silent, exchanging little friendly murmurs and grins, except that the one named Frank du Spain attached himself instantly to Gabrielle; Flora chatted, Sylvia made the right comments, David stood by the mantel, tall, pleased, smiling at them all.

Sylvia was delighted again, up-stairs. Nothing could make Wastewater anything but old-fashioned, clumsy, drafty. But the old rooms did look hospitable and comfortable, the beds were heaped with covers and there were two more air-tight stoves roaring here.

Outside the snow fell—fell. The world was wrapped in winding sheets, muffled and disguised, and the snow fell softly on the surface of the running, white-capped waves and was devoured by them. But inside Wastewater's old walls there was noise and merriment, songs about the old piano, laughing groups about the fires and the delicious odors, the clatter and tinkle of china and silver around the solemnly wavering candles on the dining-room table.

Gabrielle could not talk much, for Sylvia and these particular friends had shared several holidays and their chatter was of other times and places. But her cheeks glowed with excitement and she moved her star-sapphire eyes from one face to another eagerly, as if unwilling to lose a word of their talk. And again Sylvia was always "superior."

She was evidently a girl who took her college life seriously: studied and excelled, and enjoyed studying and excelling. Laura and Gwen Montallen immensely admired her, Gabrielle could see, and were continually referring to her in little affectionate phrases: "Ah, yes, but you see you can do that sort of thing, Sylvia, for they'll all listen to *you!*" or, "Sylvia here, with her famous diplomacy, went straight to the dean——"

The men, Gabrielle thought, were unusually nice types, too. They were all in the early twenties, none was rich and all seemed serious and ambitious. Bart Montallen was to have a small diplomatic berth when he graduated in June, Arthur Tipping was already well-started toward a junior membership in his uncle's law firm and spoke concernedly of "making a home" for his mother and little sisters as soon as he could, and Frank du Spain was a joyous, talkative youth who confessed when he sat next to Gay at dinner that his people were not especially pleased with his college record and that, unless he wanted trouble with his parents, he had to "make good, by gum." He told Gay that his father had a ranch near Pasadena, and Gay widened her eyes and said wistfully, "It sounds

"The Black Flemings," copyright, 1924, by Kathleen Norris.

delicious!" David, looking approvingly at her from the head of the table, thought the velvet gown with the embroidery collar and cuffs a great success.

THE evening was delightful, Gay thought. For a while they all played an hilarious card game and then they stood talking about the fire and finally grouped themselves about it. David held his favorite position during this talk—standing, with one arm on the mantel, and his charming smile turned to the room—and Gabrielle noticed, or thought she did, that he rarely moved his eyes from Sylvia's face.

But when he did, it was almost always to give her, Gay, a specially kind look; every moment—she could not help it—made him seem more wonderful and every one of his rare words deepened the mysterious tie that drew her, strangely confused, strangely happy and strangely sad, nearer and nearer to him.

There was another portrait of Roger here, this one painted in about his fortieth year: handsomer than ever, still smiling, a book opened before him on a table, a beautiful ringed hand dropped on a collie's lovely feathered ruff.

"That was your father, Mr. Fleming?" Gwen Montallen asked, looking up at Roger's likeness.

"Stepfather. My father died before I was born," David said, with his ready attentive interest. "My mother married Mr. Fleming when I was only a baby."

"And where does Gabrielle come in?" asked Gwen, who had taken a fancy to the younger girl and was showing it in the kindly modern fashion.

"Well, let's see. Gay's mother was Aunt Flora's sister," David elucidated. "They were Flemings, too. It's complicated," admitted David smilingly. "To get us Flemings straightened out, you really have to go back thirty years, to the time I was a baby. My mother was a young widow then, who married a David Fleming, who was a sort of cousin of Uncle Roger."

"And that's Uncle Roger?" Laura Montallen asked, looking up at the picture.

"That's Uncle Roger," David nodded. "I was only a baby when my mother married him. And one year after she married him, my mother had another boy baby, so there were two of us growing up here together."

"Ah, you've a half-brother?" Laura asked.

"I think I have," David answered, with a grave smile. "But Tom ran away to sea, when he was about fourteen—fifteen years ago now—and we've not heard of him since."

"But how romantic!" Gwen said, with round eyes. "Wouldn't you know a wonderful old place like this would have a story! So there's a runaway son?"

"We did hear from him once, in Pernambuco, and once in Guam, David!" Gay reminded him animatedly.

"Do get it in order," Laura begged. "I've not yet fitted Sylvia in, much less Gabrielle!"

"Well," David said, returning to his story. "So there was my mother—she was pretty, wasn't she, Aunt Flora?"

"Beautiful!" Flora said briefly.

"There was my mother, Uncle Roger her husband, and Tom and me," resumed David. "Then there was a sort of cousin of his—" David nodded at the picture—"whom we called Aunt John. That was my Aunt Flora's mother, and she kept house for us all, and Aunt Flora and Aunt Lily were her daughters. Oh, yes, and then there was Uncle Roger's younger brother Will, who used to play the banjo and sing—what *was* that song about 'the boy and his sister Sue?' The boy who ate the green apples, Aunt Flora——"

"Oh, wonderful!" said Laura Montallen; and Gay said eagerly, "Oh, David, go on!"

"I wish I could remember it all," David said regretfully. "And there was another about the prodigal son, and one about 'the blow almost killed father——'"

"Oh, David, David!" said Aunt Flora, between a laugh and a-sob.

"Well, anyway, Tom and I used to think Uncle Will's songs the most delightful things we ever heard," David went on. "So that was the family when I was very small: Mother, Dad, as we both called Uncle Roger, Aunt Flora, Aunt Lily—who was very delicate and romantic—Uncle Will and his banjo, and of course Aunt John, who was a little wisp of a gray woman. What is it, Gay?"

For Gay had made a sudden exclamation.

"Nothing," the girl said quickly, clearing her throat. She looked very pale in the warm firelight.

"Then they sent Tom and me off to school in Connecticut. And then," and David's voice lowered suddenly and he looked straight ahead of him into the coals, "then our mother died very suddenly——"

David, fitting it all together in his memory, remembered now that in here, chronologically, came Flora's engagement to Roger Fleming. But he looked up at the picture above the mantel, and then at her face, as if to promise that that secret at least should not be betrayed.

"Less than a year after my mother's death," he went on, "Uncle Roger married again, a very young girl—Cecily—Kent, was it, Aunt Flora?"

"Cecily Kent," Flora echoed briefly.

"—who was very delicate—and who was, in fact, dying for years," David went on. "Anyway, that same year Aunt Flora married Uncle Will and—well, that's where Sylvia comes in; and little Aunt Lily married a man named Charpentier, and that's where Gabrielle comes in. And a few years later Tom ran away. That broke my stepfather's heart, and I suppose his wife's health didn't cheer him up exactly. And then my stepfather's little second wife died—and then Uncle Will died," David summarized it all rapidly, "and after he had hunted my half-brother, Tom, for years, he died!" And David finished with a final nod toward Uncle Roger's picture.

"Yes, but if your Aunt Lily was only a third cousin of your stepfather, and married a man named Charpentier, he—your stepfather, I mean—wasn't really any relation to Gabrielle, then?" Gwen persisted with another puzzled look from the portrait to Gay's glowing face.

"A sort of cousin—but that goes pretty far back," Flora said unexpectedly, breaking through another conversation that she had been having on the other side of the fireplace. "My sister and I were cousins of Roger Fleming, third cousins, and my mother lived here, kept house for him, for years. Gabrielle is my sister's child—a sister named Lily, who died many years ago——"

"It's hopelessly tangled!" Gay said, with a laugh.

"No, but look—look here!" Gwen Montallen had persisted. Gently catching Gay by the shoulder, for they were all standing at the moment, she wheeled her about so that the company could encompass with one look the painted likeness of the man of forty and the eighteen-year-old girl. "Do you see it, Laura?" she said eagerly. "The mouth and the shape of the eyes? I saw it the instant she came into the room!"

"I see it," young Bart Montallen agreed, with a nod. "For a while I couldn't think who Miss Gabrielle looked like, and then I knew it was the picture."

"Nonsense!" Sylvia said, looking from one to the other. "Uncle Roger had such black hair and such a white skin——"

"Really your coloring, Sylvia," David suggested. "But apart from the coloring," he added, "I see the likeness. Look at Gay's mouth—look, Aunt Flora——"

"No, you may see it in the picture," Flora said, with her voice plunging in her throat like a candle flame in the wind, "but they—they are not alike. Lily—my sister—Gabrielle's mother—was dark, with rosy cheeks, something like Roger. But Roger—Roger never looked much like that picture; he hated it—always said it made him look fat——"

She was battling so obviously for calm that Sylvia remembered with sudden compunction that mama was the last of her generation after all, and that—it was no secret—she had certainly once, if not twice, been engaged to marry Roger Fleming. Sylvia exchanged a significant warning look with David and they immediately guided the conversation into safer channels. But David was shocked and astonished to notice a few minutes later that his aunt's forehead, under the festive crimping of the gray hair, was wet.

That was all of that. Nobody apparently paid any more attention to the trivial episode, unless Gay felt an odd and indefinable satisfaction in being thought like Uncle Roger, in being thus included in the Fleming ranks.

SHE was trying to see this likeness at her own mirror an hour later, when Sylvia, brushing her hair, and in a red wrapper infinitely becoming, came in.

"The girls are asleep," reported Sylvia. "I stayed down-stairs a few minutes to talk to David—I see him so little nowadays——"

A sharp stiletto twisted in Gay's heart. She could see them lingering in the darkened room, by the dying fire: Sylvia so beautiful with her glossy black coils of hair drooping and her face glowing with firelight and Winter roses; and David looking down at her with that kindly, half-amused, half-admiring look. Just a few moments intimate talk—perhaps only of Sylvia's affairs, perhaps only of her mother's health—but binding these two together in that old friendship, kinship, utter ease and understanding, mutual liking and admiration.

Despair came suddenly upon Gabrielle and she wanted to get away—away from Sylvia's superiorities and advantages, away from Sylvia's long outdistancing upon the road to David's friendship. Gay thought, braiding and brushing her hair, that she did not want Sylvia's money, she did not want anything that Sylvia had—she only wanted to be where she need not hear about it!

"They all say such kind things of you, Gay," Sylvia told her, with that pleasantness that was quite unconsciously, and only faintly, tinged with patronage.

It was then that Gay, aware of little pin-pricks of hurt pride, said something of the delightful quality of the guests.

"And so," Sylvia said smiling, "so it was all the nicer that they should like my cousin Gabrielle! Tell me," she went on, "how do things go here? Are you happy—getting nicely rested? Not too lonely?"

"Rested?" Gay echoed, at a loss.

"Between school," Sylvia explained, "and—and what?"

She said the last word with a really winning and interested smile and sat looking expectantly at Gay with an air almost motherly.



Drawing by C. J. McCarthy

FLORA CHOKED, CAUGHT BLINDLY AT THE BACK OF A CHAIR, AND STOOD STARING; DAVID, IN HIS QUICK GLANCE, SAW THAT HER LIPS WERE MOVING

"Or have you plans?" she elucidated, as Gay looked puzzled. "Is there something you tremendously want to do? If you are like me," Sylvia added, now with just a hint of academic enlightenment in her voice, "you have forty instead of one! I almost wish sometimes that I *had* to choose what I could do. I adore teaching! I love languages. I'd love anything to do with books. My professor of economics wants me to go after a doctor's degree and my English man wants me to write books. So there you are! And here is David telling me that I must learn to manage my own estate——"

Gay flushed, and hated herself for flushing. She had often enough, in the last quiet weeks, thought that she would like to work, to do anything rather than dream through all her quiet days at Wastewater; she had thought vaguely of little tea-shops—of offices—schools——

But embarrassed and taken by surprise, she stammered, half-laughingly, that she had thought she might like to be an actress.

Sylvia's look of astonishment was so perfectly what it should have been that Gay felt even less comfortable than before.

"But, my dear child," she said amusedly, "I don't believe that would be practical! What makes you feel that you are fitted for it? Have you—you can't have—seen more than a dozen plays in your life?"

"I just thought of it!" Gay said, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"Then I think I should just stop thinking of it!" Sylvia said. And with an affectionate arm about Gay's waist, she nodded toward the thick rope of tawny, braided hair. "Such pretty hair, Gay!"

"Yours is gorgeous, Sylvia. I noticed to-night that it is so black that it actually made David's dinner coat look gray when you stood beside him."

"I like my black wig," Sylvia returned contentedly, "because it's—*Fleming!* But when all's said and done, this color of yours is the hair of the poets, Gay——"

She said it charmingly, and she meant it, too. For, like many women of unchallenged beauty, Sylvia was very simple and unself-conscious about her appearance and seemed to take no more personal credit for the milk-white skin, rose cheeks and midnight hair than for her perfect digestion or the possession of her senses.

There was not much more. Sylvia expressed for the twentieth time her entire delight and gratitude for all that had been done to start the house-party successfully and parted from Gay with a final kiss and a few warm words about the pleasantness of having a nice little cousin in the house. It was only when the room was dark that Gay, snuggling resolutely down against icy pillows to sleep, began to review the whole long day with that wearisome thoroughness that is a special attribute of tired, excited eighteen on a Winter night.

THE rest of the house-party was to Gay a thrilling, but too rapidly flying, dream. The young people walked, rosy and whirled and beaten and shouting with laughter, in the formidable ending of the storm the next day; they ate ravenously, laughed a great deal and formed a whole new series of those special jokes and phrases that come into being in every successful house-party.

On the third day of the five the sun came out resplendent and dazzling, if not very warm, and the sea turned a clear sapphire, with jade-green lights where the chastened waves broke over the rocks. Skating was attempted in the old tennis-court; there was snow-balling, faces grew hot, and deluges of the soft and silent cotton fell from low branches and spattered the girls' coats and the men's shoulders.

On the last night came the Christmas dance, when everybody knew everybody else, and the mere hasty dinner beforehand and the ecstasy of dressing after dinner were, Gabrielle thought, delight enough. She told herself a hundred times that she must refuse to dance—she did not really know how to dance well—she was the youngest anyway and must make herself Sylvia's right hand, as hostess——

But in the end, studying herself in the *café-au-lait* lace gown, which came up almost to the round creamy column of her throat and down almost to her ankles, and which had long delicately fluted sleeves to her very wrists and was altogether demure to the point of affectation, Gay hoped that she would be asked to dance.

"There will be a dozen prettier dresses to-night than this one!" she told herself, going slowly down-stairs and wishing in a panic that the others had waited for her. Suppose they laughed at this dress! Nuns and graduate pupils as old as the countess might not be supposed to know much about clothes.

However, only a few arrivals had come—shy, charming girls and boys from the old mansions in and about Crowchester; the musicians were tuning up deliciously, and the big floor shone inviting and bare. Sylvia, being introduced and introducing, with her mother's and David's help, had time to say generously, "It's charming! It's just right for you, Gay!" and Gay's heart soared and her cheeks warmed.

Aunt Flora was quite magnificent in plum color, her nearest approach to clothing that was not mourning in many years. The Montallen girls were pretty in pink-and-silver and blue-and-silver gauze. Sylvia was superb in a simple white brocade, with a thread of gold—her gold slippers made her look unusually tall—and there was a gold spray of something that looked like thistle-down in her hair. Gabrielle was near enough to her sometimes to hear the pleasant sweetness of her replies to neighborly greetings.

And now and then she turned to David, in a fashion that was sisterly, yet not quite sisterly either, and with her lovely smile.

"David, I wonder if you'd call Maria's or Daisy's attention to those candles? They'll be dripping directly." Or, "David, will you send Mrs. Wilkinson's coat upstairs? She doesn't want to go up——"

GABRIELLE was talking to a nice old couple, established at one of the two card-tables that had been provided when the first dance started. Sylvia was still in the receiving line beside her mother, but David came up to the card-table with another bridge-playing elderly couple and when the four had settled themselves he stood smiling before Gay, with his tall, sleek black head a little bent and his smiling eyes on her and his arms open.

"Come on, Gay!"

"Oh, but David," she said, flurried, "I don't dance! At least, I know I dance badly, for it's been mostly with girls! Really—really I'd rather not——"

David altered neither his position nor his expression.

"Come on!" he said. And Gay, with her face flushing exquisitely under the warm, colorless skin, put herself into his arms. And this was for her the wonderful moment of a wonderful evening; she liked to remember that happy second, when the lights and music and flowers and voices were all shining and flashing together in the shabby old ballroom and David had made her dance with him.

They moved off smoothly and presently David said: "I got the book with your doll's-house story in it, and it is truly remarkable."

"Oh, I'm so glad you read it for yourself!"

"You gave it to me quite as effectively," David commented, and was still again. But after a few moments, while they were walking before the first encore, he said: "You dance delightfully. Don't have the slightest hesitation about dancing!" And later, when they came up to Sylvia and Aunt Flora, he repeated to them: "She dances perfectly, of course. I've been trying her out. I hope we'll hear no more of this not being able to dance!"

Gay now plunged into the delights of her first real dance with all the ecstasy of eighteen. She danced with any one and every one, she scarcely knew or cared with whom, but she was always conscious of David, who, in his character as host, was obviously taking upon himself the responsibility for whatever girl looked momentarily like a wallflower or whatever elderly woman needed an escort across the room.

The glorious, crowded hours flew by, with laughter and compliments and music, with icy drinks and the exchanges of congratulations.

IT WAS long after midnight and the first good-bys were being said, when Gay found herself sitting on the first step above the dim landing with David.

"I discovered this place," said David, panting and wiping his forehead frankly. "You can look down on them and they can't see you. Glory, it's warm!"

Gay sat sweetly cool and radiant beside him; her little slippers were planted neatly in front of her; not a hair of the bright waves was disordered; her skin had the cool dewy freshness of a child's skin.

"Having a good time, Gay?"

"Oh, David!"

"What did you want to speak about?" he asked. For she had begged him for a quiet word.

"It's this," Gay began. She was still talking rapidly and earnestly five minutes later, when Sylvia came tripping down behind them from the dimly lighted upper hall with some well-wrapped women following.

"Sorry to disturb you! David, I think perhaps you'd better come down," said Sylvia, "people are going."

Gay and David stood up, and Gay realized then for the first time that she had had her fingers gripped tightly on David's arm, and for some obscure reason felt a little self-conscious about it.

They all went down-stairs and there were no more confidences that night. To Gay, who was tired out with felicity, the rest was all a blur. She managed to hang up the lace gown carefully, but left her other clothing and her slippers where they fell and tumbled into bed, nearer asleep already than awake.

And the next day was confusing, too. Even the girls looked weary and the packing went on between yawning and laughing reminiscences. Outside was a low unfriendly sky and a strong wind across the snow. The sea was rough and wild; bare branches bent and whipped noisily about in the garden and windows rattled. But there was a roaring fire in the air-tight stove in the dining-room and another in the down-stairs sitting-room, and the young persons, waiting for the sleigh to take them to their train, gathered there.

David kept rather close to Gay, in an unobtrusive big-brotherly manner, during the good-bys, and once he nodded to her and said briskly: "All fixed. Don't worry." But if Sylvia saw these cryptic indications, she had no explanation of them until the following day. She did note, she remembered afterward, that Frank du Spain's farewell to them all was rather odd: not quite pugnacious, not quite defiant, but with an odd touch of some such quality. David enlightened her on the next afternoon when the family was alone again.

THIS was Christmas Day, and they had all gone in the sleigh to Crowchester to church in the morning, and, although Wastewater had hardly even now recovered from its unwonted festivities, there had been the usual great turkey, icy red cranberry jelly, crackling celery and bubbling mince pies that indicated a fresh celebration. This meal, served in the warm dining-room at half-past two, after the cold drive and wait, had reduced all the family to a state bordering upon comfortable coma.

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LOOK FOR

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

You know her as the author of "Bab"—"The Amazing Interlude"—"The Breaking Point"—and a dozen other thrillers. Her friends know her as an amazingly successful wife and mother, whose heart and interests center warmly about the youth of America. In girls particularly is Mrs. Rinehart interested, and her article, "These Girls of Ours," which will appear in the December DELINEATOR, is certain to interest every mother and daughter

NEXT MONTH!

MRS. JOHN W. DAVIS

By VERA L. CONNOLLY

IT WAS to a cool green island off the Maine coast, home of Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, that the Davises fled for a brief rest between convention and campaign. And it was there that I followed them for a specially granted interview with Mrs. Davis for THE DELINEATOR.

To reach them I had to travel noisily, dustily northward all night, from New York to Maine, in a thumping fast express. Thus far the world went with me. But at Islesboro, Maine, it seemed suddenly to fall away.

Here I boarded the Gibsons' launch, which waited in chugging readiness at the end of a long jetty. We pushed away, skimming across the blue water swiftly in a shower of spray. And presently the island retreat of Mrs. Davis loomed before me.

As I approached the steep, wooded slopes of Seven Hundred Acre Island, with its single Summer home on the summit, I saw Mrs. Davis, a graceful, slender figure in white gown and hat, coming to meet me down the terraced lawns. A woman of quiet dignity and charming graciousness of manner—this was my first impression of her.

The introductions were quickly accomplished. Mrs. Davis greeted me with the warm cordiality and simplicity of the unspoiled American woman the world over. Then she conducted me, chatting as we walked, to some garden chairs placed so that they commanded a broad expanse of glittering blue harbor dotted with distant islands.

"I think it would be nicer out here than in the house, don't you?" she suggested pleasantly. "And—if you don't mind, I'm going to knit."

Producing a half-finished rose-colored afghan, she began to slip the stitches over with the practised hand of a war-time knitter.



IT WAS a delightful interview which followed—not a formal, pencil-and-note-book affair at all, but a humorous, friendly chat.

"Is your note-book full of terrible questions I shall have to answer?" she asked suddenly, with a smile.

I admitted that it was, but added hastily: "Not questions on political matters, however. THE DELINEATOR is not interested in those. We want your views on—every-day things."

Her eyes twinkled.

"I know. Woman and the home, bobbed hair and what is going to become of our young people. All proper interviews begin that way, don't they?"

"They do," I laughed.

I pushed my note-book away and we sat silent for a moment, she knitting, I studying her with intense interest.

She is of delicate build. Yet one perceives that here is a woman of spirit, of decision. Strength of character is written in every line of her face, in the serene poise of her slim body. Her features are finely chiseled; her hair, which was brown gold, is turning gray. She has extremely white skin, clear, calm blue eyes and a mouth that reveals an appreciation of humor.

But in addition there is about her an indefinable something compounded of her perfect breeding, her gracious courtesy, her dignity of character, which defies description and sets her apart.

There came to my mind a comment made by a woman who had known and loved her all her life: "One can be intimate with Nell, but never familiar."

"Of course you are a home lover, Mrs. Davis?" I asked.

I was thinking of the story of their Long Island home. Constant shifting of scene had made Mr. Davis long for a roof of his own, and he had vowed that when he was fifty he would have one. He had carried out the vow, becoming possessed of a home at Locust Valley on Long Island the day he was fifty. He had called it "Mattapan," an Indian word for "I Sit Down." But he had hardly sat down before world affairs had once more pulled him to his feet.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Davis soberly, "I would rather live in my own home, however simple, than board in the finest hotel in the world."

"But that doesn't mean," she added quickly, "that I disapprove of women playing a part in public affairs. I do not. There is no reason why a woman can not be in public life, if she chooses, and yet be a good mother and home-maker. Lady Astor has shown us that.

"However," she concluded, "I shouldn't care to be in politics myself."

"Why not?"

Her face twinkled with mirth.

"Because I know I couldn't keep up with my husband, and I don't like to be outdistanced. Occasionally I can beat him at a game of backgammon, you see. I think I'll stick to that."

FOR a moment Mrs. Davis knitted in silence, the leaves throwing dappled shadows across her graceful figure, her quiet face and capable white hands. And then, in response to a question from me, without preamble, she began to sketch for me briefly, with admirable modesty and self-effacement, a picture of her girlhood in Clarksburg, West Virginia, when she was Miss Nelly Bassel and Clarksburg was a little town of twenty-five hundred people.

There were seven children in the Bassel family, five girls and two boys. Ellen, or Nell, was the oldest daughter.

The Bassel household came to be famed for its five beautiful thoroughbred girls and its boundless hospitality. The house always overflowed with company, with neighbors and friends and visitors from out-of-town. "Going down the hill to-night?" was a familiar phrase in Clarksburg in those days. It meant going to the Bassel home. And among these callers was John W. Davis, their neighbor, whom Nell Bassel eventually married in 1912, the year he was made president of the American Bar Association.

"Tell me something about your parents," I urged.

"Well, my father was a lawyer," Mrs. Davis said, "and strangely enough Mr. Davis's father was also a a lawyer—in Clarksburg, too. He and father often had opposing sides of the same case.

"My father," she went on thoughtfully, "was strict and old-fashioned in his views on the raising of girls. This limited our opportunities for a technical education. I attended private schools and a small-town school. But I did not go to college. An eye trouble at seventeen made it difficult for me even to read. Besides, in those days girls did not go out from the home as they do now. However, there were advantages there in our home which made up, to some extent, for the lack of academic training."

I waited. And Mrs. Davis went on to explain what these advantages were: First, growing up in a small town with four sisters and obtaining a close view of life; and second, associating from childhood with clever men, her father's friends who discussed politics.

THE atmosphere of her home was one of intense interest in world affairs. Her father always took the London *Spectator*. And his friends, serious men, included the children in their discussions as though they were grown-ups.

"Did your familiarity with the *Spectator* help to prepare you for your duties in London when your husband was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's?" I asked.

"Probably. But, to a much greater extent, the rotogravure sections of our American newspapers prepared me, as I discovered the first time I attended a function at Buckingham Palace. I was able to recognize many world notables solely because I had seen their faces so often in the American Sunday papers."

"Tell me more about your London experience, Mrs. Davis. You enjoyed it?" I asked.

She was silent for a thoughtful moment and then answered: "Yes. I loved every minute of it. It was a wonderful experience—a privilege for which we will always be grateful.

"And apart from our own pleasure, we had the joy of having our daughter Julia, who was then only nineteen, and my niece Katharine Watson, then only seventeen, with us during most of our stay."

Mrs. Davis, with a reminiscent laugh, told about a ball she gave for the Prince of Wales. He had exclaimed enthusiastically over American music, slang and dancing. Mrs. Davis offered to give him a ball so that he could enjoy these three things, if he would fix a date. He quickly accepted. And the night of the ball, after every one had gone, Mrs. Davis's niece came bursting into her mother's room.

"Mother! Look at these stockings! They've danced with three princes and General Pershing, and I'm always, always going to keep them!"

The two little American girls, Mrs. Davis explained, often felt strange and lonely there at the big London functions early in the evening. But when a familiar khaki-clad figure appeared in the doorway with a group of officers at his back they would become radiant with joy.

"'Here comes General Pershing and the American Army,'" they would say. "'It's all right now.' And it would be all right. They would not lack for a good time after that."

"Both girls have married, have they not?" I asked.

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THE FIRE-FLOWER

A story of youth, love and high adventure

By CHARLES SAXBY

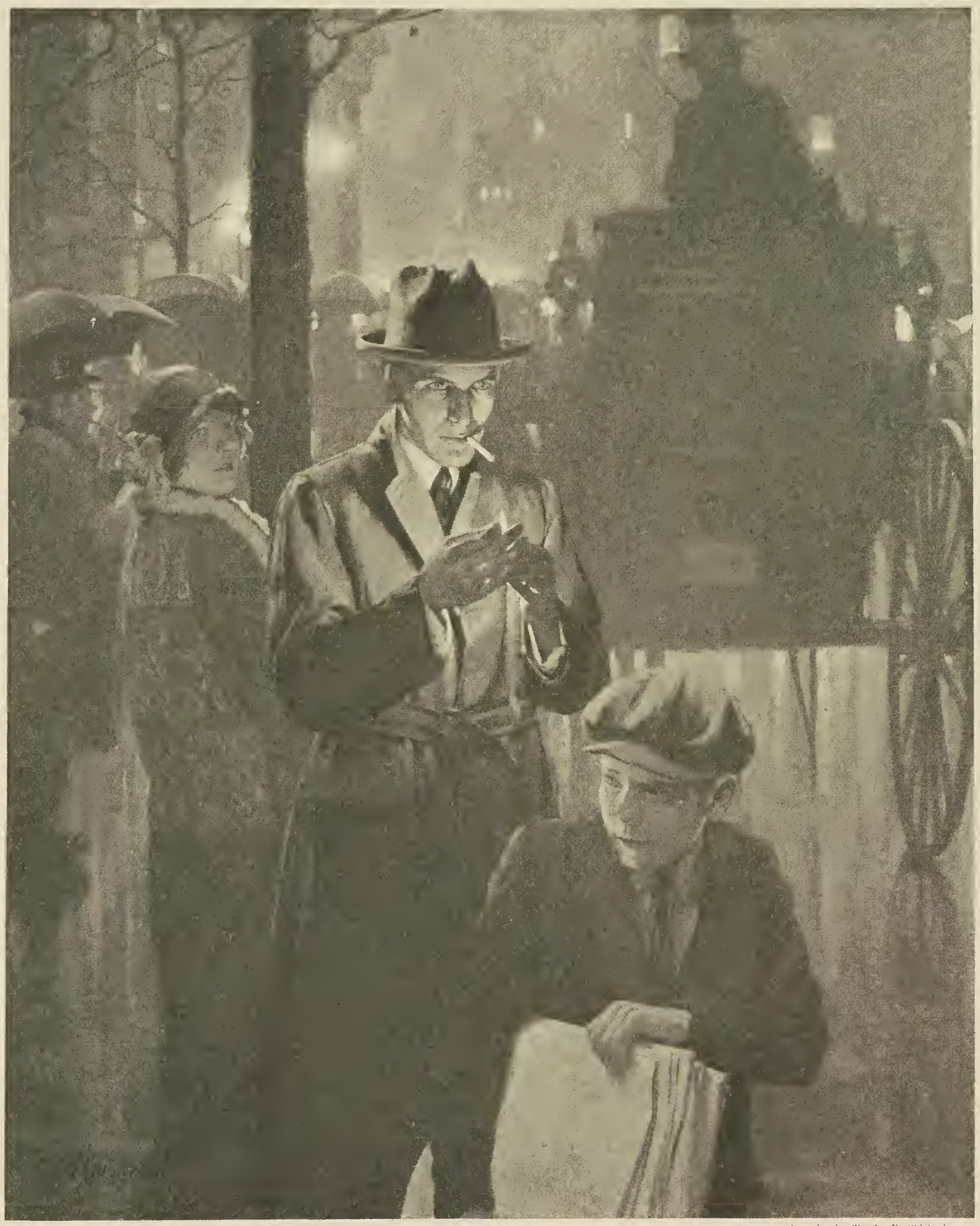
SYNOPSIS

PETER WESTON'S Great Adventure began when Vereker tumbled into his life—a dark street, a woman's scream, a shot, and a man, wounded, running from a house and falling in a heap at his feet. From that moment there was no more boredom for Peter Weston. As the young men were both in uniform, Pete went to the assistance of his comrade and was attending to a wound in his shoulder when a policeman appeared and accused him of shooting the other. The policeman was badly hurt in the mixup and there was nothing but flight for Pete and Vereker. They helped themselves to a car left in the street, and when it gave out they stopped to dress Vereker's wounds.

This was Pete's chance to go back quietly to his family and his job in a California town; but after-the-war weariness had been heavy upon him, he hated his job and he had made no headway with his music, which was the only thing he really cared about. So he chose the strange companionship of Vereker and danger and the open road.

First there was Rita of the Malikine Ballet, who took them on the ballet special and helped them escape when detectives trailed them there. Then there was Kwan, the mysterious Chinaman who gave Vereker directions for finding the Mission Perdida, fabled refuge for those in trouble. Next there was the flight from the farm where they had stopped for a few days to rest and where Pete had fancied himself in love with the gentle Cyrena until it came to a choice between her and Vereker. Last there was Kate O'Hara, whom they found in her confederates' car when they escaped in it from a dope-smuggler's hut in which they had taken refuge. In San Marcos they stopped for a rest, and Pete found Rita staying there. A golden hour with her, and then Kate O'Hara begging them to get her away before her "pals" found her. And so—once more it was the open road and flight for the two strange companions in adventure.

So it was they came by chance upon that "Lost Mission" they had given up trying to find—a bogged car and a light in the darkness that proved to be the ever-burning altar fire of the Mission Perdida. They were strange days that followed, with nothing to do but help watch the fire and brood and wonder about the mysterious owner of the mission who visited it now and then and who insisted that the fire must never die. It was Kate O'Hara who brought things to a head. Jealous of Vereker because Pete paid no attention to her, she planted seeds of suspicion against Sid in his mind, inflamed already by the strange atmosphere of the place.



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

THE SITUATION WAS SO HOPELESS, WESTON THOUGHT. AN UNKNOWN YOUNG MAN, AN AMERICAN AT THAT, ASSAILING THE HOLY OF HOLIES OF THE LONDON STAGE

So Pete set out to find Vereker, where he guarded the fire, and to "have it out with him"—and exultantly Kate O'Hara watched him go.

PART FOUR

BEHIND the shattered arches the old altar-place was warmly red. Vereker had draped himself along the fallen brickwork, lying there in complete relaxation, gazing steadily at the fire. He seemed so entirely at peace that for a moment Weston halted. Then anger came again: What sort of fellow was he to lie and look like that after he had— He stalked in, a walking column of resentment.

"What is this you have been saying about me?"

Without stirring, Vereker glanced up. "Suppose you tell me?"

"You can't put that over!" Weston flamed. "I have just been talking with Kate O'Hara and——"

At the name, the other gathered himself up; there came a whistle of enlightenment.

"So the Floating Rib has been getting in her work? And the fruit of the tree still puckers our mouths."

"Can that bunk!"

"All right then, I will." Vereker rose, his hand falling on the other's shoulder. "Whatever this is about, Pete, suppose we talk it over in the morning."

"Take your hands off me!" Weston shouted, and Vereker's touch fell from him.

"They have never really been on you, Pete."

More of the same. All of them—Vereker—that man mouthing about his fool fire—even Rita—all of them talking at him as though he were a child. That was the worst hurt, and under its pressure came white spurts back in his brain.

"When you talk to *me*, talk sense!"

"That is one of the things I have never been able to do." Vereker shrugged. "Now then, as to 'The Woman Whom the Serpent Stung,' what has she been telling you? I wonder sometimes why they made the devil a man."

"You stand there and pretend— You think I'm a fool, don't you?" Weston choked, the words crowding over each other as they came boiling up. "That's what you have been playing me for all along—a sucker to pull your dirty chestnuts out of the fire."

He had never thought of that before, he had never thought he would think it. But his body seemed merely a chimney up which came great drafts of fury bringing strange shapes. Through it he wondered what had become of those other days together. That instant coalescence in the junk-yard, those times of companionship upon the trail—all gone now, swept away in bitterness. He had believed in Sid; that was where the hurt lay, an adder sting of trickery.

"I'm next to you now," he was shouting, seeming to be carried along on a molten wave. "I'm through with you. I'm going back, and alone. But before I go—put up your hands——"

He had not meant to strike so swiftly. It was that pain which blew him on like a leaf in a great scorching wind. And his hands had always held a deathly swiftness.

A dull concussion of his fist against the other's chin. He felt it jerk up and backward under the impact with a horrid lift; there came a crack as of something snapping——

He stared, stupidly breathless, like one fighting for air in a reddened fog. That fog was clearing a little; overhead came the gleam of a star through a rift in the clouds. That was familiar in some way; that was how it had all started, in a broken place with a star far over it.

Could that be Sid lying there, crumpled up almost between his feet? He looked so drunken and all piled up,

his eyes mere slits of horribly upturned white. What was the matter with the fellow? Surely he couldn't be— He stooped to look more closely, and knew that he must summon help.

Still held in that cold quiet, he seemed to move beside his own body, watching it run and cry out. A background of ruined arches on which moon and fire fought a battle of eerie light; shouts, flat, broken, squalid with stress, coming from his own mouth. Then Chinamen springing out of nowhere.

THERE were other men now. The mission's master, and one who was vaguely familiar as if he had been seen in some other time. A pink wax sort of fellow, tremendously done up in camping togs. There was another too, shabby and fretful, who peered and fingered at the arches as if resentful of anything that came between.

Surely it was all just a picture cast by that fire-glow on the dark screen of the night. He was apart from it all, isolated by sheer numbness which nothing could penetrate. That wax man was tearing and ripping at Vereker's shirt. He knew what he was about; there was neither sentiment nor mercy in his touch, but only investigation. Behind enormous crystals his eyes glittered with a biting authority. His verdict, once delivered, would be final.

"The man is quite dead."

Sid was dead. Weston caught himself nodding to show how completely he understood that. He looked at the fist which he had forgotten to unclench. There was something fatal in it.

They were all looking at him queerly. Sid was dead; he had to realize that. That numbness was only surface after all. Like ice on a volcano, there was heat beneath it and he could feel it creeping up. Sid was dead, and by that fist hanging there at the end of his own arm.

Why was it that he so wanted to be alone there with this thing which had once been Sid? It could do no good. Yet he heard himself begging for it, demanding it, threatening for it, flinging words at the graven masks about him.

The masks mouthed at each other and their consultation reached his ears in portentous whispers:

"It could do no harm—he has done everything he can."

"I am afraid of what he might do to himself."

"You mean suicide?" The wax man achieved a shrug under his correct polo cloth. "Regrettable, of course, but it would save us a lot of bother."

"The last curtain!"

THAT was the mission's master, standing there as if in the shadow of a great regret.

"I asked for something dramatic—but I never meant anything like this."

He looked at Weston, considering him long, and there came an understanding in his gaze.

"Let him have his moment alone then."

As they went, he paused, throwing an arm about Weston's shoulder.

"I never dreamed that it would take you like this. If I had suspected, I would have— But I mean to see you through this, because I can understand something of it."

They were gone. Weston was alone now.

That was Sid, lying there half-stripped, his revealed curves still gracious with lingering life, his face hidden by a handkerchief. Kneeling, Weston swept the covering aside. How little a man's body matters after all, and how quickly it becomes a thing to be put away. A fellow's spirit was all that counted; it was there that lay the only real association. And that spirit, still almost in the act of fleeting, was like a part of himself—a part all chance, escape, adventure and hot charm.

A part of himself—and he had killed that part. But now—good God, how he wanted it back! Back again to lead once more on this strange way which they had trodden from afar.

He wondered if he were dying himself. No body could stand such a pressure from within it. Something was happening to him; it was as if he were beating himself against bars, invisible, yet adamant—as if he were dragging his feet on a way forbidden to them.

Probably he was going mad. A golden mote on a blue gloom. A million golden motes coalescing into one.

The last curtain at the Lost Mission. A curtain of wondrous fire——

IT WAS to another world that Weston awoke, seeming to float up onto it from some abyss of nonbeing. A shadowy world which formed silently about him like a dream taking on solidity.

A gray world with gray walls arching into a gray ceiling and a gray drip of rain outside. Splashes of silver and dull gold which might have been candlesticks and curtains. A white-clad sort of he-person who now and then did things to him with the impersonal skill of a man nurse.

He wondered if it were a cell or a hospital. A cell was where they put murderers. He had sometimes wondered how a murderer felt, and now——

The strange part was that he felt nothing. He was listening so that all but his ears seemed numbed. Listening to strange tones which he must have brought with him from out of that place of black oblivion, or from somewhere beyond it, of which he could only remember that he had forgotten it.

Tones—tones. They rang in his ears, tormenting, exquisite, dreams of brilliance, beauty and strange power. Nothing mattered while he could listen to them, except that he must write them down and fling them broadcast. That was what they wanted, that was why they came. He could feel them battering at his mind as at some door through which they might go abroad to the world.

There were others in that gray place besides himself. All men; just shadows they seemed to him, though they had voices. That Doctor Michaelis was the most persistent of them all. He always came, still strapped up in gabardine, appearing to herd the others about as if he were the showman of something strange.

AFTER a while it dawned on Weston that he himself was that strange thing.

Shadows of men, whispering and mounting as they poked and probed at him. They were so important about it, too, and that was funny—important shadows. Shadows of all shapes and sizes, but all alike by reason of a cold, skeptical curiosity.

Then they would go again, out by a black door in that gray wall. And back through it would come their voices in released volume.

"What do they claim as their experience?"

"Nothing—that's the hell of it!"

That was Doctor Michaelis. There was no mistaking that self-conscious staccato, like something carefully acquired.

"If they would only claim something, we could smash it."

"Is it not possible—generally bizarre character of the place—some elaborate chicanery?"

"You are implying that I——"

"Might have been deceived."

"Oh, Sobelius of Berkeley, Kane and Macrae of Stanford, have been here constantly; Sir Raymond Olcott cabled from London—arrive soon——"

"Blumenthal is the only one——"

"He is on his way from New York."

That was that, and Weston slept again. But into that sleep and out of it he carried a growing sense that something had happened. Of course it had—he had killed—but that hardly seemed important enough to cause this interest. New York, London, Blumenthal, the electric wizard of the age, Sir Raymond Olcott— Whatever it was, they mustn't hang him until he had written down those tones!

THEY were still talking out there. There was a window now, and outside were palms in an arched patio. Beyond that were sere slopes already greening under the rain. It came to him that he must still be somewhere in the Mission Perdida. And shadows were gathering there to talk about something, gathering from all the ends of the earth. It appeared that instead of the Lost Mission going to the world, the world was coming to it.

Still talking, those shadows, behind a half-closed black door. Then a droning voice dominating the rest:

"Of course it is proven that the universe as we see it is merely the result of the electronic vibrations on our sense organs——"

"Who has *proved* it—tell me that?"

"—and that between the ratios of those vibrations as we perceive them are innumerable areas of vibrational rates which

Continued on page 88



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

"IT IS MY BIG CHANCE, PETE," SHE WENT ON, TURNING ON HIM ALMOST DEFENSIVELY. "THE CONTRACT IS READY TO SIGN—AND SEAL"



Drawing by J. Scott Williams

THE SIX STAGES OF PLAY

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

CHILDREN, it seems, play with spontaneity—without thought or intent. Yet through their apparently undirected play runs a definite, even though unconscious, plan of development, which leading authorities divide into six stages.

1. From birth to six years of age is the play stage of infancy and early childhood.
2. From six to ten years—childhood.
3. From ten to twelve years—pre-adolescence.
4. Twelve to fifteen years—early adolescence.
5. Fifteen to eighteen years—later adolescence.
6. Eighteen to twenty-five years—young manhood or womanhood.

Some students of the subject recognize only five divisions; but I believe that the lines of demarkation as given above are so plainly marked that no two of the periods can be combined.

It is of the utmost importance that parents have some conception of what these stages are in order that they may seize the opportunity to present a plan of normal, healthy development in line with the child's instincts of the moment. The various stages are not always reached at exactly the same time in every child; they may vary a year or two. But after one of them has come and gone it is not possible to recall it, and any opportunity to profit by the right sort of guidance during that period of development is lost.

The parents must learn to strike while the iron is hot in order to make impressions. Activities stimulated at the right time are greedily accepted by a child, but once the period of normal receptivity to these suggestions has passed, it is practically impossible to teach the lessons. We all recognize that "the boy is the father of the man." If we are derelict in our duty, the man will lack some of the things that he ought to have.

Play has a definite purpose in the shaping of character—a more important purpose, in fact, than the limited amount of work that a boy or girl should be required to perform. Furthermore, since play is a spontaneous expression of instincts in which the child employs all his energy and all his enthusiasm, it is much easier to teach important truths through this medium than through tasks which are frankly labeled as such.

CHILDHOOD

A brief discussion of the six stages of play may prove of value to parents—at least, it may help them to recognize the existence of a certain orderliness in nature's program, where they might have assumed that developments were more or less haphazard.

The play of an infant is seemingly aimless. The baby kicks, stretches and makes sounds that grow more complex as he develops, all in an unconscious attempt to gain control of his body. He is experimenting to see what he can do with his fingers and toes and voice. It is all very mysterious and thrilling to him. Thus a baby will play with some simple toy for hours, not because the toy itself offers any great possibilities, but because it teaches him that he can perform certain acts.

In early childhood the individual is an actor. He learns through imitation. Life is a drama and his play is absorbing and exciting action in this drama. Later on imitation gradually gives way to creation. The child of seven or eight has less restraint than the infant, and therefore comes into closer touch with the rules of civilized conduct. He has no real understanding of them, however, and, because of his desire to assert his own superiority, is likely to become spoiled and selfish—a sort of young anarchist.

Your youngster is not the victim of inherent depravity because he asserts himself without regard to the rights and feelings of others. He thinks only in terms of self because of the natural law of self-preservation. He has not learned to reconcile himself to the orderly life into which he has been born. It takes tact and understanding to make him understand that the rights of all persons are interdependent and that it would be a hard world to live in if every one were entirely individualistic.

WHEN YOUR CHILD PLAYS—

does it seem to you like just so much wasted time? Or do you realize how far-reaching are the purposes of play in building strength and muscle, in shaping character? "Hurry-Up" Yost feels that parents should understand not only why their children play, but how they should play! Read what he says and you'll have an entirely new attitude toward the recreation of children

In this second period of play development, games of strictly individual skill predominate. The child takes great pride in his prowess and likes to "show off." It is hard to inculcate ideas of team-work for the simple reason that individualistic ideas still rule. Every child in a group will have its own theory of what the group ought to do and will often refuse to play at all unless he can have his own way.

This is a period of great activity and muscular development. Games that exercise the larger muscles of the body are to be encouraged, to the end that the child may lose his puppy-like awkwardness and gain control of his limbs. Nature has supplied the right instincts to aid this development and parents should be governed accordingly. The boy who likes rough play at this age or the girl who shows tomboy tendencies should not be discouraged. They are following an age-old natural law.

Running, jumping, throwing, climbing, swimming, etc., should be encouraged. More or less regulated games are the natural bent of the child. Do not expect too much, for muscular coordination has not been achieved. Nature does not intend that it should come so early. But, if the child is to be trained for special skill in any particular form of exercise, the training should be turned in this direction and the foundation laid for later skill.

PRE-ADOLESCENCE

The age of pre-adolescence, from ten to twelve, has been described as the "golden age" of childhood. It is marked by the greatest activity, the greatest desire for freedom and the greatest resistance to disease. Nature seems to have endowed the child with two or three years right at this time in which to build up strength and vigor for the trying adolescent period that immediately follows. It is a most important time and one in which the intelligent direction of parents is vital. For never again has the individual such a chance to lay the foundations of bodily health and strength of character. A real test of these things is just around the corner. It is a sad mistake to attempt to teach during the adolescent period those lessons which should have been learned previously.

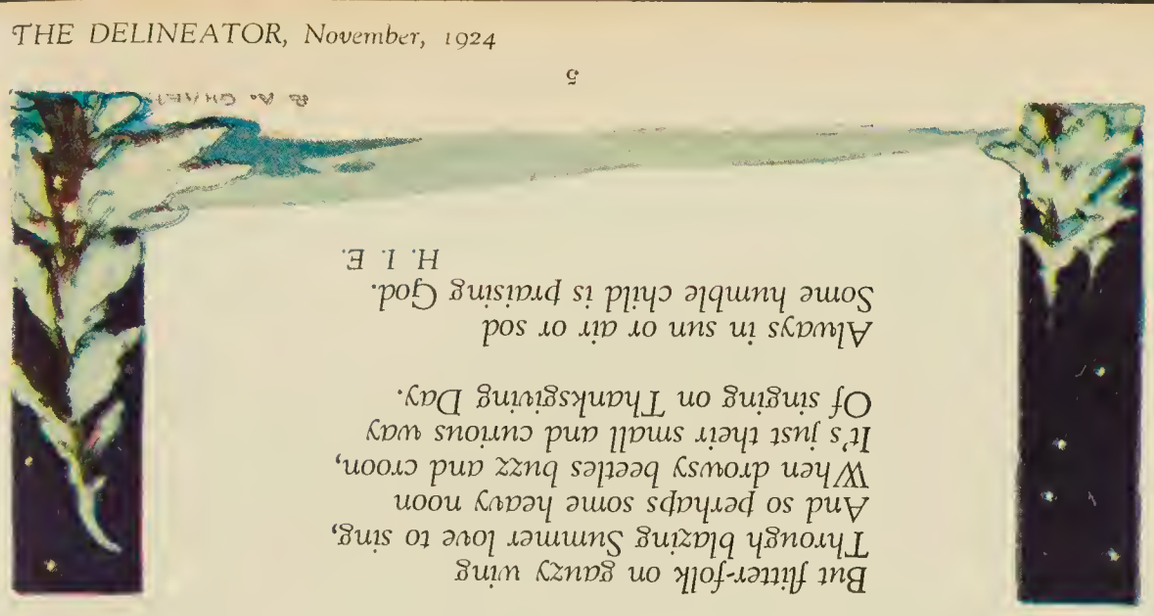
The boy, in particular, has reached the peak of his childhood stage and is in better control of himself than he will be again for several years. He must begin at the bottom in the next period of his development, and in so doing sacrifice much that he has acquired in the way of poise. The boy in the period of adolescence seems to retrograde, in fact. This need not alarm his parents, however, for the child at the highest point of his development is naturally a more nearly perfect specimen than a young man right at the beginning of manhood's estate.

Loyalty to the group and a spirit of self-sacrifice manifest their beginnings. While self-assertion still dominates the child, it can be curbed by a presentation of the necessity of cooperation with others to achieve the best results. The games of the preceding period continue, with a greater degree of skill. Now is the time for teaching team games. Track and field sports, properly regulated, war games, fishing and hunting, and the care of land and animals are to be encouraged. Always it must be borne in mind that while the child has reached the highest stage of childhood's development, he is still a junior and has neither the strength nor the endurance of a man. Too much strenuous play is as bad as too little.

THE DIFFICULT AGE OF ADOLESCENCE

The period of early adolescence—twelve to fifteen years of age—is undoubtedly the most critical of a young life. It has been said that at this time "Youth awakes to a new world and understands neither it nor himself." New feelings and emotions crowd upon the boy or girl so fast that the mind can not thoroughly digest them. Hence it is a period of great emotional instability, a period in which the fullest understanding and sympathy of parents is needed. The child is introspective, self-conscious and often morbid. The child is bewildered by the unfolding of some of life's great mysteries. Things make a tremendous impression on a mind that has had no previous experiences of like nature.

Concluded on page 87



Lifts leaves to God for sun and rain
And April's friendly smile again.

Yet while snow-comforted they sleep,
The Winter-babies rouse and peep,
And so perhaps one deep midnight
Of crackling stars and frosty light—
Pale mistletoe and berry red
And evergreen bend quiet head.

But flitter-folk on gauzy wing
Through blazing Summer love to sing,
And so perhaps some heavy noon
When drowsy beetles buzz and croon,
It's just their small and curious way
Of singing on Thanksgiving Day.

Always in sun or air or sod
Some humble child is praising God.
H. I. E.



Thanksgiving

A Poem to Learn for School or Sunday-School

When trees are gold and skies are gray,
We people keep Thanksgiving Day.

But buds and grass and seedlings small
Can't feel so thankful in the Fall.
And so perhaps some dawn of Spring
Each little green and growing thing



MY LITTLE PAGE.

DEAR TURKEY-GOSLINGS: That's your Thanksgiving name, because I'm so thankful for every one of you. Now to answer a few of your bothers: Do I read all your letters myself? Yes, indeed I do, every one, so don't believe any of those doubting grown folks at your house. If you could just see me almost buried under huge piles of your letters, reading and reading and making notes on an enormous pad of all you say and ask and want!

Now, another bother: Contests don't close until the twentieth of the month, so I can't answer you by the next mail. Please be patient until I have had time to read all the contest letters.

Any more bothers? Tell me what they are and I'll try to answer. Good-by, goslings! Happy Thanksgiving! Your thankful editor, HARRIET IDE EAGER.

WIN THREE DOLLARS

EACH picture shows something to eat on the Thanksgiving table. Send the correct list, with a letter to your editor giving a new idea for Deli-bear's page teaching children a good lesson. The correct list with the most interesting different, helpful idea will win **Three Dollars.** Second prize is a big picture like this month's LITTLE DELINEATOR cover, framed. Every child who enters the contest and sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope will get a letter with new games to play on Thanksgiving. Address THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. Contest closes November twentieth.



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HERE'S THE TOMMY TIPTOE SUIT



HERE'S the Tommy Tiptoe suit you read about on the page with the katy-did play and found in the Big DELINEATOR fashion pages last month. The suit comes in sizes from four years to twelve and either a boy or a girl could wear it as a costume in the Tommy Tiptoe katydid play, and for the other Tommy Tiptoe plays to come. In between times you can use it for a masquerade suit, pretending you are Tommy Tiptoe himself. Take thirty-five cents to the nearest Butterick Pattern counter and ask for pattern No. 5584, or send the money to Tommy Tiptoe Fashion Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

THANKSGIVING NUMBER, 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



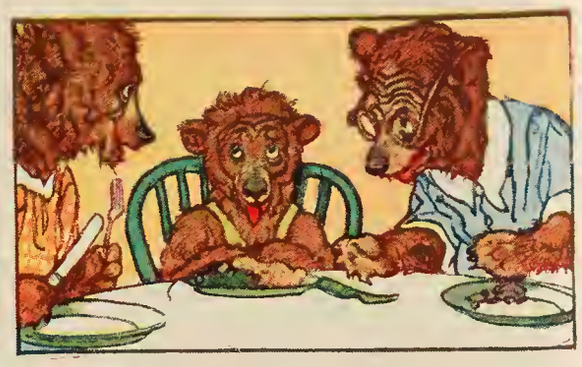
A BIG, HAND-PAINTED PICTURE LIKE THIS, FRAMED, IS SECOND PRIZE IN THE PUZZLE CONTEST ON "MY LITTLE PAGE." LOOK FOR IT!



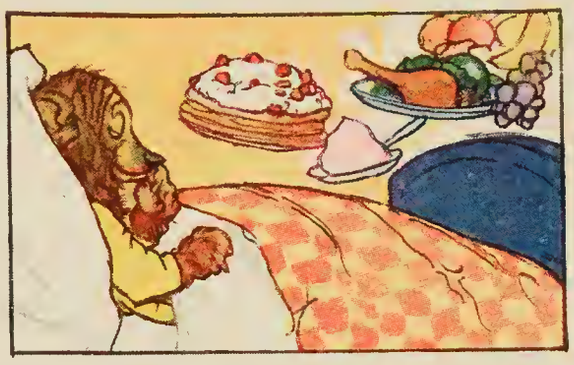
DELI-BEAR'S THANKSGIVING PLAN



"Just one more day!" thinks Deli-bear
(who's most extremely greedy),
"I'll starve until Thanksgiving comes, then
EAT—oh yes, indeedy!"



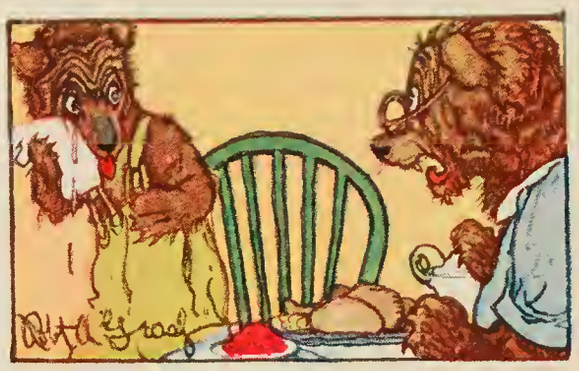
"Is Deli ill?" cry Granny Bear and Mother
Bear that night.
"At lunch and now at supper-time he
hasn't touched a bite."



Instead of sleeping peacefully, all filled
with gratitude,
Poor empty Deli dreams instead of food
and food and FOOD!



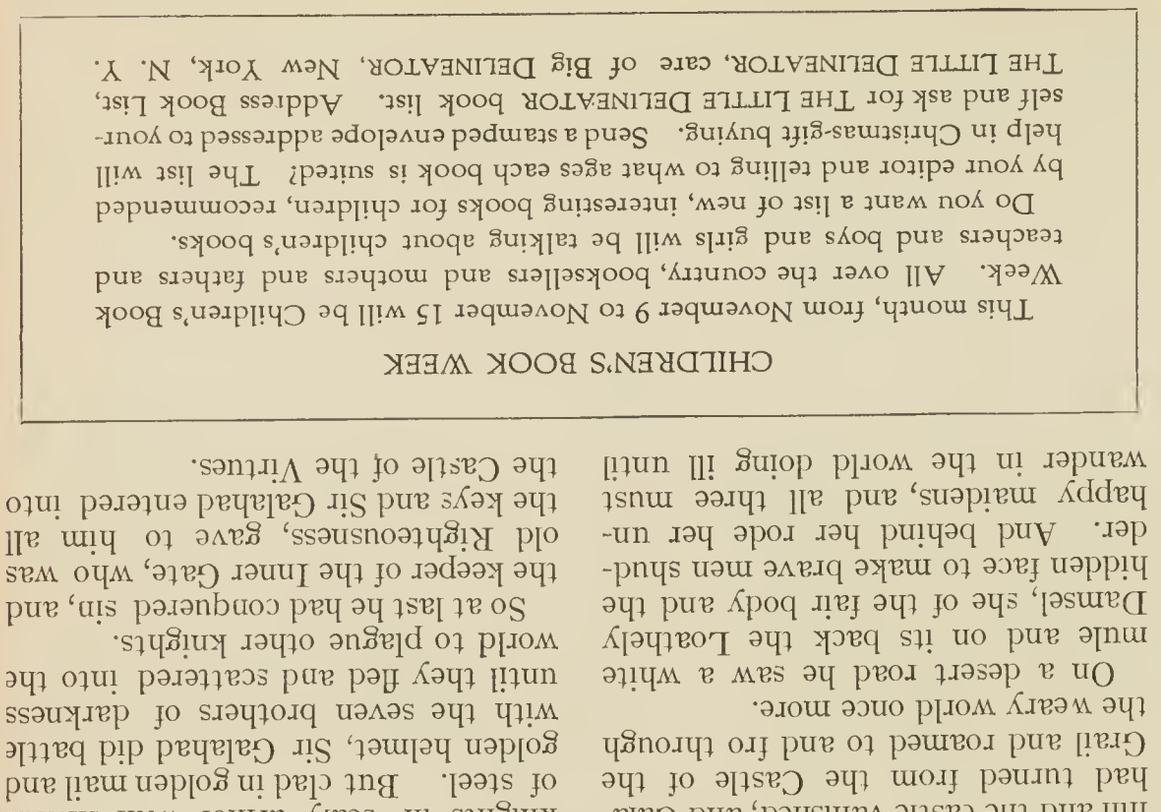
Thanksgiving morning—boys are calling:
"Deli, come and play!"
But tired and weak he only sits and sits at
home all day.



At last, at last, it's turkey-time; Del takes
his place at dinner.
What's this? He feels too sick to eat, our
silly, greedy sinner!



So while he swallows milk and toast into
his Deli-tummy,
He sadly thinks: "Next year I'll not be such
a Deli-dummy!"



Painted by the American artist, Edwin A. Abbey, for the Boston Public Library

The Keys to the Castle

The Quest of the Holy Grail

NOW, near to Camelot on the river had risen a great red stone, and a fair sword was stuck therein, but no knight was mighty enough to move the sword. Then came young Galahad and drew it forth lightly and thrust it into his empty scabbard, and, behold, it fitted!

And Galahad rode till he came to a high white abbey and behind the altar hung a white shield with cross of red. The saintly Joseph of Arimathea had marked this shield as he lay dying and left it there for the last of his line, who was young Galahad.

So, with holy shield and sacred sword, Galahad went forth, and he and his knights received blessing in the cathedral and rode away upon the Holy Quest.

And at last Galahad arrived at the far castle on the high hill where the Grail stood unguarded and entered into the dim hall where King Amfortas and his court slept under the spell. Before his eyes burned the Grail, red and bright, and his pure soul shone like sun melting a mist, so that all stirred.

But now the time was come that Galahad must ask "What is the meaning of this?" humbly and like a little child. But the boy believed he understood the mystery and needed no help of God. So for his pride the miracle did not come to pass, and the hill and the castle vanished, and Galahad had turned from the Castle of the Grail and roamed to and fro through the weary world once more.

On a desert road he saw a white mule and on its back the Loathely Damsel, she of the fair body and the hidden face to make brave men shudder. And behind her rode her unhappy maidens, and all three must wander in the world doing ill until the spell on the castle was lifted.

All three cursed the boy for his failure, but he bore it meekly, for it was true. And from the bitter lips of the Loathely Damsel, Galahad learned how for lack of a humble spirit he had lost the Holy Grail.

Now Galahad came to the Castle of the Imprisoned Maidens, who were the Virtues.



But the Seven Deadly Sins guarded the gates, and they were grim gray knights in scaly armor with shields of steel. But clad in golden mail and golden helmet, Sir Galahad did battle with the seven brothers of darkness until they fled and scattered into the world to plague other knights.

So at last he had conquered sin, and the keeper of the Inner Gate, who was old Righteousness, gave to him all the keys and Sir Galahad entered into the Castle of the Virtues.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

This month, from November 9 to November 15 will be Children's Book Week. All over the country, booksellers and mothers and fathers and teachers and boys and girls will be talking about children's books.

Do you want a list of new, interesting books for children, recommended by your editor and telling to what ages each book is suited? The list will help in Christmas-gift buying. Send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself and ask for THE LITTLE DELINEATOR book list. Address Book List, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of Big DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y.

HOW SCALES INDICATE A BABY'S HEALTH

By DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

NEARLY every mother realizes the importance of weighing her baby. The number of ounces the baby has gained in the last week is always a source of pride and a topic uppermost in her mind. The baby may be looking well, sleeping soundly and eating heartily, but if the scales record a loss in weight all the joy is taken out of the young mother's life.

Growth and development are the chief and characteristic functions of childhood. This growth as shown by weight is, perhaps, the most sensitive index we possess of a baby's nutrition and general health. If a physician had the choice of either a clinical thermometer or a pair of scales with which to determine the general condition of a baby during its first year of life, he undoubtedly would choose the scales.

There should be scales in every home. They need not be expensive or elaborate. There are many different styles and makes on the market, with prices ranging from two to fifty dollars. The scales used for the young baby need weigh only up to twenty-five pounds, but the markings should register by ounces. Such scales should have a basket or other receptacle in which to place the baby.

In most families the ordinary household spring scales are the only ones available. These can be easily adapted to the needs of the baby. A wire letter-tray, a basket or a tin tray to hold the baby should be attached to the platform on top of the scales and the dial indicator adjusted so that it points to zero when all is in readiness to weigh the baby. These scales weigh up to twenty-five pounds and are quite accurate.

A number of tests were recently made to compare household scales with expensive baby platform scales specially designed for hospital and infant-welfare clinic work. Not over an ounce difference was observed in these tests. There may be some difficulty in making an accurate reading with the spring type of scales, as the indicator oscillates with each move or kick of the baby. The more fancy baby-scales of the spring-and-dial type possess no great advantage over cheap household scales, except that the former are more convenient to use and in some makes the dial is larger and easier to read.

The small spring scales with a hook attached, which are held up by the hand, are inexpensive but not accurate, inasmuch as they measure by only quarter pounds. Platform and scoop scales with a beam indicator are the most satisfactory for home use. The ordinary grocer's scoop scales have a capacity of thirty-two pounds by half ounces. The combination platform and scoop scales cost about twenty dollars and can be used for the entire family, since the platform weighs up to two hundred and forty-five pounds.

The so-called bathroom scales are of two types. The platform type with a high pillar supporting the beam and weights is very popular. Its chief disadvantage is that it takes up too much room in a small bathroom. To overcome this objection there are several styles of small spring scales with the dial pointing upward so that one can stand on the platform and easily read the recorded weight. Such scales cost about fifteen dollars.





THIS IS THE NEW IMPROVED MEASURING-BOARD DESIGNED FOR THE UNITED STATES CHILDREN'S BUREAU. ITS FEATURES ARE TWO MOVABLE SLIDES AND A SPECIAL INDICATOR FOR MAKING READINGS OUTSIDE THE HEADPIECE

WEIGHING the baby should be a ceremony—a regular weekly event. Just before the bath on Sunday morning is an excellent time, for then father is at home and can assist, and his interest will thus be sustained in the growth and development of his baby. He should keep the weight-chart, which may be tacked on the wall or kept in the baby-book.

There is a small initial loss in weight shortly after birth, due to several causes; but this is generally regained by the tenth day. From then on the gain in weight should be steady. The rate of gain and the "up" curve on the chart are affected by many factors. If the weight is stationary or shows a loss, it should be reported at once to the doctor. Too rapid a gain may mean overfeeding or some serious disease condition. A normal breast-fed baby should gain from four to six ounces a week for the first six months, or from one to one and a half pounds a month. At six months a birth weight of from six to eight pounds is generally doubled, and at the end of the first year it should be approximately three times that at birth.

The weight tables for first-year babies are based on the age in months and not on comparison with the baby's length. The baby's length should be taken once a month, as well as the circumference of his head, chest and abdomen. These measurements should be recorded on the baby's weight chart or record. A simple and accurate method of measuring is to tack a linen tape measure on the top of a small kitchen table and nail a small rounded board at the edge of the table where the zero end of the tape measure is attached. The baby is then laid flat on the table, with its head touching the board and one leg stretched out straight. Another small board used as a movable slide is placed against the extended foot, and the reading is made on the tape measure at the inside of the movable slide.

A more elaborate measuring-board of the type illustrated above has been devised with two movable slides and an indicator on the outside of the headpiece for making the readings. This board can be purchased from the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.

The average length of a normal full-term boy baby is twenty inches, while a girl baby is approximately half an inch less. The rate of growth for the first four months is about one inch a month, and after that time about half an inch a month, so that the baby should gain about eight inches in the first year. As the child grows older the rate is less, being three and a half inches the second year, three inches the third year, and two and a half inches up to the eleventh year.

THE family interest in weight seems to wane and often disappear when the child passes his first birthday and possibly outgrows the baby-scales. Child-welfare activities and the extension of child-health education have, fortunately, been stimulating a sustained interest in weighing and measuring children after the first year.

There are several points to be observed when you weigh your child. The same scales should always be used, inasmuch as there is often a slight variation between scales, and an ounce or two one way or the other means a good deal. The weight should be taken with the coat off in the case of boys and with indoor clothing in the case of girls, but without shoes in both cases. If the shoes are not removed, one and a quarter pounds should be subtracted from the total weight. The child should be weighed at the same time each day, since there is quite a variation in weight at different hours of the day.

The weight should be taken once a month until school age, unless there are

Concluded on page 97

WEIGHT—HEIGHT—AGE TABLE FOR BOYS
FROM BIRTH TO SCHOOL AGE

Ht. (ins.)	Average weight for height (lbs.)	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	9 mos.	12 mos.	18 mos.	24 mos.	30 mos	36 mos.	48 mos.	60 mos.	72 mos.
20	8	8											
21	9½	9	10										
22	10½	10	11										
23	12	11	12	13									
24	13½	12	13	14									
25	15	13	14	15	16								
26	16½		15	17	17	18							
27	18		16	18	18	19							
28	19½			19	19	20	20						
29	20½			20	21	21	21						
30	22			22	22	22	22	22					
31	23				23	23	23	23	24				
32	24½				24	24	24	25	25				
33	26					26	26	26	26	26			
34	27						27	27	27	27			
35	29½						29	30	29	29	29		
36	31							30	31	31	31		
37	32							32	32	32	32	32	
38	33½								33	33	33	34	
39	35								35	35	35	35	
40	36½									36	36	36	36
41	38										38	38	38
42	39½										39	39	39
43	41½										41	41	41
44	43½											43	43
45	45½											45	45
46	48												48
47	50												50
48	52½												52
49	55												55

WEIGHT—HEIGHT—AGE TABLE FOR GIRLS
FROM BIRTH TO SCHOOL AGE

Ht. (ins.)	Average weight for height (lbs.)	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	9 mos.	12 mos.	18 mos	24 mos	30 mos.	36 mos.	48 mos.	60 mos.	72 mos.
20	8	8											
21	9	9	10										
22	10½	10	11										
23	12	11	12	13									
24	13½	12	13	14	14								
25	15	13	14	15	15								
26	16½		15	16	17	17							
27	17½		16	17	18	18							
28	19			19	19	19	19						
29	20			19	20	20	20						
30	21½			21	21	21	21	21					
31	22½				22	22	23	23	23				
32	24					23	24	24	24	25			
33	25						25	25	25	26			
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45	45												45
46	47½												47
47	50												50
48	52½												52

PREPARING THE THANKSGIVING FEAST

By JESSIE A. BOYS

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE whole Thanksgiving menu is built around the *pièce de résistance*. The etceteras do not vary so much if chicken or turkey is chosen; but if goose or duck makes the main dish, then there are greater differences in the garnishes and other accompaniments.

The accompanying chart shows a variety of stuffings, sauces, relishes and vegetables suitable to the various birds customarily used for the Thanksgiving feast. The cook must be careful to select a good combination. As, for example, sweet potatoes and squash should not be served together, for they are too much alike in flavor, as well as in color. With sweet potatoes, use turnips or onions and celery. With the onions, celery is better uncooked, as there is more contrast in flavor and consistency. If onion is used in the stuffing, then do not serve onions as a vegetable, for there will be too much of the same flavor.

Personal preference will also indicate to a large extent what jelly or pickle relish is needed. Those appearing in the chart are recommended by good cooks of established reputation.



A WELL-LARDED BIRD COOKS TO A STATE OF DELICIOUS AND JUICY TENDERNESS. STRIPS OF SALT PORK PLACED AS ILLUSTRATED DO AWAY WITH THE USUAL LABORS OF THE LARDING-NEEDLE

PREPARING THE BIRD FOR THE OVEN

When details of the menu are decided upon, the actual preparation is then given attention. Stuffing and trussing the bird must be done carefully in order to have it look its best when cooked.

Stuffing—The stuffing helps make the bird look plump—but the cavities should not be packed tightly. Room must be left for the swelling of the stuffing which inevitably results from absorption of meat juices and moisture and steam from the roasting-pan. The aperture or opening through which the mixture is put into the body cavity must be closed, either by sewing or by lacing a cord back and forth around toothpicks or small skewers inserted in the skin at the edges of the openings.

Trussing—Trussing is simply tying or fastening the wings and legs of the bird before cooking so that it will have a neat appearance after being cooked.

If the neck is removed and its skin left in place, a neater appearance is obtained than if the neck itself is left on the bird. The neck should be bent sharply until disjointed at its base, then a knife slipped in and the flesh cut through; or it may be twisted entirely off. Fold the skin of the neck over the back and fasten it in place with a round hardwood toothpick or small steel skewer; then fold the tips of the wings forward and back over this skin too. This gives a broad base which makes the bird rest more steadily on the platter and causes the carver less trouble.

Unless the legs are held down close to the body, they "kick up" when the tendons and connective tissue become heated. This gives an uncouth appearance. If the tendons are removed, the drumsticks can be more easily sliced. A long skewer thrust through the second joints and the body will help, but the ends of the drumsticks will need to be held down close to the body. This can be accomplished by means of a cord. Starting at the back of the neck with the middle of the cord, pass the ends under the wings, around over the shoulders, cross them in the middle of the back and wind around the ends of the drumsticks two or three times, pulling them down into position; then tie the ends of the cord. When the bird is cooked and removed to the platter, this string can be cut in one place and easily removed. All skewers or toothpicks should also be taken out.

Larding—Larding provides a protective covering or coating of fat which prevents the meat from drying out and burning. Also, as the fat is melted by the heat of the oven it runs down over the surface of the fowl, thus basting it to some extent.

One way of larding is to cut strips of hard salt pork fat one-fourth of an inch thick each way, press one end securely into the large end of the larding-needle and take a stitch through the meat. Each end of the strip of fat, or lardon, as it is called, is left exposed. Several lardons are inserted, the number depending upon the surface to be larded. When meat is larded in this way at meat-markets, the ends of the lardons are often left somewhat long and tied in knots. This gives an attractive appearance to the meat.

A simpler way to lard meat or breasts of birds is to put thin slices of fat salt pork or fat bacon, if the smoked flavor is liked, over the parts and pin them in position with wooden toothpicks or small steel skewers. Another way is to rub equal measures of fat and flour together and spread this paste over the parts to be protected.

On birds to be roasted, the places thus protected are the whole breast, especially the ridge of the breast-bone, the top and ends of the drumsticks and the upper surface of the wings as the bird rests on its back.

GARNISHING THE BIRD ON THE PLATTER

After the bird is cooked and transferred to the serving-platter and all strings and skewers have been removed, some garnish is usually employed. The less complex this is the more grateful the carver will be; but there are certain garnishes which are traditional, and the decorator may be forgiven if some inconvenience is caused.

If the ends of the drumsticks become too brown or charred, they will look better if small red apples are slipped over them or chop frills used. A necklace of red cranberries looks quite festive; and a similar idea is to run the berries on toothpicks and use these as ornamental skewers. Parsley, watercress or celery tips placed at the head of the bird out of the way of the carver give a finished look to the platter and contribute a fresh, contrasting color effect. If baked apples, glazed onions or fritters are used as a garnish, they are placed about the edge of the platter and served with the meat.

Roast chicken may be served in a border of celery or of fried oysters or with a simple garnish of parsley or cress.

Roast duck is attractive with endive and slices of orange and olives or with rice cups filled with currant jelly; roast goose with broiled sausage, gooseberry sauce, apple or barberry jelly or cooked rings of apple; roast quail with squares of fried mush and cubes of currant jelly.

The platter selected to carry the Thanksgiving bird to the table should be large enough to give adequate room to the bird itself and the garnishings and for the carved portions as well.

The carving-board has recently come into use in some homes in place of the platter. A sharp carving-knife, a carving-fork with guards and a serving-spoon for the gravy should be provided for the carver.

LISTS OF THE STUFFINGS, SAUCES, GARNISHES, VEGETABLES AND RELISHES SUITABLE TO BE SERVED WITH DIFFERENT FOWLS

TURKEY AND CHICKEN

Stuffings	*Sauces*	*Garnishes*	*Vegetables*	*Relishes*
Plain Giblet Oyster Celery Chestnut Raisin-and-Nut Sausage Potato Apple-and-Prune Mushroom	Giblet Gravy Brown Gravy Mushroom Sauce Chestnut Gravy Cream Gravy Bechamel Sauce	Small Red Apples on Drumsticks Chop Frills on Drumsticks Necklace of Cranberries String Cranberries on Toothpicks to Use as Ornamental Skewers Parsley Celery Tips	Irish Potato Sweet Potatoes Turnips Onions Squash Asparagus Celery Boiled Rice	Cranberries Spiced Grapes Spiced Peaches Spiced Pears Currant Jelly

GOOSE

Apple-and-Raisin Apple-and-Prune Potato Potato-and-Nut Apple-and-Celery Sauerkraut Mushroom-and-Chestnut	Giblet Gravy Giblet-and-Mushroom Brown Gravy	Watercress Glazed Onions Cranberries	Irish Potato Cold Slaw Turnips Brussels Sprouts Cauliflower Squash Onions	Baked Apples Cider Apple Butter

DUCK

Potato-and-Nut Mushroom Peanut-and-Cracker	Orange Sauce Sour-Apple Marmalade Added to Whipped Cream Apple Sauce Cherry Sauce Green-Grape Sauce Olive Sauce Currant-Jelly Sauce	Parsley Watercress Sliced Lemon Celery Fritters	Potato Fried Hominy Mush Parsnips Asparagus Celery Green Peas Tomato-and-Celery Salad Cucumber-and-Cress Salad Hominy and Horseradish	Baked Oranges Currant Jelly Cider Apple Butter Hot Apple Sauce

SQUAB

Giblet Chestnut	Brown Sauce	Parsley	Rice Asparagus Mild Onions Cress Salad Potato	Currant Jelly

GUINEA CHICKEN

Celery-and-Mushroom Malaga Grape	Mushroom Sauce Malaga-Grape Sauce	Parsley	Potato Cress Salad	Green Apple Jelly Gooseberry Jam

If you're in doubt about preparing any part of the Thanksgiving feast or making any of the sauces, stuffings and garnishes mentioned here, drop us an inquiry with a stamped envelope enclosed and we'll gladly send you full directions. And if you wish, we'll help you plan your menu for this festive day. Address THE DELINEATOR'S *Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*

EXPERT ADVICE ON LIGHTING YOUR HOME

By MATTHEW LUCKIESH

Director, Lighting Research Laboratory of the National Lamp Works, the General Electric Company, Cleveland, Ohio

SECOND AND FINAL INSTALMENT

FEW persons will deny that electricity has blessed our homes out of all proportion to its cost. Yet there is still a slumbering notion that adequate and proper artificial light is costly.

After shelter and food, light is our most important essential. It takes only a fraction of a cent out of the household dollar and gives much in return.

We can buy as much electric light for one cent to-day as we could for one dollar not many years ago. In the past two decades electric light has reduced in cost to one-sixth its former cost, while food and other essentials have nearly doubled in price. The electric energy required to operate a one-hundred-watt tungsten lamp costs only from one-half to one cent per hour. Adequate artificial lighting in our homes costs about as much as cream in our coffee for breakfast.



THE TABLE-TOP SHOULD BE THE BRIGHTEST OBJECT IN A DINING-ROOM; BUT THE LIGHT SHOULD STRIKE BELOW THE DINERS' EYES

WHAT KIND OF FIXTURES

Lighting fixtures should be of satisfactory appearance, but they should also perform their primary functions satisfactorily. In considering a fixture for a given purpose, the householder should decide as definitely as possible just which lighting principle is best adapted to her purpose. If this be done, in the dining-room, for instance, no bowls suspended from the ceiling will ever be purchased except in those few cases where the householder expects to depend upon small electric candles or real candles on the table. If the householder always bears in mind the fundamental principle that light sources should be amply shaded or the light well diffused, no ball lamp fixtures will be in existence in our homes. Too many fixtures testify to lack of attention to lighting principles not only by householders, but also by designers and manufacturers.

Owing to the lack of delicate decorative glassware, shades made of textiles and of parchment have become prevalent in our homes. These are charming though not always most desirable. There will always be uses for parchment and textile shades, of course, but the householder should know that charming glassware is now available for the home. This is efficient, durable, diffusing and inexpensive.

SWITCHES AND OUTLETS THAT ARE CONVENIENT

Switches at the entrances of rooms are more than a convenience. They make it possible to use any fixture, even one that is out of reach, if that be desired. In some cases it is advantageous to connect certain convenience-outlets to wall-switches so that a portable lamp may be lighted from the entrance.

Convenience-outlet is a term applied to an outlet in baseboard, wall or furniture to which an electrical device or portable lamp may be attached. The leading manufacturers have standardized a simple outlet to which the two-bladed plug may be easily attached. The plates of these outlets can be finished like the surface which surrounds them, thereby rendering them inconspicuous.

One should remember that the future convenience of one's lighting arrangements should not be jeopardized or curtailed by inadequate wiring. We do not know what the future will bring electrically, but we can profit by the knowledge that in the last few years electricity in the home has developed rapidly. Residences that were wired then are now very inadequately supplied with outlets according to our present ideas of lighting and using electric appliances. Far-sighted home-owners are installing from thirty or more convenience-outlets in seven-room houses.

In a living-room lighted entirely by portables, some of the convenience-outlets are now made so that two portables or other devices can be connected at the same time. This duplex convenience-outlet is recommended throughout the home.

HOW TO LIGHT YOUR PRINCIPAL ROOMS

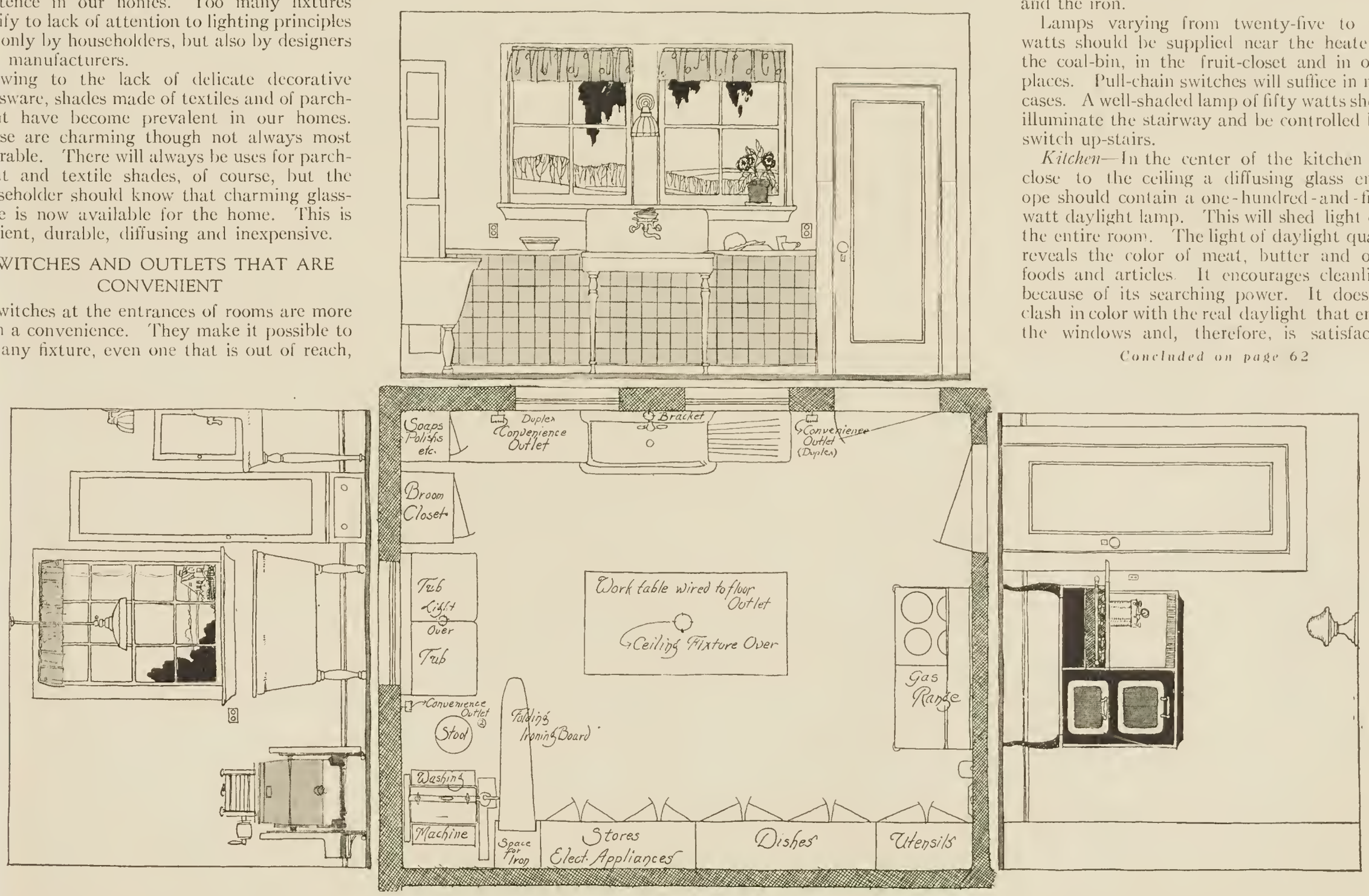
Bearing in mind the general principles discussed in the foregoing paragraphs, let us take a trip through the various rooms of an average residence.

Basement—Modern artificial light has aided in making the basement a much-used part of a residence. Over the laundry-trays at either left or right a one-hundred-and-fifty-watt tungsten daylight lamp in a metal or diffusing glass shade provides adequate light and encourages good laundry work. Usually this also serves for lighting the ironing-board. A socket on a drop-cord is best for connecting the washing-machine and the iron.

Lamps varying from twenty-five to fifty watts should be supplied near the heater, in the coal-bin, in the fruit-closet and in other places. Pull-chain switches will suffice in most cases. A well-shaded lamp of fifty watts should illuminate the stairway and be controlled by a switch up-stairs.

Kitchen—In the center of the kitchen and close to the ceiling a diffusing glass envelope should contain a one-hundred-and-fifty-watt daylight lamp. This will shed light over the entire room. The light of daylight quality reveals the color of meat, butter and other foods and articles. It encourages cleanliness because of its searching power. It does not clash in color with the real daylight that enters the windows and, therefore, is satisfactory

Concluded on page 62



A WELL-ILLUMINATED KITCHEN HAS EXTRA LIGHTS OVER SINK, STOVE AND TUBS, AS WELL AS A CENTRAL FIXTURE NEAR THE CEILING. THE USE OF A DAYLIGHT BULB IN ALL THE KITCHEN AND SERVICE FIXTURES REVEALS FOODS AND FABRICS IN THEIR DAYTIME COLORS

EVERY EVE OF US

By CELIA CAROLINE COLE

IN PERSIA one is "educated" if he knows how to ride, to shoot and to tell the truth. How nice and simple! Because almost any one, who really wants to, can learn to ride and shoot; and *everybody* knows that the shortest cut to freedom, to simplicity of living, to owning one's self is to tell the truth.

To be weighed and found not wanting because you know how to ride, to shoot and to tell the truth! If women could only be measured by as simple a yardstick as that! Woman, the intricate, the mysterious, the "illogical" (that's because she has so long been taught to think with her emotions instead of with her brains; but she has them all right, those brains, as good, too, as any man's), the ensnaring, the disturbing, altogether baffling! What is it that men demand of her? And children? And other women? And the State?

Well—men, *no matter what they say*, prefer us to have charm above everything else. And charm means attractiveness, outward and visible if possible; and it always is possible, for it's simply a question of using your brain when you look at yourself and at other women (to compare), and at beauty articles (to learn), and at your life (to accept what you're getting out of it). Men, being human, like physical attractiveness. But you don't really measure up, in their opinion, unless your charm goes deeper than that. You must be able to listen fluently, to respond sympathetically, to lean with sudden soft need on man's strength and knowledge, to be a "sport" in the way you stand up to things and take your blows, to have "ways," and perfume, and virtue, and the capacity to adore—and underneath it, though they must never suspect it, the capacity to adore more than one. That's what gives you your "filip" quality!

And children demand of her charm. And joy. And the spirit of play. And tenderness. And patience.

And other women demand of her charm. And loyalty. And the ability to be a gorgeous playmate and a tireless listener.

And the State demands of her charm—because the State so far is mostly masculine gender. She can check a whole ticket wrongly; but if she has charm, they'll be glad they gave her the vote!

So, where, will you tell me, does the woman who hasn't charm, but who is just neat 'n' clean, come in?

EVERY November, when we come back from the seashore, with the "chiffony," splashing, dreamy Summer at our back, we feel the way the children of Israel must have felt after they had crossed right through the Red Sea to dry land. They'd never again be just what they were before. Something had happened to them that made them all *new*, with life new and the meaning of everything new.

We know, right down to the tips of our sand-brown toes, that we'll never have to let any kind of ugliness into our life again. We're going to be beautiful, luminously, shimmeringly beautiful, in our face and our body and our clothes and our mind and our soul and our actions and in all our relations to everything and everybody! That's the modest little thing we know when we come back from the seashore!

And then we dash about into all the enchanting shops and bask and chatter over the ensnaring frocks and hats and those tremendous trifles, the accessories—purses, nosegays, shoes, gloves, veils—and want to tell all the women in the world about every one of them. And then into the beauty-salons—stimulating as band music, with their newest powerful little beauty aids and their latest secrets from Vienna and India and Egypt and Paris.

And then we think about the woman on the remotest farm in Oklahoma, or southern Georgia, or Canada, or Tanagara (only there probably isn't such a place) wanting just as much as we do to be beautiful—luminously, shimmeringly lovely and inspiring. She may not think she does, but she does! She wants to live beautifully, to breathe out to the people around her and to her own private self the serenity and power and happiness that consciousness of beauty and charm gives a woman. To lose her self-consciousness in the poise that only the sense of being wanted because you're so lovable and delightful can bring.

Well, here's one thing she can have—that sweet, nice woman way off there. Curls! Soft, befriending inviting topknots. There is an astonishing. beauty-loving man in the business of making nice topknots, and



Drawing by Otto J. Gatter

"WELL—MEN, NO MATTER WHAT THEY SAY, PREFER US TO HAVE CHARM ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE"

he has created a permanent-waving machine that comes right into your own home and stays there for the small sum of fifteen dollars. And you can have that heavenly loose natural wave which you scarcely ever get in a permanent-waving shop because you have to pay so much for the wave; for unless it's tight it doesn't last so long, and so you say, "Curl it tight, please." And they do—and you look all artificial and queer. But with this machine you do it yourself. The minutest directions come with it and a magic solution—secret as the Sphinx it is—which does away with all the drying effect of the borax. Every head we saw that was done with this machine was as glossy and gay with life as if it never had heard of borax and irons! A softly waving topknot can do a tremendous lot for the outward and visible charm of a woman! All this straight hair that is so smart just now needs a very special kind of face, *mes amies!*

And after your "permanent," now and then give yourself a water wave and the permanent will last much longer. And don't shampoo too often.

And then there are those necessary things to do before you buy your Autumn leafage, those new clothes that must make you look as though they had just floated on you and stayed there because they so exactly express the kind of person you are. And, by the way, the most *chic* woman in Paris acquires only three toilettes a year. But these three are perfect in taste, in fit, in materials and are absolutely the kind that were born for her. Think how that simplifies life!

After the Summer, before you go out to buy either materials or models all made up—and whether you look out on fascinating New York swirling around you like a multi-colored dervish or whether you look out on wide, flowing fields of alfalfa, or on the demure, decorous streets of the village you were born in—get your skin free of Summer freckles and tan. Bleach a bit!

There are effective creams that hurry up the departure of tan-and-brown "moth" spots—which you probably call "liver" spots. Really, they can't be proved to have any association with the liver at all; they come like the melancholy of youth, without known reason, but they are often quite bad at the end of the Summer. If you like, we'll send you a list of several efficacious bleaches.

And there's always diluted lemon-juice. Never use it straight; it's too strong and darkens you instead of bleaching you. Dilute it with boiled water. Or use three parts of peroxide and one part lemon-juice. Soak a linen cloth in it, spread it over the freckles and leave it for ten minutes. Then wash off gently with warm water. Do it three times a day. This is especially good for freckles. But it is a bit drying. A good prepared bleach is better.

Then study the tones of your skin and hair and eyes and make your clothes accent every high light in your hair. Make the blue of your eyes leap out from your face like a gentian out of an ivory vase; or the brown of your eyes like brown velvet stars; or the green of your eyes like the heart of a wood at twilight. Dress for your eyes and the tones of your skin.

Then study your body for lines. Clothes never should be anything but atmosphere for you. *You* are the thing the world wants. Your body should be like quicksilver—no one able to think of it as static and solid. Women who do their own work could have beautiful lines if they carried themselves properly. The loveliest line in all the world is the line of a woman from her arm-pit to her ankle. Look at it! Flowing and sinuous and lovely. Make us feel it under your clothes. Bodies aren't things to be ashamed of, but carried proudly.

PERHAPS you've come out of the Summer with a slim, hard waist—from tennis, golf, riding, swimming. Keep it. Oh, please do keep it! And your flat back. And your invisible "tummy." No one can have a speck of chic these days if she bulges anywhere. We know an awfully thin woman who thought she was all right. And she was from the front. But when she turned sideways there was a bulge. And so she spanked and broke down the tissue and wore the new reducing rubber corset that accomplishes such wonders. And in three weeks time she was quicksilver again.

Take these as a good setting-up exercise after your plunge in the morning. Lie flat; then come up to a sitting posture without the help of your hands. Do it ten times, night and morning. Then stand with your feet about two foot lengths apart, your stomach muscles tense, arms full length overhead; bend your trunk forward and swing arms between legs. Do this five times. Then, feet apart again, raise your right arm high as possible; twist down and touch your left heel with your right hand. Reverse. Five times. Rest.

Then all day whenever you think of it pull the abdomen in with the abdominal muscles and spread the ribs as far apart as possible. Walk with head back and chin up Sleep, eat, do, talk, think with head back and chin up, and you'll never have a double chin.

We found a set of exercises some time ago, evolved by one of the best woman physicians in New York, that a woman with the weakest abdominal muscles in the world can take and not harm herself—and they do perfect wonders for the figure. We'll send them to you, privately, if you'll ask us to!

WHETHER we're way out on the plains, or sitting on the front porch and looking wistfully down the decorous village street, or dashing about New York in a lurching taxi, every single Eve of us needs all the charm she can get. When that man we love best says, "Well, mother, you're looking pretty well these days!" or "Gee, kid, when it comes to looks you've got Venus and Cleopatra and the whole gang of them yelling for help!" every Eve of us likes it and steps out a little more brightly to meet whatever comes next.

"An artist tries to look at the stars; a politician tries to keep his ear to the ground." A woman has to do both!

"READERS! PLEASE DON'T!"

That's what Celia Caroline Cole pleads. And here's why! . . . She recently had a letter from a reader who said, "Though I have often wanted to write you before, I never plucked up courage to do so until to-night." . . . In answer C. C. C. entreats all DELINEATOR readers—"Please don't ever feel that way about it. I want you to write me and let me help you solve your beauty problems. The thing I desire most to do in all this world is to help other women to be more beautiful, more lovable—happier." . . . So don't hesitate a minute. Write C. C. C. at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and ask her as many questions as you like. Just remember to enclose a stamped envelope for her reply

SOULIÉ DESIGNS SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT SHOW HIS PREFERENCE FOR THE SHEATH SILHOUETTE, THE BELTLESS FROCK AND THE TUNIC LINE

All shades of mauve, lilac and violet are smart for dinner and dancing frocks. Soulié chooses a mauve with a bluish caste for a crêpe gown trimmed with dyed silk fringe and pink roses. For dancing the short skirt is made even shorter and the outline is often irregular. Flowers are worn at shoulder or hip



For evening the décolletage remains moderately low, sleeves are nonexistent and the silhouette may be the straight sheath, the new circular movement widening toward the hem or the soft gown with floating draperies. Soulié uses the sheath for a frock of blue satin with cascade tiers of silver lace



For formal evening dress the new materials are lace—metallic, dyed or Chantilly—brocade, velvet and beaded fabrics. Soulié designs a gown on long slender lines flaring toward the hem, made of pink and silver brocade and worn with a scarf



The manipulation of fabric is one of the few trimmings used by Paris in what is essentially a simple season. Bands used up and down and round about are employed on narrow frocks of crêpe satin or broadcloth or crêpe faille

A straight coat of brown cloth designed by Soulié is trimmed with bands of seal. Leopard, panther, tiger, squirrel, ermine, caracul and astrakhan are also among the new trimming furs



There are many combinations that are newer but none that is as pretty and popular as that of black and white. Black broadcloth, black satin and black velvet are used with ermine. Soulié chooses the velvet for a tunic blouse frock

The long unbelted line of the sheath silhouette, the suggestion of a narrower hem, the Russian closing and the Russian use of fur are extremely smart in a Soulié coat dress of soft mouse-gray satin

The flared tunic over a narrow skirt and the hip fitted so closely that it almost looks as if it would break if one unbent are used by Soulié for a frock of blue satin and blue cloth

A blouse suit of olive-green cloth is worn over a gray-and-black waistcoat and trimmed with gray squirrel. The shortness of the very narrow skirt makes it possible for walking

The new fashions see both sides of the same material used in the same garment, generally in bands. Soulié uses the latest French trimming on a narrow coat trimmed at neck and hem with fur

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE

The critical points of the early Winter fashions are:

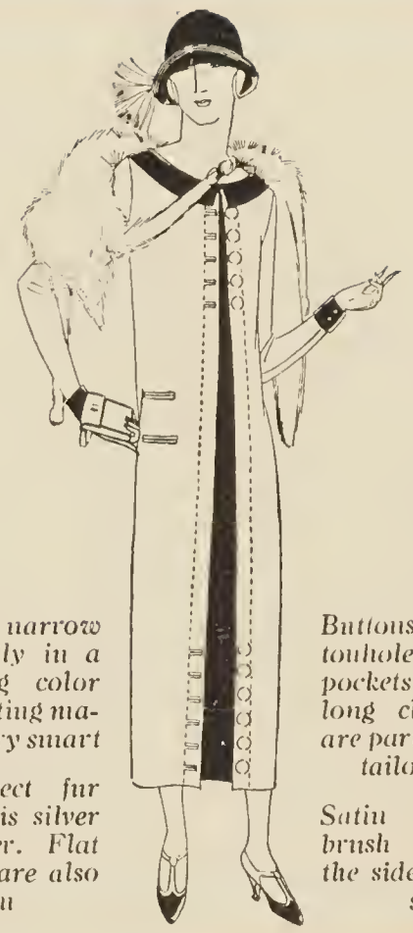
The new silhouettes—the sheath, the circular, the flared tunic and the floating drapery

The Directoire note in revers, collars and double-breasted closings

The introduction of redingotes, and long vests which give somewhat the effect of a narrow coat worn over a narrow frock, in the new semi-tailored styles

The manipulation of fabrics, such as inserted bands of the reverse side or grain of the material in frocks of satin crêpe, broadcloth, etc.

The use of plaids for frocks, ensemble costumes and separate coats



The long narrow vest usually in a contrasting color or contrasting material is very smart

The correct fur neckpiece is silver fox or fisher. Flat fur scarfs are also worn

Buttons and buttonholes, bound pockets and the long close sleeve are part of the new tailored note

Satin hats with brush feathers at the side are good style



The Directoire influence is felt in large revers, coat collars and double-breasted closings. The revers is sometimes in a contrasting color. With the collarless neck a fur neck piece is worn

Plaits are used in inserted sections at one or both sides of a dress, in short tunics, flounces, etc. They do not widen the silhouette and give ease in walking, getting in and out of motors, and so forth



The short straight tunic placed at the close-fitting hip is one of the four tunic types

Buttons are used in self or contrasting color—sea blue, butter yellow, rust, etc.

Many of the new French frocks are fitted so closely at the hip that one can just sit down.

Small hats are chic and one of the smartest is the wrap-around hat with rabbits' ears



Bands are employed in various ways as a trimming, in rows, in tiers, cut out and inserted, etc.

Day shoes are very simple—often an untrimmed patent-leather pump

Bands are used to mark the low waistline which is really a hipline

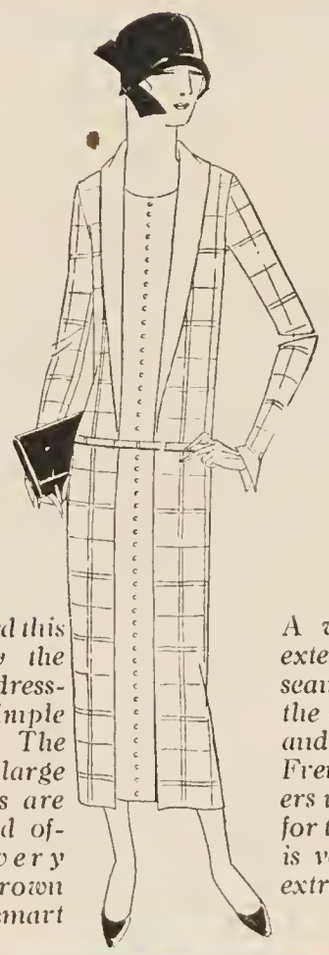
Stockings are very sheer and for day wear are nude, noisette, occasionally black or French gray



Manipulation of fabric is one of the most important of the new French trimmings

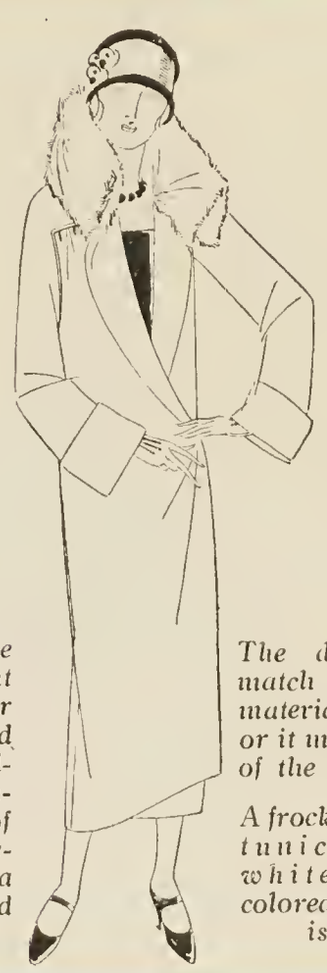
Gloves are usually of suède or of soft doeskin and match the stockings in most cases

Up and down or crosswise bands of the fabrics cut on the reverse side or grain are used on coats and dresses. This is especially smart for frocks of satin crêpe and coats of broadcloth



Plaids are used this Winter by the great French dressmakers for simple day clothes. The designs are large but the colors are soft, the plaid often being very indistinct. Brown plaids are smart

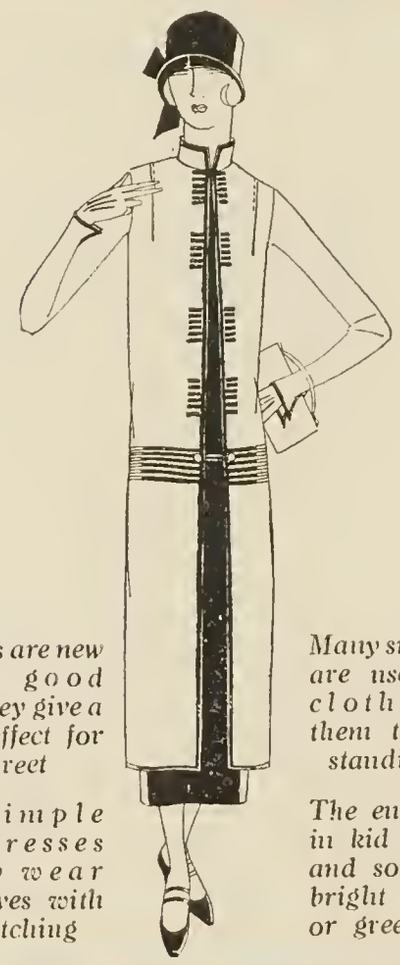
A vest front that extends to the side seams gives quite the effect of a coat and dress. The French dressmakers use white piqué for the front which is very pretty but extremely impractical



The ensemble is the most important costume of the year for both day and evening. Broadcloth and cashmere are two of the new coat materials and kasha is sometimes used as a lining

The dress may match the coat in material or color, or it may be made of the lining silk

A frock with a long tunic blouse of white or butter-colored silk crêpe is smart

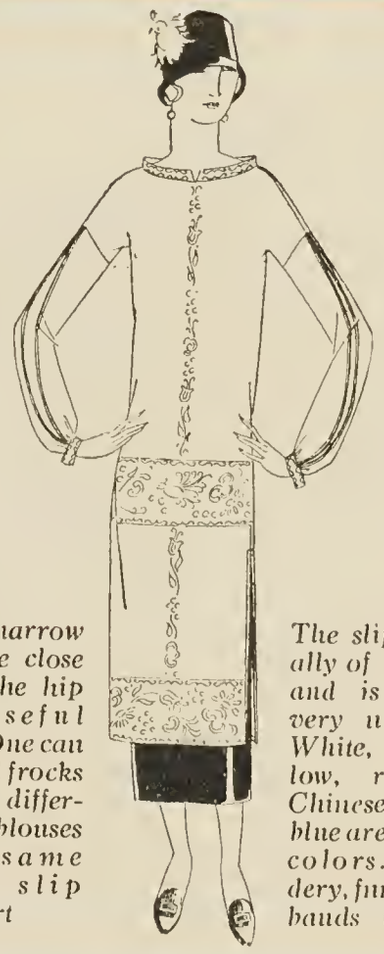


Redingotes are new and very good style. They give a costume effect for the street

With simple tailored dresses one may wear black gloves with white stitching

Many small collars are used for day clothes, among them the Chinese standing collar

The envelope bag in kid or leather and sometimes in bright color—red or green—is new



The long narrow tunic blouse close fitting at the hip makes a useful costume. One can have several frocks by wearing different tunic blouses with the same black satin slip or skirt

The slip is generally of black satin and is of course very narrow. White, butter yellow, rust, jade, Chinese red and blue are new blouse colors. Embroidery, fur or inserted bands trim them

The growing vogue of the ensemble costume for all types of dress—sports, street dress, afternoon and evening costumes

The use of rather small buttons as a trimming

The importance of four types of tunics and tunic blouses—long and narrow, short and narrow, long and flared, short and flared

The shortening of the skirt, and the tightening at the hip. Skirts are worn from ten to fourteen inches from the ground, and dresses in many cases are fitted as closely at the hips as one can sit in them

The disappearance of waistlines, and the vogue of either the beltless dress or a belt, trimming-bands, etc., placed low on the hip

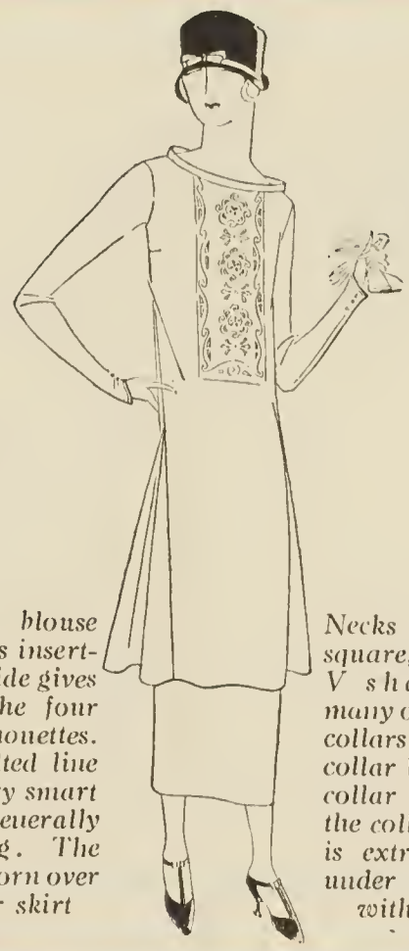
The introduction of godet flares in dresses and long blouses

The vogue of the small collar, sometimes Chinese in character, and the long close sleeve

The continued popularity of the scarf

The use of beads, lace and ostrich trimming for evening

The popularity of bands as a trimming



The long blouse with godets inserted at the side gives one of the four tunic silhouettes. The unbelted line is new, very smart and quite generally becoming. The blouse is worn over a slip or skirt

Necks are round, square, bateau or V shaped and many of them have collars or small collar bands. The collar is new but the collarless neck is extremely nice under a coat or with fox furs



Many of the new Winter styles widen toward the hem in circular skirts, circular flounces, etc. The wider skirt is considered very graceful for dancing as it does not outline the figure in motion

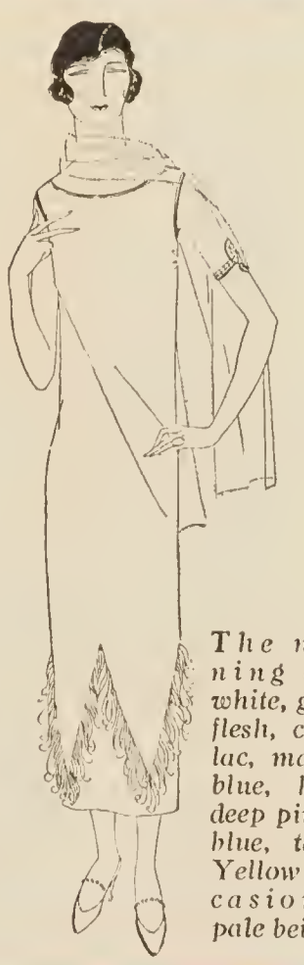
The irregular lower edge cut in points or with the ends of draperies falling below the hem is seen often.

Beading is used in crystal, rhinestones, colored and metallic beads



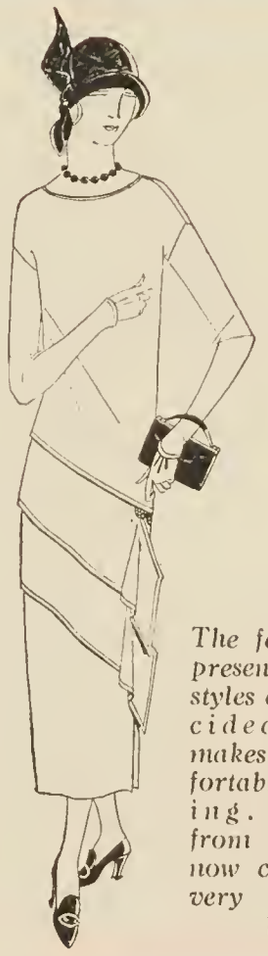
Floating wing and tunic draperies are new and very elegant. They are easier for many women to wear than the sheath. The vague soft lines of the drapery conceal and flatter the figure

The new hairdressing is either the shingle or a close-to-the-head arrangement. The hair may be parted at the side or center and is usually waved. Long earrings, often of pearls, are worn



The new evening trimmings are beads, laces, ostrich and silk fringe, fabric flowers, etc. Ostrich fringe is used generally in the color of the frock, sometimes in contrasting color

The newest evening colors are white, gold, silver, flesh, carmine, lilac, mauve, royal blue, leaf green, deep pink, Nattier blue, terra cotta. Yellow is used occasionally and pale beige is smart



Tiers are used in bias, straight and broken lines and are very smart. Cascade draperies are seen even on simple day frocks. The long close sleeve is correct for all types of day dress

The fact that the present narrow styles are worn decidedly short makes them comfortable for walking. Ten inches from the floor is now considered a very conservative length



The flare in the new fashions may come at the line of a short tunic, a long blouse or a circular skirt. For evening the décolletage is moderate and may be V, square or round

The newest beads are the rather large pearls, in long strands or choker length, often with small beads between or with an occasional large emerald bead. They are very becoming



Lace is important both as a fabric and a material. It may be metallic, Chantilly or dyed silk lace. The most formal evening dresses are made of silver or gold lace, brocade or metal fabric

Scarfs are worn with every type of dress from morning to evening frocks. Evening stockings are always "nude" and slippers are of gold or silver cloth, kid or brocade, amber-colored satin, etc.

WINTER STYLES IN A TUNIC, DIRECTOIRE REVERS, BAND TRIMMING AND THE CIRCULAR FLARE



Dress 5644
Embroidery design 10204

Dress 5595

Dress 5548

Dress 5576

Dress 5604

Dress 5640
Embroidery design 10244

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 98

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Cape 5559

Dress 5550

Dress 5636

Dress 5568
Embroidery
design 10284

Dress 5622

Dress and slip
5616

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 98

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Dress 5592

Dress 5594
Hat 4926

Dress 5553
Hat 5601

Dress 5609

Suit 5611

Dress and bloomers 5541
Embroidery design 10243

Other views and descriptions are on page 99

Dress 5607

Dress and bloomers 5543
Smocking design 10107

Dress 5590

Coat 5598
Hat 5601
Leggings 4076

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A COSTUME SLIP AND SEVERAL TUNIC BLOUSES MAKE A VARIED WARDROBE; DIRECTOIRE REVERS AND REDINGOTES ARE NEW



Tunic blouse 5637
Slip 5638
Embroidery design
10138

Dress 5586



Blouse 5575
Hat 5549

Dress 5647

Dress
5626



Dress 5531
Hat 5549
Embroidery design 10233



Tunic blouse 5615
Slip 5638
Embroidery design
10214

Tunic blouse 5629
Slip 5638

Other views and descriptions are on page 101

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Kimono
3847



Smock and tam-o'-shanter 4308



Butterfly costume
3326



Clown suit
and cap4006



Domino
and mask
5914

Brownie
costume 5369

Ballet
costume
3555

Embroidery
design 10228

Spanish
dancer's
costume
5625

Witch's costume 5613
Embroidery
design
10288

FANTASTIC CREATURES WALK ABROAD ON HALLOWE'EN

3847—Madame Butterfly is an enchanting little figure in a Japanese dress. Oriental silks make a very lovely kimono or dress; or one may use crêpe de Chine, China silk, cotton crêpe or black sateen embroidered in bright colors.

The kimono is for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 44 bust.

5914—A ghost costume is a very easy one to make and quite inexpensive. The hood and mask make recognition impossible for even the best guessers.

The domino and mask are for women, men and children 28 to 48 bust or breast.

4308—Real or masquerading artists will like this smock of linen-finished cottons, chambray, chintz. sateen, pongee, washable satin or crêpe de Chine and a tam-o'-shanter of sateen, velvet or washable satin.

The smock and tam-o'-shanter are for artists 32 to 44 bust or breast.

5369—A merry little Brownie wears a costume of flannel, paper muslin, silesia, sateen or cambric. He may wear a long peaked cap. One may make the costume of brown; or use brown with yellow bands, dark green with white, etc.

The costume is for boys 4 to 12 years.

3555—This little maid in her ballet dress of paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue or pineapple cloth is a dainty partner for any masquerader. One may use tarlatan or coarse cotton net, with a waist of sateen, taffeta or satin.

The costume is for girls, misses and ladies 24 to 38 bust.

3326—For the body of this butterfly costume use paper muslin, lining China silk, messaline, taffeta, satin, gold tissue or pineapple cloth, with wings of tarlatan, coarse cotton net, gold tissue or pineapple cloth. A body of burnt orange with brown bands, canary yellow wings, etc., is very effective.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 38 bust.

5625—10228—A Spanish dancer wears a satin dress with a plaited or gathered flounce and spangled net over her right shoulder with a shawl drapery of flat silk crêpe. Large flowers are effective trimming. Wear any large plain hat.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

4006—The cut-up of the party is the clown. He wears a suit and cap of paper muslin, silesia or sateen with a tarlatan ruff, or a satin suit and cap with a malines ruff. Use black with white or color, or a color with white and sleigh-bell trimming.

The costume is for men and boys 22 to 44 breast.

5613—10288—Witches should wear this slip-over one-piece dress, a circular cape and hat of sateen or cotton lining materials, with a black mask, and carry a crude broom of fagots. The cape may be shorter if desired. The motifs should be worked in patchwork. The hair may be worn loose.

The costume is for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 40 bust.

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Short coat 5652 Coat 5653



Coat wrap 5621



Short coat 5654



5654

5652

5653

5653





Coat 5655



5621 5656 5322

Box-coat 5656
Skirt 5322



5655

NEW STYLES IN WINTER WRAPS INCLUDE SEPARATE SHORT COATS OF FABRIC FUR, THE COAT WRAP, A BOX-COAT SUIT, ETC.

5652—The separate short coat of fabric fur is one of the most useful garments in a Winter wardrobe. It is quite warm for the average Winter, it feels lighter than a full-length coat and you may wear it with almost any wool dress. This coat takes a very small amount of fur cloth, and this type of collar can be gotten from half the fur one would ordinarily use for a fur collar. One may use plush, velvet or novelty velours.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 50-inch fabric fur.

This short coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5653—One may wear this coat wrapped closely around the hips or in straight-line style. The yoke and sleeves are cut in one and soft gathers give particularly graceful lines to velvet. Cashmere coatings, soft pile fabrics and broadcloth are also suitable; or one may use plush or fur fabrics such as broadtail or caracul. For extra warmth use a lining of flannel, kasha or duvetyn. A pocket comes in the lining.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch velvet. Lower edge 50 inches.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5621—One of the smartest new evening wraps is the coat wrap on these lines. It has deep armholes which do not crush one's evening gown. Usually it is worn wrapped around the figure, although one may wear it in straight-line style. For an evening wrap use metal brocades, velvet or heavy satin in black or color, or broadcloth in color. Choose a color to harmonize with the colors of all your evening frocks. Black velvet or satin lined with silver cloth or gray crêpe de Chine or satin may be worn with any color and may have a fur collar.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch metal brocade. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat wrap is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5654—The wrap-around closing gives the diagonal line to the front of this separate short coat. The new fabric furs make an attractive coat on these lines. These fur coats are really quite simple to make and take a very small amount of material. One may use plush, velvet or novelty velours for the coat.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 50-inch fabric fur.

The short coat is suitable for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5655—This is a good length for a fabric fur coat, but if one prefers the coat may be shorter. It may be worn in wrap-around or straight-line style and a pocket placed on the outside or in the lining. Use fancy chinchilla, soft-surfaced cashmere coatings, plaid or striped coatings, double-faced or fleece coatings, Teddy-bear, homespun or camel's-hair. A flannel, kasha or duvetyn lining gives extra warmth.

36 bust requires 2⅞ yards 50-inch fabric fur. Lower edge of coat in longer length 48 inches.

The coat is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5656—5322—Velours checks make a smart as well as warm suit with a box-coat and a wrap-around straight skirt. The skirt is joined to a camisole body or to an outside belt and has a set-in pocket. Soft twills are also suitable for the coat and skirt, and men's-wear suitings, cashmere suitings, cheviot, worsteds or velvet for the coat.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¾ yards 54-inch velours check. Lower edge of skirt 44 inches.

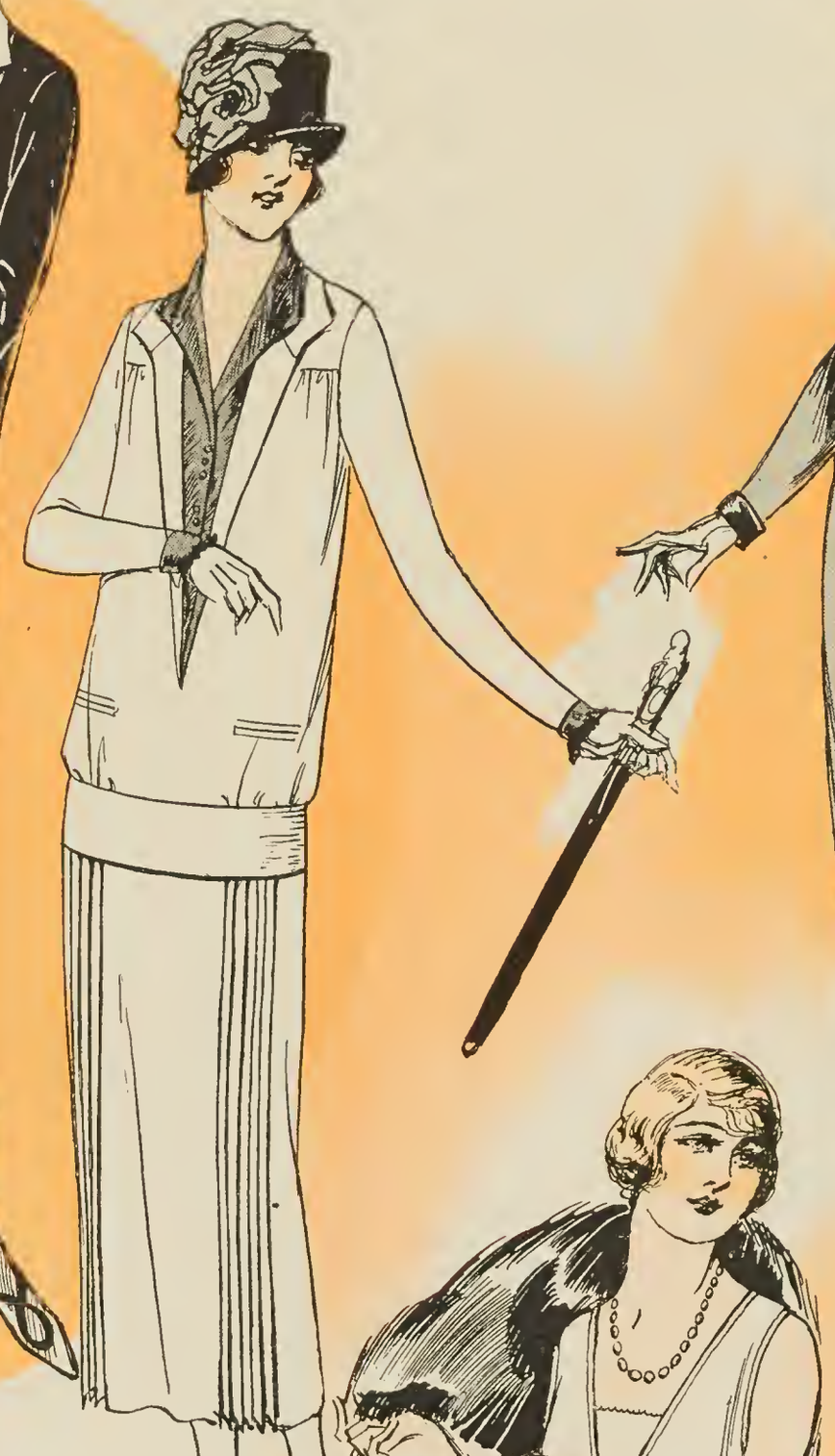
The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

PARIS ENDORSES NARROW BELTLESS LINES OR A SET-IN BELT



Dress 5650



Dress 5526

Dress 5583



Coat dress 5635

Dress 5641
Embroidery design 10206

5650—Stripes are very smart for a narrow beltless one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining if desired. Use stripes, plaids, checks, flannel, cashmere dress materials, wool crêpe, silk-and-wool crêpe, knitted silk-and-wool, serge, soft twills, novelty wools, tweeds or mixtures. One may also use heavy satin or heavy ribbed silks.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch striped wool. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5526—One of the newest and smartest tailored dresses has a straight lower part and joins the body at a close-fitting hipline. The guimpe, which is separate, has a *gilet* of corded silk or crêpe de Chine. Make the dress of wool rep, wool crêpe, cashmere or soft twills. Plain bone buttons are very good style this season for trimming the new tailored wool dresses.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge measures 43 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5583—The new fashion of setting in a belt across the front gives a two-piece effect to this type of dress. It has a one-piece back and a straight lower edge, and the guimpe is separate. The cuffs are detachable. Make the dress of satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed silks, foulard or tub silks.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge, plaits out, 1⅝ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5645—10253—This wrap-around draped one-piece dress has a neckline which is suitable either for day or evening; for daytime, however, the armholes should be normal instead of cut down, and the separate one-piece slip should have sleeves. Use crêpe-back satin, crêpe faille or plain silk crêpe of one material or with sleeves and top of slip of Georgette or lace to match, etc. The beading on the panel is effective.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch material and 1 yard 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of dress 45 inches; of slip 42½ inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 36 to 48 bust.



5650



5526



5583



Dress 5645
Embroidery design 10253



5641



5635



5645

5635—The front of a narrow beltless coat dress is relieved by a new arrangement of braid trimming and buttons. This one-piece dress fits closely at the hipline and it may have a body lining if desired. Use cashmere dress materials, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, kasha, flannel, silk-and-wool crêpe or serge. Novelty wools, plaids, stripes, checks, mixtures and tweeds are also suitable, as well as heavy satin and heavy corded silks.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 44 inches.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5641—10206—This narrow slip-over dress is very smart to wear with a coat as part of an ensemble costume. It fits closely at the hipline. One may use cashmere suitings, kasha, wool rep, soft twills, plain or checked velours for the wrap-around lower part and plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in contrasting or self color for the long upper part. Heavy satin with an upper part of printed or plain crêpe de Chine is a new combination. The embroidery is an effective trimming. Work it in harmonizing colors.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 35-inch material for upper part and 1 yard 35-inch material for lower part, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is new for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

REDINGOTE EFFECTS, TUNICS, DRAPERIES AND TAILORED STYLES ARE SMART



Dress 5651
Embroidery design 10283



Dress 5540



Dress 5612



Dress 5632
Embroidery design 10214



Dress 5648

5632

5651

5612

5540

5542

5648

5651—10283—Tunic drapery below a long body is exceedingly graceful on a slip-over dress of plain or printed crêpe de Chine or Georgette. The drapery is joined to a narrow one-piece slip of crêpe de Chine or soft satin. The slip should be the same color as the dress and have the top of flesh-colored Brussels net. The embroidery is most effective. Work it in harmonizing colors.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Lower edge 43 inches.

The dress is a very becoming style to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5540—This smart one-piece dress has many of the new features of Autumn styles. It has a new drapery, a collar and cuffs which may be removable and a bright-colored kid belt and buckle. There are several smart color combinations. On a black or a dark-blue dress you may wear an emerald green, red or king's-blue belt trimmed with gold braid; or on a brown dress a belt of darker brown or burnt orange is smart. A white collar and binding are effective on black or dark blue or a beige collar and binding on brown. Make the dress of cashmere, twills, broadcloth, satin or silk alpaca.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5612—The plaits at the side and a plaited chemisette of crêpe de Chine or organdy strike the tailored note on a slip-over dress with a one-piece back. This dress has a skirt which is joined across the front at a close-fitting hipline and a separate guimpe. The collar may be detachable. Use kasha, wool crêpe, light-weight cashmere, soft twills, satin, heavy silk crêpe or silk alpaca with braid for cuffs and skirt binding.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5632—10214—As the season advances, Fashion sounds a new note with redingote effects. This one-piece dress has an underfront extending to the underarm seams in redingote effect. These seams are open for a short distance to give ease in walking. Embroidery trims the underfront. Work it in outline. Use wool rep, cashmere, wool crêpe, soft twills, flannel, kasha, broadcloth, wool jersey, plaids, checks, satin or silk faille.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool rep (cut crosswise) and 1½ yard 27-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5648—The diagonal line and easy lines are good style for women who do not care for narrow sheath dresses. Here they are used on the draped waist and draped wrap-around skirt which is joined at a low waistline to a body lining with a left underarm closing. Use satin crêpe, crêpe faille, plain or printed silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, printed Georgette or silk voile. The dress may have a collar and cuffs either detachable or fastened to the dress.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5542—A flower on the left lapel and an envelope purse are correct accessories for this one-piece coat dress. It is the new narrow type in mannish style and the buttons down the front mark it as extremely smart. It may have a body lining if desired. Make the dress of men's-wear suitings, men's mixtures, tweeds, plaids, checks, stripes or cheviot.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch striped wool. Lower edge 44 inches.

The coat dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



YOUTH CHOOSES STYLES FOR STREET, CLASSROOM, ETC.

5619—10135—10271—This suit has a blouse and straight trousers, and the collar and cuffs may be detachable. Work the motifs in color. Use linen, chambray, rep, linen-finished cottons, madras, poplin, pongee, soft serge or wool jersey. This little boy carries a Deli-bear.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is attractive for little boys 2 to 6 years.

5634—Clusters of plaits and a lace yoke and short sleeve in one trim a one-piece slip-over dress of satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc. The plaits may be pressed to a plain lower edge or fall free below the hips with a pointed lower edge.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe and ⅝ yard 35-inch lace. Lower edge, plaits out, 61 inches.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5603—5601—A velvet coat and a crêpe de Chine hat make a smart Winter outfit. The coat has a round yoke, a collar which is tucked for other materials, and a plain lining. One may use broadcloth, cashmere, kasha, light-weight wool pile fabrics, etc., for the coat.

4 years requires 2 yards 35-inch velvet for coat.

The coat is for little girls ½ to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5527—It is smart to dress the junior in wool one-piece dresses for school. This dress slips on over the head, and collar and cuffs may be detachable. Use plaid flannel, wool poplin, wool crêpe, twills, serge, homespun, tweeds, gingham, linen, crash, etc.

13 years requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool plaid.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5639—Masculine vanity is tickled by a cane and a new overcoat with patch pockets. Make the overcoat of mixtures, homespun, tweeds, light-weight chinchilla, cheviots or camel's-hair.

11 years requires 2 yards of 54-inch chinchilla (partly lined).

The overcoat is suitable for boys 6 to 16 years.

5570 — 5218 — 10858 — Stripes, plaids or checks make a smart one-piece slip-over dress plaited at the side. Use light-weight flannel, twills, etc., and for hat and scarf, flannel, etc. A monogram trims the hat.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch striped wool. Lower edge, plaits out, 2 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also ladies 38, 40 bust; hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

5566—Soft twills, wool rep, wool crêpe, cashmere, kasha, flannel, satin, plaids, stripes or checks are smart for this one-piece slip-over dress. Like many new narrow dresses, this dress fits closely at the hipline. The collar and cuffs may be detachable.

16 years requires 2 yards 54-inch wool check. Lower edge 41½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5646—5561—A two-piece dress with a slip-over blouse and a straight skirt is very becoming to young girls. The skirt, which is joined to an underbody, has a tuck at each side. Use wool jersey tubing, soft cashmere dress material, etc. Her wrap-around hat is smart, in satin, velours, etc.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 47 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women; hat for misses and ladies.

5643—5416—The junior is quite warm buttoned up to her chin in a coat of broadcloth or soft pile fabrics. One may use velveteen if desired. Her tam-o'-shanter is smart.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch broadcloth for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for girls, children, misses, ladies.

5605—When you take your baby out-of-doors in Winter, you will find this one-piece sleeping-bag with set-in sleeves most useful. Use eider-down, blanket cloth, quilted or padded China silk or crêpe de Chine in white, bound with white, pink or blue satin ribbon.

The sleeping-bag for infants requires 1⅞ yard 35-inch eider-down cut crosswise.

This is for infants and children to 3 years.



Dress 5630

5630

Dress 5628

5628

Dress 5642



Dress and bloomers 5633 Embroidery design 10592



Dress and bloomers 5627 Embroidery design 10934

Doll 10192

Dress 5532 Hat 5292

Dress and bloomers 5617 Embroidery design 10243

Dress 5578

Dress 5599

Doll set 424



5642



5578



5633



5627



5617



5532



5599

YOUNG GIRLS WEAR RAISED WAISTLINES, TUNICS, ETC.

5630—Ribbon bow-knot trimming is easily made for this slip-over dress of Pompadour taffeta. The two-piece circular skirt joins the basque at a slightly low waistline. The neck may be cut higher for afternoon and the armhole is either the normal or cut-down type. Use taffeta, moire taffeta, or chiffon velvet, satin, gold or silver gauze with metallic ribbon bowknot at waistline.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch Pompadour taffeta. Lower edge 3⅛ yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women, and for ladies 38 bust.

5642—A slim and girlish figure is ideal for the raised waistline of a quaint frock with a two-piece circular skirt. It closes under the left arm and may be dart-fitted or eased in front. The neckline may be higher and the armhole normal for an afternoon frock. Use chiffon velvet or satin, with ostrich, etc.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch chiffon velvet. Lower edge 3 yards.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5627—10934—10192—An adorable slip-over frock for little girls has separate bloomers and a collar and cuffs which may be detachable. Use gingham, chambray, heavy cotton crêpe, rajah silk, etc. The pocket motifs are quaint. She carries a rag doll.

3 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5532—5292—A dress of serge, soft twills, light-weight flannel, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe and a tricorne hat of velvet, wool jersey, serge, soft twills, etc., make a smart outfit for juniors. For a tub frock use pongee, linen, etc. It closes in front on the left side.

12 years requires 3¼ yards 27-inch light-weight flannel for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5599—Plaid or printed silk, printed silk crêpe, plaid or striped flannel, plaid kasha, etc., with plain bands, make this attractive one-piece dress of the slip-over type; or use wool crêpe with bands of same material in a harmonizing color. For a tub frock use novelty cotton voile or cotton crêpe, with plain, etc.

7 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch plaid silk and ¾ yard 35-inch velvet for bands, etc.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

5628—The full straight skirt of this slip-over frock is joined to the basque and a camisole lining at a slightly low waistline. There is a narrow drop skirt and camisole of silver or gold fabric, satin or taffeta when one uses chiffon, tulle, Georgette or lace for the dress. The neck may be cut higher for afternoon wear and the armhole is either normal or cut down. Lower edge drop skirt 46 inches; skirt 3 yards.

16 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch chiffon for dress and 1⅜ yard 35-inch metallic fabric for camisole and drop skirt.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, and for ladies 38 bust.

5633—10592—A tiny yoke and smocking trim this frock with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. You may omit the smocking. Use chambray, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, cotton pongee, crêpe de Chine or pongee.

4 years requires 2¼ yards 32-inch chambray and ½ yard 32-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5578—A smart one-piece dress for the young girl has a slightly shaped tunic joined across the front and sides of a close-fitting hipline. It has the new narrow silhouette and slips on over the head. Use cashmere, soft twills, wool rep, wool crêpe, serge or satin.

17 years requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

424—This new doll set is planned for girl dolls with large bodies. For the cape use flannel, cashmere or albatross. Make the dress and cap of dotted swiss, dimity, dotted voile, organdy or lawn, and for the combination petticoat and bloomers and nightgown use lawn, nainsook or batiste.

A 22-inch doll requires 1¼ yard 27-inch dotted swiss for dress and cap.

The set is for girl dolls 12 to 26 inches.

5617—10243—For this slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers use light-weight wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, fine cotton crêpe or cotton pongee, with bands of a darker shade of same color, etc. The embroidery is dainty.

4 years requires 1¾ yard 32-inch pongee and ¾ yard 32-inch contrasting material for bands, etc.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

NARROW LINES OF PRESENT FASHIONS INFLUENCE UNDERPINNINGS

Kimono 5602

Combination 5596

Chemise 5623

Chemise 5649
Embroidery design 10264

5623—Hand-fagoting or machine-hemstitching and hand-made flowers are dainty trimming for this step-in chemise cut on slender lines. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe, fine nainsook, longcloth, batiste or cotton voile.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The chemise is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5623



5649

5649—10264—One may make a simple, well-cut envelope chemise of nainsook, longcloth, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, dimity or crêpe de Chine. The embroidery is exquisite trimming. Work the design in satin-stitch, etc.

36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch batiste.

The chemise is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5602—This kimono of habutai silk or plain crêpe de Chine is trimmed with stitchings in Oriental colors. One may use corduroy or printed silks or crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51 inches.

36 bust requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material.

The kimono is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.



Hat 5601





5593

5601—These very dainty hats are easily made of crêpe de Chine, faille silk, taffeta or Georgette. They are smart in chiffon velvet to match a coat.

6 years or 20½ inches head measure requires ⅜ yard 35 or 39 inch material.

The hat is for girls 2 to 12 years.



House dress 5593

Apron 5597

5597



5602

Costume slip 5638

Costume slip 5631



5631

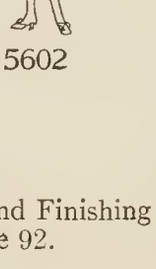


5596

5596—When one goes to dancing-class, under her dress she wears a flesh-color combination of glove silk trimmed with lace, or of taffeta or satin all one material or trimmed with lace. For general wear and without lace, use nainsook, cambric or muslin for hard wear.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard 35-inch satin.

The combination is for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.



5638

5638—This costume slip with a long upper part and a plaited flounce or a plain lower part gives the slender silhouette. The seams at the sides come where they will not show between the open edges of a tunic blouse. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin without plaits, etc.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The costume slip is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5631—This costume slip of crêpe meteor, soft satin or crêpe de Chine will give the slender silhouette under tunic blouse or transparent dresses. It has an inverted plait at each side below the low waistline. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 54½ inches.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch material.

The costume slip is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5593—Gingham, chambray, cotton broadcloth, percale, madras, cotton prints, cotton crêpe make an attractive house dress with a straight skirt joined to a long body at the side and back. The panel effect and collar are nice.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch plaid gingham. Lower edge 54 inches.

The house dress is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5597—For this new apron you may use percale, gingham, striped madras, calico, cotton crêpe, chintz, printed sateen or chambray.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch printed sateen.

The apron is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

Who wants all the work of making soup with 32 different ingredients?





Can they stop me? We will see!
I've real food inside of me—
Food for punch and food for grit,
My, but Campbell's Soup is IT!

Yet this is just the kind of vegetable soup everybody wants to eat!

Vegetable is a soup that has always been popular, but it was such a task to make it that women could not serve it nearly often enough to suit the family.

But now Campbell's have made vegetable soup a regular family dish, instead of an occasional one.

No trouble at all for you to serve it—and, how everybody does like it!

It would be difficult, if not impossible, for you to obtain such splendid vegetables—and it would be very expensive.

You couldn't devote all your time to the study and blending of soup—as Campbell's chefs do.

Thirty-two ingredients—fifteen tempting vegetables, choice cereals, rich beef broth.

You'll often make it the one hot dish of the meal.

Luncheon Dinner Supper



12 cents a can

EMBROIDERY'S AUTUMN RELEASE OF NEW DESIGNS FOR HOUSEHOLD LINENS AND A BEDSPREAD



Embroidery design 10292

10292—Butterflies linger over flower garlands in the delightful setting of a new embroidery design which may be used for a centerpiece and napkins. Both the centerpiece and motifs should be worked in satin-stitch, cut-work, eyelets, French stemming and scallops. The design can be adapted to 8⅝ yards of 1-inch scallops, 6 corners with motifs, 18 corners and one centerpiece.



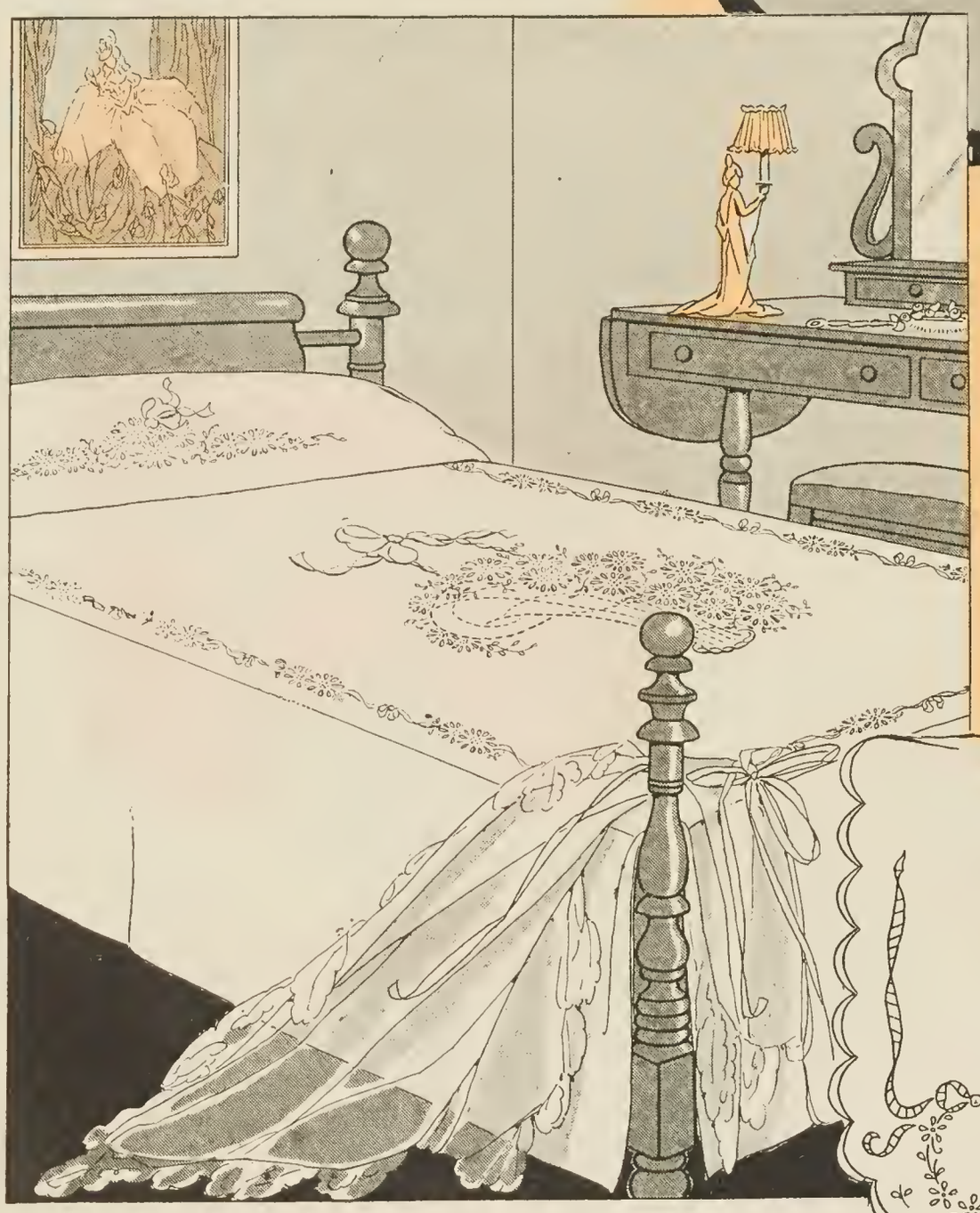


10293—Scarfs of this shape are very decorative for bureaus, chiffoniers, sideboards and serving-tables. They are also suitable to use as tray-cloths. These scarfs of various sizes should be worked in cut-work, eyelets, satin-stitch and French stemming. The design can be adapted to 1 scarf 19 by 60 inches or less and 1 scarf 10 by 36 inches or less.

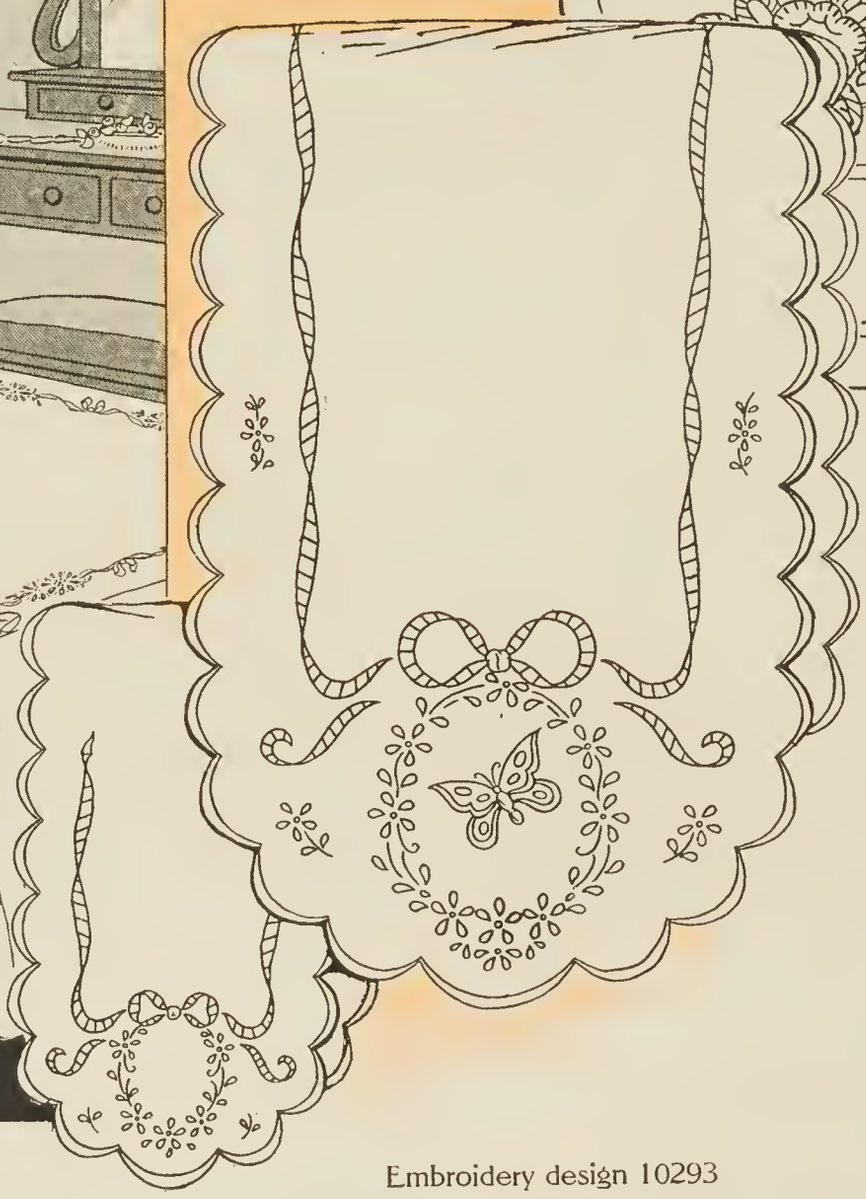


Embroidery design 10295

10295—It is a modern creed to make the useful also beautiful. Flower banding and motifs will add a decorative touch to various household linens, such as towels, pillow-cases, bags, etc. Work the motifs in lazy-daisy, outline, satin-stitch or appliqué. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 4 inches wide in 2 styles, 3⅜ yards of banding 1½ inch wide and 38 motifs in 9 assorted styles.



Embroidery design 10291



Embroidery design 10293

10291—Sometimes a combination of stitches, each very simple to do, will make a much more effective showing than a single kind of embroidery. For this bedspread the combined stitches are one-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, outline and French knots. A large French basket motif is always a most effective trimming for the center of a bedspread, and the bandings in this case harmonize delightfully with it. The design can be adapted to a motif and bandings for a single, three-quarter or double bed.

A few cents each week . . .
Vigorous, glowing Health again!

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation — or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected — this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

CONSTIPATION, skin and stomach troubles yield naturally and permanently to the powerful action of this simple food. Doctors, nurses, farmers, lawyers, policemen, business girls—people of every age and in every walk of life have found the road to health with Fleischmann's Yeast.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink) — before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-10, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"Until six months ago I was virtually a hermit, only going out to work every day and then spending the evening reading in my room. I was an extreme example of a pimple-faced youth. It seemed nothing could remove these eruptions.

"Then I tried the Fleischmann treatment. In one month my face had indeed cleared up greatly. I continued the treatment for three months, and by that time my face had become as clear as anybody's. I go everywhere now and bless the day I started to use Fleischmann's Yeast."

(Mr. Bernard Kliman of Philadelphia, Pa.)



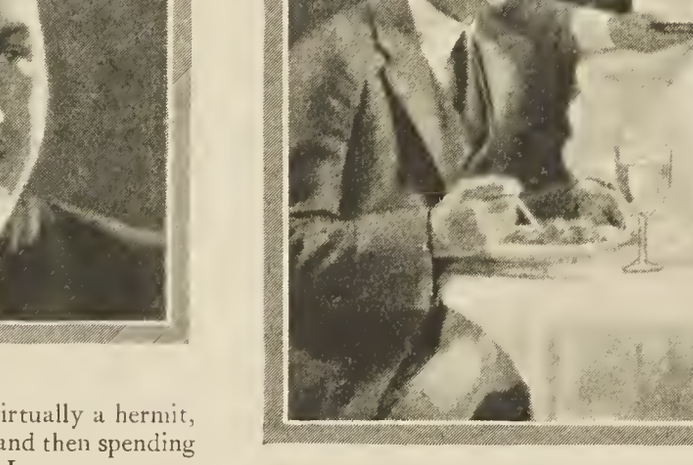
"For years I suffered from habitual constipation. Cathartics gave but temporary relief. I could not enjoy my favorite dishes without fear of flatulence, disturbed sleep, etc. I read of the merits of Fleischmann's Yeast. In despair I took the Yeast haphazardly—later—three times daily. Today I hardly know myself—face all aglow with the pink of health—no constipation annoyances. Again I eat my favorite New England boiled dinner without after discomfort!"

(A letter from Mr. G. Henderson Coyle of Detroit, Mich.)



"I did not eat six cakes of Yeast and feel myself improving immediately. In fact for one month I used 3 cakes a day without any visible improvement. But by the middle of August, 1921, *my chronic constipation commenced to give way*—I again consulted our family physician, who told me to use no other remedies but Fleischmann's Yeast. . . . Today my stomach troubles have become ancient history, and my skin eruption a thing of the past—thanks to the remarkable effects of Fleischmann's Yeast."

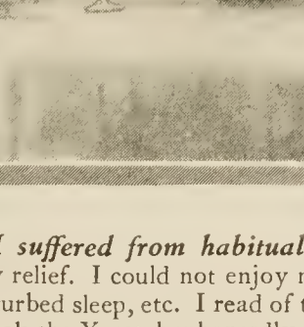
(A letter from Miss Ruth Rollband of Utica, N. Y.)



"Fleischmann's Yeast gave me everything that four years' chronic constipation, with its then continual purgative taking, took from me. As a 'rifleman' I saw active service on four fronts, and constipation undermined my constitution until I became a nervous wreck, invalided from the service; classified neurasthenic, I was awarded a pension with disability 40%. Life was hell. After persuasion I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and now eat well, sleep well and what's better, work well and cheerfully.

"A month ago I wrote the pension authorities asking for a final award. I don't need my pension any longer."

(A letter from Mr. Charles H. Ward of Halifax, N. S.)



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*



"From the time I was twelve years old until I was thirty-three, every year I had an attack of boils. No remedy or treatment had any effect. My profession was teaching. Seven years ago my annual attack of boils began. The school physician examined me and told me to buy Fleischmann's Yeast and take it daily for ten days. In those ten days my boils disappeared.

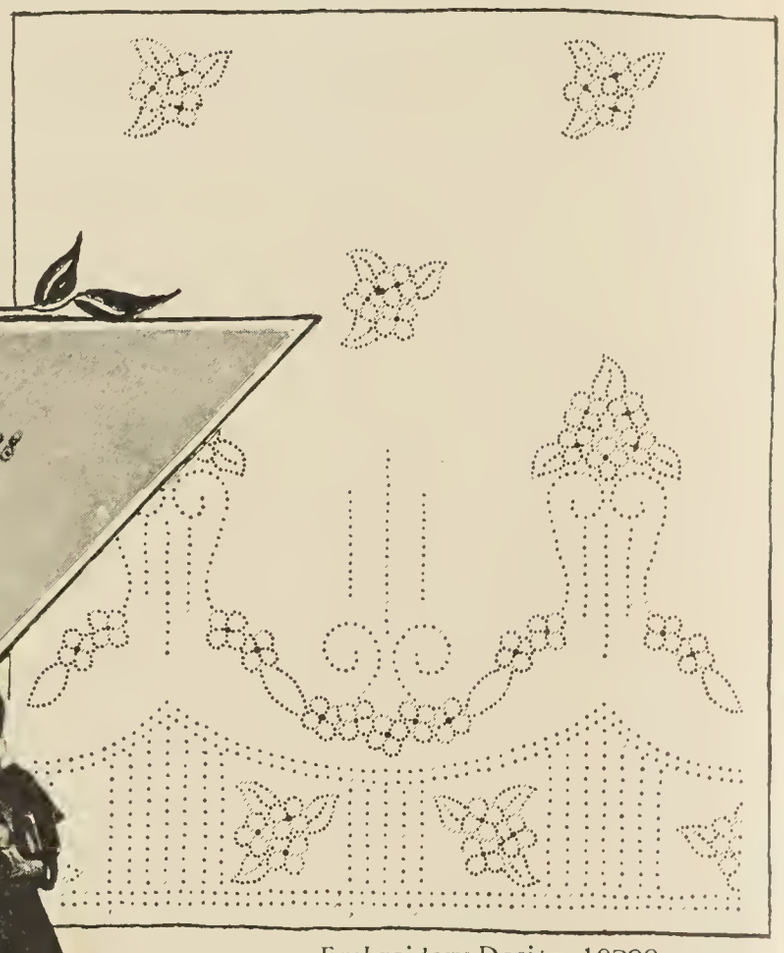
The doctor told me to repeat this treatment once every three months for a year and that he was sure that I would have no boils. He was right. For the past seven years I have been free from them."

(A letter from Miss Elsey H. Erwin of Pittsburgh, Pa.)

ADOPT A FRENCH DOLL FOR A "KINSPRIT" AND DECORATE YOUR USEFUL LINENS WITH THESE QUAINT MOTIFS



French Dolls 10296

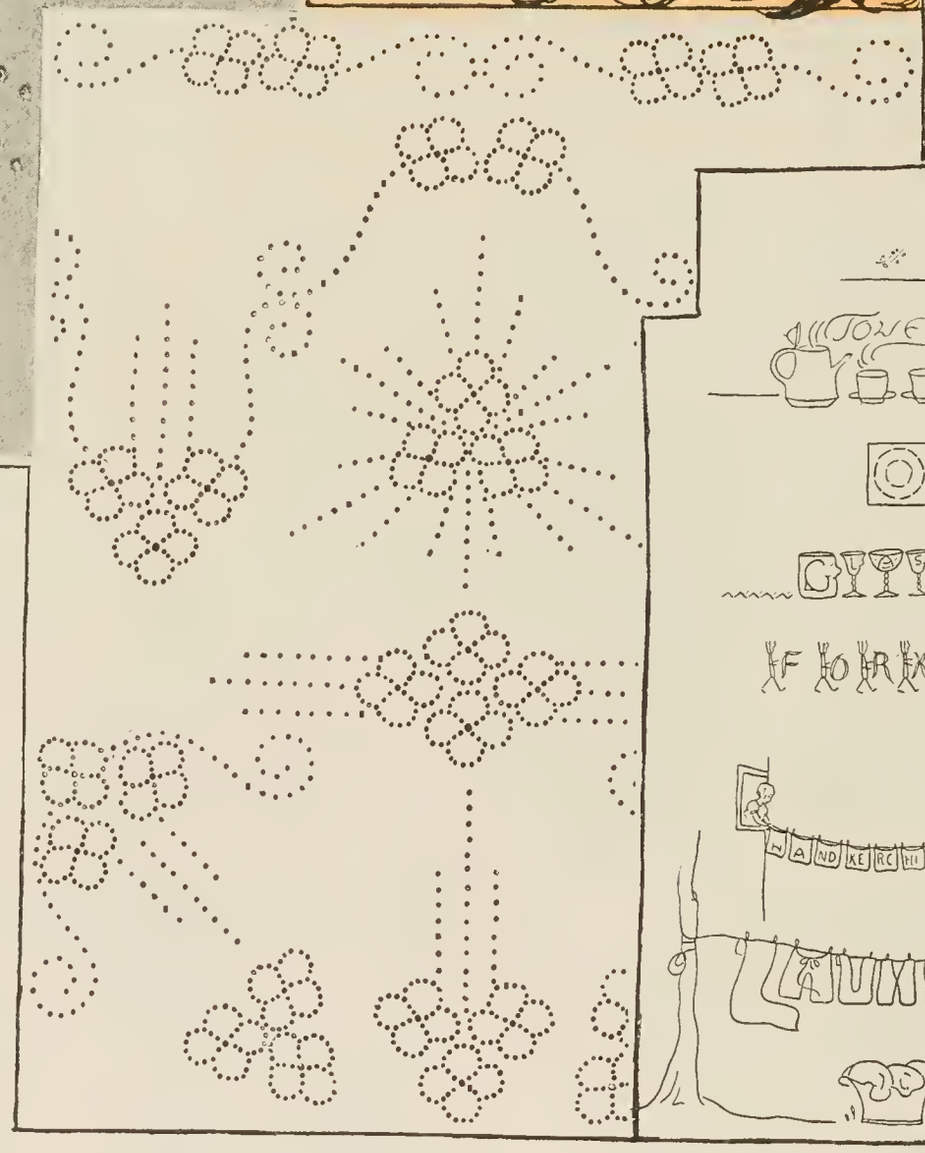


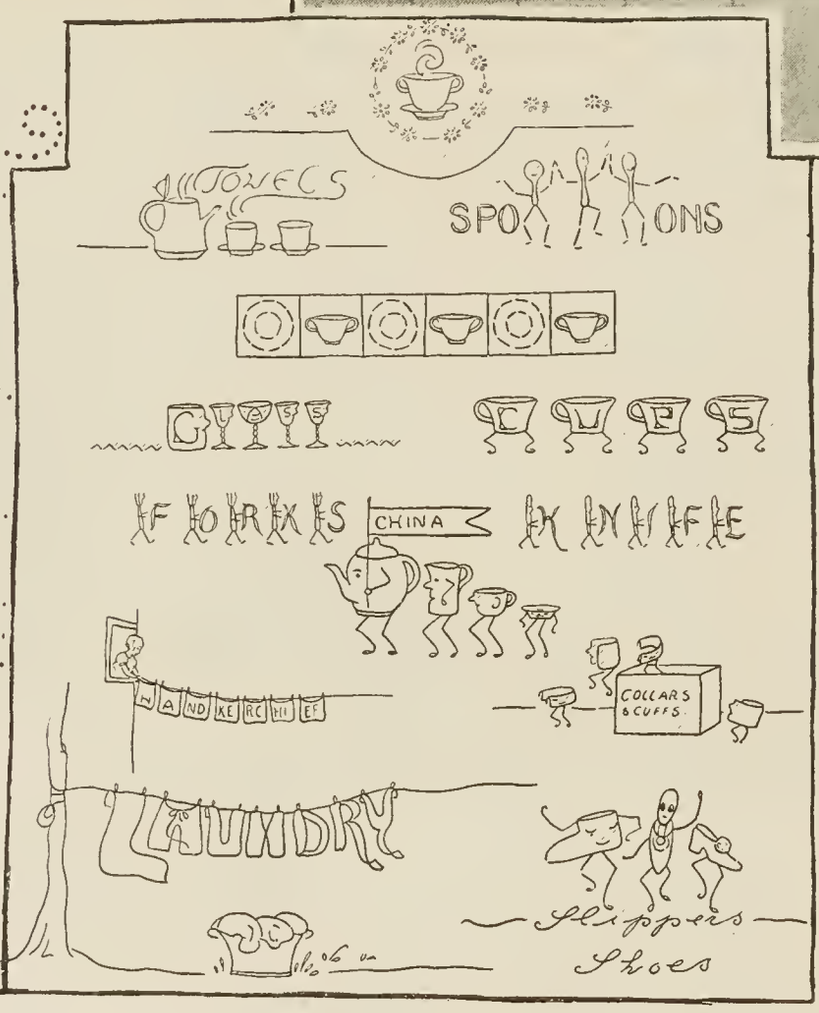
Embroidery Design 10290

10290—One of the smartest and most elegant types of evening dress is the formal beaded gown, the beading in either crystal beads or rhinestones, colored or metallic beads. For this style one should use an all-over beading of a large design and this new one is a good size. It is suitable for dresses or blouses, and may be worked in beads or French knots. The design can be adapted to 2⅜ yards of banding 31⅜ inches wide.

10294—Very often you will need a touch of beading to give just the right trimming and color note. The motifs of this design are just large enough to give enough decoration, and the bandings are various sizes for dresses or blouses. This design, too, may be worked in French knots if desired. It can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of 8⅛-inch banding, 4¾ yards of 1⅛-inch banding and 30 motifs in assorted styles.







10296—Where else but from Paris could have come these ladies and their lord? In one's boudoir or in a millinery display window, French dolls give a decidedly Parisian air. They please the fancy of the little girl or the grown-ups, and when you put them on display at your church fair, they are among the first sales. The bodies are of flesh-colored satin or sateen, faces are painted on and the hair may be either silk or wool, or in the case of Milord, real hair. The man's suit is of satin and the ladies wear elegant silk gowns with ostrich or lace trimming. The design can be adapted to one doll's body, two faces and their clothes.

Embroidery Design 10294

Embroidery Design 10289

10289—"A place for everything and everything in its place" cry these quaint motifs. They mark the laundry bag and stamp the shoe bag or the collar bag beyond all question of identity! Then if you want to label your handkerchief-case, use the motif for handkerchiefs. Kitchen towels, too, are much more interesting when they are decorated with motifs which define their use. These motifs should be worked in outline and satin-stitch or lazy daisy. The design can be adapted to 24 motifs in 13 assorted sizes and styles.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 92.

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD *urges women to give their skin the wisest care*

"I am always impressed with the charming youthfulness of American women. They manage to keep such clear delicate skins in spite of the strain of their many activities and strenuous out-of-door life. I believe that women everywhere can have the same lovely complexions with the aid of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs Marshall Field 3rd

PERHAPS it is one of the President's cabinet who dines with her tonight; a visiting diplomat or a returned explorer; almost surely some one who is contributing his vivid bit to contemporary history.

It is as a gracious and cosmopolitan hostess that Washington knows Mrs. Field. The drawing room of her lovely home is as nearly a *salon* as one finds in America. Against its pearl grey walls moves the brilliant, shifting pageant of official and diplomatic society.

Abroad and at home, Mrs. Field has had opportunities accorded to few. She has met the young and gay, the middle-aged and clever, the old and distinguished of many countries.

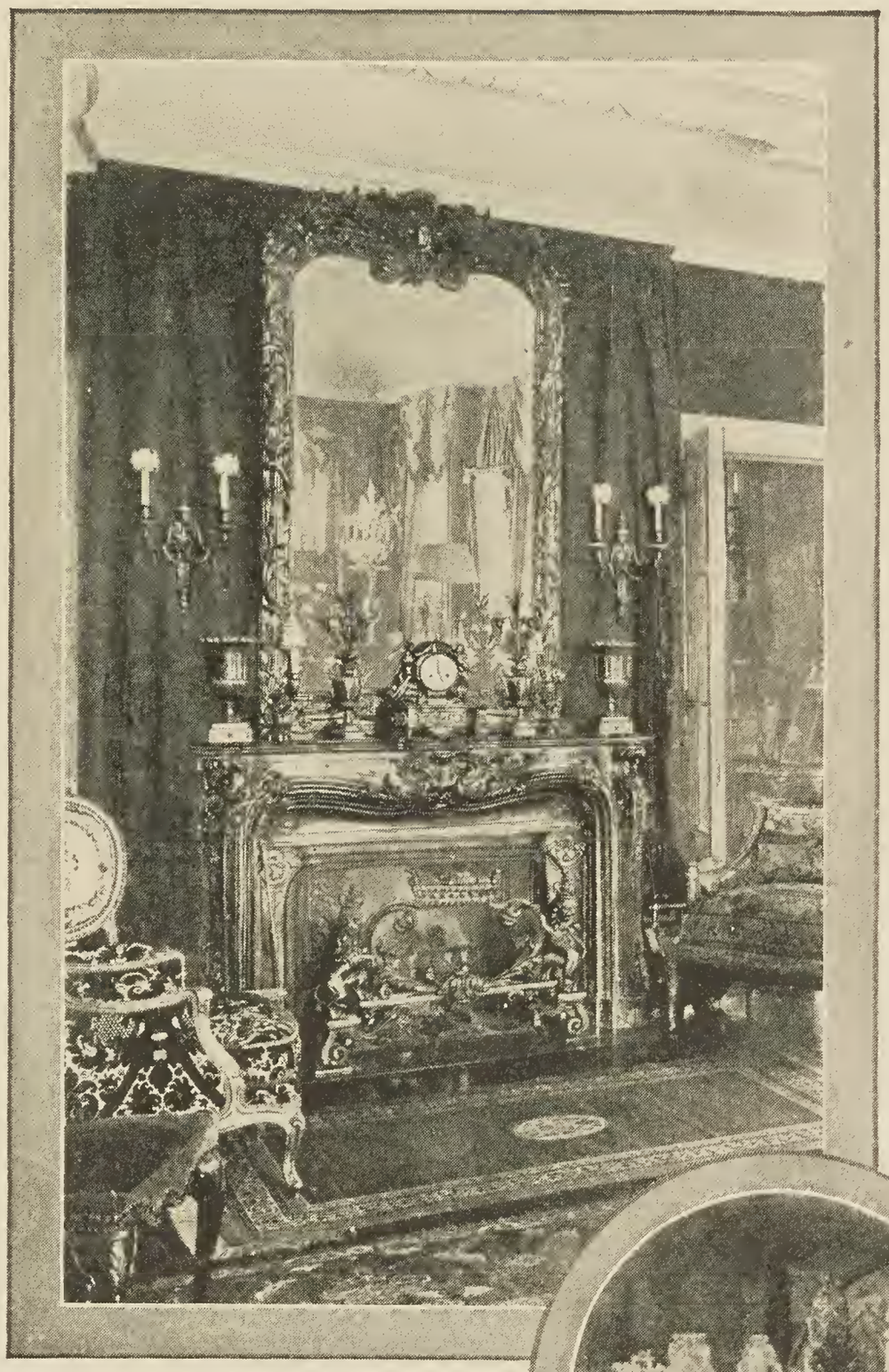
Urges women to take care of their beauty

It is from the crown of this full, interesting and sophisticated life that Mrs. Field speaks when she advises the younger woman how to keep her youth and beauty. And to take the proper—and regular—care of her skin.

The society woman learned long ago that she could not neglect the two fundamental needs of the skin if she wanted her complexion to remain exquisite. And so she learned to depend on just two creams that were perfected to answer these two great needs—the rejuvenating cleansing, and the delicate but sure protection and finish every normal skin demands.

How exquisite women keep their youth

A thorough cleansing every night. For this, use Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it generously on the face and neck with the finger tips or a bit of moistened cotton. This pure soft cream works deep into the pores, purifying them and ridding them of the excess oil and powder, the dust and dirt they have been collecting all day. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. Smooth the cream on a second time and wipe it off again. When you look at the cloth, you simply won't believe all this dust and dirt could have come from your own skin. But now look at your cheeks. How soft and smooth they are, how clear and fresh looking, how exquisitely clean.



The Regence mirror and sofa shown in the picture above, add a note of distinction to this charming room in Mrs. Field's Washington home. It is this room which contains the famous collections of jade and amber. The Sevres, which is equally interesting and well known, is in another part of the house.



Harris & Ewing

An interesting glimpse of Mrs. Field's famous collection of jade

Preparation of the skin before powdering, protection before going out. Before you powder, smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough for the skin to absorb. This light delicate cream gives you just the finish and protection you need, and it is so very *restful* to your skin! It eases away any feeling of strain or tightness, and notice, too, what a becoming pearly tone it gives. If you have never used Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering it will be hard for you to believe how much longer it makes the powder cling. You can dance the whole evening through without the thought of a shiny nose.

And when you go out, this light cream under your powder protects your complexion from the bad effects of weather and keeps it soft and satin smooth.

The famous Pond's method—the method Mrs. Field recommends—is suited to every type of skin. If your skin is very oily or clogged it needs *a particularly deep, purifying cleansing* with Pond's Cold Cream. Normal circulation will then gradually curb the overactive oil glands.

For a very dry skin Pond's Cold Cream should be used for the morning as well as the nightly cleansing and a little allowed to remain on overnight. The hungry skin will gladly drink up the oil it lacks.

These cleansings should be supplemented by Pond's Vanishing Cream—it keeps your skin deliciously smooth and soft.

Pond's is the method lovely women everywhere are using to achieve the clear skin Mrs. Marshall Field bids them have. Try it yourself today. See how gratefully your skin responds—and it will keep its youthful freshness and beauty for years. The Pond's Extract Company.



THE DAILY USE OF POND'S TWO CREAMS KEEPS THE SKIN SUPPLE AND EXQUISITELY PROTECTED

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
MRS. JULIA HOYT
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's method of caring for the skin.

Free Offer *Mail this coupon at once for free tubes of these two famous creams.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L, 149 Hudson St., New York
Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name .....

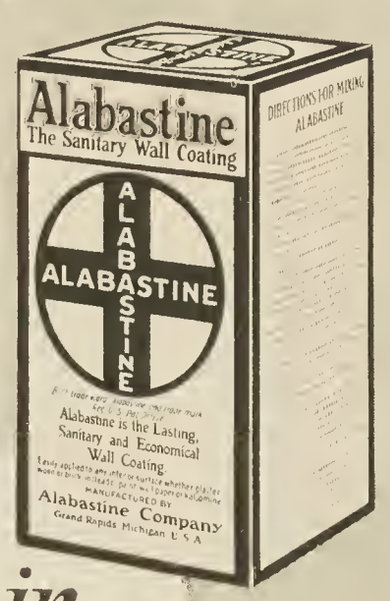
Street .....

City ..... State .....



When the Home is a Perfect Picture





Art in Wall Colors

In a picture which pleases you, even the background colors have been carefully selected to harmonize with all others. In the home which pleases, wall colors have been selected with equal care. A slight difference in tint may make a great difference in effectiveness. To secure the exact color becoming to you, the color which harmonizes most perfectly with your rugs and furnishings, you must use a wall coating capable of infinite variety in tone. You should use

Alabastine

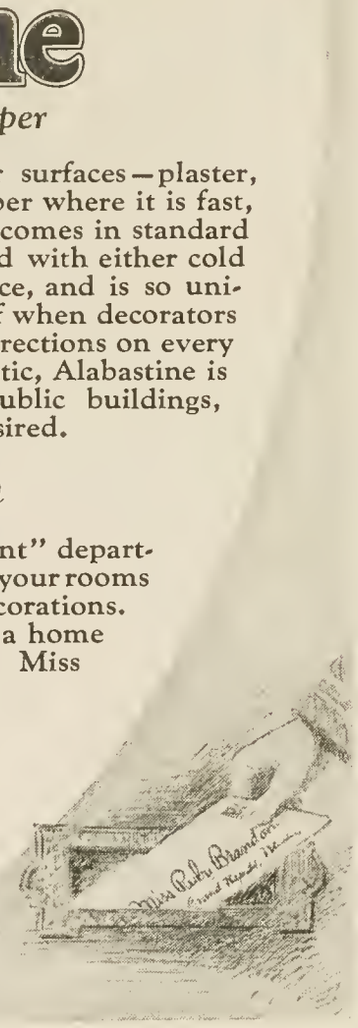
Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine is a high-grade water color for interior surfaces—plaster, wall board, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes; comes in standard colors which intermix to make many shades—mixed with either cold or warm water—can be applied to any interior surface, and is so uniformly satisfactory that you may do the work yourself when decorators are not available—put up in powdered form—full directions on every five-pound package. Being sanitary as well as artistic, Alabastine is the acceptable wall coating for homes, offices, public buildings, theatres, schools, wherever beautiful walls are desired.

Write to Miss Brandon

Write Miss Brandon of our "Home Betterment" department how best to improve the appearance of all your rooms and avoid discordant or jarring tones in decorations. Make of your interior a beautiful picture—a home in which you will enjoy living. Write Miss Brandon and get her advice free.

Alabastine Company
926 Grandville Avenue
Grand Rapids,
Michigan



SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints from successful housewives

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Making Department under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



No chasing back and forth to the sink when you've got a bucket with two compartments

You can carry clean water in one side of this bucket and soapy water in the other

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write only on one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

SAVE CARRYING MANY PAILS OF WATER

At very little cost, a tinner will make a partition through the center of a galvanized cleaning-bucket, thus dividing the bucket into two parts. It is then possible to have soapy water and clear water in the same bucket. This saves many a trip up and down the step-ladder when cleaning windows or woodwork.—MRS. R. C. S., Marietta, Ohio.

A CHAIN SAVES TIME

Shot used for cleaning bottles or glass jars have a great way of spilling and are hard to pick up. I prefer very much a short piece of fine chain. I keep a piece of this chain hanging near the sink and find it very useful.—MRS. B. H. T., Checotah, Okla.

SAVE IN THE KITCHEN

Rubber plate-scrapers have many uses other than the one for which they were originally intended. They save time, noise and material if used to remove cake batter from the bowl in which it is mixed. Whipped cream, salad dressing, melted chocolate, beaten eggs, etc., may be removed without waste with the help of this same handy rubber scraper. Several of them are an excellent investment when kitchen equipment is being purchased.—MRS. P. F. W., Richland, Wash.

COOPERATION SAVES TIME

Every Saturday when I drive my car down-town to get staples and supplies for Sunday I also get the supplies for my neighbors. This saves each woman at least an hour—and also car-fare. Each neighbor gives me her list on Friday evening, and also pays twenty cents in addition to the cost of the supplies she wishes to purchase for herself. Each order is put up by itself and the grocery slip enclosed. The clerks are glad to pack all those orders away in the back of my car. Sometimes I fill the order list for a dozen neighbors instead of the more usual six. While the money return from this plan is not great, there is some profit in it, and the time of many busy home-makers is saved on Saturdays when they are particularly busy.—B. L., Washington, D. C.

SAVE ON COOKING CATCHUP

When making catchup, after cooking the tomatoes pour them into a strainer and let the thin juice drain off. Then return the thin juice to the fire immediately to boil down. Since it contains no pulp, it will not require stirring, as the thicker mixture does. The pulp need not be added until a few minutes before the catchup is done.—L. B., Rushville, Mo.

SAVE WORK IN CLEANING THE CAR

I believe I have an original way of cleaning the floor of our automobile. I drive the car close to a window, attach the vacuum cleaner, carrying the cord through the window to the car. It is but a moment's work to clean the rug thoroughly. If one has a closed car, the upholstery may be quickly and easily cleaned in this way.—MRS. J. T. F., El Nido, Calif.

SAVE ON RUBBERS

Have you six pairs of feet in your household constantly in need of rubbering and rerubbering at more than a dollar a pair? If so, you will appreciate the discovery I made that a trip to a near-by garage and the payment of ten cents for vulcanizing will restore the rubbers to their former usefulness.—M. C. W., Upper Montclair, N. J.

SAVE LEATHER

Many people do not appreciate the value of ordinary saddle-soap for cleaning, preserving and polishing leather. It is useful in keeping black or tan shoes in excellent condition, helping to make them waterproof and also making the leather soft. Saddle-soap prolongs the life and improves the appearance of suitcases, traveling-bags, golf-bags and leather trunks; in fact, it is good for practically anything made of leather.—MRS. J. H. H., Spring Lake, Mich.

AN EASY WAY OF MAKING FRENCH DRESSING

I keep a wide-mouthed glass-stoppered bottle for making French dressing. All the ingredients are placed in the bottle, the glass top put in place and the bottle shaken vigorously. The dressing will keep indefinitely and is ready for use by simply shaking it before serving.—MRS. F., Denver, Colo.

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HOSIERY

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Silk Vests and Bloomers for Women

Combination All-in-One Silk Vests and Step-Ins for Women

Form-Fitting Knitted Union Suits for Men, Women, Children

Loose-Fitting Woven Union Suits for Men, Women, Children

Infants' Vests, Tab Bands and Binders and Double Breasted Wrappers

For Service



Munsingwear is now obtainable in hosiery as well as in union suits. The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials in styles for men, women, children, infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.

When buying your Munsingwear union suits, ask your dealer to show you samples of Munsingwear hosiery. You will find the same fine quality and workmanship in the hosiery that for so many years have characterized all under garments bearing the Munsingwear trade mark symbol.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



When you don't expect them

IT'S A WISE HOSTESS who keeps a generous supply of "Uneeda Bakers" sugarwafers on the pantry shelves. To such a discerning woman the problem of what to serve the unexpected guest is no problem at all.



Take NABISCO, for instance; the lightness of its two wafers and the tasty flavor of its creamy filling make it a favorite with everyone.



There's HARLEQUIN, too, another well-liked sugar wafer, with triple layers of delicious cake and alternate layers of creamy filling.



And FESTINO, the crisp and delectable wafer that looks and tastes like an almond.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"Uneeda Bakers"

MENUS FOR NOVEMBER

With a special spread for Thanksgiving

By Jessie A. Boys

These menus were planned to provide correct nutritional values within the means of an average household budget. They were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

A PERUSAL of the dinner menus of bygone Thanksgivings shows that elaborate and lengthy meals used to be the custom, and that the expression "the groaning board" was literally true. How any one could eat his way through those old-time menus and survive is almost incomprehensible in these days of simpler living.

Of course, elaborate menus may be simplified. From the following ones a dish may be removed here or there, if desired, though care should be exercised in doing so, since provision has been made to include the two fruits, the two vegetables and the necessary milk advocated by nutrition specialists.

Also, these menus may be made more elaborate in various ways. A soup may precede where none is indicated; a salad may be added where it has been omitted, or another vegetable included; and those relishes and condiments favored by individuals of the family will add to the pleasure of the meal.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Whole-Wheat Cereal with Top Milk
Poached Eggs on Toast
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Salmon-and-Cabbage Salad *Sliced Cucumbers*
Nut-and-Olive Sandwiches
Ice-Cream *Cake*
Hot Chocolate *Whipped Cream*

DINNER

Tomato Soup
Celery *Crisp Wafers* *Pickles*
Fried Chicken *Sweet Potatoes*
Lettuce *French Dressing*
Sliced Peaches *Baking-Powder Biscuits*
Apple Pie à la Mode
Milk *Coffee*

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Scrambled Eggs and Bacon
Wheat Muffins
Cocoa *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Hashed Browned Potatoes *Cheese Toast*
Jelly *Graham Bread*
Fresh Fruit
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Ham and Potatoes Baked with Milk
Buttered Peas
Mustard Pickles *Rolls*
Chocolate Gelatin Pudding
Marshmallow Mint Sauce
Sweet Wafers
Milk *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Hominy Grits with Cream
Toasted Muffins *Marmalade*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Creamed Eggs on Toast *Cabbage Salad*
Oil Pickles *Bread*
Junket *Hermits*
Cocoa

DINNER

Creole Soup *Wafers*
Roast Beef *Franconia Potatoes*
Buttered Brussels Sprouts
Chutney *Graham Bread*
Apple Dumpling *Lemon Sauce*
Milk *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Apple Sauce
Buckwheat Cakes *Sirup* *Sausage Balls*
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Fried Hominy Mush *Sirup*
Scalloped Tomatoes
Waldorf Salad *Whole-Wheat Bread*
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Pork Chops and Apples En Casserole
Glazed Sweet Potatoes *Celery*
Beet Pickles *Raisin Bread*
Sweet Fruit Salad *Wafers*
Milk *Coffee*

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Grapes
Pinhead Oats *Top Milk*
Liver Omelet *Crisp Toast*
Jelly
Milk *Coffee*

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Clam Bouillon
Club Celery *Wafers* *Olives*
Roast Stuffed Turkey *Brown Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes *Jellied Cranberries*
Creamed Onions *Baked Squash*
Whole-Wheat Bread
Orange Salad *French Dressing* *Crisp Wafers*
Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Cream
Crackers and Cheese *Coffee*

SUPPER

Turkey Sandwiches
Grapefruit-and-Celery Salad
Hot Chocolate

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Sliced Oranges
Ready-Cooked Cereal with Cream
Soft-Cooked Eggs *Bran Muffins*
Cocoa

LUNCHEON

Cream-of-Tomato Soup *Wafers*
Grilled Sardines *Scalloped Sweet Potatoes*
Coconut-Crum Pudding *Jelly*
Milk

DINNER

Baked Fish Steaks with Cheese Sauce
Steamed Rice *Buttered Cauliflower*
Celery Relish *Bread*
Orange Macaroon Pudding *Orange Sauce*
Milk *Coffee*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Pears
Creamed Dried Beef on Toast
Cookies
Milk *Coffee*

LUNCHEON

Spaghetti Spanish Michel
Potato-Cakes *Crisp Celery*
Conserve *Brown Bread*
Fruit Whip
Milk *Tea*

DINNER

Boston Roast *White Sauce*
Baked Potatoes *Stewed Tomatoes*
Cabbage-and-Green-Pepper Salad
Spiced Grapes *Entire-Wheat Bread*
Pumpkin Custard *Whipped Cream*
Milk *Coffee*

The Home-Making Department will gladly send recipes of any of the above dishes. Address, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and please enclose a stamped reply envelope.



"And finally, to crown the feast, a great Plum Pudding, bursting with fruits and nuts and savory spices!"

JELL-O PLUM PUDDING

JELL-O PLUM PUDDING is the delicious modern form of the historic plum pudding of merry old England. It has all the traditional richness, the mellow flavor, the plums and raisins and nuts, of the old-time steamed pudding. But it has none of the bother, for like other Jell-O dishes it is prepared in a jiffy. And it has none of the stomach ache. JELL-O PLUM PUDDING is so light and digestible it tempts the appetite after a hearty meal, when a more heavy dessert is unwelcome. Have JELL-O PLUM PUDDING for your next holiday dinner. Make it the day before and set it away ready for the festivities. Your family will love it!

RECIPE: *Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and while still hot stir in ¾ cup Grape Nuts, ¾ cup seeded raisins, ¾ cup English walnut meats, ¾ cup cooked prunes and ¼ cup citron—all cut fine; also ½ teaspoonful cinnamon and ¼ teaspoonful cloves. Salt to taste. Mix and let harden.*

Turn out on a large plate and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream or pudding sauce.



The JELL-O COMPANY, Inc.

LE ROY, NEW YORK

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WDT

LEARN RAISIN COOKERY

Mrs. Frederick's Raisin Lemon Meringue Pie

3 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
4 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup rich cream
1½ cups Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins
3 egg whites

Meringue:
2 egg whites
3 tablespoons sugar
or
½ lb. cooking marshmallows
2 egg whites

Beat egg yolks until thick and light-colored; beat in the sugar gradually, then the cream, slowly adding the fruit juices and rind and salt; add the separated raisins, fold in the stiffly beaten whites and at once turn into a pie-plate lined with flaky pastry. Bake in moderate oven half an hour. Make meringue of whipped whites and sugar, spreading as usual. Or cut marshmallows in half and set in a warm place until soft. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, then beat in the softened marshmallows; spread over the top of pie a few minutes before finished, and return to oven until delicately browned. Makes 1 medium pie. Should be eaten the same day it is made



Mrs. Christine Frederick

Household efficiency expert; Director, Applecroft Home Experiment Station; Lecturer; Author: "Household Engineering," "The New Housekeeping," etc. Advisory Food Consultant



One of the kitchen laboratories, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass.



Miss Alice Bradley

Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery; cooking editor, The Woman's Home Companion; *Author: "The Candy Cook Book," "Cooking for Profit," "For Luncheon and Supper Guests"*



Miss Bradley's Raisin Cocoanut Candy

Bake or boil
1 medium sized potato until soft. Force through a coarse sieve or potato ricer. There should be ½ cup. To this add
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1 cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins
1 cup shredded cocoanut
1 teaspoon orange extract or grated orange rind and
Few grains salt. Work together, using a fork until well mixed. Shape in a cake ¼ inch thick in a pan lined with waxed paper and leave until firm. Melt over hot water
3 squares chocolate (coating chocolate preferred) and coat the mixture, using a pastry brush. Mark in squares before chocolate is hard





Mrs. Caroline B. King

Nutrition specialist and dietitian Woman's editor of The Country Gentleman; *writer for* The Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Modern Priscilla *and* Pictorial Review. *Lecturer, home economics teacher. Author: "Caroline King's Cook Book" and "Caroline King's Cake Book"*

Mrs. King's Sun-Maid Lady Cake

¾ cupful butter
1½ cupfuls sugar
1 teaspoonful vanilla
4 egg whites
1 cupful milk
3 cupfuls flour
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins

Cream butter, add sugar and flavoring, and cream again till light and white. Sift flour and baking powder together twice; chop the raisins slightly and flour lightly. Add milk to the butter and sugar mixture alternately with the flour and baking powder, beat very hard, then stir in the raisins and finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in three layers in oven heated to 350 degrees

Sun-Maid Marshmallow Filling

1½ cupfuls sugar
½ cupful water
½ cupful Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 egg whites
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
¾ teaspoonful baking powder

Boil sugar and water without stirring until the syrup will spin a thread; add the raisins chopped and boil for a few seconds, then pour over the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, and beat till smooth, add the orange rind and baking powder and whip thoroughly. Spread between the layers and over the top and sides of the cake. Ornament with seedless raisins

Miss Splint's Cinnamon Twists

2 cups flour
5 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons sugar
5 tablespoons butter
½ cup milk
1 cup chopped Sun-Maid Raisins
¼ cup chopped nuts
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and 3 tablespoons of sugar together. Cut in the butter and add the milk slowly to make a soft dough. Roll out on a floured board to ¼ inch thickness. Brush over with melted butter. Sprinkle with raisins; nuts and remaining 2 tablespoons sugar and cinnamon. Roll like a jelly roll and cut in ¾ inch slices. Put in a greased pan cut side down and bake in a quick oven (425 F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 8 to 10 twists

Seeded
in the blue package, large, juicy, rich in flavor

Seedless
in the red package, grown without seeds, plump, meaty nuggets of sweetness

Clusters
for between meal eating—a tempting, healthful confection





Miss Sarah Field Splint

Head of Food and Household Department, McCall's Magazine. *Formerly Chief of Division of Home Conservation, United States Food Administration. Former editor* Today's Housewife. *Contributor to* The Ladies' Home Journal, House and Garden, *etc.*



SUN-MAID

from these FAMOUS COOKS

here they show you how to make economical and UNUSUAL dishes from the simplest of ingredients

These women who have gained such fame as cooks—what is their secret?

Special knowledge? Yes. Experience? Yes. But, far more important than either of these, is something else . . . .

Simply—*they know the possibilities of plain foods.* They know the little ways to make distinctive, quite unusual dishes with everyday ingredients.

Here they show you how

Here they show you one of the easiest, surest ways to give familiar foods a fresh and unexpected goodness.

That is—with Sun-Maid Raisins.

Note how simple are the ingredients of their recipes—and how inexpensive. Observe how easily each dish is prepared.

Yet, what distinctiveness! Each one, made from everyday materials, is a "company food." Each a delightful innovation.

The Cinnamon Twists, for instance

The foundation of Miss Splint's cinnamon twists, you will note, is ordinary biscuit dough. But have them for supper tonight—and see how many of your family will guess it!

For here is a *new* food experience. Something wholly different. And what makes that difference? What, indeed, but Sun-Maid Raisins!

So with the Turkish tongue, the rice dainty and each of the others. So with numberless foods. You can give no end of them a tempting freshness and newness that will surprise and delight your family.

Watch for Raisin Cookery Lessons

Each month in this magazine America's most famous cooks will give you their own fascinating secrets of Raisin Cookery. They will tell you, as only *they* can, how to create the most unusual dishes from ingredients you have always upon your shelves.

Some of the simplest—yet most interesting—of their suggestions they have put into the chart at the right. Cut out this chart and keep it in your cook book.

And be sure especially to clip the coupon and mail it to us for the new Sun-Maid recipe book. Mrs. Belle De Graf has written it, and you'll find it a treasure of out-of-the-ordinary recipes that *always* come out right.

There IS *a difference in raisins*

There is a difference in flavor, sweetness, size, color and cleanliness. To make certain of the finest results, be sure that the raisins you use are Sun-Maids.

For Sun-Maids are made from the tenderest and sweetest grapes, grown where they reach perfection—in the beautiful San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California. They come to you in sanitary packages—raisins large, plump, juicy, with an inimitable delicacy of flavor. Thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, they do not require washing before use.

You can use these perfect raisins freely, for they are inexpensive now—cheaper than they have been in years. Buy a package today and try them in these recipes by America's most famous cooks.

[*FREE The new Sun-Maid cook book, 130 unusual and practical recipes, suggestions for afternoon teas, luncheons, children's dishes. Compiled and tested by Mrs. Belle De Graf. Just mail the coupon*]

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, FRESNO, CALIF.

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer

Author and editor for 33 years. On staff of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *1897-1911. Principal Philadelphia School of Domestic Science. Lecturer. Author: "Mrs. Rorer's New Cook Book," and sixteen other well known works*

Turkish Tongue by Mrs. Rorer

Wash a fresh beef's tongue, and with a large needle and twine fasten the tip to the butt. Place in a kettle, cover with boiling water, and simmer two hours Skin, save the water in which it was cooked for stock. Replace the tongue in the kettle, add a half pound of Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, one carrot, cut into thin slices, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper; add one and a half quarts of boiling water and simmer one hour. When done, brown two tablespoonfuls of butter, with two of flour; add two cupfuls of the water from the kettle, boil five minutes, add a teaspoonful of soup coloring and pour this sauce into the serving platter. Remove string from the tongue, dish it in the center of platter, heap the raisins in the center of the tongue, put the carrots around the "back" and garnish the "front" with a large bunch of parsley Serve



Mrs. Belle De Graf

"California's most famous cook." Has conducted cooking schools in all the large Pacific Coast cities. Household Editor of more than thirty Pacific Coast newspapers. Editor "Mrs. De Graf's Cook Book"





Mrs. De Graf's Raisin Rice Dainty

2 cups cooked cold rice
1 cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins
1 cup whipped cream
⅓ cup powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix raisins, sugar, rice and vanilla. Fold in whipped cream. Heap in glass dish or sherbet cups and serve very cold. Will serve 6 persons

THIS is the Sun-Maid Girl—an insignia of quality the world over. Look for her on products of the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California



RAISINS

Paste this chart in your cook book



JUST ADD SUN-MAID RAISINS *to* YOUR

Biscuit Dough

Raisin biscuit
Raisin roll (roll out, spread with raisins, sugar and cinnamon, roll and bake)
Cinnamon twists
Steamed Raisin Dumpling

Breakfast Breads

Raisin muffins
Raisin doughnuts
Raisin cornbread
Sally Lunn
Cinnamon buns

Breakfast Cereals

Oatmeal
Cream of Wheat
Cornmeal mush

Pies

Apple, rhubarb, pumpkin, lemon, butterscotch, peach, cranberry, cocoanut

Simple Puddings

Rice, custard, bread, tapioca, cornstarch, brown betty

Cakes

Layer, tea, drop, spice, loaf. (Flour raisins slightly before adding to batter)

Candies

Raisin and nut balls (ground raisins and nuts made into balls and rolled in sugar)

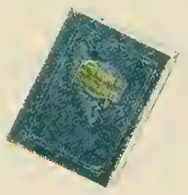
Raisin fudge, penoche, caramels

Raisins dipped in sweet chocolate

NOTE: *Practical recipes for these and many other delightful foods can be had by mailing the coupon below*

COUPON

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California
Dept. A-211, Fresno, Calif.
Please send me "Recipes with Raisins."



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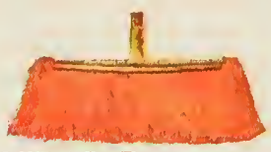


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Daily dusting with O-CEDAR Dusting Mop, and weekly cleaning with O-CEDAR Polish Mop, will give you prettier floors with much less work.

Prices—$1.00, $1.25. $1.75.

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Brighten and Beautify ~ Save Time and Work *with* O-Cedar

MUCH of the cheer and charm of your home comes from the lustrous beauty of your piano, furniture, woodwork and floors; and these need constant, intelligent care, else their exquisite finish and beauty of grain and coloring soon become dulled and dimmed.

Nothing will revive and renew that rich, glowing, "velvet" lustre so ***quickly*** and ***safely*** as O-CEDAR Polish.

More than a polish, O-CEDAR also ***"cleans*** as it polishes," saving time, saving work, adding fresh beauty to the home—in a way all its own.

Then, too, its fine quality is always the same—from the first to the last drop; no tiresome shaking of the bottle with O-CEDAR!

On finished floors the use of O-CEDAR Polish, applied with the O-CEDAR Polish Mop, enables you to ***dust, clean*** and ***polish*** all at once—so quickly and sanitarily—without any of the hard work of stooping, bending or kneeling. Simply let the O-CEDAR Polish Mop glide around on the floor, under the furniture, beneath radiators, along the baseboards; the O-CEDAR Mop will collect and hold the dust instead of scattering it and your floors will be prettier than ever before.

O-CEDAR Polish is packed in five sizes, 30c to $3.00; naturally there's extra economy in the larger sizes.

O-CEDAR Polish Mops come in shapes and sizes to meet every need, to fit every purse. Prices, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.75.

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O-Cedar Polish





If you do not wish to serve the last of the corn "on the cob," you can make a delicious and nourishing pudding from the kernels

USING THE GARDEN LEFT-OVERS

By Jessie A. Boys

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University—*Martha Van Rensselaer*

KILLING frosts generally come before any one is quite reconciled to the thought of Winter. Suddenly one becomes aware that the fruits and vegetables in the garden have ceased to mature. It seems that they must be lost to use. But not so!

PUMPKINS

Always there are pumpkins too small and green to store away. Yet immature as they may be, they still are edible. They can be boiled or steamed and served buttered or creamed just like Summer squash.

TOMATOES

Of course everybody knows that if tomato plants or vines are pulled and hung up under a shed or in a cellar where they will not freeze, that gradually the fruit will ripen. Some advocates of this process have reported ripe tomatoes up to Christmas-time.

Aside from being used in pickles, green tomatoes are acceptable in quite a number of dishes. Try a scalloped dish, first treating the green tomatoes as follows: Wash and remove their stems. Cut them in one-quarter or one-third inch slices and drop them into boiling water to which soda has been added in the proportion of one teaspoon to a quart of water. Let stand five minutes; then proceed as for scalloped ripe tomatoes.

Another unusual use of green tomatoes is in a cream soup. This might be called mock oyster soup, for there is a similar flavor, and the odor arising from the process of preparation calls to mind the popular oyster stew.

GREEN TOMATO SOUP

3 large tomatoes
1 quart boiling water
1 teaspoon soda
1 pint milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash the tomatoes and chop them quite fine. Add the water, using more, if necessary, to cover, and the soda. Let boil for five minutes. Drain and discard the liquid. Add a quart of freshly boiled water and let boil slowly until the tomatoes are soft. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and stir till smoothly combined. Pour in the milk slowly, stirring so as to avoid lumps, and cook slowly for five minutes, taking precautions to avoid scorching. Combine the two mixtures. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve hot with crisp crackers.

KERNEL-OF-CORN PUDDING

Sweet corn which has "gone by" or become too old to be good as boiled corn may still be utilized. Score down each row of kernels and with the dull edge of a knife press or scrape out the pulp, leaving the hulls attached to the cob.

To each cup of pulp thus obtained use one cup of milk, one egg slightly beaten, three teaspoons of melted butter, one tablespoon of sugar and salt and pepper to taste. Pour into a buttered baking-dish and bake in a slow oven thirty minutes, or until firm to the touch.

COLD CUCUMBER RELISH

Sometimes circumstances develop so that cucumbers grow too big to use for slicing or for pickling. These over-sized green ones, or even partially ripened ones, may be utilized in a cold cucumber relish.

12 large cucumbers
4 medium-sized onions
¼ cup salt
Vinegar
2 tablespoons white mustard seeds
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons white pepper

Pare the cucumbers and remove the seeds. Peel the onions and chop both quite fine, or put them through the food-grinder. Mix the salt all through and let it stand overnight. Drain and add the other ingredients. Mix well and add enough vinegar to cover. Seal in sterilized jars or bottles. Do not heat the mixture. The sugar is added to make partial amends for the sharpness of the vinegar; if it is very strong, more sugar may be needed. This quantity makes three and one-half pints of relish.

CARROTS

Odd-sized carrots may be used as mashed or riced carrots. Scrub thoroughly, cut off the top and any bad spots, and cut into even-sized pieces. Boil until very soft. Drain and put through the ricer. The skins will remain in the ricer, thus saving part of the time usually spent in scraping. (It takes a good ricer to accomplish this.) Season with salt, pepper and butter.

APPLES

Small apples may be made into a smooth apple sauce with little work. Wash, remove the stems, blossom ends and any bad spots, and cut into a few pieces. Cover with water and stew until soft. Put through a potato-ricer or a coarse wire strainer. Return to the fire and sweeten to taste.

RADISHES

Winter radishes when boiled and served buttered are more delicious than one can imagine.

ONIONS

The sprouts that insist on appearing on stored onions are wonderful when boiled and served buttered on toast. They make a good substitute for leeks.

IF YOU DO NOT WANT

to use up your garden left-overs right away, try canning them for soups or salads. You'll be glad to have them in the Winter. We'll send you the necessary recipes if you'll write our Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped envelope



How to dress your baby without a pin or button



Vanta Vest*
the shirt without a fault. Double over the chest and abdomen, where constant protection is needed. Endorsed by physicians everywhere.



Vanta Knit Knitie*
The tape at the bottom enables it to be closed like a bag, keeping the feet under cover. The tapes at ends of sleeves keep hands covered and prevent thumb-sucking.



Vanta Abdominal Binders
Better than the old inelastic strip of flannel. A soft, knit fabric, sufficiently elastic to permit the little "tummy" to expand after nursing

Vanta Teething Band*
Should be worn all during the trying teething period. The cut of the Band brings the weight on the sturdy back muscles and keeps your baby from becoming round shouldered.





Vanta Baby Bess Hose
They fasten to the shirt—not the diaper. Cut away in back. They do not bind or chafe when wet.

IF Baby could only talk! He would tell you how often pins scratch and jab him. And how often, too, buttons bruise his tender flesh. More often than not, that's the cause of his crying.

Now, no pins or buttons the first two years! Now, no more bulging about Baby's clothes to bind or chafe his little body. Vanta Baby Garments—scientifically designed for the little bodies—dispense with pins and buttons. And fit Baby to Baby's own notion of comfort.

Instead of pins and buttons, these dainty little garments are fastened with Vanta Twistless Tape. Cute little bows of tape instead of bothersome and distressing pins and buttons!

Let Baby be a Happy Baby

You'll find Vanta Baby Garments in the Infants' Department of any good store—in a range of prices to suit. All Vanta Baby Garments are *non-shrinkable, guaranteed.* All are instantly adjustable to a perfect fit. Sterilized before packing, they come to you antiseptically clean. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. We'll see that you're taken care of.

In the meantime accept our free offer of a Vanta Pinless Diaper Pattern with Vanta Twistless Tape for the fastenings. Both FREE to acquaint mothers with the Vanta way of dressing babies. Fill out and mail the coupon.





Baby's Outfit Book

"Baby's Outfit" contains practical information on what Mother should know before and after Baby's arrival. Endorsed by Doctors everywhere.

Vanta
Baby Garments

EARNSHAW SALES CO., Inc.
Dept. N. D.
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Chicago, Ill.

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325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation to me please send me your free gift to mothers—Pattern and Twistless Tape for making Pinless and Buttonless Diaper. Also your book on the care and dress of babies.

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Cultivate the Habit of Walking!

Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, has taken the initiative in adding a course in walking. Hereafter, students will be required to do just so much walking each day.

A fine, healthy habit to cultivate. No other form of exercise is equal to walking. A long hike every day will do wonders in keeping you in good physical condition. And it costs nothing.

Just look well to your shoes. See that they are kept in perfect condition by the application each day of a good shoe polish.

With a Shoe Shining Outfit handy this is a simple matter. A good shoe polish keeps shoe leather soft and pliable. It is really a leather preservative, thus giving longer life to shoes.

Teach your children early in life to take good care of their shoes. The Shining Outfit makes it easy. Everything convenient for the daily shine.

SHINOLA COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

S. M. BIXBY & CO., INC.
Indianapolis, Ind.

F. F. DALLEY COMPANY, INC.
Buffalo, N.Y. and Hamilton, Can.

"look at your shoes!"

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 50c to the Shinola Company, Rochester, N. Y., for the Shinola Home Set and two boxes Shinola Shoe Polish, or 75c to the F. F. Dalley Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., or $1.10 to Hamilton, Can., for the 2-in-1 Shining Kit and two boxes 2-in-1 Shoe Polish.



Shinola
Home Set



Bixby's
Liquid Polish



2 in 1
Shining Kit

For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT VACUUM CLEANERS

By Ruth M. Kellogg
Specialist in Household Management

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

NO ONE of the recently invented conveniences contributes more to the modern household program of year-round cleanliness than the portable vacuum cleaner. Its price puts it within the range of purchasers with moderate incomes. And it yields returns in so many ways that it may be considered a real investment.

Of the dividends paid by the vacuum cleaner, the foremost is a saving of both energy and time on the part of the home-maker. Then, the cleanliness of rugs and carpets is increased and their wear and tear reduced. Even the bare floors around the rugs and bricks in the fireplace hearth may be freed easily from loose dirt with a good cleaner.

Through the use of attachments, stair carpets may be easily cleaned, the pipes of a hot-air furnace dusted out for quite a part of their length and dust removed from picture-moldings. Mattresses, pillows and heavy hangings may also be kept much cleaner than would be possible in any other practical way.

Places that can not be cleaned by suction tools may be made to give up their collection of dust through the use of the blower. Of course, since the blowing-tool will send dust out into the room for later removal, cleaning done by blowing should precede cleaning by suction.



With the right machine you can clean close to mopboards, bookcases and even stair-treads

THE THREE TYPES OF VACUUM CLEANERS

When a woman begins to look for a vacuum cleaner, she should inspect all the different types and choose the one which best satisfies her particular needs. As there are only three distinct types of vacuum cleaners, this is not as difficult as it would seem.

In all vacuum cleaners the work is actually accomplished in one of three ways: by suction alone, by suction plus a friction-driven or traction-driven brush, or by suction plus a motor-driven brush. There are good machines in each of these types.

The suction-alone type of cleaner is very easily identified, as there is no brush within the nozzle. If a brush is to be used, it must be placed on the outside of the nozzle, thus increasing the friction between floor and machine and requiring greater strength to push the cleaner. Furthermore, when the brush is outside the nozzle, the nozzle itself can not come into as close contact with the equipment that is being cleaned as is possible with the type of cleaner that has its brush within the nozzle. When using a straight suction machine, threads and strings can be more readily drawn up if one end of the nozzle is tipped slightly.



A long flexible hose and good suction makes it easy to clean chairs, pillows and hangings

The second type of cleaner has a brush, usually of bristles, located within the nozzle. This brush rotates when the machine is being pushed or pulled across the floor, either through contact with the floor itself, in which case it is called a friction-driven brush, or through contact with the wheels of the machine, in which case it is called a traction-driven brush.

In the third type of vacuum cleaner the brush is driven, as the name indicates, by an electric motor. Machines of this type beat the rug by means of the rapidly revolving brush and at the same time provide sufficient suction to carry away the dirt.

THE PARTS

The Motor—Most cleaners are now equipped with universal motors, which may be used on either direct or alternating electric current.

Motors on cleaners are often described according to their position on the machine. A "vertical" motor stands upright; a "horizontal" motor rests on one side. There are advantages in each position. If the machine has good suction and the motor is made to stand the work it has

Concluded on page 54

KARPEN FURNITURE



Karpen furniture is good taste, and the tastefully treated home cannot but assimilate these lovely pieces

That home of your dreams

Don't think it is out of your reach —have it!

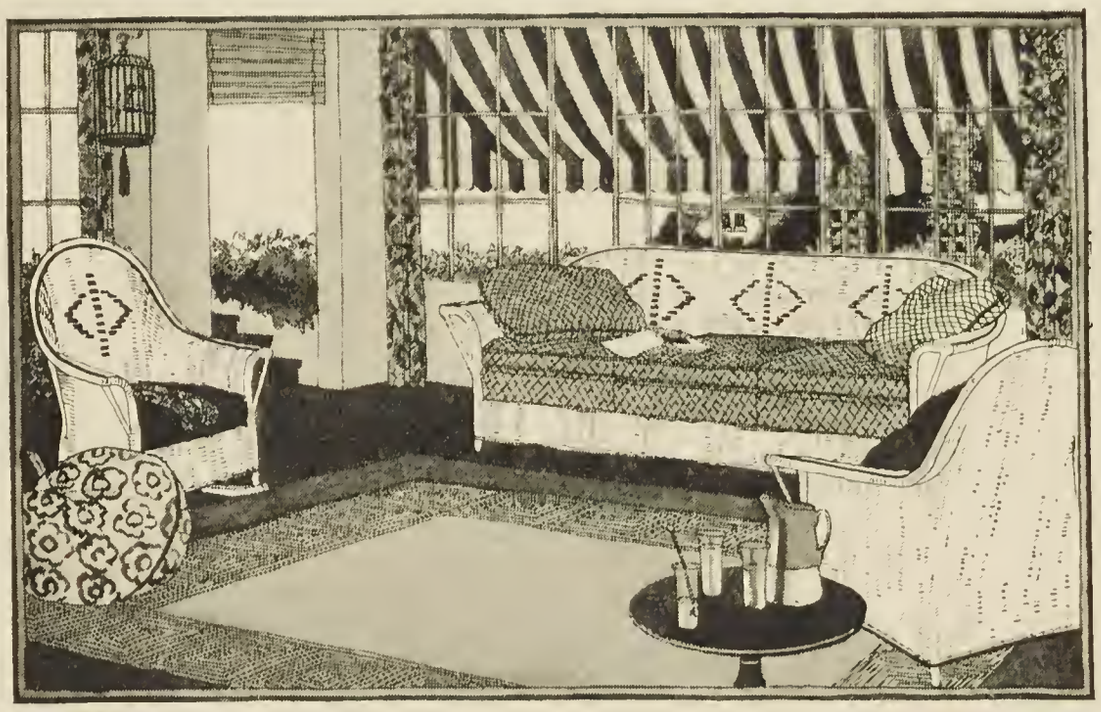


Karpen furniture has created a new "period" for American homes. A period of truly *fine* furniture, at moderate prices—prices surprisingly well within the means of every purse.

There is a Karpen suite, or an odd piece, that belongs in your home. One that you can afford to obtain *right* now. For Karpen makes furniture not only to harmonize with any scheme of decoration, but every scheme of family budget.

Every Karpen piece is built on lines of beauty . . . combined with craftsman's standards of sturdiness and comfort. And today, the name Karpen is famed for the luxury of upholstery, the ease and long-life which every piece embodies.

Karpen furniture is good taste, and the tastefully treated home cannot but assimilate these lovely pieces. To thousands it has made come true that home of dreams every woman carries in her secret heart.



Karpen Hand-woven Fiber Furniture blends the unconventional charm of this modern type of furniture, with the comfort and dignity of the heavier varieties.

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Let us send you the new edition of our attractive book on interior decorating—"Better Homes." It is full of helpful ideas, and through black and white, and color charts and drawings, shows what the foremost decorators are doing. Plans for fourteen complete rooms—any of which can be easily adapted. Just send the coupon.



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Karpen dealers, all over the country, will hold their special Fall Karpen Week early in October. These exhibits present an important opportunity to select the Karpen pieces you desire at special Karpen Week prices. Watch your local papers for announcements of the dates.

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Pyorrhea plays no favorites. Silk stocking crowds or cotton—they all look alike to this sinister disease. Records prove that it has marked for its own four out of every five over forty years of age, and thousands younger.

Heed Nature's warning—tender, bleeding gums—before it's too late. Better still, check Pyorrhea before it starts by going to your dentist regularly—and brushing your teeth twice a day with Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums is a safe, efficient, refreshing dentifrice from the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. If used in time and used consistently, it will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It safeguards your health, preserves your teeth and *keeps* your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome. Used and recommended by leading dentists everywhere.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan D.D.S. Forhan Company New York

Forhan's TRADE MARK FOR THE GUMS BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT" FORMULA OF R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT VACUUM CLEANERS

Concluded from page 52

to do, its position, whether vertical or horizontal, is relatively unimportant

The Nozzle—An adjustment by which the nozzle or the position of the nozzle may be raised or lowered is desirable, because the cleaner must be used on surfaces varying from rugs possessing a very deep pile to others with no pile at all, as in matting or grass rugs, and even to bare floors themselves. If a nozzle is set too high above the rug, the air instead of pulling up through the rug simply sails into the nozzle over the top of the rug and actually does very little work. On the other hand, if the nozzle is set too low for the rug or the surface in question, little air can enter and again little work is accomplished. The nozzle should be in such a position that the rug is slightly drawn up into the nozzle.

A good length of nozzle means fewer trips across a rug in order to clean it. Nozzles are now made from twelve to fourteen inches in length. When looking at a machine, turn it over to see the length of the actual cleaning parts of the nozzle. A nozzle may not be as effective as it looks, for part of it may be closed off from the rest because of the position of the wheels.

The Wheels—If the wheels are located behind the nozzle, their position makes it possible to run the cleaner parallel with mopboards and large pieces of furniture and thus do effective cleaning, for in a good cleaner the suction should extend to the end of the nozzle. If the wheels are located at the end of the nozzle, these wheels prevent the end of the nozzle from making a contact with the mopboard, consequently, instead of using the machine in the parallel manner, it must be pulled back and forth in a right-angled line or zig-zag fashion. This, of course, is a more laborious and time-consuming process than traveling straight ahead.



Examine the fan in your cleaner occasionally. It may need attention

Weight—Many of the cleaners weigh approximately twelve pounds. Some are lighter, others heavier. The weight is a point to be given consideration, particularly if the machine has to be carried up and down stairs. In general, a machine should not be so light that it gaily bounces around on the floor, nor so heavy that it is burdensome.

The Dust-Bag—The material of which the dust-bag is made should be such that the air drawn into the bag may pass through it readily; yet at the same time it must be closely woven so that the dust will remain behind. The bag should be so attached to the machine that it will stay firmly in place when in use, with no leakage of dust at the point of connection. Dirt is emptied from some bags at the top of the bag. This makes possible a large opening, but the dirt must be shaken the length of the bag before escaping. Other bags open at the bottom. This bottom opening is usually smaller than the top opening, because of its connection with the machine. Projections or flanges on the metal collar of this bag, on which the feet may be placed when emptying the bag, provide less opportunity for the dust to come up into the face.

The Attachment—The attachment of a vacuum cleaner may be as valuable as the cleaner itself if the house has upholstered furniture, stair carpets, heavy hangings, mattresses and pillows, all of which must necessarily be cleaned. Two things are essential if attachments are to be satisfactory: the machine must have strong suction and the attachments must so connect with the machine that all suction possible will be available through the attachments.

Connection of attachments direct into the fan-chamber is a real advantage, as it materially cuts down possible loss of suction.

An attachment may be made into either a blowing or a suction tool, depending upon whether you connect with the front or the back of the machine. Attachments are of very much the same type in all machines.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE CLEANER

Every one who uses a cleaner should know what can be reasonably expected of that machine. Then it should be given a square deal.

The dust-bag should be emptied frequently, for a dirty dust-bag naturally prevents the free passage of air through it and sometimes causes loss of power. If a bag becomes a "leaker" and dust escapes, the only thing to do is to replace it with a new one.

A brush-machine will not pick up thread, hair and small scraps if the brush is already wound around with such litter. It is easily cleaned if the threads are cut with a pair of scissors and then some device, such as a button-hook, is used for pulling these cut threads from the brush.

In using the cleaner, the nozzle should be moved slowly across the rug to give it a full chance to do thorough work. Many persons, particularly beginners, are inclined to use a cleaner at too brisk a rate. Slowing down one-half the average walking speed is about the right rate for a vacuum cleaner to travel if it is to accomplish effective work.

If you understand and observe the oiling of the machine from the very beginning, you are likely to have a longer-lived and more efficient motor. Know how, where, how much and when to oil, and the kind of oil to use.

Do not over-oil or under-oil or oil with the wrong kind of oil. Do not be surprised if your motor becomes warm after it has been running for a time, as this always occurs with a motor of the type used in vacuum cleaners.

It is well to remove the motor housing (the part inclosing the motor) and the attached fan from time to time in order to examine the fan.

See if the fan turns very freely and easily. If it is not running freely, you can be sure it is making excessive work for the motor and may in time lead to the burning out of the motor. And it is expensive to replace a burned-out motor!

Notice if all the fan-blades are clean-edged and straight. A bent or chipped blade means a fan that is swinging unevenly, and this will be very hard on the motor. Fan-blades may be chipped by hard metallic objects if these are picked up by the cleaner. Do not, therefore, try to pick up such things with your cleaner. It is not wise to draw pins into the cleaner, for although these may not damage the fan, they may punch holes in the dust-bag.

VACUUM CLEANERS WHICH WORK BY HAND

Satisfactory hand-power vacuum cleaners are now made which look very much like their electric relatives. They have a fan within the fan-chamber and a brush within the nozzle.

As with the electric cleaner, the suction is created through the rapid revolutions of the fan, but in this kind the fan revolves because of its connection with the large wheels of the machine and moves with them when the machine is being moved across the floor. Through a well-planned gear arrangement, this fan makes many revolutions to each revolution of these large wheels. Unlike its electric relative, the rapid moving of the hand machine increases the speed of the fan, which means increased suction. Consequently, one should walk faster when using this type of machine than when using an electric cleaner.

Some of these hand-power cleaners develop considerable suction, and they are light and easy to handle—but it is scarcely reasonable to expect them to be as efficient as a good electric cleaner.



NOW! Anyone can afford a Hoover. Pay only $6.25 down for machine and attachments *complete* and have *yours* delivered today!

It beats rugs gently; sweeps as no broom can; and thoroughly air-cleans—*electrically*! Its handy new air-cleaning tools dust, *dustlessly*. It keeps your home immaculate; saves time, strength, health; makes rugs wear years *longer*. Certainly, it's a Hoover! Delivered to any home upon payment of only $6.25 down! Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will explain our easy purchase plan.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



Test this Way to Prettier Teeth

Millions are glad they did so

This offers you a ten-day test of a new way to clean teeth. A way which millions are employing. A way which brings the prettier teeth you see everywhere today.

Accept this offer. Watch the changes that occur. They will be to you a delightful revelation.

Combats film-coats

Your teeth are coated with a film —that viscous film you feel. Under old-way brushing much of it clings and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Under old methods, film-caused troubles became almost universal.

Better methods now

Dental science has in late years found ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day.

Brings a new era

Pepsodent in other ways is bringing a new dental era. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These great natural tooth-protecting agents are thus given multiplied power.

These results have brought to millions a new conception of what a dentifrice should do. Let this test show what they mean to you and yours.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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10-DAY TUBE FREE

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A delightful test

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will never forget the delightful results.

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CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW



HOW GOOD IS YOUR BREAD?

By Claribel Nye

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

Have you made any bread since you read Miss Nye's article, "Secrets of Making Good Bread," in the October DELINEATOR? Tell us what results you had. If your loaves were imperfect, we may be able to tell you why. And if you missed last month's helpful article, write us for a reprint. Address the Home-Making Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and please enclose a stamped reply envelope

TO THE young home-maker who ventures forth into the realm of bread-making, the causes of success or failure often seem a total mystery. The product she gets is never twice the same, and she quite naturally speaks of having good or poor luck with her bread. So many factors may be responsible for a poor loaf of bread that she may become discouraged in her effort to locate them. But the common defects of bread can usually be detected by checking up with the rating-card printed on this page, though the actual causes are sometimes quite difficult to trace.

Judging Bread by its Appearance—The appearance of a loaf before it is cut indicates in a number of respects the quality of the bread.

The perfect loaf of bread has a bright color and the crust is brown on top, bottom and sides. A very pale crust results if the dough is allowed to get too light. If flour is left on the dough when kneading is completed, the result is a loaf that is dull in color. This may be improved somewhat by greasing the loaves as soon as they come from the oven. A pale crust may also indicate too cool an oven. Bread should be baked at about 400 degrees Fahrenheit and should begin to brown by the time it has been in the oven ten minutes.

A rough crust may indicate too soft a dough. In her effort to keep the flour from sticking to the board and to her hands, the bread-maker adds flour and rubs the dough into little rolls; and sometimes these bits of dough stick to the outside of the loaf and are not thoroughly kneaded through. Flour should be added just as soon as the dough begins to stick; then the kneading should be continued and flour added until the dough will not stick to an unfloured board.

The dough should be shaped until the top and sides are perfectly smooth before it is placed in tins. If it tends to be rough and sticky, it should be allowed to stand on the board for three or four minutes before molding it.

The perfect loaf is uniform in shape, not higher on one side or one end than on the opposite side or end, but rather a little higher in the center than on the sides.

The lop-sided loaf is a puzzle to the inexperienced

IS YOUR BREAD 100 PER CENT. PERFECT?

Next time you bake, mark your bread according to the following ratings:

SHAPE AND SIZE

If it's a good rectangular loaf and has sides and ends of regular and equal height, with its top slightly rounded from side to center (not flattened or bulging anywhere), give it 10 per cent.

CRUST

If it's equally thick on all sides, smooth (with no roughnesses or bits of dough bakes) and golden brown in color, count it another 10 per cent.

FLAVOR, FRAGRANCE AND TASTE

If it has a sweet rich flavor, the fragrance of baked wheat, and a pleasing, but not exaggerated, salty taste, credit it with 40 per cent. more.

CRUM

And if its color is creamy white (with no dark spots or streaks) and its grain and texture of uniform size (with no lumps at all), of slight moisture and easy elasticity, then credit it with the last 40 per cent.

bread-maker. Unskilful molding of the dough may be responsible for it, but more frequently the cause is an uneven oven temperature. The dough continues to rise on that side of the oven which is cool, while where the temperature is higher it begins to bake quickly. The first five or ten minutes the loaves are in the oven they should be turned around if the dough is rising unevenly.

The Dough Determines the Bread—If the loaf is small, if it feels heavy to lift or if it has a texture that is very compact, then it is probable that the dough went into the tin or into the oven before it had risen to slightly more than double its original bulk. The most important rising is the first one



The perfect loaf is uniform in shape with a rounded center and a brown crust



A slice of the perfect loaf shows close cells of about the same size

after the dough is kneaded. The greatest care should then be taken to keep the dough at a temperature of about 80 degrees Fahrenheit. If the bowl containing the dough is placed in a pan of warm water, the temperature of the water should not be higher than 89 degrees Fahrenheit. Forcing dough beyond this temperature impairs the flavor of the loaf.

If a cheap or weak bread flour has been used, it will be impossible to secure a loaf of excellent volume or size. The first essential of all bread is a strong bread flour.

The loaf of overrisen dough is very large in size, very light in weight, giving a rather hollow sound if the bottom crust is struck, crumbling badly when touched and having a crum that is large and uneven. This loaf is rather tasteless, and may even have a slightly sour or so-called yeasty flavor and odor. Dough has risen sufficiently when it has a little more than doubled in volume and as soon as it will not spring back when pressed with the finger. If it has begun to settle in the center, or if when it has been worked down it has a sour odor, it is over developed and the bread will be inferior in quality. Also, an overlight loaf may indicate too cool an oven.



The undersized loaf may be the result of under-rising; the lop-sided loaf the result of uneven temperature

Bread should never be wrapped while it is still hot, nor should it be cooled in the tins.

Inside the Loaf—Bread should smell sweet and fragrant, with no suggestions of rawness, mustiness or sourness. To determine the odor, cut the loaf through the center, hold the cut side toward the face and press the top and bottom of the loaf like a bellows. To determine the flavor, place a small piece of the center of the loaf on the tongue and let it dissolve slowly. The loaf that is perfect in flavor tastes sweet and has the flavor of baked grain; it is not sour or salty, nor does it taste like raw dough.

The cells in a well-made slice of bread should be about the same size at the top, bottom and center of the slice. Frequently the cells near the bottom of the loaf are flattened and may even appear in a dark streak across the loaf. This may indicate that the tins of dough were placed on too hot a surface to rise.

Again, the cells throughout may be irregular in shape and size, or broken down because the dough became too light. Usually such bread crumbles badly.

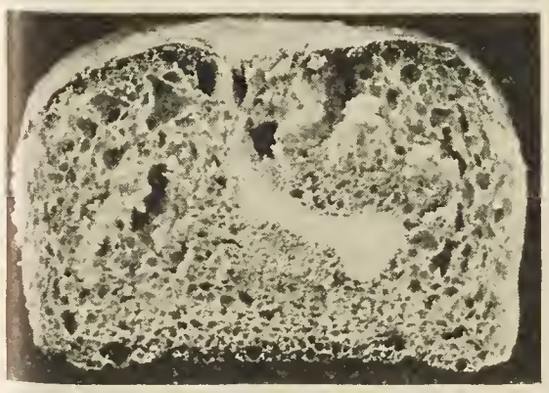
Very large cells in the center of the loaf may be caused by raising it in too warm a place.

A further texture trouble results from flouring the hands or board after the dough has stuck to them and working the resulting lumps of dough into the mass without kneading the dough until the lumps have all disappeared. Such pieces of dough appear as yellow streaks or hard places in the slice. Very little or no flour should be used in molding the dough into loaves.

The color of the inside of the loaf gives a clue to the quality of the bread. The best bread is creamy in color, like old ivory. A dark, grayish-colored crum indicates a loaf made with poor flour or old yeast.

In very hot, damp weather a condition known as rope sometimes occurs in bread. Bacteria in the flour are responsible for this difficulty. Several hours after the bread is baked, a very unpleasant odor develops in it, and when the loaf is broken apart the center is found to have disintegrated into a stringy mass.

To prevent rope from developing in later batches of bread made from the same supply of flour, the home-maker should add vinegar to all the dough. Two ounces or one tablespoon of vinegar to one and one-half pounds or about five cups of flour will prevent the rope. Aside from affecting the color of the loaf slightly, the use of vinegar will not impair the quality of the bread. When rope appears in bread, all the loaves on hand should be burned and the utensils and container used in making or storing them should be sterilized with boiling water.



Lumps in bread are the result of adding flour without sufficient kneading



If the dough becomes too light, the cells break down in irregular shapes



Once in Every Woman's Life

IT may be before the mirror, in the searching morning light, when for the first time you observe the tiny lines of unrelieved fatigue, the tell-tale sallowness of skin—when for the first time you realize that the face which looks out at you is no longer young. . . . .

At this moment you realize the fading of youth—a tragic moment that comes once in every woman's life.

The departure of youth is to be expected—some time. The shame is that with so many it goes so early! And there is no *real* reason why it should.

The surest way known to science to preserve health and youth and beauty is the simplest, most straightforward way. It is to live in accordance with the laws of nature—to live a *natural* life.

This means getting sufficient sleep each night. It means regular outdoor exercise. It means eating with discrimination. It means avoiding the use of all drug stimulants—even those which seem the least harmful.

This last rule is perhaps the most widely disregarded in America—and it affects the observance of the other vital rules of health. For the use of such a stimulant as caffein is a direct step toward sleeplessness, taut nerves, headache, indigestion—all that company of "trivial" ills which so speedily bring age.

In 2,000,000 homes people enjoy all the benefits and pleasure of a hot mealtime drink *without a trace of caffein* by drinking Postum. For Postum is all wheat—whole wheat and bran, sweetened a trifle and skillfully roasted. It has the full, delicious flavor of this roasted grain—and wheat is the best-liked food in the world! It is a builder rather than a destroyer of health—and of the beauty and happiness which spring from health.

In the interest of your own continued youth and health, and the welfare of those around you we want you to try Postum for thirty days. We will give you your first week's supply, free, toward making this thirty-day test. And we will have Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing Postum in the most delicious way.

Take this easy step toward a natural mode of life. Accept Carrie Blanchard's offer—now!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

© 1924, P. C. Co.

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. D.D. 11-24

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*

Name.....

Street.....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum is made in the cup by adding boiling water. It is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.

Healthy children love Postum made this way! You know how much youngsters like to have the same drink as the grown-ups! You know, too, that many of them do not get the milk they need, because they do not like its flavor. Make Instant Postum for them, with hot (not boiled) milk, instead of water. It has the wholesomeness of a warm drink, all the nourishment of milk and Postum, and the real goodness of Postum flavor. We think you'll like it too!

What 29 years have taught me about cooking

a real old-fashioned

"IN the center of this page you will find my menu for a Thanksgiving Dinner. Now, of course, you may not wish to have *all* these things but, anyway, I am going to give you here and in the recipes on the opposite page the results of my experience in cooking all of them many, many times.

First of all I am going to talk about the turkey:

An Up-to-Date Way to Roast a Turkey

I have learned how to roast a turkey and have it a beautiful brown, yet tender, moist and sweet inside. When it is ready for the oven, I rub the surface all over with salt, then cover it thoroughly with melted Crisco. Then over the Crisco I dust as much flour as the Crisco will hold and put it into a very hot oven.

When it starts to brown I add a cupful of hot water with a tablespoonful of Crisco, reduce the heat and cook it slowly until done—15 to 20 minutes per pound. I baste it every 15 or 20 minutes and when it is about half done I turn it occasionally to brown evenly. I add water and Crisco as often as necessary to keep enough in the pan for basting. The Crisco also helps to make a perfectly delicious gravy.

An Easier Way to Make Dressing

I advise you to use Crisco in your dressing, too. Here is my recipe for delicious dressing: I take 1 quart stale bread cut in pieces, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon onion and 1 tablespoon parsley, both chopped fine, 1 teaspoon sage or poultry seasoning, 1 egg, ½ cup melted Crisco. I soak the bread in cold water, then squeeze it dry. Next I add the other ingredients, and mix thoroughly.

MENU

Cream of Tomato Soup
with Croutons
Celery *Stuffed Olives*
Roast Stuffed Turkey
Cranberry Sauce
or
Chicken Pie, Giblet Gravy
Caramel Sweet Potatoes
or
Mashed Potato Puff
Corn Oysters
Carrots and Peas *Fluffy Biscuits*
Pumpkin Pie
Mince Pie
or
Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce
Salted Nuts *Raisins*
Coffee

Quicker Croutons, Too

I no longer make my soup croutons in the old way. Instead, I simply cut the bread into small squares, put it into a frying basket, and fry in deep, hot Crisco. With Crisco I can do this without smoke or odor. Even if the Crisco has been used before, my croutons will be simply what they are supposed to be—tiny squares of fried bread without the slightest suggestion of a greasy taste. And they are an even shade of golden brown all over. Aside from making perfectly delicious croutons, this Crisco method prevents scorching my face and hands before a hot oven.

Mashed Potatoes—Only More Attractive

To make your mashed potatoes more attractive and to keep them piping hot until the last guest is served, I suggest that you try this method. Mash, season, add milk and beat as usual, until very light; place in a glass baking dish. Then brush the top with melted Crisco and put in the oven to brown. The Crisco gives them a beautiful looking brown crust which also helps to retain their heat.

Delicious, Economical Hard Sauce

I find that I can make a perfectly delicious hard sauce with Crisco. First I beat the Crisco with salt to a cream, then add sugar, powdered or granulated, until the mixture is the right consistency; then I add my favorite flavor (you may add yours). I have used Crisco hard sauce after it has stood in the ice box a month—and it was just as sweet as the day I made it.

Quicker (and Better) Salted Nuts

Yes, Crisco helps me to save time in so many, many ways. I find, for example, that instead of stirring shelled nuts before a hot oven, I can simply drop them into hot, deep Crisco. They will turn an even golden brown all over—the same as the croutons. If drained on a soft paper they will never be greasy to the fingers or taste of fat—just the rich, natural flavor of the nuts.

* * * * *

In using Crisco in the ways I have mentioned here and in your own favorite recipes, I am sure you can look forward to more satisfying results than a fat ever gave you before. In all the years I have been cooking I have used every sort of cooking fat, but none so clean and sweet and fresh as Crisco."

"200 TESTED RECIPES" *and* SAMPLE OFFER

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you "Miss Allen's Tested Recipes"—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 200 tested recipes, together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Send your name and address to Section F-11, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

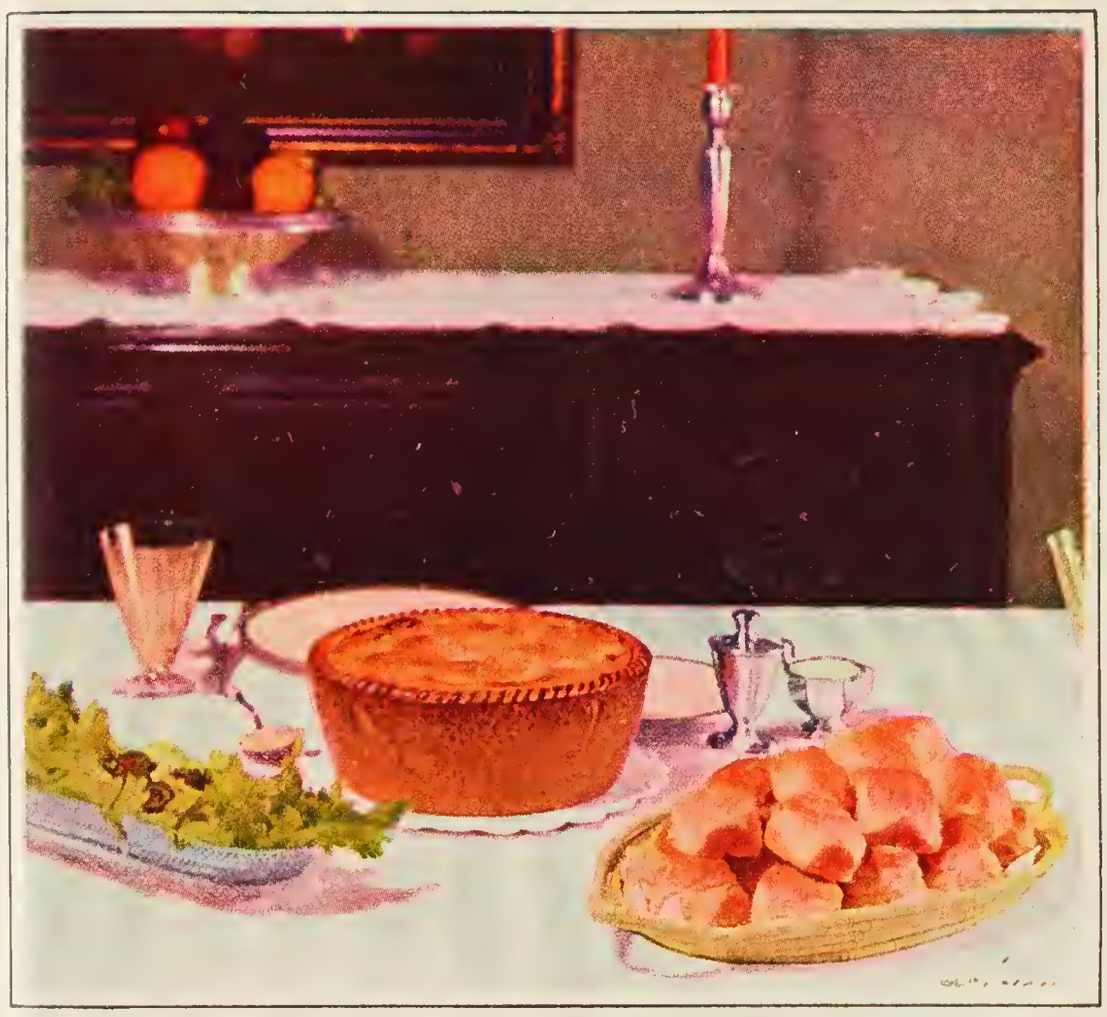


Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Thanksgiving dinner

in an up-to-date way



Chicken Pie (*Southern Style*)

Crisco makes delicious pastry for all kinds of meat pies

Cook chicken until tender. Remove meat from the bones. Thicken the gravy. Line a deep baking dish with the following pastry, leaving enough to cover the top:

2 cups flour — 1 egg beaten
¾ cup Crisco — 1 tablespoon lemon juice
ice water
½ teaspoon salt

Sift flour and salt; cut Crisco in with two knives. Add gradually the lemon juice and egg mixed together. Add enough ice water to hold the mixture together for rolling. When the baking dish is lined with the pastry put in a layer of chicken, then a layer of sliced boiled carrots and small boiled white onions. Season to taste; add another layer of chicken and so on until the dish is filled. Cover with gravy. Roll the rest of the pastry; cover, pressing edges together closely and make a few slits in the top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven, 450°, until done.

Special Crisco Pie Crust

This recipe makes a tender, flaky crust which is especially fine for mince and pumpkin pies

For a Two-Crust Pie

2½ cups flour — ¾ cup Crisco
1 teaspoon salt — cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in with two knives until the mixture is about the consistency of coarse meal. Add enough water—four to six tablespoonfuls—to make a paste which clears the bowl. Form lightly into dough. Divide; roll out on slightly floured board about ¼ inch thick. Sufficient for one medium size pie.

To make a one-crust pie use one-half the amount.

Fluffy Biscuits

Crisco makes delicious, dainty biscuits

2 cups flour — ½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder — 2 tablespoons Crisco
¾ cup milk

Sift together four times, flour, baking powder and salt. Mix Crisco in very lightly with fork. Add milk slowly; roll out or pat with hands on floured board to about one inch thickness. Handle as little as possible. Cut with biscuit cutter first dipped in flour. Bake in hot oven, 375°, twelve or fifteen minutes.

Corn Oysters

You will love these and you can fry them in Crisco without any smoke

1 cup corn — 1 egg
¼ cup flour — salt and pepper

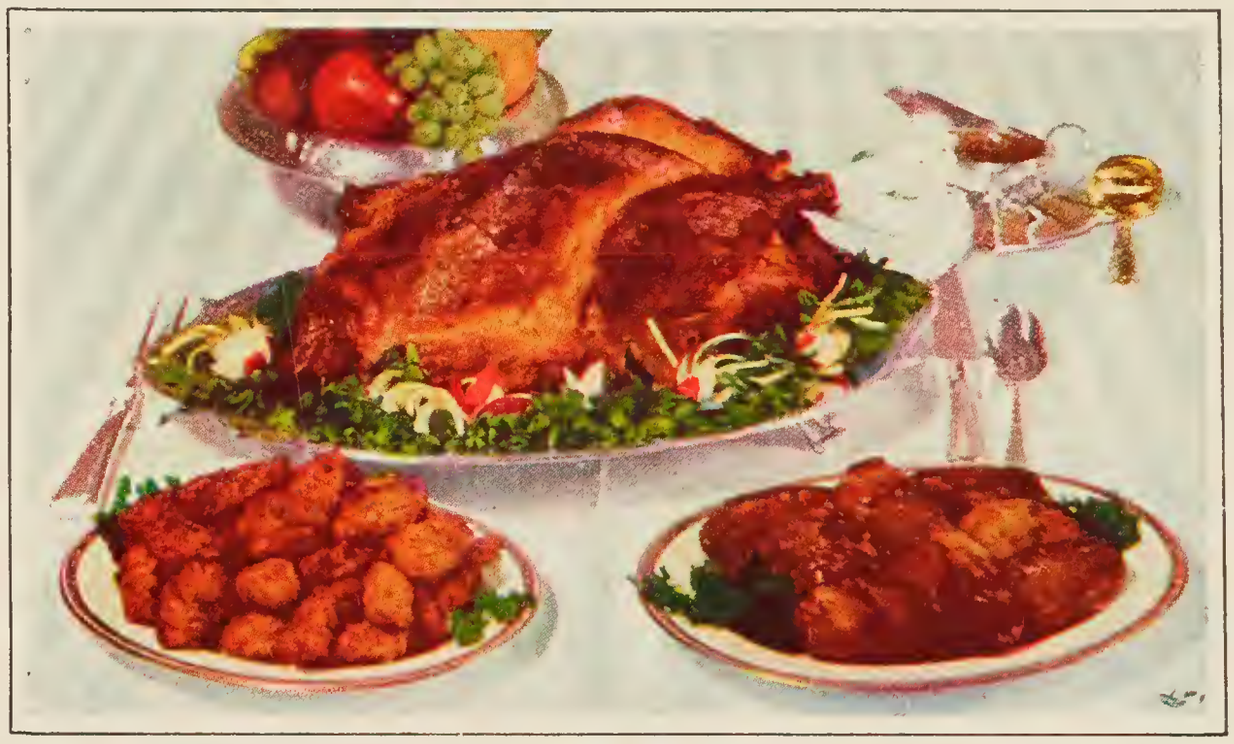
Beat the egg until foamy, add to the corn. Mix flour, salt and pepper and add this to the corn. Beat well. Drop by spoonfuls in deep Crisco. Fry a golden brown. They should be made about the size of a large oyster. Makes two dozen.

Caramel Sweet Potatoes

With a lovely glace; without smoke or scorching when fried in Crisco

4 sweet potatoes — hot Crisco
granulated sugar

Boil the potatoes, peel and then cut them lengthwise in halves. Fry in skillet in hot Crisco. While frying, sprinkle generously with sugar on both sides.





Crisco Plum Pudding

An old English Plum Pudding. It is delicious and will keep a long time when made with Crisco

1 cup Crisco — ¼ cup fruit juice, any kind
½ cup granulated sugar — 1 cup flour
4 eggs — 2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup milk (hot or scalded) — 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup seeded raisins, cut fine — 1 teaspoon cinnamon
¾ cup currants — ½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup chopped figs — ½ teaspoon cloves
2 ounces citron, cut fine — ½ teaspoon mace
Enough fresh bread crumbs to make one cupful when moistened with ½ cupful milk.

Cream the Crisco and sugar, add egg yolks well beaten. Add the bread crumbs when cool. Then the fruit juice and fruit. Sift together remaining dry ingredients and last stir in egg whites beaten stiff. Put in Criscoed mold, cover and steam five hours in covered steamer over kettle of hot water. Fill mold only three-quarters full to allow for rising while steaming.



How do you buy Canned Fruits?

—by the old "hit-or-miss" method of taking any brand that's offered.

—or by the only sure way—knowing exactly what quality you want—and always insisting on getting it under a brand that you really know?

There are too many varying qualities—too many hundreds of brands—to buy canned fruits by guess.

If you want to be *certain* of quality, you must know which brand will give it to you, then make sure that you get that brand.

That's why it's so important—so really worth your while—to ask for and to make sure that you always receive canned fruits under the DEL MONTE label.

You always know in advance *exactly* what DEL MONTE quality is—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same assurance of satisfaction, no matter where or when you buy.

To be quality-sure always insist on this well-known, dependable brand. No substitute for quality! Say DEL MONTE—and you will always be sure of that fine flavor and goodness you want.

Order by the dozen cans—the convenient way.

—and don't overlook Apricots

No fruit has a more distinctive appeal—none fills a wider range of menu uses—than DEL MONTE Apricots. Their slightly tart flavor makes them particularly desirable—especially with rich or heavy foods. They are always a favorite.

Delicious, of course, just as they come from the can, with their own rich syrup; but equally delightful in dozens of salads and made-up desserts.

Try them for breakfast; for lunch as a salad or on fried cereal; for dinner as a new relish with meat—as an addition to custard or junket—for easy but tasty apricot tarts—or in a steamed bread pudding. You will find each one of these pleasing combinations adds a new flavor and a new appeal to even the simplest meal.

Send for this new book

Write us today for our prize collection of favorite fruit recipes contributed by America's best known cooking authorities. It contains scores of suggestions you are sure to like. For your free copy, address Department 28A, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you say DEL MONTE



Prevent that milk colic

MOST colic comes from the failure of baby's stomach to digest cow's milk. The hard curds must be broken up before they can be assimilated by a baby.

Science shows that the surest, simplest way to accomplish this is by the addition of Knox Gelatine—the plain, unflavored, unsweetened gelatine—which makes cow's milk a practically perfect food for the most delicate stomach, enabling the baby to derive from it 23% more nourishment. Here is the prescribed method of "gelatine-izing" milk at home:

Soak for ten minutes one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup of cold milk taken from the baby's formula; cover while soaking; then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula.

For Growing Boys and Girls

Gelatine is also of great benefit to growing children in their daily diet. Health-giving vegetables prepared with gelatine assume new interest, gelatine desserts and candies are delicious to the taste and thoroughly healthful.

Keeping the Family Well

The thoughtful mother will find many ways each day to increase the health value of the meals she serves by the addition of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to the menu. It will help digest the other foods. For a better understanding of the newly-discovered properties of gelatine we suggest that you send 4c in stamps for a most informative book on "The Health Value of Gelatine." Address:

Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"



Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.

HOW OUR FOODS HAVE CHANGED

By Flora Rose

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WE SMILE a little up our sleeves when the old folks talk about the good old foods. We regard it as a sign of old age when they recite about flavors as they used to be and no longer are.

But the truth of the matter is that the old people are right in remembering flavors that no longer exist. Milk is still milk and bread is still bread, but, like the old gray mare, they are not what they used to be seventy-five years ago.

Things began to happen to foods the day we gave up living on the land and commenced to foregather in towns and cities. To use food at the point where it was produced was one thing; it was quite another, however, to submit it to the vicissitudes of time, travel and changes in temperature where it was to be used dozens or hundreds or even thousands of miles from its source.

Milk carried from cow to kitchen is one thing. Milk, a perishable product, carried from a cow to the front door of a city residence is another. It may be actually safer and cleaner through careful pasteurization than much of the milk used from the kitchen table of the farmhouse. But it is not the same. It has probably undergone changes which affect its value and which must be accounted for if it is to serve as a main or only food for babies and little children and sick folk. Orange or tomato juice must now for safety be added to the diet of the child: a few drops diluted with water for the bottle-fed baby five weeks old, daily increasing in amount until at six months the child is getting whole tablespoons of it; for the adult, oranges, tomatoes and lemons, or such vegetables as cabbage, spinach, carrots, lettuce, onions. For real security there are now many of us who include cod-liver oil: Five to twenty-five drops for each of the baby's bottles and one to two teaspoons a day for the older child.

Although we place at least as much reliance on bread and flour as our forefathers did, we have not the justification for it. For the privilege of having flour that the grocer can carry on his shelves for an indeterminate time and that we can buy at our convenience, we must pay the price of having the flour made into a form that will keep. It loses in this way a large part of those substances in wheat which help to stimulate appetite and maintain growth, of those which help to make red blood, of those which are laxative and which help to keep the intestines clean and in good working condition.

Nor are milk and bread the only foods in which progress has wrought changes. Sugar is practically a modern food. Using it with anything like liberality entails knowing its deficiencies. We must open our eyes to the fact that it can supply only one of a great many things we need, and to use it to the exclusion of better-endowed but less pleasure-giving foods is to follow the primrose path of nutrition.

Where once we used a large part of vegetables and fruits fresh or not at all, now we can buy canned almost every kind of food from soup through dessert. But although canned foods are among the greatest gifts of progress, we must use them with wisdom.

We must still plan to include in our daily meals fresh fruits and vegetables. We can still thank good old Dame Nature for giving us cabbage and onions and carrots which keep well even for city use. And progress we can thank for the ever-increasing possibility of getting lettuce throughout the year and oranges in the North.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In its Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the medical advice of nationally known baby and child specialists.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt), Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Play, Eyes and Movies," by Dr. Ward A. Holden and Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Housekeeping—The Home-Economics Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

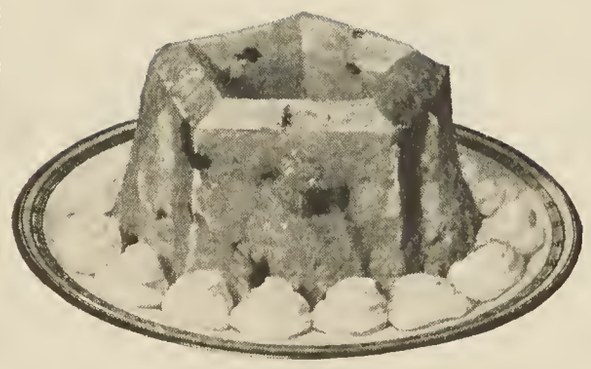
Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have three new parties, "Hallowe'en Ghostlets," "A Sense and Nonsense Party" and "An Ancestor Party for Thanksgiving." Two cents will cover return postage.



A new dessert is an Event

COMING at the end of the meal—it must be inviting to the eye, delicious to the taste, it must leave you with a feeling of having dined *well*.

Desserts made from Knox Sparkling Gelatine are delightfully varied in appearance and flavor. This pure unflavored gelatine is not only the ideal background for delicious dishes, but is itself a food of the most important sort.

Rice Raisin Cream

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup raisins — ¼ cup cold water
1 cup cooked rice — ¾ cup hot fruit juice
¾ cup cream, whipped — ¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoonful lemon juice — Few grains salt

Chop raisins rather coarsely and pour over them the fruit juice, orange, pineapple, cherry, or strawberry, (fresh or canned.) Let stand ½ hour. Soften the gelatine in cold water; dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add sugar; stir in rice and fruit mixture. Cool, and fold in the whipped cream. Turn into wet mold and chill. Serve with whipped cream or a fruit sauce.

A Satisfying Salad

Don't waste the small left-over portions of expensive fresh vegetables—combine them in this tasteful salad.

Jellied Chicken with Vegetables

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cooked peas, or cooked asparagus
¼ cup cold water — ¼ cup sliced radishes
1½ cups hot chicken stock, or canned chicken soup
½ cup cucumber, cut in small pieces
1 cup cooked string beans, diced
1 cup left-over chicken, chopped, or canned chicken
¾ teaspoonful salt

Soften gelatine in cold water for ten minutes; dissolve in boiling water, add salt. Cool, and when it begins to stiffen, add the prepared vegetables and chicken. Turn in square mold which has been dipped in cold water and chill. Unmold and garnish with lettuce and mayonnaise. Other vegetables may be used. Veal may be substituted for the chicken, in this case, adding a tablespoonful lemon juice.

FREE Recipe Books

Mrs. Knox's book of tested recipes for the most delicious dishes, will be sent you, free, on receipt of 4c for postage, and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

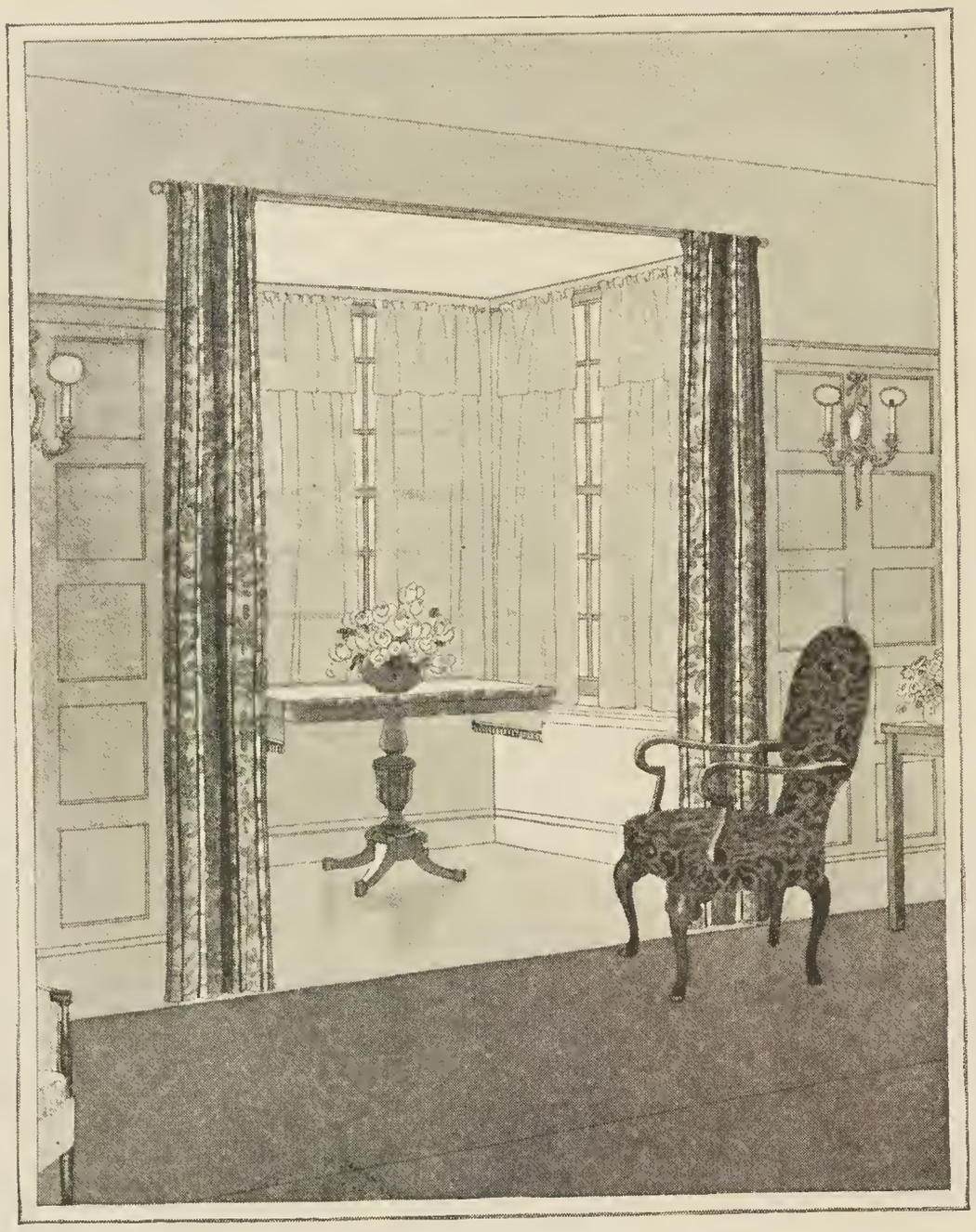
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Orinoka

DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES
COLORS GUARANTEED SUN & TUBFAST



Dressing the windows for sunshine in charming fabrics that never fade

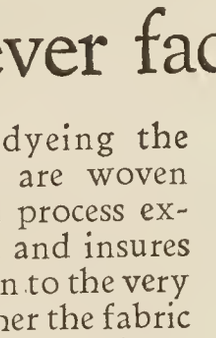
ISN'T it a delight to know that your loveliest draperies and curtains need no longer be protected from the sun—that you can choose the most exquisite fabrics in rich and glorious colorings, and still have them practical too?

Orinoka fabrics are indisputably beautiful—beautiful in weave, and pattern, and color—and yet, they are as utilitarian as an ordinary white curtain of similar weave. They can be exposed day in and day out to the strongest sunshine. They can be washed as frequently as you please. And they will not fade. That is because of the special Orinoka process of hand-dyeing the yarns before they are woven into cloth. It is a process exclusive to Orinoka and insures color-fastness down to the very last thread—whether the fabric is a sheer gauze glass curtain or a heavier drapery material for windows and doors.

THE ORINOKA GUARANTEE

These fabrics are not only color-fast, but their color is guaranteed. If they fade, the merchant from whom you bought them is authorized to replace the goods or refund your money. Look for the Orinoka guarantee tag before you buy. It is attached to every bolt of genuine Orinoka sunfast and tubfast fabric. You'll find the materials at the better stores and decorating establishments.

May we send you a copy of "COLOR HARMONY IN WINDOW DRAPERIES," *prepared by a prominent New York decorator and illustrated in color? This little book is full of valuable suggestions for draping your windows, doors and for bed coverings. Send your address and 20c to* THE ORINOKA MILLS, *506 Clarendon Bldg., New York City.*



THE ORINOKA MILLS, 506 Clarendon Bldg., New York City

I enclose 20c for "COLOR HARMONY IN WINDOW DRAPERIES"

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

EXPERT ADVICE ON LIGHTING YOUR HOME

Concluded from page 21

both in early morning and late afternoon when artificial light must aid inadequate daylight.

This kind of kitchen-lighting by means of a central fixture is now in thousands of homes and costs on an average about one cent per hour to operate. In addition to the central fixture, it is well to have a forty or fifty watt lamp in a wall-bracket or on a drop-cord from the ceiling over such work-places as the sink and the table; this will eliminate shadows and shed direct light on the work in hand.

Convenience-outlets should be supplied at a height of three or four feet for a dish-washer, toaster, percolator and other appliances. The number and locations of these convenience-outlets will be determined by the equipment of the kitchen.

Dining-Room—The setting in this room is very definite. The table is in the center of the room. Experiment has shown that the best lighting effect is that in which the table-top is the brightest surface in the room. The fixture should be such that direct light reaches the table-top from a light source well shaded from the eyes. The faces of the diners should be softly illuminated with warm-tinted light and the remainder of the room should be in a subdued light. Thus the table is the high light or center of interest, while the diners are hemmed in by the subdued outer portions of the room.

There are several ways of accomplishing this desired effect. The simplest is by means of a suspended dome or large shade. Very charmingly decorated ones can be obtained in glass as well as in parchment and textiles. Satisfactory light is obtained from a central socket containing a frosted or diffusing tungsten lamp of seventy-five to one hundred watts. The bottom of the dome should be about twenty-four inches above the table-top.

The shower fixture, which consists of several pendent shades, is also satisfactory if the shades are of diffusing glass tinted a warm color. They should be deep enough to shade the light source and the lamps should have diffusing bulbs of forty to fifty watts, depending upon the number of shades. If there are four or five shades, forty-watt lamps are ample. The bottom of the shades should be about thirty to thirty-six inches above the top of the table.

So-called ball-lamp fixtures without shades have recently been sold quite freely, but they are not desirable because they send a harmful glare into the eyes. If they are in use, they should be equipped with shades; there are types available now which can be supported by the lamp-bulb.

The candelabrum, or candle-fixture, has also been popular, but unless it is equipped with shades it is not satisfactory. The shades conceal the light sources and reflect some light downward; but even so, this fixture casts shadows and does not illuminate the table sufficiently to make it conspicuously the high light of the room.

The combination bowl-shower fixture has possibilities that the others do not have. The pendent shades can provide the necessary direct light, and tinted lamps may be used in the bowl. The latter provide secondary lighting for the room and also add the charm of color.

Wall-boxes, a cove and other places may also conceal tinted lamps for secondary lighting. The dining-room is occasionally the place for a theatrical touch.

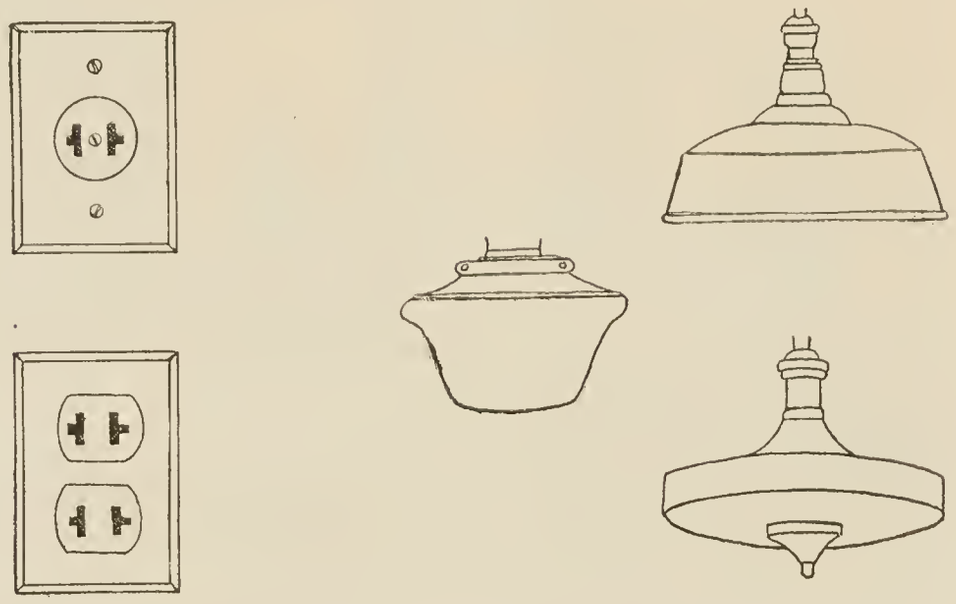
If candles, electric or real, are used on the table, they should be well shaded. A pair of small electric candles, well shaded, are decorative and useful on a buffet or side-table.

A convenience-outlet at one side (or one on each side) of the buffet at about forty inches above the floor will provide connections for appliances. If the latter are desired at the table, a convenience-outlet may be inserted in the floor, but it is best to wire the table so that a duplex outlet is available under the table-top near the hostess. Convenience-outlets may be available at the end of a wire, the other end of which is attached to the ceiling-fixture. However, this sort of dangling wire is usually unsightly.

It is well to provide two circuits for the dining-room fixture. One switch can be placed near the entrance from the kitchen and the other near the other entrance, which is generally from the reception-hall or living-room.

Nursery—The eyes of children are immature in growth and in function; therefore, they are particularly susceptible to harmful effects from inadequate or improper lighting. If children "live" in the nursery, and play and read there, adequate light well shaded and diffused should be provided. Here ceiling-fixtures are more practical than portable lamps, although a portable lamp properly shaded can not be improved upon for close visual work. The general lighting principles are the same as for the living-room, with special attention given to adequate light and proper shading and diffusion.

A "night light" is desirable during illness and at other times. This may be best obtained by means of a small portable lamp or a well-shaded wall-bracket. Even the smallest ordinary lamp usually provides too much light for this purpose; however, several devices are available, such as a socket which reduces the voltage available for an ordinary lamp and therefore dims the lamp, or a device which screws into an ordinary socket and reduces the voltage so a miniature lamp can be used. Another expedient is found in the various lighted ornaments which are available. Some of these are merely covered with textile, such as a doll's dress. Others have lamps in china owls, frogs and other animal forms that amuse and delight children.



Left: Single and double convenience-outlets should be installed in walls or baseboards for the use of electrical equipment. *Right:* Metal and glass fixtures of this type are suited to laundry and service quarters

Bring your lighting problems to THE DELINEATOR. *To have a home with beautiful, soft-shaded lamps, with correct lighting arrangements, with plenty of equipment outlets and floor plugs is the ambition of many a home-maker. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, our expert in home-building and decoration, will gladly help you solve any phase of these lighting problems. Write her at* THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope for her reply.*

Your Own Child may win this $15,000 electrical home!



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(To be built on lot provided by winner)

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Two Third Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
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Two Fifth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
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Two Sixth Prizes—1 Boy—1 Girl
$300 scholarship in American or Canadian College or University of accepted standard.

REMEMBER: To enter the Home Lighting Contest, your child must obtain a copy of this "Home Lighting Primer" from school or your local electrical people.

HAVE your boy or girl get a free Lighting Primer from school, the local electrical club or light company.

It tells how to win this beautiful model electrical home, contains a complete series of illustrated lessons on better home lighting and fully explains the International Home Lighting Contest.

Contest Among School Children

All school children, 10 years of age or older, may enter the Home Lighting Contest. Local prizes will be awarded for the best essays and the winning children are contestants for the $15,000 model electrical home and college scholarships.

The Home Lighting Contest is a co-operative educational activity sponsored and supported by the entire electrical industry, and is designed to give to the public, through the school children, a better knowledge of the use of electric light.

Applied by the public, this knowledge will be of great benefit. Homes will be brightened and made more beautiful by properly shaded and correctly placed lights. Eyes that suffer from too bright or too little light will be relieved of strain, vision will improve and the result will be better health, better scholars and happier homes.

Watch Your Home Paper for details of the Home Lighting Contest



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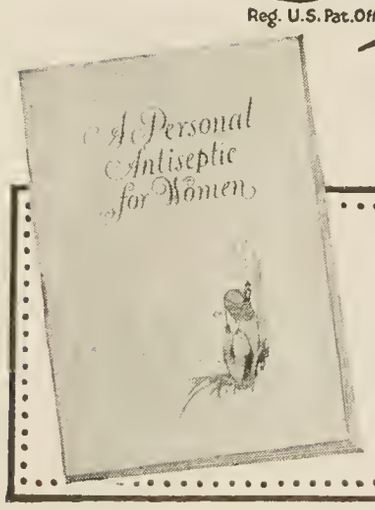
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THE FOUR FUNDAMENTAL FAILURES OF THE AMERICAN HOME

Concluded from page 2

shopping around for vegetables and for meat, instead of getting them in that hateful little place, where the prices are high and the quality none too good. In the fourteen years I've been trading there, I could have saved enough to buy the little home we want so much."

Husbands and wives would both do well to remember that a household budget, administered by the wife and rigidly adhered to, acts as a rein and not as a spur to expenditure. It trains the whole family to use money sanely, which is something that many Americans never learn, even in the hard school of experience. It saves the bickering and resentment that is the inevitable consequence of the old begging system for wives; and it prevents the lack of trust and equivocation that exist in that system.

PROPORTION in the home means that sixth sense that makes wise homemakers place emphasis upon the really important things in family life. Too many Americans in the present era seem to rate appearances above comfort and happiness and true content. That is why we find three-thousand-dollar cars in the garages of ten-thousand-dollar homes and one-hundred-dollar dresses on the wives of three-thousand-dollar-a-year husbands, and Oriental rugs in rooms where there is not one great book.

"If only I could have my kitchen remodeled!" sighs the harried housewife. "It was planned by a woman-hater: everything deliberately placed in the least convenient spot! The sink is too low. The cupboard is miles from the stove, and the stove is miles from the table. I walk twice as far every day as I need, and go to bed tired to death every night of my life. But I can't do anything about it this year—I want to get the living-room furniture upholstered!"

"Another delicatessen dinner!" exclaims the hungry head of the household.

"I've been hard at work all day crocheting on those doilies," explains his wife. "I do like to have my table look right!"

"Mother, tell me about the Knights of the Round Table," says the small girl with dreamy eyes as she tries to climb into her mother's lap.

"I'm too busy, dear," says the tired and nervous seamstress. "I want to get this dress embroidered for you by Sunday."

Only the lack of a sense of proportion could make an embroidered dress seem of more moment than an enriched mind, or the adornments of a table more important than the food on it, or a renovated living-room more desirable than a labor-saving kitchen.

Lack of proportion is a dangerous thing when it causes parents to teach their children everything except that very thing they will need most to know, the principles of homemaking. One of the most startling indictments of the American home is that it lets young people go out from it after all their years of minority in almost entire ignorance of its working principles. As a training-school for life, it is too often a failure.

"They're in for a great time!" said a mother recently of her daughter and her new husband, just back from their honeymoon. "Ruth can't boil water without burning it, and Henry never took care of the furnace or put in a window-screen in his life!"

She actually laughed—insanely, I thought. It is a mad habit, this American way of ours, of sending our children forth handicapped for the business of living.

So serious has the situation become that there is a movement at the present time, inaugurated by Better Homes in America, to teach home-making in the schools of the nation. The experiment is already being tried out with great success in the Washington Junior High School of Port Huron, Michigan, as has already been related in the pages of THE DELINEATOR. Another year will probably see its extension to many other schools.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs is fostering the extension of training for home-making as one of its most important activities. The Government itself has taken a seven-league step toward the solution of this problem by the formation of its new Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture.

But all this does not let the home itself out from doing its share. Education in home-making, like charity, should begin at home. A real sense of proportion will take care of that, and lots of other things.

IF I have reserved for the last place in this discussion the need of a sense of courtesy and of fun in the American home, it is not because they are last in importance. They are the essential salt and the spice without which the home must lose its savor. My own opinion is that these two things alone in sufficient quantity can be guaranteed to make a success of any home.

Two small children were recently playing house in a corner of a veranda upon which their mother and I sat chatting.

"For goodness' sake, have you got to read your paper all the while?" querulously spoke up the small girl.

"Can't you stop grumbling just a little while?" urged the small boy, in a deep-chest tone.

"Children, stop quarreling!" ordered their mother, who had noticed the tone rather than the text of their words.

"We're not quarreling!" said the little girl in surprise. "We're just playing that we're you and daddy!"

Children listen to the bickering and bad manners of their elders and unconsciously imitate them. Father jeers at mother none too politely for some mistaken idea of hers, and calls it impudence when Bobby speaks to her in the same tone. Mother berates father for forgetting the chops and punishes Edith for disrespect when she rails in the same way. As a nation of home-makers, we tend too much to put our bouquets in the windows where they will show from the outside only, and to save our best bedrooms for guests and our best manners for outsiders. If we make up our minds to wear our Sunday manners every day, we will have really happy homes.

No worse charge has ever been made against the home of to-day than that the young people of the family go outside of it for their fun.

"Mother says we can't have a radio—it clutters up the living-room so!" grumbled a fourteen-year-old boy recently.

"Father won't let us dance at the house," complained a girl a little older. "He says he's not going to be kept awake—we can hire a hall!"

The blindness of such parents! This thing is certain: young people are going to have fun either in their homes or out of them. It is a right and healthful impulse that makes young people demand fun. They need it as much as they need their food. For that matter, we older persons could do with more of it ourselves.

"I diagnosed that youngster's disease as anemia, but I should have diagnosed it as lack of fun," I heard a doctor growl. "The trouble is that he needs a few good times. But he can't call his soul his own around his home. He never has other boys in—they mess up the house. Why can't parents see that more fun means less medicine?"

"Parties cost money and they make work, and I can't afford more of either," many mothers say, and honestly.

Save on something else and give the kind of parties that cost next to nothing. Feed the young guests on apples or cookies and chocolate, but let them be free to have just as much fun as they can crowd into the hours. Make it a condition of having the party that your children are to do the work for it. All normal boys or girls will work their heads of—their own term—to have a good time.

What can we do about it? We can each of us have a home made secure with honesty and rich with sympathy and understanding. We can entertain as house-guests the greatest men and women of all ages, in our books. We can have a home that resounds with good music, in these days of cheap phonographs and wonderful records. We can have a home that is fragrant with courtesy and ringing with laughter. It may be chance that gives us our houses, but we give ourselves our homes!



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Housewives everywhere are finding it easy to brighten the kitchen and pantry with Valspar-Enamel. Mrs. Violette Jaeger of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, wrote us how she had beautified her "workshop," as she called it, with these lustrous, waterproof Enamels.

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Send for Sample Can and Color Chart

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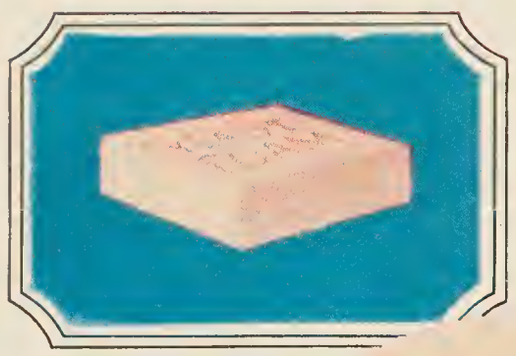


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THE LATE MRS. CARR

Continued from page 6

remained as undiscovered as the South Pole. You may believe me or not, but it took days of speculation and guessing on the part of Mrs. Anthony Carr before her mind opened to receive the most natural conclusion of all, if the most astounding to her.

"My dear," she said to Bob on the evening of that day, "you have never told me about the wreck. I think I'm quite strong enough to hear about it now."

Bob shuddered. "It was so horrible," he protested.

"Yes," said Mrs. Carr, "of course it must have been. I can see you've been trying to choke it down ever since that dreadful night when you were so busy. Don't you think you'll feel better for telling it out? And I want to know—about those poor people who were less fortunate than I?"

"Fifty-five killed outright," said Bob. "A dozen missing who never were found. And thirty badly hurt."

"Have you a list, dear? There might have been some one I knew on the train after all. Coincidences do happen."

"Well, as long as you were there and saw for yourself," said Bob, as he went to look up the papers, "I reckon the lurid details won't shock you."

In the paper which he brought were three lists in black type: one of the dead, one of the injured and one of the missing. To Mrs. Carr's shocked surprise, her name appeared near the beginning of the first list. She had not counted on being dead. She had reckoned on being missing. The paper shook in her hands. Bob was for taking it away from her.

"You asked for it," he said reproachfully. "I knew it would be too terrible."

"It is terrible, indeed," said Mrs. Carr, insisting, however, on holding to the paper. "I am thinking—of you, dear boy. Did you see all these dreadful things?"

"I helped—you know. I'm strong and they needed every strong man on the place. So many were under the wreck!"

"Here's one with a name something like mine—Mrs. Anthony Carr."

BOB gently forced the paper from her hands.

"Now, forget it!" he said. "That was awful. She was caught in the wreckage and burned. I think they identified her by a fancy hairpin or some rag of her clothing that escaped the flames—and that was only one case of many."

"I should think they'd never be sure——"

"There seemed little doubt in that case. Her son-in-law and her daughter came out the next morning by motor and claimed the poor, charred body."

"Poor things!" murmured the deceased. "They must have felt dreadful!"

"I guess so," said Bob with what piqued his guest as callous indifference, though his next words showed that, if he had no sorrow over the loss of Mrs. Carr, he was devoted to the living presence of Mrs. Anthony.

"Now, will you forget it!" he scolded down at her. "There's only one thing for us to remember about that night: it gave us each other. I was desperately lonesome, really. I reckon Pharoah's daughter coming on a baby in the rushes wasn't any more blessed than I was to find you in that clump of weeds."

"You absurd boy!"

"No, really! The minute I saw you I wanted you. You were exactly the sweet, simple old-fashioned kind I've always loved and dreamed about. My mother was going to be that kind."

Mrs. Carr looked at the tall young man backed against the old yellow wall-paper, shook her head and, in spite of the emotional complications she already had to subdue for later disentanglement, plunged into others.

"Instead of dreaming of old ladies," she said, "you ought to be dreaming of young ones."

"Oh, shucks!"

The emphasis with which he dumped his pipe, the flump with which he dropped into a chair, turned just a little away from her, would have aroused any one's suspicions.

"I see," said Mrs. Carr. "You have dreamed of one."

"Possibly."

"And still do—sometimes."

"No!"

"My dear boy, don't forget that once upon a time I lived and rejoiced and sorrowed myself. If you keep as much as you indicate bottled up too long, you'll explode. Tell me all about it at once."

Bob Kane gave her an appreciative grin around the back of his chair, then filled his pipes and settled back.

"Her name," said he presently, "is Carlotta!"

If it was a tragedy he meant to narrate, the silence of the room was fittingly dramatic. Only the fire spat in the grate while Mrs. Carr fought for breath.

"What a pretty name!" she said weakly at last. There might be another Carlotta!

"Yes."

"Was she a pretty girl?"

"Very!" Bob's reticence was ominous.

"Was she popular?"

"Oh, very!"

It must be Carlotta Payton! Hadn't Mrs. Payton mentioned a Cornell man in her worriment over her delightful, wayward daughter? Hadn't Bob said he had studied dairying at Cornell? Why, he had wrapped her in a varsity sweater the night of the wreck! She, Mrs. Carr, had been on her way East to save Carlotta from this very man! Carlotta! Who was more to Mrs. Carr than her own daughters, because her own daughters had entirely outgrown her, while Carlotta was a flashing back of her own youth. Save Carlotta from Bob? Why, Carlotta must have him!

"I'm sorry you're unhappy about her. Why did the heartless little wretch refuse you?"

"SHE'S heartless all right, but she didn't refuse me. She didn't have the opportunity."

"What?"

"That did sound caddish, didn't it? Maybe I behaved caddishly too. I don't know. Perhaps you can tell me. It was like this—But you're tired to-night."

Looking at Mrs. Carr, he had mistaken acute bewilderment for fatigue.

"I'm not—tired," said Mrs. Carr. "And now that you've started, go on!"

"Well," sighed Bob. "I was crazy about Carlotta Payton, for a fact. I always liked girls, but I knew there'd be one I'd be so wild about that I couldn't be mistaken. I was just that wild about Carlotta. I met her at a camp in the Adirondacks last Summer. The night I got there a storm came up and about washed the whole works away. Carlotta was the gamest little person you ever saw. All the clothes she had with her were spoiled. She had to go about in knickers the rest of the time or wear borrowed dresses; but that didn't keep her from being the sweetest, prettiest—and the most popular—girl in the lot. I tell you, I was wild about her. I came back home here and was good for nothing the rest of the Summer. I had her sitting there in your place at the table and—oh, you know! In September she was in New York and I went to see her. Took that long, expensive trip for nothing!"

The excess of grief in his tone belied the "nothing."

"You don't love a girl if you find fault with her all the time, do you?" he said. "She wasn't in a camp then; she was staying with a friend in one of these queer apartments—artificial flowers, picture-book furniture and smoking-stands. Carlotta was smoking when I came in. I reckon girls do have a right to, and I know nice girls do—but I don't like to see them. And Carlotta smoked three in succession, lighting one from the other."

"Oh, she ought not!" said Mrs. Carr.

"No, I didn't think so myself. And I said so. Of course I said it the wrong way and made her angry. She said, 'You silly old priss! Why, my grandmother smokes all the time!'"

"I—" began Mrs. Carr in protest.

"Well, you know," said Bob, ignoring her interruption, "that started me thinking. I didn't know a thing about Carlotta's people. I hadn't thought of them at all. I wouldn't have thought of them if Carlotta hadn't acted as she did. A girl's folks are important, don't you think?"

"Ye-es."

"So I asked questions. I had it from Carlotta that her grandmother not only smoked,

Continued on page 68

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Look for them before you buy.



THE LATE MRS. CARR

Continued from page 67

but drank cocktails and played cards for money—that she was one of these 'rather-be-dead-than-old' sports. I've always despised them."

The vigor of narrow-minded youth's contempt is scorching.

"Perhaps, if you'd made Carlotta angry," said Mrs. Carr gently, "she exaggerated her grandmother's—faults and vices. I've heard that people like that don't put much money at stake when they play cards—never lose or win more than about fifteen or twenty cents."

"But she was a grandmother!" said Bob in holy awe of that state. "A grandmother, dear. She ought to have been a person like you. *You* wouldn't do those things. And Carlotta's mother was what you might have expected the grandmother's daughter to be. She was one of these notorious street-walking suffragettes."

"My dear boy!"

"You know what I mean. She picketed public buildings and that sort of thing before women got the right to vote, and now she's making a different sort of nuisance of herself. They're not my kind. My mother wasn't that sort. I don't want my wife to be that sort!"

"If you had won Carlotta's love," suggested Mrs. Carr, "maybe she wouldn't be that sort."

"Now you know she would," said the youth. "She'd be visiting them all the time and bringing their tricks home with her. I saw her at them already and she seemed to like them. Some day she'd be a mother—and a grandmother. I couldn't bear to think of my Carlotta that way. I just came off without saying a word."

"Oh my! oh my!" said Mrs. Carr. She was minded to be angry, but she was helpless. And all her life she had hidden an agreement with his notions. "Perhaps the thing to have done was to rescue her from her pernicious environment."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Bob. "Do you really think——"

"I'll sleep on it," said Mrs. Carr, getting up from her chair. It was pleasing to note Bob's alacrity in jumping to his own feet. "I am more tired than I thought. Good night, dear! It won't hurt you to dream of Carlotta!"

"It won't do me any good," said Bob, "now!"

"How? Have you seen her recently?"

A certain sharp eagerness had crept into Mrs. Carr's voice in spite of herself.

"No, but I had a letter from her yesterday. You see, this Mrs. Anthony Carr, whose name you noticed, was Carlotta's grandmother; and—and I thought it only decent to write Carlotta and say I was sorry for any derogatory remarks I'd ever made about the poor, dead lady."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Carlotta was terribly fond of her grandmother. And Carlotta wrote back—Wait, I've got the letter here!"

IT WAS all Mrs. Carr could do to keep from snatching the letter from Bob's hands when she saw the bold, big writing of her girl. But Bob smoothed out the paper, without noticing the burning, eager eyes of the little old lady at his elbow.

"She says," he read with a provoking drawl: "'Please don't ever speak to me again! I could forgive many things, but never your meanness to my darling grandmother.' Sounds a little excited, don't you think? Maybe she was crying."

"Bless her heart!" said Mrs. Carr, her own eyes so moist that she had to turn away.

"What?"

"I said," repeated Mrs. Carr firmly, "'Bless her heart!' Surely it is an admirable trait in the girl that she is loyal to her grandmother!"

It was given to Bob Kane to understand, as she marched out of the room, that the very nicest and demurest of old ladies may have unexplainable moments.

But, of course this was in the shock of the first upheaval. Most any one's equilibrium would have been upset by the revelations of that evening. Mrs. Carr's innocent little holiday had turned into a terrible complication—two complications. To begin with, she was dead; and, while she had wanted badly and continued to want a peaceful, serene evening to her life, she had not counted on being sent to bed without her supper, so to speak. Besides, it was not fair to allow people to grieve as Carlotta was evidently grieving, and the others, probably, in spite of Bob Kane's callous doubts. She couldn't decently let that situation continue, but coming to life was going to be awkward enough without the additional complication of a lover's misunderstanding involving her.

Yes, she was quite bright enough to think of a complete confession to Bob Kane. It was courage she lacked there. A sweet, strong love was growing up between this daintiest of old ladies and the big, lonely boy, all the more adorable to her for his old-fashioned, queer bigotry, because it emphasized the chivalrousness of his devotion to her. No man, since Anthony, had made her comfort the single apparent aim of his days, and she had been without Anthony a length of time now. Moreover, regardless of Anthony, the older a lady gets the softer she is to young men. It would have been cruel to force upon Mrs. Carr the choice between staying dead and losing this dear fellow. But, between the glow of affection in his eyes when he put footstools under Mrs. Anthony's slippers and the fierce denunciation of the depraved Mrs. Carr, there was a gulf which Mrs. Carr was afraid she could not span with explanation.

There was Carlotta, too. Not once did Mrs. Carr suspect that her granddaughter did not love Bob Kane as much as she did. Poor Carlotta! She would be going around all day, proud and spunky and tearless, if a bit cross, and crying half the night into her pillows. Mrs. Carr grew veritably old those days under the double strain of being mourned as dead and being the obstacle to the happiness of her two dearest. The last especially, since she proudly told herself that a family that had been so willing to call her dead could do without her a bit longer till she saved Carlotta's happiness. She felt that now her chief responsibility.

But she must not slip. She must first of all bind Bob Kane to her side so tightly that the shock of finding that she belonged to Carlotta could not jar him loose. Bound so, she must deliver him to Carlotta and trust to Carlotta's championship to protect her from an outraged family and society in general. Particularly society in general, for Mrs. Carr had no notion of releasing her sweet dream of peace.

NOW the first step was a simple matter of keeping her looks suggestive of fragrant, slightly faded rose petals, of concerning herself with a nice amount of scolding over the intimacies of Bob's wardrobe, of stepping down into the kitchen every now and then to make a jarful of soft molasses cookies, the kind that Carlotta had always liked. Why hadn't Carlotta told about these cookies instead of the flair of Bohemianism which Mrs. Carr had worn with as little genuine liking as she had worn henna chiffon blouses, merely as a concession to style?

But delivering the thus enslaved young man to Carlotta would have been another matter had not the young man himself provided the means. That he would make a loyal husband there could be no doubt. Abject hopelessness did not diminish his love's ardor in the least. Failing to hear of Carlotta, he subscribed for the gossip weekly of her city. The first few issues he read minutely, followed in secret by Mrs. Carr, both of them sure that a family like Carlotta's must be mentioned for good or bad in town talk and both of them disappointed. It gave Mrs. Carr another qualm to think that mourning over her death had drawn her family from society annals. Bob Kane soon gave up reading the paper, but Mrs. Carr went on and came to her reward in the eighth week of her criminal deceit, with the calendar perilously close to Christmas.

"Gossip has it," read the brief paragraph, "that Carlotta Payton, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Payton of Westmoreland Park, and the granddaughter of that vivacious person, Mrs. Anthony Carr, who met a tragic death in the great railroad wreck of October tenth and whom we remember so well, is to marry Harrison Dunbar of New York in the near future. At any

Continued on page 70

Stop Mistakes in Painting

—follow the Household Painting Guide



SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE

TRADE MARK

SURFACE	TO PAINT— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
AUTOMOBILES	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS, Interior	Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CONCRETE	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS, Interior	SWP House Paint	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1041	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
NCES	SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
OORS, Interior (wood)	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor Finish
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Scar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Porch	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	
HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Rexpar Varnish	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS, Shingle Metal Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS	S-W Family Paint	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Enameloid
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	Flat-Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
WICKER	Enameloid	Rexpar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

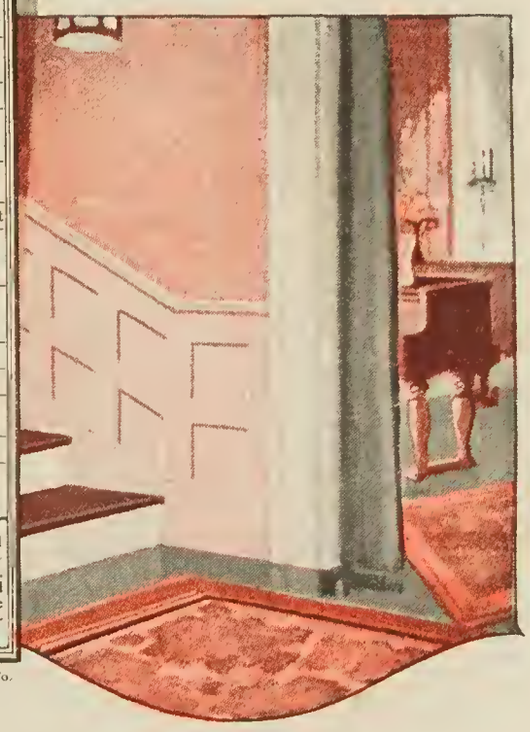
For Removing Paint and Varnish use Taxite—quick—easy—thorough—economical—can be used by anyone—on any surface.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

For Cleaning Painted and Varnished Surfaces use Flaxoap. Made from linseed oil—contains no free alkali—restores original lustre.

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For instance:— painting woodwork first thing to do.



The joy of new paint

Away, every trace of dinginess! Woodwork, yesterday streaked and dull, today lights up the whole house with its fresh whiteness. Scratched floors that embarrassed beautiful rugs now set them off as a new frame enhances a fine picture. You can see your home begin to smile as each stroke of the brush covers an old surface.

LOOK on the "Guide" for the *right thing to use* for *woodwork*.

Consult the "Guide" before selecting the finish for *any* surface.

Something is wrong when a once beautiful room has to be done over again too soon. The chances are the wrong type of material was used.

Every expert knows that each type of surface (indoors and out) calls for its own type of paint. Paints must be selected according to *type*. The same is true of varnishes, of stains and enamels.

When you look at the Household Painting Guide you look at authoritative recommendations. On a line with the surface to be finished you pick out the correct material as easily as you select a color from the color card.

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You will know "Paint Headquarters" by the Household Guide displayed in the window and inside the store. This store serves you intelligently, backed by the "Guide." The proprietor and clerks help you save money by avoiding mistakes. Look for this store and "follow the 'Guide'." It costs you nothing to be *sure*.

Write for free suggestions on your painting problems to the S-W Dep't of Home Decoration. Ask, also, for free booklet B 450 and the handsome set of color plates giving eight beautiful color schemes for different rooms. Send 50c (65c in Canada) for the 177 page book of valuable detailed information on beautifying the home. Reproductions of the latest color ideas for interior and exterior—a book you would not part with for many times its price. Write Dept. B 435 at address below.

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To keep your teeth safe you must keep your mouth glands working

THE mouth glands of practieally everyone today are greatly weakened.

We swallow our soft, eooked foods before they ean excite a normal flow of saliva. *From sheer lack of exercise,* the mouth glands dry up.

And the instant these glands stop pouring out their alkaline fluids, the acids that eause tooth decay begin to eollect in your mouth!

But today physieians and dentists say that in spite of modern diet your mouth glands can be helped to do their work of proteeting the teeth.

Men and women using this new tooth paste

Everywhere people are disearding ordinary brushing and using this tooth paste whieh keeps the mouth glands flowing normally.

Men tried Pebeeo first, and experieneed an entirely new feeling of mouth eleanliness. Now women too are using this new natural way to keep their mouths healthy and their teeth permanently clean.

Try Pebeco. As soon as it enters your mouth you can feel a difference. Good healthy amounts of saliva start to flow.

Your mouth revitalized

These necessary protective fluids change the whole character of your mouth cavity.

They entirely overeome the dryness and leave the mouth invigorated — revitalized. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.

As you eontinue to use Pebeeo, your mouth becomes more and more normal. The proteetive alkaline fluids flow regularly. Your mouth stays healthy and your teeth stay clean.

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Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco.

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City .....State.....



THE LATE MRS. CARR

Continued from page 68

rate, business brings him here rather frequently for one permanently located over a thousand miles away, and his business is transacted chiefly on the golf links, where the bewitching Carlotta finds most of her recreation in the period of mourning. Dunbar is rich and handsome. It is rumored also that he is quite a gay blade in his home town. The report, if true, seems bad on two counts. We should hate to lose Carlotta to New York and we hate her to marry any but the best. The women of her family, for all their ornamental qualities and participation in the follies of the top set, have always been known for their high ideal of character, etc."

"There's a piece in this paper about your young lady," said Mrs. Carr as she demurely handed the pamphlet to Bob.

"My God!" said Bob, when he had read the paragraph.

Mrs. Carr had commenced a pair of mittens for him. His hands were always cold and stiff when he came in from his work. She had knitted socks during the war and so was able easily to take up the directions for mittens furnished her by the wife of the Baptist minister in Millersburg.

"From what they say," she remarked, fussing absorbedly over the wristband, "the girl must have made her grandmother out worse to you than she really was."

"My God!" cried Bob Kane a second time.

"Do you know the young man, dear?"

"Do I know him? The rotten, filthy bounder; the— I beg your pardon!"

The inference being that his words had polluted the atmosphere sanctified by her presence. He scrunched the paper in his fist and strode to the window, frowning out at the frost-bitten landscape, his jaw hard and bitter as the view.

"He's the worst kind of man there is, little mother," he said—respectfully, but with as full meaning as before.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Carr with pretty tremolo. "Then you oughtn't to let her, Bob!"

"What?"

"You oughtn't to let her marry him. I know you're still in love with her and I'm sure she cares for you."

"Now, how can you be sure of that?"

"OH, I know," said Mrs. Carr, examining the start of a mitten with pride. "If you went to see her, she'd just forget all about the other fellow."

Bob came back to his chair, smiling fondly, if sadly, at his nice old lady.

"You're prejudiced, mums," he said. "Dunbar is handsome and terrifically rich—and he has a devilish way with women."

"He couldn't be any handsomer than you are, dear. And you have money enough for anybody. And a way with women, too."

She nodded her head to emphasize each point, but she did not convince Bob.

"Little mother," he said, "even if—she still cared, she wouldn't admit it now. She said she'd never forgive me and she won't. You don't know Carlotta."

"I know—girls," said Mrs. Carr. "I'm sure she will forgive you. Anyway, for her sake I think you ought to try. You think so, too, dear. Now, don't you?"

"I don't think I can let that—him have her without a fight. But there's that matter of the grandmother."

"You must be quite humble and repentant about the grandmother, Bob."

"I'll be that all right. Doggone it, why couldn't she have been a nice old lady like you?"

"Maybe she would have been, dear, if she had been brought up my way. Circumstances make such a difference."

"I guess you're right," said Bob thoughtfully, hopefully. Then: "I suppose I oughn't to waste any time."

"I'd go to-morrow." Mrs. Carr was truly excited now, enough to tremble. And wistful. "Could you—would you mind taking me with you? I have an old schoolmate there. I could look her up and make her a little visit."

"Why, of course!" said Bob. "I've been thinking that you ought to have some diversion. I'd like you there, too. If Carlotta behaves, I'll bring her right to you."

"If she doesn't behave, you'd better bring her anyhow," said Mrs. Carr. "I could talk to her."

"Anyhow?" mused Bob. "If she's obstinate, it would have to be anyhow."

"I'll never forget how easily you carried me," commented Mrs. Carr.

Wednesday afternoon of that week she found herself where she had never dreamed of being—in a room at a hotel in her native city. Bob, nervous but determined, had left her there to go in search of Carlotta, who, according to telephone information, was out on the golf links, "where she found most of her recreation in the period of mourning." Mrs. Carr was going to call on her friend, Mrs. Amiens, at her West End apartment hotel. She had promised to take a taxi and to leave word at the desk if for any reason she was not back at her hotel in time for dinner. Indeed she would be careful not to get lost.

She took the taxi all right—but astounded the driver with a demand for Valhalla Cemetery. He looked at her sober garments in question. Carelessly she opened her bag on a fold of crisp bills which Bob had given her. Such a wedding check as she would make out for that blessed boy!

SHE went to the cemetery, minded to be amused at her tombstone. She was not amused. To begin with, the slender shaft of finest marble commanded her respect. It was a sacrilege for her to stand there alive mocking at it. Then, properly humbled, she was pierced by another fact. That shaft, pointing fittingly to a gray, wintery sky, stood at the head of two graves, one of them Anthony Carr's, the other, a stranger's! That any one but her, even in death, especially in death, should rest beside her Anthony! For all the chill of the day, a warmth that was shame ran through and through Mrs. Carr. She sped, stumbling, over the frozen ground to her palpitating taxi.

"Eighteen Westmoreland Park at once!" she said.

"Yes, ma'am!" snapped the driver, more respectful of her tone than he had been of her pocketbook.

She had forgotten her promise to Bob. She had forgotten Carlotta. She hated to tarry long enough to pay the taxi driver. She waved aside grandly his hand groping for change to a ten-dollar bill. The door of her house—*her house*—was opened by a butler who had been in her employ twenty years.

"Good evening, Conrad," she said.

"Good evening," said Conrad politely but vaguely, distressed, as he would be, at not being able to place a visitor who knew him by name.

"Don't you know me?" said the lady. "I am Mrs. Carr, Conrad."

Conrad's face paled until it was no longer a match for the red stripes in his "weskit." He drew back before Mrs. Carr's entrance. He kept on backing as she walked through the great hall to the staircase with a little made-up-in-the-mind smile that he should have recognized. Over the piano still hung the picture of her mother. Facing Mrs. Carr was a decorative mirror, reflecting a sweet old-ish face, with drooping silver hair, set above a band collar outlined by white ruching and fastened with a cameo pin. The lady in the picture, given a small black hat, would have seemed like another mirrored image. Conrad's helplessness was pitiful to behold, plainly he saw a ghost walking across the hall with a whispering of silken skirts, floating up the staircase and passing through the closed door of the dead Mrs. Carr's bedroom.

Mrs. Carr's perennial sense of humor, enlivened by the spectacle of poor Conrad, dulled the shock of her swathed and sheeted chamber. She had meant, on entering the house, to seek out her daughter at once; but the quiet of the house and Conrad's resourcelessness told her that no one of the family was present. The door of her room being slightly ajar, in spite of Conrad's belief, she had decided to settle herself there and simply come to life. Accordingly she raised a curtain, drew a sheeted chair to the window and from her bag took the mitten that she was knitting for Bob.

Five minutes passed. Then came a whispering and a muttering in the hall outside her door—Conrad and the housemaid, Annie.

" 'I'm Mrs. Anthony Carr,' she says, I'm telling you," said Conrad's guttural attempts at silent talk. "And with that, she floats

Concluded on page 73



Thanksgiving's Coming

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IF you could only be made to see, before it is too late, how vital it is to rid the body regularly of digestive waste!

If you only knew how much sickness and unhappiness is caused by faulty elimination you would *correct* this condition at once and take steps to prevent its recurrence.

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Men and women who do not get enough physical exercise and who are careless about their diet have lazy intestines which do not discharge their cargoes of waste promptly. The intestines require a certain amount of *bulk* food if they are to function normally.

Bran, according to our most eminent medical authorities is an ideal bulk food for human consumption. It brings about regular habits and should be eaten daily.

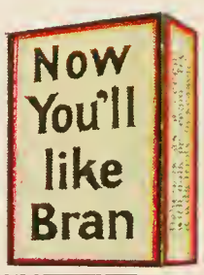
Ordinary bran, such as is fed to cattle, you have doubtless tried and found unappetizing. But Post's Bran Flakes, seasoned with malt syrup and salt, provide bran in a truly delicious form! Try it. "Now you'll like bran."

Serve Post's Bran Flakes Every Day

Post's Bran Flakes give you a laxative cereal which never tires the palate. Serve it to every member of the family, every day. Eat it with milk or cream just as you would Grape-Nuts or Post Toasties; serve it with fruits; bake it into muffins or bread.

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THE LATE MRS. CARR

Concluded from page 70

right past me and into this room. All in black she was and pale—Annie, the door's open! See!"

"I'll not believe it," retorted Annie, "until I do see. I was in there this morning, laying away some of her things, and I left the door open by mistake."

Mrs. Carr, knitting in hand, stepped to the door and looked down the upper hall.

"Annie!" she said—as gently as she could.

Annie threw up her arms with a shriek and fled to the back stairway, Conrad almost running her down.

"Dear me!" sighed Mrs. Carr.

For a half hour she knitted and thought, unattended. She was troubled, uneasy. Knitting Bob's mitten recalled him to her. Suppose he hadn't found Carlotta! Suppose Carlotta were really going to marry that terribly dashing New Yorker! Where was her daughter, Caroline Payton?

Oh! Wednesday afternoons Mrs. Payton's bridge club met. Every Wednesday afternoon bridge, politics, bonbons, a heavy tea, feverish gossip, indigestion; Thursday—— Mrs. Carr rose from her chair in trembling protest. Thursdays that terrible gymnasium! Not for Anthony's sake even——

"What?"

The crisp voice of Mrs. Payton followed close on the opening and shutting of a door down-stairs.

She was answered by a burble of woe from Conrad and tearful protestations from Annie that there were honest-to-God spooks in the house or she wouldn't have dared telephone to her mistress to come home. Mrs. Carr gathered her wraps about her and assumed a firm attitude as her daughter audibly moved toward her, but her declaration of rights was postponed by another entrant on the scene down-stairs—some one who came in with a whirl of excitment and a tumbling of outcries. Carlotta!

"Where is she? Where is she? The taxi man brought her here, he says. Oh, you big sillies! It is grandmother! Grandmother, darling!"

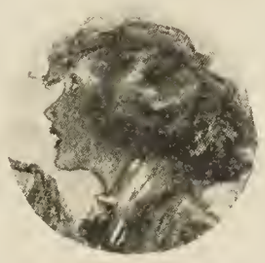
MRS. CARR was strangled by Carlotta's arms. Carlotta was kissing her madly. Something about Carlotta's caresses suggested that the minx was in the throes of a deeper emotional riot than that caused by finding her grandmother still on earth.

"You naughty wretch!" scolded the girl. "Oh, what a trick to play on all of us! But most of all on Bob! I knew it was you the minute he told me. Oh!"

In the doorway stood the gentleman involved, his eyes more reproachful than Carlotta's words, but not a bit shocked, thanks be.

"Grandmother, after all you know he said about you, would you have me marry him? Tell me quick before mother gets here!"

"Why, yes, dear!" sighed Mrs. Carr in relief. "Let's do!"



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 12

Gay, whose skin felt prickly and whose head heavy and who had enjoyed the mince pies and the chestnut dressing and the walnuts only too well, wrapped herself up warmly, left a message with Marie and slipped quietly out of the side door.

John was going into Keyport at five to take Margaret home. Gabrielle would walk the three miles in the roaring wind and he could bring her back.

The gale tore at her, whistled in her ears, stung her flushed face into chilly bloom again. Rushes of spray blew across the dune road and the sea boiled and tumbled beside her. Gulls were blown overhead, balanced yet tipped sidewise in the wild airs; the wind sang high above her.

Meanwhile Sylvia and David, left alone by the sitting-room fire, with only the occasional dropping of a coal or the onslaught of wind against the shutters to interrupt them, could have the first real talk they had had since their arrival at Wastewater. David, stretched luxuriously in his chair, was free to study her as she sat erect and beautiful in the pleasant mingling of gray afternoon light and warm firelight. He had always had a definite feeling of admiration, loyalty, affection and confidence in Sylvia, and he felt it still. But for the first time in this past week she had seemed oddly to take her place down on the comfortable level of other human beings. She no longer seemed a creature unique and apart, a little more beautiful, more fortunate, more clever than the rest. Her mother and he had watched her grow up—prettier every year, more responsive and satisfactory every year. And then presently she had been recognized as Uncle Roger's heiress and she was to own Wastewater one of these days and the very substantial properties that went with Wastewater. David had initiated her, responsive and serious, into the secrets of her first allowance, her checkbook, her accounts. Did she know that she would be rich some day?

She had answered in Victoria's grave little phrase: "I had not known I was so near the throne!" And since that time, now several years ago, David had more than once thought that the proud, beautiful young creature had really felt herself, in a certain sense, a queen—had really been a queen in her own little circle. Quite without realizing it, he had always seen a little halo, a little aura, about Sylvia.

Always—until now. David had always told himself that he dare not ask Sylvia to be his wife, although she was the woman he knew best and admired most in the world. It was an old habit of his to think of her as the person he would have wished to marry had it been possible to unite her youth and beauty and wealth to the small income, the uncertain profession and the ten years' seniority of a man who was to her a sort of older brother.

But he knew to-day that he could ask her. She had oddly seemed to come into his zone during this holiday week. It was not that she was less beautiful, less rich, less admirable. But she was—different, or he was. She was just an extremely charming and fortunate girl of twenty, who might love him as well, perhaps better, than any other man. She was splendidly high-principled and intelligent, but even these qualities, at self-confident twenty, were not the surest guides in the world. Oddly and unexpectedly enough, he had once or twice experienced, just lately, a queer little pang of something like pity for Sylvia. She impressed him as some one who had little to learn, but much to experience.

GAY, on the other hand, was engagingly diffident and teachable. She had a well-balanced little head; she had excellent judgment; she played the piano nicely, spoke French perfectly and even danced better than she knew. But one felt that there were no falls ahead of Gay, no humiliating descents from any heights, simply because she had never scaled any heights. David was not analytical enough to know that it was the sisterly little Gay who had quite innocently and unconsciously shifted his attitude toward Sylvia. Gay had told him of a delightful book that Sylvia called "pretty thin." Gay had said fervently, "Oh, thank you, David, you've saved me!" when he had done her a small service yesterday. Gay had quoted him, followed him with her eyes, consulted him, paid him a score of compliments in her charming little-girl way; and Gay was an exceptionally lovely young woman. Whatever her antecedents, she was delightful, eager, receptive, unaffected and like a nice

Continued on page 74

IN OLD DAYS *the care of the skin was based almost entirely on superstitious legend; today it is a matter of definite scientific knowledge*



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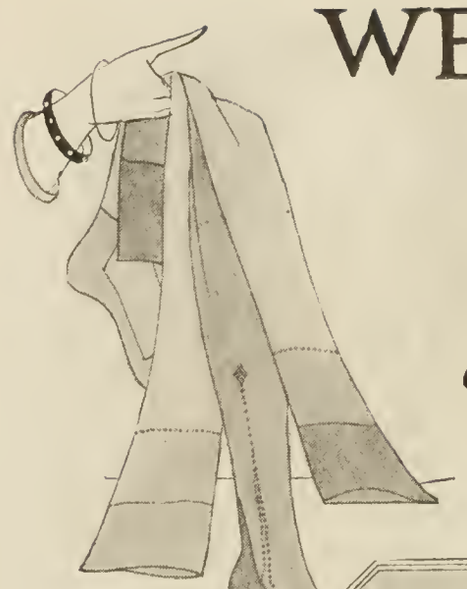
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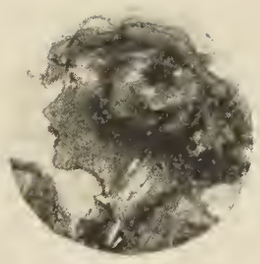
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 73

child, with her willing, flying feet, her big eyes, her softly tumbled tawny hair and her husky, protestant, velvety little voice.

To-day, while he was idly thinking of what life would be when Sylvia had taken possession of her inheritance and had her year or two of independence and then had agreed to be his wife, Sylvia suddenly spoke of Gay.

"Have you any idea what she wants to do with herself, David?"

"Gay?"

Sylvia nodded. "Mama seems to feel nothing definite about it, and I couldn't get anything out of her. She said something vague about being an actress!"

"She's not happy here?" David asked slowly.

"Yes, in a way I think she is. She's young, of course, to try her wings, and mama says she is really very conscientious about her practising and languages. But of course this isn't the place for her."

"Isn't?" David asked, looking up.

"No. In the first place, it's too dull."

"Why, there are some nice kids over at Crowchester," Devid suggested, "and she seems happy here. Then you'll be home at midsummer——"

"Yes, I know, David," Sylvia said, with a sudden color in her face. "But at the same time I don't feel that just idling here is quite the right solution for Gay. And I think it my duty, in a way, to think out for her what *is* the right solution. She's handsome—she has her mother's most unfortunate experience back of her, and—if she should marry even six or eight years from now, it would surely be better to launch her first into some interesting and absorbing line of work."

"She may marry before that!" David said. "She had her first offer, it appears, on the night of the dance, and she was quite upset about it."

"Her first offer!" Sylvia echoed, in stupefaction. "One of the Crowchester boys?"

"No; I don't think she knows any of them well. Aunt Flora doesn't encourage any neighborliness exactly. No, it was young du Spain," David said.

"Frank du Spain!"

"It would appear that it was love at first sight with him."

Sylvia stared a moment, hot color in her face.

"I don't believe it!" she said finally.

"OH, IT was honest and above-board enough. That was the very point of her speaking to me as she did," David assured her, half-amused and half-serious. "It seems he spoke to her at the dance——"

"He must be twenty!" Sylvia broke in impatiently.

"Twenty-four, he says. I don't imagine that he had any immediate hopes, or indeed plans. But he assured her that he was free and that his father was only too anxious to have him settle down. He wanted a promise of some sort; he was in an absolute fever of excitement and eagerness when he left—almost wrenched my hand off!"

"David, you didn't—but it's all absurd! You didn't encourage them in this sort of nonsense?"

"Them? My dear Sylvia, you couldn't have disposed of an unwelcome suitor more calmly yourself than Gay did!" said David. "She told him, it appears, that she was very much honored and she really liked him, but he please wasn't to say anything more about it for months, until after midsummer, in short. She only told me because he insisted that somebody—anybody—be informed that he never would change and was in earnest, and all that. And he wants to correspond, and she felt that she ought to speak to Aunt Flora about that."

"One wonders why she didn't speak to mama in the first place," Sylvia said slowly, remembering the farewells and perhaps unreasonably resenting a little Gay's secret and Gay's handling of it.

"She seems to want to dismiss the whole thing. I only mention it as a suggestion that she may solve her own problem in her own way one of these days."

"And you really think she ought to live along here, calmly, doing nothing and dependent upon other people?" Sylvia asked, with an anxious and appealing little frown.

"Who, Gay?" said Flora Fleming, who had come down-stairs and was now being settled by David in her usual chair. "But there is not talk about her going away, is there?"

"Not immediately, mama dear," Sylvia answered, with just a hint of impatience in her voice that amused David with the realization that he had never before seen Sylvia so human, and incidentally so approachable. "But I suppose she will not stay here always. That wouldn't be fair to her, or to you!"

"Oh, but what would you have her do, Sylvia?"

"Nothing definite, and don't you two dear good people talk as if I were an ogre!" Sylvia said, with a laugh. "What I had in mind was some nice place—there are hundreds near the college—where she could have some young life, and at the same time, by courses or special instruction, be fitting herself for her life-work, whatever it's to be. That was my entire idea, I assure you."

"But would you want her really to—to work, Sylvia?" demanded her mother, as David, staring into the embers, with his locked hands dropped between his knees, was still silent.

"Well, but mama, wouldn't you?" Sylvia countered. "With her antecedents, perhaps inheriting that unfortunate nature of poor Aunt Lily's——"

"You never saw Aunt Lily!" David was upon the point of saying good-naturedly. But although Sylvia had indeed been only three or four years old when frail, melancholy Aunt Lily had made the final disappearance into a "sanatorium" that ended much later with her death, he realized that Aunt Flora had talked frequently about her, and held his peace.

"INHERITING that unhappy nature from Aunt Lily," pursued Sylvia, "and inheriting goodness knows what from that casual father of hers—it does seem to me wisest to lay the basis of a normal, useful life for her——"

"Still, Sylvia," said Flora trembling, "I should wish—and I know David would—that Gay should have some sort of allowance made for her, always. I know your uncle—I know Roger would want her not to have to worry about money—say, a hundred and fifty a month! Or two hundred——"

"Do you mean just paid out of the estate?" Sylvia demanded, in honest astonishment, and with a natural resentment that her plans for Gay should be outdistanced by the others' ideas. "But, David—don't you think that would be too ridiculous?"

"I think we can arrange it very nicely, somehow," David said soothingly. "No need to go into it now, for she will certainly stay here with Aunt Flora until you come home, at midsummer. And in the meantime, she may either form her own plans, or perhaps—perhaps another Frank du Spain will come on the scene, with better success!"

Flora, diverted, asked him his meaning, and Sylvia thought she took a surprising amount of interest in the immature affair. Young du Spain had told her he would inherit something, Flora said, and he seemed a nice, cheerful young fellow.

"Even now," Flora argued, knitting fast. "if he really got a position, through his father—Gay will have *something!* I would certainly not let her go to him entirely empty-handed——"

David remembered suddenly that, after all, he and she were administrators of the estate until mid-June; they would solve Gay's problem somehow before that. He hardly imagined Sylvia disputing or changing afterward any arrangement that they made about Gay.

Perhaps Sylvia remembered this too, and decided that her only policy was a waiting one, until her full inheritance and liberty should be put into her hands. She fell into kindly desultory talk about Gay, how pretty the girl had grown and how nicely mannered she was.

But when Flora, who seemed nervous and disturbed, presently got up and went out of the room, Sylvia said to David:

"What I really have in the back of my head is that mama and I shall have a long holiday in Europe next Winter. I think Gay's being here," Sylvia added thoughtfully, looking straight up into David's eyes now as they stood together before the hearth,

Continued on page 76

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½ teaspoon salt
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½ teaspoon vanilla
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Stale bread

Add the sugar, salt and vanilla to the milk, and stir in the well-beaten eggs. Dip pieces of stale bread into the mixture and line a quart baking-dish with it. Arrange alternate layers of bread and sliced peaches to fill the dish. Pour any remaining liquid over it. Set dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Serve with any sauce desired.

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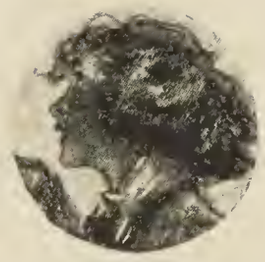
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

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"has roused old sad memories, and I feel that I—well, I owe mama this holiday, after these years when I've seen so little of her. I'll get all my new responsibilities here straightened out as soon as I can, graduate and then have a real vacation before we come back to be the Flemings of Wastewater for the next forty or fifty years!"

"And of course there's one more responsibility I hope you'll decide to assume, Sylvia," David said significantly, quite unexpectedly to himself, but with his pleasant even voice and smile unchanged.

She understood him instantly and flushed rosily.

"Perhaps I will!" she answered bravely.

"Be thinking it over," he pursued.

Sylvia looked down at the pretty foot she had rested on the bright brass and iron fire-rods.

"It's rather formidable," she said appealingly, looking up, "all the business, the insurance and taxes and signatures—and my graduation—and Wastewater, and the servants coming to me! I feel—feel a little bit overwhelmed——"

"Of course you do!" David conceded sympathetically.

"But I think," Sylvia said, now with one hand on his shoulder and her dark eyes raised seriously to his, "I think I've always had you in mind, David— Is that a very unwomanly thing to say? Give me a little time to get my bearings——"

"All the time you want, dear!" David said tenderly, as she paused.

For answer Sylvia raised her flushed and lovely face, and he kissed her solemnly. Then the girl laughed a little excitedly and held him off with both her hands linked in his as she said:

"There, then! Is it an understanding?"

"It's just what you wish, Sylvia."

"Then that's what I wish!" Sylvia answered gaily. "Now let's get our coats on and race once or twice about the garden before it's quite dusk!"

BUT it was already dark in the garden and bitterly cold and windy, and they had made only one turn when John rattled up to the side door with the little car, from which Gay descended, weary, blown, but in high spirits. David thought their all coming into the house together very homelike and pleasant. He thought it would be charming to have this old house home for them all, always. Gay was all the more attractive, after all, because of the clouds and mists that hung over her birth and parentage, and Sylvia would quickly get her bearings. She was too sane and fine to be upset long even by her new importance.

So musing, David thought with deep satisfaction of the future. Only a few weeks ago he had felt it would be an injustice to speak to Sylvia—Sylvia the beauty, the heiress, barely of age. But Sylvia had been brought into his own zone in some strange manner during these Christmas holidays; for the first time in her life David had seen her as, perhaps, needing affectionate guidance, sympathetic advice, as indeed the young girl she really was, for all her superiorities. It was sweet to him to think that with his love for her, his knowledge of her affairs, his happy familiarity here at Wastewater, he might actually give to a marriage with Sylvia more than any other man was apt to give.

For the world's opinion of the proverbial guardian wedding with the heiress, David cared nothing at all. He was largely indifferent to money; the little that he had sufficed him comfortably; his chief expenses were for canvases and oils, and Wastewater and Keyport supplied him with subjects the year round. Less than a dozen close friends, a city club, an occasional first night and a seat alone five times a season at the opera were enough for David, and for the rest he liked his comfortable old painting clothes, the panorama of the seasons steadily moving onward—and always, behind and through and above the leisurely tenor of his days, Wastewater.

He roused from his reverie after supper to see Gay smiling at him from the opposite chair.

"What are you thinking about, David? You looked so serious."

"I was thinking very happy things about the future," David answered, exchanging just the fleeting shadow of a half-smile with Sylvia. "Look, Sylvia, I see a likeness to Uncle Roger in Gay now!" he added interestedly. "It's stronger in this picture than in the one down-stairs!"

They all three looked up at the large portrait of Roger Fleming that was above the mantel in Flora's up-stairs sitting-room. Gay was just below it, and she twisted her tawny head to look upward, too.

"I don't see it," Sylvia said, narrowing her eyes to scrutinize the painted face and the living one. "But yes, I do; the mouths are exactly alike! David, is mine like that?"

Flora was not in the room; they all glanced with instinctive caution at the door now as it rattled in a rising wind. But nobody came in, and Gay ended the debate about likenesses by reminding them cheerfully:

"Turn, Flemynge, spin agayne,
The crossit line's the henter skein."

The next morning David was surprised, and a little touched, to have his aunt come up to him in the shadowy upper hall and embrace him warmly. It was a long time since he had had such a kiss from Aunt Flora.

"Sylvia's just hinted it to me— I'm so glad, my dear, dear boy!" said Flora. "She wants it just as if nothing had happened, until June—I understand! But I must let you know I am so delighted, David."

And pressing his hands with a display of emotion very rare in her, she hurried on. But for this David might almost believe that he had dreamed that little conversation with Sylvia in the firelight last night. Sylvia really showed less feeling than her mother.

Yet Sylvia did show some; she was demure and sweet with David, and on New Year's Eve they had a few moments' grave conversation about the future.

"Perhaps there'll be a young Mrs. Fleming here next year, Sylvia?"

"Oh, not quite so soon, I think. Promise me, promise me you won't hurry matters! But some day—" And she let her smooth, warm hand rest in his until they were interrupted by her mother's entrance into the room.

SYLVIA went back to college early on the day after New Year's Day, and late in the afternoon of the preceding day she found an opportunity to give Gay a hint of the state of affairs. The two girls had managed to establish a real friendliness, and were merry and confidential and full of chatter together. Now Gay had asked curiously, as in an ice-cold bedroom she watched Sylvia packing her things:

"Sylvia, do you hate to go back?"

"Well, yes and no. In a way, I wish June would hurry, and in another way I want to get every scrap of sweetness out of my last college days. I shall be tremendously busy when I get home, of course, for weeks and weeks, and then it's possible—that mama and I may go abroad for a few months after that."

Gay's face was radiant with sympathy.

"Oh, you will love it!" she said enthusiastically as she wrapped the big comforter tightly about her and curled her feet up in the big armchair. Sylvia, shuddering, blew upon her own fingers as she gave a last look about the room.

"There, everything's in!" she said. "Do let's get down-stairs." And to herself Sylvia

Continued on page 79

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¾ teaspoon Salt
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¼ cup Ice Water

WORK Mazola into the dry flour and salt gradually, mixing thoroughlywith a knife or spatula, then add enough ice water to hold together and roll out at once, on a well floured board.

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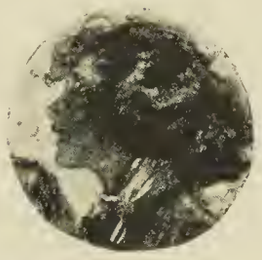
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 76

added, "I wonder if she realizes that I don't plan to take her with us?"

But Gay was thinking: "She can't care for David, or she wouldn't be making plans to go away!" and in the queer, indefinable happiness that came with this conviction, she could well afford to be indifferent to her own plans for the Summer.

When they were down-stairs again, as the heavenly warmth of the sitting-room enveloped them Sylvia said:

"I should love to give mama a really happy time, because—next Winter—there may be changes——"

Gay, kneeling by the hearth and hammering a great smoking lump of coal with a poker, felt salt in her mouth and her heart sank like a leaden weight. Sylvia's serious yet happy tone was unmistakable. The younger girl did not turn.

"You mean—you and David?" she said thickly, putting one arm across her eyes, as if the smoke had blinded her.

"I think so," Sylvia answered.

Gay took her chair. "I always thought so!" she said bravely. "Has it been settled—long?"

"It isn't settled now!" Sylvia responded in a little tone of merry warning and alarm. "But I have promised—" and her smile was that of the consciously beloved and courted woman—"I have promised to think about it!"

WHEN David came down with the suitcases a few minutes later, Sylvia was alone. Gay did not come in until just before dinner and then she seemed quiet and grave. David suspected that Sylvia's departure and the ending of the happy holidays were depressing her, but two or three times during the evening, catching her serious glance fixed upon himself, he was puzzled by something more serious than this, something almost reproachful, almost accusing.

However, he forgot it in the confusion of the early start the next morning, and when he returned to Wastewater late that evening, Gay seemed quite herself. David stayed on comfortably from day to day and the three settled to a pleasant, if monotonous, and quiet life. Gay worked busily at her music and with her books all morning. David was painting a study of the old sheds and fences on the western side of the house, buried in a heavy snow, with snow-laden trees bowed about them.

In the cold, dark afternoons he and Gay usually went for long walks, talking hard all the way, and David found it as often astonishingly stimulating to get her views of men and affairs and books as it was pleasant to guide her or influence her. Sometimes, bundled to the ears, she would rush out to the old cow-yard to stand behind him as he painted, and what she said of his work, he thought, was always worth hearing. He was to have an exhibition in New York for a week in the early Spring, and it was at Gay's suggestion that he did some water-colors for it.

"There!" she said. "Now those things that you call 'notes.' Those are perfectly delightful! And many a person who couldn't—or wouldn't—spend several hundred dollars for a picture would love one of those."

"Lots of fellows either throw them out as rubbish or give them away," David protested.

"Yes, but yours are so lovely, David! I can't think that most men would make such nice ones. This little one—I'll tell you what it's like," said Gay, with a brightening face, "it's like a little Diziani in the Louvre!"

These little touches of familiarity with the field so infinitely interesting to him were delightful to David. He would spend whole Winter afternoons going over his European catalogs with her and identifying picture after picture. Gay made him mark the "notes" at a hundred dollars each. And following some line of thought, she presently added dreamily "David, does the money part matter so tremendously to you?"

"Does— God bless the child!" answered David. "Of course it does!"

Gay laughed. "Why, what would you do if you had more money?"

"Oh, Lord—" David began. "Well, I'd take a Studio near Rucker's. At least, I might. And probably about once in every three years I'd go across and study in Europe. I'd buy one of Neil Boone's pictures to-morrow, and I'd buy one every three months, to keep the poor fellow from committing suicide before people begin to find out what a marvel he is——"

"Is he so clever, David?"

"Oh—" David said briefly, almost impatiently. "The uses of adversity are sweet, Gay, but Boone has had a little too much of a good thing! He idolized his wife, and she died, and I think he feels that it might have been different if she'd had less want and care. He's mad about his kid, and a well-to-do sister has him in Washington. Boone can't afford to keep him."

"I must say that you don't seem to want money so much for yourself," said Gay, laughing. "You *might* get a studio, and you *might* go abroad. I'll tell you what I think: You'd like money principally because when a man's pictures sell, it's proof that he is succeeding in his profession!"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you're right, Gay," David said, surprised at the shrewdness of the analysis.

"Because, if you and Sylvia—" the girl was beginning animatedly. She stopped. Her face was crimson. "Perhaps I wasn't supposed to know that," she stammered.

"Not much to know," David said, also a little red. "It—it's indefinite until Sylvia chooses to have it definite," he added. And then, with what was suddenly a rough, almost an angry manner, for David, he went on: "But what were you going to say, Gay? Did you mean that if Sylvia and I were married, I *would* be rich?"

"Nothing quite so crude, David!" she answered readily, with an apologetic smile. "I was contrasting the pleasure you would get from a—well, from a really sensational success with your exhibition," Gay went on, feeling for words, "to the pleasure any amount of money, just put into your hand, would give you! You and Sylvia can do anything you like, I suppose, but I know it won't make you feel like working any less!"

It was said with her innocent, sisterly smile and with her usual unspoiled earnest interest, but David felt oddly uncomfortable whenever he thought of it throughout the day. A dozen times he wondered what the situation would be if Sylvia were in—well, in Gay's position, looking to her husband for everything.

Not that Sylvia would be anything but charming in her attitude to his income and her own. She would glide over any conceivable awkwardness with her own native fineness. She would ask—he knew exactly how prettily—"David, should I buy a new fur coat, do you think? David, would another maid be an awful extravagance?" There would never be a word or a hint to remind him that, after all, the safety-deposit box and the check-books—and, indeed, the very roof over their heads—were hers.

It was not that that he feared. But he did fear her quite natural opinion that money was extremely important. It was important to her. It was important to almost every one. But it was not important to David.

Far happier for him if Gay, for example, had been the heiress. Then he and Sylvia would have been the poor relations, could have had the tramping, the little studio in Keyport, the frugal trips abroad so full of adventures and excitements, and always the beloved old family homestead to turn to for holidays and special occasions. That would be a realer sort of living than he was apt to experience with all Sylvia's charming responsibilities and exaction upon his shoulders. There would be a distinct loss of something free and personal, something far higher and purer and more wonderful than even old Uncle Roger's money, in David's marriage. And he knew now that he could never expect Sylvia to see that loss. To Sylvia any one who could be rich and who saw even the tiniest scrap of advantage anywhere in remaining poor was stupid to the point of annoyance.

WELL, it would all work out somehow, David concluded philosophically, thinking these things seriously upon a certain bitter night late in January. A heavy storm was brewing again, but he had resolved to turn his back upon it; he must get down into the city and arrange matters for the April exhibition. He would leave Wastewater the next day.

Continued on page 80

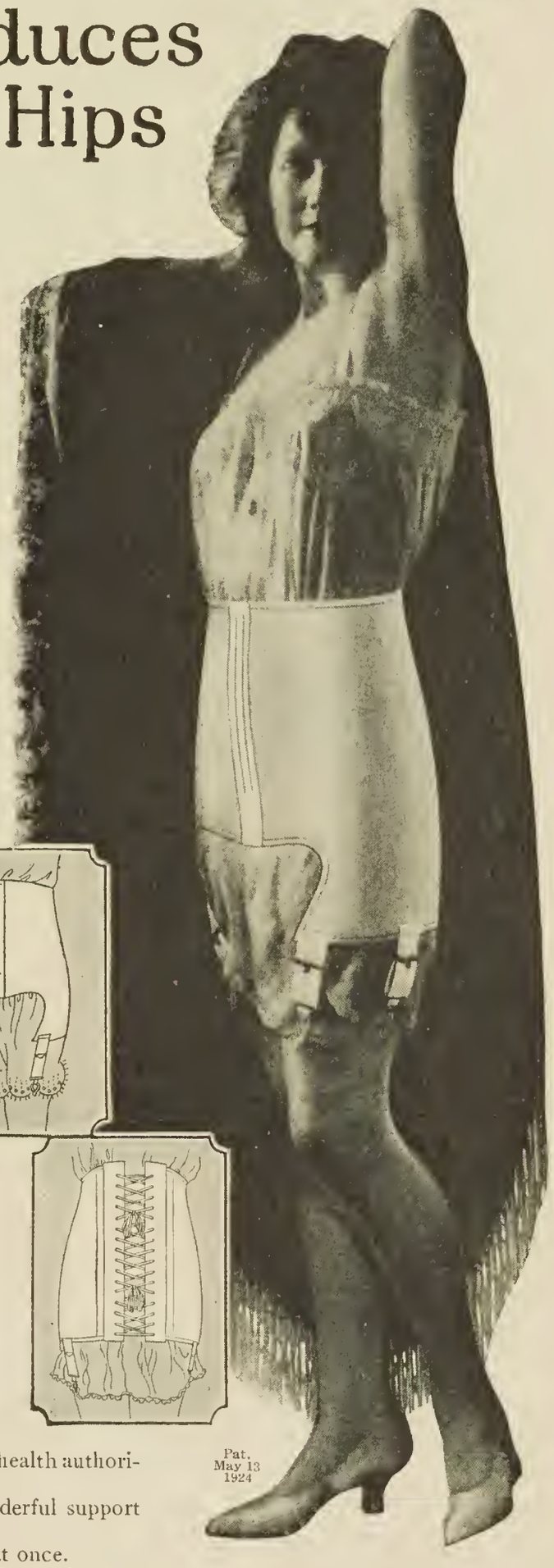
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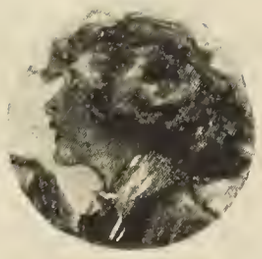
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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 79

It was almost midnight now; Gay, who had seemed out of spirits to-night, had gone up-stairs early, and Aunt Flora had followed her an hour ago. But David sat on by the fire.

Suddenly and hideously in the darkness and night he heard a wild scream, followed by other screams, all piercing, high—the shrieks of a woman in mortal terror. David started to his feet, ran to the door, snatched the lamp from the center-table and, always shouting, ran up toward the evident source of the confusion, which was in the direction of his room and Gay's, on the floor above.

It had all taken place so quickly and was so unspeakably horrifying and alarming that David had no time to think of his own emotions until he reached the upper hall and rushed into Gay's room. He set the light on a table and caught the girl, who was blundering blindly about the doorway, in his arms.

"Gay—for God's sake—what is it?" he said, drawing her into the hall, holding her tight and looking beyond her into the dimness of the room.

"Oh, David—David!" she sobbed, clinging to him. "Oh, David, it's that old woman again! She's in my room—I saw her! She had a candle in her hand—I tell you I saw her!"

"You had a dream, dear!" David said tenderly. "She must have had a bad dream!" David explained to Flora, who came upstairs carrying a candle and with a ghastly face, and to Hedda and Trude, who appeared from another direction, frightened and pale.

"Oh, no—no—no! I didn't dream it!" Gabrielle said, still gasping and clinging tight to David, but in a somewhat quieter tone. "No, I didn't dream it! She—I had just put out the light and she—she came into my room——"

"Now don't get excited, dear," David interrupted the rising tone reassuringly. "We're all here, and she can't hurt you! What did you think you saw?"

"She came to my door," Gabrielle whispered, with a heaving breast and a dry throat. "She was—she was—" Her voice rose on a shrill note of horror in spite of herself, and she looked into David's eyes with a pathetic childish effort to control herself. "She was—smiling at me!" Gabrielle whispered.

DAVID felt his own flesh creep. It was Flora's voice that said somewhat harshly: "Come down to Sylvia's room for the rest of the night, Gabrielle."

They were all in the doorway of Gabrielle's room; the lamp that David had carried upstairs he had placed just within it in a sort of alcove. Now he picked up the light and said reassuringly: "Look here, dear—nobody's gone out of the hall! We'll go all over your room and open the wardrobes and look under the bed——"

He had gotten so far, turning courageously into the apartment, when he stopped, and Gabrielle screamed again. For the light now shone upon the girl's tumbled bed, her desk, her bureau, her book-shelves. And standing close to the latter, with bright mad eyes fixed upon them all and something of the hunted look of a cornered yet unfrightened animal, was a small bent old woman, with gray hair straggling out upon the gray shawl she wore over her shoulders and an extinguished candle in the stick she carried in her hands.

David's heart came into his mouth with shock; there was an uncanny and fearful quality about such an apparition in the quiet Winter night and in the shadowy old house. Flora, behind him, made a sound of despair, and Hedda and Trude moaned together. Afterward, it seemed to him odd that it was Gabrielle who spoke.

The girl was still shaken badly, but the lights and the voices had instantly dissipated the horrifying mystery and fear, and although Gay was pale and spoke with a somewhat dry throat, it was steadily enough, it was even with a pathetic sort of reassurance in her voice and a trembling eagerness to quiet the strange visitor.

"You—you frightened me so!" she said to the little old woman gently, touching her on the arm, even trying to draw about the shaking little old figure the big slipping gray shawl. "You—she didn't mean any harm, David," Gay said, with her breath coming easier every second. "She—I think she's a little—" A significant lifting of Gay's eyebrows finished the sentence. "Margaret knows her—Aunt Flora knows who she is!" she added appealingly.

"I wanted to see you, dear, and Flora wouldn't let me!" the old woman said tearfully and childishly, catching Gay's hands and beginning to mumble kisses over them.

David made a sudden exclamation.

"Is it—I've not see her for twenty years!" he said, with a puzzled look at his aunt, about whose shaking form he immediately put a bracing arm. "Isn't it your mother, Aunt Flora? Is it Aunt John? I thought she was dead——"

"Yes—just help me take her to her room, David," Flora said feverishly and blindly. "Just—take her arm, Hedda. We'll get her all comfortable and then I'll explain. I'll explain to you and Gabrielle—you needn't be afraid of this happening again—I'll—I'll—Let Trude take her, Gabrielle——"

"But she doesn't want to go, do you, dear?" Gay asked pitifully. And David thought her youth and beauty, the hanging rope of glorious tawny hair, the slim figure outlined in her plain little embroidered nightgown and the kimono she had caught up, contrasted to that shaking old creature's feebleness and wildness, was one of the most extraordinary things he had ever seen in his life. But then the whole thing was like a crazy dream——

"But she must go," Flora reiterated, her voice shaking.

"Aunt John—" David pleaded gently, taking an elbow that controlled a thin old yellow hand like a hanging bird's claw. For he remembered the day when "Aunt John" had kept house for them all, when Flora was a brisk young woman and Lily only a timid, romantic girl, when his own mother was mistress of Wastewater and poor Tom and himself the idolized small boys of the family.

"What are you calling me 'Aunt John' for, David Fleming?" said the old woman shrilly and suddenly. "Mama died years and years ago, didn't she, Flora? I'm your Aunt Lily, and I came down to see my girl!"

HEDDA and Trude exclaimed together; but David sensed instantly that they were not surprised. Flora choked, caught blindly at the back of a chair and stood staring; David, in his quick glance, saw that her lips were moving. But she made no sound.

Then it was at Gabrielle that they all looked—Gabrielle, who stood tall and young and ashen in the uncertain lamplight, with her magnificent, pathetically widened eyes like shadowy gray star-sapphires moving first to Flora's face and then to David's and then back to the little woman beside her, whose hand, or claw, she still held in her own.

David saw her breast rise and fall suddenly, but there was in her bearing no sign that she was conscious of his presence or that of the maids or Flora. She bent down toward the forlorn little mumbling creature, looking into the wandering eyes.

"I'm sorry they wouldn't let you see me!" Gay said gently, in just the essence of her own beautiful voice. To David every syllable seemed to throb and flower like a falling star in the unearthly silence of the room. Outside a Winter wind whined, branches creaked, the ivy at Gay's window crackled as a load of snow slipped from its dry twigs; they could hear the distant muffled sound of the cold sea, tumbling and booming among the rocks.

The lamp flared up in a sudden draft, burned steadily again. Great shadows marched and wheeled on the ceiling. The two maids stared with dilated eyes. Flora caught at David with fierce fingers.

"Don't—don't let her talk! She's not responsible, David! I tell you it's all a mistake—no harm done—I won't have Gabrielle worried——"

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Flora!" Gay's voice said. And again it sounded strange to David. It had a sad and poignant sweetness that seemed to have more in common with the icy night and the streaming Winter moonlight and the cold sea than with this troubled little human group. "I'm glad to know. I never would have been afraid of you if I had known," Gay said to the little bent old woman. "I won't be frightened again. You can—you can see me as much as you like. If you're Lily, I'm—I'm your little girl, you know—mother."

Continued in the December DELINEATOR

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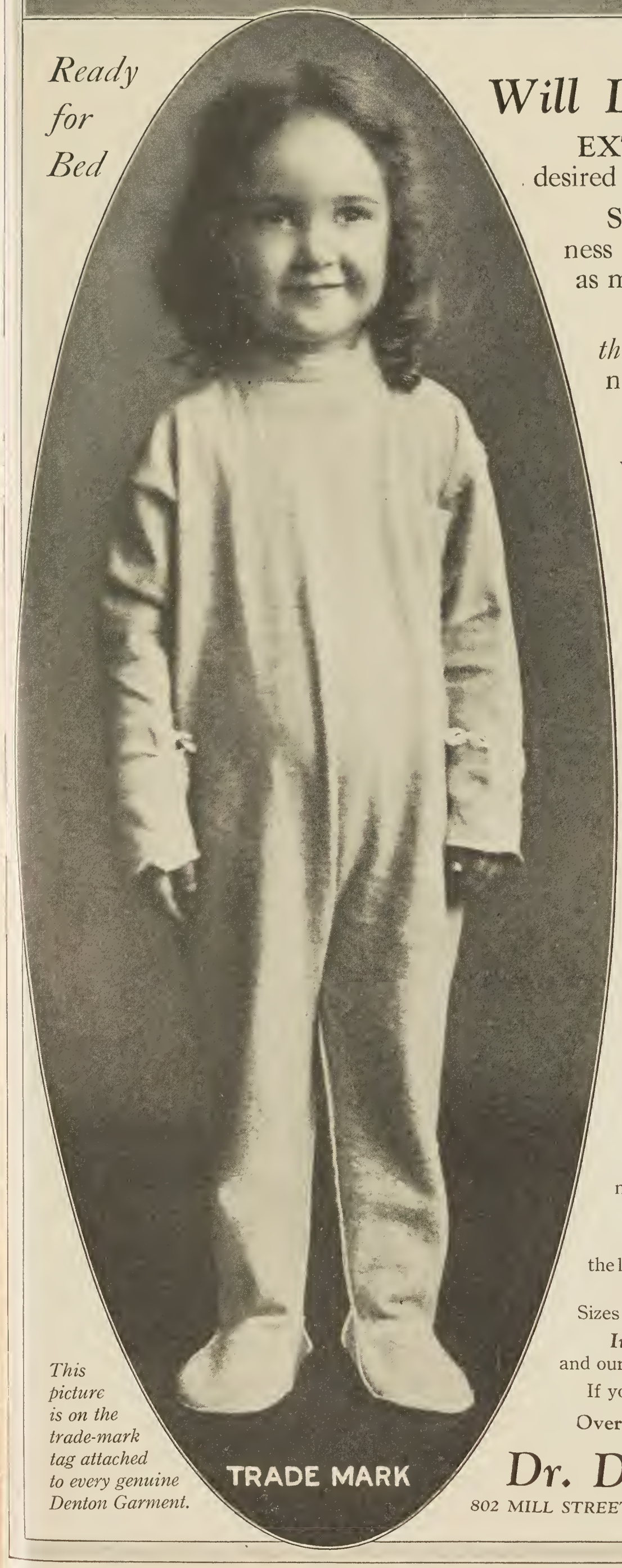
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Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. ***The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.***

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THE COLLECTOR

Continued from page 7

"she'll throw a fit. The riffraff won't have a chance."

"Your hand," said Skippy. They shook hands impressively. Then a doubt intervened. "Yes, but Kalamazoo——"

"We'll tell him it's a practical joke. He's like any other brother, isn't he?"

"It's a wonderful idea," said Skippy. "Ida will now feed from our hands!"

"We must work out a grip and a password."

"If Kalamazoo holds up for an initiation, we'll burn him with a cigar."

FORTUNATELY for the success of their plans, Kalamazoo was alone to meet them, and by an adroit appeal to the dominant-brother instinct, whose origin sinks back into the tertiary period, they converted him into an enthusiastic ally.

"This is the hangout," said Kalamazoo proudly, and he indicated a large turreted mansion of the early Garfield-Gothic period. "I say, I've got to give you fellows one tip: don't touch anything you see. Everybody collects something in the family. We're all queer, you know."

Skippy, who had associated with plutocracy in his last visit to the home of Caroline Schmitt, was not utterly unprepared for the lavish ornamentation of the Shamberg home. There were cast-iron deer about the lawns and dogs of the same consistency, eternally lifting a front paw among the formal gardens where geraniums and petunias combined into set pieces—anchors, ships, harps and vases. The halls were filled with bronzed Roman matrons supporting lamps. It was evident that Mr. Shamberg collected statuary. Mrs. Shamberg collected antimacassers, which adorned the red-plush chairs, and wax flowers, which were kept under large glass receptacles on the mantelpieces.

"Stow your duds in here," said Kalamazoo, leading them into a coat-room. At one side, each on a peg, were a score of hats of every description: top hats and bowlers; straw hats, beach-hats, whitened English helmets, baseball-caps, fedoras and tam-o'-shanters. "The old man is fond of hats. You couldn't pry one away from him. Your room's at the head of these stairs. I'll attend to the baggage."

"There's a queer feeling about this house," said Skippy in an awed whisper.

They mounted to their room, where they found the walls crowded with a collection of colored photographs. Now, these recurring evidences of the spirit of the family should have given Skippy some inkling into the character of the daughter, but they didn't. Perhaps he was too dazzled to properly order his ideas.

"What do you think of it?" asked Snorky dubiously.

"If they collect cats, I'm going home!"

THEY presently descended on the heels of Kalamazoo and, traversing a long room filled with a collection of Spanish brasses, entered the library, where Mr. Shamberg was folding into a neat bundle some twine just removed and arranging it in a large open box filled with various-colored string, all in neat bundles, each in its proper place. He was a little, noiseless, preoccupied man with a large Adam's apple. Kalamazoo explained the nature and name of his guests.

"Have they seen your mother yet?" asked Mr. Shamberg, giving a limp handshake.

"Just going, sir."

"Ah, that's right, very glad, very glad indeed," said Mr. Shamberg. "By the way—Phil——"

"All right, sir—I've told 'em about touching things," said Kalamazoo cheerfully.

Mrs. Shamberg beamed upon them cordially in large portly enthusiasm and returned to her needlework.

Etiquette having now been satisfied, they picked their way gingerly through another parlor and made for the veranda.

"How d'ye feel?" asked Snorky under his breath.

"I feel like *Alice in Wonderland*," said Skippy, taking a wide detour around a table laden with Bohemian glass.

Miss Shamberg at the moment of their appearance was strumming the light guitar for the edification of an exceedingly blond young man with a second-year mustache who was evidently permitting her attentions. She was camped on the arm of a rocking-chair displaying at least six inches of ankle in that reckless way which characterized the younger generation at the close of the nineteenth century.

"Fellers, this is sis," said Kalamazoo, who lacked the graces of the parlor.

Sis rearranged her skirts, nodded to Snorky and said: "Hello, boys! This is Mr. Dudank."

Skippy felt at once that his entrance had been a failure.

"What's your prep?" he said, looking over the rather frail Mr. Dudank, who faced him with a stare which rose slowly from his feet upward.

"Gracious me!" said Miss Shamberg hastily. "Mr. Dudank is a '99 man at Williams."

"Really?" said Skippy, returning the stare with a look of incredulity.

IMPERTINENCE always impresses the young female of the species, and not at all infrequently the older. Miss Shamberg looked at the new arrival more attentively and at once became aware of three things: first, that Skippy was at least three years her brother's senior; second, that he had a perfect social manner; and last and not least that in his black cravat shone forth a mysterious and fascinating pin. The atmosphere began to warm perceptibly, particularly after the departure of Mr. Dudank, who took with him his wholly personal opinion as to his own importance.

"Did I make a social blunder?" asked Skippy without betraying the slightest concern.

Kalamazoo broke into a loud guffaw.

"I suppose I should have noticed the upperliptic fit," said Snorky, smiling at Miss Shamberg. "By the way, we missed you at the Prom."

"Do you mean to say there was a Prom, you wretched boy," said Miss Shamberg; but her glance, as though fascinated, immediately returned to the emblem of the Philomathean Debating Society.

"Kalamazoo, if you don't bring your sister down for the whole three days next year," said Skippy, "I'll put you to hard labor."

"Oh, what a cunning little school-pin you're wearing," said Miss Shamberg, finally bringing both eyes into play.

Skippy's face immediately assumed the rigidity of death. He rose to his feet, clicked his heels and disappeared into the house. Before Miss Shamberg could recover from her astonishment, Snorky Green, with equal solemnity, rose and stalked away.

"Good gracious, what did I do?" asked Ida, turning to her brother in bewilderment.

"Now you've put your foot in it, you ignoramus!" said Kalamazoo in great alarm.

"Just for a school-pin!"

"School-pin your grandmother! That's the Black Eleven Society. Why, Jiminy crickets, sis, don't you know what that is? Why, a feller who makes that at school gets pledged to anything he wants right off. Half a dozen fraternities are fighting for them now."

Miss Shamberg, with the reference to next year's Prom in her memory, went hot and cold with shame.

"Oh, Phil, what shall I do?"

"Do? Do nothing, of course! Only if you don't want to queer all my chances, mind your p's and q's. And say——"

"What, Phil, dear?"

"Whatever you do, never let them catch you looking at the pins again. Savez?"

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked Ida faintly.

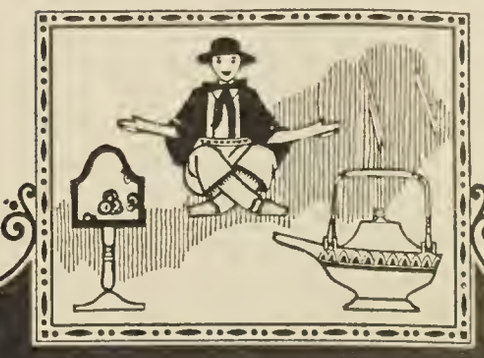
"It's terrific! They brand you with a live cigar right over the heart, three times. Don't you know what Skull and Bones is? Well, it's like that. They never part with their pin, even in death," said Kalamazoo solemnly.

"Never? I don't believe it."

"Never, except to the girl they're going to marry," said Kalamazoo, who had been coached.

Their success was prodigious. By the

Continued on page 84



WANTED

Men and Women to Earn Money At Home this new easy way

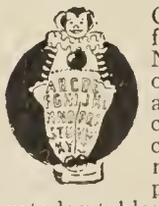
$20 TO $50 A WEEK SPARE OR FULL TIME



Gabriel Andre Petit
Art Director

A limited number of openings are now available to men and women who would like to earn money at home in spare hours or full time. The work is wonderfully interesting and pays unusually well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery. Many say they never dreamed that such a wonderful way of earning money at home existed.

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Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Art Novelties at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wooden toys, parchment lamp-shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? Then there are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

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The beautiful Book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, which explains all about this new way to earn money at home, will be sent to you, on request absolutely FREE and without obligation. Simply mail the coupon or write, enclosing two-cent stamp to help pay postage. But do this at once, while openings for new members are available.

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Fireside Industries, Dept. 2911
Adrian, Michigan

Please send me absolutely FREE the beautiful illustrated Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Art Novelties. I enclose two-cent stamp.

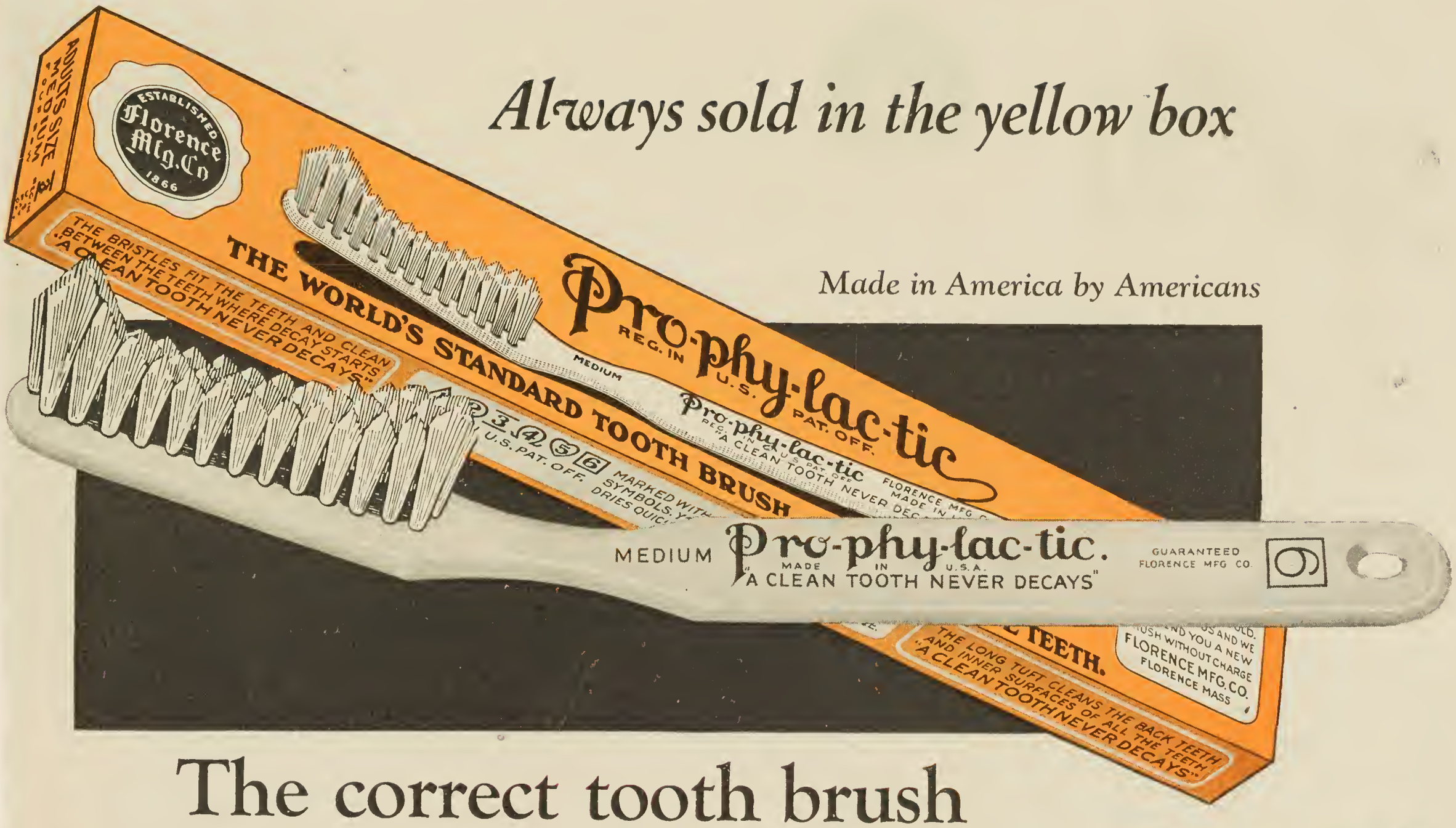
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Always sold in the yellow box

Made in America by Americans



The correct tooth brush that keeps all your teeth attractive

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic is made in one shape only, because that is the only shape that will do perfect work. If we made more shapes, just to please more people who like certain styles, we probably could sell still more brushes. But—the Pro-phy-lac-tic is a scientific product, made the right way on the assumption that there are sufficient thoughtful people, who, when they know the Pro-phy-lac-tic, will use no other.

Result there are more Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes sold today than any other known make.

To clean the teeth thoroughly, you must use a tooth brush that reaches the backs of the back teeth—the back of every tooth—as only the tufted end of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush can.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush fits the profile of the teeth. It brushes *in between*, not *over*, the teeth. It can't skip over the innermost crevices, because the tufts are scientifically formed to fit every possible variation of tooth structure.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world, in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made with hard, medium or soft bristles. Always sold in the yellow box.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY - FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, U. S. A.



Eight tooth brush features *originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic*

1 The large end tuft, which reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth, and the inside surfaces of all teeth—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

2 Saw-tooth bristle tufts arranged to fit the curve of the jaw—known as the Pro-phy-lac-tic shape—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

3 The curved handle with the tapered and beveled end, which enables the Pro-phy-lac-tic to get behind the teeth, and clean all teeth—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

4 Dependable markings on each brush, so you may rely absolutely on getting the kind you like, whether you prefer hard, medium, or soft bristles—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

5 The use of a symbol to mark each brush, so that every individual knows his own Pro-phy-lac-tic—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

6 The hole in the handle and the hook to hang the brush upon—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

7 The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush to you clean, untouched by any hands since it left the sanitary Pro-phy-lac-tic factory—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.*

8 Made in America by Americans—*originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* Now sold all over the world.

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

The name-*world known*

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Tooth Brush

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Does Your Mirror Reflect Hair of Natural, Youthful Beauty?

Three Ways to Tint Gray Hair

There are three and only three possible ways of coloring gray, faded or streaked hair.

You can use a quick, powerful dye such as furriers use to dye pelts, but which contains poison and is often harmful.

You can use a slow dye—one that calls itself a "restorer"—which necessitates going over the hair every day for a week or ten days before the desired color is obtained.

Or, you can use a safe, quick hair tint which needs only one application, is guaranteed harmless to hair, scalp or skin and which is lasting.

Such a hair tint is

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BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

With this clean, harmless liquid you can quickly and easily tint your gray, streaked or faded hair to any shade from lightest blond to deep brown or raven black. It will not rub off or wash out. It colors the hair lastingly, thoroughly permeating each strand. Afterwards you need apply it only to the new growth.

Take the endorsement of thousands of women in all parts of the United States and Canada. Tint your gray hair today. But be sure and use satisfactory harmless Brownatone.

For sale by all drug and department stores 50c and $1.50. Two colors: Lightest blond to medium brown and dark brown to black. For trial bottle send 10c to cover postage and packing.

We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct 50c.

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Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which send trial bottles of Brownatone and NaTone Lemonated Shampoo. I have checked shade of Brownatone preferred—golden brown, medium brown, dark brown, black.

Name.....

Address.....



THE COLLECTOR

Continued from page 82

second day Dudank had quite disappeared from the scenery. Ida paraded them through the village and flaunted them on the beach. Kalamazoo's training had had its effect, and though her eyes hungrily and covetously and constantly returned to the mysterious pins, she hastily averted her glance each time she was in danger of detection. At their final appearance in bathing-suits, her curiosity was roused to the fever point.

"Thought you said they never parted with them?" she said to Kalamazoo.

"They go with them into their coffin, I told you."

"Well, where are they now?"

"They carry them in their mouths, of course, stupid. Under their left cheek. They all do. Haven't you any eyes?"

He reported this conversation to Skippy in great glee, and the terrific impression it had caused.

"Look out now," he said, with a wary shake of his head. "If there's one thing sis dotes upon, it's pins, and she's got her mind made up. Watch out, that's all!"

"I don't know about Snorky, but if she gets mine—she'll have to steal it," said Skippy confidently.

"Well, she collects them, you know."

THE full import of this remark did not strike him until later. As a matter of fact, a little rift had developed in the lute. By the third day a difference of opinion had arisen between the chums concerning the priority of claim to the affections of Miss Ida Shamberg. Skippy was quite shocked at Snorky's unreasonableness. If the lady preferred his company, as was quite evident at least to Mr. Skippy Bedelle, it was entirely due to the nature of things and certainly was no cause for reproach. If Snorky had confided in him in the beginning, it would have been different. Honor between chums of course must be inviolate. But they had started on an equal footing. There was no ground, then, for jealousy. Skippy felt, therefore, justly aggrieved, and when Snorky continued reproaches, he assumed an attitude of defiance. Smarting under this injustice, he redoubled his attentions and deliberately sought opportunities for a tête-à-tête, which of course was not without a certain element of personal danger. Ida, as Kalamazoo had expressed it, was a rapid worker, and under the light cloak of badinage matters had progressed by the close of the allotted week.

For the third successive morning Snorky, with his fists sunk in his pockets, was left scowling and racked with jealously on the veranda while Ida, in a trim little buckboard, departed with Mr. Skippy Bedelle.

"Where'll we go, Jack?"

"How about the road through the woods?"

"That would be cozier."

The little bay under skilful fingers quickly left the public-infested main road and gained more intimate by-paths. Then the pace slackened, the reins relaxed and occasionally the bay, with a sure instinct, stopped to nibble at a tempting bush.

"'Course you'll go off now and forget all about me," said Ida, with the proper heaviness. Which remark presupposes the usual sentimental preliminaries.

"Speak for yourself."

"Oh, men are different! They all make you believe you're the only one!"

"Do you believe that?"

Ida turned and looked steadily at Skippy, who returned the gaze without a flicker of an eyelash.

"No—no, I don't believe that of you," she said at last slowly.

Such confidence almost persuaded Skippy.

"But I can't bear to think of you seeing that Dolly Travers again," she said hastily. "I'm frightfully jealous of her."

"Dolly is an attractive little devil," said Skippy according to tactics.

"There, you see!"

"But she's a blonde," said Skippy, with a wave of his hand.

"Well, write me the truth always."

"Don't worry."

The horse, having now decided to enjoy a particularly delectable lot of scrub-oak, they decided to descend and explore; and as this operation required that Ida should give him her hand, Skippy absentmindedly forgot to release it.

"Partings are dreadful," said Ida with a sigh.

"Rotten."

"Jack?"

"What?"

"I do think a lot of you."

"You've got me, going and coming."

"Oh, you say that to every girl!"

"I'm not that kind."

"And there's no one else?"

"No one but you, you lovely creature," said Skippy, who felt the progressive logic of circumstances required that he should give a tender pressure to the little fingers.

Miss Shamberg looked up and then down, sighed, gave him a deeper look and returned the pressure.

"If my parents objected, would you elope with me, Jack, dear?" asked Ida. "Would you care enough for me to face everything?"

"If I were twenty-one," said Skippy, with a sudden chill.

"Of course."

"Sure thing," said Skippy, feeling nothing was risked.

"Care enough for that?"

"You betcha."

"I do care, too."

"That's bully."

"How old are you, Jack, dear?"

Skippy felt the moment had arrived for caution. He made a mental reservation.

"Just sixteen."

"Oh, dear, and you look so much older!"

FOR some time past Skippy had been experiencing a strange dual sensation, which others older than he have experienced with the same astonishment. It seemed to him that there were two Skippys and only one Ida.

The logical Skippy, the Skippy of many feminine encounters, man of the world and connoisseur of woman's wiles, clearly perceived that the young lady was endowed with luxurious tastes and would be most expensive to support even on the vaguest promise of an elopement at a far-off future date. Yet the more he perceived this, the more weakly did the Skippy who was all Adam yield to the warmth of the hand of the lineal descendant of the lady who held out the first apple. He was and he was not caught. He perceived her method and he yielded to it. Finally he continued the conversation along the paths where he perceived she was guiding him, and inwardly he repudiated each word even as he uttered it.

"What a pity you're not twenty-one! I would never hold out till then," said Ida, with a sigh.

"Gee, I hate to think—" said Skippy, and stopped.

"What?" asked Ida, with an encouraging squeeze of her fingers.

"Can't bear to think of your marrying the wrong fellow," said Skippy in a husky voice. "I want you to be happy."

"You really care so much, Jack, dear?"

During the course of this sentimental joust it may be observed that this question had been asked several times and at each repetition Skippy found himself replying with increasing outward fevor and equally increasing inward alarm.

"What the deuce can I say to that?" he thought.

There was of course but one answer, and he made it.

"We could be engaged," said Ida thoughtfully.

"But I want you to be absolutely free," said Skippy magnanimously.

"Yes, that's the way I feel about you, too."

"All right."

Skippy, under stress of some sentimental spasm, raised his hand to his tie and brought forth the pin, which he placed on a stump.

"What do you want me to do?"

Skippy in dumb show conveyed to her that his lips were sealed.

"You want me to keep it as a token?"

Skippy nodded energetically.

Ida's face lighted up with a hungry, wolfish gleam; she caught up the pin and affixed it to her blouse with a triumphant cry.

"Oh, Jack, how wonderful!"

Concluded on page 86



MRS. ELLA CARPENTER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Takes Off 41 Lbs. In Exactly 7 Weeks!

Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs., in about as many days! That's exactly what Mrs. Carpenter did—through a method anyone can use!



WALLACE

"I WEIGH just 129 today—by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170!" This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallace about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 Lbs. with Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter—then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so I *started*.

"Fifteen minutes each evening, I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: *I lost 6½ lbs. the first week!*

"The second week I lost 8 lbs. more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 feet 5 inches!"

What You Can Lose by the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll *know* how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are *guaranteed*.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and *can* weigh:

What You Should Weigh for Your Height and Age

Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 yrs. Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 yrs. Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 yrs. Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	145	153	159
70	145	147	156	163

Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallace records, all by themselves, with their own phonographs, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of *any amount* of overweight. And proof is *free:*

Just fill out the coupon—you've seen it before—but this time make it out and mail it! You'll receive the whole first week's lesson complete, record and all, for a full and free trial. Let the results decide whether you want it.

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. (431)

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

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You Can't Hold the Burtons Back These Days



"And my touchdown won the game!"

IT all started with Ralph. You know for some reason he would never go to a doctor. But I could always remember how healthy and ambitious he had been when we were first married. It worried me more and more, as years went by, to see the gradual change in his health and spirits. He was not getting ahead in business. He was often cross around the house, too. And it might have been the worry, but I found myself meeting his bad humor at least half way. The whole Burton family, children and all, seemed to be in a slump.

Finally Ralph came home one day with a worse headache than usual. It was so bad that I quietly got the doctor in. It was the luckiest thing I ever did. I want to tell you that the three dollars I paid the doctor that day bought this house and our automobile. More than that, it bought happiness on top of success, for every one of us.

Dr. Harvey asked a good many questions. Finally he said, "Mr. Burton, you've got, and have had for some time, a more or less constant auto-intoxication. In plain English, self-poisoning. This condition is one of the commonest and yet most serious we have to treat. It comes, of course, from chronic sluggishness of the intestines. The blood picks up poisons from the food waste and carries them to every cell in the body.

"Any part of the body may be affected, from the heart itself to the outside skin. Naturally the strongest attack of these poisons is on the weakest part in your system. It may be the kidneys, the heart, the stomach or even the brain that will show the effects first. But sooner or later, if the condition is not corrected, you get some vital disease.

"Over seventy-five per cent of human illness originates in the intestinal tract. The way to correct it is to remove the cause, which is merely chronic delay in the passage of the food waste out of the body. You must get clean and *stay* clean, inside." He warned us against castor oil, pills, salts and mineral waters—said they did more harm than good in the long run—and so on. I took in every word.

"*Lubrication* is the best way to get internal cleanliness," he said. "Take Nujol. Nujol isn't a medicine: it's simply a lubricant. It lubricates and softens the food waste and insures regular and thorough elimination."

So Ralph started to take Nujol. I could see such an improvement that pretty soon I decided to take it myself and give it regularly to the children. I could see that both Junior and Alice, and I even more so, were in danger of this same auto-intoxication. But that was six years ago and we've hardly had a sick day since.

Nujol made a big difference in the Burton family. Ralph has made good in business and is in line for even bigger things. Junior picked up in his studies and Alice has had two mid-year promotions since she started in. As for myself, my looks have improved and I certainly am far healthier and happier than I used to be. Housework isn't drudgery to me now and I have lots more time and strength for social affairs.

As Mother said the other day, "You simply can't hold the Burtons back these days."

Mothers

Have your children take Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative—it is merely a lubricant. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for infants and children and people of all ages.

Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

Director of Health Sanitarium—

The chronic fatigue from which thousands suffer at times, if not constantly, is rarely due to overwork, says the head of one of our largest sanitariums and health resorts. The real cause is, in most cases, to be found in the large intestine. The putrefaction of food residues remaining after they should have been dismissed from the body, results in the production of fatigue poisons, the absorption of which produces a sense of exhaustion and ineptitude in brain, nerve and muscle.

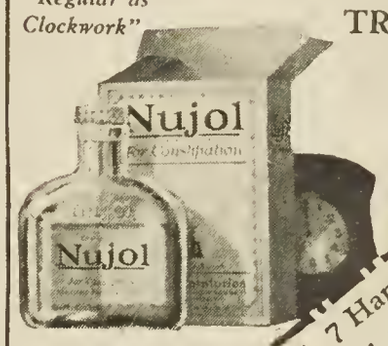
An Insurance Medical Director—

Side by side with long, continued over-feeding as a cause of ill health and untimely death, is faulty elimination, says the medical director of a large insurance company. The slowing down of the flow through the large intestine lies at the bottom of most of the physical troubles of adult life. To relieve this condition a lubricant affords a great deal of relief. It acts entirely mechanically, lubricates and protects the inflamed walls of the intestine.

A City Health Commissioner—

One of the common sources of trouble leading to premature old age is intestinal disturbance, says the Health Commissioner of one of the largest cities in the United States.

"Regular as Clockwork"



4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 802-S, 7 Hanover Square, New York
For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16 page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

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THE COLLECTOR

Concluded from page 84

"So long as things are as they are between us," said Skippy hastily. "You understand."

"I shall *never* part with it!"

These words threw a chill over Skippy's enthusiasm. For he had acquired a sort of perfunctory wisdom. What is given in friendship never comes back, but what you part with in the transports of a great passion is only a symbol and must be returned when symbols have lost their meaning. Hence he had waited until a proper glamour of romance could be thrown over the tender of his favorite pin, which up to now had always come back.

"I think a lot of that pin," he said solemnly.

"So do I."

She had relinquished his bashful fingertips and was tripping along in a sprightly manner with a sort of cat-and-canary smile about her lips which suddenly raised up a horrible doubt in Skippy.

What if, after all, she had only played a part in order to possess the pin?

IT WAS his last reasoning instinct. He woke up the next morning thoroughly convinced of two things: first, that he *did* not, *could* not love Ida Shamberg; and, second, that the impelling logic of circumstances gave him no choice but to go on. But when at ten o'clock sharp he came down spick and span for the expected drive, what was his amazement to perceive the little trap just turning out of the driveway and at the side of Miss Ida Shamberg no other than Snorky Green.

As he turned, he bumped into the Kalamazoo, whose gaze was unmistakably fixed on the vacated necktie.

"Where's your pin?" he asked, and then, as though the reply was unimportant, he added: "Well, I'll be danged! Sis *is* a fast worker."

Struck by the expression, Skippy now remembered the several warnings which had come to him.

"Does she collect pins?" he asked, scowling.

"Can a duck swim? Why, Skippy, I tried to put you wise, but you wouldn't listen. Collect pins? Why, Jiminy Jerusalem, she'd rob the cradle and steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes to get what she wanted."

"The body-snatcher?"

"And then some!" said Kalamazoo with conviction. "She can't help it. It's in the family. Why, last year the old man found out she had twenty-seven pins—she was wearing six at a time—and blew her sky high—made her return every dang one of them but two——"

"Why two?"

"Couldn't remember who gave them to her!"

When Skippy was confronted with a fact, he was at his best. His was not a nature to continue in envy once his eyes had been opened. Indecision vanished. He prepared at once for bold and rapid action. He bided his time, lunching at the club with Kalamazoo. At four o'clock, when again he had beheld the acquisitive Ida departing in the trap, he returned to the house. A hasty survey showed him Mr. Shamberg's beak buried in a book and the parlor vacant. There was no one up-stairs; but to take every precaution, he mounted on tiptoes to Miss Shamberg's room and sinking to his knees in the most approved Indian fashion began stealthily to approach the object of his search, the massive bureau where Miss Ida surely would deposit her loot. By these precautions he avoided the possibility of a telltale shadow on the window-panes, reached the bureau and triumphantly lifted his head. At the same time, having approached from the opposite direction, Mr. Snorky Green's well-known features confronted him. The first instinct was to duck, the second to rise again, and the third was expresssed in a simultaneous ejaculation:

"You, too!"

Ten minutes later, after a fruitless search, Snorky closed a period of mutual recriminations by saying: "Well, you got me into it. How are you going to get us out?"

"She must have gotten wise to us," said Skippy, thinking hard.

"We ought to skin the hide off Kalamazoo to begin with."

"Naw, he played fair," said Skippy, who then recounted Kalamazoo's confidences. "All the Shambergs are queer, you know!"

"My aunt's cat's pants, what a family!"

"I think I see a way out," said Skippy, who suddenly remembered a former expedient.

"What the deuce now?" asked Snorky, observing him suddenly to proceed to the desk and draw forth pen and paper.

MY DARLING IDA:

Now that we have come to such a serious step in life (*here Skippy ruffled up his hair and gazed out the window until inspiration returned*) I feel that in our great happiness we must always think of others. Everything must be square and aboveboard. I have requested your father to grant me a private interview immediately after dinner and I shall then tell him of our decision. I know that this may be a very painful interview. (*Here Skippy looked over at the mystified Snorky and grinned until his mouth threatened to swallow his ears.*) But I know you will respect me for facing it, and that is what I want. Gee, I am so happy.

Faithfully, your own.

JACK.

When Snorky had read this, he lay down on the floor and waved his legs ecstatically in the air.

"I'll put this on her pincushion," said Skippy, who by this inspiration again became the master mind. "You do the same—and things will begin to happen!"

AT A quarter before seven as they sat expectantly, eyes on the clock, there was a sudden patter of feet outside and a frantic rattle on the door.

"Who's in there?" said Ida's agitated voice.

Skippy made a sign and Snorky answered: "Only me."

"Arthur, come out! You come out at once! I must see you! Please, quick!"

"All right, coming."

In ten minutes Snorky returned convulsed with joy, and in his cravat the restored emblem.

"Sh-h-h! Be careful. She's almost dippy with terror. I told her you were out."

"Was it easy?"

"Easy? My boy, she wept buckets. Her eyes were hanging down on her cheeks and she puffed like a horse!"

"Ida is a heartless, conscienceless little body-snatcher," said Skippy. "And she must continue to suffer!"

Biding his time, he waited until he heard Mr. Shamberg's step on the stairs, and slipping out of the room followed him into the parlor, where Ida gave him an agonizing look and made frantic signs that she must speak to him at once.

"Nervous as a witch," said Skippy to himself, affecting not to perceive these frantic signals.

"Suffering Moses, sis, what *is* the matter?" asked Kalamazoo, entering at this moment. "You look as though you'd been swallowing vinegar."

"Headache, dreadful headache," said Ida incoherently.

"The child does look ill," said Mrs. Shamberg, staring.

"No, no—I'm all right," said Ida, terrified at the thought that she might be sent to her room. "Jack, I've got a message——"

But at this moment the butler threw open the doors and announced: "Dinner is served, madam."

Skippy managed to reach the table without being intercepted.

"Must see you," said Ida in a low whisper as he held her chair for her.

"Afterward—afterward."

They sat down. The soup passed and the fish passed untasted by the almost hysterical girl.

"Ida, you do look pop-eyed," said Kalamazoo, with a brother's license.

"No, no; better now," she said angrily. Then she let her napkin drop and as Skippy bent over to retrieve it he heard her whisper: "All a mistake! Don't love you!"

Into his hand something cold and hard was suddenly pressed.

"Is that so?" said Skippy, pretending astonishment.

"Hush! Yes, yes."

For a moment, carefully concealing this triumph, he sat deliberating, Then he spoke.

"Oh, by the way, Snorky, I found the pin," he said, bringing out the emblem of the Philomathean Society. "I say, Ida, would you mind putting it back in my tie?"

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THE SIX STAGES OF PLAY

Continued from page 16

For the first time, sex consciousness manifests itself in a marked degree, resulting in the separation of the sexes. Boys and girls who previously had played together entirely unconscious of sex, now develop what amounts to an antagonism. Their interests are more divergent than at any other age in the entire life's history.

The strongest emotional appeals are those of self-sacrifice and heroism. The "gang" feeling reaches its height in both sexes. The boy will find a strong appeal in the activities of the Boy Scouts; the girl in the Camp-Fire Girls, or similar organizations.

Parental influence, which was at a low ebb in what might be called the "complete child" in the preceding stage, is here restored. The budding man and woman need the sympathy and the companionship of their parents. From no other source should come an explanation of the mysteries of sex life. The parent who depends upon his children to "pick up" this information is doing them a cruel wrong. The germs of viciousness and a total misunderstanding of this phase of life are very likely to be planted unless parents do their duty. To just what extent it is necessary to go into this subject had best be left to the good sense of the parent. But the child must learn somewhere, somehow, and it is infinitely better that no essential part of his or her education be left to the depraved and ignorant.

ACTIVE games have a twofold purpose at this time—mental stimulation and physical growth. In the first place, they serve to keep the individual amused and interested, leaving less time for introspection and less chance for the assertion of self-consciousness. The boy and girl need something of a strenuous nature to absorb their energies. With the heart and other vital organs experiencing a rapid growth at this time, however, care must be exercised not to permit overstrain.

It is my belief that the usual athletic games, such as football, baseball, hockey, swimming, riding, skating, tennis, rowing and canoeing, are excellent. The greatest danger is in vigorous exertion too long continued. In football, for example, periods of great activity alternate with periods of rest; therefore it is a good game for the adolescent. A boy might play football all afternoon, in the way boys usually play it, without getting anything more than merely tired in a healthy way. The same may be said of baseball and basketball for short periods. But on the other hand, long-distance running, competitive rowing and sports of that type are to be avoided because the strain on the heart and lungs is too continuous. Also, it would be extremely injurious for him to play basketball for long periods.

Overstrain in the period of adolescence is not confined to the athletic field. It is all too frequent in the schoolroom. The desire to excel will sometimes spur a boy or girl to labors that would tax the strength of an adult. There is a sort of fanaticism that develops about this time that will lead to all kinds of excesses in order to win approbation.

The greatest need of boys and girls in this trying period is a true friend and confidant—an older person of the same sex. The most natural person to play this rôle is the boy's father or the girl's mother. It is to the parents that the children will turn first. But if they do not find the friendship there, they will most certainly seek it elsewhere.

The parents must exercise the utmost tact and gentleness in encouraging this friendship, for it takes little to turn it away. One unfortunate expression, one single instance of lack of understanding, and the child may be permanently defected. It is much easier, incidentally, to lose the confidence of a child than to regain it. Boys and girls are shy to a degree that few parents seem to suspect.

Concluded on page 88

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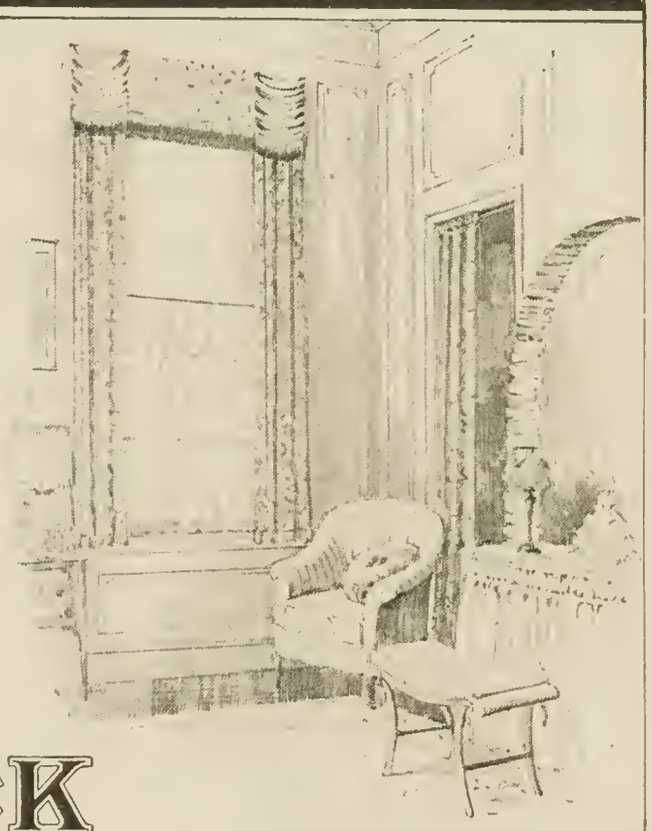


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THE SIX STAGES OF PLAY

Concluded from page 87

The natural relationship is not enough to make a parent the kind of a friend that is sought. In fact, the child who makes a complete confidant of one or the other of his parents is sometimes doing so in spite of the blood relationship, not because of it. Parents must not take anything for granted in dealing with the perplexed and self-conscious adolescent.

In later adolescence, from fifteen to eighteen, the boy develops a most intense group-loyalty and with this as an impelling motive will do things that even his most exaggerated ego in earlier periods would not account for. Because of this tendency, care must be taken that he does not exceed his proper physical limits in playing games. He should play with boys of his own age and weight in strenuous sports, especially in football.

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD

The period of young manhood, from eighteen to twenty-five of age, is one in which play begins to give way to recreation as adults know it. Recreation, as I have already pointed out, is relief from toil. It may take any form, but it always is more or less lacking in the intense seriousness that characterizes the true play of a child, which, in the final analysis, is the child's *work*. We find in this period, however, some instances of the survival of the true play spirit. College athletics will come under this head, where the spirit of the institution is truly amateur and not that of "win at any cost." In the latter event, the sports are neither play nor recreation, but hard, cold commercial enterprises. As such, they are unworthy of attention at this time.

Intense group-loyalty is carried over into this final play period, while the individual gains in bodily strength and competitive experience. The result is that we find the greatest perfection in team games at this time. In fact, the greatest records made in any form of strenuous games are credited to men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. There are many men who seem to remain physically at their best until considerably after twenty-five. The average man and woman, however, will reach the crest about this time. Strength, endurance and dexterity are here supreme. Experience may offset a falling off in one or more of these for a short period after the "peak" has been reached.

THE conclusion to be reached from this inspection of the six stages of play is obvious. Nature has mapped out a definite program, varying slightly in different individuals, but, nevertheless, a part of each individual's life. Parents should recognize this as an immutable fact and lose no opportunity to capitalize it.

Next month Fielding H. Yost will write an article called "Give Sports Equipment To Young America" which will suggest various items of athletic equipment as desirable Christmas gifts for boys and girls.



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 15

our senses seem incapable of apprehending. Is it not possible then—stimulus of extraordinary emotion—became sense conscious of those, to us, hidden vibrational ratios—to our perception merely unperceived hiati——"

The voice went down, drowned by the clamor it had roused. "Even granting that, which I don't——"

"Give him all the emotions you like, how could that drag an actual affair out of your precious hiatus and present it in the ratios of our sense perceptions?"

"Gentlemen"—that was Michaelis again—"we were discussing the nature of the exhibit. There it is, and we seem able neither to explain nor destroy it."

There was silence at that. It came seeping back through the barely opened door, cold, almost inimical in its scepticism. Weston did not know that he was listening to an inside hearing of that world of high science, the personal acrimonies of which not those of the world of the theater can surpass.

"The damned thing has resisted every known chemical reagent."

"Even radium does not affect it, but it appears to affect radium."

"What does the young man say—the one who is conscious?"

"We can get nothing from him," Michaelis answered.

"*Make* him speak."

"We can hardly use thumbscrews."

"Why not—in view of the enormous importance to science? Who is to know what you do down in this God-forsaken place?"

Weston shivered at that voice, so glacial that one could imagine the eyes above it, merciless in their quest of knowledge.

Then another voice, faintly amused, completely final, which could belong only to the mission's master.

"There you would have to reckon with myself. Meanwhile, kindly explain—it!"

There was something in there—something definite, inexplicable, known only as "it."

Could it be Sid's body that lay in there? Had something strange happened to it? There came an ache to see it once again before the ground claimed it in clammy embrace.

He wanted to see, to speak to it once more, in ridiculous attempt at reparation. That warm white face would be cold enough now, the spirit gone beyond recall. And yet—who knew?—there might be a thread of listening left, like an invisible long-distance to some other field.

Furtively he stretched his limbs, testing their strength. Trickily he feigned sleep. That he-nurse could not stay forever at his side; he would have to leave some time.

It was long before the chance came. Dusk had fallen, dreary with the rain pattering down outside. It might be only a moment that he was to be left alone and he swung instantly from his bed. His knees were as water, but the wall offered support. He crept along, his mind racing ahead, tugging at the body which impeded it.

The black door yielded. The room beyond was dark save for a single light at the far end. A candle he thought it, yet it seemed to light nothing but itself.

Something glowing and golden. Crimson and purple it shone, amber and deeply green, never alike, yet always the same. A jewel it might have been, if one could imagine such a gem. A flower, if such a flower were possible. It was more like the visualization of that splendor of tone ringing in his ears.

A thing of living beauty, yet bringing fear by reason of its very exquisiteness.

He swayed toward it—then hands grasped him.

THOSE hands had come from behind Weston, holding him up as his legs wavered toward that strange thing in the corner.

He looked down at the hands, long, of a dark white which no amount of sun could change. The only ones which resembled those were the hands he had last seen lying limp in death. But these were vital and sustaining.

He wrenched himself around; surely that figure was but a fiction of his imaginings. But the shoulders at which he clutched were solid, the face above them faintly amused, with a hint of conern in the climbing eyebrows.

"Sid—" he choked.

"Good God, Pete, didn't you know?"

Continued on page 89



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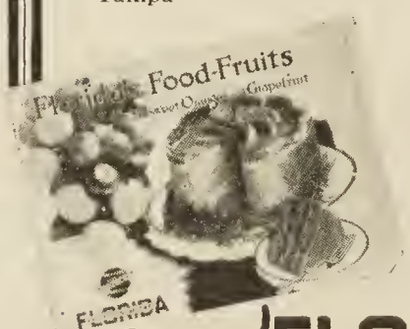
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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 88

"No and I don't now," Weston whispered.

His mind was a vortex in which things danced dizzily. Sid was alive—he had come back—or never gone. He must say something—something wonderful, which would ring like a great bell down the years of his memory. His lips were already parting with its majesty.

"I'll be damned!" he croaked. His legs curved under him and he slid down them to darkness complete.

HERE it becomes necessary to quote from the statement that Dr. Jordan Michaelis contributed to the *Eastern Monthly* when even that stately journal was obliged to take notice of the strange "Case of The Mission Perdida":

It was some half an hour before we returned to where A's body lay. Our first impression, on seeing B stretched out beside it, was of a tragedy doubled by suicide, and I must admit the thought that that would greatly simplify matters. But my first duty as a doctor was to save life. I found no traces of violence on B, nor of any known poison. He was alive, though barely, his condition being comparable only to one who had been strangely drained of all his vital force.

It was while I was conducting this examination that my host directed my attention to A. I then discovered that A, whom half an hour before I had been obliged to pronounce as dead, was now alive and—to avoid technical terminologies—in "far the better shape" of the two.

It was then that I discovered, clinging to the puttee on B's left leg, some four inches above the ankle, what I first thought was a live ember fallen from the fire, I was about to stamp on it when my host restrained me. It was that remarkable phenomenon now popularly known as "The Fire-Flower," of which only a verbal description can be given, since no photographic plate is able to withstand its remarkable radio-activity. It is now in the custody of our greatest Pacific Coast university, still defying the scientists of the world to determine the exact nature of its apparently electrical substance.

How it came there, whence it came or what were the experiences of these two young men during that half-hour we have no means of discovering. In view of the enormous import to science, their wilful silence causes one to regret the ancient persuasions of the Inquisition.

Something of that Weston had learned since that second darkness had thinned and let him through. Within the monkish, gray-and-gold cell a log fire triumphed over the rain outside. Vereker had come, leaning negligently against the narrow chimney-place, the light striking quizzical sparks from his eyes.

"Better smoke," he said, tossing a packet of cigarets.

That cigaret certainly helped; Sid always understood. It was for Weston to begin, to sweep away the past in a flash of mutuality. One splendid sentence would do it.

"I guess you feel like kicking the stuffing out of me," he heard himself saying.

"Since it was I who was cranking you up, I can't kick at a back-fire."

Weston looked at the other, vital in the warm light. What he wanted just then he could hardly have said, but probably something that Sid would never supply. The fellow seemed as untouched by the grave flowers of sentiment as by the blue mold of self-pity.

"It's hard sledding, making up to a chap you've murdered," he offered.

"They have decided that Michaelis must have been mistaken," Vereker nodded. Then came a twinkle. "He doesn't like me very well—alive."

Vereker seemed to regard the whole thing as already gone. But to Weston there was the necessity for seeing it go.

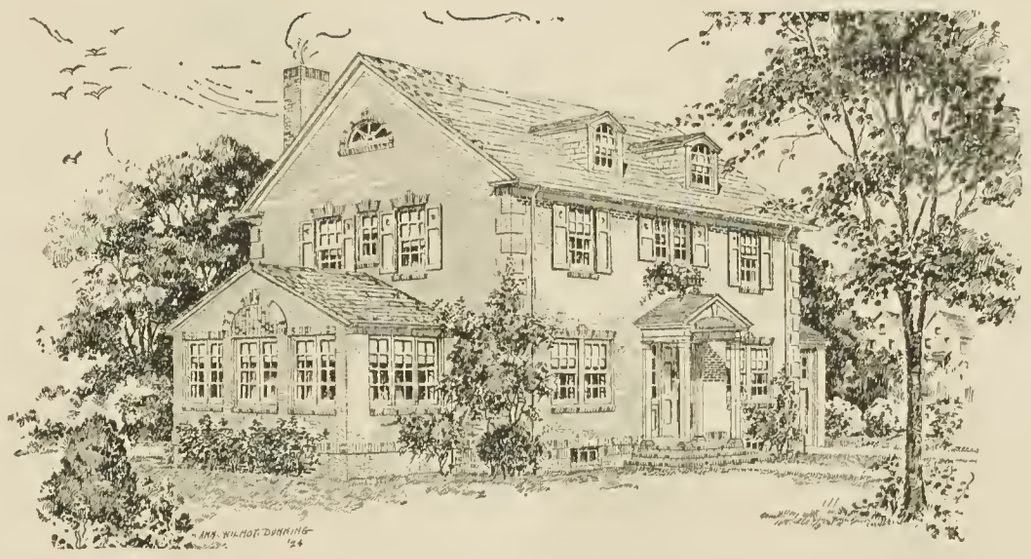
"Do you mean that I'm back with you where I was before——"

"Can you go back?"

He had not thought of that. Probably this was another of those times across which there was no returning. There had been so many of late. Invisible doors that slammed to behind one, and when one turned there was no door to go back through.

It was odd that neither of them thought of Kate O'Hara in that moment. Like some chemical solvent whose function was to

Continued on page 90



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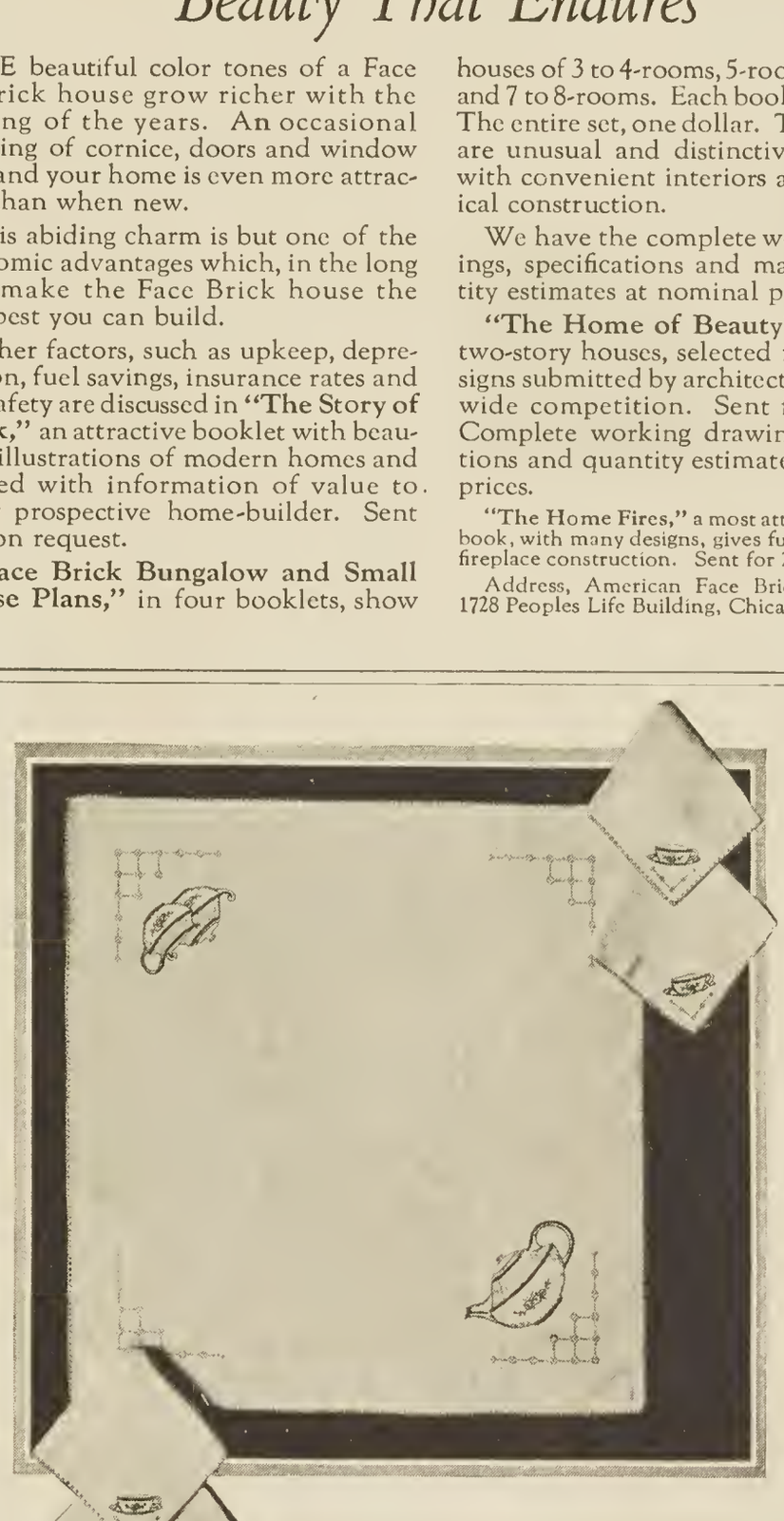
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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 89

produce roil and disappear in the process, she seemed entirely gone.

Weston flung out his hand in appeal.

"In heaven's name, Sid, what happened?"

"You know as much as I do."

"But that thing in there?" Weston hushed his voice as he nodded toward the next room. "It is like— Did you see them? Thousands of them, thick as poppies in April— Man, was I really there in that place—with you?"

Vereker's gravity broke in that ever-lurking grin.

"Ask Michaelis; he'd give those pink ears of his to know what we—don't know."

"No, I don't really know," Weston breathed.

"You seem to have brought something out of it, though."

"You mean the thing in yonder?"

"It is upsetting all their theories. You don't realize yet what hell it has raised."

Glancing about in absurd care to make sure that they were alone, Weston whispered again:

"I have more than that, something that will raise more hell still." Sweeping the coverings aside, he paced up and down the narrow room. "I tell you I've *got* it—it is as if it would tear me to bits sometimes. If there were only a piano here; but it will take a whole orchestra for what I hear. Did you know that there are whole ranges of notes between our notes? We can't play them, of course, but we can give an effect of them by tones—I'll have to rearrange the scale, though—Ornstein, Rimsky-Korsakov—they have caught a hint of what I heard—heard in that blazing place with the golden flowers under foot—flowers waiting for us to pick them and bring them back with us——"

He paced on, his words crowding each other in their demand for utterance.

"I know now what Rita meant by her 'Rainbow.' I tell you, I see it: music, story, song, action and ballet, all woven into the perfect wheel, set against a background of deep, glowing light."

He smashed at the wall with his fists and there came an intermezzo of speech which blued the air. Then he paced again.

"Judas—what's got into me?"

"'The daughter of the vine for spouse'," Vereker grinned. "Either a bad disposition or virulent genius. It is hard to tell the difference sometimes."

WESTON caught sight of himself in a mirror. A long thing in tumbled pajamas, his yellow hair swept up in a parrot's crest, his eyes like saucers of burning alcohol.

"I look weird enough for it," he muttered. "I always thought genius was something you learned—Correspondence School, 'Be A Genius'—but this is something that has torn loose in me, like a wild beast. It I don't give it what it wants, it will turn on me. But I've got the thing to give it—a story——

"*Our* story, Sid, that's it. The story of a strange path. A path to what is really inside of you all the time. only you can't get it out. So you go out on strange ways and do strange things. And it hurts so that you try to kill the thing so as to have the peace of release from its stinging charm—and then you want it back——"

He stopped, seizing Vereker's shoulders in insistence of question.

"In God's name, Sid, who are you?"

Like some lithe eel, Vereker slid away, his mouth a mask, his eyes mere slits of mocking reserve.

"Here is all there is of me. You have seen it all often enough."

"But who are you inside of it? I could shake it out of you; but I have tried to kill it out of you, and couldn't. All I know is that I seem to be hitched up to you in some way I can't break."

"That is part of the story, don't you see?" he went on. "The story of the thing we long for, can't quite face, run away from—a story almost of two worlds. But there is only one really; it is just two ways of looking at it. I want two stages, one behind the other. One for action, the other for song and dance. Then they become one and the dancers surge over everything—a surge of triumph—white arms tossed to the pagan moon—'Evohe, Iacchus'—the up-song of that flame which can never be bent downward. Wagner saw some of it—Rheinhardt, Bel-Geddes must have caught glimpses. No scenery as we know it now: all flat paint on dead canvas. I want light, deep, glorious—or gray and ghastly as the action demands. Strips of gauze, I think, hanging at every angle and going far back, and lantern images thrown on them from the sides, some static, some moving—dozens of lanterns—all colored— I'll have to work it all out. Then we can dissolve back and forth in an instant. Sometimes the people move in radiance and sometimes in the drab images of our unfired eyes— Oh, my God——"

He stopped, dashing his forehead against the other's hands.

"Hold my head together, it is all burning up inside. I guess that is what this mission fellow means. You sit by the fire until it crawls inside of you."

"There's always hell to pay when you solemn, repressed asses start to cut loose. Cool off."

"I've been cool long enough—'Save it with ice'—frozen images walking about, afraid even of the warmth of friendship. The thing won't let me cool," Weston muttered on. "I must get at it, write it, compose it, do everything for it."

He stopped in the gravity of sudden decision.

"I am going to take it to London!"

He had not thought of that before. Not even to Sid, hardly to himself, would he confess that that decision was because Rita must be already in that great gray city half across the world. So he did it under excellent reasons.

"That is the place for it. They are crazy for something over there. Anyhow, I am going—what about you?"

"'Whither thou goest—'" Vereker shrugged. "Of course, as a genius, the fact that we have hardly a bean——"

"We have something that they want, in the next room. Michaelis said that it 'belonged to the world.' Then the world can pay us for it. We have clothes to buy—five hundred apiece at least. Say another thousand each to launch us."

He flung away again, speaking on:

"To launch us, by the Thames. The way I feel now, I'll set it on fire all right. I am burning up, but I wouldn't be without it; not for all the cups of cold water. A steady job, a safe way. Streets of bungalows like sardines. Jasmine and dry rot. There is no sweetness about that thing in yonder. It smells like the blue sizzle of a lightning flash."

He turned in sudden entreaty.

"Sid, am I going crazy? I am talking just like you!"

IT WAS through the slush of a London February that Weston walked. Rain and gray chill on grayer streets; chimney-pots sending smoke toward clouds sullenly lit from below. He wondered sometimes what had become of that flaming interval of the Mission Perdida. The things he had seen and heard, those gold-and-purple tones, the almost intolerable beauty of that strange night—and now this again——

The situation was so hopeless. An unknown young man, an American at that, assailing the holy of holies of the London stage. There were moments when he felt like some fanatic crying in a wilderness of bricks and mortar. A blue-serge troubadour, croaking in the rain before theatrical towers, his only ammunition music which they said could never be played and drama which could never be acted.

That wet pavement was as the ashes of dead hopes. The clammy English cold bit into bones accustomed to Californian sun. A swift taxi sprayed mud on him as he leaped from before it, bringing up almost against a boarding which blazed with one mystic word, "MALIKINE," and under it, in letters a tenth the size: "Supported by Veroneff, Rita Romano and Imperial Ballet."

Rita! It was the first he had heard of her since that day at San Marcos. It had been as if the gray gullet of the world had swallowed her from sight. But here was her name, suddenly before him.

So she was back with Malikine? Then her rainbow must have faded too. He dragged himself up the stairs to their eyrie on Bernard Street. Landing after landing, thick with cooped fog and suppressed gas-jets. Of what use was it that Rita had now come?

Continued on page 91



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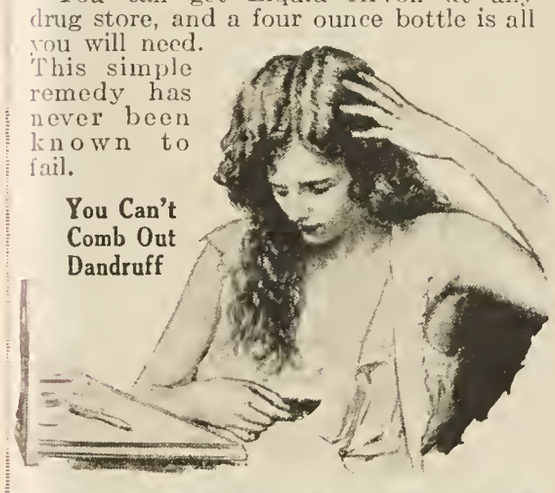
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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 90

The last gate had just slammed upon him, nearly nipping his heels as it closed.

And yet, flanking that Malikine poster had been two others, one of a new "Fire-Flower" drama, the other announcing that Dr. Jordan Michaelis would lecture at Queen's Hall on "The Case of The Mission Perdida."

His own room was dark, ankle-deep with crumpled manuscript as usual. There was a light under Vereker's door and he pushed it open. Sid was there, wrapped in an overcoat, brewing cocoa over a spirit lamp.

"What luck with Kaufman?" he asked.

Weston's face was answer enough. The rasp of that interview was still on his nerves. He could feel again his feet sinking in the thick carpets of those offices, a sort of new-art temple to the presiding deity of half the theaters in England. Then Kaufman himself, with his twisted body and huge head, exhaling dark heat, his glance round and hard as glass marbles.

"Something about the Fire-Flower, of course," he grated. "In the last three months we have had a thousand manuscripts dealing with that interesting phenomenon."

To Weston had come a boiling desire to knock the contempt from that face by announcement of his identity. At Kaufman's next words he had been glad that the lock on his lips had held.

"And most of them claim to be written by the mysterious originals of the case. Go on, I can give you five minutes."

Half that had been enough. A single page of Weston's stage directions had brought antagonism, even alarm.

"What you have there amounts to a revolution in stage methods. Do you imagine that I, with a hundred thousand pounds tied up in productions, would countenance that?"

"I had hoped it would provide a vehicle for Mademoiselle Romano, of the Malikine ballet," Weston desperately offered.

"So you are acquainted with Miss Romano?"

Kaufman's half-kobold body twisted itself still more. There was hostility as he surveyed Weston's straight proportions. "I have other plans for Miss Romano."

SO THAT was finished, it was all finished, and here he was back under the eaves of Bernard Street, with a vista of wet slates against reddened cloud. Not even a star this time to loom ineffably above the murk.

"It is the end," he said.

"The end?" Vereker considered. "That's strange, when here you are, the unknown sensation of England. Books about us, lectures about us, and—God help us—plays about us, too!"

There came a mutual stare as they remembered those. Absolutely unknown, they had sat in the galleries while the crowded house about them hung breathlessly on the almighty hash upon the stage.

"Yet you let yourself be kicked about, while all the time if you would only announce yourself——"

"I can't do it, Sid."

Vereker knew that bull-dog thrust of Weston's under jaw.

"We were clean about it, at least," Weston burst out. "But all this sentimental mess they have hashed up——"

"All the more reason to give it to them straight. Your answer won't hold water."

"It holds me, though," Weston answered. "This means that I'm through here. We had better go back while we have the money to go with. Oh, I'm homesick!" he burst out. "I wish I was hiking up the Soledad right now, with the sun stinging my back and the sweat dripping off my nose."

"How much money have we left?" Vereker asked.

"About four hundred dollars; we can do second cabin to New York on that."

Vereker sat silently; he looked pale,

Continued on page 92



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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, 319 Elgin Avenue



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 91

pinched, almost as in those days at the Cartmel ranch. It occurred to Weston that for weeks Sid had talked nothing but common sense; perhaps that meant that he was ready to listen to it.

"I'm scared, Sid," he confessed. "Scared of this damn town. You must see what it means to go down in it. All those faces on the streets, all of them just hanging on the edge of the pit."

Vereker's stillness was becoming portentous; he gathered himself up from his chair.

"You have the very tail of London in your hands, yet you won't twist it. Pride—that's all—then let me tell you that there is no pride in art—nor in anything else that is great. It you can't climb that gate, then they must shut it in your face for your own safety."

In gathering volume Vereker's voice went on, and with it the very room seemed to expand and grow warmer.

"Of course we would all like to ride in as heroes, done up in shining armor—irrespective of One who rode an ass. But I tell you, you have to want it enough to be ready to creep and crawl even in the gutter for it. Did you ever hear Mahomet's cry—'Put a knife to the throat of your respectability'—or else it is back to the respectable streets of bungalows for you. Kicked out by the capital of the world because you hadn't the guts to give it what it wants. Cocoa—hell——"

FLINGING up the window, Vereker seized cup and all and sent it crashing on to the slates outside.

"Jasmine and milk—living like a monk in an attic, all your fire smothered for lack of draft. Here's the cup of London all about us and what have you tasted of it? If you want art, greatness, brilliance, then go where they are. If you are going down, at least go kicking."

"What is all this about?" Weston wondered.

"You—what else have I ever talked about? I thought you were game at least."

"You mean——"

"Prove it, then."

"Prove it—how?"

"By *being* game, of course. All these months and never once cutting loose. God—my very joints are creaking! Let us have one time, Pete, one last gorgeous spree, and hell take to-morrow!"

"I—I don't know how to get a 'time,'" Weston confessed.

"A 'time' is something one *is*, not something one gets. Listen. Did you know that it is carnival night in Paris—in Rome—in New Orleans? Mardi Gras—borrow to-night because to-morrow's Lent. There's a carnival ball at Covent Garden and everybody who is wonderful enough or disreputable enough will be there—except us."

"But—it's expensive isn't it?"

"Did you want to finish on the cheap? Tickets about twenty-five dollars each—that's fifty. Dress suits, of the kind we'd want, we can rent for ten apiece—seventy. Dress shirts, ties, sox, pumps, studs, taxi—ninety each at least—two fifty. Refreshments for the girls—as much as we like or have left. Are you game?"

Even that London room, dismal with glimmering gas, seemed brighter. Almost Weston thought that he caught that once-seen light beginning to creep on the edges of things. But then—London—that vast morass of a city which could be crossed only on the stepping-stones of money.

The same old longing, the same old fears, the same old parting of the ways! Was one never through with things or did they face one in dismal perpetuity?

With a dark vehemence, Vereker faced him.

"It's the last match, Pete—do you dare?"

The same sweat of struggle pricking out on his forehead. The safe way—or a leap in the dark, with God knew what landing. The same terrible thing compelling him

Continued on page 93



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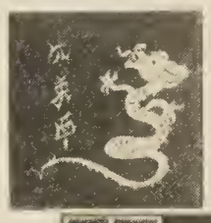
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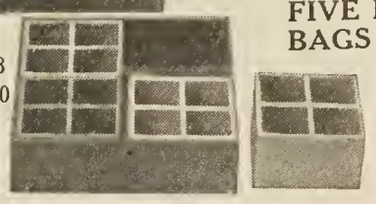


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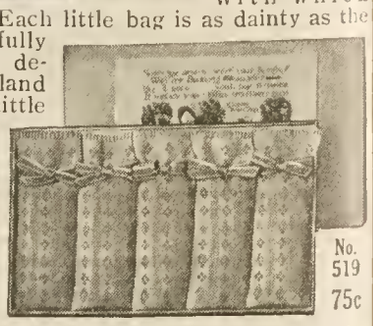


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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 92

against his own fears. He heard himself in answer. "I'll light it, Sid."

"Then come on."

Throwing open the door, Vereker swept him out and down the stairs, and the whole mausoleum of a house echoed to the riot of their going.

THERE is magic in clothes; the touch of silk upon the skin can be more potent than all the consolations of religion. As they emerged upon the foyer of the vast opera-house, Weston wondered if he had ever really been the depressed creature of that Bernard Street attic.

Shoulders—and more—of women; it was as if all the beauty of the city had flocked like moths to the blaze of that great chandelier in the golden dome overhead. The auditorium rose like a gilded cañon, the stalls, hidden by the dancing-floor, level with the stage. Perfumed fountains in groves of palm-trees, boxes rising tier on tier like gilded cages from which human birds of Paradise showered confetti. Music like golden bubbles in the blood; the streaming magnetism from bodies whirling in an ecstasy of dance; faces more intriguing by the half-concealment of domino masks.

"Meet at midnight at the foot of the grand staircase." That was his agreement with Vereker, and near the hour he stood in the inner foyer watching the ascending, descending river of people. Marble stairs, red carpet, gold leaf, great columns—all the heavy Victorian trappings of state given over to a pagan riot.

There was a woman coming down the stairs. There were a hundred other women at least, but there are those who always become the center of things. She was alone, moving in a little circle of emptiness because those about her drew back that they might look. Some of that was due to her gown; from the avid stares of the women about him, Weston gathered that its cost must be fabulous. The eyes of the men reflected only the beauty of it. A gown apparently fashioned solely of tiny French crystals, no larger than a pin-head. Panels and drapings, roses and violets of flashing color against a background of blue and gold arabesques. From it her shoulders and chestnut-crowned head rose like a flower from an iridescent calyx. She seemed to float rather than walk, serenely unconscious of the sensation around her, looking straight ahead in the manner of royalty.

That half-mask could not hide her from Weston. As she came abreast of him, he pushed forward with a cry:

"Rita——"

"You——"

That illusion of royal aloofness was gone now. She was all vivid drama as she caught at his hands.

"You blessed dear—how did you get here? Tell me everything, all at once.

"I have a box," she said a moment later as their first babble died away. "We can talk there."

The box was on the grand tier, empty, almost quiet behind drawn curtains. It was marvelous how her coming had changed things. What had seemed mad extravagance was now become destiny; the gorgeous riot below was just a setting for her presence.

"Oh, I ought not to see you again," she said, holding him off at arm's length to gaze at him. "But—just this once won't hurt, will it?"

She pulled forward one of the gilded chairs.

"I can't dance, I hardly dare to sit down in this frock. It cost two thousand guineas."

"What?"

"Oh, I haven't gone to 'worse than death'—not yet! It is really part of the trousseau of a Chilean heiress and I bribed it for the night for a hundred pounds—because I want to cinch something."

"So you are back with Malikine?" he asked.

"For—the present. Of course she will

Continued on page 94



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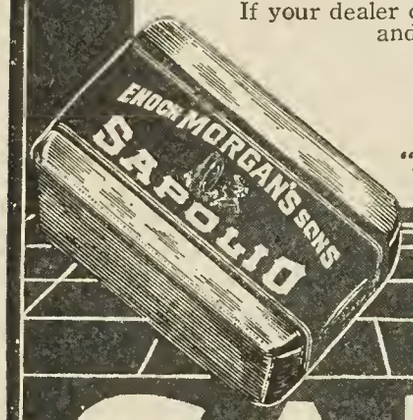
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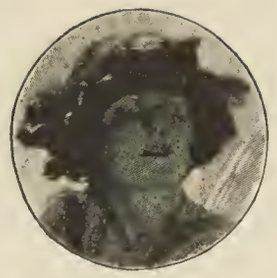


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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 93

break every toe before she ever lets me really dance again. But what of you?"

She scanned him closely, running a butterfly finger-tip impertinently down his nose.

"That is not the same face that I saw in San Marcos. Something has come in behind it."

"Yes, there has," he admitted. "Oh, Rita, I know what you mean now by your 'Rainbow'—I have seen—touched it!"

"Pete——"

She was upon him, tugging, patting at him, a wildness of hope in her eyes.

"You've *got* it? And you have come with a theater, a great big production——"

His face answered her and she dropped listlessly back into her chair.

"I had hoped so, because I could not help it. I have tried to tear you out of my memory, and I thought I had done it. Now you have come again. But I tell you it is no use, and too late. I am going through with it."

"You are going through with what?"

She looked away from him, gazing down at the dancers below.

"Kaufman has taken me up at last. It is all arranged. The Romano ballet—fifty people, Nicolaeff to support me, our own orchestra, costumes and settings for ten different ballets. Buenos Ayres this Summer, then Rome, Madrid and Paris to follow, and New York next Winter.

"It is my big chance, Pete," she went on, turning on him almost defensively. "The contract is ready to sign—and seal."

"And your part of the contract?" he demanded.

SHE rose, moving restlessly about, every motion bringing a thousand infinitesimal clashes from that crystal gown. Her hands wove interpretations of her words, defensive, accusing, determined.

"I can't go dragging on any longer. It would be the death of all that is really big in me."

"And your part of the contract?" he persisted.

"I tell you, it is no use!" she cried, and although he was on the opposite side of the box she seemed to find it necessary to thrust him away from her. "Do you think that I'm some idiot of a girl being 'led astray?' I tell you, that any kidnaping has been done by me. I have worked and lied and schemed and tricked to get my chance. It is no easy thing to attract a man like Kaufman, with half the stage women of Europe flinging themselves at his head."

"And your part of the contract?"

"I tell you, it's my *chance!*" she cried again.

"And your part——"

"Oh—for God's sake hush——"

Under his silent persistence she seemed dragged toward him.

"Pete—let me go. I tell you it is no use. What do you care, really?"

He swept her silently into his arms, every fiber of him crying out for her. Long moments they stayed so and the place was as an island of hush in that place of vast revel.

"It is no use, boy," she murmured at last. "I have seen too much. I have seen them throw away their chances for what they thought was love, and I have seen the love go and leave only the lost chance. And how can you love me when you have seen me only three times, or I you? It is only because you are sweet and honorable and clean—Oh, I dread it—but I must go through with it—you see that, don't you?"

"I see only you—and myself!"

"That is because you don't see what a woman really wants, boy. She wants to be swept up to some place of safety and wonder and irresistibly guarded there. And after all, Kaufman is a power in himself—the man, I mean—he has something—while you——"

She looked long up at him, sweeping the hair from his forehead.

"You haven't quite got it yet, Pete. If you had, I could not be saying these things to

Continued on page 95

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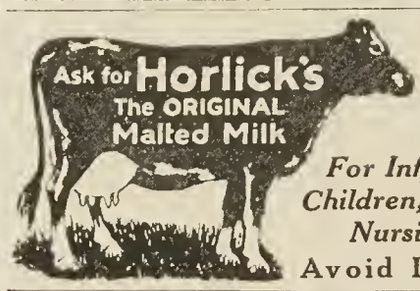
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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 94

you. There is something in you that can't quite face the world yet. Sensitiveness—pride, possibly, like that sheer physical pride which has stood in my way so long and which I have determined to part with."

Her words tore a path in his mind down which he looked on this strange world of the artists. He had invoked its flame and ventured on its fiery fringe—and gone no farther. He was crying for a cup of cold water—trying to pass one to her. But the superior fires were licking that cup dry.

"Listen, Rita! If I should say to you that there is a way in which I can ride into this town on the very crest of the most popular wave of all just now—that I really have something to produce, and a way in which I can get it done? And that you shall yet dance to the music every note of which was written for just you?"

A TAP sounded on the white-and-gold panels leading to the corridor. Before Rita could disengage herself from his arms, the door opened to half admit a man—a globular little man, obviously Jewish, equally American, with the round bright eyes of a spaniel.

"Kaufman has come," he said.

He stood there, peering round the door at them, making no pretense of not seeing nor of non-understanding. In this world of the artists things seemed to be faced and recognized. Moving coolly away, Rita put her hands to her hair.

"Kaufman?"

With the name a new manner came upon her, hard and glittering as some cloak of invisible metal.

"You must go, Pete."

"But Rita——"

"No, no—it is no use."

"Listen to me," he demanded, unnoticing as herself of the little man at the door. "I tell you I have something to produce and that to-morrow I will get a hearing. It is a Fire-Flower ballet and——"

At the words two laughs sounded, one tinkling bitterly with killed hopes, the other a crow of male derision as the man's hands went up in a fat gesture.

"Oh, Pete, why couldn't you have done something different, something really new?"

It was puzzling, incredible; there he stood, the reality back of all this popular wave, yet the only one who could obtain no hearing for his version of it. On the face of the man, even in Rita's eyes, was that look which he had come to know so well in these last weeks.

The little man, still hanging to the door, looked at Weston. "Kaufman mustn't find him here." He looked again and made flat announcement. "He's too good-looking."

"You must go, Pete," Rita said. "This is old Jinx, my press-agent."

"When shall I see you again?"

"What is the use? Our dream, if we ever had any, is gone."

Seated there she reminded him of that first glimpse of her. It was all so different, yet she was the same. Six thousand miles away that little railroad station, and a more impassable stretch of time between. But there was the same face of mutinous charm, the same glance of acceptance, as of one who looked her world in the face.

"It's the dark path, Pete," she murmured. "Jinx—take him away!"

The press-agent's hand on his arm was inexorable. Under his breath Weston made a last effort.

"Rita—the contract——"

"Oh, there is still a day or two—go—before you spoil everything."

He was out in the corridor again, with its curve of red carpet, its white-and-gold doors with their glass lunettes. At the foot of the grand staircase Vereker was waiting.

"What's up, Pete? You look like one of the damned."

"Then if I'm damned, I'll have something worth it first. Come on—the sky's the limit—nothing matters now."

Concluded in the December DELINEATOR

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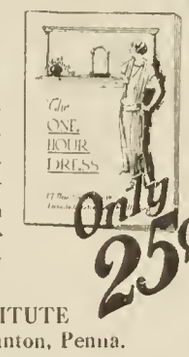
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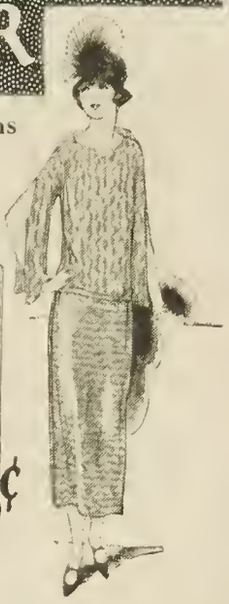
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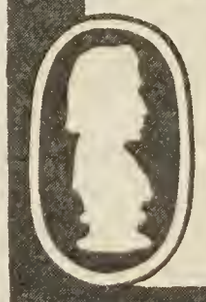
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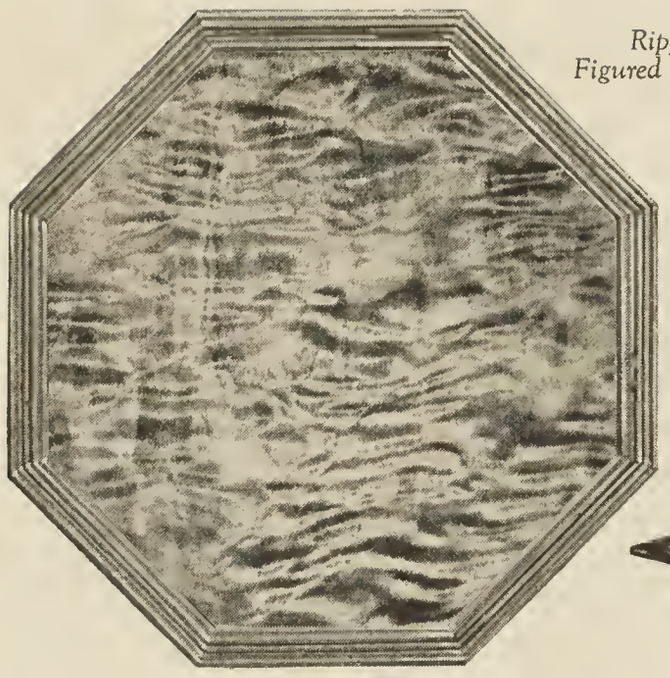


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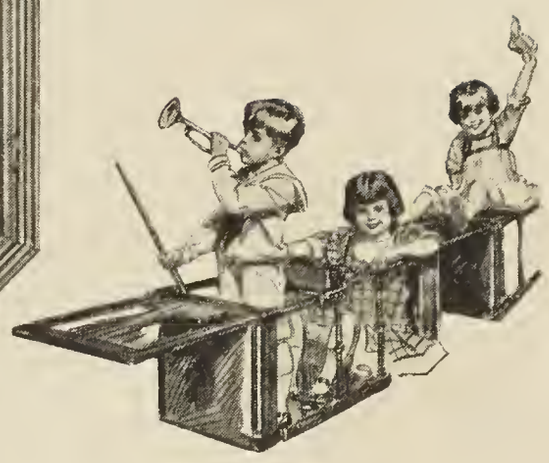
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MRS. JOHN W. DAVIS

Concluded from page 13

"Yes," she answered. "Our daughter Julia—she is really my stepdaughter, you know, but she could not be dearer to me if she were my own—was married last October to William McMillan Adams, a son of the Boston Adams family. And Katharine, my niece, is now Mrs. Elias C. Atkins of Indianapolis."

"Tell me, Mrs. Davis," I requested, "who were some of the famous people you met in London? And what was your experience with them? Did you find them affected and eccentric?"

"Affected? No. Emphatically no!" she replied with spirit. "I have found that the more famous an individual is, the simpler he is. Famous people have no airs. They are so big that the petty little things fall away. They are, usually, natural and kindly, and often—a little shy.

"Sir James Barrie is like that. We knew him well. He had charming apartments on Adelphi Terrace overlooking the Thames; and we dined with him there. We also met him often at Lady Astor's house-parties. He adores children and is lovely with them. I have seen him down on the floor at Lady Astor's playing lame horse and refusing to meet some notable in the next room who was demanding an introduction.

"Mr. Lloyd George is another great man who is simple and charming. We knew him in London, and he visited us when he was over in this country. He is a very dynamic individual, an electric spark—the sort of person who, you feel, should light up a dark room."

"HOW did your social experiences in London begin, Mrs. Davis?" I pursued.

"In 1918 on the very day my husband presented his letters from the President to His Majesty, he returned to the Embassy for me and we went to the palace for luncheon with the King and Queen, Princess Mary and Prince George.

"Then President and Mrs. Wilson came over to London, and immediately great social activity began. They were given a banquet at the palace, for which the gold plate was brought up from Windsor. Over a hundred men were there and a few women, among them the Queen, the Princess Mary, Princess Patricia and the wives of ambassadors."

Mrs. Davis added that Princess Mary was a very lovable, sweet girl who had had little real girlhood due to the war period in which she lived. She had come out during the war and jumped at once into war work and sober womanhood.

"I recall an amusing incident," she said, laughing, "which occurred one evening at Buckingham Palace. The King came up to me with a cold so bad he felt he must apologize for it.

" 'I'd give half of my kingdom if some one could stop this cough,' " he said.

" 'Your Majesty,' I replied, 'I know one man who can.' "

" 'No, really? Who?' he demanded, supposing I was about to give him the name of some great specialist.

" 'Billy Sunday, Your Majesty.' And I described how Sunday opens his meetings by ordering every one, in no uncertain terms, to stop coughing and stop it at once. 'And the strange part of it, Your Majesty,' I finished, 'is that they do stop.' The King laughed heartily. He enjoys a joke, whether on another or on himself."

AS I stooped to pick up my neglected notebook which lay on the grass, I heard some one approaching. I started, looked up, and there was Mr. Davis, in gray tweeds—a big genial man, laughing down at me and holding out his hand.

"Did you get anything out of her?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"As much as she wanted to tell," I returned. "No more."

He threw back his head in a laugh.

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HOW SCALES INDICATE A BABY'S HEALTH

Concluded from page 19

special indications requiring more frequent weighing. School children should be weighed every three months, unless they are underweight, in which case they should be weighed more frequently.

The cheapest and simplest method of measuring height in toddlers and older children is to tack an ordinary linen tape measure on the wall or door-jam with the zero end just touching the floor. The child stands erect with shoes removed and with his or her head, back and heels touching the wall. A stiff book or ruler is placed at right angles to the wall until it rests lightly on top of the head, then it is held firmly in place while the child steps out. The edge of the book will point to the exact height.

Some types of platform scales have extension rods that record height, but these are not permanently accurate, as the rod may become loose and slip down a little and give a false record. A slip of even half an inch may mean a difference of one to three pounds in the required normal weight of the child.

SEVERAL tables have been prepared by experts who, in order to obtain reliable averages, have analyzed and tabulated the weights and measurements of hundreds of thousands of normal children of different ages. The tables on page 19, based on the weight, height and age of boys and girls from birth to school age, were compiled by Robert M. Woodbury, Ph. D., of the Children's Bureau and published by the American Child-Health Association.

In these tables the weights up to thirty-four inches are net—that is, without clothing. Above this the clothing (shoes, coats and sweaters removed) is included in the weight. The standard or normal weight is found where the horizontal column opposite the height crosses the vertical column under the age. For example, the standard weight for a boy thirty-six inches tall and twenty-four months old is thirty pounds, and is thirty-one pounds for a boy thirty-six months old.

The average weight for height without regard to age is found in the second column. If a child is ten per cent. under the weight he should be according to his height, he is undernourished, and if twenty per cent. over the weight and height figure, he is overnourished, both of which conditions point to some disorder of nutrition and demand that a physician be consulted. For example, if our thirty-six-inches-tall boy who is twenty-four months old weighed twenty-seven pounds, he would be three pounds, or ten per cent., under the standard weight and would be considered undernourished. If his weight were thirty-six pounds, he would be six pounds, or twenty per cent., overweight.

It must be borne in mind that the scales do not always detect poor nutrition and that they never can reveal physical defects. Children who are anemic, apathetic, stupid or have flabby muscles or poor posture may have a normal weight for height and age and still be far from healthy.

The weighing and measuring which is here earnestly recommended should be supplemented by the thorough physical examination of an experienced physician at least once a year.

The tables given here should be of great value in stimulating good health habits among children themselves. An underweight child will watch his progress on the scales with interest and will pay stricter attention to his health habits, especially if his weight and height curves are charted and kept in plain sight on the wall of his schoolroom or of the bathroom in his home.

Scales and tape measure are now generally accepted as the best and most available means of observing the growth and judging the health of children.

NOTE—A list of previous articles in this "Happy Child" series that are available in pamphlet form will be found on page 61



Wool dyeing was an art in which the people of ancient Judea held a monopoly during the time of Joseph and his "coat of many colors."

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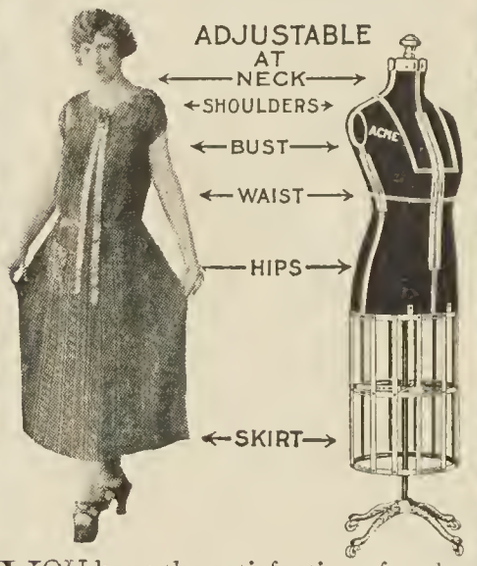
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WRITE TODAY FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5644—10204—A frock with the new shaped tunic may be made suitable for daytime wear simply by altering the neckline and adding sleeves. This one-piece slip-over dress may also have the two types of neckline and normal or cut-down armholes. It fits closely at the hipline over a separate one-piece slip with a choice of sleeves. Use satin crêpe or satin with crêpe de Chine slip, etc. Beading is a smart trimming.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch satin crêpe and 2⅝ yards 35-inch crêpe de Chine for slip with camisole top. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5548—The circular flare inserted on the left side gives a very new silhouette to a draped dress. This one-piece dress slips on over a separate one-piece slip to which the sleeves are sewed. Use satin, moire or velvet with lace or Georgette sleeves and flowers of the dress material lined with contrasting color. For evening and without sleeves use drapey metallic fabrics, satin, moire or taffeta, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch velvet and ⅜ yard 35-inch lace. Lower edge of slip 45 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5604—Narrow band trimming marks the close-fitting hipline of this new one-piece dress. It slips on over the head, the guimpe is separate and the cuffs are detachable. Make the dress of wool rep, cashmere, soft twills, wool crêpe or silk-and-wool crêpe. Ribbed silks, satin and heavy silk crêpe are also suitable for this rather tailored style.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool rep. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5595—One way to relieve the straight lines of a beltless one-piece dress is to insert a vest front. A beige, gray or white vest front is smart with a black dress or a butter-yellow or white vest with dark blue, etc. Make the dress of wool rep, cashmere, wool crêpe, soft twills, flannel, kasha, broadcloth, wool jersey, plaids, checks, satin or silk faille. It fits closely at the hipline and the collar and cuffs may be detachable.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards 54-inch plaid material and ⅝ yard 54-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5576—The Directoire note in the new fashions is often introduced in the revers. The revers and the drapery are exceedingly graceful points to a wrap-around one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline. There may be a long body lining with a camisole top. Use chiffon velvet with vest of lace or contrasting material and loop and ends of Georgette to match dress, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch velvet, 1⅝ yard 39-inch Georgette and ¾ yard 35-inch lace. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5640—10244—A belt set in at a low waistline and a diagonal closing give attractive lines to this dress with a straight skirt. The collar may be detachable. Make the dress of soft satin, plain or printed light-weight silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk voile or Georgette. The embroidery is very decorative.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch satin (skirt cut crosswise). Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.



5644 5595 5548 5604 5576 5640

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5559—If you choose a brilliant color for your evening cape this season, it should harmonize with the color of your dresses. A black satin or chiffon velvet cape lined with silver cloth, silver-gray satin or crêpe de Chine which may be worn with any color evening dress is therefore more useful. For this narrow three-piece cape use satin, faille silk, chiffon velvet or broadcloth. One may use a gray fur collar or a silver-and-black flower on the collar.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards 35-inch satin.

The cape is attractive for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5636—Women who do not wish to define their curves in narrow sheath dresses will find this slip-over dress very flattering, for its lines are soft, easy and graceful. For afternoon, the neck may be cut higher and sleeves, as well as the drapery and long body, sewed to a one-piece slip with a straight lower edge. Use plain Georgette, crêpe de Chine or light-weight silk crêpe with flower of silver or gold tissue, slip of crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5622—For all the world who dance, Parisian dressmakers design graceful floating dresses of Georgette or gauze with a new silhouette. The two-piece circular skirt of this slip-over dress is extraordinarily lovely and very new. It joins the long body at a close-fitting hipline. Use Georgette or crêpe de Chine over a satin slip and with ostrich, marabou or fur trimming, and metallic ribbon ornament; or use silver gauze over metallic fabric, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 3 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5550—An overdress of silver, beige or colored lace worn over a slip of soft flesh-pink satin veiled with flesh-pink chiffon and trimmed with lace makes a very exquisite and decidedly formal evening gown. This one-piece slip-over dress has the new close-fitting hipline and the neck may be cut in another outline.

19 years or 36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch lace and 7⅜ yards 5-inch lace. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 38 bust. also misses 15 to 19 years.

5568—10284—A French frock has one of the newest silhouettes with long straight body and a flared lower part. For day wear, sleeves may be sewed onto the one-piece slip. The slip-over dress may have one or two circular flounces. Beading is a smart trimming. Use Georgette, chiffon, crêpe de Chine; or for an afternoon frock use satin crêpe, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine of one material or with lace sleeves.

36 bust requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of slip 43 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

5616—A scarf helps straighten the back curve of the closely fitted hipline of this one-piece Georgette frock. The dress slips on over a separate one-piece slip. Use Georgette or crêpe de Chine trimmed with ostrich, or Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or plain metallic fabrics with beading and long scarf ends, satin or velvet with chiffon scarf and ostrich trimming the same color as the dress, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5559 5550 5568 5622 5616

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5592—Plaids, checks, flannel, wool crêpe, serge, soft twills or tweeds make a smart one-piece slip-over dress with a collar and cuffs which may be detachable. For a tub frock use linen, linen-finished cottons or cotton ratine.

10 years requires 1½ yard 54-inch plaid wool, ¾ yard 35-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5594—4926—Make this one-piece dress with a scarf collar of flannel, soft twills, plaids, checks or stripes; or use pongee or tub silks. The wool jersey hat has a gored crown.

12 years requires 3¼ yards 27-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5553—5601—Use velvet for the lower part and plain or printed crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or silks for the upper part and sleeve which are one on this slip-over dress. Use chiffon velvet, crêpe de Chine, etc., for hat.

12 years requires ⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅞ yard 35-inch velvet for dress.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; hat for girls 2 to 12 years.

5609—This one-piece dress of the slip-over type has a straight lower edge. Make it of velvet with crêpe de Chine, taffeta or satin girdle in contrasting or matching color; or use silk crêpe, pongee or wool crêpe of one material, plaid or printed with plain or in two shades of one color; or use flannel, etc.

14 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch velvet and ¾ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5611—A waist of dimity and straight trousers of linen or poplin make an adorable suit for tiny boys. Or use pongee in two colors, or poplin with serge trousers, madras or crêpe de Chine with silk poplin or shantung trousers, dimity with linen, etc.

3 years requires 1 yard 32-inch dimity and ⅞ yard 35-inch linen.

The suit is for little boys 2 to 5 years.

5541—10243—Crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta and pongee are suitable for this slip-over dress with separate bloomers. Or use fine cotton crêpe, pin-dot swiss, cotton voile, dimity, mull, lawn, batiste, etc. The flower motifs are decorative. Work them in colors.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5607—Ruffles and hand-made flowers trim this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette, organdy, dotted swiss or cotton voile.

12 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5543—10107—Smocking or shirring is a smart trimming for a slip-over dress with separate bloomers and collar and cuffs which may be detachable. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, wool jersey, wool crêpe, chambray, pin-check gingham, cotton crêpe, cotton pongee, dimity, etc.

5 years requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5590—Bias puffing and shirring are the French touch on a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use plain taffeta, plaid or figured taffeta of small designs, crêpe de Chine or chiffon velvet. Without puffings and shirrings, use cotton prints, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, etc.

8 years requires 2⅛ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

5598—5601—4076—It is smart to give a costume effect to street outfits for children by using the same color for coat, hat and leggings. Use soft pile fabrics or broadcloth for coat and leggings, or cashmere coatings or kasha for coat and crêpe de Chine for hat.

6 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch soft pile fabric for coat.

The coat is for little girls 1 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 8 years.





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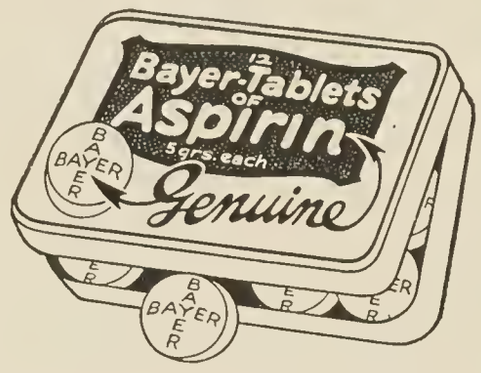
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5624—It is a very French fashion to make a dress of the dull side of satin crêpe and trim it with inserted bands of the shiny side. This slip-over dress has a straight flounce joining a long upper part, and it is worn over a one-piece slip. It fits closely at the hipline and the neckline may be higher.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge slip 47 ins.; dress 1¾ yd.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5574—Bias puffings are a new French fabric trimming used with the narrow lines of this one-piece slip-over evening dress. In place of the puffings one may substitute ostrich. Make the dress of taffeta, moire, satin or drapey metallic fabric, or of satin or taffeta with ostrich. Lower edge 45 inches.

17 years requires 3⅜ yards 35-inch satin.

The evening dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

5614—A one-piece slip-over dress with a draped apron front, either of the material or of lace, is a graceful style for young girls. Use plain crêpe de Chine, Georgette, lightweight silk crêpe or satin crêpe with lace, or the entire dress of one material, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

18 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅞ yard 40-inch lace.

It is for misses 16 to 20, also small women.

5620—10263—Two circular flounces contribute the floating effect to a slip-over dress of plain or printed Georgette, crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe or lace. It fits closely at the hipline and has a long upper part joined to a one-piece slip. One may use sleeves and a higher neck for a daytime frock. The beading is effective trimming. Lower edge slip 43½ inches; dress 2⅛ yards.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch Georgette.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5569—The tunic-blouse-and-slip costume is very smart for Fall, especially in the dull side of crêpe satin trimmed with bands of the shiny side and a crêpe de Chine collar. The blouse is the slip-over type and the separate one-piece slip fits closely at the hipline. One may use faille silk with bands of the reverse grain. Lower edge of slip 41½ inches.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (including lower part of slip).

The blouse and slip are for misses 16 to 20 years, also ladies 38, 40 bust.

5591—5218—A new collar and buttons trim this one-piece slip-over dress of stripes, plaids, checks. Use flannel, soft twills, cashmere or soft kasha; or use satin or heavy silk crêpe. For hat and scarf use flannel, etc.

16 years or 33 bust requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch striped wool for dress. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the hat and scarf for misses and ladies.

5577—Georgette, satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, etc., fall gracefully into the soft lines of this slip-over dress. It has a one-piece front and back and the straight lower part is joined across the sides of the hipline. Lower edge 60 inches.

17 years requires 3¼ yards 39-inch Georgette.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

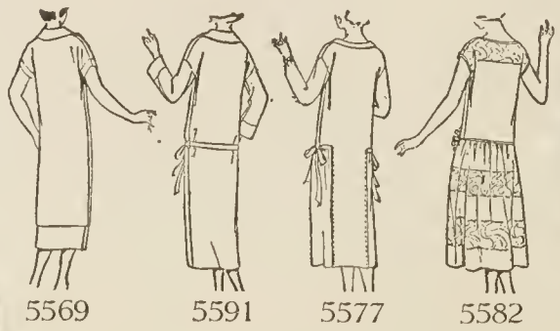
5582—A ribbon rosette and a yoke and inserted bands of the shiny side of crêpe satin are delightful trimming for a slip-over dress of the dull side of crêpe satin. The gathered straight skirt joins at a close-fitting hipline.

16 years requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 2 yards.

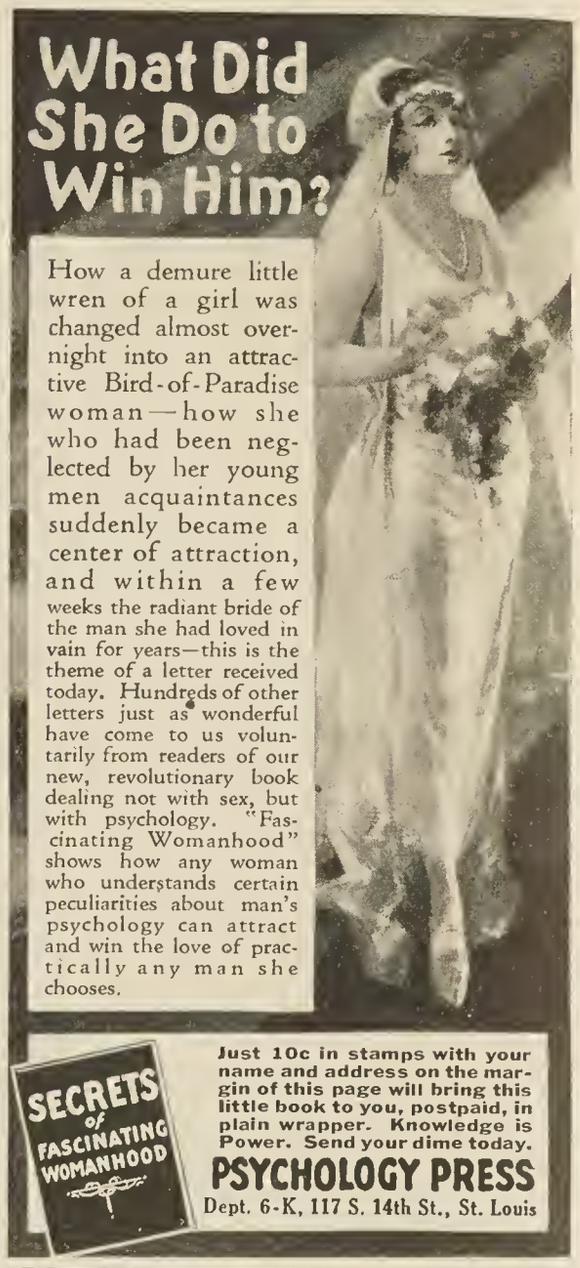
It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.



5624 5574 5614 5620



5569 5591 5577 5582

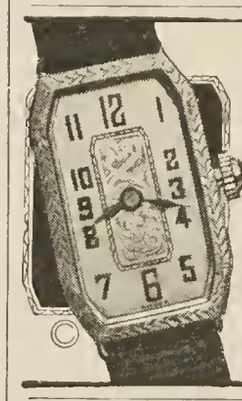


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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5610 — 5561 — Use light-weight cashmere, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, satin crêpe, plain or printed silk crêpe or silk alpaca for this one-piece slip-over dress fitting closely at the hipline. The wrap-around hat is smart.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch soft twill for dress. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies and misses.

5618—A narrow two-piece skirt of black satin is worn under one of the new slip-over redingotes of wool rep, wool crêpe, soft twills, kasha, light-weight cashmere or faille silk. The dress fits closely at the hipline and can also be made of heavy crêpe satin.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool rep and 2⅛ yards 39-inch satin. Lower edge of skirt 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5558—An apron front and a capette are graceful trimming for a one-piece slip-over dress of printed Georgette, chiffon or silk crêpe. Or use satin crêpe, plain silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine with fringe or lace dyed to match or a harmonizing color.

36 bust requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch novelty silk crêpe. Lower edge 44½ in hes.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5608—The revers in Directoire style and the double-breasted effect distinguish this one-piece dress as a new style. Use light-weight twills, light-weight cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, serge, satin or silk crêpes.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch cashmere. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5606—A crêpe de Chine scarf disguises the back curves when one wears this narrow one-piece dress of cashmere, soft twills, wool rep, wool crêpe or serge. The slightly shaped tunic is joined across the sides of a close-fitting hipline and the cuffs are detachable.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch satin. Lower edge 44½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5600—This new dress is composed of an overblouse and a separate slip with two loose bands which are draped at the left side. It slips on over the head. Satin crêpe and silk crêpe are especially suitable for the lines of this frock. Lower edge 43½ inches.

19 years or 36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses 16 to 20 years.



5610 5608 5618 5606 5558 5600

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5637—5638—10138—Embroidery trims this slip-over tunic blouse and the costume slip with a long upper part and a plain lower part. The blouse has a long body which fits closely at the hipline and a circular flounce or fringe.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch satin and 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch contrasting material for slip. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

Blouse is for ladies 32 to 40 bust, slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5575—5549—Plain or printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, satin crêpe, tub silks, silk broadcloth, silk jersey, flannel or wool jersey make a smart slip-over blouse. For the hat with a four-gored crown use satin, faille silk, milliners' velvet or duvetyn.

36 bust requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch printed and ⅝ yard 35-inch plain silk crêpe.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies and misses.

5615 — 5638 — 10214 — This slip-over tunic blouse is worn with a costume slip with side seams placed so that they do not show between the open edges of the blouse. The blouse has a straight lower edge. Use crêpe de Chine, etc. The embroidery is effective.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe; 2⅝ yards 35 or 39-inch material for slip.

Blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5647—Cashmere dress materials, soft twills, silk-and-wool crêpe, broadcloth, heavy satin or faille silk are suitable for this straight-line one-piece dress of the wrap-around type. It may have a French body lining if one prefers a lining.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 36 to 50 bust.

5531—5549—10233—Bands of the shiny side of crêpe satin are a French trimming for this one-piece slip-over dress which fits closely at the hipline and has a separate scarf. The embroidered motif is smart. Her hat has a four-gored crown. Lower edge 45 ins.

36 bust dress requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin, using the dull and shiny sides.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; hat for ladies and misses.

5586—Revers in Directoire style mark this one-piece dress as very new. It fits closely at the hipline and the revers facing may be removable. Use plaid wool with light-weight plain wool for revers facing, cashmere, wool rep, etc., with crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 48-inch to 54-inch plaid wool and ¾ yard 54-inch light-weight plain wool. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5626

5626—A narrow one-piece slip of black satin is a very useful part of a Fall wardrobe, since one can wear it with any color redingote as well as separate tunic blouses. Use wool rep, wool crêpe, kasha, soft twills, etc., for the one-piece redingote which fits closely at the hipline.

36 bust requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool rep and 3 yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge 44 ins.

Dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5629—5638—Use satin crêpe for this slip-over tunic blouse with a godet inserted in each side seam and the costume slip which gives the slender silhouette. Use the reverse side for the inserted bands in the sleeves.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (including slip).

Blouse is for ladies 32 to 40 bust; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

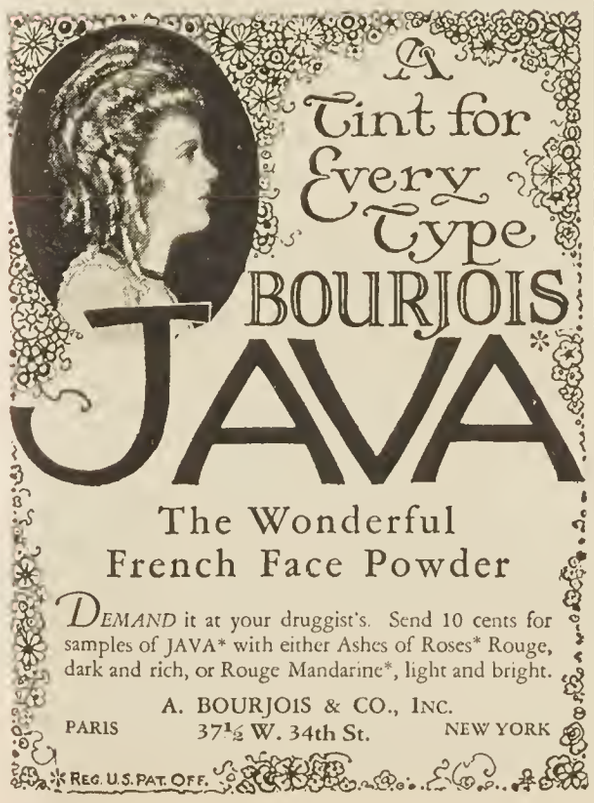


5629



5637 5638 5647 5575 5531 5615 5586





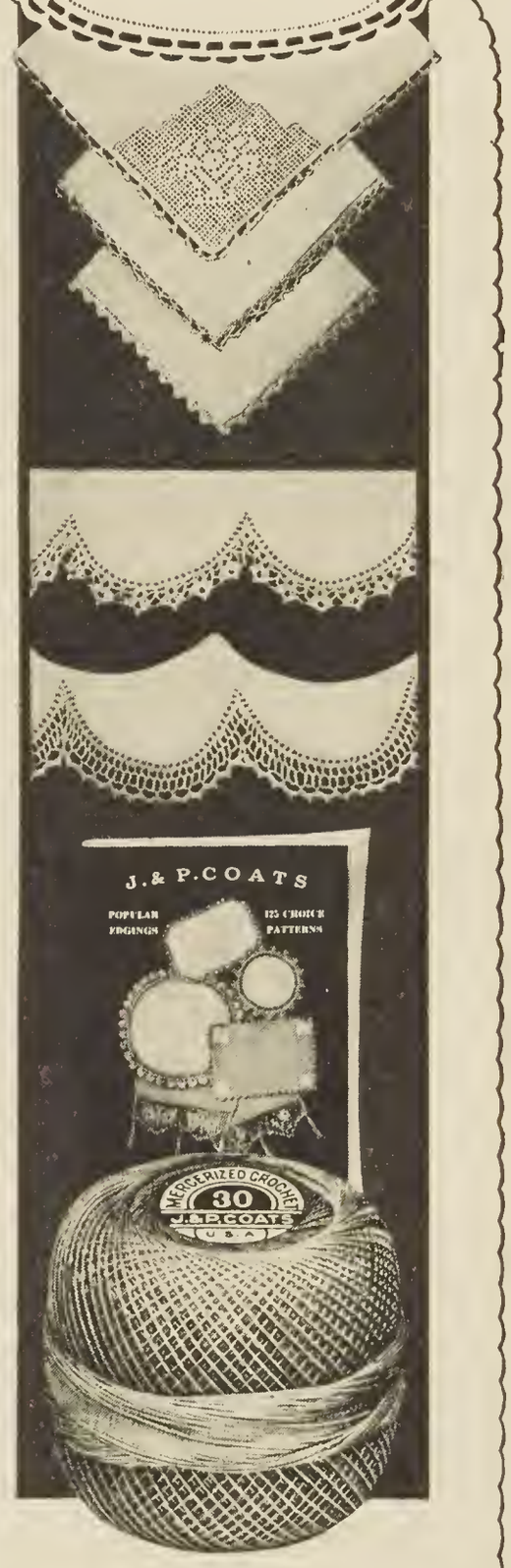
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THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

A Field for Woman's Work

There is a thought in the following letter to the Editor from a Maine physician that we know will be met with sympathetic response by any number of DELINEATOR readers. Isolated communities such as the writer describes are to be found also in other parts of the country, and the approach of Christmas suggests an opportunity for intelligent giving. "On a recent journey," reads the letter, "along the coast of Maine to the Canadian border of New Brunswick—by motor-boat—fog and rain forced us to remain for a day and a half at a little village made up of people engaged in fishing and the related industry of fish-packing. We found a singular condition among the women of this region—in that they are literally starved for knowledge of the things which are taking place out in the world with which they never come in contact. It would be a rare field for a tactful woman to go among these people and teach them how to live, for they do not know even the fundamentals of living as far as deriving happiness, beauty or giving helpfulness. Purposefulness in living, aside from acquiring a few dollars or some pitiful trinkets or gewgaws, is unknown. In the house where we were finally able to obtain room and food the wife had no conception of food preparation or its use in corrrect mixtures for keeping one's digestion normal. Fresh vegetables are practically not used, aside from potatoes, and constipation is the rule among the women from this defect in diet and their little use of water. The point that caught my sympathy, however, was the eagerness with which they tried to keep in touch with the pretty things in dresses—with the cheapest of materials—using magazines months old and passed from hand to hand. It isn't that they can not afford to get these magazines, but that they have the mental habit of being unable to spend a cent for which they can see no immediate and tangible return. Our landlady takes no magazines whatever and told that her husband brought back a DELINEATOR from Bangor six months before this and how she and the village doctor's wife enjoyed this number for months! I am going to try to get her into the habit of thinking beyond her narrow local limits by sending her a subscription to THE DELINEATOR, for which I enclose my check for one dollar to cover a six-months' subscription. I trust that she will then 'carry on' by herself."

For Wiser Choice of Playthings

Before buying a single toy for children this Christmas, it will be well worth while to await the publication of an article in next month's issue on "Christmas Gifts for Health," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. As editor of THE DELINEATOR'S series of articles on child health and hygiene, Doctor Shaw is primarily interested in warning parents against playthings that are injurious to the youngsters' health and disposition. These he mentions briefly, giving reasons that will appeal to any parent's common sense. But the author goes far beyond this and makes helpful suggestions for kinds of toys suitable for all ages. His sympathetic understanding of the child's preference at each stage of his development for the kind of plaything that appeals most to his newly awakened faculties is a most dependable guide to a choice of gifts that will be treasured by the fortunate boys and girls who find them in their Christmas stockings.

A Christmas Fiction Treat

A rare Christmas story by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins is a feature of the December issue that we can unhesitatingly recommend to all tastes. It has a novel situation, interesting characters and the outcome takes an unexpected turn that leaves a satisfying impression such as long remains a pleasant recollection. The story is called "Safe Harbor," and has to do chiefly with an extraordinarily resourceful child, Isabella Briggs, in whose blood are mingled the strains of Spanish grandees and simple New England sailor folk, and who takes it into her small head to provide a Merry Christmas for her vainly resisting elders.

THE approach of the holiday season finds our service department editors prepared for the heavy correspondence that invariably arrives at this time of year. Some ways they can be of help are in supplying special recipes for seasonable dishes and beverages, table decorations, house and church decorations, parties and entertainments for home and club, gift and costume suggestions.



Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Head of THE DELINEATOR'S Department of House Decoration

ASK MRS. SANDERS

If you have a problem of home decoration, whether it concerns the complete furnishing of a room or only the hanging of a tiny picture—ask Mrs. Sanders. She is a professional decorator of wide experience who specializes in achieving refinement and good taste by the use of inexpensive furnishings and soft, harmonious color combinations. She will gladly give you advice on furniture selection and arrangement, window and wall treatment, curtains and draperies, lighting fixtures, color schemes, and a hundred and one other problems of house decoration. Mrs. Sanders' services are yours for the asking—*they cost you nothing.* She asks merely that you enclose in your inquiry a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

Avail yourself of this offer!

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

WITH Election Day only a few weeks off, we have decided to announce ourself as a candidate for President, and hereby call upon all our fair pew-holders to lend a helping hand ◈◈◈ Our platform is a simple one and the justice of it invariably convinces the intelligent voter at one hearing ◈◈◈ In brief, we will concentrate on the adoption of one more amendment to the constitution ◈◈◈ It will be recalled that the eighteenth, or "dry," amendment was passed largely on the strength of the fact that liquor broke up so many homes ◈◈◈ The preservation of the home being one of the enthusiasms closest to our heart, we hired a corps of expert statisticians and set them to work looking into the present sad state of affairs with a view to devoting our every effort toward improvement ◈◈◈ As a result we discovered that *nagging women* break up 43.7 times as many homes as liquor and 14.3 times as many homes as all other causes combined ◈◈◈ The constitutional amendment we propose would automatically abolish all nagging women after a given date in the near future and would provide a penalty of one year in the hoosegow, without lip-stick, powder-puff or hand-mirror, for the first offense, and boiling in imitation salad-oil for the second ◈◈◈ Voters who rally to our standard now will have free passes for our inauguration in March and ringside seats for the first public execution under the new law ◈◈◈ A phenomenon predicted by *Dr. Adolph Heilbron*, a German scientist, promises plenty of amusement for our declining years ◈◈◈ He says that there has been a decided increase in the number of bearded women of late and that generations of bobbed heads will eventually develop women with longer whiskers than the bearded lady of the circus to-day ◈◈◈ Our notion of an excessively cautious judge is the one who recently granted a divorce to a ninety-nine-year-old *Seymour, Indiana*, man with the stipulation that he should not remarry for two years ◈◈◈ A new peril to the never-sufficiently-praised sex is reported from *Breckenridge, Texas*, where the terrors of a plague of grasshoppers have been intensified by the insects' propensity for abandoning crops to chew up silk hose and lingerie on clothes-lines ◈◈◈ One of the priceless bits of information we pick up from time to time in the course of our dealings with women's-magazine editors is that *pongee silk* gets it pongee-ness from "wild" silk-worms that feed on the leaves of Chinese scrub oaks instead of on mulberry leaves ◈◈◈ A census conductor at the *University of Washington* reveals the fact that *Dorothy* is the name most prevalent among girl students, with *Helen* and *Frances* competing for second place, *Margaret* for third, then *Mary* and *Ruth* ◈◈◈ A month or two ago there appeared on this page a letter from a man who violently opposed the use of cosmetics, his contention being that women should not attempt to improve upon the kind of beauty the Lord gave them—especially when such attempts are expensive ◈◈◈ A lady after our own heart is the *Independence, Missouri*, reader whose spirited reply reads as follows: "I'd just like to ask the man who wrote the letter appearing in 'The Last Word' of the current issue on the paint-and-powder question why *men* do not leave themselves beautiful as the Lord made them instead of shaving. I'd like to venture a guess that this man shaves every morning, and occasionally gets a haircut! He sounds like that kind of a man! And barber-shops, shaving-creams, etc., are not on the free list, either!" ◈◈◈ *Judge William N. Gemmill*, who served many years on the Municipal Court Bench in *Chicago*, has written a book in which are exposed some of the traps that lie in the path of the unwary male ◈◈◈ Here are some gems from his collection: "John Richmond clipped a love poem from a newspaper and sent it to Virginia Roberts. The girl thought he wrote it. She sued on that poem and recovered $4,000." "Emmanuel Johnson drove Hilda Smith to see some lots he had bought. He asked her, 'Which one do you prefer?' She told him. Although he never asked her to marry him, she sued on the lot and got $2,000." "James Ellison said to a girl: 'You say you are a good cook. I love good cooks. They can have me.' She sued and recovered $2,000. He never mentioned marriage." ◈◈◈ Above all the din about sex equality, we seem to hear the old war cry: "*Ladies must live!*



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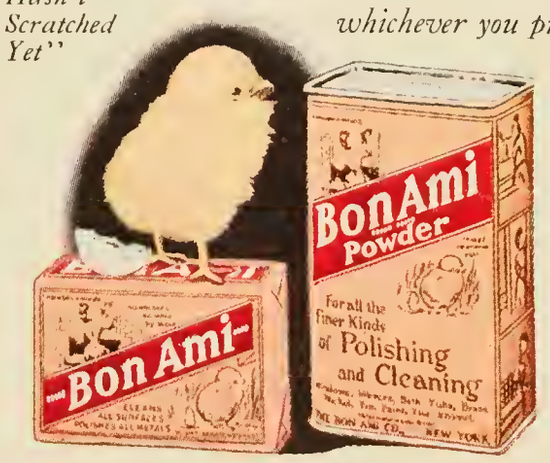


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THE DELINEATOR

DECEMBER 1924



DRAWING BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

Hail! Merry Christmas!

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART KATHLEEN NORRIS JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

THE HOLIDAY FASHION NUMBER

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KICKING, squirming; yes, and crying—life is just one "daily dozen" after another, for a baby! That's the way he grows.

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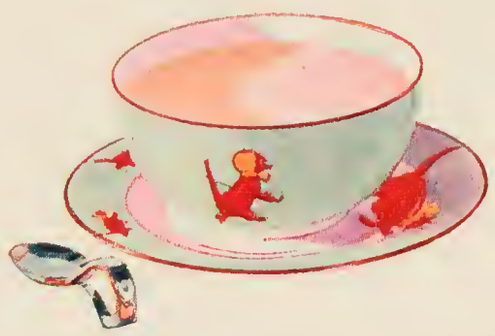
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⅓ cup Cream of Wheat — 3 pints broth

Prepare broth as for consommé. When nearly done add Cream of Wheat and cook 20 minutes

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1 cup cooked Cream of Wheat — 2 eggs
1½ cups milk — ½ cup sugar
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Mix Cream of Wheat with milk, beaten egg and sugar; add vanilla. Pour the Cream of Wheat mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Serve with cream



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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM *the* EDITOR'S POINT *of* VIEW

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ABOUT CHILDREN

THE old philosophers believed that all things changed except the laws of life and human nature. And yet two thousand years ago a child was born in Bethlehem who came to teach that human nature can be changed, that in this lump of clay, this unit of imperfection we call the human body and the human soul, there lies a spark of the divine—a spirit above flesh.

More than nine centuries passed before the world learned to apply the great lessons taught by the life of Christ. Here was love and faith and truth. Here was kindness and work and joy and labor, and, above all things, here was honesty and thought of others.

The family life which Christ preached and which had its exemplary beginnings in the Holy Land carries the great lessons which psychologists, philosophers, the religious and the unbelieving to-day accept as fundamental: "The child is father to the man"; "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." These truths have come down to us through the centuries; like the light from the sun, we have always taken them for granted. But only in this century have they been fully understood.

For hundreds of years this has been an adult world. Only in our generation has the child begun to enter into his kingdom. Societies have been organized for the prevention of cruelty to him. The United States Government was first in the world to establish a children's department in government. The apprenticeship of children was abolished. The first law controlling child labor was passed. Compulsory education came into existence. Science, legislation and medicine at last have come to consider that children are their foremost problem.

Out of the war came a great gift, the Child Foundation, created by Herbert Hoover from the funds left from war relief and devoted solely to the interests of better health and relief of suffering among children. In Detroit a woman with a vision left a fortune to create the Merrill Palmer Foundation which supports a school for the training of home-making and motherhood. At the national capital Julia Lathrop and Grace Abbott created a Children's Bureau which is doing much to revolutionize the fate of the next generation.

Scholars, specialists in child care and mother care agree upon certain fundamental facts: habits formed in the first seven or ten years of a child's life largely determine his success or failure, happiness or misery as an adult. Proper food, care and education in those early years would mean a larger number of normal and useful men and women, and would even assure the salvaging of at least eighty per cent. of those physical and mental wrecks who form a certain portion of every generation.

If the knowledge of scientists and child specialists of to-day were only available to all fathers and mothers and *were put into practise by them*, a new race would soon walk the face of the earth.

A GIFT FOR MOTHERS

BECAUSE THE DELINEATOR believes that one of the world's greatest needs is the spread of the essential truths about childhood and child health, it has dedicated itself to the children of the world—your child, your neighbor's child, the stranger's baby, the fatherless and the motherless baby.

Theodore Roosevelt when he was President of the United States called one of the first conferences ever held to consider child welfare. He sent out his summons because George W. Wilder, President of The Butterick Publishing Company, urged it, following a campaign for child welfare that had been conducted in THE DELINEATOR. This magazine took up the problem of child adoption seventeen years ago, placing more than thirteen thousand homeless children in childless homes.

That was THE DELINEATOR'S first contribution to child life. Since then it has fought child labor and has made a persevering plea for better schools, for health stations and for health education. THE DELINEATOR launched the Seventh Baby Campaign in 1915 to lower infant mortality, because up to that time every seventh baby had died in its first year.

These years of work for children led us to the biggest task ever undertaken by a woman's magazine. With the help of the late Dr. L. Emmett Holt, one of the world's foremost baby specialists, THE DELINEATOR through its Happy Child Department brought to parents the important truths discovered by our leading child specialists. As a result of the many thousands of letters which came to us from puzzled parents seeking advice and help, Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, who worked two years with Doctor Holt in this department and who has succeeded him as director, is now developing a series of Happy Child Clubs for mothers. This service is THE DELINEATOR'S gift to children and their parents.

Make this Christmas happy for some mother and the future safer for her child. If you know a mother or a mother-to-be, it lies within your power to save her many a heartbreak and to assure her much joy in the year to come by enrolling her as a member of the Happy Child Clubs. There is no cost except a minimum printing and mailing charge, which is quoted on the Happy Child page of this DELINEATOR.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

Cardinal Mercier, Belgium's famous war-time prelate, sends a message to America through "The Delineator"

Why, O my God, need men quarrel, when love is so sweet? Why need they waste time and strength in harming one another, when it is so good to make others happy?

Oh, I know that selfish souls stirred to fratricidal strife are no new feature of this day. Even after twenty centuries of Christianity, the world has been witness to the most gigantic and cruel slaughter ever known to history. And the peace signed by the belligerents has little place in men's conscience, in their morals, in the intercourse of nations.

Wherefore, O my God, is this?

Unbelief sneers, hurls blasphemy at Thy Gospel, and proclaims, as though in triumph, that it has failed.

But we, Thy followers, O my God, unshaken in our belief in Thee, we repeat with the psalmist that justice is on Thy side and that Thou art victorious in this assault of the unbeliever.

The good news, brought by Thee, O Lord, to the world, with the promise of peace to men of good-will, is no mere spiritless message, meant to save souls without their help and in spite of themselves.

Thy Gospel saves only those who welcome it and live by it.

What does the history of the last four centuries teach us? Despite their boasted and immense increase in power and material wealth, Christian nations in general have suffered, both in their masses and governments, a moral decline.

On the other hand, there are individuals who have preserved a marvelous moral strength comparable only to that shown by the early spiritual leaders.

Thy teaching, O Lord, ensures victory to him who follows, defeat to him who betrays it.

Have pity on the world; be merciful to us, once more.

With the help of Thy Grace we shall return to Thee and Thy Gospel. Peace and joy will be ours once more.

For the unrestrained pursuit of pleasure, may husbands and wives substitute mutual respect and the pride of bringing up a strong family, healthy in mind and body, fit for the service of their country and their God. Then moral progress will keep stride with material welfare.

May the nations acknowledge the law of authority. May citizens practise justice and charity to one another.

Grant light and strength to all peoples that they may do their duty, true to Thy words: "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples: if you have love one for another."

THE MAKING OF A MERRY CHRISTMAS

A WOMAN to whom success and power have come faced life last year with the tragic admission that Christmas had ceased to have a meaning in her life. It was a time of frenzied hurry, of anxiety for "the proper thing," of embarrassment at being remembered by some one she had forgotten, of irritability because extravagance had ruled her whole family.

She agreed that Christmas was a failure, a nuisance. And yet——

Memory has a trick of her own. Just as we declare our beliefs, she slips in to confound us.

That woman remembered one special Christmas, 1907, the year of the panic—a Winter when banks closed and even going concerns could not pay their employees with money. Her family was particularly hard hit. There was no money, but there *were* children. And to the children, poor days had no significance. They counted faithfully on Santa Claus to bring them their heart's desires.

The mother was puzzled to get enough food for her family. The rent was due. Other bills, unpaid, lay on her desk. But Christmas was coming as sure as the cold winds blew. She was confronted with one dollar—and the faith of little children.

Love and faith have ever been the source of miracles. On Christmas morning, the Santa Claus whose real gifts no money can buy had made Christmas for that household. There was a bag for marbles, made from two old kid gloves with the boy's name burnt in with a hot ice-pick and drawn tight so that no white alley or prize agate could be lost. It was a gift which outlived many a more costly present of later years. And there was a Christmas cake still remembered by even the extravagant members of the family. It was an ordinary cake, glorified by an idea. It had been baked in two oblong tins and one part of it cut diagonally to form a peaked roof of a little house. A tiny square pasteboard box made a chimney from which floated fairy smoke of gray tulle. Scotch kisses marked the windows, where hung tiny wreaths—Christmas seals left over from the year before. Five cents' worth of pebble candies made a path to the door, and here stood a miniature Santa Claus.

Years have dimmed the memory of many things for that family, but the Christmas made out of one dollar and thought and love still lives.

Christmas is not a failure. It is not a nuisance. Its spirit is not dead. But like all great gifts, it comes truly only to those who give.

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CHRISTMASTIDE *in* TOWN *and* COUNTRY

How the whole community may join in a celebration of reverence to GOD and Good-Will toward men

By VERA L. CONNOLLY

IT WAS Christmas eve twelve years ago—a still, crisp, moonlit New England night. And over the little Connecticut hill-town of Pomfret there brooded the hush of breathless expectancy, a reverent eagerness, which was reflected in the faces of the men, women and children crowded on rude seats in the bare town-hall.

It was a Christmas eve unlike any other, for it was to witness the first effort of an American village—probably of any community in several centuries—to present a pantomime of the Nativity.

Among those waiting in the hall there was hardly an individual who had not had some part in producing the beautiful spectacle about to be unfolded. For the pantomime had sprung from the community's spontaneous desire to commemorate Christmas in a way befitting the season. And for this purpose the Pomfret Neighborhood Association had been organized, with the three churches of the town—the Congregational, the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal—standing squarely behind it, though its membership had been drawn also from those of no denomination.

In a reverent silence this first audience waited. And presently the hush was broken by the singing of a well-loved carol. All joined in, and the old hall rang with praise of Him whose birth was to be commemorated.

Then the singing ceased. The electricity was turned off, soft, glowing candles were lighted, and the gospel of the Nativity was read: first, "The Annunciation," Luke i, 26-38; then "The Birth in the Manger," Luke ii, 1-20; and lastly "The Visit of the Wise Men," Matthew ii, 1-12.

The reading was followed by a deep stillness. Softly a single voice behind the scenes began to sing, almost with the cadence of a cradle-song, Haydn's "Holy Night."

The curtain rose, revealing Mary kneeling in prayer, her hands clasped before her in devout piety. In the distance a light was seen. As it advanced it was transformed to purple, to rose, and, at last, to gold, resolving itself into the angel of the Annunciation, lily in hand. ("Hail, thou that art highly favored; the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.") Mary's wonder giving place to awe, she submitted herself in glad humility, her arms crossed, her head sunk upon her breast.

THE curtain fell. And before the spell could be broken it rose again, this time on a darkened stage: an open field where the shepherds were lying, making ready for sleep. Faint light from the lanterns revealed their forms. Sleep, however, did not come. There was present some mysterious influence. And, gradually, in the distance a light began to glow. It brightened; it drew nearer; it flooded the darkness. "Fear not . . . for unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." The angel host swept down upon the shepherds, who fell on their knees. The host withdrew and the radiance became dim. Only the lanterns shone on. The shepherds rose and after a hasty consultation strode out, staves and lanterns in hand.

Again the curtain fell, rising this time on the manger at Bethlehem. The stable was dark but for the radiance from the manger, which illuminated the face of Mary as she bent above it. This divine effulgence also revealed Joseph, standing in the shadow. Over the scene brooded a holy stillness. Suddenly, one by one, the shepherds came stealing in, timid and fearful. But gradually their fear departed, and drawing reverently near, they fell on their knees in adoration.



A SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF THE NATIVITY AS GIVEN AT POMFRET ON CHRISTMAS EVE

When they had gone, the kings of the Orient, mighty in pomp and power and followed by a magnificent train of attendants, came striding majestically into the humble stable, seeking a "great king." They bent the knee, offering their gifts. But in the light from that manger their treasure seemed to fade to tinsel, their splendor went unnoted. Mary saw only the Child. Joseph heeded them not at all. The Son of God, who had not where to lay His head, was yet King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

When the curtain fell on this final scene, there was a silence in the bare little hall; then a long, deep-drawn sigh. The lights came on abruptly. Men and women, wet-eyed, arose and filed out—out of the miraculous past into the prosaic present, out under the New England stars—their hearts profoundly stirred to a new sense of the holiness of Christmas.

SUCH was the first primitive presentation, twelve years ago, of the Nativity Pantomime at Pomfret. Since then the play has become a part of Pomfret life, being given every Christmas eve and planned for throughout the year.

Except for a few brief additions, the pantomime is in its original form. It is still directed by those who staged it first—Beatrice Stevens, artist, and Ella M. Boult; and it has been kept crudely simple, being still enacted to carefully selected music played on a little reed organ. No scenery is used, the stage being hung in blue curtains which are vaguely distinguishable.

The musical program is especially interesting, and is as follows: "Oh Rest in the Lord," by Mendelssohn, in the Annunciation scene; "He Shall Feed His Flock," "Come Unto Me," and "Rejoice, Rejoice," all from "The Messiah," in the shepherds' scene; and "Holy Night," by Haydn, "He Shall Feed His Flock," from "The Messiah," and the "Largo," by Handel, in the manger scene.

It must be remembered that the actors in this pantomime are all untrained villagers, taken from every walk in life. The spectacle has often been compared to the Passion Play of Oberammergau, though in reality it is more nearly like the old mystery or miracle plays of centuries ago.

Without any doubt this Pomfret spectacle, in its impressive beauty and in the fact that it is a community enterprise, stands alone among Christmas festivities in the United States. And yet the same community impulse which brought it into being is at work to-day in all parts of the country.

AS A people we seem to have grown weary of the merely trivial in our celebration of this most sacred of all seasons. From every section of the land come reports of the efforts being made by churches, Girl and Boy Scouts, Community Service organizations, Camp-Fire Girls, parochial and public schools, clubs, singing societies, or by all combined, to restore to Christmas the original sanctity of its meaning.

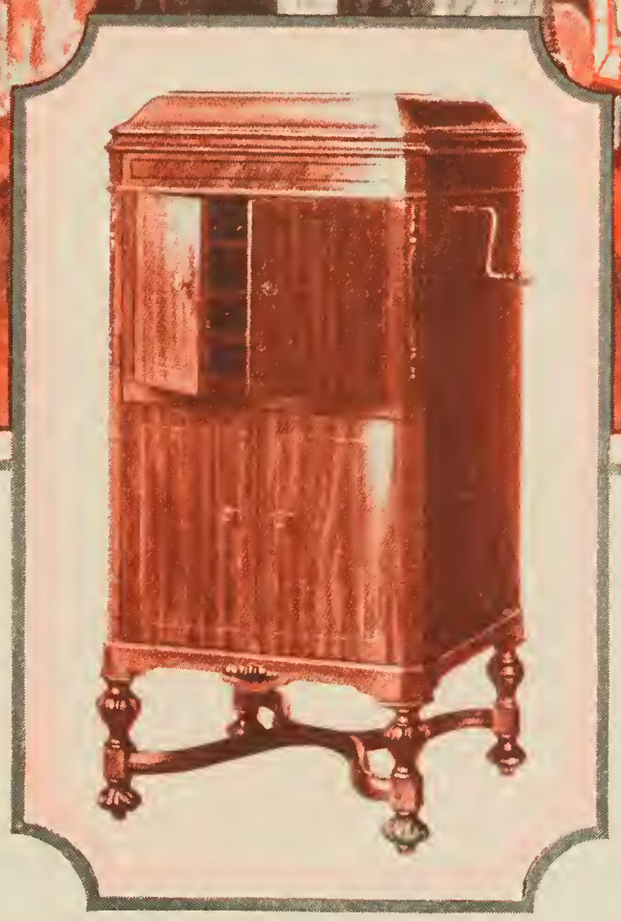
In almost every American town to-day the ideal of universal good cheer is prompting the planning of original Christmas celebrations in which all may share. A number of cities, for example, have, under the guidance of Community Service, borrowed from the Middle Ages the practise of taking the Christmas spirit around the town by means of a traveling theater or procession of floats built on motor-trucks. The scenes consist usually of colorful episodes from the life of our Lord, interspersed with carols and hymns sung by the audience, assisted by special choruses.

Preparations for a pageant on wheels are extremely simple. The floats need for decoration only festoons of red and green crape paper or else evergreen boughs. The bodies of the vehicles, of course, must be removed and the pantomime staged on a flat surface. And if the festival is to be given at night, the floats must be lighted, the simplest method being to use automobile lamps, their light turned on the scenes depicted.

As for the musical part of the program, the caroling,

Concluded on page 78





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Photo by Buehman

The original charter for the pueblo of Tucson was granted by the King of Spain in 1551. The beautiful modern city of 20,000 inhabitants is said to have more sunshine than any other part of the United States. It was once Arizona's capital. The photograph shows the ruins of the second capitol building.



Tumacacori, the oldest mission in Arizona

"From ARIZONA to the ADIRONDACKS"

How women from Tucson to Plattsburg came to a common choice in soap

THE wave of public opinion in favor of fine *white* laundry soap has swept clear across America!

Geographical location makes little difference. Even in towns as unlike and widely distant from each other as Tucson, Arizona, and Plattsburg, N. Y., P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling soap. To set down the complete list of such towns and cities would far exceed the limits of this page.

There are, of course, women who sincerely doubt that by changing from the older types of soap, which have given acceptable results, they can get still better results with far less effort.

But as such women have learned, one by one, the advantages of a *white* soap as fine as P and G, they have become enthusiastic converts.

Today, therefore, P and G is the largest selling laundry soap in the country.

The reasons for this triumph of a particular soap are clear: Women have learned that P and G lessens rubbing and boiling, keeps white clothes *white*, preserves colors, sudses well in water of any desired temperature, dissolves dirt quickly and safely, rinses out thoroughly and leaves clothes sweet and clean, without the slightest trace of soapy odor or yellowish tinge.

Whether you do the laundry work yourself or employ a laundress, you should see that P and G is used. Its advantages will soon be revealed by the clock, by back and arm muscles, and by the clothes themselves.

Procter & Gamble

The DeLord House and Historic Museum; British headquarters during the Battle of Plattsburg



Photo by Brush Studio



Plattsburg, on beautiful Lake Champlain, was named for Zephaniah Platt, who founded the outpost in 1784. Here, in 1916, the Citizens' Training Camp idea was given its first trial. Nearly 30,000 officer candidates were actually trained here.



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"THE ONLY REAL DIFFICULTY I HAD WITH HIM WAS KEEPING THE STOCK IN ORDER. HIS BIG HANDS DIDN'T SEEM EQUAL TO FOLDING LITTLE DELICATE THINGS UP NEATLY"

Drawing by Stockton Mulford

SHADOWED

By THEODORE SEIXAS SOLOMONS

A house detective learns that there are various kinds of love-nests

ON THE platform of the Elevated, with employees of Stacy's pouring out upon it, Crystal Vaughan became aware that she and Anthony were being followed.

At first she could not be sure. The middle-aged man in gray, whose eye she had caught as she swung through the door and who immediately looked away, had followed them to the end of the platform where they usually waited for the express. Others followed them, too, of course. And here again in the close-packed crowd the man in gray—keeping out of sight of Anthony, she was quite sure—avoided her eye. (Men did not usually avoid Crystal Vaughan's eyes.) Finally when, with a light touch upon Anthony's arm, she returned with him part way down the platform—for a test—and the man in gray furtively followed, Crystal became sure that Ada Wrigley had been right when she said to her yesterday:

"A house detecative kept awful close to you and Anthony Grace last night, dearie, when you was going home. He's not a fly cop to catch dips, but an inside man that spies on employees. What *could* it be about?"

"I can't imagine, Ada—unless *you* imagined it," Crystal had replied. But a pang, as of a thief enmeshed, smote her heart. And last night, when she and Anthony went home, she had been covertly, tremulously alert.

Nothing had happened, then. But now—now she was sure! After months the bolt was descending. This man in gray was not the man Ada had described. She knew this man; had known him by sight for some years as one of many who sometimes hurried through the store to or from the offices on the top floor of the great department-store building. He was without doubt a higher-up in the service, a man to whom the house detective had reported and who had decided to make the arrest in person. Crystal shuddered.

"Not cold, Crissie, sweetheart?" asked Anthony anxiously. He was a tall, nervous, active fellow of about twenty-four.

Crystal was glad of the thunder of the incoming train. "No, Anthony, I'm warm. Let's hurry." She clutched his arm and, with him, entered the current that drew toward the car doors.

She would have a breathing spell for forty minutes now and could talk to Anthony, who would be unconscious of espionage. It was always so delicious to him, this closeness of her on the train, her little head almost against his breast, just as though they were alone with each other, and almost as private, really; for though eyes might be on them, vacantly, nobody really saw, nobody cared. Of course he could not speak the beautiful names, say the tender things. But their evenings later, when he could, were all the sweeter for that.

So she talked to Anthony, or rather replied to him. Yet her real mind was busy—fearfully—with its problem. If the man in gray should follow them home, how was she to dispose of Anthony so that she alone could confront their pursuer and have her interview with him? Anthony must not suspect they were being followed. And if she were successful in her interview, he must never know. At least not for years to come.

She formed her plan suddenly—by a little burst of inspiration. It would take trust on Anthony's part. But, then, did not Anthony trust her—with his very life, had he not said?

One glance only during their three blocks' walk to the house did she give the man who followed them—a quick turning as though to look at a pretty child and a dog—and then at once, for the time was short, she made her strange request of happy—too happy—Anthony.

"Dearest, I'm going to ask something of you. You're going to raise your eyebrows and wonder. But, Anthony, please don't. Just do as I ask without a single, solitary question. Won't you, Anthony?"

Startled, he looked down into her pallid face with its steady, eager eyes, her determined little mouth.

"Of course," he said quietly.

"When we enter you must go right on through the house and into the basement and stay there for about five minutes. Then you are to go out through the front basement door and go away—anywhere—for half an hour. Then come in again. But don't come into the living-room unless—unless I send for you? Is that clear?"

Anthony's plain, wholesome face wreathed itself whimsically. "Clear? I should say so! As simple as pie, as we used to say before the days of cafeterias. Crissie,

Continued on page 81



"The passengers, principally bound to relatives or friends to eat the Christmas dinner."

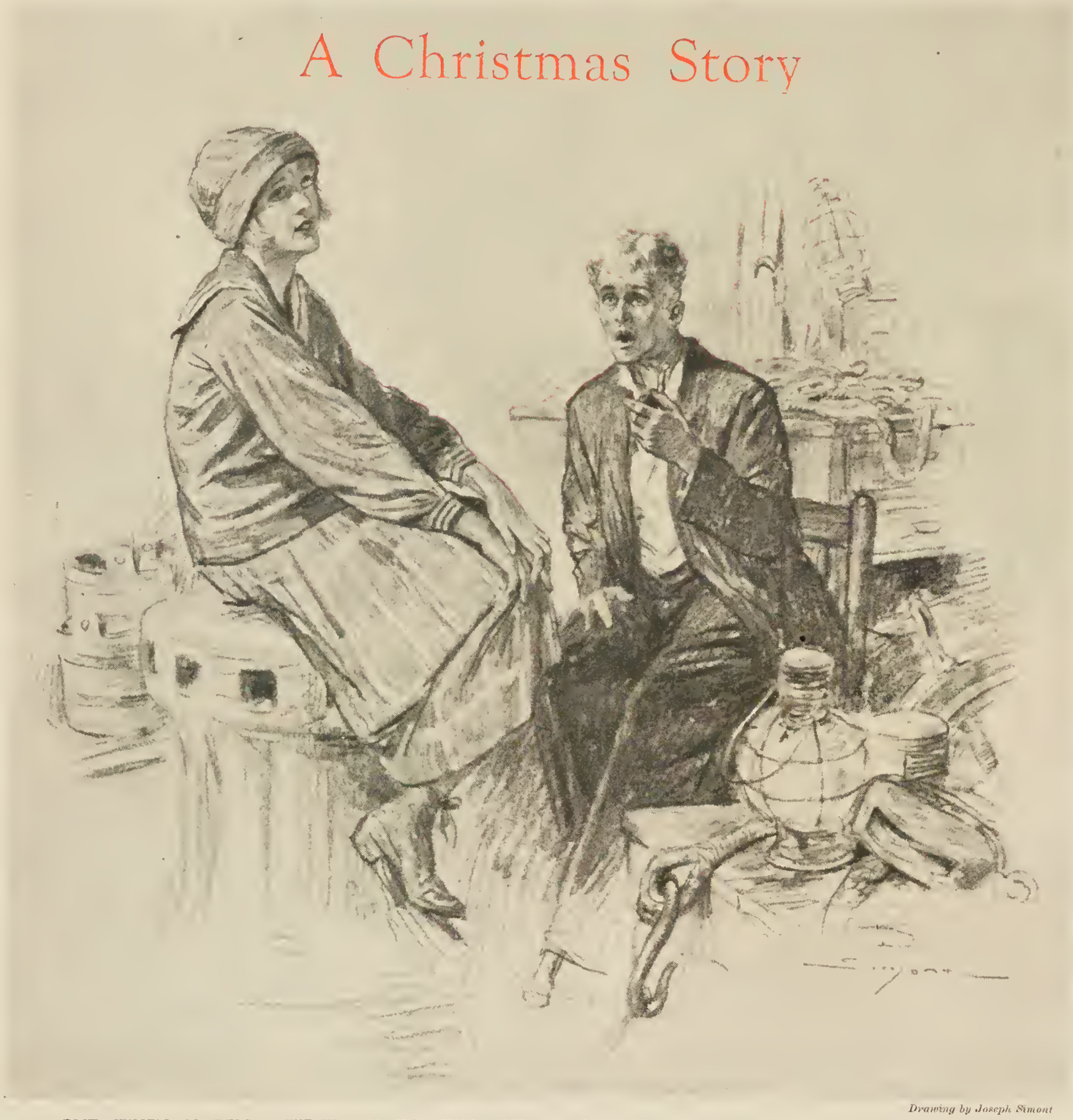
A sequence of drawings illustrating "Old Christmas" from "The Sketch-Book," by Washington Irving

SAFE HARBOR

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

A Christmas Story

"I saw three ships go sailing by
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
I saw three ships go sailing by
On Christmas Day in the morning."



Drawing by Joseph Simont

BUT WHEN ISABELLA WENT ON TO THE PERALTAS AND THEIR FABLED GLORY, BILL SAT SPELLBOUND, HIS PIPE HELD SIX INCHES FROM HIS OPEN MOUTH

THERE was no form of Christmas graft that Isabella had not sampled and found good. Even before she could spell out Christmas stories she knew enough to press her engaging little nose against a toy-shop window, and many a benevolent sucker was sent home rejoicing in the joy he had given. At six she had written her first letter to Santa Claus, explaining what would be most acceptable to herself and "my pore mama who sows all day and is very tired," and though letters sent to Santa Claus per United States mail had not yet become an organized infant industry, she did so well by it that she helped to put the business on its feet. Before she was ten no religious denomination, however vigilant, was safe from her presence at its Sunday-school Christmas tree.

"Everybody admires my Isabella and wishes to give her presents," her mother explained it, the shadowy eyes of old Spain caressing her child. Isabella's eyes and her straight hair were sandy and she gave a general effect of coming from the State of Maine. Behind her alert gaze squatted a cheerfully democratic spirit, on the lookout for possible openings—openings for any one. Her native gift was at the service of the world.

Her fourteenth Christmas did not promise well. Her "pore mama" had "sowd" till her eyes were becoming perilously "tired," and by a crooked collar here and a twisting sleeve there she was losing what customers her racial pride had left her. Isabella had long ago dropped Santa Claus and gone in for Christmas baskets, with a turkey and a bunch of celery sticking out and a piece of holly tied to the handle; but one basket would not take them very far this year. She had thoughts of trying to figure as "Patient little Isabella B." in the Hundred Neediest Cases, but that involved being investigated, and Mrs. Briggs had a Spanish obstinacy about putting her best foot forward. The investigators would have found a self-supporting widow in a spotless room, gay with red on the bed and table, and they would never have discovered from her that a room in the East Forties went for almost nothing because of the smell from the packing-houses. When the wind came that way, she met the stink with the proud patience of queens in exile. Isabella met it by frying onions.

Early in November, having plenty of time on her hands, Mrs. Briggs took her aching eyes to a free clinic and sat awaiting her turn as though the other patients were so much rather polluted air. That separation of herself from her surroundings was a passion, a religion; it gave her almost her only high moments. Her child's blue blood was tempered, for there was no denying that Camilla Peralta had eloped from her Spanish home with an American sailor; but the Peralta inheritance, joined to the tales of past grandeur, ought to have wiped out any intrusion from the side of a mere Bill Briggs. Bill had vanished early in the story—possibly drowned at sea, possibly not. When he had been gone the necessary number of years, Mrs. Briggs had privately achieved her legal freedom; and yet every time she told the story of his glorious death at sea—standing by his ship to the last—genuine tears streamed down her cheeks. Born in the right environment, she would have been a "best seller."

MRS. BRIGGS left the clinic with a Peralta courage that was still in force when Isabella came hoppity-skip from school. The wind was east that day and the packing-houses were strongly represented. Isabella had salvaged an onion on her way home—one could be very sure that she had not stolen it, and even more sure that she had not paid for it. She would have started her back-fire at once, but her mother motioned the onion out of the scene.

"My poor child, I have bad news for you," she said. "I have been to the clinic."

"Whadeesay?" It came in one breathless word.

What the oculist actually had said was: "Six months of absolute rest or you'll go blind. Use this as directed and come to see me in ten days. Next!" Mrs. Briggs had to embroider: "—lose the sight of those beautiful eyes, for I see, madam, that you are of a different class from my usual clinic patients, even though you may have the misfortune to be poor." Tears—in the oculist's voice.

Isabella, as usual, had fastened tightly on the essential facts.

"Absolute rest." she repeated blankly. And then: "Blind!"

Mrs. Briggs put out comforting arms. "I am not afraid, my little one," she said beautifully.

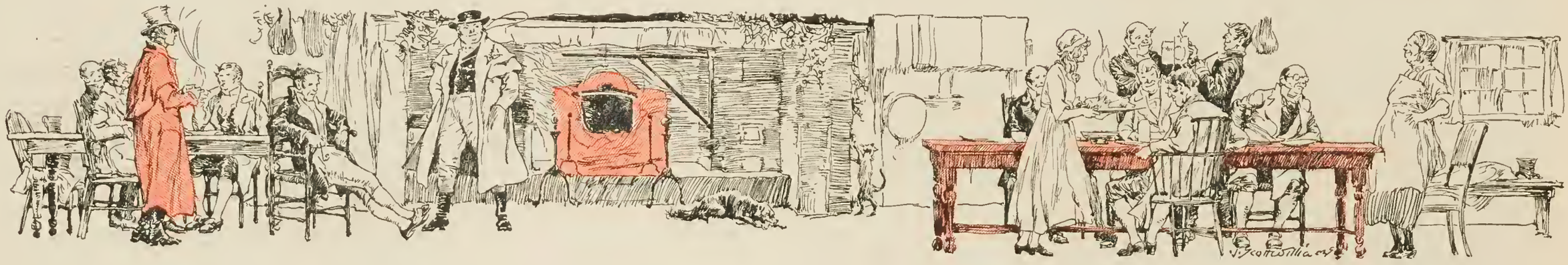
"Well, you'd better be," said Isabella, ignoring the gesture. "Six months—gee whiz!"

"I can die," Mrs. Briggs pointed out.

"So can anybody," was the impatient answer. "We've got to show some gumption and *live*." She was unsatisfactory if one's ideal was a scene of clinging tenderness, and yet the very way she sat, squeezing thin arms, thin legs thrust out with the toes touching, gave a sense of a stout plank in heaving waters. Mrs. Briggs sighingly gave up her drama and waited.

"And all this time," said Isabella suddenly, "there's our family living in a castle in Spain——"

"Not a castle," her mother interrupted. "A palatial residence in the finest quarter of the city. Luis Ignace Peralta was a merchant prince and a distinguished chemist. We had fifty rooms, all with polished floors and real lace curtains, and ten servants, and my mother never had to lift her finger—" It would have gone on for an hour, glory piled on glory, but Isabella, knowing



"In the evening we reached a village. I had not been long at the inn when I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew."

it by heart and backward. broke in:

"Mightn't Louis Ignace be living yet?"

Mrs. Briggs thought not. but Isabella added up the years and proved him not much more than sixty. His wife had died soon after the infatuated Camilla had slipped out. and the outraged father had refused equally forgiveness to his daughter and cash to Bill Briggs.

"But if his long-lost child came to his door on Christmas day, with her little girl," Isabella worked it out in practical business tones, "he'd fall for it. You can put over almost anything on Christmas. And if he should be dead, all those other children would be your brothers and sisters. Mama, it's a cinch!"

Mrs. Briggs seemed depressed by the idea, and the more Isabella talked it the deeper her depression grew. Tickets to Spain were impossible, and a Spanish parent never forgave. Isabella's bright lexicon contained neither "impossible" nor "never." She talked it until the wind changed and the smell went away unnoticed. They ate bread and raw onion for supper, and when they went to bed she was still talking it—against a blank wall of refusal.

The next day she went by herself and talked it to the Spanish consul, who advised her to write first and see if the visit would be welcome. Which showed all he knew about landing things. After that she pressed her nose against the windows of all the transatlantic steamship companies she could find, offering to compromise on one ticket, even going to the length of promising payment later from the rich and powerful merchant parent, but they invariably wanted cash down.

Next she tried a general wandering about the wharfs, on the chance of what might turn up, and made hosts of acquaintances. It was a friendly longshoreman who directed her to Bill's Place. Bill might know some sailing-ship's captain who would take a lady as supercargo. So she hunted up Bill's Place, and found it the dirtiest, darkest little shop in the world, its one window piled high with what it called "Ship Supplies." Binoculars were there, and sou'westers, and coils of tarred rope, and compasses, and canvas, and every sort of flotsam that could be salvaged from the sea.



Drawing by Joseph Simont

"PERHAPS WE WILL NEVER LOOK THEM UP," SHE SAID WITH FERVOR. "THEY CAST ME OFF. I TOO HAVE MY PRIDE."

THE door, opening, rang a bell, and a Yankee voice called "Coming!" from another dark hole in the rear. Some moments passed before its owner appeared.

"Had to put my leg on," he explained cheerfully, stumping toward her. "Well, little lady—like a nice anchor to-day?" And his hand caressed an enormous black iron flange.

That was Isabella's own kind of joke. She was not much given to smiling, but she had a dry little grimace that could mean liking or amusement, and that meant both as she looked up into the lean and leathery face. There was something in her blood that warmed to long narrow men, humorous and big-jointed and deliberate.

"I want to get a ticket to Spain, cheap," she began. "I'd rather have two tickets for nothing, but I could do with one, and I'd work after school to pay for it."

The man considered her, his big knuckles pressed on the counter.

"Well, I guess that's about the one sea-going article I ain't got," he said at last. "You couldn't make a ship's log do?"

"Not unless you can ride on it," Isabella said, settling on a capstan for a good visit.

He also sat down and filled a pipe.

"Tell us about it," he suggested.

ISABELLA began with the eyes, drawing from him grunts of sympathy, but when she went on to the Peraltas and their fabled glory, she produced a surprising effect. She had often dazed her schoolfellows with that tale, but never had its impact been so tremendous. Bill sat spellbound, his pipe held six inches from his open mouth, his little reddish eyes boring into hers. At last the pipe so burned his hand that he jumped and dropped it, scattering hot coals in the rubbish behind the counter. He was down there several moments, seeing that all was safe, and when he came up he did not look at all well.

"That's the queerest!" he muttered. "Well, I'll be dinged!" This went on for some time in a hushed undertone.

"Come up and see my mother if you don't believe me," Isabella offered.

The suggestion galvanized him into a more normal mood. "No, no—I believe you—that's all right," he said heartily. "Why, sure, we must get your mother that ticket. The sooner the better. Get her off to-morrow! Now let's see how we can work that." He went into a deep study, and Isabella, thinking it a good chance to prove her powers of being useful, took a survey of the chaos in the window, then fell to rearranging it. For nearly an hour neither spoke, though his eyes were often on her.

"Now come and look," she said at last.

He started and obeyed. She had produced a surprising effect of order and seemliness; the stock had risen from junk to merchandise.

"Only your window's so dirty they can't see in from the street," she pointed out. "If you'll give me the things to wash it——"

He jumped again. He seemed to be full of nervous starts. "Oh, never mind—I'll do that later," he said, then sent out a loud hail after a man who was passing: "Hi, Mr. Purser!"

A neat and official-looking person turned on his heel and came back. "Well?" he asked, obligingly enough but with no time to waste.

"Mr. Purser, this young lady's mother wants to get back to her folks in Spain before Christmas," Bill explained. "It's a real hard-luck story: eyes given out, folks there—" He stopped and choked.

"Rich but estranged," Isabella put in. "She's so pretty, my mother—she's a Spanish lady; they'll fall for her when she gets there. And then she can send back for me."

The purser considered. "Would she ship as a stewardess? I'm one short. Sailing in three days and she'd have to have references."

ISABELLA promised everything, rapturously, and agreed to bring her mother down for an interview the next day. When the purser had gone on his brisk way, she placed her two palms on the counter and kicked up gloriously.

"I'll come down here every day after school and work for you," she promised. "After mama's seen the purser, she'll come here herself to thank you, Mr.— What is your name?"

"Why, it's—Williams," was the uneasy answer. "No; she needn't come and thank me—that's all right—I don't want no thanks. You just hustle her off as fast as you can. Keep her out of here!" He was so alarmed that Isabella had to promise.

"Though I'd like you to see how pretty she is," she said disappointedly.

"I'll take it for granted," was the grim answer. "Now you better go tell her."

Continued on page 73



"I was not mistaken; it was Frank Bracebridge. He insisted that I should give him a day or two at his father's country-seat, to pass the holidays."

Annals of a haunted family

The BLACK FLEMINGS

By

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Most powerful novel yet written by the author of "Mother," "Certain People of Importance," "Rose of the World," etc.



GABRIELLE LOOKED UP INTO MARGARET'S FACE WISTFULLY AND SAID: "BUT THERE WAS NOTHING *AGAINST* MY FATHER?"

SYNOPSIS

SCENE—Wastewater, ancestral mansion of the "Black Flemings." It is a house of mystery and foreboding. Situated upon a cliff above the thundering Atlantic which endlessly pounds at the bleak New England coast, this Georgian pile which, in the days of "Black Roger," had known teeming life, now the abode of his descendants, is but a place of disturbing memories.

Characters—"Black Roger" Fleming, once the proud and imperious master of Wastewater, though now dead, pervades the family. The consequences of his stormy youth and two brief marriages create the present situation at Wastewater.

David, oldest of Wastewater's younger generation around which this novel turns, is an artist, thirty-two, dark like all the family. He is Roger Fleming's stepson by his mother's second marriage to the proud patriarch soon after the death of her first husband, a cousin of Roger's.

Tom, Black Roger's only son, is David's half-brother. He had run away to sea after his mother's death, and though his father leaves his second wife, who is little more than a child and an invalid, to search the world for him, he is missing still.

Sylvia, twenty, dark and beautiful, Black Roger's niece by his brother Will and Flora Fleming, a cousin whose constant love for Roger was twice spurned, is heiress to the Fleming fortune which Roger, dying, left to her (since he could not find his son), appointing David as guardian.

Gabrielle, eighteen, breaks the spell of the "Black" Flemings. Her lovely hair is tawny, her eyes star-sapphires. She is Sylvia's cousin, the daughter of Flora Fleming's sister Lily by a secret marriage with a "traveling agent" long since forgotten. Her little mother—"Aunt Lily" to the rest—insane since Gay's infancy, has been forgotten for many years.

Aunt Flora, Sylvia's dark and forbidding mother, is the present hostess of Wastewater, which has been her home since the days when Roger Fleming welcomed her and her sister Lily as young girls of great poverty to the comforts of his wealth.

Time—The present.

The Story So Far—Following a happy childhood together, Wastewater's young people have scattered: David to his art, Tom to sea, Sylvia to college, Gabrielle to a convent school in Paris. It is with Gay's return as a "young lady" to Wastewater that the mysteries of the place seem to awake and to creep slowly, cruelly upon this only fair one of the tribe. There are strange lights seen flashing at midnight in a deserted wing of the house. There is a pitiful old woman, stumbling in the garden in a furious snow-storm. There is sweet love awakening in Gay for David, love that sees its dear one pledged to another, to her own queenly cousin Sylvia. A Christmas house-party brings a proposal to little Gay—and her Aunt Flora with strange eagerness welcomes the prospect of marrying her niece to young Frank du Spain. But the house-party and possible marriage pass together, Sylvia leaves again for her final college term—when suddenly, through the eerie halls of Wastewater late one night, sound frenzied screams. It is Gabrielle. The old woman of the flashing lights and the Christmas snow-storm has crept gibbering to Gay's bedside, crying for her little girl. Mad Aunt Lily, Gay's mother, has returned.

PART THREE

THE night that followed was one of the strange, abnormal times that seemed, David thought more than once, so peculiarly appropriate, so peculiarly in tone with the atmosphere of Wastewater, with the empty, dusky, decaying rooms, with the shadowy mirrors clouded with mold, with the memories, the tragedies, the ghosts and echoes that on a bitter Winter night seemed to throng the old place.

When Gabrielle had put her young arm about the shrinking withered form of the harmless old feeble-minded woman, for some reason he had felt his throat thick and his eyes blind with tears. The girl was so young, she had been so full of hope and gaiety and high spirits during the happy holidays and the weeks that followed; she had tramped beside him, chattering like a sturdy little sister, her eager feet stamping and dancing on the snow, her cheeks glowing with the tingle of the pure cold air. He and she had thought the weak little mother and the worthless, wandering father long ago vanished from her problem; the child had quite a sufficient problem left as it was! And she had faced it so bravely, faced it cheerfully even with the constant reminder of Sylvia's contrasted good fortune, Sylvia's wealth, Sylvia's impeccable parentage.

Now suddenly, while her heart was thumping with the shock and terror of awakening from sleep to find this

"The Black Flemings," copyright, 1924, by Kathleen Norris.



"The family meeting was warm and affectionate. The squire ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall."

dreadful apparition in her room, she had had to accept this same mowing, gibbering, weeping old woman as her mother. And David loved her that she had not hesitated where, for sheer bewilderment, he knew he might have hesitated.

She had not glanced at Aunt Flora nor at him. Quite simply she had put her arm about poor Aunt Lily, touched her young lips to the yellowed old forehead where the forlorn wisps of grayish hair hung down, and then turned, steady-eyed and ashen-cheeked, but quite composed, to say quietly:

"Where does she sleep, Aunt Flora? In that room where I saw a light? I'll—you'll go with me, won't you, Margaret? We'll get her to bed."

For Margaret, also pale and looking anxiously from one to the other as if to read in their faces what had occurred, had joined the group from some rear doorway.

"No," Flora said with chattering teeth. "After you met her that day, we moved her into the back of the house—some one was always supposed to be near her. You shouldn't have gotten out of bed and come through the halls in your bare feet, Lily!"

Lily clung stubbornly to Gabrielle's arm, but they were all moving slowly in the direction of the rooms Flora had mentioned now, through the bitter darkness of the halls. Lily was really almost sick by the time they reached the homely, comfortable rooms, which, Gabrielle noted were well furnished and warmed by a still glowing stove. David built up the fire while they put the poor little chattering creature to bed, and Gabrielle, without seeming to be even now conscious of anybody's presence but that of her mother, caught up an old ivory-back brush and massed the straying gray hair into order, pinning it, David noted pitifully, with the pins that had held back from her face her own thick rich braids. There was a tenderness, an absorbed gentle and childish pity about her whole attitude the while she did so, that made his throat thicken again.

MEANWHILE Margaret and Hedda had supplied Lily with hot-water bottles and some sort of milky hot drink which Lily fretfully complained was bitter.

"It has her sleeping stuff in it," Margaret explained in an aside. Lily smiled knowingly at Gabrielle.

"They wouldn't mind poisoning me a bit, dearie," she said in a loud whisper. "At Crosswicks they used always to be trying to poison us——"

However, she took the drink when Gabrielle held the glass, meanwhile patting the girl's hand and occasionally, with increasing drowsiness, recalling old memories.

"Gabrielle had a little gray coat and a hat with gray fur on it—beaver, it was real beaver—it looked so good with her golden curls!" she said once complacently.

And at another time she added, in a sweet and natural voice: "I was looking all over the place for Tom. He gets my nasturtium-seeds and eats them! But I don't know where all this snow's come from. It was really sunny yesterday when I put them out, and Roger and Will were in swimming!"

All this time Flora had sat in an armchair by the stove with one hard, veiny hand tight over her eyes. Margaret lessened the lights, Lily began to sink into sleep and Gabrielle sat timidly down near her, still holding her hand. The servants slipped away, but still Flora did not stir.

When Lily was so soundly off that their voices did not disturb her, David touched Gabrielle's arm, and stiff and looking a little bewildered, she rose noiselessly to her feet. Flora started up, pale and with a look of some deep fright in her eyes, and they quietly left the room.

"And now," David said cheerfully, when they were back in the hall outside of Gabrielle's room, "there's no good worrying ourselves about all this to-night! You look exhausted, Aunt Flora, and Gay here has had enough. Jump into bed, Gay, it's after two, and get off to sleep. I'll leave my door open and you leave yours—or if you like, I'll wheel this couch up against your door and sleep on it myself."

"No, David, thank you; I'm not afraid now," the girl said quietly and seriously, and David knew that there were more than vague, unnamed terrors to occupy her thoughts now. "I'll do splendidly, and to-morrow we'll talk. I only hope," she added, slowly, "my—my mother will not be ill, although"—and there was infinite sadness in her voice—"perhaps I shouldn't even hope that, for her! Good night, Aunt Flora——"

And with a sudden impulse that seemed to David infinitely fine and sweet, she stooped and kissed her aunt's cheek before she turned to her own door.

"Good night, Gay dear, don't worry!" David said tenderly. And with a quick emotion as natural as hers had been, he kissed her forehead as a brother might have done, and Gay smiled at him pathetically as she shut her door.



GABRIELLE HAD BEEN BURNING, FEARING, HATING TO ASK IT; SHE FOUND HERSELF SAYING NOW, WITH AN UNCONQUERABLE INCOHERENCE: "THEN YOU AND DAVID——"

SHE would not think to-night, the girl told herself restlessly. But there was nothing for it but thought. She was bitterly cold and shuddered as she snuggled into the covers and stared out with persistently wakeful eyes at the blackness of the big room. Her brain seethed: faces, voices came and went; problems for the future; speculations as to the past. She was deathly cold; she wondered if there was any fuel at her cold fireplace, lighted the candle and investigated. None.

"Well, these windows at least can be closed," Gay decided with chattering teeth. The night struck through her thin nightgown like a wall of ice as she struggled with the heavy blinds. She experienced a weary and desperate sensation of discouragement; the horrible night would never end, her thoughts would never straighten themselves out into peace and quiet again, there would never be sunlight, warmth, safety in the world!

Looking down, however, toward the kitchen wing, she saw that a red light was striking through the shutters, and immediately she caught up her wrapper and went, slippered and shuddering, down the long stairs that led to the kitchen.

She opened the door upon heartening lamplight and firelight; Margaret, Trude and Hedda were in comfortable talk beside the stove, and a boiling coffee-pot sent a delicious fragrance into the dark old room.

"Margaret—" Gay began, piteously, with a suddenly childish feeling of tears in her voice, "I can't sleep—I've been lying awake——"

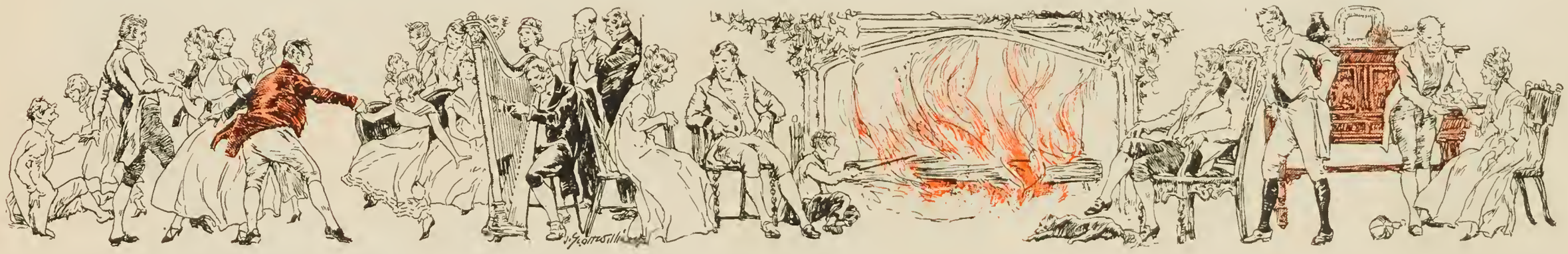
And immediately she was on her knees beside Margaret and had her bright head buried in the old servant's lap, and Margaret's hand was stroking her hair.

Gay, after the first tears, did not cry. But as the blessed heat and light seemed to penetrate to the center of her chilled being, and as the old servant's hands gently stroked her hair, she felt as if she could kneel here forever, not facing anything, not thinking, just warm again and among human voices once more. Trude put a smoking cup of coffee mixed in the French fashion, as Gay liked it, on the table, and Hedda turned a fresh piece of toast on the range and Margaret coaxed the girl to dispose of the hot drink before there was any talk.

Afterward, when Gay had dried her eyes upon a towel and rolled herself tight in her wrapper and had her feet comfortably extended toward the range, Margaret said:

"I know, it seems awful hard, Miss Gabrielle, but this

Continued on page 56



"I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family."

THESE GIRLS OF OURS

By

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

During the month from November tenth to December tenth, womenfolk big and little throughout this land will hear much of scouting. It is then that the Girl Scouts will make their big drive to enroll thousands of new members. Mrs. Rinehart, whom DELINEATOR *readers know as the author of "Bab," "The Amazing Interlude," "The Out Trail" and "The Breaking Point," is an enthusiastic Scout leader—and in this vivid article she tells WHY*



TENDING A GIPSY FIRE AND COOKING MEALS ARE PART OF EVERY GIRL SCOUT'S CRAFT

WHEN I was a very little girl, a boy in the neighborhood had a bicycle. Not at all the low "safety" machine which came in shortly after, but a death-dealing contrivance with one enormous front wheel and a tiny rear one. Seated on the doorstep, where little girls, in white frocks and colored sashes, were placed in the afternoons and expected to remain put until time for supper, it was the one excitement of the day to see this lad come down the pavement—they rode on the sidewalks in those times—strike the raised grating to our coal cellar, describe a parabola in the air and fall forward on his face.

Later on, some inventive genius broke his nose a time or two and then decided that the center of gravity was too far to the front of the machine. So there came into vogue the new high bicycle, with the small wheel forward of the large one. But in so doing he merely reversed the order of the inevitable catastrophe. The rider, instead of landing on his nose, went rearward on the back of his head.

As I surreptitiously experimented with both types, I am in a position to say that for sheer deadliness neither one had any advantage over the other.



ABOVE—MRS. RINEHART AS A GIRL SCOUT LEADER. *BELOW*—SCOUTS LIGHTING THEIR FIRE ON A WINTER'S WEEK-END IN THE WOODS

Then the safety wheel, so called, arrived; and then, shortly after, one with a dropped frame, styled "a ladies' wheel." But they were received with acute disfavor.

"What!" said the parents, "put our girls on those things and let them run the streets? Never!"

Nobody bought one. There were two in a shop-window in my city, and crowds went and stood staring at them, but nobody bought one—until my father did. And he did it not because he approved, but because it was easier than to continue to deny me.

To ride a bicycle was not feminine; most of all, it was not ladylike. I had my dolls and my tricycle, a ghastly iron machine which I propelled with my feet and which was usually adorned with a bow of ribbon on the handle—to feminize it, I dare say. If I needed more exercise, I could always go for a walk.

But the bicycle came. It weighed as much as I did, or more, and it had solid tires; nobody had even dreamed of pneumatic tires in those days. I had no idea how to ride it and nobody to teach me. No boy would help. The boys had joined solidly with their elders; they felt vaguely that I was a trespasser into their domain and they resented it. They were perfectly willing to bring their pony-carts and take me for a ride around the block, but not to teach me to ride a bicycle.

Finally I took it into the park near by, started it, got on and headed for I know not where. And when I finally rode straight into the park lake and there fell off, not a boy on the bank but felt that his sex solidarity had been preserved.

(I haven't a doubt in the world that, not so very long ago, some of those boys voted against the suffrage for women for precisely the same reason!)

But I have gone back to the bicycle because it marked a definite step in the emancipation of girls and women from the doorstep and the veranda, from tight stays and the prudish attitude of the Victorian era, to their birthright of free bodies and the outdoors.

It was the end of petticoat prudery. It was more than that This excursion into fresh air and athletics not proving fatal, it began to dawn on our benighted communities that there was a certain advantage in it, that it is as important for a woman to have a strong body as for a man—*more* important, for her life will depend on it, if she bears children.

It is a curious thing to think of the centuries when physical development was left to the male of the species, who has no such strain to bear, while women were left to the Providence of God.

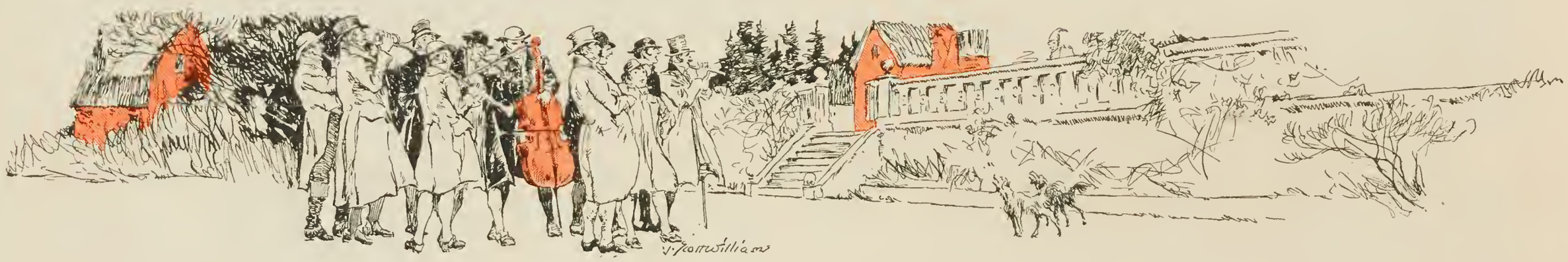
Not long ago a mother said to me: "But what can we do with our girls? They are ours only until they are ten or twelve. After that they are—gone."

"If they are yours until they are that age," I said, "and you have done your part, you will never lose them."

And that is literally true. The girl carries with her into life three things: The intelligence with which she is born, and which is absolutely fixed; that is, she may add to her knowledge, but her native intelligence is an unalterable factor. Her character, which is formed *at home* in the early years of her life and is the joint product of training, example and environment. And experience, which is practically always gained outside the home.

OUT of these three factors, then, two are determined by the parents, her inherited intelligence and her basic character. The third, experience, they can not control.

But the good home puts its permanent mark on the child. What the child will be is largely determined by the first eight years. To those parents who utilize well this early period, the matter of the child's experience outside the home offers comparatively little anxiety. But no matter whether the early training is good, bad or indifferent, the situation is largely out of their hands



"I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth below the window. I found it proceeded from a band."

after the boy or girl enters the 'teens. It then becomes a matter of outside contacts and experience.

The boy seeks this through his "gang," an unorganized society—a society, however, with certain rules and ethics of its own. Generally it exalts physical strength, and has undoubtedly its own code of honor—loyalty to the gang perhaps predominant. It provides him with activity, interest and a fertile field for his imagination.

But what about the girl? She has no gang spirit; or if she has, it is dormant. Left to herself, she chooses one or two intimates, and on her choice of these intimates depends whether her experience is healthy or vicious.

What do you give your girl between the time she puts away her last doll and her young womanhood? Does any rational mother believe that lessons and an hour at the piano are sufficient? In that long period of waiting to be "grown-up" can you wonder she places too much emphasis on the dressing of her young body, or on the movies, where she can see her dreams come true?

But what *can* you give her?

Frankly, you can give her very little. It is outside experience which she needs and craves. It is only the nature of that experience that you can determine.

It is to help mothers solve this problem that the Girl Scouts were formed. Rather, it was to help our girls to solve it. And with a twofold purpose: to fill the needs of the individual girl seeking the experience which is to prepare her for life, and in so doing to give these future citizens belief in God, love of country and the ability, training and desire to be home-makers.



OUTDOOR HIKES AND SKATING PARTIES BRING FUN AND HEALTH DURING THE WINTER MONTHS

NO ONE can doubt the genuine anxiety to-day of the mother of a girl. She too often feels that she has failed entirely.

For the one or two pairs of hands extended to keep the girl at home, a thousand are beckoning her outside. The home can not compete with these outside interests.

It is not the mother who has failed, but the home. And the home fails through no fault of its own. It fails because it does not appeal to the imagination, because it offers no competition and no reward, and because its discipline, when there is any, is arbitrary and personal.

Take the matter of the imagination alone. I am almost ashamed to confess into what physical dangers it has taken me, and will probably continue to, and on how many an arduous trip it has upheld me.

I am notorious, in my own group, for believing, or at least hoping, that every tree stump is a bear. And many a mile of trail I have enlivened for myself by the thought that there might be hostile Indians over the next rise.



"SCRUBBING UP" MAY BE A HASTY JOB, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A DAILY PLUNGE

In the same manner, fishing last Summer off the coast of Maine, I kept my faith in a sea-serpent, in spite of my captain.

"But didn't any one around here ever see anything that might have been a sea-serpent?" I ask wistfully.

"No'm," says the captain. "And I don't hold with that sort of stuff myself. There was a fellow round here said he saw a big snake in the water once—might have been fifty feet long or so. But it's my opinion he saw a string of porpoises."

I go back to my fishing, but my faith is not shaken. There is so much water, so much room for a sea-serpent, if you know what I mean.

SO THE girl starts out on her quest for experience, sailing her little rudderless bark on the ocean of life, looking for the new and strange things she may find, but with her craft very definitely pointed toward the harbor of love and marriage.

Too definitely, in many cases, for this is a day of precocious youth. And consider the handicap. A girl has not her brother's interest in physical exercise for its own sake. She has not, unless it is directed, his instinct for competition. She has no gang to join.

Is it any wonder that, left to herself, she tries to push forward the clock? That we have only little girls and young ladies? That the time in between seems to be slipping away from us? And that bewildered mothers, not knowing "what to do with Jane," drive her along into hasty and ill-considered marriage?



WHEN CAMP IS PITCHED, THE FIRST JOB IS RIGGING UP THE TENTS

And yet the problem of the young girl is not so difficult. Feed her imagination on healthy food, build up her physical body, provide her with competition and interest, give her a creed by which to live, wield a just but impersonal discipline when she fails so to do—that is all.

And this is precisely what the Girl Scouts organization is doing.

Any one who can view the Boy Scouts drilling in the park or marching through the country roads and not see their present quality and future enormous importance as citizens and soldiers is totally without vision and does not know his history.

In this country their creed of loyal service has carried them far. I myself can never see them without a lump in my throat, these boys who will be our next soldiers—who are soldiers now, every inch of them.

And in her own but entirely different way, must we look at the little Girl Scout, in her democratic uniform, keeping her promises and her laws so valiantly, sometimes in the center of a large group, here and there quite alone.

There is, I understand, somewhere in the South Pacific Islands a solitary sergeant of Marines. He has a tiny guard of natives, which he drills. But there he is, off by himself, representing the great United States of America.

And so we have, here and there, the lonely Girl Scout, hoisting her own small flag of service and loyalty, without troop meetings, without the fine contagion of enthusiasm. A practical example of the strength of an ideal.

How earnestly they take it! An ideal to live for, a practical creed with which to apply it, that is the Girl Scouts.

HOW many people believe that being a Girl Scout is just one hike after another, with an occasional experience thrown in? How many know that, in addition to learning to use her physical body, she is taught things which range from helping the district nurse to bathing the baby? From hanging a shelf in the kitchen to

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"As the morning, though frosty, was remarkably fine and clear, the family walked to the church, a very old building of gray stone."

The FIRE-FLOWER

By CHARLES SAXBY

Completing an absorbing tale of youth and high adventure



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

"BUT THESE SCALE—IT IS IMPOSSIBLE," THE PIANIST SAID. "SUCH THINGS CAN NOT BE DONE. IT SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO PLAY ITSELF—I SHOW"

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

IT WAS past five in the morning when Weston and Vereker left the thinning revel. Weston's arm was about a black-browed woman who resembled a frazzled Madonna; on the other side a man held him up. Who they were he had no idea, but they were very dear to him. Ahead was Sid, a little blonde, a devil in red tights and a scarlet girl who was one of the horde of "fire-flowers."

Across the street the great market bustled under its lighted, wind-bitten arcades. At the curb a hot-potato man croaked his wares. Hot potatoes seemed enchanting and they gathered round, pillaging the barrow, paying with shillings or jeers, tossing the scalding things to the gathering crowd. Weston slid down to the pavement, his feet in discarded rhubarb, and on the back of his dance-card he scribbled the theme of that "Song of the Hot Potato" which was later on to become as popular as "Tipperary."

With a screech of mirth, the dark woman seized the handles of the potato-barrow and ran with it toward Long Acre, her black and gold draperies flying behind her, her song an imitation of the vendor's cry:

" 'Ot potytoes! All 'ot—all 'ot——"

The rest gave chase. Weston was with the woman now, the pair of them galloping in the shafts like frisky colts. Then there was a policeman, looming like a monument in blue and brass.

"Now—now—go 'ome and be quiet. I don't want to 'ave to run you in."

There was always a policeman; that was how it had all started. Rain and bitter wind, a fat, dark woman shrieking laughter, Sid, a fire-flower—and a policeman. A nice policeman, humanly grinning under his official exterior. Weston was overwhelmed with sorrow for him. He flung an arm about the man's neck, brimming tears, for in prophetic vision he saw what was about to happen.

"Poor policeman—nice coppy," he murmured, and kissed the scrubby cheek.

Then, with a gentle inevitability, he seized a steaming potato and mashed it on the man's nose.

"Mus' make red poppiezh bloom," he gurgled.

It was always to a cell that one awoke, Weston thought. No gray and gold one this time, but chill and drab, reeking from the emanations of criminal flesh, with a dispirited cockroach gazing brownly down from the wall.

He was alone; of Vereker and the other revelers of the night there was no sign. His head was one solid ache, his whole being an intolerable bitterness. A mouth full of ashes—ashes and the dark path, some one had once said—false fires—just what he deserved.

LATER on he was placed in a long black thing on wheels and taken somewhere. Somebody told him that it was Bow Street police court. More of that perpetual cooped fog, an attempt at impressiveness all slimed over by the curious squalor which seems inseparable from the fringes of the law. Bleak daylight on walls soaked with a century of petty crime.

It all seemed a nasty dream as he was thrust up steps to a little railed platform. He almost expected the magistrate throned behind the bench to turn into something else There was a policeman taking solemn oath, a policeman whose reddened nose glistened with vaseline.

Some one was asking him questions.

"Name?"

"Peter William Weston."

"Your residence?"

The dark path—surely this must be the end of it.

Pride, sheer physical and mental pride, but he was parting with it now. They were pulling it off him, and it was as if his skin came too. He would go the whole length, then. A last kick in the sneering face of this London before he went down it, to be one of its human straws blown in gutters by sooty winds.

"Answer the question!"

He was going to; they should have it; London should know over just what it was going popularly crazy, and to where these fires led. He had a picture of himself, pallid in disheveled evening dress, his lips bitter with reply.

"My last permanent address was the Mission Perdida in California."

There was a mild sensation at that, heads raised at the reporters' table, a gathering storm on the bench.

"Young man, this is no place for humor!"

"It's the blasted truth!"

There were people coming in, birds of alien plumage to this cage, bringing a stir with them. Surely that was Sid, and Rita; the master of the mission, too. And little Michaelis, glazed with publicity, more than ever like some toupeeless eidolon of a tailor's window. His humiliation was now complete.

There were low-toned consultations with the bench. "Extraordinary! I'll have to fine him, though. Forty shillings or ten days." The man Jinx was there also, at the reporters' table, the center of a small hubbub.

He was taken away again; some one must have paid the fine, for in a few minutes Sid came, heavy-eyed but triumphant.

" 'The cypress slender minister of wine.' " He shrugged. "It is down *our* backs that her tresses hang the morning after. Perhaps you think I haven't been busy, rounding up those people? But we've launched you now. I have your clothes and the manuscript—come on, it's a Turkish bath for us."

STEAM, sweat, massage, then three hours of blissful sleep. It was well into the afternoon that they drove to Rita's flat in Hans Place. There were yellow walls like lingering sunlight, dark wood, great bowls of yellow jonquils. She looked like a jonquil herself, in yellow draperies; a veritable wind flower moving on a breeze of grace.

Many were there. The fat press-agent, still answering to the name of Jinx, or to any other if he thought one



"The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instrumental."

meant him; Michaelis; Rita holding out hands for Weston's manuscript, then delivering it to a weird creature who looked as if he were compounded of smoldering slime.

"This is Ysarka; he is going to play us your stuff."

THE presence of the great Slav emphasized the importance of the group. No one seemed appalled that Weston had just come from a police court. It was difficult to imagine them as being appalled by anything—except perhaps failure. Almost he saw, in that instant, that all that people really care about is success. Given that, or the promise of it, nothing else matters much.

There was a lean, grizzled figure at his side, a voice resonantly in his ear.

"So my fires are to go to the world after all!"

He knew the man's name now, and all its power in the world. But to him the other was to remain always the Lost Mission's master.

"My incubator has hatched at last," the man laughed.

"A queer-looking bird," Weston made wry reply.

"Pin-feathers are rarely graceful. We will wait and see what the wings are like."

Then Rita again, pulling him down beside her on a fur rug before the fire.

"Sit here and I'll pour coffee into you while Ysarka plays."

The pianist scanned the music with a professional's contempt for one suspected of being a mere amateur. There came almost accusation.

"But these scale—it is impossible. Such things can not be done. It shall not be able to play itself—I show."

He began, almost in venom, then in astonishment at the tones rolling from under his steel-strong pianist's fingers.

It was at the scene in the Mission Perdida that he had begun. First human passion, snarling to its apex in the fight. Stabbing cries of remorse; then the welling, liquid gold of that song and ballet of the fire-flower, of which it was said that no one who really heard it was ever quite the same again.

It sang out above the hush, filling the room with the rhythms of almost another dimension of time.

Ysarka's hands dropped from the keyboard.

"Zat is a song of anozzer world!"

"No, it is this world, really," Weston answered, carried out of himself by those waves of his own creation. "It is the things between the things that we hear, the things between the things we see. There was the night sky, tender and wonderful as the radiance of some great dark face—and that song—sung by an earth all alight with those lilies of golden flame——"

He stopped, Rita's warm cheek against his own, her whisper in his ear.

"Oh, Pete—blessed Pete——"

Then Jinx, unimpressed, issuing bald pronouncement like some oracle of publicity.

"If you are going to produce that thing, it must be done within three weeks. In two months they will be laughing at 'The Case of The Mission Perdida,' just as they are now laughing at that 'better and better' stuff they went so crazy over."

His enthusiasm burst its bonds in an explosive cry.

"But, ye gods—what a *story!*"

"Do you think that I'd permit you to make it all public?" Weston demanded; but Rita's hand soothed him.

"Of course not, blessed; we won't let old Jinx get his paws on it. But it has gone to the public months ago, you see. And all this time you had that beautiful thing behind your eyes. No wonder they shone so—and looked so puzzled."

Unmoved, Jinx murmured ecstatically on:

"The heroes of the Lost Mission, starving in a London garret."

"We were no such thing!" Weston blazed.

"In a garret," Jinx went on, unshaken, "with a candle and a bunch of violets before a picture of the Madonna. That yellow hair of yours is a godsend—Parsifal—a bit frayed so as to be interesting. Visions, water and stale buns—only luxuries, gold-tipped cigarets and expensive soap. Faithful friend whom even being murdered couldn't stop—honest masculine affection, hand-shake and sob-in-throat stuff. Oh, they'll *eat* it up——"

"I'll break your head if you—" Weston warned, but the press-agent merely smiled.

"They are always going to break my head, but they get over it when they see their pictures on the front page"



Drawing by Charles R. Chickering

SHE STOPPED BEFORE HIM, SWEEPING HIM A CURTSY. "I KNELT BEFORE YOU ONCE BEFORE—NOW I DO IT AGAIN——"

He nodded on with closed eyes, contemplating his own vision.

"I have the garret ready for you—bag of buns, violets and all. It is down back of Drury Lane in the same street where Chatterton starved and died. You must get round there at once to receive the press boys."

"But—why——"

"You don't want the public in where you really are, do you?" Jinx asked. "This is a painted curtain that I'll hang before you. Lord, the curtains I have hung—and the things that went on behind them."

"But this is all something between Sid and myself alone!" Weston raged. "Something almost sacred!"

"All sacred things are made public," Jinx retorted. "What else is the use of them? Show me a more melodramatic book than the Bible. Those boys didn't care who heard about them; they got up on mountains and broadcasted it."

Weston saw that he had parted with more than mere hiddenness when he admitted his identity. He belonged to the world now, and the hands of notoriety were as ruthless as those of neglect. But it would take a superior sort of flesh to stand these fires of public notice without writhing. He seemed to have no more to say about himself; they were all disposing of him as if he were just a part of a general scramble for success. Jinx was talking again, bemused with delight.

"Doctor Blakelee of the London Non-Conformist Temple has announced a sermon about you, 'Back from Death—and for What?' With the churches beginning to pound you, you are made. If we could only get the archbishop—or the pope— Oh, gee——"

Buzz—buzz. The room was full of it, all on that febrile key of C sharp major, the tone of half-breathless delight. Rita was with the master of the mission now, laughing up in his face in frank witchery, sweeping him along on that general wave.

"I am not going to kiss you; I only do that to nice boys whom I know I can manage. But I am going to take you to that desk where you will sit down and calculate how much it will take to rent a theater and put on 'The Fire-Flower.' A great big production," she half sang, dancing him across the room. "Chorus and ballet and settings all complete—and me as the big It. Then you will back us!"

TO BE powerfully "backed," with a theater all one's own; Weston had thought that that settled it. In the time since he had seen that it was hardly the beginning.

Seven days were enough for creation, but three weeks are short in a theater. To stretch the sky as a curtain over the void of the stage, to paint the earth beneath and make men in his own image—There were moments when he felt as if the firmament of his brain were cracking and the whole devising crashing down.

It was one of those moments now as he stood by the discarded footlights, his surroundings revealed by that peculiarly grisly daylight of which theaters alone have the secret. All about was a pendent forest of gauze, hanging apparently at random, but each strip really placed at the mathematical angle of reflection from one of the lanterns ranged at the side. A wizard of light had worked for days calculating those angles. Image on image, fifty at a time, gliding imperceptibly through each other, each unseen until it reached its particular screen, while the



"We had not been long home when a band of country lads were seen advancing up the avenue. The squire eyed this fanciful exhibition with great delight."

performers moved in individual pools of light, or followed marked paths between those shafts of radiance.

All mere light, imponderable, its creations springing complete at the turn of a switch. Then what was it that so held things back, he wondered, like some unseen ball and chain? Everything was ready, yet nothing done; the production lay in scattered bits, refusing to cohere.

It was as if there were some subtle league against him, like a contempt from entrenched privilege for a young iconoclast of artistic traditions. Dimly he felt it as a lack in himself; there was still something which he had not. When he entered the stage door, there was no subtle shock going before him such as would make each atom of the affair look to him alone. They went on looking at themselves instead, and his presence brought no unity. He was more like some harassed ghost moving in a purgatory of his own emanations, secretly sneered at by the spirits of his own making.

It was all so unreasonable; the very bread and butter of these people depended on his success. And yet, from conductor and producer down to stage-hands, it almost appeared as if they would rather see him fail than give up their own ideas of what should or should not be done upon a stage.

EVEN Rita—there were moments when he wondered if that were not the very crux of it. Something in himself, something in herself; something that all these people were, rather than what they did; and always that something which he was not. Rita was so different in the theater, and in these weeks of stress he saw no one anywhere else. "No sentiment in the profession," she had said. He saw now what she meant; but how could one look upon her without feeling?

She came to him, pushing her way by a single disdainful finger through the crowd waiting in the wings. She was in her rehearsal suit, her first ballet dress, to which she clung through sheer superstition. Its faded tinsels billowed about her hips; beneath it legs slim and black in well-darned tights. A draggled butterfly she looked, fragile, fluttering; but the curves of her mouth might have been cut steel.

"Pete—that woman——"

"What is it now?" he breathed wearily.

They stood at the prompt-table under the glare of a T light, officially alone in that unapproachable place, but raked by every eye in the theater.

"That Miss—Miss—" She made elaborate drama of having forgotten the name. "The woman who sings the fire-flower song while the ballet is on. I can't work with her."

"You have no work with her."

"She is on the stage at the same time as I am."

He wondered what the trouble could be. Of course Rita knew—they all knew so much better than he did. Yet the woman was one upon whom he was depending for a success; a beautiful girl with a beautiful voice, one marked and sealed for a career.

"She is not the one at all for that part," Rita declared. "It ought to be an older—I mean, a more mature woman. A much larger woman, too; a majestic sort of figure instead of that little young snip."

"You mean one of those bellowing cows from the opera?"

"No, not quite that, of course, although—perhaps even that might be better— Pete—to please me——"

A smile curving the hardened lips, a touch on his arm, both smile and touch something donned for the moment. They did not need to be real; she knew, and he knew too well, that any touch and smile from her were potent.

Bleak day through the skylight above the scene grid; a hundred pairs of eyes watching from all about, secretly sneering as they gazed. A world of his own creating over which he could not lord—because he was letting it rule him. What was it Rita had once said—"Malikine will never let me really dance again, and I would do the same."

A world here on that stage made of his own imaginings, yet each refusing to play its allotted part even though he was the brain and real supporter of it all. Fragments of memory came floating back—"Every little hussy in the business working you to a frazzle—me included." The words bit into his mind; live-oaks, roses, Californian sun, and Rita's voice again: "Great big managers aren't like you. You are too nice."

Her own words coming back as though she had unknowingly armed him against this day. He had been a fool, he still was one—but by the eternal, it was going to stop!

"You wish to throw up your contract?" he heard himself asking, and the tone was one which he had never before managed.

"What do you mean?"

"That if you dance in my theater, it will be only at my orders!"

There was anger on the mouth now, mutiny in the eyes above it; yet he thought that he detected something else still. What was it—fear—or the dawning of a different thing beyond that?

"How dare you speak to me like that?" she was demanding. "When I think of what I gave up to come here and help you, to try and make a success out of your wretched opera thing—I never dreamed— Oh, I'm through—through!—do you hear?"

"I hear," he nodded, unmovedly.

She stamped at that, then flung away and up the iron stairs to her dressing-room. Probably she was going to change her costume and fling on out of the theater. That thought brought distress and part of him was trying to call, to run after her, but the rest of him was incapable of moving. There was a coldness upon him, a frost more blighting than any flame. Under its touch he could almost see the lush greennesses of his mind withering to blackened stalks.

"Stop!" The word kept repeating itself inside him with a chill insistence. "This must stop."

He had said that aloud, hardly knowing that he did so—so loudly that conductor and producer approached him.

"You spoke, Mr. Weston?"

Sneers again; behind those smiles their faces were really conjecturing "what Romano had put over now." But that frost was creeping on him, sterile as the breath of the spaces between the worlds, where nothing sprouts.

"I said, 'Stop!' "

"You mean to dismiss the rehearsal?"

"I mean exactly what I said. Everything in this theater must stop, at once."

He sat down at the prompt-table while the word went out on the lips of assistants. About him the puzzled company stared, whispered, waited long, then began to drift off into the wings. After a while even those vague hammerings up in the flies, the apparently inevitable accompaniment to every rehearsal, died away.

Like a settling mist silence began to fall, vindictive, arrogant, then increasingly perplexed. The whole place became as a cave of eyes, all focused on the solitary figure under the T light. They were looking at him now; for the first time he had the undivided attention of every one in the place. They wandered out, then wandered back again, drawn as by some inescapable magnetism. The whisperings ceased and the faces peering out from the shadows in the wings began to pale with strain.

HE WAS so horribly still, just sitting there. Hour after hour, motionless, silent; and in that temple of action and sound, stillness and silence became fearful. He had no idea of how long it was, nor did he care. He himself seemed to have stopped as if that commandment had been for his own brain. It was like an inevitability upon him and the effort would have been to break it.

The first mist was clearing from his mind, leaving a freer vision. He saw now that he had been looking on these people as—people. As beings with rights of their own, when they were merely pigments for the picture he would paint. Youth, virility, talent, splendor of voice or person—just paints to his hand. In all that theater his was the only real voice.

Just shadows, those things in the wings there. And if any of them were to become real to him then again, then they must charm him into it.

It was Rita who broke the hush at last. He could see her coming step by step, mutinous, pulled along like some fluttering bird by wires of compulsion. Still in her ballet dress, she stood by the table, pale with the inner pull that was upon her.

"Pete—what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

She shook with a shivering breath; then, as if her

Continued on page 78

"BE OF GOOD CHEER!"

By HUGH BLACK, D. D., D. LITT.
Professor of Practical Theology at Union Theological Seminary, New York; and author of "The Friendship of Christ"

What a need there is for a message of good cheer to all of us in this great pilgrimage of life! What life does not know its troubles without and fears within, its dark moments, its difficult passes, its dangers and distresses? Men live in the shadow, oppressed with care, burdened with loads too heavy, harassed with fears and doubts. There are lonely lives and tempted souls, and hearts that have said good-by to happiness.

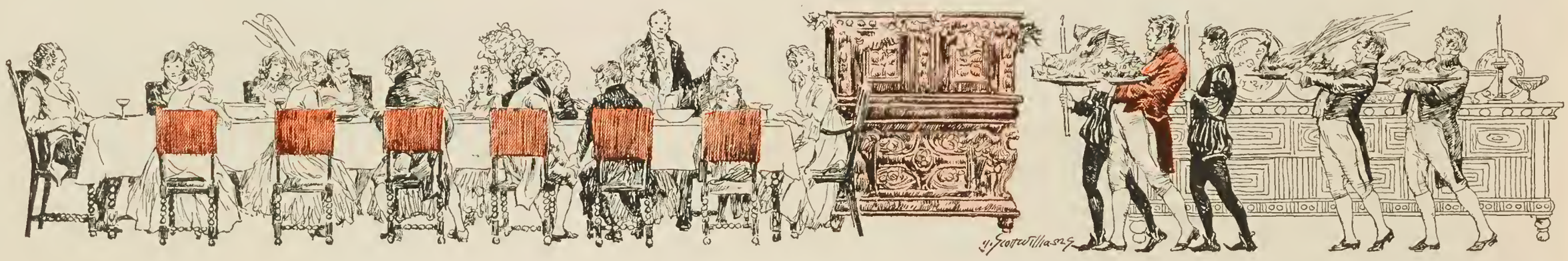
This is the Christian message: to bring hope and good cheer to those who sit in darkness. It is a message which tells simply of God's great love, with its sweet appeal to cast our care on him, for He careth for us.

Sin is the heaviest burden on the heart. "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee" were the commanding words of Christ. The pardoning love of God is the message of Christmas.

Fear is another of the great burdens on the heart. "Be of good cheer," said Jesus to his disciples, "it is I; be not afraid." To realize His presence in this world is to lose the fears that maim and torture life.

Still another of the burdens that weigh on men's hearts is caused by tribulation, by conflict with our environment. "In the world ye shall have tribulation," said the Master, "but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

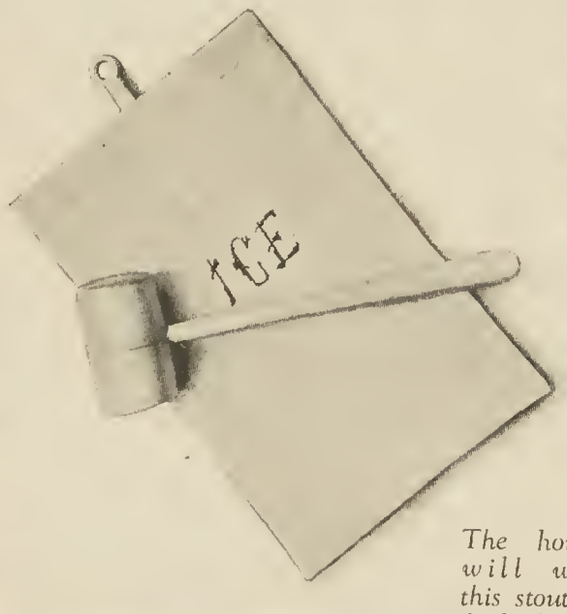
We live below our privileges, below our opportunities, below our station as the children of God. We live among the shadows, when we might emerge into the sunshine. Let us accept the opportunities of our Christmas faith and open our hearts to the joy and peace and hope it brings. Let us take courage from the great revelation. Lift up your head at the good tidings. Lift up your hearts and take for ashes the beauty. "Daughter, be of good comfort. Son, be of good cheer. Be not afraid. It is I."



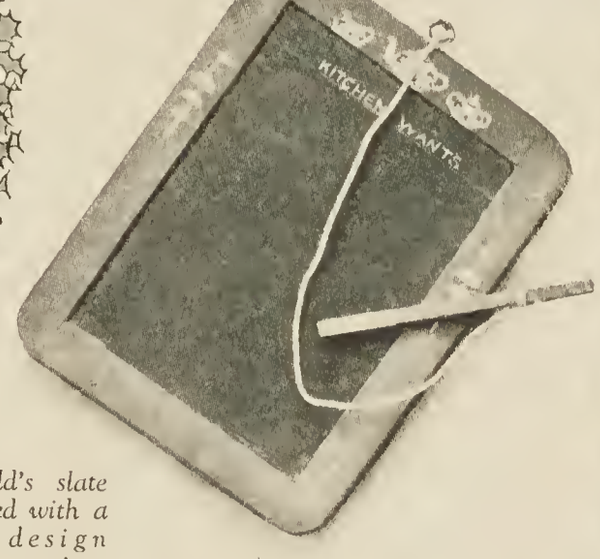
"There was now a pause, as if something was expected; when suddenly the butler entered the hall with a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head."

Holiday Presents that are Easy to Make

These are gifts that you can make yourself. They're clever in idea, attractive in looks, practical in use. You'll enjoy making them; and the recipient will enjoy receiving them. Complete directions are all ready to go to you in return for a stamped, self-addressed envelope Write Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders at THE DELINEATOR, *Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



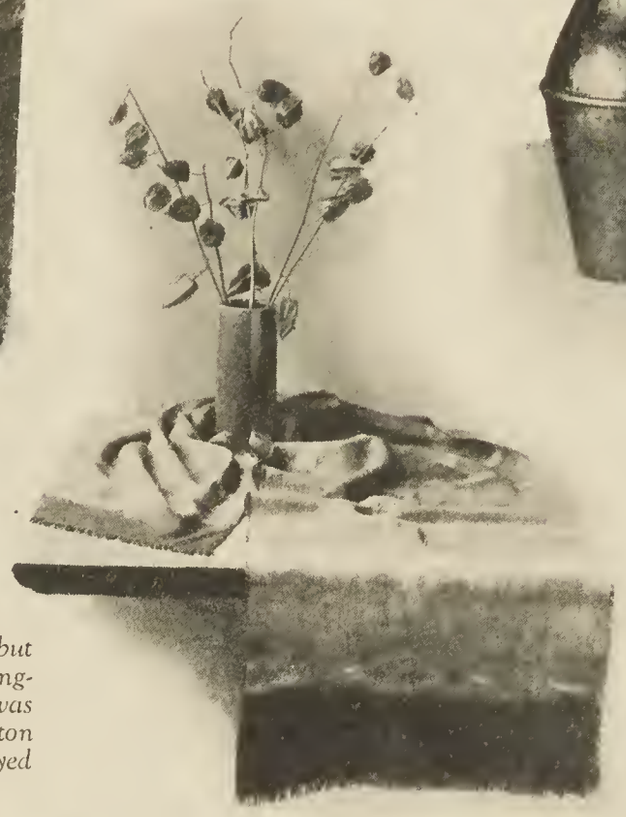
The housewife will welcome this stout white duck bag and handy mallet for cracking ice



A child's slate stenciled with a quaint design makes a unique memo pad for the kitchen



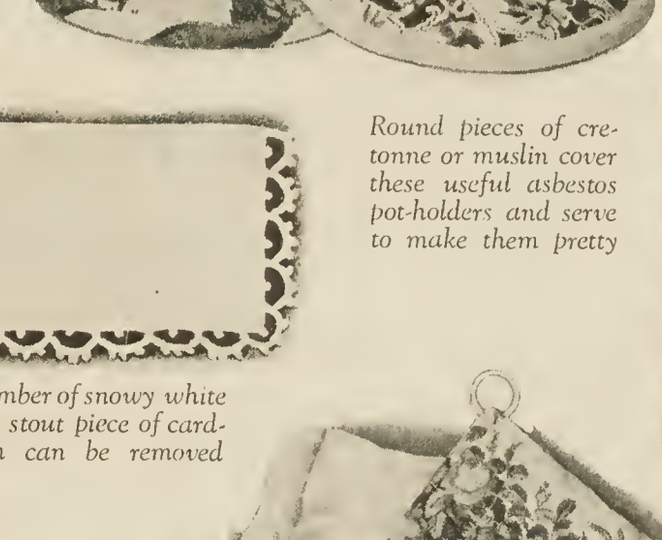
This was an ordinary cold-cream jar before its dress of wall-paper and shellac made it into a dainty container



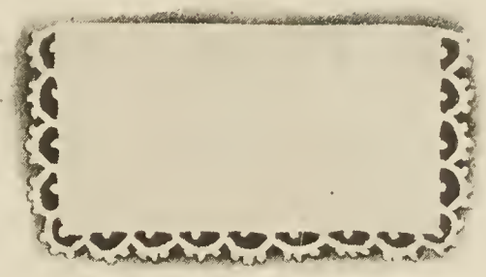
Hard to believe—but this decorative living-room table-runner was just a strip of Canton flannel, tied and dyed



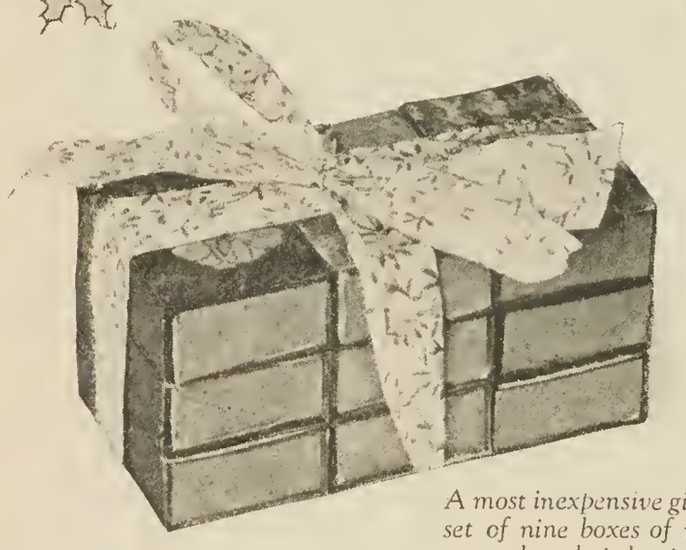
It's just the knowing how that gives the artistic touch to this parchment lamp-shade, the small book and the match-folders



Round pieces of cretonne or muslin cover these useful asbestos pot-holders and serve to make them pretty



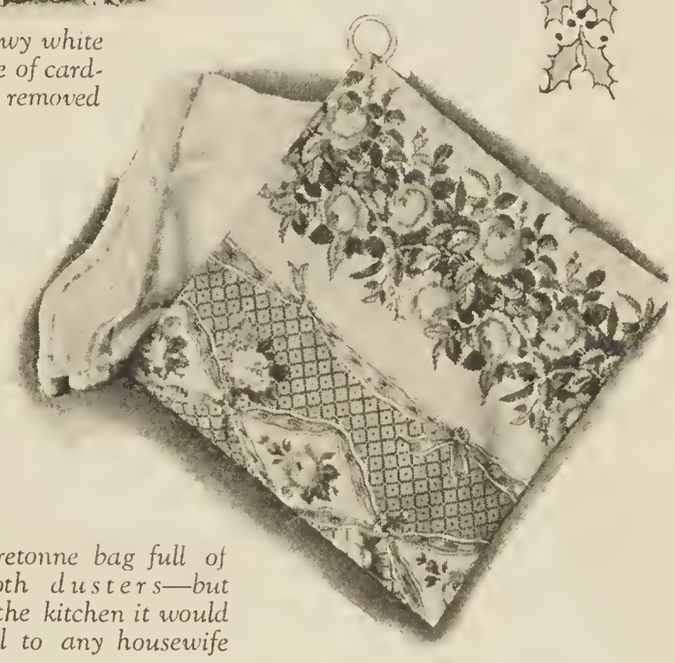
A dainty crumber of snowy white linen holds a stout piece of cardboard, which can be removed



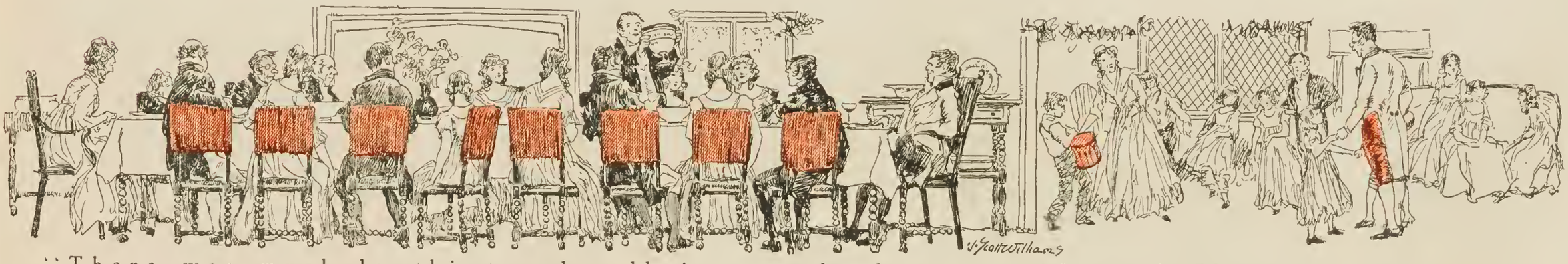
A most inexpensive gift is this set of nine boxes of matches covered and tied with fancy paper or cretonne ribbon



From a chopping-bowl, nut-cracker and kitchen-knife was evolved this good-looking set for fruit and nuts



Just a cretonne bag full of cheese-cloth dusters—but hung in the kitchen it would be useful to any housewife



"There was much laughing and rallying as the honest emblem of Christmas joviality circulated and was kissed rather coyly by the ladies"

Christmas Gifts *For* Health



"The world is mine"

The right kinds *of* toys *for* girls and boys

By

DR. HENRY L. K. SHAW

Recently President of the American Child Hygiene Association; Consultant of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in the New York State Department of Health

CHRISTMAS in the minds of children is synonymous with toys. At this season hallowed with sacred memories, it has long been the custom for parents to make gifts of toys to their children. But why not toys that are sensible and appropriate, that stimulate the imagination and satisfy the play instincts of their little ones? Too often parents select their gifts unwisely, choosing those toys which appeal to their own tastes, rather than to those of their children.

There is no denying the tendency of being too generous in gifts to our children. Often they positively suffer from an overabundance of toys. Indulgent parents, devoted relatives and fond friends vie with each other in providing playthings. The one thought seems to be, "the more the merrier." The child gets a wrong impression of life; he thinks the whole world is only a big toy-shop made solely for his amusement.

A child should not receive all the toys he asks Santa Claus for, because this tends to destroy all anticipation and delight in new playthings at another time. No child is capable of appreciating or enjoying a large number of toys at once. Furthermore, too many toys tend to a lack of concentration and cause restlessness, desire for change and a blasé and dissatisfied disposition. Children learn to brag to one another about the number of toys they receive, which leads to no little rivalry, jealousy and discontent—traits that should be banished from the child's mind, not fostered or encouraged. A sensible mother will hide away the majority of Christmas toys for use later on in the year. One mother of my acquaintance saves the best toys for use only when her children are sick or convalescing.

VALUE OF TOYS

Childhood is the toy age. It begins with the little baby and reaches its height when the child is in his teens. Childhood's happiest days are the ones spent with toys which kindle the imagination and supply it with fuel.

Adults need much education about toys, for the proper bestowing of them requires careful selection. Toys should give pleasure and bring joy and happiness; but at the same time they should assist in the education of the child in a natural and effective way. Toys are the most treasured possessions of a child during the most impressionable years of his life, and they exert a marked influence upon his character and development. We can by our selection of toys turn the activities of children into productive and creative directions or into destructive and selfish channels The right kinds of toys are those that are adapted not only to the age of the child, but also to his environment and physical and mental development.

TOYS FOR THE BABY

Toys for the young baby should help him exercise and develop his muscles and his senses. At this period of life simple rattles, rubber dolls and animals, celluloid or rubber floating bath-toys are appreciated and enjoyed.

The small metal whistles in many of the rubber toys must always be removed, because there is the danger that they may be loosened and swallowed or inhaled. A baby puts things in his mouth, not because he is hungry, but because the tactile sense is more keenly developed there than in the fingers. For this reason the right kinds of toys for babies have no rough edges, corners or points which can injure the delicate mucous membrane of the lips and gums or collect dirt and undesirable germs. They should be washable and not have any paint or dye that can come off when the baby chews or sucks them. They must be strong enough to withstand rough usage.

Babies are born with a desire to investigate and experiment. Small bells, buttons or ornaments should never be attached to the toys of young children, for they like to remove and swallow them and, if small enough, put them in their ears or up their nostrils. For the same reason animals covered with fluffy wool or fur make harmful toys for babies. No toy should be given which might startle the baby by loud and unexpected noises or by sudden movements.

Young children like soft dolls, teddy-bears, etc., which they can take to bed, hold in their arms and cuddle while going to sleep.

Before the child is able to walk alone, he can get enjoyment as well as training from the use of a so-called baby-walker; but the seat should be adjusted so that the entire weight of the baby does not rest on his legs. A rocking-horse chair in which the baby is held by a strap affords much pleasure and exercise.

TOYS FOR THE "RUNABOUT"

When the child reaches the runabout age, his tastes and activities change and he requires a different type of toy. He becomes more active physically, his brain develops rapidly and his instinct for initiative crops out. The child of this age should be considered sexless. It does not make a mollycoddle of a small boy if he plays with dolls or a tomboy of a little girl if she plays ball with her brother and his friends.

At this time a child should have outdoor as well as indoor toys. Kiddie-cars and express-wagons give much pleasure and good exercise. A shovel and pail are welcome outdoor gifts, but they afford no real pleasure unless a sand-pile or place to dig is provided. "Runabouts" enjoy toys on wheels which they can drag along behind them. Horse-reins help to make the daily walk entertaining. Indoor toys for this age include picture-books, preferably indestructible linen ones, dolls, blocks, balls, wooden animals, etc.

TOYS FOR THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD

The next period, including the ages from three to six years, is known as the pre-school age and is characterized by muscular, physical and mental growth. The child of this age has an active imagination and is possessed with great curiosity. This is a dramatic period, when children like to dress up and act. The child carries out in his play world the ideas, the impressions and the training he is receiving in the real world. Outdoor play should not only develop him physically, but quicken his senses and coordinate his muscular activity. Catching and throwing a ball, pushing a small wheelbarrow or dragging a small wagon afford excellent exercise.

In addition to the toys already mentioned, a sand-pile, a seesaw, simple garden swings and trees easy and safe to climb all help make life joyous for the child while playing outdoors. The indoor toys should include dolls, a doll-carriage and doll-furniture, a Noah's Ark with

Concluded on page 87

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR MOTHERS

Enroll them in our "Happy Child Clubs"

There are four clubs! One for expectant mothers. A second for mothers of tiny babies. A third for mothers of two-to-six-year-old "runabouts." And the fourth for the mothers of school children.

Membership in each club is only fifty cents a year—and in return the mother receives a letter every month from Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw, the eminent child specialist. Doctor Shaw gives a correct health program according to the age of the child, warns of epidemics and tells how to keep the little one strong and well. His letters are timely and helpful—really a personal message from this great doctor.

A membership in these clubs is a gift for which any mother would be thankful. The letters begin going to her at once. Send us her name and address together with the club dues and tell us in which club—or clubs—you wish to enroll her. Remember there are four: "The Baby-to-Come Club," "The New Baby Club," "The Runabout Club" and "The School-Child Club." Membership is fifty cents a year for one club—or a dollar for all four. Address the Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

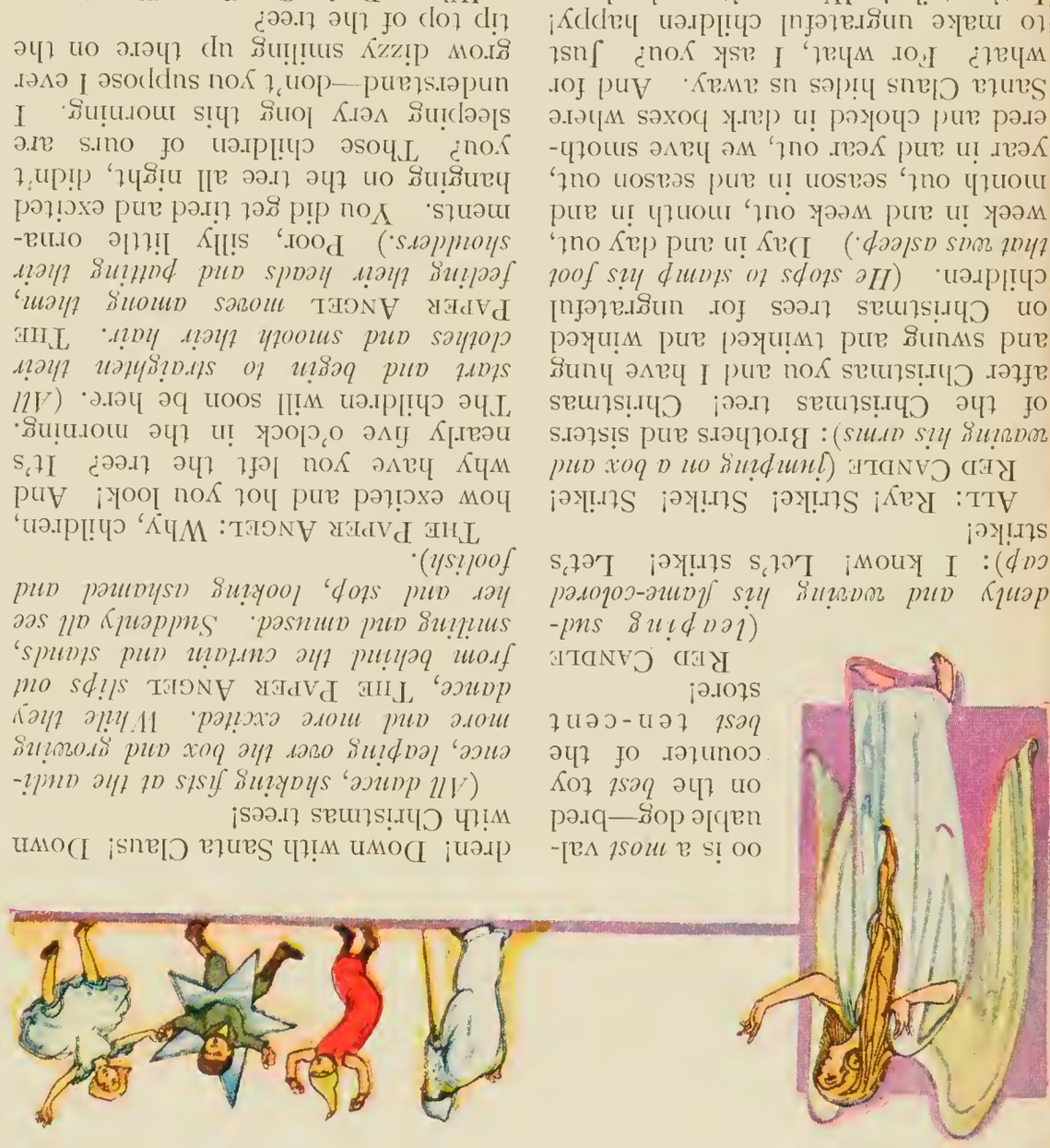


"To what purpose is all this? If I can by any lucky chance rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow beings and himself, surely I shall not have written entirely in vain."

ALL: Ray! Strike! Strike! Strike!

RED CANDLE (*jumping on a box and waving his arms*): Brothers and sisters of the Christmas tree! Christmas after Christmas you and I have hung and swung and twinked and winked on Christmas trees for ungrateful children. (*He stops to stamp his foot that was asleep.*) Day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, season in and season out, year in and year out, we have smothered and choked in dark boxes where Santa Claus hides us away. And for what? For what, I ask you? Just to make ungrateful children happy! Let's strike! We won't go back on the Christmas tree again. Strike, brothers and sisters! Down with Christmas trees! Down with Santa Claus! Down with children! Hurray! Hurray!

ALL (*excitedly, except* POPPA POP-CORN, *who mumbles to himself, shaking his head*): Hurray! Down with children!



RED CANDLE (*leaping sud-denly and waving his flame-colored cap*): I know! Let's strike! Let's strike!

THE PAPER ANGEL: Why, children, how excited and hot you look! And why have you left the tree? It's nearly five o'clock in the morning. The children will soon be here. (*All start and begin to straighten their clothes and smooth their hair.* THE PAPER ANGEL *moves among them, feeling their heads and patting their shoulders.*) Poor, silly little ornaments. You did get tired and excited hanging on the tree all night, didn't you? Those children of ours are sleeping very long this morning. I understand—don't you suppose I ever grow dizzy smiling up there on the tip top of the tree?

Why, Red Candle, silly boy—you're just waiting for the thrill of hearing the match scratch and feeling your little head burst into yellow flame.

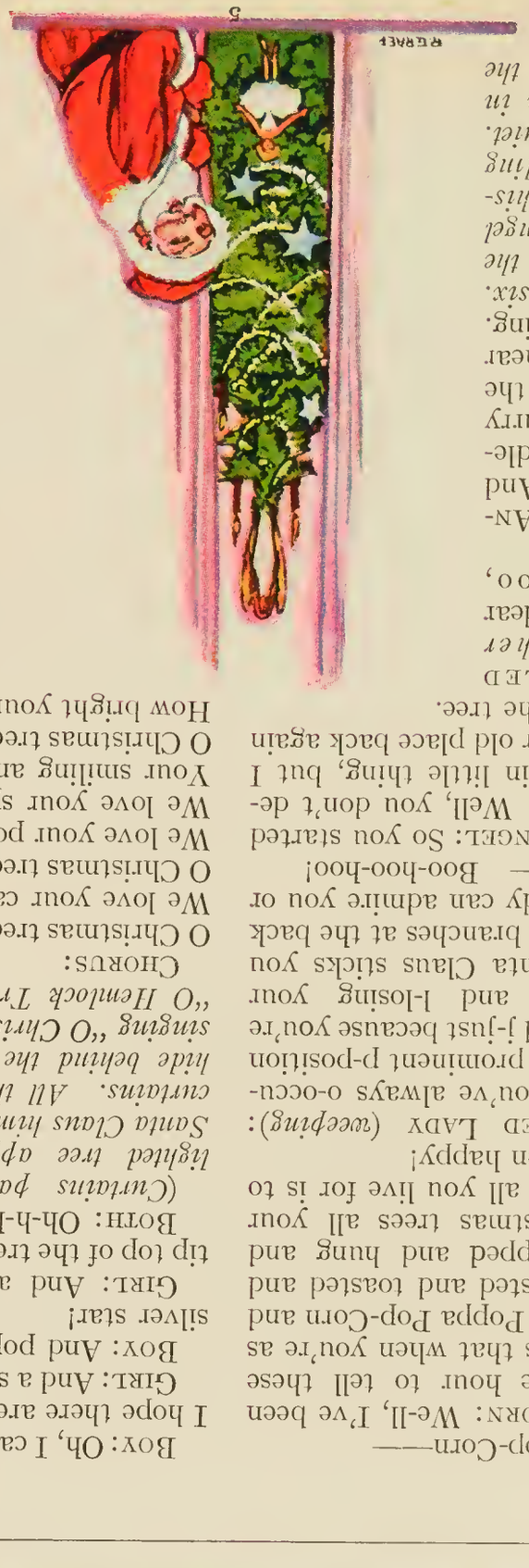
And little Silver Star, you simply dote on rubbing and scrubbing and polishing and shining your five points to dazzle the eyes of happy children—

dren! Down with Santa Claus! Down with Christmas trees!

(*All dance, shaking fists at the audience, leaping over the box and growing more and more excited. While they dance,* THE PAPER ANGEL *slips out from behind the curtain and stands, smiling and amused. Suddenly all see her and stop, looking ashamed and foolish*).

THE PAPER ANGEL: Why, children, why have you stopped? Don't you know that Christmas comes but once a year? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be happy? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be kind to each other? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be thankful for all the good things you have? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be grateful to your parents for all they do for you? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be thoughtful of the poor and the sick and the sorrowful? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be unselfish and generous and forgiving? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be loving and tender and gentle? Don't you know that it is the one time in all the year when you are supposed to be—

(*Clock strikes six. All run behind the curtain, the Angel last. There is whispering and rustling and then all is quiet. The children run in and tiptoe about the curtain.*)



THE SPANGLED LADY (*wiping her eyes*): And d-dear Toodle-oodle-oo, too?

THE PAPER ANGEL (*patiently*): And dear Toodle-oodle-oo, too. But hurry scurry back on the tree, quickly. I hear the children stirring.

THE SPANGLED LADY (*weeping*): W-ell, when y-you've always o-occupied the m-most prominent p-position on the t-tree, and j-just because you're g-getting o-old and l-losing your s-spangles, S-Santa Claus sticks you off in the th-thin branches at the back w-where n-nobody can admire you or Toodle-oodle-oo— Boo-hoo-hoo!

THE PAPER ANGEL: So you started all the trouble? Well, you don't deserve it, you vain little thing, but I promise you your old place back again at the front of the tree.

And Poppa Pop-Corn——

POPPA POP-CORN: We-ll, I've been a-trying for one hour to tell these crazy youngsters that when you're as old and white as Poppa Pop-Corn and you've been roasted and toasted and hopped and popped and hung and strung on Christmas trees all your born days, why, all you live for is to make the children happy!

THE SPANGLED LADY (*weeping*): W-ell, when y-you've always o-occupied the m-most prominent p-position on the t-tree, and j-just because you're g-getting o-old and l-losing your s-spangles, S-Santa Claus sticks you off in the th-thin branches at the back w-where n-nobody can admire you or Toodle-oodle-oo— Boo-hoo-hoo!

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THE PAPER ANGEL (*patiently*): And dear Toodle-oodle-oo, too. But hurry scurry back on the tree, quickly. I hear the children stirring.

(*Clock strikes six. All run behind the curtain, the Angel last. There is whispering and rustling and then all is quiet. The children run in and tiptoe about the curtain.*)

BOY: Oh, I can't wait! I can't wait! I hope there are lots of red candles.

GIRL: And a spangled lady!

BOY: And popped pop-corn and a silver star!

GIRL: And a paper angel on the tip top of the tree!

BOTH: Oh-h-h!

(*Curtains part half-way and the lighted tree appears. If you wish, Santa Claus himself may pull aside the curtains. All the ornament characters hide behind the curtains and join in singing "O Christmas Tree!" to tune of "O Hemlock Tree."*)

CHORUS:

O Christmas tree, dear Christmas tree,
We love your candles shining;
O Christmas tree, dear Christmas tree,
We love your pop-corn twining;
We love your spangled ladies bright,
Your smiling angel high and white—
O Christmas tree, dear Christmas tree,
How bright your stars are shining!

O Christmas tree, dear Christmas tree,
Let children dance
About you;
O Christmas tree, dear Christmas tree,
The day is lost without you.
We love your sweet,
Your woodsy scent,
We love each magic ornament—
O Christmas tree, dear Christmas tree,
The day is lost without you.

(*Other Christmas songs may follow.*)

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

DECEMBER 1924

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER

PICTURE EDITOR—ROBERT GRAEF



A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS "BOW-MEOW TREE" COVER IS SECOND PRIZE IN THE CHRISTMAS-PRESENT CONTEST ON PAGE SIX



My Little Page

DEAR HOLLY BERRIES: How's that for a Christmas name? I thought you'd like it because it sounds rather rosy-cheeked and cheerful and sturdy. This month's LITTLE DELINEATOR is my Christmas card to each of you, and here is your Christmas verse:

When the candle's low and the hearth is light
And your heart glows warm and deep and bright—
Remember your friends on this Christmas night.

Say it in the dark before you go to sleep on Christmas eve and pretend I am whispering it in your secret ear. Imagine to yourself how all over this country, and even in other parts of the world, other boys and girls will be saying it too and thinking with happiness of you and me, their unknown friends. Then turn over and go to sleep as quickly as you can and I'm sure your dreams will be warm and beautiful through all the friendly night.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Your Merry Christmas editor,
HARRIET IDE EAGER.

Do you want some interesting games to play at the Christmas dinner-table and on Christmas afternoon or at your Christmas party? Every child who enters the contest on page six will get a letter from your editor telling new Christmas games. If you do not enter the contest and want the games anyway, write to Christmas Games, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York, N. Y. Be sure to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

PRIZE-WINNERS

April Cover: Elizabeth Green, Hope, Arkansas. **May Cover:** Martha Cooper, Perry, Georgia. **Tommy Tiptoe Book:** *First Prize*, Ann L. Evans, Nelsonville, Ohio. *Second Prize*, Thelma Rhodes, Jacksonville, Florida. **July** (*Five Dollars*): Galvin Good, Chickasha, Oklahoma.

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A CHRISTMAS PRIZE FOR YOU FROM MEXICO





Helen and Margarita Tafel, who sent us the souvenirs from Vera Cruz

HERE is your chance to win an interesting Christmas prize.

Two of our readers, Helen and Margarita Tafel, who live in Vera Cruz, Mexico, sent us these beautiful little Mexican souvenirs to offer as a prize to other readers. The tiny vases and bowls are exactly like the large pottery used by the natives, and the tiny baskets and hats are hand-woven, of horsehair.

Your editor has hung these souvenirs on a little Christmas tree, and the tree and ornaments will be given as a prize for the most helpful, interesting letter, explaining a simple Christmas gift which a boy or girl can make costing no more than twenty-five cents.

This little tree would make a wonderful surprise for the Christmas dinner-table.

If you want an answer from your editor, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Second prize is a big hand-painted framed picture like this month's "Bow-Meow Tree" cover. Address Christmas GiftContest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, N. Y. C.



tree?

SPANGLED LADY: Stupids! Every Christmas-tree ornament has the right to turn big for one hour on Christmas morning. Come, Toodle-oodle-oo. *(She runs out from behind curtain, dragging a toy poodle on wheels. Stamping her foot and speaking to her dog)*: We won't stand it, will we, Toodle-oodle-oo? It's bad enough to sleep all year in horrid, dusty, dark old boxes, but when Santa Claus hides his most *beautiful* Spangled Lady and his most *beautiful* Toodle-oodle-oo *(jerks the poodle)* back in the thin branches where nobody can——

Enter POPPA POP-CORN, *hobbling on a cane.*

VOICE OF SILVER STAR *(who lisps)*: And I'm thick and tired of thcrubbing and polithing and thining my thilver pointh!

VOICE OF POPPA POP-CORN: We-ll, when you're as old and white as Poppa Pop-Corn and you've been roasted and toasted and hopped and popped and hung and strung— *(He goes on mumbling while the others talk.)*

VOICE OF SPANGLED LADY *(angrily)*: Why has Santa Claus stuck me off here in the thin branches at the back of the tree where nobody can admire me, just because I've lost a few spangles? I won't stand it! I'll get off the tree, I will!

EVERYBODY *(shocked)*: Get off the tree?

SPANGLED LADY: Stupids! Every Christmas-tree ornament has the right to turn big for one hour on Christmas morning. Come, Toodle-oodle-oo. *(She runs out from behind curtain, dragging a toy poodle on wheels. Stamping her foot and speaking to her dog)*: We won't stand it, will we, Toodle-oodle-oo? It's bad enough to sleep all year in horrid, dusty, dark old boxes, but when Santa Claus hides his most *beautiful* Spangled Lady and his most *beautiful* Toodle-oodle-oo *(jerks the poodle)* back in the thin branches where nobody can——

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VOICE OF POPPA POP-CORN: We-ll, when you're as old and white as Poppa Pop-Corn and you've been roasted and toasted and hopped and popped and hung and strung— *(He goes on mumbling while others pay no attention and go on talking)*: We-ll, when you're old and white as Poppa Pop-Corn and you've been roasted and toasted and hopped and popped and hung and strung and——

SPANGLED LADY *(jerking her poodle)*: I won't stand it! I shall send my resignation to Santa Claus t o - n i g h t ! And Toodle-oodle-oo's too!

ALL *(laughing)*: Toodle-oodle-oo's?

SPANGLED LADY *(haughtily)*: Of course Toodle-oodle-oo's. Toodle-oodle-

POPPA POP-CORN *(in a high, drawling voice)*: Well, when you're old and white as Poppa Pop-Corn and you've been roasted and toasted and hopped and popped and hung and strung and toasted— *(He goes on mumbling while* SPANGLED LADY *turns her back haughtily, jerking her poodle.)*

Enter RED CANDLE, *stretching and yawning and stamping one foot.*

RED CANDLE: Oh-h, my red foot's asleep! And I'm so tired of standing straight I'm ready to melt! It's no fun being a Christmas candle.

Enter SILVER STAR, *small but important.*

SILVER STAR: Well, thpothin you were a thilver thar and had to thpend all your thpare time thcrubbing and thining and polithing your thilver pointh ——

POPPA POP-CORN *(mutterings while others pay no attention and go on talking)*: We-ll, when you're old and white as Poppa Pop-Corn and you've been roasted and toasted and hopped and popped and hung and strung and——

SPANGLED LADY *(jerking her poodle)*: I won't stand it! I shall send my resignation to Santa Claus t o - n i g h t ! And Toodle-oodle-oo's too!

ALL *(laughing)*: Toodle-oodle-oo's?

SPANGLED LADY *(haughtily)*: Of course Toodle-oodle-oo's. Toodle-oodle-

The Paper Angel

A Little Play Around the Christmas Tree



Take this to school or to Sunday-school and ask your teacher to let your class give the play for a little Christmas-tree ceremony. Or it would be fun at home on Christmas afternoon. Your editor would be happy to hear how it turns out.



CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

THE SPANGLED LADY: *Pretty girl in tight bodice and fluffy skirt of tarlatan dotted with spangles.*

THE RED CANDLE: *Thin boy or girl in straight sack-like gown of red paper cambric, gathered at neck and below the knees. Yellow pointed cap for flame.*

THE SILVER STAR: *Small boy in gray suit with big five-pointed star of pasteboard covered with silver paper fastened under arms in front and in back.*

OLD POPPA POP-CORN: *Old man in white with string of white pop-corn fastened to his clothes, hanging from his cap and fastened around his chin for a beard.*

THE PAPER ANGEL: *Long white gown, wings and long golden hair.*

THE BOY.

THE GIRL.

THE OTHER REAL CHILDREN.

DIRECTIONS

The trimmed tree should be hidden behind a curtain or screen until the end. Among the ornaments there must be red candles, silver stars, pop-corn, a spangled lady and on the tip top a paper angel. Have the costumes and the Christmas-tree ornaments as nearly alike as you can.

If you want more children to act, have more stars and candles, and divide up the speeches among them and have as many boys and girls as you like for THE REAL CHILDREN. *For further help with costumes, write to your editor.*

THE PLAY

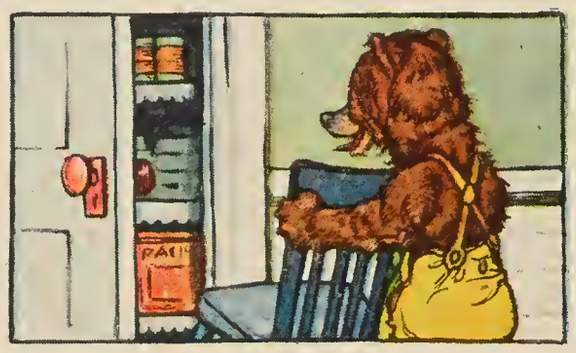
A clock strikes five. (A stick struck slowly against a brass or copper bowl makes a good clock sound.) Whisperings and rustling begin behind the curtain.

VOICE OF RED CANDLE *(yawning)*: Oh-h! My red foot's asleep!

DELI-BEAR'S CHRISTMAS CURIOSITY



O-oo-oh! Such a package mother hides
away upon the shelf!
This surely is a Christmas gift for Deli-bear
himself.



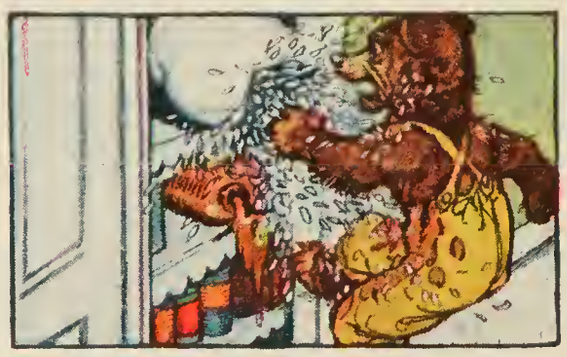
More curious and more curious Deli-bear
grows every minute,
He simply can not wait to see the giant
secret in it.



With itching paws, he reaches, but the
shelf is still too high,
So up he climbs and up, and hopes that
mother isn't by.



Oh, oh! His Deli-paw has struck the big
molasses-jar!
From head to foot that bear boy's stuck as
if he'd rolled in tar.



At last his curious claws have reached the
package at the top—
It breaks—whiff! whirr! the feathers fly—
whiff! whirr! Oh, stop, stop, stop!



"The stuffing for my cushions," mother
cries, half smiles, half furious.
And tarred and feathered Deli-bear is paid
for being curious!



A HOME-MADE JUMPING-PIT OR A BALANCING-TREE WILL BRING NO END OF FUN TO GROWING YOUNGSTERS

Give Sports Equipment to Young America

By FIELDING H. YOST

Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, University of Michigan

A new tennis-racket, skis, a pair of skates—how young America thrills to find such gifts under the tree on Christmas morning! If you are contemplating gifts for the growing generation, read "Hurry-Up" Yost's sensible suggestions of health-giving athletic equipment in this article

THE right spirit of giving has no stronger advocate than I. Nobody gets more joy from the family Christmas, for I am still young enough in spirit to take the same pleasure from this season that comes to my son. But Christmas, to be a success, requires thought. The hit-or-miss system of giving may enable one to heave a sigh of relief and say, "Thank goodness, that's over!"—but it doesn't give one a one hundred per cent. dividend. It is hard to lay down a definite rule in regard to Christmas gifts. The tastes and temperament of the intended recipient and the means of the giver must be considered.

I believe, however, that, assuming a boy or girl to be healthy and of normal temperament, some kind of athletic equipment is more likely to fill the bill than any other class of gift. In giving athletic goods, however, one must use care not to stumble into the same pitfalls that endanger general giving. There are tremendous quantities of things sold for athletic equipment and there are so many varieties offered that one runs the risk of buying a gift totally unsuited to the particular child for whom it is intended.

BUY ONLY STANDARD GOODS

The first rule I would lay down in connection with the purchase of athletic goods is this: Buy only standard, durable stuff. Boys and girls are a good deal more familiar with "regulation" equipment than are most of their elders, and it brings disgust instead of gratitude when some one tries to palm off shoddy articles on them.

Lately the Christmas trade has developed a lot of so-called "sets" of athletic equipment. Practically all of these sets are made to sell and not to use, and they will last just about as long as it takes to get them unwrapped on Christmas morning. Don't buy them. A boy or girl would rather have one present of good quality and long life than a carload of such trash.

As a general rule, sporting goods should be purchased from sporting-goods stores or from department stores having a well-organized sporting-goods department, where the clerks know their merchandise thoroughly and may be depended on to give helpful and sincere advice.

An important consideration in giving a present is to make sure that it will suit the child. Too many parents make their selections because some article takes their own fancy. Under this head I may list complicated and expensive mechanical toys.

One of the reasons why athletic goods, as opposed to mere toys, are so popular is that they permit the boy or girl to be an actor instead of a spectator. Action is what the youngster craves. He would rather play with a rubber ball all day long than watch the most expensive mechanical toy go through its performances. The younger he is the more likely this is to be true.

THE IDEAL GIFT

If I had to name just one article as the ideal gift for either a boy or a girl, I should say a ball. This fits all ages, from the baby just able to crawl to the individual nearing the end of what might be called the play period. It takes only two persons to get up some kind of a ball game; and I have known boys and girls to amuse themselves by the hour throwing or batting a rubber ball against the side of a house. Ball games are known among almost all races and nations. They satisfy the instincts to run, throw and strike that have come down to us from the beginnings of the human race, the instincts that lead to the kind of physical development that man needs.

Very young children will get the best service from brightly colored soft balls of good size. These they can kick, throw or bounce according to the mood of the moment. Playing with a ball in addition to being highly amusing develops bodily control, a sense of direction and distance, and of speed and time.

Most children under ten years of age find organized ball games too technical, but they will improvise variations of them requiring baseballs, playground balls, volleyballs, footballs and basketballs. A small boy will have a lot of fun with a football in spite of the fact that he knows nothing of the rules of the game and could not muster enough playmates for a team. The same is true of a girl with a basketball or a playground ball.

During the earlier years, it is not necessary that the balls be of standard design and materials; but by the time the child has reached the age of twelve he will be able to tell the cheap imitations from the real thing and will value the gift in direct ratio to its quality.

Balls for tennis and golf are always welcome gifts. The fact that these games are not played at Christmas-time in the United States, barring a few favored localities, makes little difference. The same principle of seasonableness applies to all outdoor athletic equipment. The child gets just as much satisfaction out of the gift when the time for using it is six months away as if it were then current.

OTHER GIFTS FOR YOUNG SPORTS PEOPLE

Bats, of course, go with baseballs. Headgear, shoes, stockings, padded trousers, etc., are allied to footballs and are always acceptable. While a boy is always glad to get a baseball-suit as a present, I do not recommend it unless he belongs to a uniformed nine, because of its capacity for breeding jealousies. In general, it may be said that the equipment for any competitive game in which the child is interested is a good Christmas gift.

Athletic clothing is just as welcome as equipment. Shoes are particularly appropriate, because so few boys and girls have exactly the kind of footwear that they want for athletic games. A durable sweater or jersey is good, and hiking and Boy Scout outfits are also excellent gifts. The Camp-Fire Girl or Girl Scout will be delighted to get a costume for her next Summer's recreation.

Coming to the non-competitive sports, I find that skates, skis, bathing-suits, sweaters, athletic stockings, gymnasium bloomers and blouses, canoes, etc., are extremely good presents. For the young rider, nothing is more appropriate than saddle, bridle, riding-crop, boots, riding-habit, breeches, etc. These things are somewhat expensive, but they are durable if a good quality is bought.

Nowadays practically all of the good skates are sold attached to shoes. One leading dealer tells me that this combination outsells the loose skates by at least twenty to one. Skis are generally sold in this way also. In those parts of the country where there is plenty of snow, skiing is a splendid sport and one that should be encouraged by the purchase of a reasonable amount of equipment. It is a sure dividend-payer in health and strength.

A JUMPING-PIT AND A BALANCING-TREE

For the younger children, there can be no finer present than a jumping-pit in the back yard. This should be an excavation ten feet wide by about twenty feet long, sloping from the surface of one end to a depth of about three feet at the other. The sides of the pit should be secured by strong planks, properly prepared to withstand moisture. The bottom of the pit should be free from stones and covered with at least six inches of fine sand. Here even an infant can play safely, while the older children can invent an endless number of jumping, vaulting and tumbling games.

Another fine thing to give the children is a balancing-tree. This is a large, straight tree-trunk, twenty-five to forty feet long, stripped of bark and rounded off. It is supported in a horizontal position by wooden feet or braces, one at the extreme thick end and the other eight or ten feet from the small end. The tree may be made any size desired at the large end, but should taper to four or five inches. The upper side should be three feet from the ground. This tree will serve for a variety of jumping, balancing and vaulting exercises. Pegs may be fastened to it to act as pommels and it will serve as a horse or saddle boom. It may be constructed at small expense and will last a long time.

Among the athletic equipment of a strictly indoor character may be mentioned the trapeze and rings, the horizontal bar, the punching-bag and boxing-gloves. There are also various kinds of patent exercisers. The drawback to all things of this type is that it is hard to keep the child interested. The boy or girl likes companionship in play and soon tires of something that he or she does alone, no matter how beneficial it may be. Sets of boxing-gloves are good, providing a reasonable amount of supervision is exercised in their use.

There are a number of indoor golfing devices that are good. Putting may be learned just as well on a rug as outdoors, if one wants to apply himself. The habit of estimating distance, the rolls of the ground, etc., will come easily after one has mastered the delicate stroke that is essential to success on the greens. There is good exercise in practising full golf strokes indoors, also, and with

Concluded on page 86



OH, WHAT FUN FOR MOTHERS, AND THEIR KIDDIES, TOO!

Have you ever made quaint little candy figures for Christmas—bunnies and bears and baby elephants and other things? Youngsters just laugh with glee over them, and mothers—well, mothers find them fun to make! And when they see them being joyously eaten by little Johnny and Mary, then mothers are glad they're delicious, wholesome home-made sweets. We have a leaflet giving full directions for making these toothsome and amusing confections; and if you'll just send a stamped return envelope to THE DELINEATOR'S *Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., we'll mail it to you at once.*

Christmas Sweets of FRUIT

By LUCILE BREWER

Good for the little folk ~and fun to make

FROM the aristocratic Fifth Avenue shops and the even more select French confectionery and pastry *boutiques* come charming baskets and boxes filled with fruit confections. Any one who receives these sweets is to be envied, not alone because the gift is expensive, but because of the delicious fruit flavors themselves, their pure coloring and their wholesomeness. Both children and adults find them delectable.

In making these confections the home-maker has an opportunity to show her skill. With her own handicraft she can produce gifts that will delight even those who have become weary of other confections.

The most common of all the fruit sweets is fruit paste, which, after all, is really almost a fruit butter.

FRUIT PASTES ARE ALWAYS DELICIOUS

Paste may be made from most kinds of fruit-pulp after the juice has been drained off for jelly, or it may be made from canned or fresh fruit. A combination of the pulp of two or more kinds of fruit gives a delicious result.

Press the fruit-pulp through a strainer, measure it, and to one pint of pulp add one and one-third cups of sugar. To attain the best results the pulp should be put through a sieve rather than a colander. Some people prefer peach and pear paste made by crushing the cooked fruit with a heavy spoon rather than sifting it. This gives a different consistency and is an excellent product. Cook this mixture until it is very thick, stirring it and taking care not to let it scorch. The thicker the paste or more thoroughly cooked the less moisture there is and the shorter the drying period.

When the paste is thick and clear, turn it onto a platter which has been brushed with unsalted fat. Let it stand and dry until a film forms over the top of the mixture. Then turn it onto a wire screen and dry it until it loses its stickiness. To get the best results, avoid long, slow drying. In Winter a wire screen placed over a radiator offers an excellent means of drying such pastes and candied fruits.

Do not dry any of these products in the oven, for oven-dried confections are apt to be dark in color. Roll the paste in paraffin paper and pack it in tin boxes or glass jars for future use. Paraffin paper is to be preferred to thin oil paper, which sticks to the paste.

Such a paste is a sweet in itself. It may be cut into one-inch squares or in strips and rolled in granulated sugar; or it may be rolled like a jelly roll and sliced. It is better not to sprinkle the paste with sugar when storing or packing it, as the sugar melts and makes the paste sticky.

The paste may also be used for garnishes, for salads, fruit cocktails and desserts. It may be cut in small pieces, rolled in flour and used in cakes, cookies and puddings.

Apple Paste—Three parts of apples may be combined with one part of other fruit, such as pears, plums, berries, cherries, elderberries or peaches. Berries should be put through a strainer. If peaches are used, a few of the stones may be crushed and the kernels ground and added to the paste; this gives an excellent flavor, resembling that of nuts.

Peach Paste—If a more acid flavor is desired, add one-half as much tart-apple-pulp or lemon-juice to the peach-pulp.



JAMS, JELLIES AND CONSERVES ADD THEIR SHARE OF COLOR TO THE CHRISTMAS BASKET

AND PASTE CONFECTIONS MAKE LUSCIOUS, MELTING BONBONS

Any fruit paste may be used for these delicious confections.

Fruit Bonbons—Shape the paste into small balls and flatten slightly. Melt plain fondant, add flavoring and any color desired. Dip each fruit shape into melted fondant. Drop on waxed paper.

Fruit-and-Nut Bonbons—Chop nuts and add them to the paste. When shaping, dip in fondant and place a nut-meat on each piece.

Coconut Bonbons—Add coconut to the paste before dipping it into the fondant, or shape the paste in balls and brush over with heavy sirup and roll in shredded coconut.

Ribbon Creams—Roll plain fondant in strips the same thickness as the paste. Put together in layers, alternating fondant and paste. Cut in slices or oblongs.

Paste Patties—Cut the paste with a circular cutter about two inches in diameter. Sprinkle lightly with sugar crystals. A light and a dark pattie make an attractive combination, such as greening-apple paste with plum or cranberry paste.

Paste Sticks—Cut the paste in narrow strips and roll lightly with the fingers to form a rounded stick. Roll in granulated sugar and arrange on a plate log-cabin fashion in different colors, or pack in a candy-box in waxed paper. With strips of fondant around them, these pastes may be made to look like "striped" candy.

Paste Creams—Melt fondant, add almond, rose or lemon flavoring. Drop in flat circles as for mints. Cut any fruit paste in circles the same size. Place a paste circle between two fondant ones and press lightly together. The white fondant with the different color pastes, such as red plum, red apple, green mint or yellow peach, form an attractive confection.

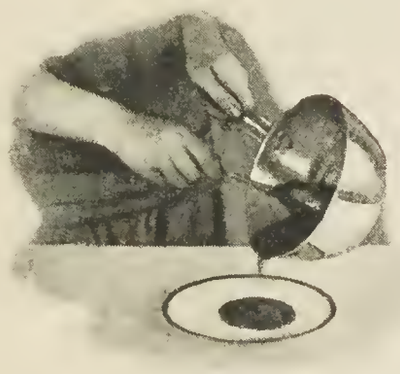
FIGURES AND FANCIES ARE FUN TO MAKE

It is possible to make almost any shape from fruit paste. Figures may be cut from the sheet of paste or it may be molded into various fancies. Anything which is to have color applied gives better results if made from a very light paste. Greening apples make a light paste, while pears combined with a small amount of lemon-juice make almost a white paste.

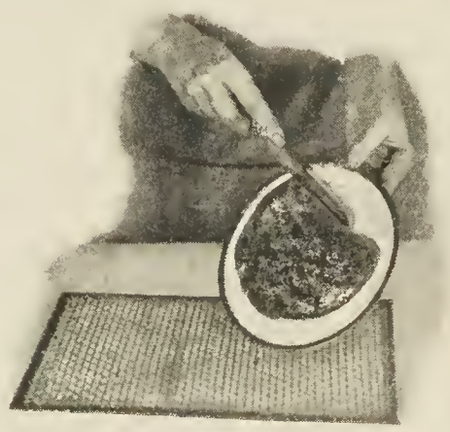
Apples—An apple may be made from a light-colored paste formed into a ball of the desired size. Flatten slightly and shape to form the stem and the blossom ends of the fruit. Place a clove in one end to form the blossom and a piece of cinnamon stick in the other to form the stem. Leaves may be cut from green paste.

Acorns—Mold a light-colored paste in an oblong

Concluded on page 86



LET THE PASTES STAND ON OILED PLATTERS UNTIL A FILMY SURFACE APPEARS



THEN TIP THEM OFF ON A SCREEN AND DRY THOROUGHLY IN A WARM ROOM



TO STORE FRUIT PASTES, ROLL THEM IN PARAFFIN PAPER AS SHOWN

A Score of Gifts from A Roll of Paper

Designed by

MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS

Head of the Department of House Decoration

Distinctive Christmas gifts, these! And all made most inexpensively with wall-paper! They're amazingly attractive and unbelievably durable. Try your hand at this wonderful new craft. We offer it to you just in time for Christmas, with directions specially worked out by Mrs. Sanders. You'll be surprised to find how simple they are to follow. Just send Mrs. Sanders a stamped envelope, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



Amazing—what wall-paper will do! It makes this good-looking hat-box, as well as the flowered wall-panel, the telephone-screen and the phone-book cover



Circles and squares of gay-colored paper, passe-partouted under glass, are colorful coasters for hot dishes and plants



Breakfast and luncheon doilies of wall-paper! They are not only attractive and inexpensive—but amazingly practical, too. And can even be waterproofed so that they may be cleaned with only a damp cloth!



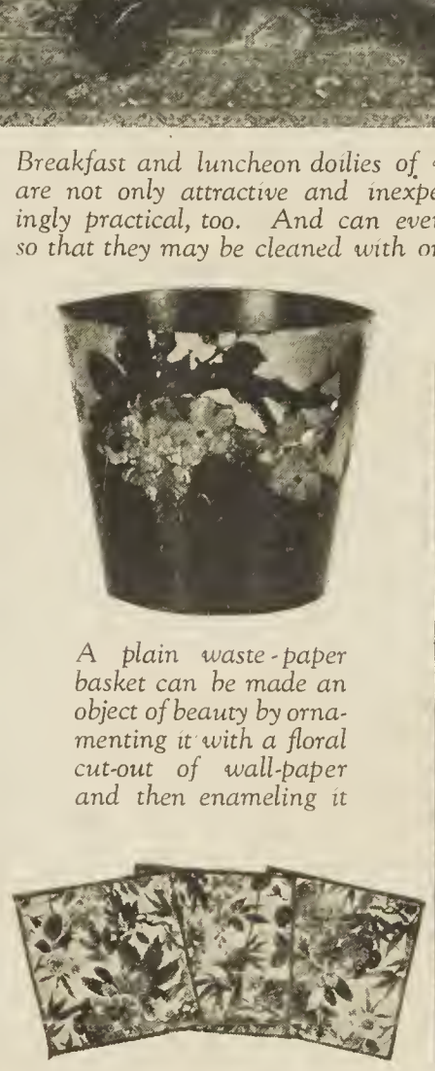
Here's a charming inexpensive toilet-table set. The boxes are covered with white paper and ornamented with medallions of rosebuds and blue ribbons

This desk set, which is decorated with wall-paper, has all the earmarks of tooled leather, yet costs only a fraction as much



If you take pride in your closet, cover your lingerie, hat and shoe boxes with a quaint flowered wall-paper. It will give them a feminine and well-appointed appearance

A plain waste-paper basket can be made an object of beauty by ornamenting it with a floral cut-out of wall-paper and then enameling it



A breakfast or luncheon set needs one long panel and individual mats. A coat of shellac makes them lustrous and water-proof



A unique lamp, this—with its beautifully tinted shade of accordion-pleated wall-paper and its harmoniously decorated base. Wall-paper also makes the book-covers and card-tray

TORCH-BEARERS

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

EVERY Christmas night we go out under the Christmas stars—sometimes it's on a fire-escape, because that's the best we can do; but sometimes it's on a hill-top, and that's very healing—and ask our soul to forgive us for what we have done to that day. All the turbulent, effortful lack of beauty that we have put into our giving, those two or three weeks before Christmas when we've scurried and scrambled and muttered and kicked the stairs that life could be so driven! All this we have done to commemorate the day when One was born so aflame with love that He made His whole life a gift to man, from the very moment of the coming of that guiding, luminous star, all the way along the road which led up a hill and out of a tomb to the blinding beauty of that final gift of everlasting life and the understanding that life can never be defeated by death—can, indeed, emerge even more triumphant, if one has understanding enough, after a combat with death!

And now, over two thousand years later, with only the faintest ray of understanding of what that gift might mean, what are we doing to that day?

As we have said before, if ever we could come spiritually alive all of a sudden, if we could become so simple and crystal clear in our understanding that we could catch a glimpse of what God is, our first impression would be one of beauty—dazzling, breath-taking, transcendent beauty. Why not? Is there anything more powerful than the clear beauty of Truth, the radiant beauty of Love, the mysterious beauty of Life?

Beauty of life? Yes, even to externals where it is as varied as a gem of a thousand facets.

THE other day we sat in one of those studios just off Fifth Avenue—they really are shops, but they all look like beautiful, spacious studios—and talked with one of the most exclusive and famous designers in New York. And we were thrilled by his vision and his love for beauty.

Then we went over to one of our favorite beauty-salons and reveled in a chat with its mistress, who laid in our lap one enchanting thing after another that she had just brought from Paris, London, Cairo and Peking—ensnaring little combs for bobbed heads, devastating little boxes of powder and rouge, and perfumes that lifted you straight out of this world into the kind of place that only young dreams know.

And then, because we felt a little drunk with beauty and just couldn't go home, we slipped across the ferry to that huge big factory which makes so many of those beautifying things for women—and men, too—that ordinarily we think only Europe can devise. There we saw more of those enticing boxes of powder for the face and for the body, saucy lip-sticks of exactly the right shade, rouge like the blush of love and perfumes that smell like a sleepy day in a garden on the Nile or a dawn in the sweet-deep forest of that land "east of the sun and west of the moon."

And then, because we still couldn't go home, for we had become like a butterfly gone a little mad in an endless garden of roses, we went down on the lower East Side and there, in a zizzing factory, we found the same enchanting little combs that Paris had created, and the most adorable little hand-mirrors for the purse that we had ever seen, with Watteau paintings on their little backs or mother-of-pearl flowers the color of gray water in the moonlight, and gorgeous, brilliant bracelets, wide as your vaccination mark and to be worn smack over it, some of them gay as your faith in life when you were ten and some of them subdued and lovely as your courage when you are forty.

AND when we finally did go home our eyes no longer saw any of those things at all. They saw a procession of torch-bearers flaming against the night: slender, flashing figures, each running until his time was up, bearing aloft his burning torch to pass it on to the next that beauty might grow in the world.

That famous designer wasn't just a good-looking, inspired young man. He was one of the torch-bearers who have brought us out of those pompous old clothes into simple, human clothes that let you breathe like a baby and run like a nymph.

That beauty specialist—lovely as a painting she is!—wasn't just a clever skin and body specialist. She was a



Drawing by O. J. Gatter

"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO MAKING EVERY GIFT WE GIVE THIS CHRISTMAS POINT TOWARD BEAUTY—ADD TO THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD?"

torch-bearer, too, one of those who have brought us from the old, covered, superstitious, dangerous methods of preserving the beauty of women out into the sunlit, scientific art that is the method of to-day.

And the people in those huge factories over there in Jersey and down on the lower East Side—they were torch-bearers also, working always for beauty to be put in the faces and the hearts and the lives of humans hungry for beauty.

Torch-bearers, all of them! And torch-bearers all of us! And you and I are torch-bearers for beauty to some extent; we've let ourselves in for it merely by the writing and reading of this. What do you say to making every gift we give this Christmas point toward beauty, add to the beauty in the world?

FIRST of all, beauty of feeling when we buy it! Love must go with it, or it mustn't go at all—either love like His whose birthday we are keeping or love that is the nebulous, stimulating, exciting, radiant thing that human love must always be.

And now for direct bearing on beauty! Suppose you are giving to a woman. What could be more loving or more intelligent than to give those phonograph records that have been created by a beauty specialist to make the bodies of women like quicksilver and satin and wings? These exercises are such a joy to take that even hopelessly lazy people stick to them.

Or give a bottle of that magic remolding fluid, which firms up sagged throats or flabby arms and legs in a really amazing way. It has the good old smell of camphor in it, but it has some other baffling thing that we think its skilful maker must have got by holding up an old magician and extracting his secret from him.

And then there is a priceless thing for puffs under the eyes: a milky fluid that soothes and tightens the skin all around the eyes. Puffs in the morning are very often just lack of circulation—eyes still as death all night. But use just a little of this magic milk and the puffs are gone.

There is an ointment, too, to be used when you haven't time to pat or mold. The whole secret of beauty of coloring and line is, of course, circulation, texture and exercise. This ointment brings up the circulation—oh, indeed it does!—and then you put on your skin-food or oil or whatever you need to renew your youth, like the eagle; then do your tonic-patting and apply your wise and skilful touches of rouge and powder. After all that, you are as fresh and beautiful as if you had received a treatment in the finest salon! What could be a nicer gift than that?

BY THE way—smart Parisiennes—how *do* they know so much more than we do about being ensnaring? I don't think it's so vital to ensnare somebody else, but I do think you ought to feel a little ensnared yourself when you look in the glass—just enough to go away with a little "lift" and no hurting self-consciousness—for self-consciousness, not money, is the root of all evil. Well, at present smart Parisiennes are rather pale; not that waxy gardenia shade, but just a natural tint, with red mouths, not too vermilion, but just accenting the natural crimson. (And next month we are going to tell you all about how they dress their hair now.) Anyway, give thanks that no longer must a woman to be chic look as if she'd seen a ghost with everything but her mouth—and that had seen a scandal.

And perfumes—truly, truly, truly, never were there such perfumes as all the beauty people have this year! Gorgeous, tender, subtle, young, old as love—every kind. One very interesting new one is called— But we'll tell you about them all privately if you'll write and ask us to. These perfumes in their delightful bottles and boxes range in price all the way from seventy-five cents to thirty dollars a bottle.

And atomizers! You have never known the real joy of perfume until you have used this fairy spray which leaves a trail of entrancing scent—and no spot or stain—which perfumes the hair but does not spoil the curl.

You can give the simplest little gift. So long as it is thoughtful and exactly the right thing for a certain person, she'll like it better than anything she gets! Or give face-powder—which must be so intelligently bought. Or those delicious face-packs that make you look clean as a new soul. Or a bottle of astringent. Or face-tonic. Or a really perfect liquid powder, that not only makes your skin look silken and creamy and clear, but is good for it, too.

To give a Christmas gift that will make a dear friend lovelier to look upon—what a happy Christmas thought! If you want to be a torch-bearer after Celia Caroline Cole's own heart, you'll write her for the names of the ensnaring, alluring, beauty-bestowing gifts she tells about. Address her at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.—and please remember to enclose a stamped envelope for her reply

"AND with all your getting," says the Man Who Wrote Proverbs, "get understanding." With all your giving, give understanding—the very best gift of all, because there couldn't be understanding without unselfish love back of it. To see everybody as a torch-bearer, and so lift him, and yourself, out of meaninglessness. Crusaders all, carrying a message burning like a torch.

To give beauty, to put it into every thought and act of our lives. To recognize beauty wherever we meet it and give it gratitude. To increase it until it spreads out over the world like a sunrise, streaming into it, filling it! What a gift to give! And you personally have the power to hold that gift out to the world, to be more consecrated to beauty, to live it, to meet it with joy wherever it touches your path, to breathe it into you, to breathe it out of you, knowing its inexhaustible source, its immeasurable power.

Merry Christmas!

SOULIE'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT LAY STRESS ON TUNICS, GODETS, FLOATING DRAPERIES AND NARROW LINES



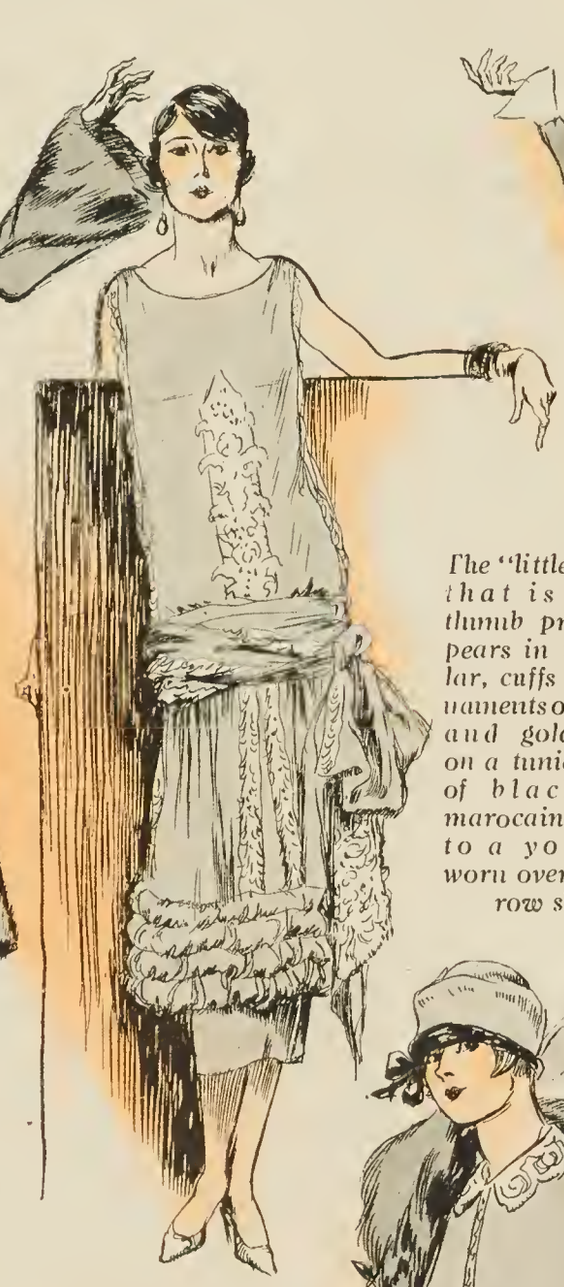
Even the Parisian rats are no longer safe from the Parisian furrier. Poiret edges a frock of gray velveteen with gray rat and lets it flare in godets at the front.



Cretonne embroidered in gold and edged with skunk follows the circular flare of a very elegant coat of copper brown velvet. From Paul Poiret



Renée works a new fur known as "Labrador" into the godets of an ensembled coat of brown kasha duvetyn worn over a tunic frock of Noisette Ottoman



Renée used the silver fire of metal cloth embroidered in crystal on a tunic of orchid mousseline with ruche of shaded orchid tulle over metal cloth



The "little touch" that is Jenny's thumb print appears in the collar, cuffs and ornaments of copper and gold cloky on a tunic blouse of black crêpe marocain plaited to a yoke and worn over a narrow skirt



Jenny's spiral bands begin above one hip and end below the other on a frock of black popaline with a scarf collar of flame and gold. The dress is short and characteristically narrow at the hip and hem and the treatment of the sleeve is interesting



Black tulle entirely embroidered in soutache falls into the new floating wing drapery at the back trailing off into a double train at the sides. Jewelled straps and ornaments of bright blue, red and green stones hold the gown at the shoulder and hip. From Worth



Plaited tunics float from the hip of a frock of lavender Georgette beaded with motifs of gold and silver and banded with insertions of coral beads. From Doeuillet



Light gray kasha cloth embroidered in silver and banded with gray fox shows the trend toward greater elegance in dress. Doeuillet places an unusually long tunic over the usual short skirt made on the prevailing narrow lines

Very narrow, very short and exceedingly lovely is Worth's coat dress of natural beige kasha embroidered with chenille braid shading from beige to rust. The large buttons are of brown wood and the fur is vison

Dress 5682

Dress 5698

Dress 5600

Tunic blouse 5699 Costume slip 5638



5682



5698

5682—Inserted godets and trimming bands on the scarf and long close-fitting sleeves of this one-piece slip-over dress should be of the shiny side of black crêpe satin, while the dull side is used for the dress. The center of the scarf is of Georgette or crêpe de Chine in terra cotta, green-blue, beige, etc. The dress fits closely at the hipline. One may use gray, tan, beige or brown Canton crêpe or Marocain crêpe with godets, bands and bindings of satin to match or a darker tone of the same color.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (using dull and shiny sides). Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5677 — 5631 — So many different types of costume may be evolved from this style of slip-over tunic blouse. You may make it of bengaline or faille silk with crystal buttons and a lace or crêpe de Chine collar as trimming and wear it over a soft satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine costume slip. Or you may use wool rep or soft twills for the blouse with a contrasting collar and bone buttons and wear it over a soft satin slip. The blouse may be shorter and the costume slip has an inverted plait at each side below a low waistline.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch faille silk and 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch satin for slip. Lower edge of slip, plaits out, 54½ inches.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



5677



5631

Tunic blouse 5677 Costume slip 5631



5689



5638

Blouse 5689 Costume slip 5638 Embroidery design 10138



5600



5699

5698—One need never worry about this belt staying in place because, whether tucked or plain, it is set in at the low waistline. This slip-over dress is nice for women who do not care to wear narrow dresses. It has a skirt with a plain lower edge and collar and cuffs which may be detachable. Use plain or printed Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine, soft satin crêpe, crêpe faille or tub silks. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch Canton crêpe for this dress.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5699—5638—A new slip-over tunic blouse is plaited in clusters on a yoke which may be made either of lace or of the material of the blouse. It can be a shorter length. The costume slip will give you the correct slender silhouette. Use crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or Georgette, either printed or plain, for the blouse, and crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, etc., for the slip. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine (including slip and with blouse in longer length) and ¾ yard 35-inch lace.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; the slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust.

5600—Two loose bands which drape at the left side of this dress give one the exceedingly smart slender silhouette. This slip-over dress is composed of an overblouse and a separate slip. Satin crêpe or silk crêpe make a very smart dress on these lines.

19 years or 36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 43½ inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 33 to 40 bust, also misses 16 to 20 years.

5689—5638—10138—A row of buttons down the center-front closing and tassel-tipped pockets are smart touches on this blouse of wool rep or soft twills over a crêpe satin slip. One may use crêpe faille, crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine for the blouse. The embroidery is effective trimming. The costume slip has a long upper part joined to a plain lower part.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch wool rep and 2⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin for slip. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses; the slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust.

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Dress and slip 5706

5706

5706—Drapery on this order is very graceful for a one-piece slip-over dress. It is slightly draped at the left side of the front and wraps around at the lower part. Use crêpe satin, crêpe faille or silk crêpe of one material or with lace, brocaded velvet on Georgette or chiffon with sash and sleeves of Georgette or chiffon to match, velvet with lace or Georgette sash and sleeves. The one-piece slip is separate.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 35 or 39-inch satin crêpe and 1¼ yard 35-inch lace. Lower edge of dress 44 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5716—Clusters of plaits at each side in front and back, the new collar and a separate guimpe with a frilly vestee make this an attractive dress for almost any type of figure. Make this one-piece slip-over dress of crêpe faille, crêpe satin, plain or printed Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. Use crêpe de Chine in corn color or white with buttons to match for the vestee. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1¾ yard.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting for vestee.

The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5636—Draperies which conceal normal but sometimes unfashionable curves, are very becoming to most women, especially in a slip-over dress of this type. The long body, sleeves and draperies are joined to a one-piece slip with a straight lower edge. The neck may be cut lower and sleeves omitted for evening. Use plain Georgette, crêpe de Chine or light-weight silk crêpe with a silver or gold tissue flower, over a slip of crêpe de Chine or crêpe satin, the same color as the dress, etc.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5658—It is not only exceedingly smart, but decidedly economical to use both sides of crêpe-back satin for a slip-over dress. Use the dull side for the dress. The shiny side for the yoke and sleeves in one and the inserted bands trims it. The center of the scarf is of Georgette or crêpe de Chine in contrasting color and the buttons match the color of the scarf.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch crêpe-back satin (using dull and shiny sides). Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 5716

Dress 5710

Dress 5636

5636

5658

Dress 5658

Dress 5710 Embroidery design 10189



Coat dress 5704

5704

5704 — Bone or wood buttons to match the contrasting color collar, etc., are smart trimming for this wrap-around coat dress of wool jersey or flannel. It may be tucked or gathered at the side and has a straight lower edge. One may use satin bound with contrasting satin and trimmed with crystal buttons. Lower edge 46 inches.

36 bust requires 2 yards 54-inch wool jersey.

The coat dress is for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

5710 — 10189 — This slip-over dress is very smart with the straight wrap-around lower part in brown and a long upper part in apricot, beige, rust, etc. It fits closely at the hipline. Use heavy satin with an upper part of plain crêpe de Chine in self or contrasting color, printed crêpe de Chine or figured brocades; or use faille silk with printed crêpe de Chine; or wool rep, cashmere suitings, kasha, etc., with plain silk crêpe, etc. Work the embroidery in a harmonizing color.

36 bust requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅝ yard 35-inch heavy satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

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Dress 5672

Dress 5712

Dress 5622

Tunic blouse and slip
5708

Dress 5668
Embroidery design
10233

Dress 5700

Dress 5608

Other views and descriptions are on page 88

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THE EVENING PANOPLY OFFERS A WIDE CHOICE IN COLORS, IN FABRICS AND STYLES



Dress 5666



Dress 5644
Embroidery design 10204



Dress and slip 5680

Coat wrap 5621

Dress 5645





Dress and slip 5616
Embroidery design 10290

Other views and descriptions are on page 88

FASHION has launched her social season on a brilliant sea and one quite bottomless when it comes to styles to please every woman. The sheath silhouette is the most general and there are such softening features as scarfs, shoulder drapery, and the short flared tunic to disguise too-generous curves. There are also draped gowns and apron-front styles for women who do not wish to wear the close-fitting frocks. The smartest materials are the metallic fabrics, laces, chiffons, Georgettes, brocades, crêpe satins and velvets, and the colors range from silver and gold to mauve, violet, lilac, flesh pink, leaf green, Jack-rose red and salmon. The coat wrap of black satin or velvet with a gray fur collar makes an evening wrap amenable to all one's frocks. The hair is either shingled or dressed close to the head. The fashionable stocking is nude and worn with slippers of silver or gold cloth, kid or brocade, amber satin, colored metal brocades, etc.

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Dress and bloomers 5657
Smocking design 10107

French doll
10296

French doll
10296

Dress 5671
Embroidery design
10895

Doll 424

Dress 5659

Dress 5669

Dress and
bloomers 5627
Embroidery
design 10243

Coat 5603
Hat 5683
Leggings 4038

French doll
10296

Other views and descriptions are on page 89

Deli-bear
10271

Dress 5673

Suit 5675

Toy animal
10200

Dress 5679

Toy animals 10302

Dress and bloomers 5633
Smocking design 10592

Doll 425

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French doll
10296

Tunic blouse 5661
Costume slip 5667

Dress 5642

Dress
5628

Dress 5546
Embroidery design
10189

Dress 5660

Dress 5674

Dress 5634

Dress 5678

Other views and descriptions are on page 90

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Dress 5662
Embroidery design 10138



Tunic blouse 5615
Costume slip 5631
Embroidery design 10191

Tunic blouse 5663
Costume slip 5638
Embroidery design 10155

Dress 5670
Hat 5561

Dress 5664

Other views and descriptions are on page 91

Tunic blouse 5665
Costume slip 5638

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THE "STYLISH STOUT" OR MATURE FIGURE WILL FIND THIS TUNIC BLOUSE, COAT AND DRESSES BECOMING



Dress 5692

Dress 5690

Dress 5688
Embroidery design 10233

Tunic blouse 5681
Costume slip 5685
Embroidery design 10272

Dress 5684
Embroidery design 10155

Other views and descriptions are on page 91

Coat 5516

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 82.

YULETIDE BRINGS WELCOME GIFTS—DAINTY APRONS, A CHILD'S CAP, A KIMONO, BOUDOIR CAPS, A DRESSING-SACK AND NEW LINGERIE, WITH USEFUL GARMENTS FOR MEN



Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 82.

AN ASSEMBLY OF NEW WINTER COATS, A DRESS WITH SEPARATE PANELS AND A TWO-PIECE FROCK



Coat 5721



Dress 5719
Embroidery design 10138



Coat 5717



Blouse 5154
Skirt 5715



Coat 5718

5721—A coat of plaid with a fur collar is useful for motoring, travel and general wear. It may be worn either in straight-line style or wrapped around the figure and held on one side. The pocket may be on the inside when the coat is made of soft pile fabric or fabric fur. Make the coat of plaids, stripes, double-faced coatings, camel's-hair, homespun, chinchilla, fleece coatings or Teddy bear.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch wool plaid. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The coat is attractive for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5719—10138—Separate panels in front and in back will conceal any curves and preserve the straight lines of one's figure. The panels, scarf and sleeves of this one-piece slip-over dress are of Georgette. The dress itself may be satin or crêpe de Chine; or use lace banding for panels and a Georgette scarf with a satin or crêpe de Chine dress; or use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe faille, crêpe de Chine or Georgette for dress. The embroidery is effective trimming.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 36-inch satin and 3 yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5154—5715—The new wide belt of kid or suède marks this as a smart tailored costume. The blouse slips on over the closed wrap-around straight skirt which has a cluster of plaits at the closing. Use flannel or wool jersey for the costume; or plain or printed heavy crêpe de Chine or silk crêpe, novelty crêpes, crêpe satin, silk broadcloth or silk jersey for blouse and a kasha skirt.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards 35-inch silk crêpe and 2¼ yards 27-inch flannel. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 52½ inches.

Blouse and skirt are for ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 49½ hip.

5718—Broadtail fabric fur is a very new fabric for the Winter coat. When this fabric fur or broadcloth is used, the pocket is on the coat lining. In cashmere coatings, soft pile fabrics, kasha, wool rep and soft twills the pocket may be set in or on the lining. One may wear this coat in straight-line or wrap-around style.

36 bust requires 3⅜ yards 50-inch fur fabric. Lower edge 49 inches.

The coat is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5717—Although most of the new coats are quite simple, very often they have some distinguishing feature as the panels of this coat. It may be worn in straight-line or wrap-around style and the pockets are inside these panels. Use cashmere coatings, camel's-hair, homespun, plaids or stripes or corded silks.

36 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch corded silk. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5720—The new furs, leopard, tiger, imitations of fox, etc., are used a great deal on coats of this type. This coat with a straight lower edge may be worn in wrap-around or straight-line style, and the pockets may be in the lining or the set-in variety. For certain types of figures and in wide fabrics there is no underarm seam. Use cashmere coatings, soft pile fabrics, kasha, broadcloth, plaids and stripes.

36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The coat is becoming to ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.



5719



5720



5721



5717



5154



5715



5718

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 82.



5713 — 5458 — Mixtures, cashmere coatings, camel's-hair, homespun, plaids or stripes make a smart double-breasted coat with a shawl collar. Her gored tam-o'-shanter is attractive in velvet duvetyn, velours, heavy flannel, etc.

12 years requires 2 yards 54-inch cashmere coating for coat.

The coat is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam-o'-shanter for girls, children, misses and ladies.

5676—Young girls endorse the new silhouette of this one-piece slip-over dress with inserted godets and a collar. cuffs and frills which may be detachable. Use crêpe satin, silk crêpe with collar, cuffs and frills of crêpe de Chine in corn color or white and bound with dress material, or of lace. Use silver-colored or crystal buttons on crêpe satin, self-colored buttons on silk crêpe.

18 years requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 42½ inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women, and for ladies 38, 40 bust.

5687—This is the typical English middy suit with a slip-over blouse and straight trousers. The collar is detachable. Use tweeds, serge, gabardine, drill, duck, chambray, linen-finished cottons, linen or rep. It is very simple to make.

5 years requires 1¼ yard 54-inch serge for the suit.

The suit is for little boys 3 to 7 years.

425—This doll set especially designed for girl dolls with large bodies. Use pin-dot swiss for dress and cap, with puffings, frills and bindings of organdy to match dots; or use lawn or organdy, etc. Use cashmere the same color as the dress for the coat, and flesh pink or white lawn for combination and pajamas.

A 22-inch doll requires ¾ yard 35-inch lawn and ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting lawn.

The set is for girl dolls 12 to 26 inches tall.

5646—10233—This smart two-piece dress has a slip-over blouse and a straight skirt with a tuck at each side and joined to an underbody. Use wool jersey tubing, soft cashmere dress materials and light-weight flannel, knitted silks, etc. Work the pocket motif in outline.

16 years requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch wool jersey tubing. Lower edge 47 inches.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5609—In any plans for new school dresses, the junior favors this one-piece slip-over dress of flannel, gingham or chambray. You may use velvet with crêpe de Chine, taffeta or satin girdle, etc.

11 years requires 2¼ yards 39-inch plaid wool and ¾ yard 39-inch silk.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5696—5561—This slip-over dress has a long upper part and a wrap-around straight lower part joined in tunic effect. The collar and cuffs are detachable. Use soft twills, wool cashmere, wool rep, wool crêpe with white linen collar and cuffs; or use silk faille, satin or crêpe de Chine, etc. Her wrap-around hat is smart.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material for dress. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women; hat for misses and ladies.

5701—5557—4038—The smartest children wear the same color for coat, hat and leggings. This coat is attractive in soft pile fabrics, cashmere coatings, broadcloth or kasha. The hat has a four-gored crown and the leggings are warm.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 1½ yard 54-inch soft pile fabric (including hat, and ½ yard 40 or more inch material for leggings.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 14 years.

5703—5683—4076—Velvet or corduroy trimmed with fur make a smart coat with inside pocket. In soft pile fabrics, cashmere coatings, broadcloth or kasha the pocket may be on the outside. Her hat has bias folds. Use heavy stockinet or material like coat for leggings.

4 years requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch velvet for coat and ¾ yard 50 or more inch material for leggings.

The coat is for little girls 2 to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 8 years.

5683—This little hat is very French and actually quite simple to make. Faille silk, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Georgette and chiffon velvet make adorable hats trimmed with hand-made French flowers. Use bias folds or plain facing.

6 years and 20½ inches head measure requires ¾ yard 35-inch silk for views A and B, and ½ yard 35-inch velvet for view C.

The hat is for girls 2 to 12 years.

IN SMART NEW FROCKS THE YOUTHFUL WORLD RECEIVES SANTA CLAUS

Dress 5693

Santa Claus suit 6525

Dress 5695

Dress 5686

Dress 5697
Tam-o'-shanter 4898

5693

5711

5697

Toy animal 10302
Deli bear 10271

5686

Dress 5711 Toy animal 10302

Dress and bloomers 5617 Embroidery design 10934 Toy animal 10933

5617

5695

Dress 5590

5590

5714

Dress 5714

5702

Dress 5702

5711—Animal **10302**—For her dress with a straight skirt joined to a deep yoke and separate bloomers use chambray, pin-check gingham, pin dot swiss, dimity, fine cotton crêpe, etc. A cotton-flannel bunny is a most acceptable gift.

4 years requires 2 yards 32-inch chambray.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5697—4898—Plaid, checked and striped wools make a one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Her tam-o'-shanter is smart.

12 years requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch novelty flannel for dress.

Dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15; tam for girls, misses, and ladies.

5693—Use two colors of flannel, wool crêpe, heavy cotton crêpe, for this one-piece dress.

7 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch wool crêpe for dress and ⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting.

The dress is for girls 4 to 10 years.

5714—This Georgette or crêpe de Chine slip-over frock has a gathered straight skirt joined at a slightly low waistline, petal trimming and a neck which may be cut higher for a daytime frock.

17 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 2⅛ yards.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

6525—Deli Bear **10271**—Animal **10302**—This Santa Claus suit has a coat, breeches or knickerbockers, a cap and leggings. The deli bear is easily made. Use cotton flannel or eider-down for the duck.

38 breast requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material for suit.

The suit is for 34 to 46 breast measure.

5617—10934—Animal **10933**—This slip-over dress has separate bloomers and a straight lower edge. The embroidered motif is attractive. The toy animal is simple to make.

4 years requires 1¾ yard 32-inch chambray and ¾ yard 32-inch chambray for bands, etc.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5695—Striped or printed cottons, dotted swiss or voile, etc., make this quaint frock which has a straight skirt joined to the waist slightly above a normal waistline.

4 years requires 1¼ yard 35-inch striped cotton.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5590—Plaid, small-figured or plain taffeta is smart for this one-piece slip-over dress with puffings and shirrings and a straight lower edge.

6 years requires 2 yards 35-inch plaid taffeta.

The dress is for girls 2 to 12 years.

5686—Use silk crêpe or crêpe satin for this one-piece slip-over dress with a tiered front and fitting closely at the hipline. Plaitings and bindings are of contrasting silk crêpe.

16 years requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 43 inches.

It is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5702—Make the one-piece slip-over dress of the dull side of crêpe satin and use the shiny side for the inserted godets, band and bindings. The dress fits closely at the hipline.

17 years requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe (dull and shiny sides). Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

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THE NARROW SILHOUETTE INFLUENCES LINGERIE



Costume slip 5685

Costume slip 5667



Combination 5596

Bloomers 5705



Corselette 5691



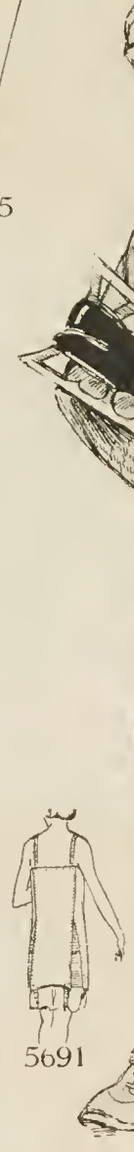
House dress 5694

Kimono 5707



5685

5667



5691



Mackinaw 5709
Polo cap 4068

5596



5694

5707

5709

5685—To wear under tunic blouses and transparent dresses, make this costume slip of crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or crêpe satin. It will give the slender silhouette and it has an inverted plait at each side below the waistline. One may use radium silk, habutai silk, glove silk, silk jersey or sateen.

36 bust requires 2½ yards 35-inch soft satin. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1½ yard.

The costume slip is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5667—Young girls or women with slight figures may wear this costume slip which gives the slender silhouette. It has an inverted plait below a low waistline at each side. Use soft satin, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine under tunic blouses and transparent dresses; or use habutai silk, radium silk, glove silk, silk jersey or sateen.

17 years requires 2⅜ yards 35-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 51 inches.

The slip is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5596—This very dainty combination is suitable to wear under one's dresses to dancing class. Use glove silk trimmed with lace, or taffeta, satin or crêpe de Chine, all one material or trimmed with lace. Flesh color is very attractive. For general wear use nainsook or cambric without lace and for hard wear use muslin.

10 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch glove silk.

The combination is for juniors and girls 4 to 15.

5705—Machine hemstitching and French flowers are a very simple trimming to make for these bloomers with a reinforced seat. Use radium silk, washable satin or crêpe de Chine. With lace and machine hemstitching use nainsook; or use glove silk or sateen untrimmed. Flesh, pink, peach, orchid, white or black are smart colors for bloomers of soft materials.

38 hip requires 1⅝ yard 35-inch radium silk.

The bloomers are for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

5707—Many lovely colors can be used in this crêpe de Chine or plain cotton crêpe wrap-around kimono. On a rose kimono stitchings may be in rose, wisteria, light blue and orchid, or on French blue, stitchings may be in French blue, wisteria, rose and orchid. One may use printed silks or crêpe de Chine with contrasting collar and bindings.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The kimono is for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

5694—Housewives new to their tasks or those seasoned at the game will like this new one-piece house dress or overall apron. It is on wrap-around lines and has a collar and cuffs trimmed with fagoting. Use gingham, chambray, madras, percale, linen-finished cottons or cotton poplin.

36 bust requires 4½ yards 32-inch checked gingham. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The house dress is most attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5691—The newest and easiest substitute for a corset is the corselette of flesh pink or white brassière material, broché coutil or firm washable satin. It gives the unbroken straight line and may be worn under evening frocks or silk dresses as well as for sports wear. It is very easily made. Use the material or ribbon for the shoulder-straps.

36 bust requires 1 yard 35-inch brassière material.

The corselette is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5709—4068—Every boy should have a mackinaw of mixtures, plaids, cheviot, tweeds or double-faced materials, with a convertible collar. With it he should wear a polo cap of chinchilla, plush, corduroy or material like the coat.

12 years and 7 cap measure require 2¼ yards 54-inch plaid wool and ⅜ yard 54-inch chinchilla for cap.

The mackinaw is for boys 4 to 16 years; the polo cap for children 2 to 12 years.

The tonic of vegetables ! The vigor of meat !





The iron and the mineral salts which are richly stored in fine selected vegetables! The invigoration, the quickening of appetite which makes broth of choice meat so valuable as well as so welcome to the taste!

Here is a dish which is wonderfully wholesome and nourishing.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup tempts and invites the appetite. Fifteen different vegetables, cereals that build strength and muscle. Fresh herbs and seasoning to make it even more tempting.

Thirty-two ingredients of a quality that must meet the Campbell's rule—the best that money can buy.

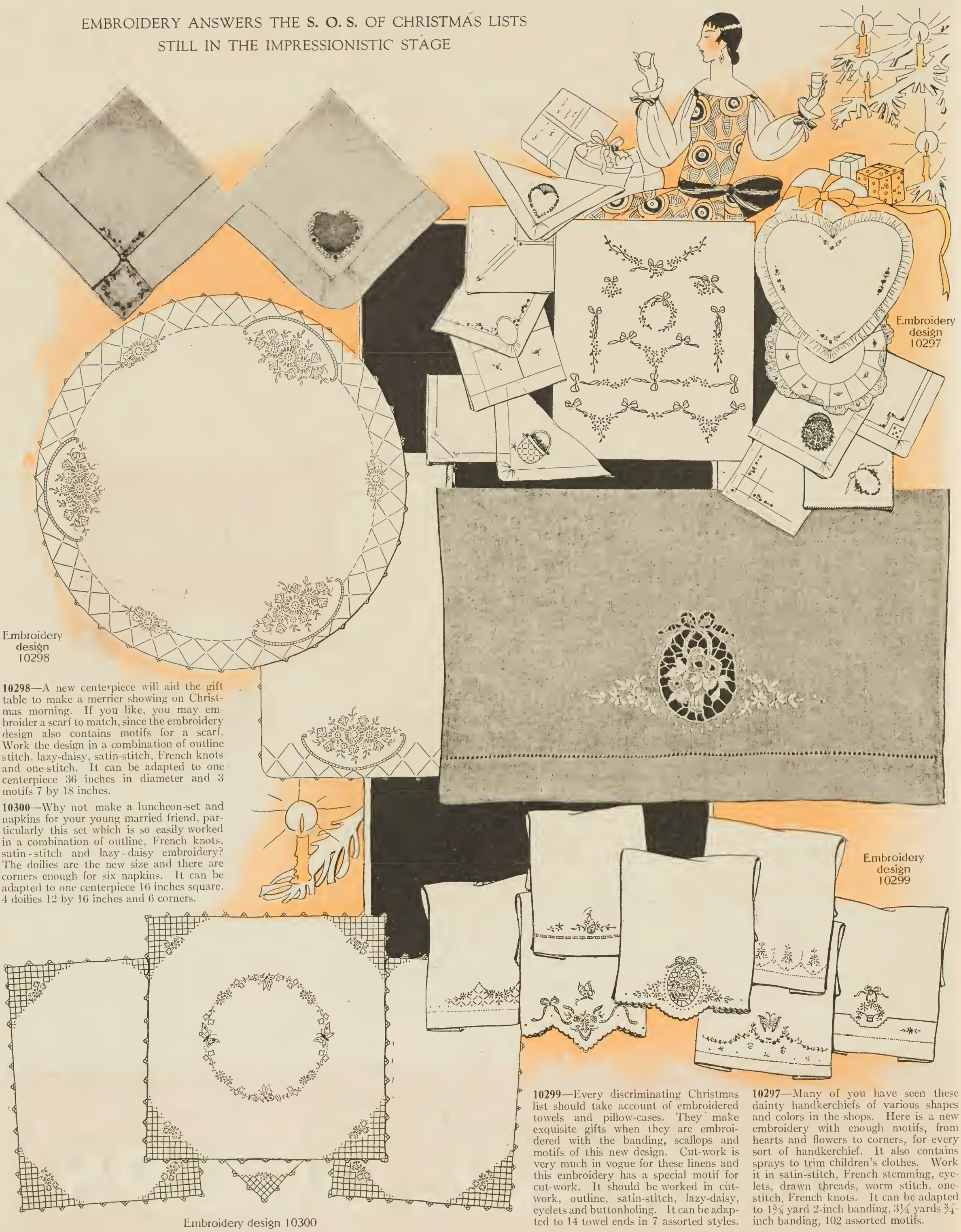
21 kinds

12 cents a can

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Campbells' SOUPS

EMBROIDERY ANSWERS THE S. O. S. OF CHRISTMAS LISTS STILL IN THE IMPRESSIONISTIC STAGE



Embroidery design 10297

Embroidery design 10298

Embroidery design 10299

Embroidery design 10300

10298—A new centerpiece will aid the gift table to make a merrier showing on Christmas morning. If you like, you may embroider a scarf to match, since the embroidery design also contains motifs for a scarf. Work the design in a combination of outline stitch, lazy-daisy, satin-stitch, French knots and one-stitch. It can be adapted to one centerpiece 36 inches in diameter and 3 motifs 7 by 18 inches.

10300—Why not make a luncheon-set and napkins for your young married friend, particularly this set which is so easily worked in a combination of outline, French knots, satin-stitch and lazy-daisy embroidery? The doilies are the new size and there are corners enough for six napkins. It can be adapted to one centerpiece 16 inches square, 4 doilies 12 by 16 inches and 6 corners.

10299—Every discriminating Christmas list should take account of embroidered towels and pillow-cases. They make exquisite gifts when they are embroidered with the banding, scallops and motifs of this new design. Cut-work is very much in vogue for these linens and this embroidery has a special motif for cut-work. It should be worked in cut-work, outline, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy, eyelets and buttonholing. It can be adapted to 14 towel ends in 7 assorted styles.

10297—Many of you have seen these dainty handkerchiefs of various shapes and colors in the shops. Here is a new embroidery with enough motifs, from hearts and flowers to corners, for every sort of handkerchief. It also contains sprays to trim children's clothes. Work it in satin-stitch, French stemming, eyelets, drawn threads, worm stitch, one-stitch, French knots. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard 2-inch banding, 3¼ yards ¾-inch banding, 102 assorted motifs.

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor Picture Instructions for Cutting, Putting Together and Finishing may be purchased at leading stores throughout the world, at prices given on page 82.



Incredibly simple! yet - thousands are finding their health again in just this way

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"Practically all my life has been spent in Alaska. I had a good appetite but was losing strength and was told that I was troubled with malnutrition. My daughter read the Yeast advertisements and induced me to try yeast. It seems to be that the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables gradually affected my system, and that yeast supplied some needed element. Anyway it rejuvenated me!"

(Extract from a letter from Mr. Theodore A. Church of Berkeley California)



"I believe I tried every kind of salts advertised in America, and the same thing with pills. I ran, played tennis, rode horseback, took abdominal massages—still constipation stuck with me. . . . After about eight weeks of Fleischmann's Yeast I was able to do without pills or salts of any sort. It is now eight months since I have found it necessary to use a cathartic of any kind—and this, understand, is after a condition of *chronic constipation that had lasted for seventeen years.*"

(A letter from Mr. Wilson Lovett of Louisville, Kentucky)



"Being a physician I realized that I had Chronic Gastritis. After eating, I always experienced a feeling of distress and depression, which led to pain. Life was a battle and an agony. When Yeast was suggested, it seemed to hold no prospect of final restoration to health, but good logic prompted me to take it. I began by eating one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast after each meal. I triumphed: for, in two months my sufferings ended, and since then I have felt no pain or discomfort."

(A letter from Captain Joseph Finberg, Medical Corps, Chicago)



"My body has frequently been unable to keep the pace my energetic mind has set. In college I received the honor of Phi Beta Kappa, but with an enforced year's rest before my senior year.

"One day while turning the pages of a magazine I read a Fleischmann's Yeast advertisement. It gave me resolution. I began eating yeast regularly. Very gradually at first I improved: then with leaps and bounds physical vigor came flooding back to me."

(A letter from Miss Stellita Treadwell of Memphis, Tenn.)



"I am a regular walking, talking advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast. All my life I have been practically an invalid, due to constipation. When Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me, I ate three cakes a day. And after six weeks' treatment was cured.

"The cure has been permanent. I don't think there is a greater example than myself of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do for one, suffering as I was for *37 years with chronic constipation* and all the ills that follow."

(A letter from Mrs. W. C. Matthews of New Orleans, La.



Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form.

All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. D-11, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

TOY ANIMALS AND NURSERY MOTIFS TO MAKE A SAFE AND HAPPY CHRISTMAS

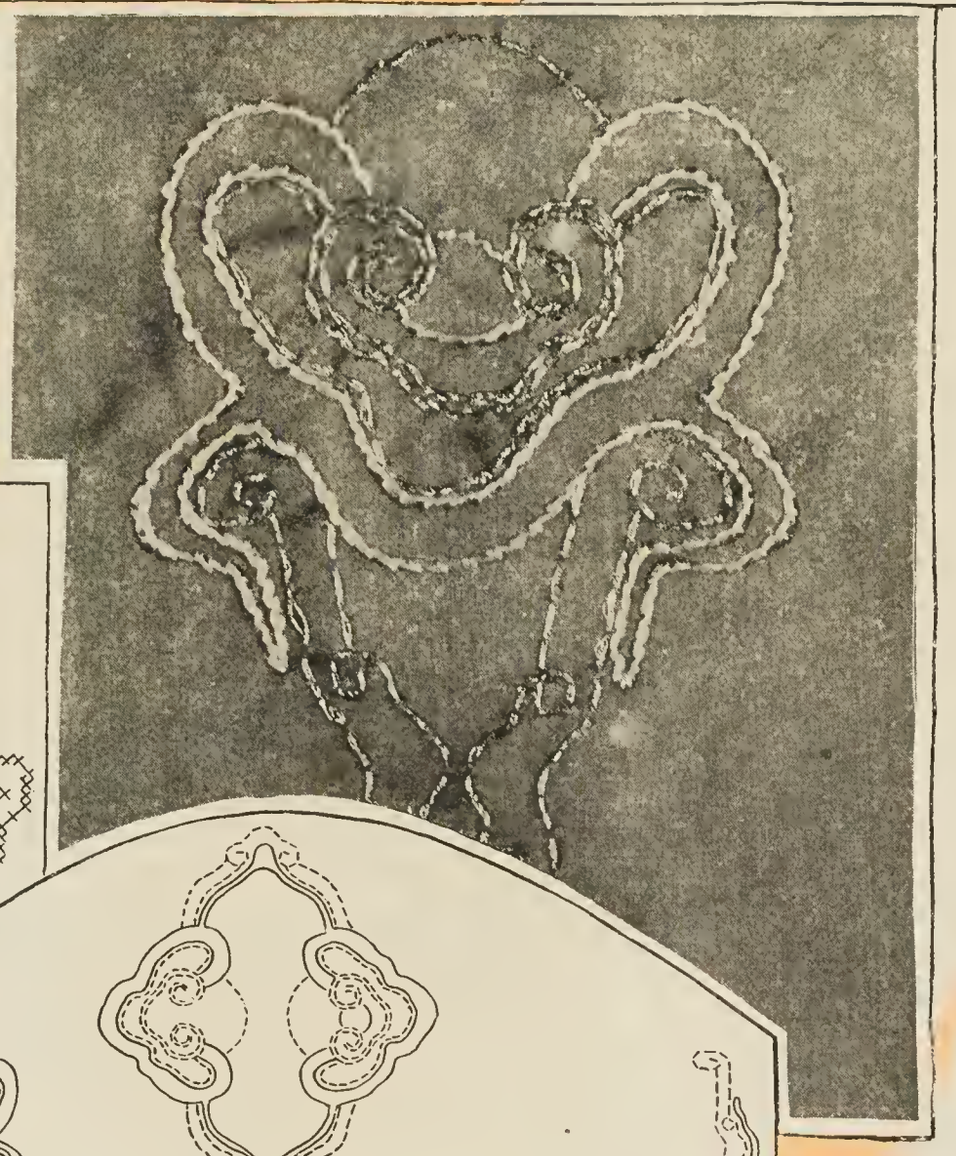
FOR LITTLE FOLK, WITH CROSS-STITCH AND ORIENTAL EMBROIDERIES





Toy animals 10302

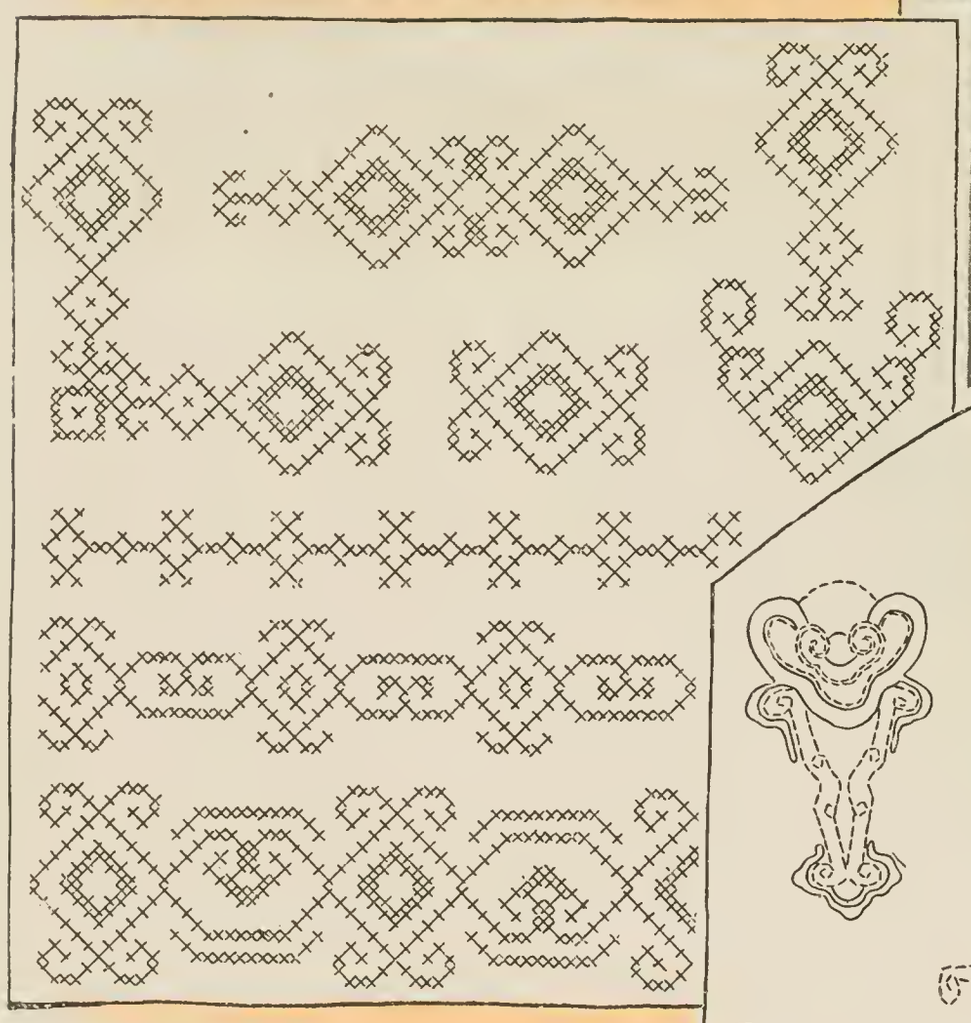




Embroidery design 10304

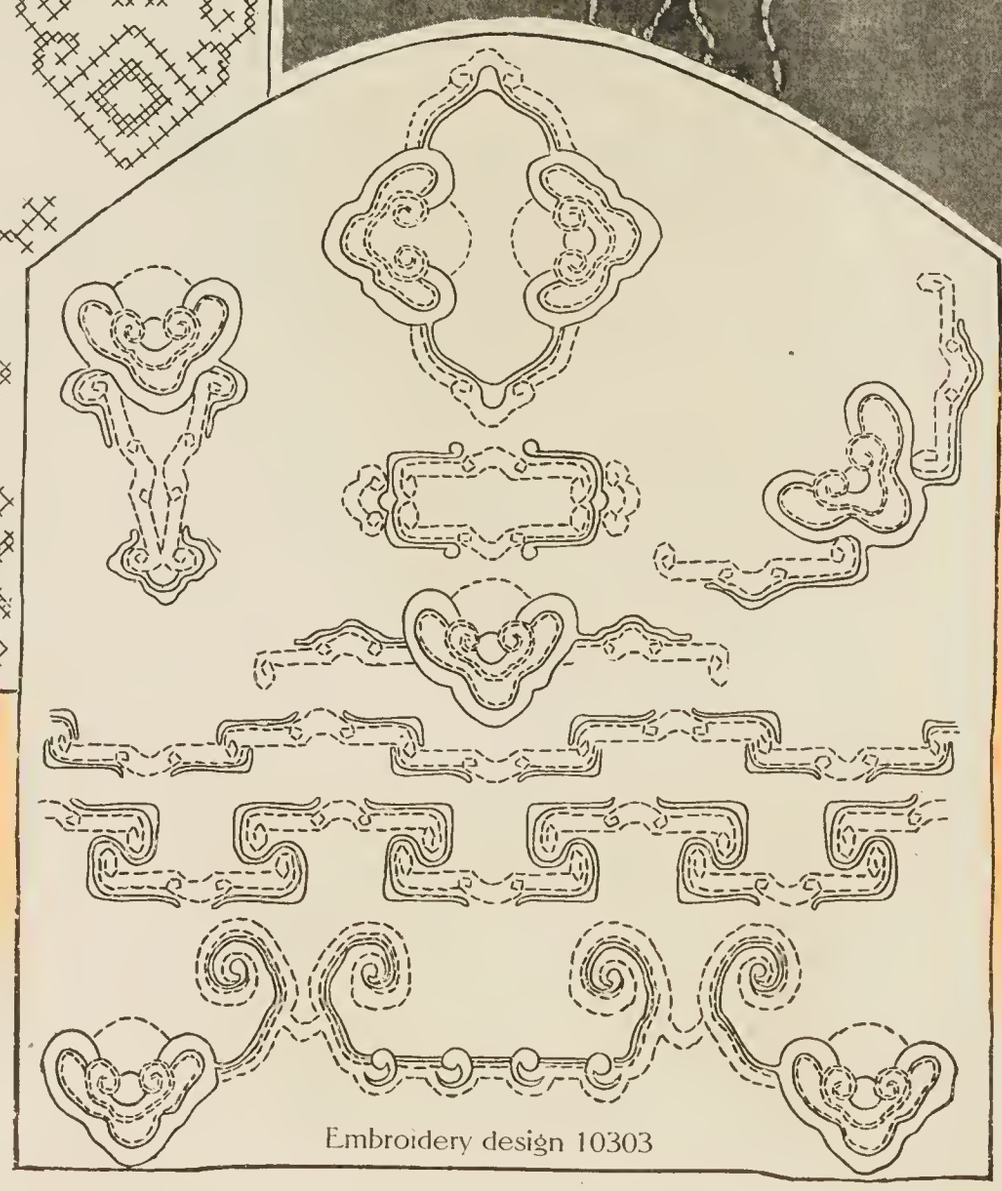
10304—About the time when the tiny person in your household begins to take notice of particular toys, is an opportune moment to indulge his or her preferences by embroidering favorite friends on small belongings. The pocket motifs and other motifs of this new embroidery are quaint trimming for play aprons, bloomer frocks and rompers. Some of the motifs and the banding may also be used to decorate the nursery linens, bags for playthings, etc. The design can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of 3¼-inch banding and 64 assorted motifs.

10302—Lucky the child who finds in her Christmas stocking a Peter Rabbit, Old Dog Tray, a Chicken Little or an Ugly Duckling! When they are made of cotton flannel, eider-down or Turkish toweling, these animals are such comfortable and lasting toys, and mother need never fear that paint will be licked off or glass eyes swallowed since the faces are embroidered on. The design can be adapted to one toy duck 12 inches high, one dog 14 inches high, one bunny 17 inches high and one chicken 7 inches high.



Embroidery design 10301

10301—Cross-stitch is a very smart trimming for the simple types of wool dresses as well as for blouses, particularly voile blouses of the peasant type. Both the banding and motifs of this design should be worked in cross-stitch. The design can be adapted to 3¼ yards of 3½-inch banding, 2⅝ yards 2¼-inch banding, 3¼ yards of 1¼-inch banding, 6 motifs 2½ by 8¾ inches, 9 motifs 2¼ by 4¾ inches, 6 motifs 2¼ by 4 inches, 6 motifs 2 by 3¼ inches and 6 corners 2 by 8½ inches.



Embroidery design 10303

10303—One may introduce the new Oriental touch on a tunic blouse, etc. This new embroidery contains a wide assortment of motifs in various sizes and bandings which may be used to trim dresses, blouses or skirts. Both the bandings and motifs are very easily worked in a combination of outline and one-stitch embroidery. The design can be adapted to 5⅛ yards of 1¼-inch banding, 3⅞ yards of 5⅛-inch banding, 4⅛ yards of 2-inch banding and 21 motifs in 5 assorted styles.

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The Princesse Matchabelli

on the importance of caring for the skin



"I have been so much impressed by the way American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions. Indeed, their charming youthfulness is due largely to their clear, fresh, beautifully cared-for skins. Women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with the use of Pond's Two Creams."

Princesse Matchabelli

SLENDER but commanding; features of chiseled beauty; fine dark eyes; a skin as ivory-white as the roses that bloom in the gardens of her Italian villa.

This is the Princesse Matchabelli. But add to the picture the imperious graciousness of a noble-woman with a name and title nine centuries old.

The Princesse who knew Vienna and Petrograd in their days of brilliant gaiety, and Constantinople where East challenges West, today shares the life of the sophisticated inner circles of Rome, Paris, London and New York.

"Princesse," I asked, as we talked in her stately apartment overlooking New York's Central Park, "tell me how American women have impressed you."

"But they are beautiful," said the Princesse Matchabelli. "So fresh and young. Their skin — it is like satin. And that is because they are now doing what European women have done for years — for centuries, almost. They are caring for their skin with cold cream."

Then we discussed the method these lovely American women are following to keep their complexions so youthful — the method for the daily care of the skin developed by the Pond's Laboratories. It consists in the simple use of just Two Creams — which together provide the balanced care every normal skin requires.

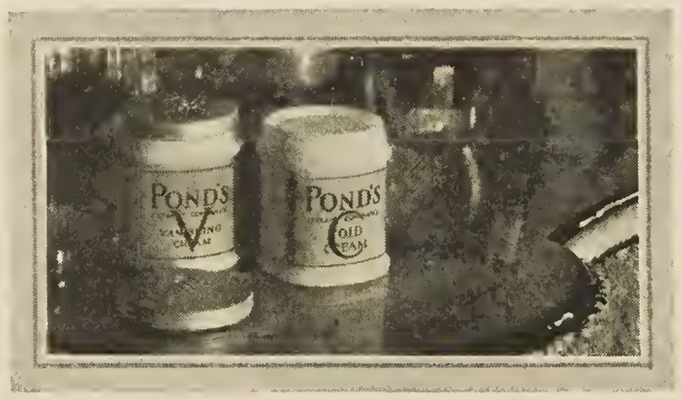
How exquisite women keep their youth

Before retiring or after any unusual exposure apply Pond's Cold Cream generously to the face and neck. Wipe it off with a soft cloth taking away the day's accumulation of dust, dirt, and powder. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with a bit of ice.

Before you powder, smooth over your newly cleansed face a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps your complexion fresh and protected for hours against any weather, and makes your powder stay on longer and more smoothly than ever before.

Begin for yourself this method which the beautiful women of the *beau monde* everywhere are following. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. Soon you'll find a new radiance appearing in your skin, that very smoothness, that delicacy, that look of youth which the Princesse Matchabelli finds so charming. The Pond's Extract Company.





POND'S TWO CREAMS, USED BY WOMEN OF THE SOCIAL WORLD TO KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

The beautiful Princesse Matchabelli has praised the perfection of skin resulting from "the use of Pond's Two Creams." Her villa, near Florence, "Villa Il Pozzino" (Villa of the Little Well) is three centuries old. On the walls of its three courts which succeed each other in lovely vistas are exquisite frescoes painted by Giovanni Da San Giovanni before 1636.

THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, Sr.
MRS. JULIA HOYT
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE
MRS. CONDÉ NAST

are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

FREE OFFER — Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams and instructions for following Pond's method of caring for the skin.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY: Dept. M
149 Hudson Street, New York

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

HOUSEHOLD PETS

Home-makers appreciate these household conveniences because they save time and labor. We shall be glad to advise about other handy devices. Address the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope



Most convenient is this minute chopping-bowl with its well-shaped knife for mincing food



A top-of-the-stove baker is a fuel-saver for the small family



Inside this bake-pot are utensils for cooking all kinds of things from vegetables to muffins and cakes



A tangle wire dishmop is a great improvement on the old wire cloth and is handier to use



A paring-knife of stainless steel will be appreciated by any woman who dislikes discolored fruit and knives



This combination grater and grinder has been specially devised to give convenience and ease in preparing cheese for use



A small-sized but efficient helper in slicing and shredding offers itself for a number of household uses



Breakfast for two and perfectly poached eggs are possible with this convenient poacher. A simple lever lifts the rings



The gardening enthusiast will dote on a basket equipped with weeders, trowels and other precious possessions



No more hunting for corks! This one of rubber expands to fit any bottle



A fruit-press with a wooden hand roller now takes the place of the makeshift sieve and hand rubbing



A half-dozen common household tools in a handy case has been the private joy of more than one mechanically minded woman



A knife-sharpener that works by so simple a process as this is bound to be very popular



you darling!

ANOTHER year has slipped by since you last thought of giving her a Hoover.

But *she* has thought of it many times.

As cleaning days come and go she struggles resolutely with the only "tools" she has in her "workshop," your home.

And they are woefully inadequate, wasteful of time and strength.

As she wields her broom foot by foot across the dusty, dirty rugs her arms rebel and her back seems near to breaking.

Yet she tries to greet you with a smile when you come home at night.

In your heart you pay her tribute. "She's a brave little woman," you say.

But why put her courage to such an unfair test?

Why ask her to bear her burdens patiently when they can so easily be lifted?

The Hoover will save her strength.

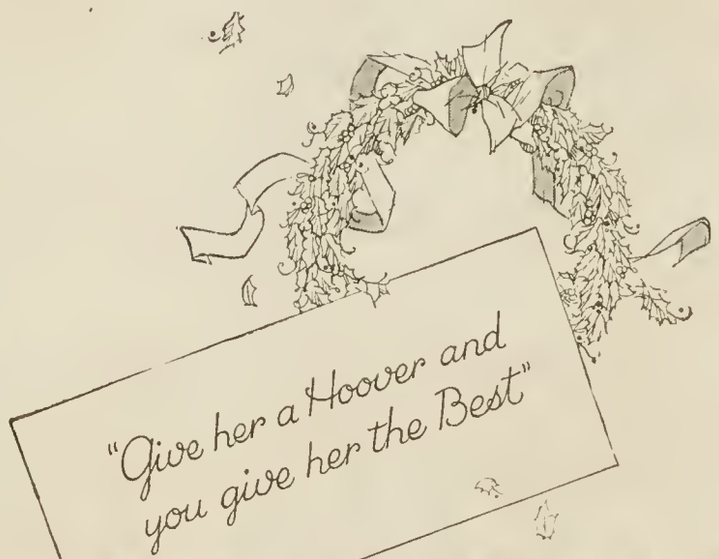
The Hoover will speed her work.

The Hoover will safeguard her pride in a clean home.

You cannot afford to deny her these things for the small monthly payments which The Hoover costs.

Don't disappoint her again this Christmas!

Show her that you really *do* care, and throughout her lifetime your thoughtfulness will be ever in her mind.



The HOOVER

It BEATS.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



Your teeth may be sound—

how about your gums?

IT IS EASY enough to keep teeth clean. A few minutes' care morning and night—that is all you need.

But it is quite another thing to keep your gums firm and healthy. And it is to soft and unhealthy gums that dentists trace many tooth troubles.

The soft food we eat and our hasty way of eating it deprive the gums of the rousing stimulation that coarser food and slower eating would give them. Consequently, tooth troubles, due to weakened gums, show a decided and alarming increase.

How Ipana *stimulates the gums*

Gums that are cheated of work and exercise grow soft, logy, congested. And when "pink toothbrush" appears, you may be sure that worse troubles are on the way.

The dental profession is awake to this situation. Many authorities now stress the fact that surface cleanliness of the teeth, alone, is not enough. Thousands of dentists have written to tell us how they strengthen soft and tender gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Massage is good for gums

In stubborn cases many dentists prescribe a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and used by dentists throughout the country. The presence of ziratol makes Ipana an effective agent in strengthening soft gums and in keeping them firm and healthy.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B12
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

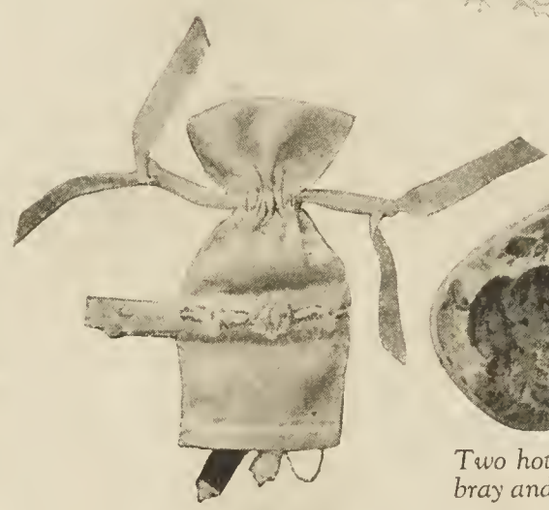
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Address.....

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GIFTS FROM ODDS AND ENDS

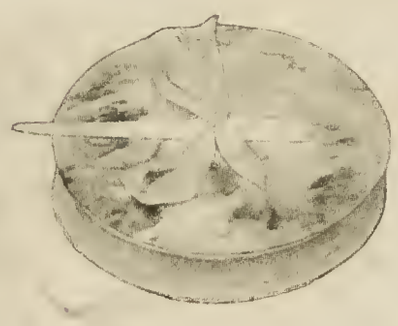
Directions for making any of these remembrances will be furnished in return for a stamped, self-addressed envelope sent to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



This sewing-kit for the purse is made from scraps of ribbon



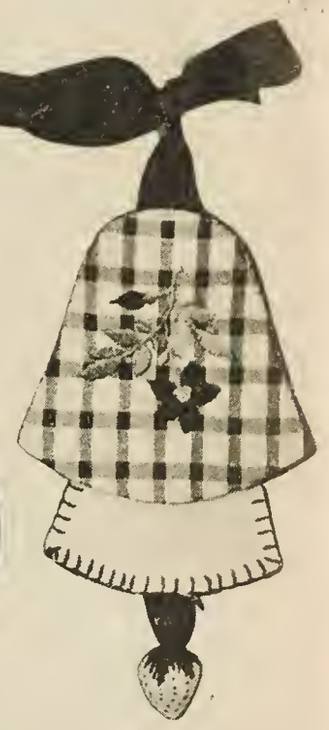
Two hot-pot holders in one, made of chambray and cretonne, with a ring to hang it by



For the dainty miss, a bolt of lingerie ribbon prettily guarded by a case of flowered ribbon and a bodkin



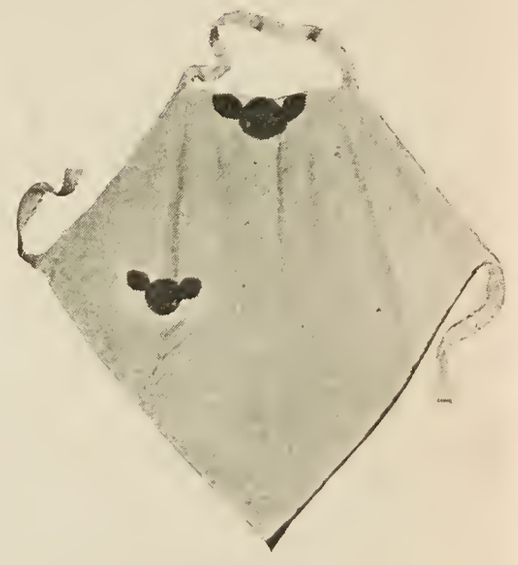
This hat, which is very tiny, is just big enough to carry a tape measure in milady's purse



A case for needles—and a reminder for Christmas



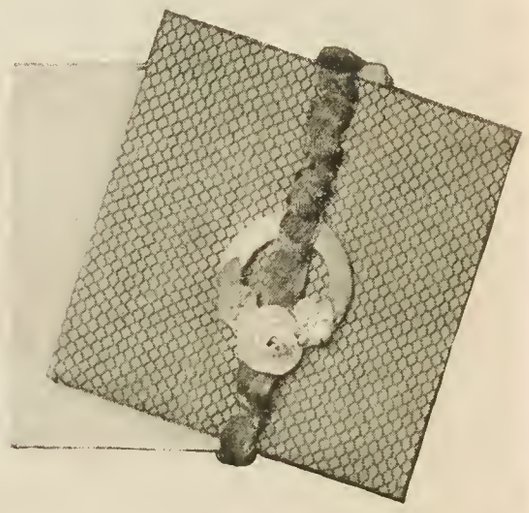
Button, button, who's got the button? Never with such a suggestive button-bag!



Simplicity of design makes this apron possible in the bustle of Christmas



This House of Cards, ingeniously built of post-cards, holds either cake or candy



A traveler's handkerchief-case made of dainty blue satin and a silver buckle

"It's wonderful to *feel* like working!"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of the Nation. No. 6



Copyright 1924
The Selby Shoe Co.

A FEW years ago there was living in a large Ohio city a woman who was almost an invalid.

Her husband was a successful business man, and provided every convenience and luxury. It was not necessary for the wife to apply herself seriously to any task. And so she was dragging into middle-age, always finding things too hard for her.

"I just can't do things any more," she would say when there was discussion of entertaining, outings, or any activity. "My feet simply kill me. I can't walk."

No one gave much thought to her, because there didn't seem to be any necessity of her doing anything. Suddenly she found herself a widow, with an estate that consisted of little else besides a business organization.

Her situation was pathetic. Without money she was helpless. With the business on her hands she was almost as helpless. The only solution was for her to continue the operation of her husband's business.

For two years she worked hard, as hard as she could with the handicap that had become a really serious matter. But it became more difficult, and failure was staring her in the face—

RECENTLY this woman was asked to speak to a group of working girls about her career. She was introduced as one of the most successful business women of America.

"The most important thing in my success was when I found the right kind of shoes," she said. Some of the girls giggled. The words seemed strangely out of place.

But the speaker was unperturbed. "I know you'll think it is funny for me to say such a thing," she continued, "but I am talking about *my* success, and I know how and why I have achieved it.

"When I started out I was almost a physical wreck. I felt unable to stay at my desk during the day. My feet hurt continuously. My mind was distracted. I didn't seem able to concentrate on the business problems. I was facing ruin.

"Then I found the shoes I have worn from that day to this. I say deliberately that they were the most important thing in helping me win out. They made my feet comfortable. They made me feel like walking and being on my feet. They made me capable.

"And I am going to explain the features of them, so you girls will understand. I wish I could make you all realize how important this is. I know I could help many of you to success, if you would believe what I'm saying.

"This shoe is built to give a correct walking base. It does not allow the foot arch to sag and become strained. You all know that the feet must bear the weight of the body. That foot strain means more than mere discomfort. It makes your limbs ache. It makes you feel tired and dull and 'draggy.' It makes you unfit for work.

"Well, this shoe eliminated all of that. Also, it was so designed that it aided circulation of the blood. The inside of the sole is flat, so the foot may spread out naturally when weight is placed on it. There is no cramping of the blood-vessels and nerves.

"You girls know what it means to feel all fagged out before noon. You know what it means to leave your work in the afternoon and be so tired you can hardly get home."

They were listening eagerly now. Here, for the first time, they were learning of a practical help for them.

"This shoe will make you feel young; it will make you feel like running and jumping. You'll enjoy dancing in the evening, no matter how hard you have worked during the day."

But there was much more that we shall not try to repeat here. She explained the careful fitting, how the Arch Preserver Shoe is measured so that it places the foot arch on the built-in bridge exactly right.

But we must quote just a little more. "It's so wonderful to *feel* like working, girls! You can make your work a pleasure, or you can let it be drudgery. You can be successful as you deserve, or you can suffer defeat and discouragement.

"I say frankly that I am quite sure I should never have succeeded without these shoes. I simply couldn't work, until I found out how to make myself *feel* like working."

Then she looked about the room, and there was a smile on her face. "I know what you are thinking. You think this shoe is ugly like most shoes that are supposed to be comfortable.

"Well, it isn't. That's what makes it so wonderful. You can wear moccasins and be comfortable, and also have useful feet. You can wear sandals and have the same result.

"But you can wear this shoe and have healthy, comfortable feet—and also be well groomed. I wear it everywhere. I have ten pairs, and I never feel out of place anywhere."

* * * *

Success and joy of living! How closely the two are associated. How much a woman's life depends on *feeling* like doing things.

Do you *feel* like doing your housework? Do you *feel* like having the Griggs' over to dinner next Thursday? Do you *feel* like walking with your husband in the evening? Do you *feel* like being on your feet anywhere?

The Arch Preserver Shoe has made hundreds of thousands of women *feel* like doing things—anything! It is easy to understand why this shoe has changed the footwear ideas of the Nation.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Look for this Trade-Mark

It is on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E. Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
210 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Makers of Women's Fine Shoes for more than Forty years

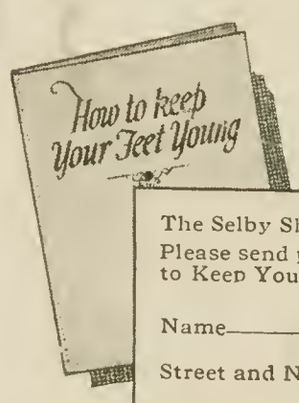
Send for this interesting booklet—"HOW TO KEEP YOUR FEET YOUNG."


No. 95


No. 678


No. 120


No. 123



The Selby Shoe Co., 210 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 200, "How to Keep Your Feet Young," and name of dealer.

Name_____

Street and No. _____

P. O. _____ State _____

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—
bends where the foot bends



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

How to Make a *Perfect* Fruit Cake

EVERYBODY likes home-made fruit cake—if it's *good*. But it takes a great amount of time and labor to make a *good* fruit cake, and it costs money, too. In fact, too much money, time and labor to risk. One just *must* be sure of success.

"But how," you ask, "can one be certain of results when baking a cake or anything else?" There was a time not long ago when your question would have gone unanswered, because there was no way to *regulate* and *control* the heat of a Gas Range Oven.

But now all this is changed—changed by the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. It's a wonderful device—built right into the ovens of six famous makes of Gas Ranges. With the Lorain Self-Regulating Oven you merely turn a small Red Wheel until a metal hand points to the correct temperature. Then you put whatever you want to cook or bake into the oven, and do anything you please until the prescribed time is up.

In this same manner Whole Meals can be cooked in the oven at one time, while you're miles away for hours at a time. And you can do your Canning in the oven, too, easier, quicker and with better results.

But, best of all, you'll never experience a single failure with anything that you entrust to the Lorain Self-Regulating Oven. You can bake a fruit cake every day in the year—and they'll be perfect and tempting beyond expression.

Send the attached coupon for a copy of the Lorain "Time and Temperature" Recipe for English Fruit Cake. It's a perfect recipe developed in the Research Kitchens of American Stove Company. If you follow it exactly, you'll have a most delicious dessert for your Christmas Dinner.

Agents everywhere will gladly demonstrate these wonderful gas ranges with Lorain Self-Regulating Ovens. Look for the Red Wheel. It's your guarantee that you are getting the *original* Oven Heat Regulator and as fine a gas range as money can buy.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR



Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel *provided* you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St, Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your recipe for English Fruit Cake.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Regulator:

RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, O.
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

DEL-12-24

AND STILL MORE GIFTS

These gifts are simple, unpretentious—yet they have that so desirable personal touch. For directions, send a stamped envelope to Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.



Little squares of silk, hemstitched, tied and dipped in baths of dye, make novel handkerchiefs to match frocks of various hues



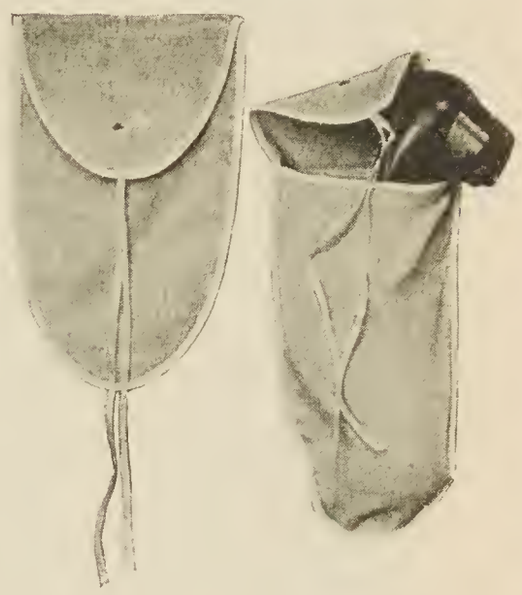
Two sweet-grass mats joined by strips of pretty-colored flowered ribbon make this interesting fancy work-bag



A little girl will take pride in this quaint jack-bag made of tan and rose sateen



The home dressmaker will find very acceptable this little sewing-bag with its tidy compartments for six spools of thread



Yes, only simple little shoe-bags of rose crêpe bound with tape—but what a joyous gift for the traveler



Twelve blotters, bearing consecutive calendars of the months of the year, make a very simple but exceedingly useful gift for any one who writes a good deal



A prettily ornamented handkerchief-case of sheer organdy makes a dainty accessory for either dressing-table or bureau drawer

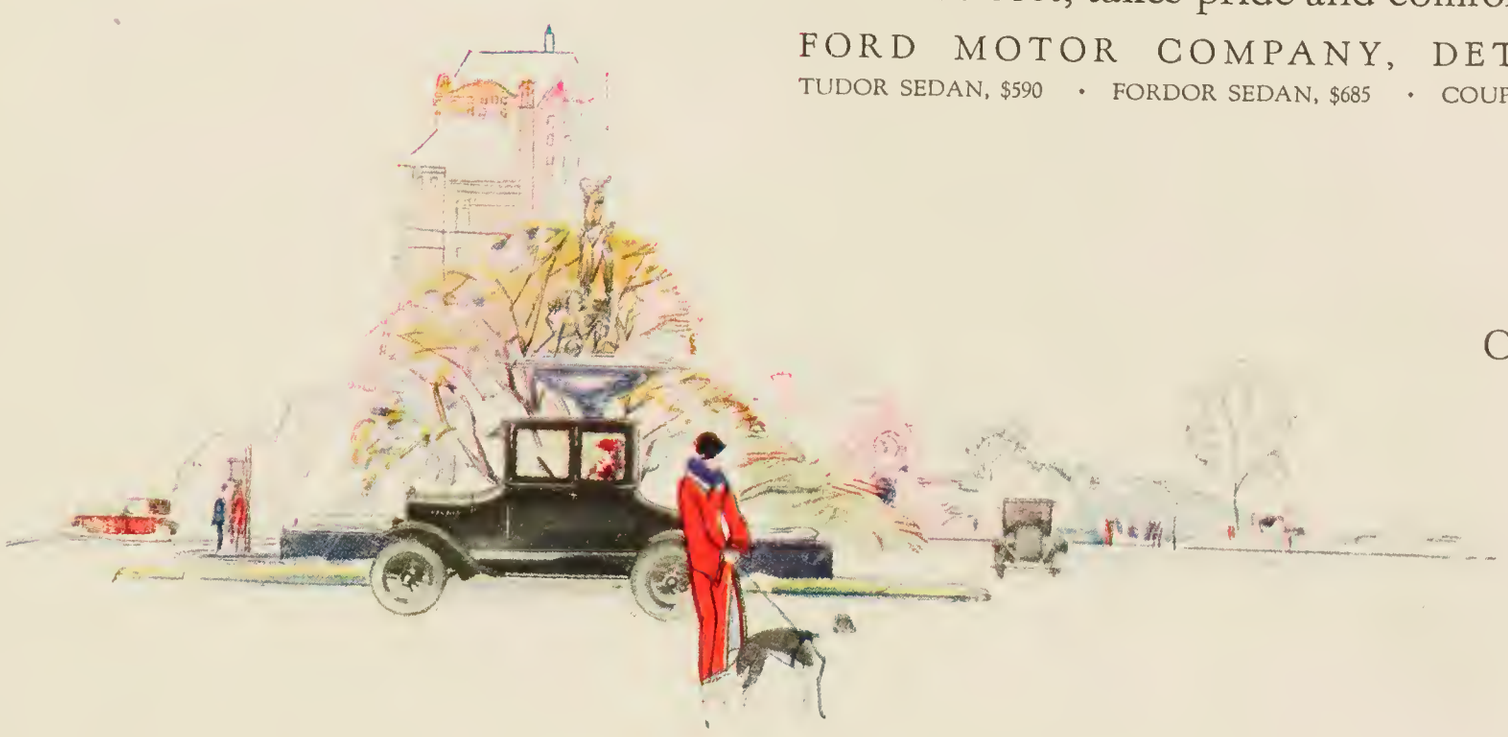


The Christmas Spirit and Ford Service

For the woman who gladly responds to the spirit of giving, it is a comfort to know that the best "special delivery" of parcels is her own Ford car. This convenience is one of many reasons why women in all circumstances agree on the need of a Ford car. She whose means permit the maintenance of more than one car, will, nine times in ten, depend on her reliable Ford. And the woman who wants the better things of life without excessive cost, takes pride and comfort in Ford ownership.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TUDOR SEDAN, $590 • FORDOR SEDAN, $685 • COUPE, $525 • *(All prices f. o. b. Detroit)*



Ford

CLOSED CARS

6 Merry Christmas dainties

Here are six unusual recipes for your holiday parties. When tested in our own kitchen each gave a perfectly delicious result. Not one of these foods is overly expensive—nor overly rich. You can safely let the children have any one of them as a treat.



Banbury Tarts

With the real Banbury filling as they make and sell them at Banbury Cross Station in England. Make the pastry with Crisco and your tarts will be tender and flaky,—a real Christmas treat. They will keep a long time, too. Simply reheat them in the oven in a paper bag.

Filling:

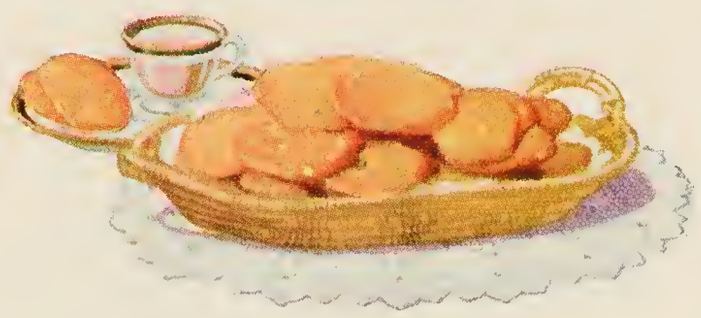
½ cup raisins, cut fine
½ cup currants
4 figs, cut fine
4 tablespoons orange juice
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons flour
½ cup English Walnuts, cut fine
2 tablespoons water

Put raisins, currants, figs and water in double boiler and cook 20 minutes. Then add orange juice. Mix flour and sugar together, add to the mixture, mix well and cook 20 minutes longer. Take from fire and stir in nuts. This is enough for 25 tarts. This filling will keep a month in refrigerator.

Pastry:

3 cups flour ¾ cup Crisco 1 teaspoon salt Ice water

Cut Crisco into flour with a knife and use enough ice water to make a paste which clears the bowl. Roll and cut in 3-inch squares. Put 2 teaspoons of filling in center of each square, moisten edges with ice water, fold over making a 3-cornered tart. Press edges closely together, make 3 little slits in top with a knife; brush with milk. Bake in quick oven (450°) about 20 minutes. Makes about 25 tarts.



Sliced Nut Cookies

Delicious! And no tedious rolling or cutting, either! When you use Crisco for shortening this mixture will keep a long time both before and after baking because Crisco itself keeps sweet and fresh for a remarkably long time.

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1½ cups melted Crisco
3 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon salt
4½ cups flour
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon clove
1 cup chopped nuts, blanched almonds are best

Cream Crisco with sugar. Add eggs slowly mixing thoroughly; add nuts; then dry ingredients sifted together twice. Shape into roll about 2½ to 3 inches in diameter. Put in Criscoed pan in ice box over night. When ready to bake them slice thin, bake in hot oven, 375° about 5 minutes. Makes about 75 cookies.



Fancy Surprise Cakes

The colored icings add a holiday touch.

Use the recipe for Ribbon Cake below and divide the dough into several parts. To one part add a little melted chocolate; to another nuts; to another, spices and raisins; to another, candied pineapple cut fine; to another, candied cherries and so on. You can bake it in sheets and cut in squares or bake in your muffin tins. Ice with colored icing using egg yolk for yellow, pistachio for green and the usual red, blue, violet, etc., icing colorings. Decorate with nuts, cherries, etc.



Ribbon Cake

If you have never made a cake with Crisco use it in this recipe and notice what a light, tender cake you have.

¾ cup Crisco
1½ cups powdered sugar
4 eggs
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream Crisco and sugar together. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add vanilla. Divide the batter into 3 parts. To one part add pink coloring and to another add 3 tablespoons melted chocolate. Bake in 3 layers in a hot oven 400° F. for 20 minutes. Put together with the following filling:

½ cup sugar
½ cup cocoa
4 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup scalded milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix sugar, cocoa, flour and salt and add beaten egg. Add the scalded milk slowly and mix well. Cook in a double boiler until thick stirring constantly. Cool and add vanilla.

Ice top and sides with 2 cups confectioners' sugar mixed with just enough milk to make it the proper consistency for spreading. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sprinkle top with chopped nuts.





Cream Puffs

To delight the children. Easy to make with certain success if you carefully follow directions. Use Crisco and see what a delicate, dainty puff it makes.

Puffs:

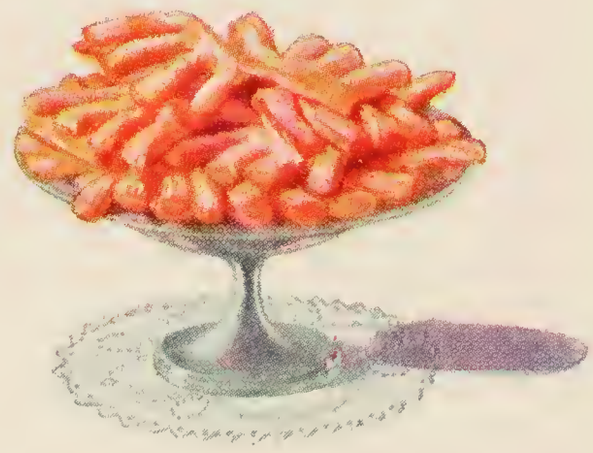
½ cup Crisco, or 4 ounces
1 cup water
1 cup sifted flour
4 eggs

Filling:

2 cups scalded milk
3 eggs
¾ cup sugar
4 tablespoons corn starch
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Puffs: Bring the water to a boil in a saucepan; add Crisco and stir until melted. Then add flour slowly stirring vigorously all the time. Boil until it forms a paste which clears the pan, turn into a mixing bowl and when cool add eggs one at a time beating each in thoroughly before adding the next. After the last egg is added beat vigorously about 5 minutes. Then drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed baking pan about 2 inches apart. Bake in quick oven (450°) 30 minutes. Do not open the door while they are baking. This will make 12 puffs.

Filling: Mix the sugar, cornstarch and salt together and add the beaten eggs. Add the scalded milk. Cook mixture in a double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Cool and add flavoring. Make a little slit in the side of the puff near the bottom and put in the filling. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.



Wonders

The children will like these odd, finger-shaped crullers. They are easy to make and you can fry them in hot Crisco without smoke.

3 eggs
3 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons melted Crisco
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
Deep kettle of hot Crisco

Beat eggs very light. Add the sugar and salt, then the Crisco and flour. Mix well, then add enough more flour to make the batter stiff enough to roll. Roll very thin. Cut in 3-inch squares; make 3 slits in each square up to ½ inch of the edge; then drop in hot Crisco (375 to 385°, or when a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds). Fry until brown; drain on paper; dust with powdered sugar when cool.

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable, by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
© 1924 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

"200 Tested Recipes" *and* Sample Offer

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin), merely to cover postage and packing costs, we will send you "Miss Allen's Tested Recipes"—a cook book giving scores of helpful cooking hints and 200 tested recipes, together with a special sample can of Crisco containing a full half pound. Send your name and address to Section F-12, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TEA-RINGS, TWISTS AND TEMPTING FANCY BREADS

With hints for making them successfully

By Claribel Nye

Edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University



Shape the dough into a large rectangle one-third to one-half inch thick and sprinkle it with cinnamon and sugar



Then roll like a jelly roll, cutting a little off both ends, and the dough is ready for either cinnamon buns or tea-ring



For buns, cut sections of the roll at half-inch intervals and place them cut side down on baking-tins to rise

AN ATTRACTIVE display of rolls and fancy breads in the window of a bakeshop seems to represent a degree of skill which the inexperienced home baker can never hope to equal. Twists, tea-rings, clover-leaf rolls, bread-sticks, rusks and even Parker House rolls appear to be tremendously difficult to make. But when the home baker studies her recipe-books, she finds that the chief difference between plain bread and rolls or other fancy breads lies in the proportion of sugar and fat used, or in some instances in the addition of eggs and spices.

Sugar and fat may be creamed and eggs added to them and this mixture worked into bread dough to make fancy breads and rolls. A simpler method consists in taking out a part of the dough when plain bread is being made and adding more sugar and fat, spices, eggs or fruits to the batter. This requires but little extra time and work on bread-making day and provides a pleasing variety.

An increase in the proportion of sugar gives a sweeter product, that readily becomes brown as to crust and that keeps fresh longer than when less sugar is used. An increase in the proportion of fat gives a tender crust and crum and a bread of good keeping quality. The addition of eggs produces a bread yellow in color, a dough that rises to larger volume and a product that keeps moist and fresh. Both eggs and fat retard the rising process, and therefore breads which include them should be made with an increased amount of yeast. Spices and fruits have little effect upon the resulting product other than to change its flavor.

In three respects doughs for rolls and other fancy breads should be treated differently from plain bread dough. The dough should be slightly softer than for plain bread—that is, a little less flour should be added during the kneading. Rolls should be lighter than bread before they are baked. They are not kept as long as plain bread and are not sliced, so a coarse texture is not a disadvantage. The most common error in making rolls is failure to let them rise sufficiently. Rolls should be baked at a temperature slightly higher than that used for plain bread. This is to keep them from drying too much in the baking process.

A STANDARD RECIPE FOR ROLLS

4 to 8 tablespoons fat
4 to 8 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups milk, scalded
1 to 4 yeast-cakes
6 cups flour, or enough to make a smooth dough when kneaded

Pour the scalded milk over the fat, sugar and salt. Then cool. Soften the yeast in one-half cup of lukewarm water to which one teaspoon of sugar has been added. As soon as the milk is cool, add the yeast to it.

Add three cups of flour and beat the mixture well. At this point add the eggs or spices if called for or if any modification of plain rolls is desired. Add flour until the dough can be handled on a floured board. Knead until smooth. Let rise at eighty degrees Fahrenheit until the dough is very light or about double in bulk. Knead down the dough slightly and let it rise again until it is light, which will take approximately half as long as was necessary for the first rising.

The dough is now ready to be made into the desired shapes for rolls or fancy breads.

The rolls should rise to slightly more than double size and be baked about twelve minutes in a hot oven 400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit.

A very bright glazed crust or a sweet crust may be secured by brushing the tops of rolls and fancy breads with egg wash or a solution of sugar water. For egg wash, beat the egg-yolk with one tablespoon of water or milk. For a solution of sugar water, add just enough water to dissolve granulated sugar. Brush the tops of the rolls with the wash or solution before baking them. If a soft crust is desired, the breadstuffs should be greased after baking.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

The maximum amount of fat—eight tablespoons for the two cups of liquid—and any proportion of sugar may be used for Parker House rolls. After the second rising, remove the dough to a slightly floured board, fold it lightly until the top and sides are perfectly smooth and roll it with a floured rolling-pin to about one-third inch in thickness. Turn the dough over and brush it liberally with melted butter; then, with the roll-cutter or any other ring, cut out the rolls. Each roll should be creased through the center with a floured knife and then doubled over, the back being brought forward until the edges meet. When the dough rises again, the section that is folded over is drawn back considerably, thus making the desired shape. After the rolls are cut and folded they should be placed in a shallow pan so that they do not touch and permitted to rise until very light or a little more than double in bulk. They should then be baked in a hot oven at 400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit for about twelve minutes.



For tea-ring, twist the roll into a ring. At half-inch intervals cut within one-half inch of the edge



Spread out each section of the tea-ring as illustrated. Braids, rolls and buns may be made from the same dough

SHAMROCK OR CLOVER-LEAF ROLLS

Clover-leaf rolls are made by shaping small bits of dough about the size of marbles and placing three together in each section of a muffin-pan.

ENGLISH MUFFINS

English muffins are made in the same way as plain rolls. Let the dough rise only once as if for kneading, then shape it into plain rolls and permit them to rise. Lightly roll out these individual rolls to one-fourth inch in thickness, place them on a hot griddle and bake ten minutes, turning them once. After they have browned on both sides, move the griddle to a cooler part of the stove and bake more slowly. English muffins are delicious split and toasted.

CINNAMON BUNS

Use the plain-roll recipe with any proportion of sugar and fat desired. After the second rising, place the dough on a floured board and shape it lightly into a smooth ball. Roll the dough with a floured rolling-pin until it is about one-fourth inch in thickness. Spread it liberally with melted butter and sprinkle with granulated sugar mixed with cinnamon. Add currants if desired. Then roll the dough as if for a jelly roll. With shears cut off the rolls about one-half inch in thickness and place them with the cut side on the baking-tin. They may be placed close together in the tin, but if more crust is preferred they should be at least one-half inch apart. When light, bake in a hot oven, 400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit.

SWEDISH TEA-RING

The Swedish tea-ring is made from the same recipe as plain rolls, using the maximum amount of sugar and adding two eggs well beaten before adding the flour. After the second rising, transfer the dough to a slightly floured board, shaping it lightly into a smooth ball. With a floured rolling-pin roll it as thin as possible. Spread it liberally with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon or nut-meats. Roll the dough like a jelly roll, cutting a little off both ends. Then join the ends, making a circle of the dough, and place it on a baking-sheet. With shears cut the dough nearly through, holding the scissors at an angle of about forty-five degrees. As the dough is cut, place this cut section on the sheet. Continue cutting the dough at about one-inch intervals, placing each cut section on the tin. This gives the appearance of many petals. After the tea-ring has risen until very light, or a little more than double its size, it may be spread with the egg wash. Nuts may be sprinkled over the tea-ring before baking. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.



Swedish tea-ring and coffee offer cheering refreshment to the Christmas caller. In serving, break each section of the braid with a fork

Let the staff of life be one of your main props in holiday entertaining. We'd like to suggest a number of sandwich breads with delicious salad mixtures to fill them. And if you have a liking for crisp, pungent, old-fashioned rye bread, we'll send you a recipe for that, too. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to THE DELINEATOR'S *Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.*



MENUS FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK

By Jessie A. Boys

In planning these menus, Mrs. Boys had two ideas in mind—to provide meals of correct nutritional balance and to meet the expenditures of the housekeeper of moderate means. Her suggestions were edited and approved by Martha Van Rensselaer, Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

FOR the Christmas goose a special garnish can be made with candied cranberries. Make ornamental skewers by slipping three or four berries on to toothpicks and stick them into the roasted bird in a curve down each side of the breast so that as the meat is carved a skewer will go with each slice. If desired, the apple marmalade can be served individually in small paper cups such as are used for salted nuts. To give these a holiday air, decorate the cups with the round cinnamon candies which resemble holly berries. They can be made to stick in place by just touching each candy to some very heavy sugar sirup before putting in position. Allow to dry thoroughly before using.

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
French Toast with Sirup — *Crisp Bacon*
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Cold Sliced Meat — *Chilli Sauce*
Waldorf Salad — *Spoon Bread*
Milk — *Tea*

DINNER

Tomato Soup — *Crackers*
Baked Rabbit — *Milk Gravy*
Mashed Potatoes — *Creamed Onions*
Buttered Carrots
Bread — *Gooseberry Jam*
Custard Pie — *Cheese*
Milk — *Coffee*

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Baked Apples
Rolled-Wheat Cereal with Cream
Soft-Cooked Eggs — *Rolls*
Orange Marmalade
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Potato Soup — *Croutons*
Spinach-and-Egg Salad
Whole-Wheat Bread — *Jelly*
Milk — *Tea*

DINNER

Spareribs — *Sauerkraut*
Boiled Potatoes — *Creamed Carrots*
Apple Jelly — *Whole-Wheat Rolls*
Gingerbread and Apple Pudding with Whipped Cream
Milk — *Coffee*

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes
Salt Pork in Batter
Hot Corn Bread — *Grape Conserve*
Cocoa

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Boiled Cabbage with Cheese Sauce
Hot Biscuits and Honey
Hot Chocolate

DINNER

Mutton Cutlets — *Mint Jelly*
Potatoes with Mint-Butter Sauce
Mashed Turnips — *Hot Rolls*
Apple-Meringue Pie
Milk — *Coffee*

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Oranges
Rolled Oats with Dates
Scrambled Eggs — *Toast* — *Jelly*
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Oyster Stew — *Crackers*
Celery — *Sweet Pickles*
Lemon Bread Pudding
Milk — *Tea*

DINNER

Beefsteak Pie
Baked Potatoes — *Squash*
Cabbage Salad — *Graham Bread*
Caramel Junket — *Whipped Cream*
Milk — *Coffee*

THURSDAY (Christmas Day)

BREAKFAST

Grapes
Puffy Omelet with Jelly
Cinnamon Buns
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Chilaly on Toast
Fruit Salad — *Sweet Wafers*
Milk — *Coffee*

DINNER

Oyster-and-Grapefruit Cocktail
Celery — *Olives*
Roast Goose — *Apple-and-Raisin Stuffing*
Creamy Mashed Potatoes — *Giblet Gravy*
Buttered Brussels Sprouts — *Baked Squash*
Cider-Apple Marmalade
Cottage-Cheese
Pimiento-and-Green-Pepper Salad
French Dressing
Crisp Wafers
Date-and-Nut Pudding — *Hard Sauce*
Mixed Nuts — *Cluster Raisins*
Assorted Fruits
Milk — *Coffee*

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit
Whole-Wheat Biscuit with Hot Milk
Bacon and Eggs — *Muffins*
Marmalade
Cocoa — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Macaroni and Cheese
Cold Slaw — *Buttered Beets*
Graham Bread
Canned Cherries — *Cookies*
Milk — *Tea*

DINNER

Bouillon — *Wafers*
Goose Hash — *Tomato Sauce*
Buttered Turnips
Cranberry Jelly — *Bread*
Mince Pie
Milk — *Coffee*

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Apple Sauce
Griddle Cakes — *Maple-Sirup*
Liver and Bacon
Milk — *Coffee*

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER

Hashed Browned Potatoes
Sausage Cakes with Tomato Sauce
Cabbage-and-Beet Salad
Cottage Pudding — *Cocoa*

DINNER

Bouillon — *Wafers*
Baked Kidney Beans — *Catchup*
Creamed Cauliflower — *Baked Potato*
Blackberry Jelly — *Squash Biscuit*
Frozen Apple Sauce — *Sponge-Cake*
Milk — *Coffee*

Did you ever eat chilaly on toast? Hasn't it a savory sound? Or goose hash? Can't you just smell it cooking? Or salt pork in batter—or frozen apple sauce, tart and cold? If you haven't and are of an inquisitive nature, THE DELINEATOR will tell you how to make any or all of these tempting dishes which Mrs. Boys suggests for the holiday season. Write the Home-Making Department of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped reply envelope.



All outdoors invites your

Christmas Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



How they have grown

STEADY, sturdy growth is possible only to children who are both *well fed* and *well nourished.* Many a child suffers from malnutrition because he *assimilates* only a small portion of the food he eats.

Milk should play a prominent part in the diet of the healthy child, and scientific research has discovered that Knox Sparkling Gelatine properly dissolved and added to cow's milk increases by about 23% the amount of nourishment obtainable from that milk.

Growing children need Knox Gelatine in their every day diet, and fortunately there is no end to the delicious and different ways it can be introduced.

The busy housewife will realize that one of the great advantages in gelatine dishes is that they delight the *whole* family—there is no need to prepare special portions for the children—*everyone* is benefited by the addition of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to the dietary.

For 4c in stamps to cover mailing, we will send free upon request "The Health Value of Gelatine"—filled with valuable suggestions for all mothers who want to increase the vitality of their children.

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE
"The Highest Quality for Health"

Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.



No less famous a restaurant than Sherry's in New York uses candied fruits, nuts and hard sauce to glorify the holiday pudding



Directions for making these fruits and fruit pastes are given in the article entitled "Christmas Sweets of Fruit" on page 20 of this issue

PLUMMY CAKES AND PUDDINGS

Selected from "The New Butterick Cook Book"

By Alice Blinn

Recipes have been tested and approved by the School of Home Economics, Cornell University — *Martha Van Rensselaer*

AS LINEAL descendant of the old-time mince pie and plum pudding, it is a tradition that the Christmas pudding or cake must be as fruity as possible. Made well in advance of the holiday season, they ripen and mellow with standing if kept closely covered in tin boxes and may still be used many months after making.

A DELICIOUS FRUIT-CAKE

1 pound butter
2 cups light-brown sugar
9 eggs
1 cup strong coffee
3 pounds currants
2 pounds seeded raisins
1 pound citron
½ pound almonds
4 cups flour
1 teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons cinnamon
½ teaspoon soda

Cream the butter; add the sugar gradually and beat thoroughly. Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored and the whites until stiff and dry and add to the first mixture. Then add the coffee, the flour mixed and sifted with the spices and soda, and well-floured fruits and nuts. Put into greased pans lined with greased paper. Bake three or four hours in a very slow oven. Rich fruit-cake is sometimes steamed for an hour, then baked for the rest of the time.

THE EVER-POPULAR ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

1 pound chopped suet
2 pounds raisins
1 pound currants
1 pound mixed peel
2 cups flour
2 cups crums
1 teaspoon mixed spices
2 cups brown sugar
8 eggs

Mix the suet, the fruit and the chopped peel and dredge with some of the flour. Mix together the remaining flour, crums, spices and sugar and add the well-beaten eggs. Stir the fruit and suet into this mixture and mix the whole thoroughly. Put into greased molds or into pudding-cloths. Drop into a kettle of boiling water and boil from five to seven hours, according to the size of the pudding. Serve with hard sauce or any desired liquid sauce.

Plum pudding steamed in individual molds makes attractive gifts. The molds will be useful in Summer for molding frozen desserts of the mousse or bombe types.

A date pudding is sufficiently rich to satisfy the desire for holiday feasting. A cup of chopped pecan or walnut meats may be added if desired.

A TASTY PUDDING OF DATES

1 pound dates
½ pound beef suet
3 cups bread-crums
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup milk
4 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder

Chop the dates and the suet very fine. Mix the suet with the bread-crums. Add the dates and the sugar. Stir in the egg, add the milk and flour into which the baking-powder has been sifted. Put in a greased mold and steam for three hours. Serve with any desired sauce.

AND AN APRICOT PUDDING

A very simple but truly delicious fruit pudding may be made from steamed apricots.

½ pound dried apricots
Cinnamon toast
1 cup boiled frosting or 1 cup meringue
½ cup sugar

Soak the apricots overnight. Stew until tender and add the sugar. Arrange squares of cinnamon toast in the bottom and around the sides of a pudding-dish. Pour in the boiling-hot apricots, cover the dish so that no steam can escape and cool gradually. Chill and cover the top with boiled frosting garnished with bits of jelly or with meringue.

THE PEASANT GIRL WITH A VEIL

Denmark teaches us how to make a little fruit go a long way. This simple but delicious dessert of dried bread-crums and jam is not so humble as it seems. The name alone is enough to interest us in the recipe.

2 cups dried crums
1 cup tart jam
Whipped cream

Crumble bits of Graham or rye bread to make fine crums. Add a little sugar to the crums and heat them in a slow oven until they are very dry. Cool and mix with any kind of jam, preferably a tart jam like apricot or plum. Mold, chill and serve with whipped cream.

But what's a pudding without a sauce? Hot, cold, hard or "runny," tart with lemon, spicy with nutmeg or provocative with a combination of flavors—THE DELINEATOR *knows them all and would be glad to tell you how to make them. Just write our Home-Making Department, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped envelope for our reply*



DO NOT spend all Christmas morning in the kitchen. Make your Dessert and Salad with Knox Sparkling Gelatine the day before and be free to enjoy the day. Also make your candies a few days ahead, pack in attractive boxes tied with ribbon and send to your friends as Christmas gifts; you may also tie them on the Christmas tree, or give them as favors at the Christmas dinner. Special recipes for these candies will be sent you upon request.

Christmas Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water
1 pint milk
1½ squares chocolate
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup sugar
¾ cup dates
½ cup nuts
½ cup currants
Salt

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little of the milk, making a smooth paste. Put remainder of milk in double boiler, add chopped fruit. When boiling, add melted chocolate, sugar, salt, and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with a currant jelly sauce.

Cranberry Salad

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 pint cranberries
¾ cup celery, diced
⅓ cup nut meats, chopped
1½ cups cold water
1 cup sugar
Salt

Cook the cranberries in one cup water twenty minutes. Stir in the sugar and cook for five minutes. Add the gelatine, which has been softened in one-half cup cold water ten minutes, and stir until dissolved. When mixture begins to thicken, add celery and nuts, and turn into pan, which has been rinsed in cold water, and chill. When firm, cut in squares, place a whole nut meat on top of each square and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of salad dressing.

Other Holiday Recipes—Free

For every home meal—every social occasion—there are many original and delightful recipes in Mrs. Knox's books. Sent free with a book on "The Health Value of Gelatine" for your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

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RAISIN COOKERY LESSONS BY FAMOUS COOKS

NUMBER ONE  OF THE SERIES

HOLIDAY *desserts from California*

By Mrs. Belle De Graf, the Golden State's most famous cook

In the last ten years I suppose I have talked to more than 200,000 California women about cooking—my work, through cooking schools and practical books, being to give holiday goodness to foods that we can serve *inexpensively* every day.

Perhaps it is only natural—living in California where we produce one of the greatest aids to simple cooking—that we do regard raisins with a special affection, and appreciate the magic that they work with otherwise characterless dishes.

Plum pudding, fruit cake, mince pie—on holidays, of course. But in simple, easy ways I am teaching how we can have this holiday goodness of raisins throughout the year. After all, cooking really covers only a few foundation recipes; certain ingredients are essential as a base. To many, by simply adding raisins, we get the character and flavor that make the dish appealing—and healthful.

Here are a few quickly made, all-year desserts which California women like especially well. From my experience I know that any housewife who will follow the simple directions carefully can serve them successfully for her family.



Mocha Charlotte Russe

The base is simply whipped cream and cake; raisins transform this into a fruity, most attractive dessert. Line sherbet glasses with split lady fingers or finger length strips of cake. Whip 1½ cups of thick cream, add 1 tablespoon of coffee extract or very strong coffee strained, ⅓ cup powdered sugar and 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins. Fill cake lined glasses and serve very cold. If cake or lady fingers are not available, pile mixture in glasses and serve with wafers. Will serve 6 persons.



California Apple Pie

The filling for this pie can be used for several different desserts. Baked in custard cups without a crust it is especially good for children; made into a cobbler without an under crust, but with a pastry covered top; baked as individual deep dish pies, no under crust and pastry top; or the pie illustrated which can be served hot or cold. If hot, serve with hard sauce. Take 2 cups of grated apple (can be run through the food chopper), add grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, 1 cup sugar, 2 beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter and 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins. Turn into pastry lined pie dish. Cover top with strips of pastry lattice fashion and finish with a strip of pastry around the edge. Place in a hot oven, reducing heat after 15 minutes; bake until firm in the center.

Raisin Apple Snow

A busy dinner hostess will appreciate a dessert that can be prepared from 12 to 24 hours before serving. A delicious, light, frothy pudding, very refreshing to follow the hearty dinner courses. The base for this dish is sweetened apple sauce. Allow 2 cups of apple sauce. Soak 2 tablespoons granulated gelatine in ⅓ cup cold water 10 minutes. Strain apple sauce, add ½ cup Sun-Maid Raisins and heat to the boiling point; remove from fire, add gelatine, the juice of 1 lemon, and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Chill, and when beginning to thicken, add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Beat until mixture holds its shape, then turn into a mold. Set aside until serving time; unmold and serve with a custard sauce made of the 2 egg yolks. Other fruit sauce may be substituted for apple sauce, cranberries being particularly fine. Will serve 6 persons.

Mrs. Belle De Graf



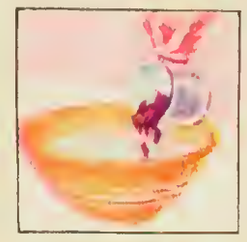
There IS *a difference in raisins*

There is a difference in flavor, sweetness, size, color and cleanliness. To make certain of the very finest results, be sure always that the raisins you use are Sun-Maids.

For Sun-Maids are made from the tenderest and sweetest grapes, grown where they reach perfection—in the beautiful San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California. They come to you in sanitary packages—raisins large, plump, juicy, with an inimitable delicacy of flavor. Thoroughly cleaned and sterilized, they do not require washing before use.

You can use these perfect raisins freely, for they are inexpensive now—cheaper than they have been in years. Buy a package today and try them in the recipes that Mrs. De Graf has given you here.

Paste this chart in your cook book



JUST ADD SUN-MAID RAISINS *to* YOUR

Biscuit Dough
Raisin biscuit
Raisin roll (roll out, spread with raisins, sugar and cinnamon, roll and bake)
Cinnamon twists
Steamed Raisin Dumpling

Breakfast Breads
Raisin muffins
Raisin doughnuts
Raisin cornbread
Sally Lunn
Cinnamon buns

Breakfast Cereals
Oatmeal
Cream of Wheat
Cornmeal mush

Pies
Apple, rhubarb, pumpkin, lemon, butterscotch, peach, cranberry, cocoanut

Simple Puddings
Rice, custard, bread, tapioca, cornstarch, brown betty

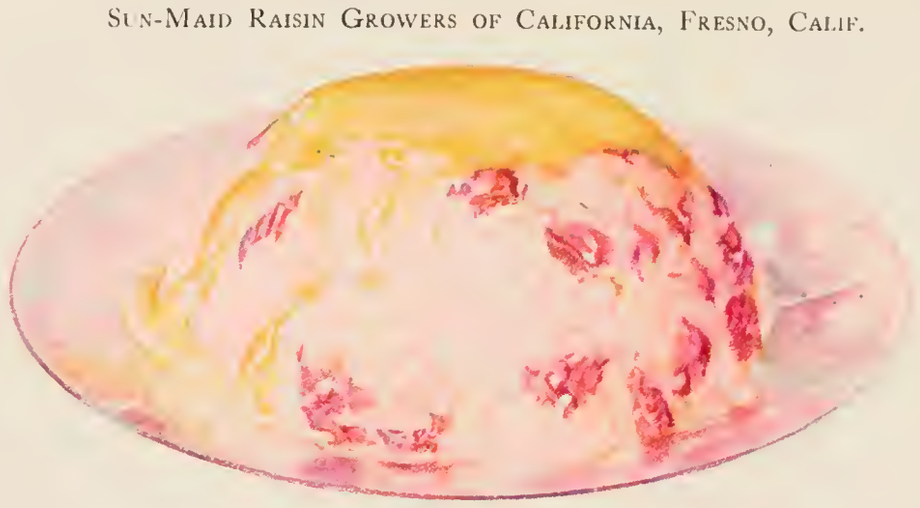
Cakes
Layer, tea, drop, spice, loaf. (Flour raisins slightly before adding to batter)

Candies
Raisin and nut balls (ground raisins and nuts made into balls and rolled in sugar)
Raisin fudge, penoche, caramels
Raisins dipped in sweet chocolate

NOTE: *Practical recipes for these and many other delightful foods can be had by mailing the coupon below*

[*FREE* *The new Sun-Maid cook book, 130 unusual and practical recipes, suggestions for afternoon teas, luncheons, children's dishes. Compiled and tested by Mrs. Belle De Graf. Just mail the coupon*]

SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA, FRESNO, CALIF.



Raisin Apple Snow—see recipe above



Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters

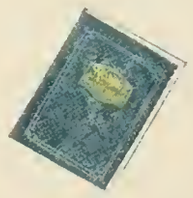
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THIS is the Sun-Maid Girl—an insignia of quality the world over. Look for her on products of the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California



COUPON

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California
Dept. A-212, Fresno, Calif.
Please send me "Recipes with Raisins"



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True Hospitality, A Genuine Invitation

—a fine mark of good housekeeping

OUR OFFER: The handiest loose-leaf receipt book ever designed. Makes an ideal Christmas present. Includes strong, flexible cover, complete set index cards, and 50 blank sheets for your favorite receipts. Size 6 x 8 inches. Lies flat, stays open. Would cost $2.00 in any retail store, but you send *actual cost to us*—only $1.00—to get one prepaid to your door. Includes many of our choicest Walnut receipts *but no advertising* in or on the book. Just enclose a money order, check, or $1.00 bill with your request.

MOST DIAMOND WALNUTS—about 50,000,000 pounds a year—are sold in *shells*. But you can also buy these same delicious Walnuts *shelled*—just the kernels alone. Halves for topping mixed with pieces for filler and salads *in large and small tins*. Both "Vacuum Packed" so they come to you with the incomparable DIAMOND flavor and freshness intact.



There is a peculiar warmth of welcome, a subtle note of special invitation, a quiet touch of true social understanding—*and marked good housekeeping*—perfectly evident in the bowl of Diamond Walnuts that greets your guests in the living room during the Holiday Season.

We—4186 California Growers—specialize in the growing of fine Walnuts, the kind we know you want to typify your kind of hospitality.

But even from our *specialized Crops* we discard more than 5,000,000 pounds, first by machine-elimination and then by hand, leaving only Walnuts which are uniformly good.

These we put in sacks labeled "Diamond." Your grocer will show you this sack full of delicious nuts which are *already selected for you*. You get better and *more* kernels per pound from Diamond Walnuts.

Whether you order ten pounds, five, or only one,—all are the same if they're "Diamond"—thin, clean, light-colored shells that crack without crushing the big, crisp, flavory, plump kernels inside.

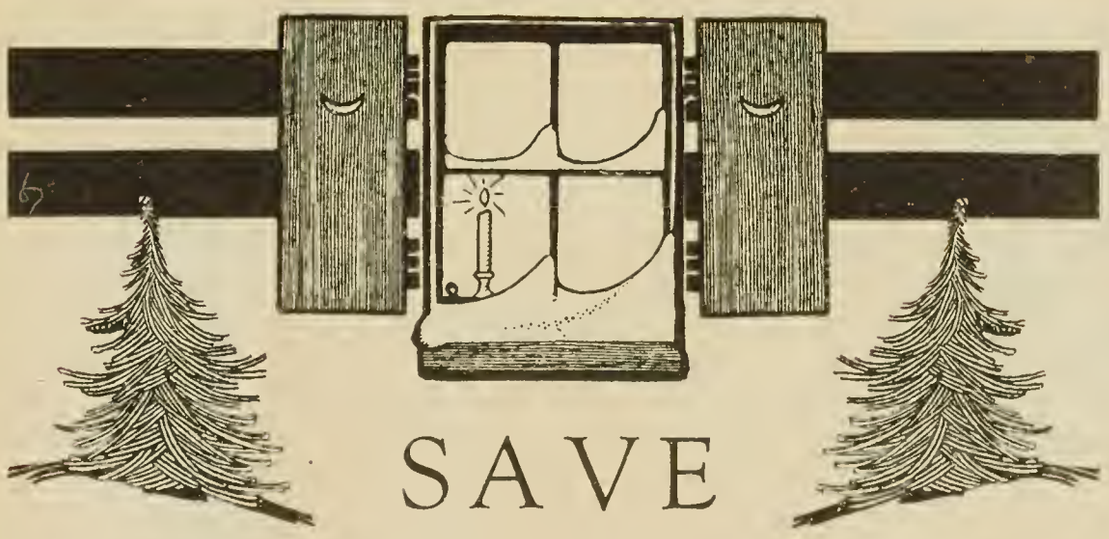
As the price of Diamond Walnuts is usually about the same as for other Walnuts, surely it is worth your while insisting that the Grocer take yours from the famous Diamond bag, illustrated below.

You can then fill your guest-bowl in perfect confidence.

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Our Yearly Production 50,000,000 Pounds

DIAMOND *California's finest* WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts



SAVE DOLLARS AND HOURS

Hints for the Christmas season

If you have discovered some clever little way to save time or labor or fuel or food or anything else connected with housekeeping, tell us about it—and if we can use it in these columns we will pay you five dollars for it. Write on only one side of the paper and address your letter to The "Savers" Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y. (If you wish to have your suggestion returned in case we can not use it, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope)

SAVE ON CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND ACCESSORIES

WITH three farm-hands to feed and three babies to care for, I must confess that I am a typical Christmas "rusher." My haste this past season, however, led to a happy "*tying discovery.*" I accidentally used a ball of vermilion worsted instead of red twine and my package became a thing of beauty instead of an ordinary bundle. I wound the worsted three times each way around the package, tying it tightly in the center. Christmas seals, stuck where the lines converged, many long loops, knots or a little tassel made of the ends of the wool gave a charming effect. Color ranges are unlimited, as one may use the left-over bits of worsted that accumulate during the year.

For my friends who are too near and dear for the card class and yet to whom I did not wish to send a real gift, the "*edible Christmas card*" solved the problem. I saved tin boxes all year and I steamed miniature fruit-cakes in them. Then during the weeks these cakes were ageing I decorated the boxes. If you paint, paint them; if you sew, cover them with bits of silk and lace; but if you do neither, cover them with the aid of a paste-pot and wall-paper, or colored motifs cut from magazine advertisements. All these methods of decoration are surprisingly attractive and simple to execute.

Another variation of the edible Christmas card is to fill paper fiber jelly-glasses, which may be had at a small cost, with some dainty. I selected the Wedgwood pattern for my glasses, and since I was too hurried to make jelly or jam, I filled them with cinnamon nuts. (Two cups of walnut-meats or almonds, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of cinnamon and a little water. Boil until the sirup threads. Remove from the fire, stir the nut-meats into the sirup, place the sugared mass onto paper and break it into small pieces.)

We farm women can easily please our city friends with practical gifts, such as potatoes or apples—or any other farm product. Last year I sent four sacks of potatoes to city friends at a total cost of two dollars and sixty-five cents. The delight of the recipients was way out of proportion to the farm valuation of the common potato.

Or perhaps some friend has praised a cake of yours during the year. If so, write the recipe on a correspondence-card, decorate it with Christmas stickers and tie it with ribbon, tinsel or wool to the handle of a wooden spoon.

If you once start the edible Christmas-card idea, you'll be surprised to find how it grows and grows, and how many ways you can discover to make more people happy at Christmas-time.—MRS. P. C., Ferndale, Calif.

GIVE CHRISTMAS CHEER TO WAY-FARERS

In the cities near San Francisco Bay some unusual and beautiful plans were made and carried out in order to make Christ's birthday bring a message of happiness and good will to every homesick, hurried or lonely traveler.

In the ferry station an immense community Christmas tree was set up and elaborately trimmed by the San Francisco firemen. It was brilliantly lighted every evening for the week preceeding Christmas. Each evening a different organization in the city provided a free program of music with carol singing.

In the big dining-room of the immigration station at Angel Island, a Christmas tree was decorated and an American flag and a Christmas card were given to every one present, including Persians, Assyrians, Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, South Americans and representatives of various European countries. Pictures on the screen told the Christmas story, and the Americans who went over to the island sang carols. Of course not all could understand the words sung and spoken, but the spirit of "good will to all men" was grasped by old and young.—MRS. T. H. H., Oakland, Calif.

SAVE FOR YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION

The question of how to finance the education we hoped to give our boy was a problem over which we puzzled for a long time.

As the Christmas season approached it occurred to me that nothing could be more appropriate than to plant a tree for son each year, choosing a fruit-tree which would yield a tangible profit. This profit was to be put into a bank for the boy's education. The plan took shape, and by the time the first fruit appeared he was old enough to take real delight in the proceeds of the sale, while a few years more found him in entire charge of a small orchard and an ever-growing bank account.—M. H. T., Washington, D. C.

SAVE TIME AND THOUGHT IN GIVING

A Christmas note-book saves time and prevents one from racking one's brain over gifts. I keep a list of the friends whom I have remembered with gifts and a separate list of those to whom I have sent cards. From time to time during the year I jot down on my next year's list suggestions which I get from shop-windows or wishes that I hear expressed by my friends. Then when the Christmas season arrives I am not at a loss for ideas. Also, it prevents my repeating gifts.—MRS. W. F. S., West Auburn, Maine.

PREVENT HURRY IN MAILING

As most of my Christmas gifts must be mailed, I find it a great help to prepare each gift for mailing as it is finished. I also weigh the parcels and add postage, then lay my parcels away until mailing time comes around. In this way there is no last-minute rush for the mail.—MRS. A. K., Cascade, B. C., Canada.



6 Minutes *from package to table*

A delicious, digestible breakfast in six minutes . . . with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour.

First put on your pan or griddle. While it heats, just add water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour . . . and your batter is done.

Even in the little time they take to bake, these delicate pancakes are cooked thoroughly and become easily digestible. Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is made only of high-grade flours, mixed and sifted with scrupulous care.

Have these fluffy, golden-brown cakes for breakfast tomorrow. The delicious fragrance that precedes their arrival on the table will bring back to memory the pancakes of your childhood . . . the tempting wheat flavor of Pillsbury's will give you the same pancake hunger . . . their substantial goodness will satisfy you just as those pancakes of your mother's used to.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes.

Make This Test Yourself
Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy-white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour makes equally delicious cakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods
Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Farina



Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family



How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S. 1625

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 329, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

We are glad to offer our readers the following services; and we hope they will have no hesitation in consulting our department experts on any personal or household problem. Be sure (1) to address your inquiry to THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.; (2) to give us your return address; (3) to enclose the cost of the pamphlet or other literature (in each case a minimum amount fixed to cover cost of printing and postage)

Babies and Children—In its Happy Child Department, THE DELINEATOR offers mothers the medical advice of nationally known baby and child specialists.

The following pamphlets, which are reprints of articles that have appeared in THE DELINEATOR, may be had for ten cents each: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine; "The General Care of the Baby," "Maternal Nursing," "Artificial Feeding" and "Diet Problems of Childhood" (four separate booklets), by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "Early Childhood," by Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw; "The Mental Health of the Child," by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon; "The School Child," by Dr. William Palmer Lucas; "The Child's Teeth," by Dr. Harvey J. Burkhart; "Three Dread Diseases of Childhood: Diphtheria (by Dr. William H. Park), Tuberculosis (by Dr. L. Emmett Holt), Diabetes (by Dr. Henry Rawle Geyelin)," and "Play, Eyes and Movies," by Dr. Ward A. Holden and Dr. Henry L. K. Shaw. There is also a treatise on "Correct Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith, to be had for ten cents; and a cloth-bound "Baby's Record Book," by Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, which costs one dollar.

Housekeeping—The Home-Making Department has more helpful leaflets than can be listed here. Write for a list of subjects. Ask any question that troubles you in your household management. Always send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

Building and Decoration—If you want to build, write for pictures of all Donn Barber's model houses, costing you only two cents for return postage. Then for one dollar you may order a print of floor-plans and elevations of the house you decide upon.

Ask Mrs. Sanders, the editor of this department, about furnishing and decorating (not more than five questions at one time, please). Be sure to give dimensions, exposure and full description of rooms—and a two-cent stamp for reply.

Special bulletins, "Good Floors," "Curtains and Draperies," "Walls, Woodwork and Ceilings," "Furnishing the Home" and "How to Choose, Frame and Hang Your Pictures," may be had for twenty-five cents each.

Beauty and Health—You can improve your appearance with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer personal questions and send folders prepared by experts on the care of the skin, hands and hair, on lotions and cosmetics. These folders are free. Tell us which you want. Be sure to enclose postage.

Etiquette—Don't make social blunders. Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will answer any personal quandary or send you instructive leaflets on the various phases of etiquette. Some of the most popular are: "Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women," "Introductions, Invitations and Replies," "Entertaining," "Travel," "House Weddings," "Etiquette at the Table," "Letter-Writing," "Calls and the Use of Cards." These leaflets cost you nothing but the postage, which should be estimated at two cents for three folders.

Entertainment—Ask us about any dinner, dance, shower or entertainment that you may be planning. We have four new parties that are appropriate for December: "A Family Affair," an inexpensive all day Christmas at home; "A Christmas Tableau," for quite young people; "A Reel Romance," a novel shower; and "Christmas Weather," an attractive bazaar. Two cents will cover return postage.



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 9

has always been a bitter thing to Miss Flora, and she has taken her own way about it." Then there was silence again. "You know, your mama," the old woman began presently, and Gay's eyes startled, fixed themselves for a moment upon Margaret's face, as if the girl found the term strange, "your mama made a silly marriage, dear, and Miss Flora felt very badly about it. Your mother was such a pretty, gentle girl, too. There was quite a family then. Miss Flora had married Mr. Will Fleming, and Sylvia was just a little thing, as dark as a gipsy. And of course that was just the time that poor Mr. Roger's wife was dying of some miserable growth she'd had for years, and it was when Tom run away. Mrs. Roger Fleming had a big couch on the porch in Summer, and she'd be lying there, and perhaps Mr. Roger reading to her or talking about some cure; and Miss Flora would have Sylvia out there, with her big rag doll! Sylvia's father was never much of a success, they used to say; he was usually away somewhere getting a new job of some sort.

"Somehow, I never think of Aunt Flora as having a husband," Gay said, in a somber, tear-thickened voice. "Her being Sylvia's mother and all that seems natural enough. But to think of her as Mrs. Will Fleming always is so queer."

"I don't know that she ever loved Mr. Will," Margaret said, with a glance behind her at Hedda, who was straightening the kitchen as composedly as if the hour had been four o'clock in the afternoon instead of the morning. Hedda was paying no attention and Margaret went on, with all an old servant's significance: "It was well known that Miss Flora loved Roger Fleming all her life, and she was engaged to him after his first wife—that was David's and Tom's mother—died."

"Yes, I know," Gabrielle said, with a long sigh.

"When Roger Fleming married the second time, she took his brother Will," Margaret resumed, "and for a while they had a little apartment in Boston; he was in the bank then. But he died when Miss Sylvia was only three, and Miss Flora was here more than she ever was there, anyway; Miss Lily stayed here all the time. And then, that terrible Summer when little Tom ran away, if Miss Lily didn't fall in love with a man nobody knew anything about——"

There was an old-fashioned little peasant bench beside the stove, brought from across the seas when Hedda and Trude had come to America twenty-five years ago, and Gabrielle was on this low seat now, with her arms across Margaret's knees. She looked up into Margaret's face wistfully as she said:

"But there was nothing *against* my father? Wasn't he just a young man who was staying in Crowchester for a while?"

"He had some sort of agency," Margaret said. "No, dear, for all we ever knew, he was a good enough man. But he was no husband for Miss Lily, who was Mr. Roger Fleming's cousin. And more than that, she married him secretly, and that's always a bad thing!"

"Yes, I know—!" Gabrielle murmured, with impatience and pain in her voice. "But I don't see anything so terrible in it!" she finished, half to herself.

"Well, it was such a bad time, when they were all so upset. Miss Flora felt something terrible when she knew that Miss Lily—her

Continued on page 58

The Most Exciting Gift That Santa Can Bring Into Any Home

A Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving—Price Only $15

THIRTY-FIVE women were blinded through the use of hot curling irons in 1923, according to a recent publication of the Government Statistical Bureau. What would an investment of $15 for a Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit have *meant* to the lives of these unfortunate ones? Here is a perfectly safe article—an invention sometimes classified as one of the greatest ever made for personal comfort and safety—by the use of which, once or twice a year, a straight-haired woman's troubles are turned into pride and pleasure.

money and convenience are available, but millions of girls and women are not so fortunate. And for them the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit is *just the thing*. It lasts forever, and with it, they can, at very little cost, wave not only their own but other heads as well.

The Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Is Safer Than All Other Curling Devices

Although a great many thousands of Nestle Waving Outfits are in homes everywhere in the world, and although in the United States alone, over four thousand hairdressers every day use the large professional Nestle apparatuses for "LANOIL" waving, we have never heard of a single instance of serious mishap. Its perfect safety is a main feature. Its simplicity is another. Children of twelve have successfully waved their elders' hair, while with many high school girls, Nestle waving has become a favorite pastime, because the process is so interesting, and the results so thrilling.



Her Husband LANOIL-Waved Her Hair

"The process is so simple and easy. My husband waved my hair without a bit of trouble," writes Mrs. G. A. Brightwell, 828 Norfolk St., Fort Worth, Texas.



Her Outfit "A Priceless Treasure"

"As a dispenser of happiness, Cinderella's fairy godmother had nothing on you, Mr. Nestle," writes Mrs. Roy A. Pinkston, 2719 E. Fifth Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.



"This Little Girl Was Ill in Bed when I waved her hair. We are delighted with her curls, waves and ringlets," writes little Miss Elva Lloyd's mother, from Walla Walla, Wash.

Entire Families And Groups of Friends Waved With One Outfit

Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute declared in 1909 that the Nestle discovery of the permanent hair wave was, in his opinion, the greatest step forward ever made in hair science. Since then, the popularity of permanent waving has climbed to unprecedented heights. What it means to the straight-haired girl and matron to have curly, wavy hair under all possible circumstances can be realized only by those who have actually tried the Nestle Outfit, never to give it up again, except perhaps in favor of professional treatment. We recommend this where the

A PERMANENT wave by the Nestle Home Outfit, with the latest "LANOIL" Process, means the transforming of the straightest, lankiest hair—hair which otherwise needs curling daily or nightly, into *naturally* curly hair. You may shampoo it at will, use hair treatments of any kind, dance and perspire, go out into rain and fog, brush and comb it as much as you like—and yet have curly hair just as if you were born with it!

Thirty Days' Free Trial In Your Own Home

This is the most eloquent evidence of the success of the Home Outfit—that every Outfit ever sold in the two and one-half years since its invention was sold on 30 days' free trial. Send the Nestle Company a check, money order or draft for $15, and get the Outfit on this condition. Besides the regular supplies, you will receive free trial materials. Use these. Then examine your hair as to its quality. Test the curls and waves you get any way you like. Shampoo, rub, brush and comb them, as you please. Then, if you are not satisfied with the results, if they do not look prettier every day, return the Outfit within thirty days, and WE GUARANTEE to refund the entire $15 to you without question or delay, without deducting a penny for packing costs, postage or the free trial materials used.

At the right is an illustration showing the way the Home Outfit is used. You curl the hair strand by strand. Each strand, wet with the sympathetic "LANOIL" lotion, and wound on a Nestle mechanical curler, is warmed for only seven minutes, and each strand comes out transformed by this gentle steam pressure, as if by magic, to naturally curly, even though, when waved by *ordinary* methods, such as crimpers or hot irons, it never held a curl or wave for more than a day or two.



The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use

A whole head can be waved comfortably in just a few hours. The work is interesting, simple, and safe. The results are permanent and lovely.

Send a letter, a postal, or the coupon below for your Outfit today. Santa never before had so much to offer you as is contained in the little grey box illustrated above. Charming, natural waves, curls and ringlets for you and yours, through rain and shine, for months, and months, and MONTHS!

Do Not Delay

In our files, we have over 16,000 *photographs* and *letters* like the above from delighted Home Outfit users. Mothers use it on their children, children on their mothers, friends wave one another, even husbands help their wives to get charming, soft, natural waves and curls with this wonderful invention! But we do not ask you to take our word for anything, only to try the Home Outfit in *your* home, at *our* cost, just as all these others did.

This magazine is behind OUR GUARANTEE, as well as we ourselves. Nestle's are known all the world over as the originators of Permanent Waving and the famous "LANOIL" Process. You take not the slightest risk in making this free trial—and the results will bring you and your family great happiness.

If you want further particulars, before ordering the Home Outfit on free trial, send immediately for our free illustrated booklet and testimonials.

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Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of $15.

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OR, check HERE ☐ if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

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When You Go to Bed Do Your Nerves Stay Up?



How to Get the Sound, Restful Sleep That Gives You All-Day Energy—A Simple Test You Can Make Free

Do you rise logy in the morning? Do you "play out" before close of the day? So many people do. Because of restless sleep.

If overstrained nerves or digestive unrest won't let you go to sleep, just try taking a cup of Ovaltine before retiring.

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine, mixed with milk, brings sound, restful sleep, quickly and naturally.

This you can prove at our expense. We offer a 3-day test free.



Evening vivacity for every woman

Luxurious Sleep —The Whole Night Through

This is why Ovaltine brings it:

First, Ovaltine is a highly nourishing food. It combines, in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.



A nightcap that means a night's sound sleep and preserved youthfulness

Second, Ovaltine has the power to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach.

Thus a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods in your stomach into rich, red blood.

There is quick restoration of your tired body. A soothing of your frayed nerves. Sleep comes quickly and naturally. Sound, peaceful, restful sleep. And as you sleep, you are gaining strength.

Morning finds you a new being. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant, young looking! With energy enough to carry you through the day and into the evening's social events.

Note the Difference the Next Day

Just make a test of Ovaltine—at our expense. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy.

You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening.

You take a new zest in activity.

Twenty Thousand Physicians Know It

Ovaltine is a pure food drink. Contains no drugs or chemicals. A delightful drink. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years. The making of it is a Swiss secret.

America is fast taking up Ovaltine. Not only as a "night cap," but as a drink to be taken several times a day for its natural stimulation. More than 20,000 physicians in this country know and recommend it for sleeplessness, nervous fatigue, nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged. Hundreds of hospitals also use it.

A 3-Day Test Free

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in tins of 4 sizes; also at the fountain. But you can try before you buy. We send a 3-day introductory package, postpaid and free. Just send us your name and address. No obligation involved.



For men workers, too, a source of sustained energy. No more afternoon "slow-downs"

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Dept. 2124, 37 S. Wabash Ave, Chicago, Ill.



OVALTINE

Builds Brain, Nerves and Body



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 56

sister that she'd always guarded and loved so dearly—was secretly married and was going to have a baby. I don't know that she told Mrs. Roger Fleming anything about it, but I know she talked it over with Mr. Roger, for he came to me, so kindly—he was a wonderful man for being kind-hearted—and told me that Miss Lily was going in to Boston to live in Miss Flora's apartment while they tried to find this man Charpentier——"

"That was my father?" Gay interpolated.

"That was your father, dear. I went to Boston with your mother and got her nicely settled." Margaret resumed. "She was very quiet then and pleased with the little things she was making for the baby, but it was only a few months later—when Mr. Roger was off hunting little Tom, and Mrs. Roger dying—that poor Miss Lily got typhoid fever."

"Before I was born!" Gay had heard of the typhoid fever, but had never quite placed it in the succession of events.

"Just after you were born. Poor Miss Flora was pulled every which way," said Margaret. "She'd rush into Boston to see Miss Lily, and she'd rush back here afraid Mrs. Roger had died while she was gone. She didn't dare risk the infection for Miss Sylvia, and she sent for me, and I took Miss Sylvia into the rooms where poor Miss Lily is now, and Miss Sylvia hardly saw her mother for weeks.

"Well, then, poor little Mrs. Roger died—very sudden, at the end. Miss Lily was convalescent then, but weak as a rag, and she and you came here to Wastewater—and you were the most beautiful child I ever laid my eyes on!"

Gabrielle, red-eyed and serious, laughed briefly.

"Well, you *were* a beautiful child," Margaret persisted. "Miss Lily was very sick after the trip, and she didn't get out of bed for a week, and Hedda and I had you—and didn't we make Miss Sylvia jealous with the fuss we made over the new baby!

"I REMEMBER one day: Mr. Roger came home suddenly from one of his trips, poor man! We'd not seen him since the day of the funeral——"

"He got here too late to see her again?" Gabrielle asked, knowing the answer.

"He'd gotten here the very day of the funeral," Margaret nodded. "And he'd just stood looking at her, as she lay there dead—she'd been more than five years his wife, and she was only twenty-two as she lay there with flowers all around her! And he said to Miss Flora, "I killed her, Flora!" And out of the house walked he, and we never saw him again until this day I'm talking about, six months after the funeral.

"By this time Miss Lily, your mother, was all over her illness, but the typhoid had left her very weak, and light-headed—and sometimes she'd talk very queer or cry or whatever it was!" Margaret went on. "In fact, that was the beginning of her trouble—she never was again—quite right—here," interpolated Margaret, significantly touching her forehead. "Well, this day she was all in white, and she had an innocent sort of childish look, and they were all out on the lawn. Mr. David was a fine little fellow of about thirteen then, and he saw Mr. Roger first, and he went running over. And Roger Fleming came up to them and asked, as he always did: 'Any news of Tom? Any letter from my boy?' and they told him no. And then Miss Lily held you out to him, so gently, and her face flushed up and she said: 'Roger, you've hardly seen my pretty baby!' And I remember his taking you in his arms and saying: 'Well, hello, here's a yellow-headed Fleming at last!"

"Nobody seemed to make much of my Charpentier blood, or my name," Gabrielle observed dryly.

"I remember," Margaret resumed without answering, perhaps unhearing, "that after a while Mr. Roger said to Miss Flora, so sadly, 'Look at them—David and Sylvia and this baby! But my own boy will never be master of Wastewater!' and she said to him: 'Roger, he'll come home, dear!'

"But, indeed, he didn't ever come home," Margaret finished, sighing. "And Miss Sylvia's father died a year or two later, and never left a son behind him. And after a while poor Mr. Roger died. And then we had to send Miss Lily to Crosswicks, for she got worse and worse. She was there for fifteen years. But Crosswicks broke up last year, and Miss Flora didn't quite know what to do with her, and it was only while she was finding some other good place where she'd be happy that we thought of keeping her here. Poor, gentle little soul, she'd never hurt you nor any one!"

Her voice died away into silence, and Gabrielle sat staring darkly into the fire with a clouded face.

For a long time the two sat together, the girl with her young strong hands locked in Margaret's and her eyes absently fixed on the dying fire. Then Margaret gently begged her not to worry and to take a bottle of hot water up-stairs and get to sleep, for it was long after four and they mustn't keep poor Hedda up all night.

Hedda was quite frankly snoring in the rocker back in the gloom, but Gabrielle obediently roused herself from deep study and kissed Margaret and retraced her way up through the cold halls. Her room looked tumbled and was cold—she opened the window. Still night, night, night, black and cold and unbroken—there was no end to this Winter night! But Gabrielle was young and cruelly wearied in mind and body, and after three minutes in the cool sheets a heavenly warmth began to envelop her and she fell deeply asleep.

WINTER sunlight was slanting into the room when she awakened, and for a while she lay still trying to reconcile these beams from the southwest with any possible hour on a January morning. Her watch had stopped at half-past three. Or had it stopped?

She sat up, bewildered, the ticking watch at her ear. Sunshine from the southwest, and her watch briskly ticking at half-past three!

"It can't be!" Gabrielle said aloud, beginning heavily the business of dressing. Flooding sunlight and cold pure air from the southwest! The day seemed turned around as, fifteen minutes later, she went slowly downstairs. Nobody anywhere, sitting-room, dining-room, halls, pantry; but Hedda and Margaret were busy chopping and peeling in the spotless kitchen, and Margaret started a wood-fire in the dining-room stove and Hedda brought Gabrielle a delicious breakfast luncheon and placed it on a small table near the blaze.

Gabrielle was there alone when David came cheerfully in. He looked just his pleasant self as he sat down, his dark hair a little tumbled and his old corduroy jacket spotted about the cuffs with paint, but Gabrielle thought he gave her an unusually sharp keen look and felt tears prick behind her eyes as she smiled in answer.

"Well," he said, "you got some sleep!"

"Eleven hours!" said Gay.

"I'm glad. You looked all in last night. Feel like a walk?"

"Oh, no, thank you, David." She smiled gratefully, but he heard the sharp sigh that followed her words. "I feel—broken." she said, with suddenly wet eyes.

"I don't blame you," he answered gently. "But you must not take all this too hard, Gay. There's nothing—disgraceful about it, after all. Your mother had typhoid fever and it left her—like this. She doesn't suffer—indeed, poor Aunt Flora suffers much, much more than she does! Aunt Flora's just been telling me that Aunt Lily is usually perfectly serene and happy, wanders in the garden, loves the flowers——"

Balm was creeping into the girl's heart with every word he said, and David saw, with a deep relief, that he was making an impression.

"Finish your chocolate," he pleaded. And smiling over the brink of her cup with wearied eyes, Gay obediently picked it up and drank it to the dregs.

"It seems that Aunt Lily has been restless since you came home," David added. "They never really know how much she understands, or how she learns things. But she knew that you were here, and she has been wild to see you. That's really the whole explanation—and that isn't so terrible, is it?" he finished, with a smile.

Continued on page 61



A gift worth giving is easy to find in Mirro, The Finest Aluminum. Here, for example, is a percolator of Grecian loveliness, fit to stand with rare old silver. And there are many other fine Mirro gifts, all quite inexpensive. Mirro is ready in the stores—*beautifully boxed for giving.*

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The Finest Aluminum



A Souvenir for Colgate Friends

"I never imagined Colgate made so many things!" exclaimed a girl as she saw this list of Colgate products. "Why, they make toilet articles for everyone in the family—even the baby!"

List for Checking Colgate Articles in Your Home

COLGATE & CO., Gift Dept. 877
199 Fulton Street, New York City

Ours is a Colgate Household. We use regularly several Colgate articles which I have marked [✓] below. I enclose 20c in stamps to help defray cost of packing and mailing my BEAUTY BOX.

- ☐ Ribbon Dental Cream
- ☐ Colgate's Dental Powder
- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Water
- ☐ La France Rose Water
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Toilet Water
- ☐ Lilac Imperial Water
- ☐ Cashmere Bouquet Soap
- ☐ Big Bath or Allround Soap
- ☐ Colgate's Coleo Soap
- ☐ Hard Water Soap
- ☐ Mechanics' Soap Paste
- ☐ Natural Soap or Palm Oil Soap
- ☐ Perfumes by ounce
- ☐ Perfumes in packages
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Talc
- ☐ Baby Talc, Cashmere Bouquet, Violet
- ☐ Mirage Cream (Vanishing)
- ☐ Charmis Cold Cream
- ☐ Rapid-Shave Cream or Rapid-Shave Powder
- ☐ "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick
- ☐ "Handy Grip" Refill Sticks
- ☐ Colgate's Bandoline or Brillantine
- ☐ Compact Face Powder or Compact Rouge
- ☐ Florient or Cha Ming Face Powder
- ☐ Smelling Salts or Extract Vials

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THE attractive Beauty Box illustrated above is for our friends—for all who use three or more Colgate articles, or for those who will go to their favorite store and buy three Colgate articles.

The Colgate Beauty Box—a lovely assortment of dainty toilet accessories—is ideal to slip into your bag for the week-end trip. Or, in your guest room, it affords a thoughtful finishing touch.

The Beauty Box is not sold at stores. It is sent direct from Colgate's to Colgate households—to all who check and send in the coupon. Each Beauty Box contains a generous sample of four delightful Colgate toilet articles:

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM—the right dentifrice for smiling teeth.

COLGATE'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP—as sweet as a bride's bouquet.

COLGATE'S CHARMIS COLD CREAM—freshly fragrant.

COLGATE'S FLORIENT TOILET WATER—a dainty vial—the mystic perfume of "Flowers of the Orient".

Into Colgate articles go rare essences, charm-giving compounds and alluring fragrances from far-off Eastern gardens.

Be sure to check on the coupon the Colgate articles you use. Only by so doing and enclosing twenty cents to help cover packing costs, can you secure the box. Write your name and address plainly so your Beauty Box can be sent without delay.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING IMPLIES HONESTY IN MANUFACTURE

Haftel



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 58

Gabrielle looked at him soberly.

"I would like to see her again," she said slowly.

"Well, by all means!" he answered cheerfully. "I hear from Margaret that she seems to have a heavy cold and she is in bed. But you can go up there—talk to her——"

"My mother, David—" the girl faltered. And the eyes she turned from his were brimming again. "It's so different from what most girls think—when they say 'Mother!'"

"I know," David said quickly, with infinite pity in his voice. "I know, Gay. It's very hard, dear."

"What I realize now," Gay began again after a brief silence, and in a voice she resolutely held steady, "what has come to me—suddenly!—is that my name is really Fleming, that there was never any marriage at all—between my mother and Charpentier?"

It was quite true that the thought had come to her suddenly, for at the actual commencement of the sentence she had had no distinct suspicion in the matter. Forlornly she had been instinctively searching for some phrase that should win David's sympathy, that should help him to realize how lonely and sad she felt.

But now the vague sorrow in her heart, the indefinite weight upon her spirit, seemed to crystallize into these words; and almost frightened of herself when she had said them, she ended on a note of interrogation and turned toward David for his denial.

THERE was a revulsion almost nauseating in its violence upon her when David only looked at her with infinite pity and concern and asked:

"Gay, dear, dear Gay, why do you say that?"

"Oh, my God, my God, my God!" Gay cried, suffocating. And she got to her feet and walked to the embrasure of the big eastern bay window, where she stood staring blindly out at the paths white with shabby snow and the bare wet branches of the trees twinkling in the sunlight. A passionate childish wish that she had never voiced this horrible thought, and so made it concrete in his consciousness and hers, shook her from head to foot. It was said—it was said—and now they must say more!

"You see, that explains it all, David," Gay said hurriedly and briefly. "Aunt Flora's anger against my mother, and her anxiety to keep the knowledge of her marriage from every one. There *was* no marriage——"

"That is a thing you could easily find out, Gay."

"Could find out?" There was a glint of hope in her voice and in the heavy, beautiful eyes she raised to his. "Do you mean that you don't know?"

"I think, of course, your mother was married," David said stoutly. "But how can I convince you? I never gave it a moment's thought before. Or if I did," he added, "I must have been entirely reassured, for I never understood that there was anything irregular about it at all."

"I can ask," Gay mused somberly.

"I *would* ask, if I were you," David answered with a quick nod. "Only remembering," he added, "that if it should be what you fear, it does not really touch *you*, Gay. You are not yet nineteen, and you are sure to win friends, and your own place, and create your own life and your own happiness, in these years that are ahead. Don't feel anything but pity, if this should be the case."

She glanced at him gravely over her shoulder. Then he saw the blood creep up under her clear, warmly colored skin.

"I would like to have something—one thing!—in my life," she said slowly, "of which I might be proud!"

David watched her as she walked slowly, and with her head held high, in a sort of weary dignity, from the room.

Flora, before the sitting-room fire later, told him that the girl had been up-stairs with poor Lily, who was in the drowsy state that followed fatigue and the rather strong astringent medicine that Margaret had given her for a heavy cold.

Gabrielle came into the room just before dinner with her eyes still clouded and heavy, but wearing the prettiest of her plain black uniforms, with the white collar and cuffs that enhanced the delicate beauty of her wrists and throat. She seemed composed, but subdued, and was so extraordinarily lovely, sitting silent in her chair after dinner, raising her long curved lashes to look seriously at any one who addressed her, that David thought if anything could make Gay more beautiful than before, this touch of tragedy and sorrow had done so. To-night she seemed to have no heart for cards, and David dared not suggest them; once, when Aunt Flora had left the room, she told him in a hurried phrase, and with the hot color burning in her cheeks, that at the first opportunity she meant to question her aunt and clear up the whole matter.

"I think you're wise!" David said warmly. "And meanwhile, would it do any good to have me stay at Wastewater? Are you in the least nervous about being left here?"

"Left here? With Margaret and Daisy and Sarah and Hedda and Trude and Aunt Flora? My dear David," she added, as if half to herself, staring at the fire, again, "what I have to fear is nothing from which you can save me."

"Sad times come into every life, Gay," the man said, trying to comfort her. "I remember," he blundered on, "I remember the day Tom and I were brought home from school—when our mother died——"

"Ah, losing your mother is different!" Gay said, in a voice of pain. "But with me, Davy, it would be better if I had lost her. If I had never had her!"

Nothing more was said until Aunt Flora returned, and then David felt a thrill of genuine admiration for the girl who could forget her own heartache to watch the elderly woman's card-game, prompting her, correcting her, discussing plays. Watching them both, he told himself that he would remain at Wastewater, whatever the inconvenience to himself, at least until he could make sure that Gabrielle had settled the wretchedly upsetting question of her own legitimacy.

BUT the next day was bright and the sunshine almost warm. Gay seemed over the stormiest pain of her new shock and new suspicions, and David saw that she did not intend to hurry any further into investigations. Moreover, his closest friend and associate, the lazy happy-go-lucky Jim Rucker, in whose city studio David occasionally set up an easel, wired him distressedly concerning a question of some frames. And if those three pictures came back from the Washington exhibition, where did David want them left?

David was needed. He departed, carrying the comforting last memory of Gay, gloved and muffled, walking briskly in the Winter garden and promising him that if there were any sensational weather developments in the next few weeks, she would send him word.

"If there's a blizzard," she promised, with almost her old smile, "you shall come back and paint it. And be sure to let me know if the 'notes'—those little scratchy sketches I love—sell, and which ones!"

"Lord, she is beautiful! *Beautiful!*" David said aloud in the taxi. "I guess she'll be sensible. She's all right, now!"

He did not know that she watched him out of sight, with a heart like lead. With him the Winter sunlight seemed to go, too, leaving only gray skies, gray sea, bare trees and frozen earth, leaving only shadows and damp odors of plaster and dust and kerosene in Wastewater's big walls, leaving loneliness and fear and shame to Gabrielle.

Almost three weeks later she wrote him. David saw the Crowchester postmark, and instantly knew whose pretty, square handwriting that must be. She wrote closely, evenly, yet there was a dash and a finish about the blocked letters that gave the sheet the effect of a rather unusual copper-plate engraving.

"I had a long talk with Aunt Flora about ten days ago," wrote Gay. "And she told me the truth. It was what I suspected. There was never a marriage, and that was what broke her heart, and incidentally my poor mother's heart. The disgrace of it and the fever, coming all at once, were too much for her soul and mind, and can you wonder? I think I had braced myself to

Continued on page 62



Why Any Child Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Keep Children's Hair Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh Looking, and Luxuriant.

YOU see children with beautiful hair everywhere today.

Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Any child can have beautiful hair.

The beauty of a child's hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water, and even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.



Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, squeeze it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



Mulsified
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Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



Cutex makes the whole hand lovelier

If you want shapely beautiful hands *you cannot neglect the cuticle—*

You may be ever so careful of your hands—wear gloves for your housework and gardening, never skip your favorite cream or lotion.

Yet with all this care they simply will not look groomed and shapely unless you know how to care for your cuticle!



THE cuticle grows just as fast as the nail, the old skin dying as the new grows.

It is just as necessary to get rid of this dead skin and keep the new in a soft unbroken rim as it is to get rid of the nail itself as it grows out beyond the finger tips. This is the reason pushing back the cuticle is unsatisfactory, for when the old dead skin is left the rim is bound to look thick and rough.

There is one quick way to remove the dead skin which does not damage the nail or interfere with the natural growth of the new skin. This is with Cutex Cuticle Remover—an antiseptic liquid that loosens the superfluous cuticle.

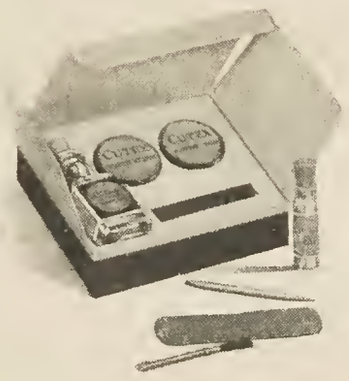
Cutex is applied around the base of the nail with the Cutex orange stick. Rinse the finger tips and the superfluous cuticle wipes away leaving a fresh rim of soft skin all around the nail. It is also the very best bleach for the nails themselves, removing stains and leaving the tip snow-white.

If you have never before tried the Cutex manicure you will be delighted with the way it transforms the appearance of the whole hand.

Cutex sets can be had at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England for 60c, $1.00, $1.50, and $3.00; items separately for 35c.

Introductory Set—only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. B 12, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. B-12,
114 West 17th St., New York.

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. Box)

City_____ State_____



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 61

hear it, David, and expected it, and I am trying to meet it as well as I can, trying to work hard and to keep busy and to believe that it is only fair that I should pay for what was not my fault. That is the reason, of course—I mean the fact that it was all secret and wrong—that Uncle Roger never made any search for Charpentier, my father. My mother had no claim on him.

"Aunt Flora was kindness itself about all this, and I think she feels bitterly sorry for me. She talked to me so kindly about Sylvia and herself always wanting me here—and indeed I could hardly be anywhere else now, for my mother has been pretty sick and likes to have me about her. She lies very peaceful and still and, oddly enough, likes best to have me play and sing to her. One kind thing that Aunt Flora did was to have the old square piano brought up to my mother's room, and often we spend our evenings there now.

"And while she lives," the letter went on, in a composed and courageous tone that David found astonishing in any girl so young, "while she lives—which will not be long, for she seems more like eighty than fifty now, and is so frail we hardly know whether she will ever get up again—while she lives I must stay here, since Sylvia and Aunt Flora will let me, whether my pride likes it or not, of course. Afterward, I look to *work*—" she had underscored it twice—"any sort of work, to help me get my balance back, to help me feel that life is just in the long run, and that there is good somewhere under all this."

David read the thin sheets more than once, and mused far more steadily than he realized upon the situation of the lovely young creature to whom life had been so strangely harsh. There was not, truly, as she had said, one thing of which she might be proud. Her father was nothing to her; her mother was poor little weak-minded Aunt Lily; the bread she ate, the roof that covered her, were Sylvia's. Nameless, penniless, at eighteen she faced the world with bare hands.

One day he stopped at a fancier's in the East Thirties and sent up to Wastewater a mouse-colored police-dog seven weeks old. The creature was somewhat the shape and feeling of a little muff, but stocky, warm and wriggling, with a little eager red tongue coming and going and an entreating whine for any one who stopped to finger his soft little head. If Aunt Flora objected, David scribbled on his card, Gay was to ask John please to keep Benbay, who was somewhat lacking in points, but whose father was Benbay Westcox Champion II, until David could take him away.

David, however, hoped that Aunt Flora would not object to Benbay. His lack of "points" would not prevent him—the woolly little affectionate creature—from being a real companion and comfort to the lonely girl at Wastewater.

HIS exhibition was early in April, and was followed by another in Chicago, where he would show pictures and must be if possible. David planned to go to Wastewater immediately afterward and establish himself there for the Summer. Sylvia would be coming home in June, and there would be all sorts of questions to settle. Sylvia would have plans—she brimmed with plans. And of late David, musing over the problem of Gay and her youth and her beauty and her future, had been entertaining a new plan of his own.

It had come to him suddenly, this thought of a new solution for Gay, and it had a strangely thrilling and heart-warming quality about it, for all its undoubted whimsicality and unexpectedness. David had first found himself thinking of it on the day when he and Jim Rucker were bound for Chicago.

He was thinking of Gay in a desultory fashion that had been customary of late—just of Gay at Wastewater, coming and going in her plain frocks, with her beautiful hands set off by thin lawn cuffs and her beautiful, creamy throat rising from the broad, transparent organdy collar, with that husky sweetness in her voice and the fashion of raising her up-curled lashes to look at him——

And suddenly, full-grown in his mind, was the idea of marrying her. He did not know whence it had come; it seemed complete; it was finished to the last detail.

David was oddly shaken by this extraordinary inspiration. He did not think of it as an idea; it was an obsession. Once in his mind, he could think of nothing else, nor did he wish to think of anything else. Under his desultory, rambling conversation with Jim Rucker, the insidious sweetness of this astonishing vision persisted. David abandoned himself to it over and over, as he might have done to some subtle and dream-provoking drug.

He always imagined his home-coming to Wastewater, to find Gay in the sitting-room, alone by the fire. He would come in to her and she would raise to his those beautiful, serious eyes and he would hear that husky, sweet voice in greeting. Then they would talk a little, about her mother and Aunt Flora and Sylvia, and then David would say unexpectedly: "I've thought of a wonderful solution for you and all your troubles, dear old Gay. I want you to marry me." And when David reached this point in his dream, he had to stop short. An odd, happy sort of suffocation would envelop him, something that had nothing to do with love, but that seemed sheer emotion, by a realization of the poignant dramatic beauty of the scene.

TO BE sure, David had said almost these very words to Sylvia only a few months ago. But strangely—strangely!—that had not seemed to have anything in common with the same phrases when directed to Gay. In the first place, for ten years he had been steadily and admiringly moving toward the day of his marriage to Sylvia. He had administered her fortune with that in view and was at this moment under a flexible sort of promise to marry Sylvia, an "understanding" that was to be made more definite presently only if she so decreed.

David even now thought of himself as loving Sylvia and of being the proper mate for her. But Sylvia did not love him—or if she did, she also loved the thought of her independence, of travel with her mother. They had always thought they loved each other, and, there being no change now in his feeling toward her, David quite honestly believed himself that he loved her still.

But part of his plan for Gay included an explanation to Sylvia. Oddly enough, David did not dwell in his thoughts upon this explanation. There was no thrill in imagining that. He thought of it hurriedly: Sylvia beautiful and understanding, of course; Sylvia saying: "Why, of course, David! It does solve everything for poor little Gay and is much the wisest arrangement all around."

That would be gotten through as briefly as possible, probably by letter, or perhaps David could see her for a moment at college. And immediately this was over, he would be free for that strangely thrilling scene with Gay—a scene of which he did not think as connected with love-making in any way. He had "loved" Sylvia for years, and there was none of that feeling here. No, this was just an inspired solution of poor little Gay's affairs.

For however wise and charming, she was not the type of girl who battles or who wishes to battle successfully with the world. She was alone, poor, nameless and beautiful, and David shuddered as he thought what life might add to her present load of troubles and wrongs.

On the other hand, it would be excruciating to her to live along indefinitely at Wastewater. She would be dependent upon Sylvia, she would have no real place in the family, and on every side would be constant reminders of her mother's unhappy life and of her own illegitimacy.

But, married to him, established in the sunshiny little farmhouse in Keyport where he kept a sort of studio — Mrs. David Fleming!

"What a wonderful thing marriage is!" David thought, shutting the book he could not read and lapsing contentedly into his golden dream again. He pictured Gay as his happy, simple, busy young wife—pictured them breakfasting on the shabby little east porch of the Keyport house on some Summer morning when the peaceful ocean swelled and shone like a stretch of blue Chinese silk. "What a wonderful thing it is to take a

Continued on page 64



No off-days for him

—on account of sore throat

A PERFECT record of attendance! More than most little folks can say during the cold, blustery, sore-throat days of winter.

Naturally, he's proud of that report card he brings home. And his mother is, too.

Both mother and son have a secret—which, after all, needn't be a secret at all. Simply let the children form the systematic habit of using Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a mouth wash and gargle.

So often it will ward ff a bad case of sore throat and the more serious ills that may follow.

Sore throat is a nuisance—and, usually, it is the danger signal of other troubles that start with throat infections.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, will put you and your family on the safe side. So do not be without it. It has dozens of other uses—all described on the circular that comes wrapped around each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

Listerine is made only by the Lambert Pharmacal Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package — 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.

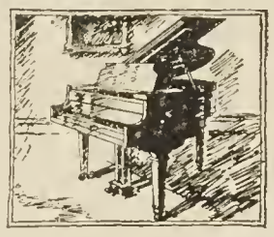


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because of its beautiful tone, smart style, graceful size, and moderate price has created a demand far greater than the possible production for reasonable delivery. *It makes a wonderful gift—so to be sure of delivery Christmas morning, you'd better order it today.*

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If you are a prospective purchaser of a piano or a player piano, we will gladly send you a beautiful brochure—*FREE. Story & Clark Piano Company, Dept. D. D. D., 315-317 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.* Please send me the brochure showing the various styles of your instruments, and the name of your nearest dealer, because I am interested in buying a grand ☐ an upright ☐ a player piano ☐ the Repro-Phraso ☐. [Please print name and address.]

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 62

woman right out of her own house like that!" David said, with a strange plunging at his heart.

He was only Uncle Roger's stepson, whose income was something like four thousand a year. Gay was—nothing. What they did, where they went, how they spent the little money they had, would be nobody's business.

The relief of not having to think of Wastewater, Aunt Flora and—yes, of Sylvia, too, made him feel a sort of shamed joy. In that arrangement he would always have been self-conscious, fighting against nameless and subtle cramping opposition for his identity and his freedom. But with Gay, how simple and easy it would all be! Just their own happy daily plans to discuss and their own microscopic income to administer. They would go up to Wastewater for Sunday dinner with Sylvia and Aunt Flora, and Gay would really be a Fleming then and all her old unhappiness forgotten. Who would know—or care!—that beautiful young Mrs. David Fleming had been born outside of Mrs. Grundy's garden walls? Gay would come in to her husband's exhibitions wearing that little velvet gown or another like it, so vitally eager, so interested, so familiar with every stroke of the brush——

And at this point in his musing David would go back to the beginning again and think of Wastewater and an April twilight a week or two from now, and himself arriving there, to find Gay dreaming alone before the fire in the up-stairs sitting-room——

His dream took complete possession of him and made everything he did and said in these days seem unreal. The exhibition was underrun by a strong current of it; the sale of a picture only made him think suddenly that he would like to give Gay a little present. Oh, and he had his mother's beautiful old-fashioned diamond engagement ring, and also some almost valueless but pretty topazes that had been hers, a ring and earrings and a chain and an oval onyx pin with a pear in it. These would be charming with Gay's warm golden coloring—especially if she wore those plain little velvet frocks——

SPRING was always late in Wastewater, but Spring was surely here, he thought, when he reached the old place late in an afternoon early in May.

He had hoped to get to Wastewater in the middle of or at least by the third week in April, but upon returning to New York he found business matters of Sylvia's there which could not wait. It was with a grim little twitch in the corner of his mouth that David devoted himself to them. Sylvia would pay her next administrator; and it would not be her affectionate cousin David.

Now he would not get to Wastewater until May, and the twenty-third of April was Gay's birthday. David felt quite disproportionately provoked by the delay. Poor little Gay; she would not have much fun on her nineteenth anniversary. And because it seemed so newly and delightfully his business to think of Gay's pleasure now before his own, he sent her a birthday letter.

"I've been thinking a lot about you," wrote David, with something less than the truth, "and hoping that between us all this Summer we can lighten that sad heart of yours. Or no, I won't say 'us,' for I hope to do something toward it all by myself. I've got a most attractive plan to propose to you, and you must make up your mind to agree to it. I'm writing Sylvia about it, for she comes into it a little but not much. It is almost entirely dependent upon you, and somewhat upon yours, ever faithfully and affectionately, David."

She would get nothing from that, David assured himself as he mailed the letter. Having done so, he tried to think just why the thrilling excitement that possessed him had seemed to exact that he relieve his overcharged emotions with just so much of a hint. It would only puzzle her——

Gabrielle, however, was more affronted than puzzled by it. She suspected at once what was in his mind, and in the utter despair that engulfed her she felt that this would be the crowning trial, the crowning indignity, in a life that was filled with both.

The days since her discovery regarding her mother had seemed endless to her. In vain she made herself practise, made herself walk and study. There was no life in it; everything she did came up against a blank wall, a dreary "What's the use?" What was the use of living, to find that so much that was weak and stupid and wrong was blended into one's blood?

David's birthday letter brought the first smile of many days to her face, and she opened it with the old brightness he always brought to her shining in her eyes.

The cryptic phrases made her bite her lips thoughtfully, look off into space for a little while. And presently she went for a lonely walk by the sea and half a mile away from the house, seated upon a rock above the ebbing teeth of the cold tide, she read the letter again.

Then she tore it to scraps and buried it under a stone. Her cheeks blazed with color and a nervous hammering commenced in her heart. He could not mean—but he *could* not mean that he meant to ask her to marry him?

This would be preposterous; it certainly was not that. Yet as Gabrielle remembered the phrases of the short letter the horrible conviction came to her that her suspicion was justified. He was engaged to Sylvia, or at least there was between them an understanding more or less definite; that was what he meant by Sylvia's part, Sylvia's "coming into it a little."

Oh, he could not intend to hurt her so terribly, to add this insufferably humiliating thing to all that she was enduring now——

"I don't believe it!" Gabrielle said aloud, to the gulls and the sea. "David wouldn't do it. It wouldn't be honest and he would know how mortally—how mortally hurt I would be."

But the uncomfortable fear persisted. David always entered into Sylvia's and Aunt Flora's plans with all the affectionate interest of a devoted son. He knew they were troubled about Gay. He would step into the breach and solve the Gay problem once and for all——

"Oh, my God, I can not bear it if he begins to say something like that to me!" Gay said passionately, getting to her feet and beginning to walk along the rough shore blindly, hardly conscious of what she was doing. "How cruel—how cruel they are! They don't know, you see," she added to herself, more quietly, "they don't know how hard it is! Aunt Flora will think it over and decide that David would be a most wonderful match for me——"

Her heart began to beat fast again and her face burned.

"If he comes here next week," she said hurriedly and feverishly, "I will not be here! Where can I go? I won't, I can't have him tell me about it, that Sylvia thinks it wise and Aunt Flora thinks it wise— No, my dear David," Gay said, stumbling on, and crying bitterly as she went, "you are the one man in the world who can not solve my problems by marrying me. You would do it, to have them happy and to make me happy, but that would be more than I can bear! I've borne a great deal, I've borne a great deal—I wish I had never been born!" And blinded by tears, she sat down upon a rock and buried her head in her arms and sobbed aloud.

But when she got home she was quite herself again. She had by this time quite convinced herself that it was idiotic to suspect sensible David of anything so fantastic as disposing of Sylvia, whom he so heartily admired, and offering himself to her, whom he had not seen for twelve long weeks. She put the suspicion resolutely from her.

AFTER dinner Flora spoke of Sylvia; David would be home in a few days, now, and Sylvia in less than five weeks. It would be so wonderful to have Sylvia home——

"Do you know, Gabrielle," said Flora, "I would not be surprised if nothing came of the understanding between David and Sylvia. From something she wrote me, I rather suspect that there is somebody—no, I can't say that. Perhaps it is only that she does not want to think of anything so serious so soon. She's not yet twenty-one, after all. But she wrote me as if she might be thinking it wiser for David——"

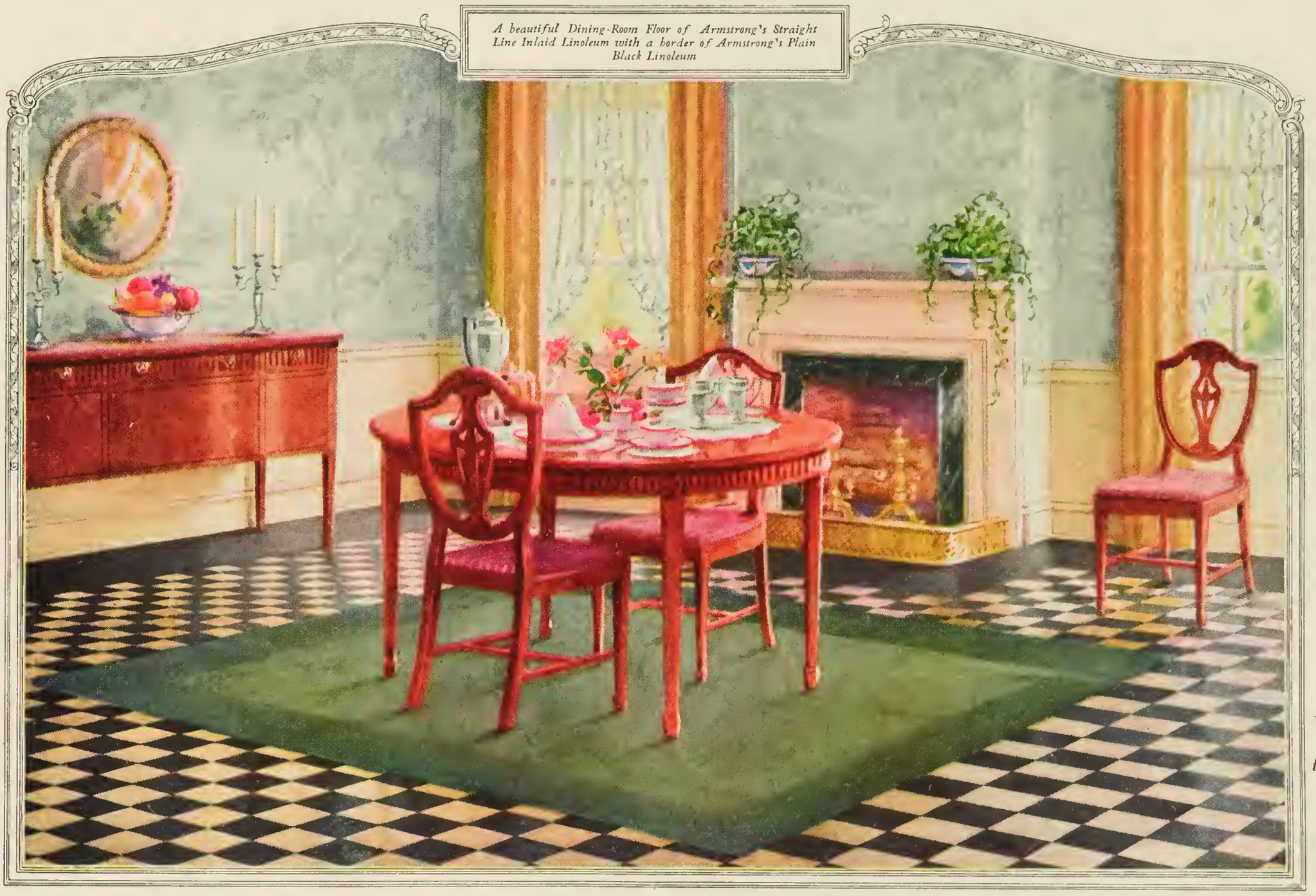
Gabrielle heard no more. Her throat

Continued on page 67

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Every time the woman looked at that wooden floor, she sighed. The dining-room was the gathering place of the family. Three times a day their shoe soles rubbed the paint from its surface. Three times a day little feet bounded over it and hammered in more dirt and scuffed and battered and shabbied it.

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That floor did not get progressivelyshabby-looking. It became progressively better-looking. It gave that woman a chance for some pride, when callers came. It was moreover a sound-deadening floor; a glowing, smiling floor; an easy-on-the-nerves-and-feet floor—a beautiful floor which was as smooth as the ceiling, in color harmony with walls and furniture, a decorative part of the room.

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They must have it in Winter as well as in Summer—and the problem of serving a variety of fruit-foods in Winter isn't, by any means, an easy one to solve.

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And how fortunate that it should be a fruit that children as well as grown-ups always like!!

"Pineapplesauce," you know, is simply another name for Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple served chilled; just as it comes from the can.

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You will generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen—a half-dozen cans of each.

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(Using "Sliced")

SALAD A LA MINUTE (illustrated below): Stuff well-drained pimientoes with cream cheese and chill thoroughly. Cut in thick slices and for each serving of salad arrange a slice on top of a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple. Top with mayonnaise and garnish with lettuce.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUES: Drain 6 slices of Hawaiian Pineapple and arrange them on a sheet of unglazed paper on a flat baking sheet. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff and slowly add ½ cup of granulated sugar and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Heap on the slices of pineapple or squeeze through a pastry tube. Put into a slow oven and bake until puffed, delicately browned and crisp on the outside. Chill and serve.

(Using "Crushed")

PINEAPPLE NAPOLEONS (illustrated below): Bake a rich pastry crust or "puff paste" and cut immediately into squares. Spread first crust with a half-inch layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Add another crust and spread this also with the Pineapple. Add whipped cream and a cherry.

PINEAPPLE WALDORF SALAD: Pare, quarter and core 3 apples and cut into tiny cubes. Add 1 cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, ¼ cup California walnuts broken in pieces and ½ cup celery cut in thin inch-long slices. Mix with thick mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce.

PINEAPPLE CAKE GLACE: Cream ½ cup fat, gradually adding 1½ cups sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Sift 2½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and ¼ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in iron spider and add 1 cup brown sugar, stirring until smooth. Spread with a layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, pour batter over this, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out on a plate, cool thoroughly, spread with whipped cream, and serve.

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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 64

constricted again and her hands grew cold. All the fears of the afternoon returned in full force. But surely—surely they couldn't all be so simple as to think that she would placidly and gratefully accept this solution of her problem, her poverty, her namelessness, her superfluousness!

David would not anyway, she told herself in the days to come. David was understanding, David was everything that was kind and good. He would help her find her independence, he would always be her friend; and Gay knew, in her own secret heart, that her universe would always revolve about him, that there would always be a mysterious potency in the mere sound of his voice or touch of his hand.

In the ten days that elapsed before his arrival at Wastewater she alternated between such violent extremes of feeling that she was genuinely exhausted when the afternoon of his coming came at last. There were moments when she felt she could not see him, dared not face him. There were times when she longed for his arrival, to assure herself with a first glance that all this nervous anticipation was her own ridiculous imagining and that no thought of it had ever crossed his mind!

WHEN he finally came, Gay was in the garden. For Spring had come to Wastewater, and David's fancy of finding her before a fire in the sitting-room had been outdated by two full weeks of sunshine. David had taken his bags up-stairs, greeted his aunt, who was knitting in the sitting-room, and had spent perhaps ten restless and excited minutes in outward conversation and in inner excitement. Where was Gay? When would the door-handle turn and the plainly gowned girl come in, with the smile flashing into her star-sapphire eyes when she saw him and the beautiful hand she extended so quaintly, so demurely enhanced by the transparent white cuff? David was so shaken by a strange emotion at the thought that every moment was bringing their meeting closer, so confused by the undercurrent of his thoughts—the undercurrent that would dwell upon her greeting and his introduction of all he had to say to her—that he could hardly hear what his aunt was saying. When he did finally escape to search for Gay and when Hedda told him that she was in the garden, he found himself standing quite still in the side passage, with his heart thundering and his senses swimming and an actual unwillingness upon him after all these waiting days and weeks to make real the dream that he had cherished so long.

There she was, about the western turn of the house, half-walking and half-running, with the puppy sometimes keeping his feet and sometimes swung dizzily in the air on the rope that Gabrielle was carrying and the little dog biting in a frenzy of joy. There was warm sweet light in the garden at five o'clock; the day had been balmy enough to make cooler airs at its close almost a relief.

David joined the girl just as she and the dog were turning down a rambling sort of back road that led toward the sea; Gabrielle turned, and although indeed she smiled, he saw that she was an older and a soberer Gabrielle than the little schoolgirl of the Christmas holidays. They walked the quarter mile to the shore deep in a conversation he had not anticipated; she talked of her mother, whose life was a question only of days now, and made one allusion to the deeper cause of pain to herself.

"My finding out about myself—about my mother's never having been married, David, has made a sort of change in everything to me," she said unemotionally. "I seem to feel now that I must do something, that it is more than ever my duty to do something to make my own place in life and stand upon my own feet. That's the only way that I can ever be happy, and I will be happy so, believe me!" she added, nervously, intercepting an interruption from him. "Doctor Ensicoe, from Crowchester, says that my mother will not outlive the month. And then I mean to write to the nuns in Boston and stay with them until I find something that I can do. I know Aunt Flora will help me, for indeed she offered to most generously, and—while I must—I will let her. She was very kind about it all. Many times she has told me that Sylvia would always take care of me—that I must not worry." And catching a sudden look of determination and interest in David's face, Gay went on hurriedly: "But indeed I don't worry. I shall get along splendidly and make you all proud of me."

A sensation of pity so sudden and acute as to dry his mouth and press like a pain behind his eyes silenced David for a moment. Then he said:

"But you are very young, Gay, and inexperienced, to face all the ugliness and coldness of the world. Suppose," David added, conscious suddenly of the quickened beat of his heart, "there was some other plan that eased, or helped to ease, all those worries of yours——"

"Oh, my God!" Gay prayed in a very panic of fear. "Oh, David," she cried, in the deeps of her being, "spare me! Oh, God, don't let him mean that he is going to ask me to marry him. Oh, no—no—no——"

Aloud she said nothing. They were on the sweet, grassy cliffs above the sea now, and Gay was looking out across the level stretches of the peaceful water, over which shone the last of the long day's light.

She was so beautiful as she stood there that for a moment David was content to look at her and tell himself that he had not remembered how lovely she was. In the old garden and the Spring sunset she looked like a slender, serious impersonation of Memory or Poetry, or of some mythical young goddess wandering under the great trees.

"Gabrielle," he said suddenly, his face reddening and his voice shaking a little, "will you let me tell you what I planned for you, and for me?"

She gave him an agonized half-glance and nodded and said something as she turned away.

"I was wondering—" David began, and suddenly it seemed all to go flat and dull. He felt himself to have no business to be putting it to her so, this way, this half-laughing, half-sympathetic, wholly kind and comfortable way. The smooth phrases of his imaginings vanished in air, he was merely a rather stupid man of thirty, bungling the most delicate thing in all the world. It was too late to stop. The girl's face was crimson, but she had turned toward him gravely and expectantly and was looking at him steadily and bravely.

"This was my idea," David began again miserably. "I—I felt—I knew that you felt lonely and as if you were wasting time here, and yet doubtful about making a start elsewhere. And it occurred to me—" He tried his best to, at this point, recapture the affectionate, whimsically practical note that these words had always had in anticipation, but do what he would they sounded stupidly patronizing and heavy. "It occurred to me," he said again, "that you and I are somewhat in the same boat. We're Flemings, yet we don't truly belong at Wastewater. That belongs to Sylvia now! And wouldn't it be a very delightful thing for you and me to give them all a surprise and just take ourselves out of their way, once and for all?"

SHE heard him so far. Then she stopped him with a sudden backward movement of her head and answered quietly, with a downward glance at the puppy's little snuggled form:

"Thank you, David. But you must see that I can't—I can't do that! But thank you very much."

David was honestly taken aback. Not that he had expected her to fall into his arms! He did not know just what he had expected her to do—but certainly not this. He had perhaps imagined her beautiful and radiating smile turned toward him, heard a rich cadence, half of reproach and half of pleasure, in her voice as she said—something like: "David Fleming! Are you asking me to marry you?"

This actually was all confusing and different from the plan, and his own feelings were disconcertingly different, too. The girl looked unmistakably hurt and humiliated by what he had said, which was astonishing enough. But even more astonishing was his own sudden conviction that she had reason to seem so. What was he saying to her anyway? After all, her love affair was the most important thing in a girl's life! A

Continued on page 68



Your skin need not fade and grow old as some inanimate substance would do. Each day it renews itself—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition, and you will have through life "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 67

half-paralyzed consciousness of being wrong, combined with a general confusion of mind and senses, was strong upon David as he blundered on:

"I may be surprising you, Gay. You see, I've been thinking about all this for a long time! You can certainly say 'This is so sudden!' in the good, old-fashioned manner if you want to," added David nervously, hoping to win back his humorous, comprehending little companion of January with his anxious and appealing laugh.

But Gay did not laugh.

"I do appreciate your taking my problems so much to heart, David," she said, turning to pace staidly back through the twilight greenness and sweetness toward the house. "But I really blame myself a good deal for being such a baby! I've been selfishly dwelling upon my troubles and acting as if no girl ever had them to face before, and of course it has worried you and Aunt Flora and Sylvia. But that's over now, and I want you to know that I do appreciate your sympathy and your having thought out this way of escape for me, and having planned it all with Sylvia."

"As a matter of fact," David interposed eagerly, hoping that matters might yet adjust themselves, "Sylvia's letter to me, asking to be set entirely free of any real or imaginary understanding between us, crossed my letter to her saying that I—I had other plans."

He looked at Gabrielle hopefully with the words; perhaps when she knew how completely above-board and deliberated the step had been she would begin to see it in his light. But Gay merely reddened the more deeply, if that were possible, and said hastily and uncomfortably:

"I see. And I do thank you! And I ask you—I *beg* you, for the little time I am at Wastewater," she said feverishly, as the vertigo of shame and confusion that had been almost nauseating her threatened to engulf her in a humiliating burst of tears, "please never to say anything like this to me again! *Please*— There are reasons—" Gay fought on desperately, feeling with terror that tears might end in his arms and that utter capitulation on his own kindly humorous terms must follow such a breakdown. "There are reasons why it *kills* me to have you talk so! I beg you, David, to consider it all settled—all over——"

"Why, of course I will!" David said, in a cold, quiet voice that braced her like a plunge into icy waters. "I'm only sorry to distress you," he added formally. "I had been thinking about it with a great deal of pleasure, and I thought you might. I'm sorry. We'll never speak of it again."

THEN they were at the side door and Gay escaped into the gloomy dark hallway and fled, red-cheeked and panting, to her room where she could cry, rage, shake herself, walk the floor and analyze the whole situation unobserved.

"Oh, you fool!" she said scornfully to her panting image in the mirror. "You hysterical schoolgirl! Oh, how I hate him and his plans for me! And I hate Sylvia worse! I hate them all! He thought I would die of joy—he knows better now. Oh, insulting! He wouldn't have done that to Sylvia or one of the Montallen girls! But it didn't matter with me—Aunt Lily's daughter, with no father to stand up for me. And it isn't my fault I haven't a father," Gay said pitifully, half-aloud, leaning her elbow on the bureau and beginning to cry into her hands, "it isn't my fault that I'm all alone in the world!"

And again she flung herself on the bed and her whole form was racked and shaken by the violence of her weeping.

"He'll see my red eyes at dinner and think it's for him," she broke off savagely, sitting up in the early dark and reaching for the scrambling and mystified puppy, who was going upon a whimpering tour of investigation among the pillows. Gay dried her wet eyes upon his downy little back, lighted her lamp and soused her eyes with cold water. Half an hour later she went down to dinner, quite restored to calm and ready to take a quietly cheerful part in the conversation. But she would not share the sitting-room with her aunt and David after dinner.

She said, with that touch of new maturity and decision that David found so touching and so amusing in little Gabrielle, that she would go up and sit with her mother, thus releasing Margaret for an hour or two below stairs.

The room seemed to become blank, however, when she had gone quietly away, and David was surprised to find that the thought of her had become so habitual with him in the last few weeks that he was thinking of her still as steadily as if that strange hour in the garden were the dream, and the Gay of his plan, the gracious Gay who had so many, many times promised him, in his thoughts, to marry him, were the reality.

HE PLUNGED the next morning into work, going off to Keyport immediately after breakfast and returning late in the afternoon. He saw Gabrielle in the garden when he came back and took his painting gear up-stairs determined not to make himself ridiculous in her eyes again. But a power stronger than himself immediately took him downstairs again. He walked, with an air of strolling, to the hollies where she had been. But she was gone.

David now felt irrationally and without analysis that he must see her, and at once. He had nothing to say to her, and if he had, he might have waited until dinner-time brought them together. But he felt like a lost child, and not seeing that figure in blue gingham, his eyes searched for it hungrily, swept each new vista—he felt actually sick with disappointment when moment after moment went by and there was no sign of her. He thought of nothing but the finding of her, Gabrielle in her blue gingham seated by a pool, running along with Ben—just to find her——

She came into the sitting-room just before dinner, and David, who was actually exhausted from the monotonous hammering of thoughts about only her, dared not trust himself to look up as she slipped into her chair.

"It was young Doctor Ensicoe, the son," said Gabrielle's voice suddenly, quietly in the silence to Aunt Flora. "I took him upstairs. He says to watch and let his father know if there seems to be any pain or restlessness."

If the words had been so many bombs, they could scarcely have had a more extraordinary effect upon David. He felt as if his heart had given a great plunge, stopped short, raced on again madly; he felt as if his mouth and throat were dry; a sort of weakness and vertigo, that were yet exquisitely pleasant, seized him.

It was impossible for him to speak to this girl, or look up, while that state of affairs lasted. If she saw that he was nervous and unlike himself, she must think what she would— David only could try to get a grip upon soul and body and betray himself as little as was possible.

This moment was the end of all peace for him. For although dinner and the evening proceeded as usual, he was beginning to suspect that his whole life had been changed now, mysteriously changed—partly perhaps his own doing, through that long-cherished dream of an imaginary scene with an imaginary Gabrielle——

But no matter how it had come about. The blazing and inescapable truth was that there was nothing else in the world for him but this quiet, slender, serious, tawny-headed girl. He did not know what he felt toward her, or whether the wild confusion of his senses might be called anything so reasonable as feeling; she was simply in the world, she was sitting in chairs, opening doors, speaking in that incredibly thrilling voice, raising those extraordinary eyes—that was enough.

David had never been really in love. But he had thought he loved Sylvia, and he did not put in that same category his feeling for Gabrielle.

It devoured him with fever. He was unable to eat for excitement, never happy one instant out of Gabrielle's company, actually miserable when in it. He lay awake in the warm Spring nights thinking of what he had said to her during the past day, and as her looks and words in reply—such quiet words, such rare looks!—came back before his vision he would feel his heart stop and his breath

Continued on page 71

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Pattern 5636—*The vague line of floating draperies is very flattering*



PARIS SAYS

THE circular movement is new and smart, introduced so cleverly by godets, flares or flounces at bottom of skirt or overdress that the silhouette still remains straight . . . STRAIGHT and shorter than before, the beltless frock is stronger than ever . . . THE Directoire influence shows in revers, collars, double-breasted effects . . . TUNICS are being shown by all the best houses . . . CLEVER manipulation of fabrics, braid, buttons and scarfs are approved details.



Pattern 5608—*The Directoire revers and double breasted effect are new*

The Winter Silhouette grows shorter and more slender in spite of Flounces and Tunics

WHILE the silhouette is of pencil slenderness the new Paris mode is for godets, circular movements, and calls for the most expert handling to avoid adding an inch of apparent width.

This beautifully modeled, new outline offers no difficulties if you follow the Deltor. First the Deltor shows you just how to cut your dress out of the least possible material—very important as circular movements can eat up material unless you have an individual cutting layout for your size and view and your width material which other patterns fail to give you.

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Pattern 5616—*A frock adopts the Parisian way of attaching its scarf*

Pattern 5604—*The band trimming and long sleeve are interesting points of this frock*

Pattern 5606—*Tunic, buttons, and scarf express three very smart Winter fashions*

Pattern 5622—*The narrow silhouette is challenged by the circular skirt*

Pattern 5644—*The tunic is a typical feature of the Fall mode*

Pattern 5600—*Bands beneath a blouse fall in drapery at the side*

Pattern 5626—*The tailored influence brings the redingote with stand-up Chinese collar*

BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR



THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 68

would fail him with sheer fear and terror and hope and agony of doubt.

His dream of the little farmhouse in Keyport returned now, but it was a dream infinitely enhanced and haloed by all the colors of the rainbow. David could hardly bear the poignant sweetness of the thought of Gay as his wife. Once, when he was quietly painting, the thought of Gay with a child in her arms came to him suddenly, and David felt his eyes sting and the palms of his hands suddenly moist.

She was leagues away from him now, never with him when she could avoid it, never alone with him at all. She was apparently living a life of her own, coming and going gently and pleasantly, answering, listening—but no longer the Gabrielle he had known a few months ago.

And ten days after his return she was still farther removed by her mother's death. Lily died quite peacefully, one sweet May evening, after an afternoon when she had seemed more normal than for years. At the very end, when Gabrielle was kneeling beside her, with sorrowful, tear-brimmed eyes fixed upon the yellowed little sunken face, Lily opened her eyes, fixed them affectionately upon Flora and asked feebly: "Is this big girl my baby, Flo?"

"This is Gabrielle, Lily," Flora said.

Lily smiled with ineffable satisfaction at Gabrielle and said contentedly: "Gabrielle, Isn't it a pretty name? Do you like it? Did Roger like it?"

"I am going to say some prayers, mother," Gabrielle said, smiling, with wet cheeks and with the salt taste of her own tears in her mouth. Lily opened her eyes briefly, for that last time.

"Ah, I wish you would!" she said with a smile and a deep sigh. And she never moved or spoke again.

TWO days later she was buried in the little plot within Wastewater's wide walls. It was Flora who seemed to feel the loss most, and with surprising force; she seemed broken and aged, and it was for Gabrielle to comfort her.

"I never supposed it would be so," Flora repeated, over and over. "That I would be the last—that Will and Roger and Lily would all be gone before me."

She would not stay in bed. She was up at her usual hour upon every one of the sweet, warm, fragrant mornings. But she was silent and sad, and when Sylvia's long-awaited happy commencement came, Flora was really too ill to go. David went up alone to the commencement and brought Sylvia back with him. It was on that last day of her college life, a day of flowers and white gowns, crowds, music, laughter and tears, that Sylvia found time to say to him pleadingly:

"David, dear, my letter didn't hurt you terribly?"

"I'd had something of the same feeling myself, you know," he reminded her; "our letters crossed. You remember I said just what you did, that it must either be an engagement or nothing, and that I knew you would prefer it to be nothing just at this time."

"Oh! Yes!" responded Sylvia, narrowing her eyes and speaking a little vaguely. And David saw that while her letter, a letter written in a charmingly frank fashion and asking, please—please to be free from any engagement to him for a little while, had made a romantic sort of impression upon her mind, his had scarcely registered upon her consciousness at all.

Gabrielle, when they reached Wastewater, met them all in white, and Sylvia gave her a warm kiss and murmured just the right phrase of sympathy as they went up-stairs to find her mother. Flora sat up-stairs before the cold grate, with the windows shut, and her first words to Sylvia were broken by tears. Sylvia comforted her with a sort of loving impatience in her voice.

"Mama, darling! Is this reasonable? Isn't it after all a blessed solution for poor little Aunt Lily?"

"I never thought it would be so!" Flora faltered. But immediately she regained her composure, almost with a sort of shame, and David could say truthfully to Sylvia a little later, when the three young persons were wandering through the garden, that Sylvia had done her mother good already.

Sylvia, indeed, did them all good; she was delighted with everything, appreciative and pleasant with the maids, and sisterly in her manner toward Gabrielle. David found her sensible and clever in the business conferences they had on the dreamy Summer mornings in the little office down-stairs.

In one of the late evenings when Sylvia came into Gay's room to brush her hair and to gossip, Gay broached her plan of going to a Boston convent as soon as the hot weather should be over to look about her and find some sort of work. Sylvia listened thoughtfully.

"You'd be happier so, Gabrielle?"

"I think so," Gay answered.

"What is it?" Sylvia questioned kindly. "Wastewater too lonely?"

Gabrielle did not answer immediately, except by a quick shake of her head. Presently she said, a little thickly:

"No, I love Wastewater, more than any other place in the world."

"Well," said Sylvia, musing, "if you must try your wings, by all means try them. Be sure we'll all be interested in making it a success, Gay. Mama and I may go abroad in the Fall—I think she would like it—if all my various anchors here can be managed without me."

Gabrielle had been burning, fearing, hating to ask it; she found herself saying now, with a little unconquerable incoherence: "Then you and David——"

"I don't mind telling you, dear," said Sylvia, "that I wrote David in the Spring, feeling that our understanding was an injustice to us both, and asked him to be just my good friend—my best friend, for to me he is the finest man in the world—for a little while longer. And as he has been my obedient knight ever since I was a little curly-headed despot in short frocks, of course he obeyed me!" And now having gotten to her feet and come over to the mirror, she laid one arm affectionately about Gabrielle's shoulder, "I love that bright, thick hair of yours!"

Suddenly Gabrielle felt young, crude, hateful because she did not adore Sylvia, contemptible because she suffered in seeing that this other girl's position and happy destiny it was to be always admired, always superb. Gay laid Sylvia's smooth hand against her cheek and said like a penitent child.

"You're awfully good! I *am* grateful to you——"

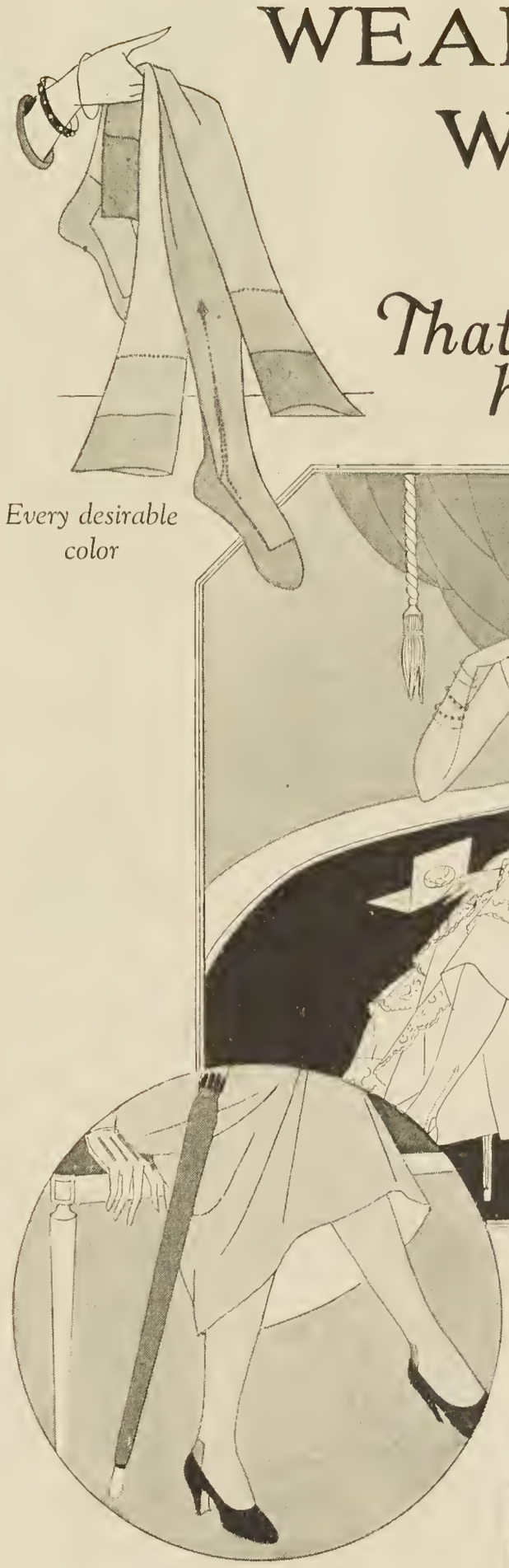
"That's right!" Sylvia said, laughing, and she went upon her serene way, always adequate and always sweet.

Gabrielle determined, as she usually determined at night, to begin again to-morrow to force herself to meet Sylvia's friendship and affection, David's friendship and affection with what was only, after all, a normal, natural response. Why must she tremble, suspect, watch, turn red and turn white in this maddening and idiotic manner when these two older and infinitely superior persons only wanted her to be pleasant, natural, friendly as they were? The younger girl felt as if she were living over a powder-magazine. At David's most casual word her throat would thicken and her words become either incredibly foolish or stupidly heavy; and when he and Sylvia were together and out of her hearing, her soul and mind were in a tumult beside which actual bodily pain would have been a relief.

ON A certain burning July day, several weeks after Sylvia's home-coming, all four Flemings had planned to drive into Crowchester in the new car for some shopping. Just before they started, however, Gay begged to be excused. She was feeling the heat of the day, she said, and wanted to spend the afternoon quietly down on the shore with her Italian grammar. Instantly, without premeditation, David felt himself growing excited again—here was his chance at last for a talk alone with her, a chance that the last few weeks had not afforded him. The sudden hope of it put him almost into a betraying confusion of excuses; but Sylvia, dismissing him amiably, fancied she knew the cause—and an entirely different cause—of his defection.

Gabrielle was down in a favorite cranny of the great rocks, the blue tides swelling at

Continued on page 72



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THE BLACK FLEMINGS

Continued from page 71

her feet. David saw her black hat first, flung down on the strip of beach, then the slender white-shod feet, braced against a boulder, and then the white figure, with the tawny head bent over a book. She started as David came across the strand, and put her hand to her heart with a quite simple gesture of surprise.

"David! I thought you went with Sylvia?"

"Too hot," he answered briefly, flinging himself down at her feet and falling into contemplation of a weed-fringed pool that was patiently awaiting the tide.

"'*Mai sorella ha una casa*,'" David stated, with a careless glance at the book. "I had three Italian lessons once, and I know that!"

Gabrielle laughed, a little fluttered laugh, and extended to him a white hand and a stout volume, held title out.

"'Anna Karenina,'" David read aloud with a reproachful look. "Oh, you gay deceiver."

He had sometimes called her that in her babyhoood, years ago, and he fancied there was a little softening, like a flurry of wind on gray water, in her eyes when she heard it now.

But she gave no other sign.

"Is it the first time you have read it?" David asked conventionally, wondering where his dear, confident companion of the January days had gone and whether this new dignity and aloofness in Gabrielle were only a passing effect of sorrow and of the displeasure his most ill-chosen words had given her, or whether he had dreamed that once she had been ready to flash, to respond, to be affectionate with him.

"Oh, no!" she answered. "But I have to read it over now and then, like 'Cranford' and 'Adam Bede' and 'The Ring and the Book'."

"A lot you get out of 'The Ring and the Book!'" Daved teased her, with a brotherly smile.

"I get what I can," she answered demurely, unprotesting, and with just a hint of her old easy fun with him. It was enough to turn his heart to water, and he formed within his confused mind a solemn resolution not to fail her again, not to offend her, to watch this timid little seedling of returning confidence and friendship reverently and tenderly, to keep at least that, if he might have no more.

"But Anna's is a sad story," he said, looking at the book.

"Yes, but I like sad stories," Gabrielle answered.

"Love-stories. Don't all girls like love-stories?"

"I don't call this love," Gabrielle objected, after a silence, when she had looked at the two words on the cover of the book until they spun and quivered before her eyes.

"Come now," David offered mildly, actually trembling lest some misstep on his part shatter the exquisite pleasure of this blue hour of Summer, and the ripple and quiver of the sea against the big shady rocks, and the quiet beauty of the girl's voice. "Don't say that you think 'Anna Karenina' isn't a love-story!"

"It isn't my idea of love," Gabrielle persisted, with a faint stress on the personal pronoun.

"What would you call it?" David asked.

"Passion, egotism, selfishness," the girl answered unexpectedly and quietly, not raising her eyes, and as if she were thinking aloud.

"Oh— And do you get this out of books?"

"Get what?" Gabrielle asked after a pause.

"Your knowledge of love, Gay."

Again a silence. Her eyes did not meet his, but she did not seem discomposed or agitated. She gathered up a handful of white sand and let it sift slowly through her fingers.

"Not entirely," she answered presently. And again the notes of her husky sweet voice seemed to David to fall slowly through the air like falling stars.

"I feel as if I had just begun to learn about it lately," David said, clearing his throat and beginning to tremble. And as she did not answer, he told himself despairingly that he had again taken with her the very tone of all tones that must be avoided. "You've never been in love, Gabrielle?" he went on, desperately trying to lighten the tone of the conversation, make it seem like an ordinary casual talk.

"Why do you say that?" she asked quickly. And now he had a flash of the star-sapphire eyes.

"But Gay—" protested David. with the world falling to pieces about him. "Already?"

"Enough," she answered in a low voice. her beautiful hands busily straightening the little rocky, sandy frame of the pool, "to know that it is not vanity and passion and selfishness!"

There was a note of confession, of proud acknowledgment in her tone, that struck David to a numbed astonishment. Gay! This explained her silences—her depressions, her attitude to his brotherly offer of protection— The child was a woman——

"Gay, tell me," he said, turning the knife in his heart. "Is it—a man?" he was going to ask. But as the absurd tenor of these words occurred to him, he slightly altered the question. "Is it a man I know, dear?" Is it Frank du Spain?"

She gave him a quick level glance, flushed scarlet and looked out across the shining sea.

"No, it isn't Frank. I don't think you know him," she answered quietly, with her little sisterly smile.

DAVID was too thoroughly shaken and dazed to answer. He sat in a sort of sickness, trying to assimilate this new and amazing, and most disquieting, truth. Here was a new element to fit in among all the others—the child, the little tawny-headed girl of the family—cared for some unknown man. An unreasoning hate for this man stirred in David; he visualized a small and bowing Frenchman, titled perhaps, captivating to these innocent, convent-bred eyes.

"And will there be a happy ending?" he asked.

The girl seemed suddenly to have gained self-possession and her old serene spirit. She was smiling as she said:

"No. I think that he likes another woman better than he likes me."

"I can see that you don't mean that," David said, hurt and confused. Gabrielle caring! Gabrielle keeping this away from them all! He could not adjust himself to the thought of it easily, nor change all his ideas to meet it. "Some day, will you tell me?" he said, a little uncertainly and clumsily, looking out upon what seemed suddenly a brazen glare of sea and sky.

"Some day!" she answered quietly. And there was a silence.

It was broken by a calling voice from above them, first like the pipe of a gull, then resolving itself into a summons from Sarah. Gabrielle and David got to their feet with disturbed glances; it was perhaps only a caller, but Sarah sounded, as Gay said, scrambling briskly up the cliff at his side, "important."

Sarah looked important, too, and her face had the deep flush on one side and the shiny paleness on the other that indicated an interrupted nap. If they pleased, it was a man for Mr. Fleming.

"From Boston?" David said, as they accompanied the maid through the garden.

"He didn't say, sir."

"It may be the electric-light man," Gabrielle suggested, yet with an odd impending sense of something grave. Sarah quite obviously felt this too, for she added curiously, flutteringly: "He's a queer, rough sort of fellow."

"Where did you put him, Sarah?"

"He didn't go in. Miss Gabrielle. He says he'd walk up and down outside. There he is——"

And Sarah indicated a tall, lean young man who was indeed walking up and down among the roses with long strides and who now turned and came toward them.

Gay saw a burned, dark, sick-looking face, deep black eyes, a good suit that was somehow a little clumsy on a tall figure that seemed a little clumsy too. The man lifted his hat as he came toward them and smiled under a curly thatch of very black thick hair.

"Hello!" he said, in an oddly repressed sort of voice, holding out his hand. Gay could only smile bewilderingly, but David sprang forward with a sort of shout.

"Tom!" he said. "Tom Fleming! My God, you've come home!"

Continued in the January DELINEATOR



THESE GIRLS OF OURS

Concluded from page 11

darning stockings? From buying food to planning a party? From baking and cooking over a camp-fire to learning to swim? That her course includes laundry-work, first aid and personal hygiene?

The little Girl Scout is on the way to being a home-maker of the first grade when her time comes. But all the time she is learning something else. Her flag. Her country.

I never truly loved my country until I had met it face to face.

On many a long trail now I have known it. Its mountains are my mountains, because I have found them. Its trees are my trees. Because its cities are a part of it, I love them too. But my America lies out under the sun—trees and plains and rivers. My America.

That is worth giving to any one, that inheritance of our country. But to give it is beyond most of us, especially where our girls are concerned. Boys naturally gravitate to the open. Girls must be taken. That is, they must gain their first knowledge of the outdoors under direction. After that their ability to handle themselves develops rapidly through actual experience. She ceases to take for granted food, fire and shelter; they assume a new and permanent value.

And most vital of all, the girl learns to see God not only in her creed, but in His handiwork. Again and again, on trail, sitting around the camp-fires, I have asked men whose lives are spent in the outdoors if they believed in God. And without exception they have answered, "Yes!"

So the outdoors teaches us love of country and also belief in God. Can we deny our children these two things?

THE little Girl Scout has a code. She is no longer a small ship, sailing rudderless. And her code begins with her promise on her honor to do her duty to God and her country.

In a time when every effort is being made to take religion out of our public schools, when even the daily repetition of the Lord's Prayer is being attacked and in some cases discarded, when the church is losing its hold on the young and the old-fashioned Christian family is almost unknown, that first line of her creed may easily give her something she will receive nowhere else. America is in grave danger of becoming a Christian country only by tradition.

But the little Scout's creed is not purely idealistic. It is practical, also. She promises to help other people at all times and to obey the Scout laws. And here comes in the important matter of discipline.

The average home provides shelter and love for its girls; it gives them little more. So far as intelligent, idealistic direction goes, it generally fails. Its discipline is personal and irregular; there are few rewards and no fixed punishments. Indeed, the matter of discipline for girls is one of the most difficult with which any home must contend.

One can imagine the consternation which would follow the hanging up on the domestic wall of any set of laws which insisted that the daughters of the house were thereafter to be trustworthy, loyal, useful, friendly, courteous, kind to animals, obedient to orders, cheerful, thrifty and clean in thought and deed! And with an arbitrary punishment for an infraction of those laws!

Yet exactly those laws are the Girl Scout Laws, and faithfully indeed are they kept. In the camps this notice is posted: "The Girl Scout Laws are the laws of this camp." The breaking of a law brings discipline, but it is impersonal—as impersonal as the laws of the court. And it accomplishes what the nagging of an overworked or irritable mother can not do in a thousand years.

The culprit is judged by a jury of her own peers. Her pride is aroused. Where law is the rule, she feels the isolation of the lawbreaker, and she ceases to be one.

And here again observe the value of the uniform as a morale maker. She has ceased to be an individualist and has become part of an organization, and her uniform is a constant reminder of that fact. No one who saw our boys straighten their shoulders in the khaki blouses during the war can doubt this effect of a uniform; it lies behind the discipline of armies, the morale of police forces, the spirit of the Red Cross worker.

And with her sense of belonging to a uniformed force comes the sense of community. For the first time she learns of what I can only call the "gang" spirit. She learns cooperation; she learns that rare thing, the subordination of herself to the good of the whole.

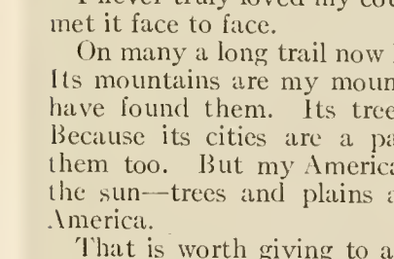
And she learns democracy.

If the Girl Scouts taught nothing but true democracy among girls, they would justify their existence. The very fact that they lay their emphasis on "being" something rather than on "having" something shows the value of the training—that character is more important than possessions. Thus the uniform levels them; the laws steady them; the promise upholds them.

SOME time ago I was called upon to bestow the Order of the Golden Eaglet on two little Girl Scouts. The ritual was a formal one, and I determined to learn it by heart so as to deliver the orders with all possible dignity. To one who has memorized practically nothing since the age of seven, when I learned" The Old Clock on the Stair," this was a severe test. I did it, however, except for one difficulty: I found myself so profoundly moved that I had trouble going through with it. The hall was full of young girls in their uniforms, their ardent, earnest faces turned toward me as they stood at attention. There were the two little order winners who had worked so faithfully and so long, the flag which they had promised to serve, and I, who knew so well what life must bring to most of them.

What can we offer them, these little girl-women of ours? At the most, we can only prepare them. We can give them the bodily and mental discipline of the outdoor camps. We can not follow them home, but we can give them something to take home with them: a lofty promise and a practical creed. For the "don'ts" of the average home, the Girl Scout has a positive code of things to do and be. She is given the flag to love and a star to follow. And her star is a service star.

God, country, duty. All of good womanhood, all of good citizenship, in three words.



SAFE HARBOR

Continued from page 7

"I'll be back, every day," Isabella chanted as she skipped off.

Mr. Williams watched her going until the street swallowed her up. Then he took a knife and some turpentine and carefully scraped off a name that had long been submerged in the grime of the window.

Mrs. Briggs received the good news with an inexplicable distress. Isabella had to labor half the night before she would even consent to go and see the purser. She looked very lovely and mournful as they set out, all the sorrows of a proud race darkening her beautiful eyes, and the purser was most kind.

"You won't find it hard. We haven't a big list this trip," he told her. "We'll land you at Gibraltar and you'll have money enough to take you anywhere you want to go."

Mrs. Briggs's voice was rich with secret tears. "My people are very proud and grand," she said. "I do not want to take this trip. My daughter is driving me. They will never consent to receive me——"

"Then we'll pick you up on the return trip," was the hearty reassurance. "And

Continued on page 74



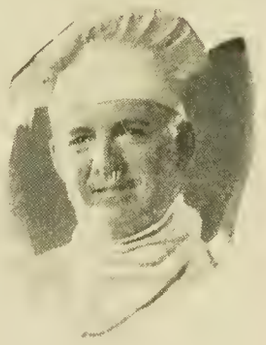


If you think baked macaroni and cheese is a good thing to eat, wait till you see how much better it is with the added flavor of STEERO *bouillon and flavoring cubes*

A little cube

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By
MRS. JANE STARR GRANT



LET me take you with me to the kitchens of a famous hotel. Meet my friend the chef—he of the fabulous salary. Watch his lieutenants at work on dishes that bring captains of finance, well-known professional people, epicures of all sorts, miles out of their way to taste. "What is the secret?" you ask him. But he shrugs his shoulders. He is unable to tell you how he has brought the preparation of food to an art, a science, a religion.

You notice a salad dressing being made. A mysterious little cube is dropped into boiling water and set aside to cool. Again you see the same sort of cube being dissolved and mixed in with some green peas. "Is that one of the secrets?" you wonder, and the wonder is *that it is.*

Chefs long ago discovered that the flavor of beef made many kinds of food more delicious. In the STEERO bouillon and flavoring cube they now find this flavor in a convenient form and so perfected that everywhere it is becoming as great a necessity as pepper and salt.

Use STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes in the preparation of gravies and sauces, vegetables, soups, macaroni and spaghetti, eggs and omelets, fish and other sea food, salads and salad dressings, poultry and fish dressing, meats and left-overs, souffles, jellies and game. In fact, there are so many dishes that these cubes improve that thousands of women have made for them a permanent place in their kitchen cabinets.

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SAFE HARBOR

Continued from page 73

the voyage will do you no end of good. Daughter's right; you try it. I'll see that you aren't put upon." He was so kind and sincere that Mrs. Briggs was presently quite cheered and added her distinguished name to the sailing-list with a willing hand. She longed to thank Mr. Williams in a beautiful speech, but Isabella would only let her walk slowly past Bill's Place, that he might come out if he had changed his mind. But he was incurably shy. Glancing through the door, she distinctly saw him duck behind the counter.

"Well, you're off anyway," she consoled herself. "You'll get there too early, but you can lie low till Christmas day. That's the time to strike!"

SO MRS. BRIGGS, newly courageous, sailed for the ancestral home of the Peraltas in the finest quarter of the city, and Isabella went faithfully every day to Bill's Place. The name, Bill Williams, stood out boldly now in new letters on a clean window. The stock was sorted and arranged until a canvas bucket or a rope ladder could be produced on demand instead of after a half-hour's search, and business was responding. Mr. Williams ought to have been very happy, but he was given to fits of solemn staring, and when Isabella talked of her mother and of the glories awaiting her, he squirmed and sighed.

"Them big Spanish families, they got a way of running down-hill," he warned her. "Maybe she'll find old Ignace ain't got nothing but a corner drug-store and some dirty rooms up over it. I've seen 'em like that."

"Not the Peraltas," said Isabella proudly. "Now, if you'll get me some brass-polish, I bet we sell that binnacle in a week."

Mr. Williams produced the brass-polish in troubled silence, and though they sold the binnacle the next day, he could not seem to enjoy anything. But he liked having her there, liked it so much that he gave her a dollar a week, and he was always watching in the doorway when she came swinging down the street. Every night at six he took her round the corner to a rough little eating-joint that would have made her mother faint with horror and ordered her to "fill herself to the gunn'ls—expense no object." Isabella ate philosophically, without comment, and lured him into tales of his sailor days and of his experiences in the war, where he had lost his leg. Something warm and steady, like friendship, only nicer, was growing up between them. She often commented on this.

"We get the same kind of a good time, you and I," she told him, seated on the capstan, scraping the grease of ages off a lantern. "Now, when that man came in for a rope and we sold him the slop-chest, that was more fun than a goat for you and me; but mama'd have been so mad at him for not taking off his hat or something that he'd have gone off without even buying the rope. I guess I take after my father."

Bill sighed fearfully. "What was your father?" he asked presently, his head dropped on his hand.

"I don't remember him." Isabella was not much interested. "He was captain of a big ship that went down in a hurricane. That's all mama has ever told me."

MR. WILLIAMS whistled through his teeth, a shrill sound that made her look up.

"Cap'n, was he!" he muttered. "My gosh! Cap'n!"

"I guess his people weren't so grand as mama's," Isabella observed.

"No. Most likely they washed in a tin basin at the kitchen door and smoked a good pipe in their socks after supper." He spoke bitterly. "No Spanish grandees in the Briggs family, I bet!"

"J'ever know'm?" Isabella demanded.

"I knew my folks and they were like that," Bill explained, rising. "And durn good folks they were! I got a sister living up on the old farm now—her husband bought it. I'd like to take you up there."

Isabella seized on the suggestion, but he had made it impulsively and hastened to back down. He hadn't seen his sister for years. She wrote him every Christmas and he sent some junk to the kids, but that was all there was to it.

"I could work her to ask us up over Christmas," Isabella offered.

"Not this year—not this year," Bill said with a decision that closed the topic, or at least deferred it. Isabella privately decided that they would spend next Christmas at the farm—then remembered the palatial residence in Spain with a pang that was very like dismay.

Something had to be done about Christmas, the Christmas day that was to land her little mother in the bosom of a proud race—and Isabella conceived a plan that might have sounded ambitious for a youngster living in one room with a two-hole gas-stove under the bed and practically no money, but that was almost boringly easy for her. She had dishes and cutlery. all the foundation she needed for a Christmas feast with an invited guest.

THE first step was mere technique: landing a Christmas basket—turkey, celery and all. The second was equally simple: a neighbor was happy to cook the dinner for a fifty-per-cent. share. The only real difficulty was getting the guest to come. Mr. Williams seemed to have a physical fear of that room in the East Forties. Isabella had to go down and get him, and even then he would have backed out if she had not dwelt on the trouble she had gone to and the loneliness of one girl sitting down to fifty per cent. of a turkey. She already knew well how to work Bill Williams. He sighed a good deal, but went off to change his collar, and Isabella perched on the capstan in great content, casting a housekeeper's eye over the neat shop. A torn envelope was on the floor and she swooped on it, having put a ban on rubbish. When Bill came back, much polished as to face and hair, she held it up to him.

"Look here—this letter was addressed to Mr. William Briggs. That was my father's name."

"Common enough name." Mr. Williams sounded crusty. "Come, now—let's be off."

"But how did it get here?" she persisted.

"Customer might of dropped it."

"But the shop's been closed to-day and it wasn't there——"

"Isabella, do we go to this feed or do we not?" Bill shouted. She had never seen him so near wrath.

"All right, come ahead," she said, and tried all the way home to cheer him, but he was in a bad state of nerves. Crossing her threshold he sweated visibly, and his leg gave him so much trouble that she urged him to slip it off. When she brought the half turkey smoking on a tray and the vegetables sending up savory odors—the wind happily was west—she found him staring at her mother's old red shawl, spread for its color on the bed, as though it might conceal a snake. He was full of sighs at dinner.

"Isabella," he said suddenly, "I guess I've been a bad lot, but there's things a man can't stand up against. He's just got to get out. I ain't run away very often, but there was one time I ran like hell."

"Tell me about it," she begged.

HE WOULD say no more, but having said so much cheered and relieved him. He became companionable, marveled that food and drink could be like that.

"Ho! I could have done it better myself," Isabella boasted. "Give me a real stove and you'd see."

"I bet you could," said Mr. Williams. "Your mother's no cook—didn't you say?" he added hastily.

"She's too swell," Isabella admitted. "You see, she's like a princess in her own country. Think of her, over there, waited on by fifty servants—no, it's fifty rooms. Gee, I bet she's having some dinner!"

Mr. Williams again sank into gloom. "I don't know that we'd ought to let her go off like that," he said. "It kind of ha'nts me. You say she didn't want to go?"

"She kicked and cried at first, but the purser fixed her," Isabella said comfortably. "And it's all right now. They couldn't hold out against mama, no matter how grand they were."

Mr. Williams took a long breath, let it out, tried again and suddenly spoke: "I was in Spain once—knew some Peraltas."

"You did!"

"H'm. But they weren't any grander'n I was." He speared a potato with a vicious

Concluded on page 77



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It is—really—a mistake to suppose that "*any* fat is good enough to fry with". Of course you *can* fry with any fat but if you want fried food as good-to-eat and as wholesome as fried food can be you've got to put just as good a fat into your frying pan as you would put into salad dressing, biscuit or anything else you were going to eat.

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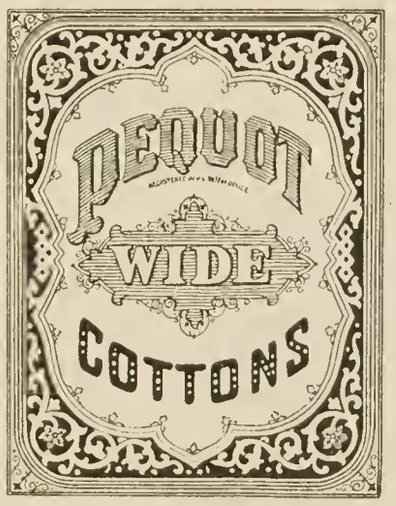
The same finish, the same number of threads, the same delightful softness is in the Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases which her granddaughters buy ready-made today. Of uniform excellence for four generations they continue to be the choice of the wise housewife and of the better hotels and hospitals.

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SAFE HARBOR

Concluded from page 74

jab. "My mother's cellar was kept cleaner than their parlor. Old woman sloppin' around in a greasy Mother Hubbard—and then they putting on airs, finding me a low feller. Gosh!"

"I guess they weren't any relation to my Peraltas," Isabella said.

He spoke from behind his coffee cup: "Well, if they should turn out to be cousins or something, you mustn't be too disappointed."

"Mama wouldn't associate with'm," Isabella declared.

"She might have to. Say—" He pondered what was coming so long that she prodded him with a "Well?" "Say—suppose your mama stayed there and you kind of changed your mind about going. How about it?"

ISABELLA considered. "I'm not so crazy about Spanish lords and dukes," she admitted. "If they sat on me, I'd be likely to hand'm something back. And yet I'd like to be rich."

"You'd get rich all right if I took you in for a partner."

"Partner! In Bill's Place!" Isabella's whole being responded as it never had to the vision of the palatial residence. Here was a field for all her native powers—putting over, putting through, landing customers! Her hands literally tingled for the job, and her desire burst from her in a tense, "Oh!" Then her joy collapsed. "There's no one for me to live with," she lamented. "I don't need any one, but mama'd never see it."

Bill started to say something, then gave it up and nodded dejectedly. "I forgot that," he apologized.

"Yes, I'll have to go to mama." Isabella sighed, too. "But I'd like to see that farm first. Where is it?"

"Fairfield, Vermont."

"Why, that was the postmark on the William Briggs envelope!" She was thrilled at the coincidence. "Isn't that too——"

"Hello!" It was an arresting shout. "I'm forgetting your Christmas present!" He felt in various pockets, and when he had worked up a fine suspense, he brought out a necklace of polished red seeds such as sailors bring from far-off islands. Isabella was enchanted. She put it on before the mirror, handled it, sucked it and finally gave him a hearty whack on the shoulder.

"You're one peach, Mr. Williams," she declared.

He smiled up at her. "Like me a little, hey?"

"You bet."

"Well, I've been an irresponsible sort of cuss, but I'll be good to you, Isabella," he promised. "How about a movie?"

"Fine," said Isabella. "You smoke while I wash up."

He took out his pipe, then glanced uneasily at the red shawl.

"Guess you don't want the smoke in here," he said. "I'll just step outside."

"I like it, but mama'd have a fit," she admitted. "Go up on the roof; it's only one flight." She stood in the doorway to watch him stump his patient way up.

"THAT leg don't fit him right," she mused, and fell into happy plans of landing him a new one. Legs were a little off her beat, but she knew by experience that almost anything could be put through if you went after it with brains. She was so full of it that when the door opened she spoke without looking up from her dishes.

"You know, about your leg—" she began.

"My child," breathed a tremulous voice.

Isabella jumped and dropped a plate. In the doorway stood her pretty little mother, smiling, tender, wrapped in furs, and just behind her, proudly possessive, stood the purser.

"Mama!" Isabella cried. She returned the long embrace with the brief peck that was her idea of a kiss—a mere bump of the lips—but her hands made a hearty clap on the soft shoulders. Then she looked frank question at the official presence behind her.

"My Isabella," her mother announced, "this is your dear new father."

"Hope you don't mind, Isabella," said the purser, and gave her a brisk handshake.

"Gee!" breathed Isabella. "Then you didn't go home!" she added dazedly.

"It was better this way." Her mother sank into a chair and the purser stood as closely as possible behind it. "The bitter pride of a great Spanish family—I know it so well! The nearer we came to Spain the more did I suffer!"

"The poor little lady was all in," the purser said, reaching for her hand. "So I said, 'Let's get the captain to marry us, and you stay with me. Time enough to look up her family when I get a ship of my own.' "

"Oh, yes. Perhaps we will never look them up," said his wife with fervor. "They cast me off. I too have my pride! Beloved one, mama is now Mrs. Clark."

"I'll do the square thing by you, Isabella," the purser offered. "I want the little lady to keep on traveling—good for her eyes; but I'll stand anything you'd like to do. How about boarding-school?"

The palatial home in Spain had gone up in smoke, and suddenly Isabella knew that she was glad. She was glad, too, that there was some one to pet the little mother and give her soft furs. She straightened up with a sense of being set free, stripped for action.

"Oh, I'll be all right," she was beginning, when a thump swung back the door and a Yankee voice called:

"Ahoy there, matey! Ready?"

"It's my Mr. Williams and I'd clean forgotten him," she exclaimed and ran to draw him into the room. It was fortunate she did, for Bill gave a mighty tug under her hand, as though he would have bolted.

"It's only mama and her new husband," she scolded him. "Come on in—don't be such a perfect goat! She's always wanted to thank you."

Bill, under her pulling, advanced a shaky step while Isabella chattered explanations and introductions. Mrs. Clark had risen and stood clinging to the table for a long minute. Then she melted into a heap on the floor.

Mr. Clark had her on the bed in an instant, with cold water on her forehead.

"It has all been too much for the little lady," he said.

Isabella, as white as her mother, stood staring into Bill's face until he jerked his arm free and fled. When her mother's eyes struggled open, their first look was one of rolling fright.

"He's gone," said Isabella.

Mrs. Clark, slowly pulling herself together, spoke with the proud impassivity of all the Peraltas.

"I am sorry. I wished to thank him."

"I'm grateful to Bill, you bet," Mr. Clark said, sitting beside her and patting the camelia-petal cheek. Mrs. Clark put out a tender arm to her child, but Isabella sat remotely on a hard chair, scowling.

"My little one is unhappy?" her mother pleaded.

"No; I'm thinking," she muttered.

BILL'S Place was dark that evening but for a red spark that glowed and dimmed and that shot downward like a falling star when Isabella opened the door.

"It's a lot safer dropping your pipe than it used to be," she commented, and took her usual place on the capstan.

Bill came up from behind the counter in silence.

"We missed our movie," Isabella went on. "Well, we can go all we like if I come down here to live."

The spark shot sidewise and hung suspended.

"You'll burn your hand," she warned him. "Mr. Williams, you said you wanted me for a partner—how would you like to sort of adopt me? We get along pretty well. What do you say?"

His voice croaked and creaked. "I'd like it all right, Isabella."

"Sure?"

The spark went slowly to the counter, where it was knocked into tiny stars on a saucer.

"Sure." The voice steadied. "I'd do for you—as if you'd been my own. I'd see you had school regular. I'd be careful of you, like a father. You can tell your mother that. It's all yours, here, if you'll come."

In the darkness she felt rather than saw his outstretched hand. She put her own into it with a brisk whack that tried to deny the tears on her cheeks.

"Gee, some Christmas!" she said shakily. "I got two fathers!"

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THE Spread that is rich in Vitamins—the Spread that makes the youngsters healthy and happy—not only spreads the daily bread with goodness, but does things for Christmas that no other Spread *can* do—makes icing, for instance.

Cream Nucoa with flour for thickening the soup. Baste the turkey with melted Nucoa. Use Nucoa for the fluffy mashed potatoes. Make the Christmas cakes and icings with Nucoa. And by all means, cream Nucoa with confectioners sugar and flavor—for the most delicious hard sauce ever eaten.

Just count on Nucoa to add to the quality, yet to cut ***the expense*** of your dinner—from the rich cream soup to salted nuts.

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Cream ½ cup Nucoa with 1½ cups Confectioners Sugar. Add a little milk or cream to make a consistency that will spread smoothly. Add flavoring as desired. Fruit juice may be used to thin icing in place of milk.

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THERE is more misinformation in the matter of skin beauty than in almost any other field of women's interests. It is not, as many think, the surface layer of the skin that really determines its beauty. The under layers contain all the active forces, and the whole matter of skin beauty comes down to keeping these forces functioning normally.

That is why thousands of women have adopted the daily use of Resinol Soap for the toilet and bath. They have found that it *does* protect the skin against those outside influences — dust, soot, wind, germs, etc.—which interfere with its normal activity.

Absolutely pure, slightly fragrant, of a mild healthy freshness, Resinol Soap is coming more and more to take the place of the ordinary highly perfumed soap whose strong odor is only too often a cloak for mediocre quality and harmful ingredients.

Should blackheads, roughnesses, etc., appear, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing healing ointment is a favorite in thousands of homes where experience has proved that it is unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.

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CHRISTMASTIDE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Concluded from page 2

that is perhaps the easiest of all to arrange. Caroling, indeed, has of late years become so vital a part of the Christmas festivities in many cities and towns that most communities know how to prepare for it. Well in advance of Christmas the local newspapers begin to print the words and airs of the favorite carols so that all in the community may learn them. The various local organizations are then asked to divide their members into groups of fifteen. The town is partitioned into caroling districts, and each group of singers is allotted to a certain district. These stations may include not only street corners, but hospitals, old-folks' homes, hotel lobbies (for who is lonelier than the transient?) and houses displaying candles in the windows. The carolers must be warmly dressed. Over their outer clothing they should wear the red cape and cap, both bordered with white cotton, which formed the costume of the carolers of the Middle Ages.

This is the general plan adhered to throughout the country where caroling is in practise. And yet each city has found it necessary to carry out the details of it in the way best suited to its own locality.

JOINT Christmas celebrations are not a difficult feat for the well-organized community. But there are, unfortunately, many towns and cities not yet ready to put forth a concerted effort at the Christmas season. Even if all were so organized, there would still remain a pitiful need of more and more Christmas neighboring of an intimate sort, the work being carried on by churches, clubs, small groups and individuals.

By practically every church in our large cities and towns some effort is made at Christmas time to infuse into the ordinary services the holy joy of Christmastide, its mystery and miracle. Notable among such services are the Christmas Eve Carol Service of Calvary Episcopal Church, New York City, and the service known as "The Visit to the Manger," held at three o'clock on Christmas eve in old Trinity, New York City.

The Christmas Eve Carol Service is held at nine o'clock. It is a candle service throughout, there being a lighted candle on a high standard at the end of each pew and great clusters of candles on the altar. The service opens when the choir of forty men and boys enters, each one of them carrying a tall lighted candle and singing the processional, Gounod's pastoral anthem, "Bethlehem." The Lord's Prayer follows. Then comes the ceremony of the lighting of the Yule candle, a tall white wax candle on a high mahogany standard. The choir kneels during this, singing the traditional "Holy Night," and three acolytes in red and white vestments come up the center aisle, bearing the stump of last year's Yule candle with which to light the new one. As the spurt of flame springs upward from the new candle, an electric star over the altar suddenly blazes into light. The effect is one of joyous beauty and rejoicing. And the Russian, Spanish, French and English carols which follow, at frequent intervals, echo the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. At the close of the service a solo boy sings an old Breton melody, "Over the Cradle of the King," with a short response by the choir, which then goes out, singing "Adeste Fideles." This beautiful service is unique in that it is altogether of voices alone without organ accompaniment.

Just as interesting and impressive, though different in atmosphere, is the "The Visit to the Manger" service which has become a Christmas-eve tradition at old Trinity. In advance of this service a manger with the Christ-child, Joseph and the Holy Mother is built in the main porch of the church. After the carols by the choir, the Lord's Prayer, the lesson, the Apostle's Creed, and the address by the rector, all present are invited to visit the manger. The choir leads the way, singing, and the entire congregation follows reverently. The service closes with carols, collect and benediction, and the recessional, "The First Noël."

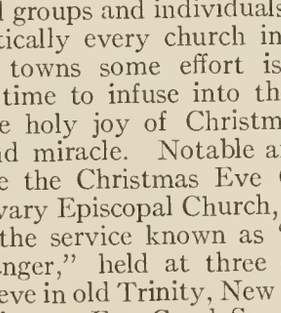
IT MUST be remembered that opportunities abound at Christmas time for kindliness of a more personal sort than any which the churches or large groups have to offer. The private citizen can, if he will, find many avenues for such service.

It is impossible, surely, for too many public parks to twinkle with a community tree, for too many practical gifts to be placed in the hands of poor children, for too many Christmas carols to echo through sick-wards and prison corridors, through the hallways of orphan asylums and institutions for the defeated, the broken and the old. A tableau, a bit of green spruce, a word of Christmas greeting, the fragment of a song—these, truly, all of us can help to give.

Perhaps the loveliest indication that a new-old concept of Christmas and its joys is spreading throughout the United States is the attitude of our boys and girls. For our children of to-day, in many towns, are far busier with Christmas giving than with Christmas getting. Scouts and Camp-Fire Girls, club and school and church groups all are absorbed in the practising of carols, in making mummers' costumes, in giving pageants in church and Sunday-school rooms, in taking gifts to less fortunate children.

It has become the custom for the Sunday-school of St. Bartholomew's Parish House Chapel, in New York City, to have a manger erected at the steps of the chancel. Into this, as a part of their Christmas service, the pupils place gifts to be distributed to children who have less than they. The parish is not a rich one, and the gifts represent real sacrifice on the part of the small givers.

The Christmas celebration within the home must also be "unselfed" if it would conform to the new-old, higher concept of Christmas and its joys. To a heart uplifted to the true and holy significance of Christmas day, the red-coated Santa Claus of the worldly gathering fades away, and in his place appear the bare stable, the dumb brutes, Mary, Joseph and the manger.



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 14

strength had left her, she dropped on her knees at his side.

"Don't—I can't bear it. I didn't know that you were like this. Pete, don't take away my lovely thing, my fire-flower. I love it so—I'll dance it any way, with any one that you want!"

Eyes in the wings, in the fly galleries, eyes upon them from everywhere, watching, understanding. That was the strange thing about these people; later on they would smirk and scandalize, but while things were going on they understood.

Weston looked at his watch. Nearly five hours he had held that vigil, striking shadows to silence. He struck the call-bell.

"Dismiss. Call a full-dress rehearsal for seven o'clock, with everything complete!"

"It will be ready—*maître*," the producer answered.

LIGHTS, the hum of two thousand tongues, all the thrill of a crowded theater wondering what the parting of those velvet curtains might disclose.

At the back of the dress circle Weston pressed shiveringly against Vereker for comfort. He knew too well what was behind there: Rita, in all her flame-colored glories,

Continued on page 79



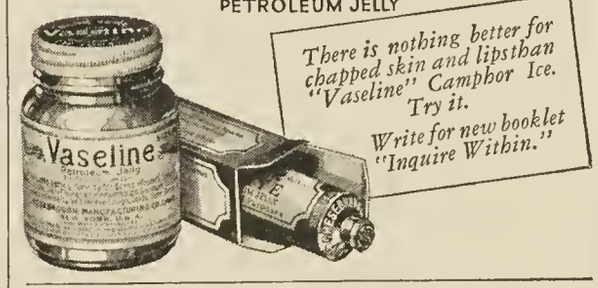
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Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

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Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing the wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in and leaves your hair soft and easy to manage, so that it stays just as you arrange it—even after shampooing.

Use a little once or twice a week and you will be delighted to see how much more beautiful and attractive your hair will look and how much easier it will be to manage—whether long or bobbed.

There is nothing better for children, whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is inclined to be stubborn and hard to train and keep in place.

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

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Glostora gives the hair that rich, naturally glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men and boys.

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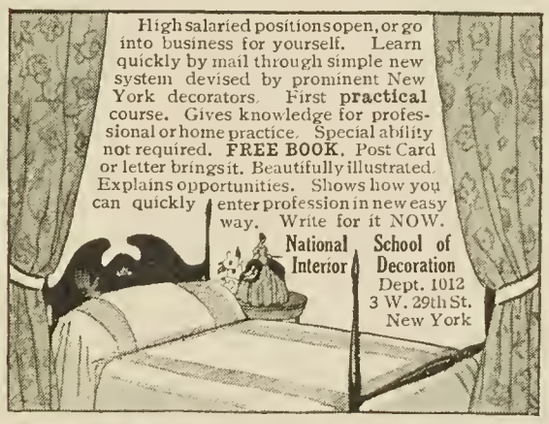


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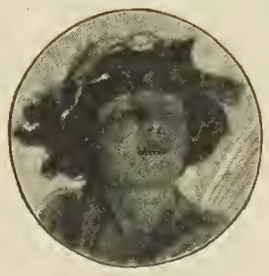


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HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., 601 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

TRY IT



THE FIRE-FLOWER

Continued from page 78

flung like a rag on a pile of stage carpet, crying away her make-up; the tenor in his dressing-room writhing with ptomaine poisoning; the ballet in hysteric mutiny because every shoe was the wrong size. It was failure, flat and desperate; he was merely waiting for some one to come out and announce that the performance was abandoned. Then Sid would take him away to some place where he could die unseen.

But strangely enough, the orchestra crawled out from their secret door, the lights went down and there came the first chords of the prelude. The curtains parted and the tenor sang.

Junk shapes against reddened murk; a man crying out for something as he groped in what might have been some drab region of his own mind, a leaping figure and bloody poppies on a fence.

The curtain fell on the intermission. There was applause, scattering, puzzled, rolling up to a volume of—courtesy. About them people were talking. "I can't make head nor tail of it." "Oh, well, one never can in opera."

Then two critics languid and caustic with verdict:

"A sort of rehash of Faust, with some reverse *Margarets*."

"And the moral of it, that to be great one must first be wicked."

With strangled breath, Weston turned to Vereker.

"Sid, they don't *understand!*"

"Did you expect them to? If one of them gets it, that is as much as you can hope."

"For God's sake, let us get outside!"

It was outside the stage door that they found refuge. A long alley between grimy walls, the rumble of traffic coming as through a funnel. From within came hints of music, a throb of strange rhythms and poignant trebles. "The Fire-Flower" ballet was on now. Would the damned thing never end? Well, there was always the river. A cold face sinking under the black waters he had hoped to set on fire.

There was another sound inside there now, something like thunder and the rattle of hail on a tin roof. Could it be fire? He turned to Vereker in fresh fear, but the other's laugh was of triumph.

"Applause, Pete! The ballet has got them—come on in."

It was all changed within. Faces that shone as if the blaze of color on the stage came from inside them. People were rushing at him, shaking his hands, kissing them, and always that roaring noise. Rita was out in the midst of it, bowing, then smiling radiantly as she led forward the singing girl for her share. She saw him in the opposite prompt entrance and came running to drag him on.

Looking out from that brilliant stage was like looking into a vast bowl of goldfish. Pallid faces, row on row, that goggled and clapped their fins at him through a greenish gloom.

Such noisy fish——

And this was success.

IT WAS all over and they paced the alley again to escape the throng that had invaded the stage. Fish flopping out from that dark bowl beyond the lowered curtains; titled fish, official and important fish. Success; what was it Sid had said once? "It is the affair's finish that owns the right of way." And now a loaded truck had stopped at his door.

Sid was speaking.

"You don't need me any more, Pete."

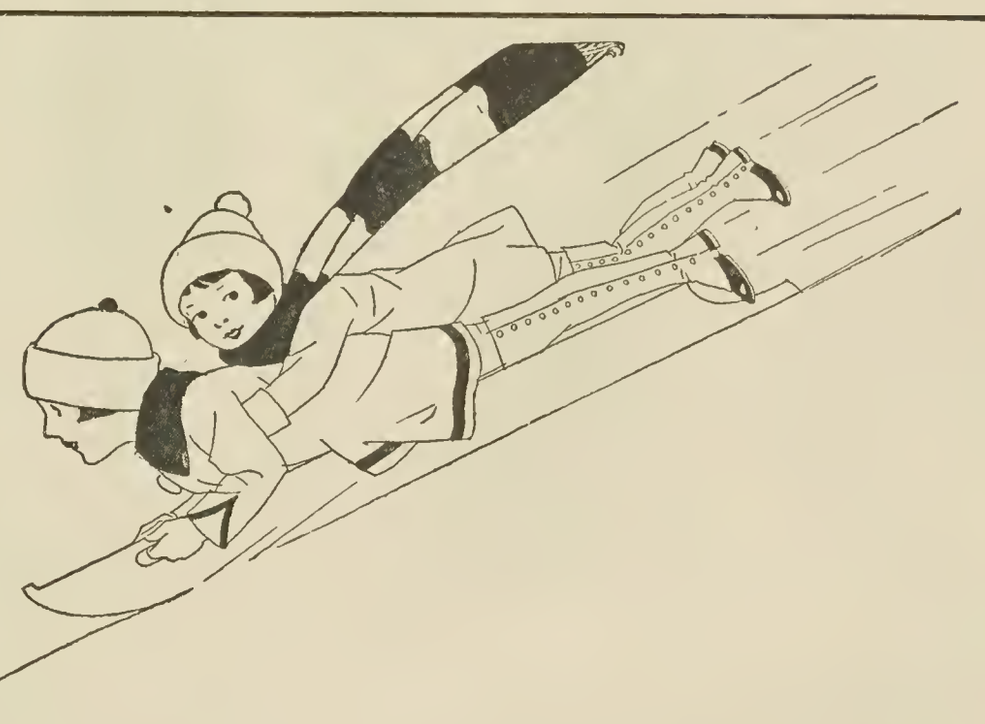
"What do you mean—not need you?"

"When you have made the grade, there's no more need of a self-starter."

Vereker stood there, a long shadow in a dark overcoat, his face dimly lit by the reflections from those London night clouds. In his voice were those familiar tones of amusement and finality.

"You are going to succeed, Pete. Rita

Concluded on page 80



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"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time nor money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter—then something told me to try Wallace records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so I *started*.

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Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallace reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent foods nor drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll *know* how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are *guaranteed*.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and *can* weigh:

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60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	145	153	159
70	145	147	156	163

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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

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THE FIRE-FLOWER

Concluded from page 79

will see to that. She will mother you and devil you and nurse you across the bleak times as only a woman can. You will learn to say only a tenth of what you see and a half of what you mean, and to wrap even that up in every trick of drama. It is success for you, but for me——"

He stretched his arms as if for more room and a freer air. There was an instinct of gathering flight in that gesture.

"You can't cage me, Pete, not even in your success. What I want is the beginnings of things, not the ends, nor the middles either. The beginnings—out there beyond success. That is where it really comes from. If success were in here, then you would not have to walk any strange path to it. The chance meeting, the swift flame—'contact'—and the leap in the dark. That is where I belong."

"You mean that you are going away?"

"I mean that I'm already gone—only you haven't noticed it yet. And so——"

A swift hug, then the same arms sent Weston back against the wall. Footsteps down the alley, swift, yet unhurried, swallowed instantly by the traffic in the street. He ran after them, shouting, but all that came back was the futile echo of his own voice.

Something gone from him, something that was like a part of himself, some wilder end of him loose upon the world. Sid, gone back into that night and fog from whence he had come. Here he was, alone again in a dark place under sullenly lit clouds. The strange path seemed to end much as it had begun. Yet everything was changed—himself most of all.

HE DRAGGED back through the stage door. The place was darkening now, its splendor mere strips of grayish gauze. Could those figures in drab street clothes, their faces greeny white with fatigue, have ever been the leaping, shouting bacchanals of ballet and chorus? The master of the mission was still there, jotting memoranda in a notebook; a man of business, coolly untouched by the bizarre trappings all about him.

"Well, you got the ballet over at least," he said.

"But it was the story that was the important part."

The gaze under the grizzled brows grew quizzical, sharp with authority.

"You have still to learn that art has no import save that of beauty. The public are more true to it than they know; they demand to be enchanted only. In the ballet you achieved a supremely beautiful thing and the Colosseum have made me an offer for it."

"My fire-flower ballet—in vaudeville?" Weston protested.

"In the largest theater in Europe, seen by five thousand people twice a day. They will take it complete, with our company and all—and incidentally, they will pay us more than we could hope to make by playing the full production to packed houses. I have accepted."

The announcement came with that financial finality to which it seems that even art must bow. Perhaps the power of it is an art in itself, and a possibly superior one. Weston nodded silently and went toward the iron stairs. Rita was up there in her dressing-room; every atom of him ached for her.

She was still in her stage glory, bowing the last visitors from a room stacked with flowers. That vision of her was heartening; in all the increasing somberness of the place, she alone had kept her radiance. She came toward him with outstretched hands, a swift concern as she saw his face.

"I know all about it, Pete; it's that darn reaction!"

She swept a sheaf of lilies from a sofa, patting a cushion with command.

"You sit down here and tell me all about it."

"Rita—Sid has gone," he said as he sank back on the cushions, and she nodded acceptance of the news.

"I knew he would, some day."

There was no regret in her answer, and another question came to him.

"Why was it that all you women never liked Sid?"

"It wasn't that we didn't like him. It was—" She paused, perplexed at the necessity of giving words to what was so plainly to be known without them. "Any woman could see that he would never, never be any *use!*"

So that was it. It was impossible to think of Vereker as ever turning the wheels of anything, and women have always wheels to turn. He must have mates of his own somewhere out on his strange ways. One could imagine them: dark, rather terrible creatures, beyond ambition, beyond everything.

"Rita, tell me, was Sid really here?" he breathed, and she nodded in understanding.

"I know what you mean. I wondered sometimes myself, he seemed so for you alone. But I think he must have been, for I see so much of him left in you."

"I wonder where he has gone?"

He could half see Sid, off on another strange path. Almost he wished that he could walk it. Another swift meeting with something that was oddly himself, another leap in the dark, and heaven knew what brilliant finish to hold the right of way all through it. But as if she divined that thought, Rita caught at his hands.

"You have gone far enough, Pete. You don't realize yet what to-night means to us both. Duchesses and labor leaders, managers, opera stars and a prince, all here in this room and all asking for you. We are made—made. And, oh, that lovely, lovely thing! I could dance it forever."

SHE sprang up, humming the ballet rhythm, moving like some golden mote on the air of that flower-filled room. Then she stopped before him, sweeping him a curtsy.

"I knelt to you once before—now I do it again, in thanks for my perfect thing!"

Lower she went, her draperies spreading about her in a pool of brilliance, until her forehead touched his shoes. He bent and raised her; the face that came up to meet his own was flushed, always mutinous, but radiant with surrender.

"Rita, you who kissed a million soldiers in the mud of France, tell me, is there any hope of that million turning into one?"

"They began to do that long ago."

"How long?"

"About six months. It was at a little California railway station——"

"All still and shadowless under the dawn," he put it.

"—and sleepy mocking-birds in eucalyptus-trees——"

Their voices were blending now, rising and falling like some delicious duet which they sang for themselves alone.

"And you, all scarlet and gold on the steps of a train——"

"And there came a yellow-haired, big-eyed, lost-looking thing in uniform——"

"There were two of us really."

"I saw only one. Later on that frightened me, so I ran away."

"And he followed, even to London!"

"And I trampled on him and behaved horridly until he turned and put me in my place—and everybody else with me."

That brought enlightenment; his embrace tightened as he cried out his new vision.

"So that was why——"

"You delicious goose, don't you know women? But I don't want you to know any others but me—nasty things that they are. But we have to do that way because what we really want is for you to defeat us. Defeat us, then swing us up to some place where we will be the desired and adored of the world. And then——"

"And then?" he whispered.

"To come to us as you came to-night, weary and hungry for what we alone can be to you. You men have us in every way. You win us by your strength, but you hold us—hold us—hold us by your need of us!"

From beyond the door came noises of the closing theater. Banging doors, whistling drafts like the plaintive ghosts of past glories seeking for some one to ensubstance them again in painted canvas and glowing flesh. But this bright room was as the heart of it, to which all the tides of life had retreated that it might hold their secret.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he murmured as he swept her closer to him. "It is you—you—you who are the real fire-flower!"

And this was love.

It was strange how different things are when they really come to one. But better—so much better—infinitely better——

THE END

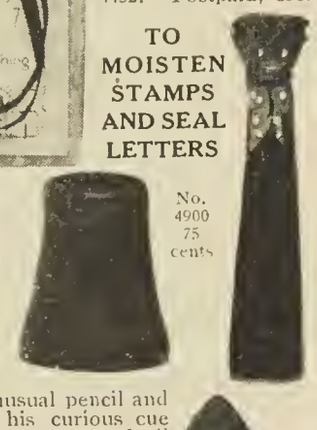
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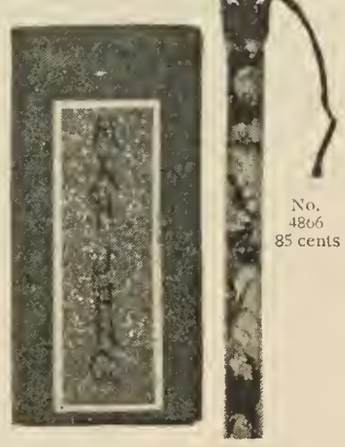


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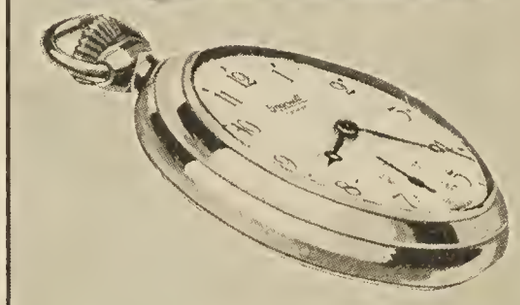
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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

Beauty Secrets

for My Girl Friends

By Mme Maree



Those Bewitching Waves

If you will get from the drug store an ounce of beta-quinol costing but 65 cents and mix it with a half pint of rubbing alcohol and a half pint of water, you will have a hair treatment to reward you beyond price.

Each time it is used you just simply revel in the beauty it imparts to the hair. It is colorless and yet you can take blonde, brunette or titian hair that is coarse, straight and dead-like, apply a little beta-quinol to the scalp, when lol each hair freshens. It takes on a glint or shimmer, it stands out alone, and whether cut short or hangs in great masses, it becomes as hair should, light, feathery and fluffy, or will keep curl, wave or straight as you prefer to wear it. Beta-quinol is a wonder and is very inexpensive.

Flawless Cheeks

To have the skin of fine texture so as to erase the crows feet, lines and wrinkles and tighten up the pores, get two ounces of eptol from the drug store. The usual price is 65 cents. Mix it with a tablespoon of glycerine and a pint of water. It thickens at once to a rich, heavy cream. Spread a thin coating around the eyes, temples and on the forehead, then over the cheeks; rub it in until absorbed. Instantly it begins work on the pores, tightens them, the outer dead skin disappears, new skin comes at once, the lines, crows feet, wrinkles fade out, the cheeks become smooth, look plump with the appearance of real, girlish health. Eptol is certainly the daintiest of skin beautifiers and mixed as above lasts for months.

Banish the Blackheads

I have found that sprinkling powdered neroxin on a cloth dipped in hot water is the quickest and best way to remove blackheads. Gently pat over the skin where the blackheads are, then rub briskly and every last blackhead, big and little, will be dissolved without leaving a trace. You can get neroxin at any drug store. An ounce, costing 65 cents.

When Skin is Muddy

If it is freckles, muddiness, red spots, sallowness and the shining, oily skin that makes you think you look like a fright, just mix an ounce of zintone and two tablespoons of your ordinary glycerine and a half pint of water. Rub this on your face, arms, neck and shoulders and I will wager you will hardly know yourself. The effect is magical. You can get the zintone at any drug store for 65 cents and thus have your skin as clear and dainty as the lily.

To Cleanse Scalp

Twenty-five cents worth of eggol, at any drug store, will give you enough for a dozen creamiest, frothiest shampoos you ever had. It dries right away, fluffs out beautifully and makes your head feel fine.

For the Week-end

I am so anxious for you to try my beauty secrets that I have had prepared one of each ready for use all put up in a neat package, enough of each article to last several days. Send me 25 cents and I will send you a package by mail.

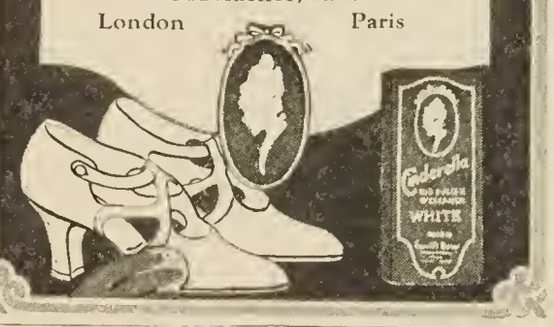
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SHADOWED

Continued from page 5

darling, are you ill?" he asked anxiously.

Crystal compressed her lips in a gigantic effort to seem well. "Not a bit, Anthony." She laid her hand lightly on his sleeve. "You *must*, dear. It is *very* important."

He laughed in the good-natured way of one humoring a loved one. "I'll do just as you say, Crissie."

The house was a small and humble lower flat not altogether to Anthony Grace's taste. Yet it had come to be a hallowed place to him. With a twinkling eye and an "*Au revoir*," he left the girl immediately he had admitted them with his latch-key and strode through the hallway, vanishing at its farther end.

Crystal, entering, closed the door, peeped into the living-room to be sure it was unoccupied, returned at once to the front door and, her heart in her mouth, waited for the sound of footsteps.

She did not give the visitor time to touch the bell, but opened the door and confronted him—the man in gray. For a moment their eyes met and held. The man's eyes—which she *would* have liked—were stern.

"Miss Vaughan, I believe," he said, removing his hat a perfunctory inch. His manner was courteous but assured—crisp, businesslike. All higher-up employees of Stacy's were businesslike—and many of the lower-downs, too, including Miss Crystal Vaughan, in charge of a full half of one side of a very long aisle on the four-acre main floor.

"Miss Vaughan, yes. Come in," she answered briefly, leading him into the living-room and closing the door. Then, under his surprised eyes, she locked it.

"Why do you lock the door?" he asked curiously.

She turned and studied him carefully, respectfully. She wished to be very respectful to this man.

"You are from Stacy's," she asserted evasively.

"Yes," he admitted. "You know me?"

"I've seen you many times in the five years I've been working there. Of course I didn't know your—work. Not till you followed us to-day."

"And now you know it?" His tone was even, curious.

SHE continued to look at him while she thought of what to say. For she must make no mistakes—of tact, of diplomacy. She was finding him hard to read—a man too much of the world of higher-ups to disclose to her inner senses any way of approach, of appeal.

"Yes," she answered slowly. "I know your—position, now. And I have locked the door because I don't want any one to disturb us."

"You mean—the young man you entered with?"

"No. He will not disturb us for a while."

"Ah? Who, then?"

"Oh—others might."

Crystal did not name those others. She had a vague feeling that, to be sure to keep them out of it all, she had best not name them.

"There are others, then, living in this house?"

Crystal opened wide her eyes — which were very clear and very gray. The delicious thought of Anthony and herself living *alone* in the house smothered her surprise. She strove to prevent the rising of color.

"Yes, others, of course."

Was it her imagination, Crystal wondered, that made him seem to change a little at her answer—to be less stern? He looked about him—at the plain furniture, at the few not unpleasing prints and pictures.

"This is a very nice room," he observed. Then the alert eyes back of the large-rimmed spectacles rested upon her very steadily as he said: "Since you know my—position in the store, perhaps you know what brings me here."

"Don't tell me—now!" She raised her hand impulsively. "I can guess. Have you a little time—for me? To let me talk to

Continued on page 82

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SHADOWED

Continued from page 81

you? It is very, very important to me as well as to Anthony."

"I judged so," he murmured reflectively. "Why, yes, you may talk to me, Miss Vaughan. Certainly until Anthony returns."

"It's nice of you, after what has occurred, to call him Anthony," she observed appreciatively.

"Instead of Grace? Or scapegrace?"

Miss Vaughan winced—and smiled sadly.

"You know him personally, evidently."

"Yes," admitted the man in gray. "I know him."

Crystal's eyes lit with hope. "And you call him just 'Anthony,' though he's been at Stacy's less than a year. That shows, doesn't it, that he's a fine, friendly, likable fellow?"

"He is probably all of that," conceded the unbidden visitor with restraint.

"Now *that*," resumed Crystal, as though it were a text, "is what I want to speak about. And something much more important to the splendid institution we work for—all three of us. And that's his *ability!*"

She leaned forward in her chair—confidentially. "Anthony Grace is a wonder. He started in at the very bottom. He says he had to, for he had had no experience whatever, though he was well educated and had traveled and very evidently comes of nice people. Of course Anthony won't say. He's very modest, and talks about himself so little it's positively a fault. But his present circumstances——"

"Ah, yes; his circumstnces?" repeated the man in gray with a polite show of interest. "What, then, were or are his circumstances?"

"I'll tell you the little I know," replied Crystal. Her tone was even more confidential, for she was resolved to be utterly frank with this man who had followed them home—frank even to laying a profaning hand upon that holy of holies, Anthony's private affairs. "It's so little because he's so unusually shy about his past, as all people ought to be who have come down in the world. I know! You'd never hear Anthony say 'I used to have this and that' or 'I used to do so and so in the old days.' Yet he's told me, sketchily, a few things. He's been used to luxury, I should judge. He doesn't speak of his father. Dead, I think. But he mentions his mother. I glean that she has enough to live on, but he doesn't wish to be in any way dependent on her. His mother's home being quite far from his work, he lived here in New York, down-town somewhere at what he called a club. It was some horrid boarding-place, I suppose. Of course it must have been a very inexpensive place, for Anthony began on fifteen dollars a week. Think of it!"

SHE paused, looking far. "I myself had hoped to pursue a musical career," she confided wistfully. "That was before father died suddenly and I went to work at Stacy's. I was just seventeen. Mother wept buckets!"

"I see," said the man in gray, not unsympathetically.

"*You* must know how rapidly Anthony has risen, for of course you looked up his record in the files. He worked first in the packing-rooms, then he was shipping-clerk in the mail-order department and then he began as a salesman. That's when I got acquainted with him. Fancy his coming into my department and being handed over to me—that's *his* expression—to be taught the counter work!

"You should have seen him! He's a good salesman, though. He's graduated out of that already. He just *made* himself take to it, and was as patient with them—the rattle-brained women, and the ones that want to look at everything and never intend to buy anything, and the supercilious ones. He was a scream—because he had to gulp so and never betray himself. The only real difficulty I had with him was keeping the stock in order. His big hands didn't seem equal to folding little delicate things up neatly and matching numbers and sizes to their boxes. All that was too slow and uninteresting to him.

"And yet"—she frowned in the intensity of her admiration—"he *mastered* it. He did it, he said, to get rid of it and pass on to something with a bit more kick in it.

"You see, he took the bitter with the sweet. He made lots of good-natured fun of some of the jobs, but he *did* them, and that shows his stamina and will. *I* thought it did. I remembered it afterward when I wondered whether he could fight that tendency—that terrible thing!" She looked bravely into the eyes of the man in gray.

"That terrible thing?" he echoed. "Yes yes——"

"It was just after he was taken out of my department and given another job in which he handled cash at certain times of the day. Although I had known him so—so intimately, you might say, I had only begun to go out with him. In fact, he had hardly more than taken me home a few times and once or twice to a movie when he was transferred to the other department. And then, not a week later, he invited me to go out with him Saturday afternoon and evening. I didn't mind, then. I didn't mind for my own sake because I felt I knew him very well and he was quite reliable—just a dear! And I didn't mind for his sake, because he was getting three dollars a week more, and nobody dependent on him."

"And what happened that evening?"

"It's the thing you're interested in, of course—what he must have done just before. It's four months ago almost to a day. It's so hard to speak of it, and yet——"

SUDDENLY she paused and eyed her dread visitor narrowly. She wanted to be cautious—to be dead sure the disclosure was necessary. "This thing in which you're interested—it began to happen then, did it?"

"Yes, when he began taking you out. That's probably the time when my interest in—eh, this matter commences."

Miss Vaughan flushed. "Perhaps you think it was I that encouraged him to spend so much—tempted him to get it or use it. Girls do do that, I know. But I did not encourage him," asserted Crystal. "I wish I *could* take some of the responsibility for it off Anthony's shoulders. I'd—I'd—" Determinedly she choked down her emotion. But she clasped her hands. "Can you understand how grindingly hard it must have been to live, as a beginner in a department store, after the way *he* had lived—the expensive tastes and habits he had formed? Of course he wanted to show me a good time, as he called it. He said so often that day: 'You poor little girl, enjoy yourself!' But I couldn't—not really. How could I when I kept thinking and worrying over *where* that money came from! Yes, it was for me; yet I knew afterward, when I thought it over, that the main reason must have been a sudden rebellion against fate. His whole joyous being was just flooded by appetite long repressed—craving for beautiful surroundings, the best restaurants, the best seats at the theater—a taxi-cab twice—everything! He even gave me flowers."

Crystal pressed her hands to her head. "How strangely at war I was with myself that evening. I enjoyed every minute of it—in a way. How could I help it—all those luxuries and pleasures—and with Anthony! And yet my horrible fears put me in misery."

"Yes, I see!" said the man in gray, quite understandingly. "And—m-m—by the way, how much *did* he spend, Miss Vaughan?"

"I didn't ask him, of course," faltered Crystal. "But late that night, after I got into bed, I tried to reckon it up. But I kept going over the same items, so I jumped out and switched on the light and made out a list. I tore it into small bits immediately after."

"And it came to——"

Crystal leaned far forward and answered in a low voice, "Nearly *fif*-ty dollars!"

"My gracious!" the man in gray ejaculated.

"Do you think I slept a wink that night?" asked Crystal. It was a purely rhetorical question. "And all day Sunday I walked in the little park near here."

"I take it you were—interested in him already," divined the man in gray.

Miss Vaughan had risen and was walking the floor. She looked fixedly at the questioner.

"I loved him, though he had not said a word of love to me—just—the usual things, half in fun, that young fellows in the stores kid us with."

She paused again, her eyes turning inwardly upon a day before that momentous Saturday when Anthony had gently em-

Continued on page 83

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SHADOWED

Continued from page 82

braced and kissed her and she had wept and told him never—*never*—to do that again. And he had not—at least not until long after, when warm love had melted the barrier of reserve and all doubts and fear—save one!—and they had become frankly to each other lovers.

No, she could not tell him of that day. There was no need. She looked up. "But I know he had begun to love me. It was I that held back. I had had five years practise in that!"

She said it a little bitterly—for so sweet a girl. They *are* bitter—the memories of the hunt to the hunted.

"In the park I thought and thought. I did not believe he had deliberately taken the money. I was sure he expected to put it back again, out of his salary, but I was afraid it would be missed right away. I ached to ask him, so as to know that he was not in immediate danger. But how could I speak of it? To know that I even suspected would be such a blow to his pride, while if I knew nothing and he made it up and never did it again, why then the conquest over temptation would be completely his.

"So I have never known," added Crystal sadly. "It has been one long, long grief, one long worry over whether he paid it back and whether he ever took more."

With a quick step she confronted closely the man in gray. She laid her hand upon his arm imperiously, yet beseechingly. "*You* know. *You* can tell me. Did he take anything since that day, three months ago?"

The man in gray put the tip of his fingers together. "Not that we are aware of," he assured her.

"Oh joy!" exclaimed Crystal. "Then I've *succeeded!*"

Much to the surprise and greatly to the embarrassment of her visitor, the girl dropped her head upon the gray coat sleeve and wept happy tears.

A little awkwardly the man touched her bright hair—and waited. After a little he asked in a kindly tone: "You succeeded in what?"

WITH no trace of humiliation at her outburst—her happiness was too poignant for that—Crystal raised her head and waved her hand about the room.

"This! This sort of an environment was what he needed, not that club with its men who had seen better days, with their pitiful efforts to keep up the old pace. I determined to get him out of it, if I could. I resorted to a little strategy. It was deceit, but it was the only way. I told him on Monday that if he knew of any nice young man who wanted to live way up-town in a quiet place, that mother would be glad to take him as a boarder. I told him we had an extra room, and the money would not come amiss by any means.

"'Am *I* a nice young man?' he asked instantly.

"'You!' I said incredulously. 'But you have your club, Anthony.'

"'Club!' he almost shouted at me. 'What's the club—any club—to *that?*'

"But before I consented I told him just how we lived, to sound him out. I didn't want him to come just to be with me. I wanted to make his rest and recreation life harmonize with his work life. Simple, wholesome things. You see, I wanted to make him gradually lose his longing for expensive, dangerous pleasures. Anthony is very young," she reminded the man in gray, defensively. "And, if I don't altogether miss my guess, his mother spoiled him."

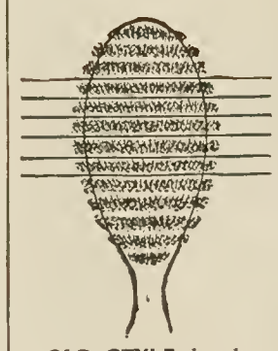
"It is by no means improbable," agreed the man reflectively.

"I watched over him—without seeming to, of course. What helped, naturally, was that he—he liked me so much."

"You put it rather modestly, do you not?"

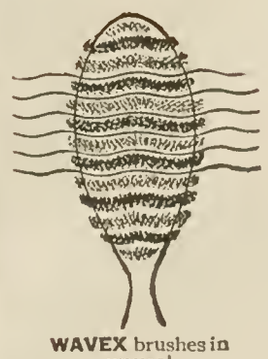
"Oh, well, *loved* me, then," amended Crystal, with a little laugh. "I'm having to

Continued on page 84



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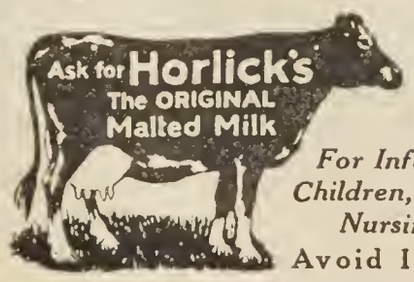
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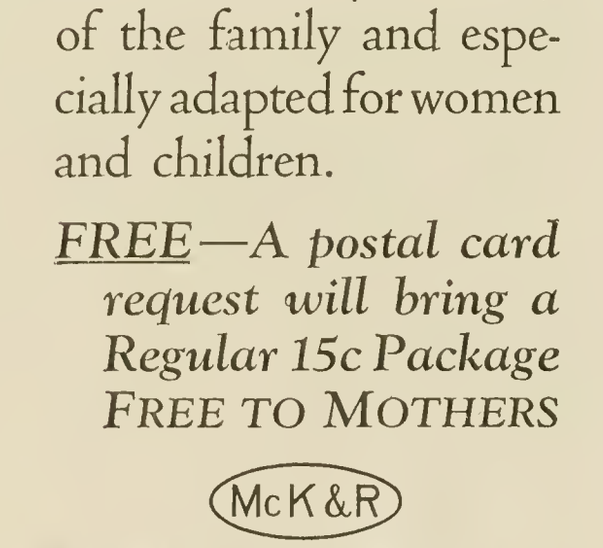
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SHADOWED

Continued from page 83

be very confidential with you." She looked at him suddenly with a new interest. "It doesn't seem to be half as hard as I feared."

"You expected me, then?"

"Feared more than expected—until yesterday when a friend told me that a house detective had followed us home. Oh, then I died a thousand deaths of fear! All night—all day, and to-day it came. But you say there is nothing against him since that Saturday. Tell me, please—you've been so kind and patient so far—didn't he make it up? I know that that does not undo a thing once done. But still it atones, doesn't it? Tell me—*did* he make it up?"

For a moment the man looked away while Crystal, with trembling lips, waited in agony.

"Had you not better finish your story first, Miss Vaughan?" he answered firmly. "It is very—illuminating, I may say."

Crystal used her will to summon patience, fortitude. "Yes, I'll tell you the rest—what little there is. You see, mother would have been worried; and Billy, who is seventeen, would have guyed me to death if they had known the truth about the boarder. So I persuaded mother to let me put up a notice in the store. When Anthony came out to see her, I wasn't around at all. But mother wouldn't accept him until she'd given me a chance to give him the once over. Which I did!"

Crystal's face rippled at the recollection. "I gave him a grudging approval. And of course we had great fun getting acquainted, evenings and mornings. It was a week before I pretended to consent to letting him go down-town with me. Mother says it's a very swift affair. Of course she doesn't know—yet—that it had begun three months before."

"An 'affair'?" The man in gray seemed interested in the word. "You mean, then, that you are engaged to marry this young man?"

"No!" exclaimed Crystal, standing very erect. "I have not promised to marry him. I've seen and heard all I want to of marrying men to reform them. If they can't reform with their own strength, aided by the hope of marrying the girl they love, they're not going to do it afterward. I've told him that I've got to wait—at least until I've seen Billy through high school. That will give Anthony time—if it's in him—to put temptations like that behind him for good. And it will give me time to know."

"I see. I see," murmured the man from Stacy's. "And how has he been taking all this?" He waved his hand over the room.

"Why, you wouldn't know him!" the girl exclaimed smilingly. "He's adjusted himself beautifully. Sometimes he does insist on taking me to the theater. Naturally I insist on the balcony. But usually it's just the movies. And of course we never ride in a taxi. Anthony has his clothes cleaned and pressed repeatedly. In fact, he presses his trousers himself. He's *content*, I tell you. And that's the test; that's the main thing I wanted to accomplish. And if it hadn't been for the uncertainty—the fear of what he may have done three months ago, I'd have been perfectly happy."

"But now?" He had risen.

CRYSTAL, close to him, unconsciously clutched the lapel of his coat. "I'm going to plead for him—to you. You wouldn't say he had made it up. You wouldn't say he had not. You wanted to spare me. But how can it spare me—except for a few minutes—if you've come for Anthony? Listen: It's a big, fine institution we work for, you and I—and Anthony. Is it just to make Anthony pay by disgrace for an act of folly? If he was just an ordinary foolish young man it would be bad enough, harsh enough. But Anthony Grace is no ordinary young man. He's going to be valuable—invaluable—some day to Stacy's. Don't do anything about it. He'll never repeat it. I *know*. I have perfect faith in him—now!"

She looked up, opening her wide gray eyes full upon the inscrutable eyes of the man.

"You are very, very hard to read," she complained. "You are a little stern; but you have been so patient, so kind. Can't you decide to be merciful? Haven't you authority to use your judgment? Or must you, *must* you follow a rule?"

"There *are* rules, you know," he reminded her, his face averted.

"But the higher-ups can set them aside, for they made them. There is Mr. Stacy himself. They say he's half the time away on business. Is he away now?"

"No, he is here in the city I am quite sure."

"It's a small matter to him, of course—just a clerk still way down the ladder. But I've heard that if you can manage to get to see him, he's a very nice, unassuming old fellow. Couldn't you find an excuse to see him—about something more important, of course—and then say: 'Oh, by the way, Mr. Stacy, there's a little matter concerning a young man—a mere boy——' "

The man in gray removed the tight little hands from his coat lapels; but he held them in his own and looked down through his spectacles into the earnest, hopeful face of the pleading girl.

"Where is Anthony?" he asked, laughing lightly.

"I told him to return to the house in about half an hour," Crystal answered ingenuously.

"Oh, you planned this little episode, did you?"

"Of course," replied Crystal. "But Anthony doesn't know a thing about it. I think it's quite out of his mind now—that moment of weakness. At least so far as fearing any consequences. I noticed we were being followed because I was alert—expecting it. But he did not." She cocked her ear. "It's *Anthony*. I hear him at the door!"

"Will he come in here?"

"Not until I go or send for him."

"Very well. Good!" said the man in gray. "Sit down, Miss Vaughan." He was quite businesslike again.

She sat down, but her restraint was waning. "But *tell* me! Did he—" Her voice broke.

HE STOOD over her and put his hand on her shoulder. "There, there!" he soothed. "It's all right. There is nothing at all going to happen to the young man—the sly young scapegrace!"

"He replaced it? And you're going to forget it? Or did he never——"

"My dear, you've made a mistake. A very natural one, under the circumstances. It does not reflect in the least upon your intelligence. You've plenty of that—and much else, *much* else!"

"And you won't need to speak to Mr. Stacy?" she asked bewilderedly.

"I? No, indeed. A better pleader has already done that—yourself!"

"But I never saw the man in my life—that I know of."

"I am Mr. Stacy, Crystal!"

"*You!*" She gasped. Then she smiled—in utter relief—and said, a little weakly. "They told me when you *do* get to see him——"

"Of course," he admitted hurriedly. "As I say, you've made this natural mistake because Anthony has been playing a little game——"

"Anthony," said Crystal proudly, "is above anything like that. He's full of fun, but he wouldn't fool the girl he loves."

Mr. Stacy smiled indulgently at the interruption. "I have heard Anthony say that young women are very disappointing."

"Has he said that lately?" she asked in an unsteady voice.

"Probably not. The fact is, I haven't seen very much of him lately. I understand why, now."

"We *have* been together a good deal lately," admitted Crystal, without a tinge of regret.

"Young women had disappointed him, I imagine, by pretending to be much taken with him."

"Why should they *pretend* to be much taken with a boy like Anthony?"

"Because of his wealth."

"Oh, no," differed Crystal. "Girls are too practical nowadays to be impressed by anything except what a fellow *has* or *is*. His past wealth wouldn't cut any ice."

"But, you see, Anthony's 'past' still continues without any change whatever except in his job. He hadn't had any before, unless you call getting culture — travel — a job. You were quite right in surmising that his mother was inclined to spoil him. However, *I* did not intend that he should be spoiled Hence I suggested this job. He was to begin

Concluded on page 85

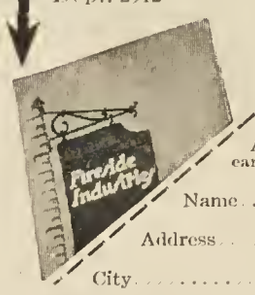


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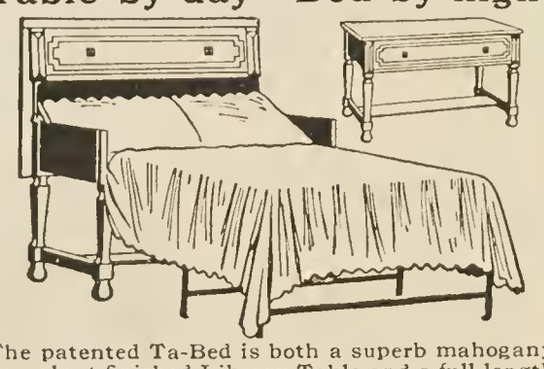


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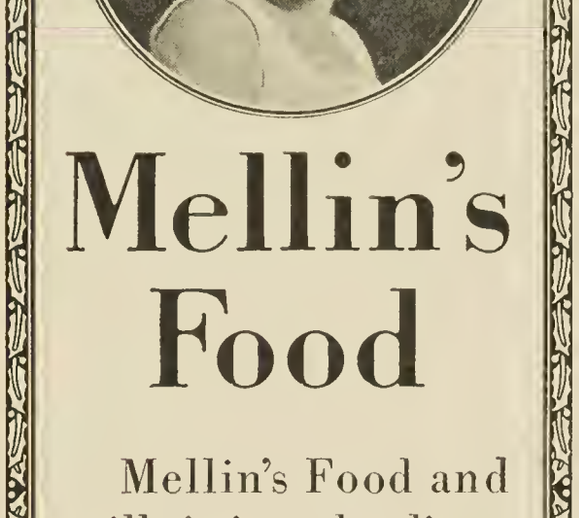

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SHADOWED

Concluded from page 84

at the bottom of the ladder and rise on his own merits."

"Isn't he a *whiz?*" demanded Crystal.

The man in gray answered the encomium with a dignified grin, and continued: "His hours requiring him to be near his work, he stayed in the city, as you have explained. I learned only recently that he was no longer living at the club."

"What kind of a place was it? Was he comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, in a way. For three or four thousand a year one should obtain——"

"Three thou—sand!"

Mr. Stacy was looking about the room—with approval. "But I'm sure he got no such solid comfort as he's been enjoying here. As you say, it harmonized better with his work. That was a very indiscreet thing—spending fifty dollars with you on that eventful Saturday. Courting a girl *incog*, he should have been more careful."

"*Incog?*"

"Yes. That, however, was my fault. It was distinctly understood that he was to appear to be an ordinary young man employed in the ordinary way."

"But why?"

"Simply because he would not have been let alone to learn the business as I wanted him to learn it if the store people—even the department managers—had known that his real name was Stacy."

"*Stacy?* Then he's——"

"—my son? Yes. The young scapegrace. I've called him that so often he decided to use it. He shortened it a little."

"Well! Of all things!"

"Call him, please. I shall not tell him of what you suspected him. *You* may, later, if you like."

"I should say *not!*"

CRYSTAL, in a dream, went to the door, half-closing it behind her, and softly called, "Anthony!"

He came to her swiftly. "You're all right? Your face is so flushed."

She laughed softly. "Come see who's here, Anthony."

She opened wide the door—and Anthony his mouth!

"*Dad!* Well—for the love of Mike!"

"I'll be brief, Tony," said his father. "When you disappeared from the club, I suspected you. It was just the general suspiciousness of fathers. So I asked a certain man, a *very* discreet fellow, to see what was up. He reported that you left the store every night with one of our youngest and brightest head saleswomen. He followed you here and reported to me last night. I was afraid it was one of those snug little places called love-nests."

Anthony threw a protecting arm about Crystal's shoulder and remarked: "It *is* a love-nest. But not the sort——"

"My cynical imagination suggested? Right, Tony. However, I followed you this evening myself."

"And Crissie knew it?"

"She did not know who I was, but she observed that a man was following her and, womanlike, she probably wanted to protect you from the necessity of punching my eye by handling me herself, so to speak, in the one place where a woman is particularly master of every situation—the living-room. She has handled me with the efficiency that I—eh, like to see in all employees of Stacy's."

"You see, dad, I was afraid—well, I wasn't afraid of you as much as I was of not approving my choice; or, at least, of suspecting *any* girl of mercenary designs. For I want to tell you that I intend——"

"Don't!" The man in gray held up a peremptory hand. "It's *I* who intend. *I* intend to tell *you* that if you don't marry Crystal Vaughan as quickly as she and the Lord will let you, you can look for another job. As far as your mother's consent is concerned, leave that to me. I don't think she wants a divorce!"



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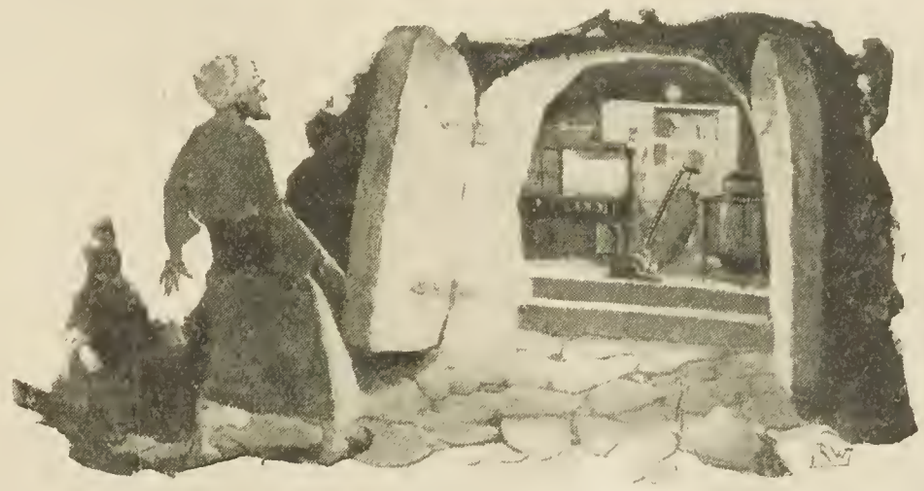
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WHEN Cassim of the Arabian Nights cried "Open Sesame" to the rock that guarded the robbers' cave, it flew open to reveal priceless treasures of gold and silver and precious jewels.

But all that he could buy with them were the barbaric discomforts that passed as Arabian magnificence. What wouldn't Mrs. Cassim have given of gold and jewels for one good American vacuum cleaner!

Take the advertising pages in this month's DELINEATOR, for instance. Count the pleasures and conveniences in your life that they represent. Here are new stories from old friends and first overtures from new friends. Get acquainted with them. THE DELINEATOR introduces and stands sponsor for them.

Read—and answer—the advertisements. Send for the interesting and informative booklets that are offered by DELINEATOR advertisers.

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Then at night drink coffee without caffeine

Caffeine in coffee is the drug that makes you wakeful. It is the drug that harms, makes some folks nervous, affects their hearts.

It is caffeine that forces some to stint on coffee, or drives them to substitutes. Caffeine is the only reason why children can't drink coffee.

There is now a coffee with the caffeine taken out. The name is Kaffee Hag. It is fine coffee, rich in flavor and aroma. It is used today by countless coffee lovers. It is served in fine hotels.

All joys remain

Kaffee Hag retains all coffee joys. All the flavor that you love, all the quick bracing effects you seek.

Caffeine is an almost tasteless drug. It adds to coffee no delight. No one can tell by the taste or aroma when the caffeine is removed.

Consider the result. Children can drink Kaffee Hag without a thought of harm. All can enjoy it freely, and at any hour. No one need turn to a substitute.

Some at your table, if not all, want this Kaffee Hag. They love coffee, and want coffee which physicians will approve.

Let them try Kaffee Hag. Send this coupon for a ten-cup test.

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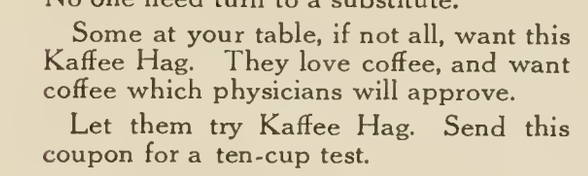
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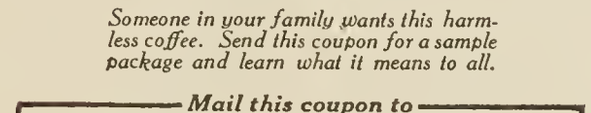
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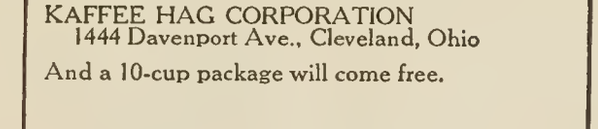
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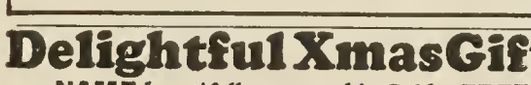
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CHRISTMAS SWEETS OF FRUIT

Concluded from page 20

shape. Dip into melted fondant to which has been added enough chocolate to color it a light brown. Before the fondant hardens, roll it with the fingers to shape round and then roll one-third of the oblong in finely grated chocolate to form the rough cap.

CANDIED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES ARE DOUBLY DELECTABLE

Such fruits as pears, peaches, plums, cherries, quinces, pineapples or figs may be cooked in a heavy sirup, dried and used as a confection. Make a sirup of two cups of sugar, one-third cup of glucose or corn-sirup and one cup of water. Cook the sirup until it begins to spin a thread. The use of a small amount of glucose or corn-sirup prevents crystallization of the sugar. Add the prepared fruit, being careful not to crowd it in the kettle. Cook the fruit until it is clear. Lift it onto a plate to drain. When the sirup has drained off, place the fruit on a screen and dry it until it is no longer sticky. Pack the fruit between sheets of paraffin paper and place it in a tin box or a glass jar.

Before being candied, such fruits as quinces and pineapples require previous cooking in clear water until they are tender. Then they should be drained and the water in which they have been cooked should be used to make the sirup.

Candied Crab-Apples—Select red crab-apples of uniform size, pare and remove the blossom end; do not core or remove the stems. Place the parings in water enough to cover them and boil for fifteen minutes. Drain and use juice to make sirup. Make the sirup and finish as directed. If too light a shade, add a small amount of red fruit color.

Tutti-frutti Confections—Use one cup of diced peaches, one cup of diced apples, one cup of diced pears, one cup of shredded pineapple, the juice and grated rind of one lemon and three cups of sugar. Mix all the ingredients and cook until the mixture is thick and clear. It is necessary to stir it almost constantly when it begins to thicken, and it must be very thick or it will require a long time to dry. Dry the same way as candied fruit. When ready to use, cut in small squares and place a candied cherry on top of each.

Apple-Mint Chips—Pare apples, cut them in eighths, slice crosswise and cook in sirup tinted green and flavored with mint. When clear, drop small spoonfuls of the mixture on a plate and finish by drying on a screen.

Apple Rings—Select firm medium-size red apples (Baldwins are excellent) and remove the centers with an apple-corer. Cut the apples in slices one-quarter inch thick. Add these to the sirup and finish as directed for candied fruit.

Candied Citron, Watermelon-Rind or Pumpkin—Select a watermelon having a thick, firm white rind. Remove all pink and green color from the white. Put slices of the citron, melon-rind or pumpkin in a kettle and cover with cold water, using one teaspoon of salt to one quart of water. Cook uncovered until perfectly tender. Drain and rinse with cold water.

Use one pound of citron, watermelon-rind or pumpkin, one cup of water, one pound of sugar and one lemon sliced. Boil the sugar and water for five minutes. Add the lemon and citron cut in medium-thin slices. Boil the citron until tender.

Drain the slices of citron on a plate to save the sirup and place them on a rack in a warm place. Dry the pieces, which should be clear and perfectly tender, until they are not sticky—that is, about twenty-four hours. Candied pumpkin made in this way has a rich golden color and a pleasing taste.

The materials may be candied in long strips or slices or cut in small pieces. A bit of cinnamon stick, candied ginger or sprays of mint may be added to the sirup for flavor.

Candied Carrots—Cook medium-size carrots until they are tender and then peel them. With an apple-corer remove the centers of the carrots. Cut the carrots in slices one-quarter inch thick. If small carrots are used, instead of coring them cut them lengthwise in quarters or leave them whole. Make a sirup according to the directions for candied fruit, adding the juice of one lemon to each cup of sugar. Cook the slices of carrot until they are clear. Finish according to the general directions.

Pumpkin Chips—Use one pound of pumpkin, one pound of sugar, one-half a lemon and one tablespoon of preserved ginger.

Pare the pumpkin and cut it into pieces one inch square. Add the sugar and allow the whole mixture to stand overnight. Drain off the sirup and cook it until it coats a spoon. Add the pumpkin and other ingredients. Boil the mixture until the pumpkin is clear, then let it simmer until the sirup is absorbed. Drain the pumpkin on a plate and then place it on a screen to dry. When it is no longer sticky, pack it in glass jars. When ready to use, roll in granulated sugar.

Candied Plums—Prune plums are best for this purpose. Wash the plums and prick them each with a silver fork. Follow the directions for candied fruit.



GIVE SPORTS EQUIPMENT TO YOUNG AMERICA

Concluded from page 19

a little instruction a boy or girl may learn the fundamentals of the game without ever venturing on the links. There are many good books of instruction, some of them written so simply and illustrated so thoroughly that even the novice can profit by reading them.

As the foregoing is of more or less general character, I append a list of suggestions. The prices quoted are, of course, only approximate. They vary in different parts of the country and in different stores. From this list a parent or friend ought to be able to make a specific selection that will be both acceptable and beneficial.

FOR GIRLS

Basketball	$ 5.00 to $15.00
Bathing-Suit	1.00 " 10.00
Canoe	40.00 " 100.00
Flying Rings	$ 5.00 to $ 7.00
Golf-Balls (each)	.50 " 1.00
Golf-Clubs (each)	1.50 " 4.00
Ice-Skates and Shoes	4.00 " 20.00
Indoor-Baseball	1.00 " 2.50
Roller-Skates	2.75 " 4.50
Saddles and Bridles	
Skis	2.00 " 14.00
Tennis Balls (each)	.35 " .50
Tennis Racket	3.00 " 10.00
Toboggan	12.00 " 24.00
Volleyball	2.00 " 10.00

FOR BOYS

Boxing-Gloves	$ 5.00 to $ 6.00
Basketball	5.00 " 15.00
Baseball	.50 " 2.00
Baseball-Gloves	1.00 " 10.00
Bathing-Suit	1.00 " 10.00
Baseball-Mask	1.50 " 5.00
Bicycle	
Canoe	40.00 " 100.00
Fishing-Tackle	1.00 " 20.00
Flying Rings	4.00 " 7.00
Football	2.00 " 10.00
Golf-Balls (each)	.50 " 1.00
Golf-Clubs (each)	1.50 " 4.00
Hockey-Sticks (each)	1.75 " 6.00
Hockey-Puck	.50
Indoor-Baseball	1.00 " 2.75
Ice-Skates and Shoes	4.00 " 20.00
Playground Ball	
Roller-Skates	2.75 " 4.50
Skis	2.00 " 14.00
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Trapeze	4.00 " 7.50
Volleyball	2.00 " 10.00

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"At last I've found the answer to the syrup problem. It's Mapleine!" Like so many other women she had longed for a syrup that would win the complete approval of her family at a price her thrifty purse could easily afford.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR HEALTH

Concluded from page 16

substantial animals, picture-books, non-poisonous paints and a paint-book, pencils and paper, colored crayons, trains, a toy circus, a trumpet, a drum, flags, dull and blunt scissors with paper to cut, and clay or plasticine for modeling.

TOYS FOR THE SCHOOL CHILD

Children of school age up to twelve years demand still other kinds of toys. This is a transition period when the processes of growth and mental development are not so rapid as in younger days. The child's sense of judgment, his reasoning powers and his motor coordinations have begun to mature. While outdoors, his play is usually of the group or gang type. He plays baseball, he goes swimming and fishing and his interest in the things of nature grows. He plays marbles, spins tops, flies kites and rides a velocipede or bicycle. He roller-skates in the Summer and ice-skates and coasts in the Winter.

Girls of this age should share many of the same toys and play the same kinds of games outdoors as boys; but indoors girls are chiefly concerned with dolls and the dolls' household problems. A small sewing-basket equipped for making dolls' clothes and designing dolls' dresses helps to prepare the little woman for the responsibilities of later life.

Dolls are one of the most beloved toys of all children. Small rubber and celluloid dolls amuse the very young baby. Then when she grows a little older she clings to a rag or unbreakable doll. At a still later age she likes the bisque or china doll or devotes her attention to a collection of paper dolls she can cut out and dress for herself.

A child is an idealist when it comes to a choice of dolls. Her interest is opposed to the complete and elaborately gowned French doll with all kinds of mechanical devices for talking, walking and sleeping. The homely rag doll appeals more to the maternal instinct and can be played with more intimately and more freely.

Good books for children are always acceptable. Painting, modeling and cutting out are not only entertaining but instructive as well.

Boys appreciate a carpenter's bench, a lathe and tools. A good plan is to buy one or two well-made and durable tools rather than to purchase a large set of many cheap ones which are likely to be broken and destroyed. Raw materials, such as nails, wood, etc., should be provided; then the boy can build and construct his own playthings. Electrical apparatus makes a strong appeal to boys. It trains their hands and minds and develops ingenuity and resourcefulness.

SENSIBLE TOYS

The right kinds of toys are simple, serviceable and substantial, and not necessarily expensive. A child takes pleasure in playing with the most ordinary and simple things. Elaborate mechanical toys of the flimsy type seem to appeal more strongly to the adult than to the child.

Blocks are exceptionally good toys for children, as they make for creative and constructive play. The very young child should have large cubes which he can place on top of each other. As he grows older he will enjoy architectural blocks with which he can construct a world in miniature.

The child who is given a reasonable number of carefully planned and durable toys and who is taught to preserve and protect them is being trained in habits of neatness, orderliness and self-reliance which will have a marked influence for good on his character and mental development.

NOTE—A list of the previous articles in this "Happy Child" series that are available in pamphlet form will be found on page 56 of this issue



The Blabon Floor in this dining-room is pattern 584 Inlaid, while the Conservatory has pattern 2706 Marble Tile Inlaid

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For Coughs

PINEX

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

5712—You may introduce attractive color combinations by using contrasting color for the collar, facings, cuffs and bindings of this one-piece slip-over dress with a tiered front. Use brown crêpe satin with amber crêpe satin for collar, etc., a navy-blue silk crêpe with terra-cotta silk crêpe, or faille silk with satin, etc. It fits closely at the hipline.

36 bust requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses.

5672—When you use a brown crêpe satin or silk crêpe dress, plaitings and bindings of tan and buttons covered with the dress material are smart trimming. This one-piece slip-over dress with a tiered front fits closely at the hipline and may have a short body lining at the back. One may use faille silk or silk-and-wool crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5668—10233—Buttons, fur banding and a pocket motif are smart features of a simple tailored dress on wrap-around lines. It is a one-piece dress and may have a body lining. Use ribbed silks, heavy silk crêpe, heavy satin, or wool rep, silk-and-wool faille, cashmere dress materials, soft twills, wool crêpe, silk-and-wool crêpe. Work the motif in color.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch ribbed silk. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5622—The circular silhouette is very new as it appears in the two-piece circular skirt of a dress of this type. It is joined to a long body at a close-fitting hipline. Make the dress of satin or silk crêpe. This dress slips on over the head and one may omit the sleeves for an evening frock. This type of frock is very graceful for dancing in Georgette with ostrich trimming.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 3 yards.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5708—A two-piece circular lower part joined at a hipline gives the new silhouette to this slip-over tunic blouse. The one-piece slip is separate. Use crêpe-back satin or crêpe faille with crystal buttons, silk crêpe with self-covered buttons, and lining silk for upper part of slip.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe-back satin (including lower part of slip). Lower edge of slip 44½ inches.

The costume is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5700—A tuck below the hipline at each side helps preserve the smart narrow lines of this one-piece slip-over dress with a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey tubing, wool jersey or flannel with collar, etc., of contrasting color, bone or wood buttons to match collar, etc. A henna dress with tan collar, etc., is smart; or use brown with amber, navy or black with jade green, etc.

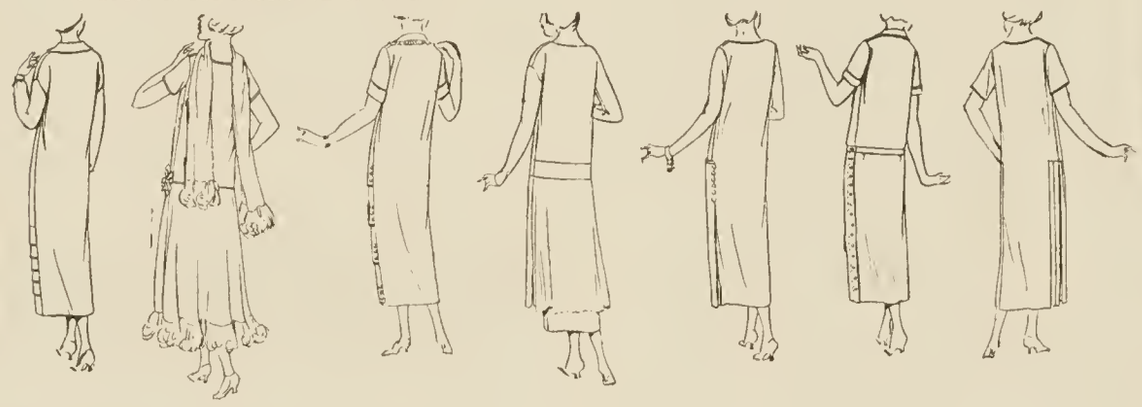
36 bust requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 46 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5608—A revers and double-breasted effect are an expression of the Directoire "feeling." Make this one-piece dress of light-weight twills, light-weight cashmere, wool crêpe, kasha, serge, satin or silk crêpe.

36 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch kasha. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1⅞ yard.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5712 5622 5672 5708 5668 5700 5608

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

5666—Sleeves play such an inconspicuous rôle on this one-piece slip-over dress with a draped apron front that it may be worn for afternoon or informal dinners. Use plain Georgette, crêpe de Chine, light-weight silk crêpe or satin crêpe with lace or of one material, etc.

36 bust requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette, ⅞ yard 40-inch all-over lace and ⅝ yard 8½-inch lace banding to trim scarf. Lower edge 45½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5644—10204—This one-piece slip-over dress has a short flared tunic joined at a close-fitting hipline. The neck may be cut higher and the armholes normal for day wear. The separate one-piece slip may have sleeves. The beading is smart. Use satin crêpe or satin with a crêpe de Chine slip, or Georgette with satin, etc. Lower edge 44 inches.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch satin crêpe and 2⅝ yards 35-inch material for slip.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5645—This wrap-around draped one-piece dress is the rather formal type of evening gown. For a day dress the separate one-piece slip may have sleeves and the neck of the dress may be cut higher and the armholes normal. Use broché or printed silk crêpe with loose panel and top of slip of Georgette.

36 bust requires 3½ yards 39-inch broché silk crêpe and 1 yard 39-inch Georgette for top of slip and panel. Lower edge of dress 45 inches; of slip 42½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 48 bust.

5621—For a very smart evening wrap you may use velvet or heavy satin in a color to harmonize with all your evening frocks; or use black velvet or heavy satin lined with silver cloth or with gray crêpe de Chine or satin and a gray fur collar. The deep armholes of this coat wrap keep the sleeves from crushing the dress. It is usually worn wrapped around the figure or wear it in straight-line style. Lower edge 49 inches.

36 bust requires 3¾ yards 50-inch velvet.

The coat wrap is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5680—For the very formal occasions of the social season a velvet gown is extremely smart. This one-piece slip-over dress is draped slightly at the left side in front and the one-piece slip is separate. Use velvet with sash end of Georgette or lace, soft drapy metallic fabrics, brocades, etc.

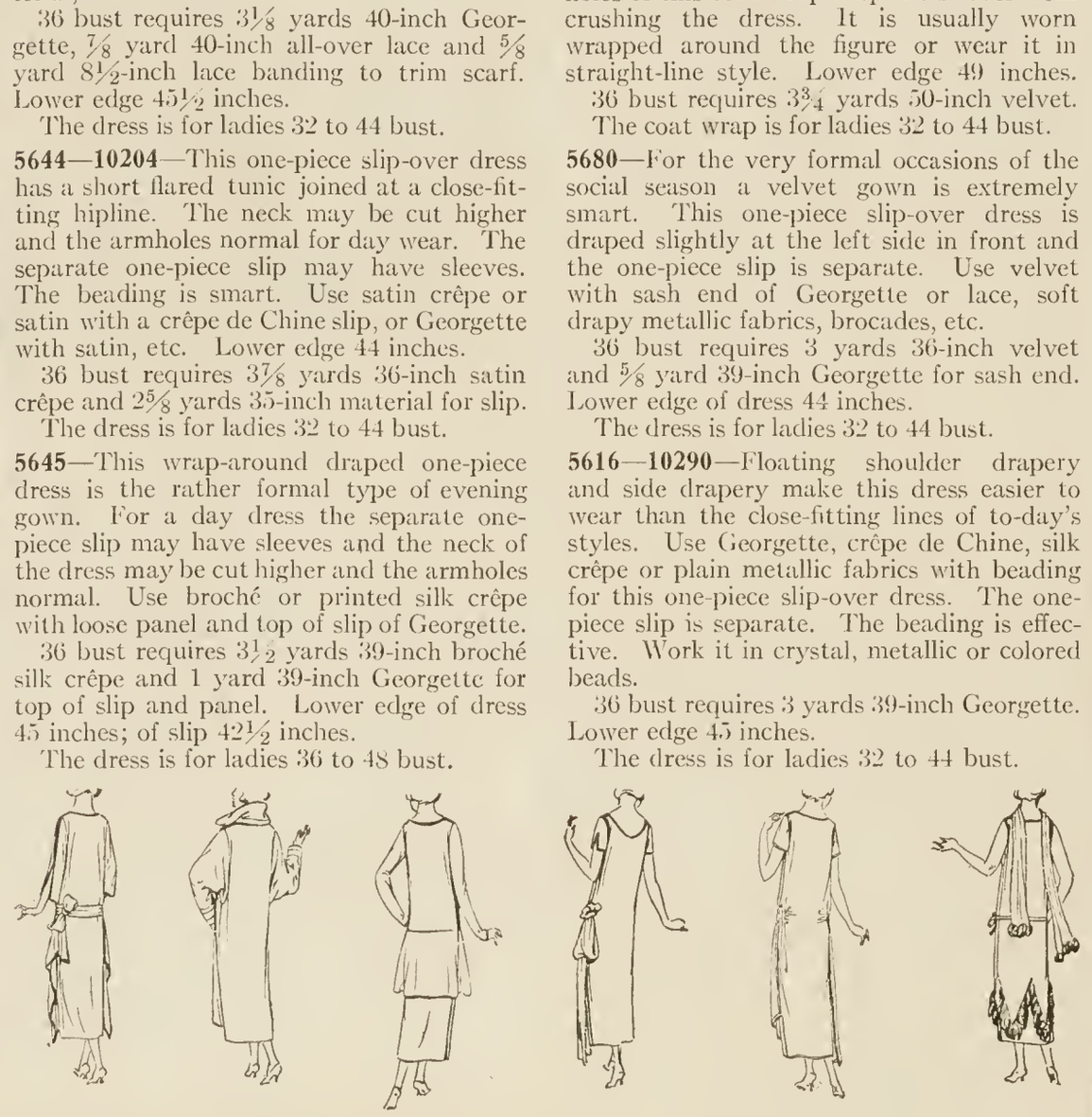
36 bust requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet and ⅝ yard 39-inch Georgette for sash end. Lower edge of dress 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5616—10290—Floating shoulder drapery and side drapery make this dress easier to wear than the close-fitting lines of to-day's styles. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or plain metallic fabrics with beading for this one-piece slip-over dress. The one-piece slip is separate. The beading is effective. Work it in crystal, metallic or colored beads.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge 45 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



5666 5621 5644 5680 5645 5616

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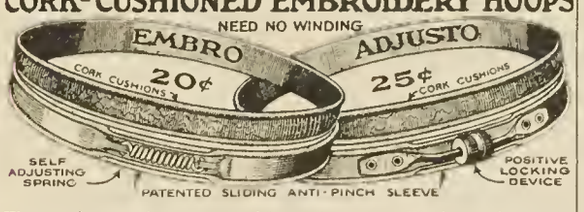
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28

5669—It is very smart to make the junior's holiday dress of velvet or velveteen. This one-piece slip-over dress has gold-braid loops and brass buttons and gold-colored satin for the sleeve-facings and slashes, the ribbon bow to match. It closes at the left shoulder.

10 years requires 2 yards 35-inch velveteen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5671 — 10895 — Doll **10296** — Embroidery trims this slip-over dress which closes on the shoulders and has a straight skirt joined at a low waistline. Use velveteen with contrasting color ribbon, etc. The French doll is very easily made.

12 years needs 2¼ yards 36-inch velveteen.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5657—10107—Doll **424**—Crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc., make an adorable slip-over dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. The smocking and frills may be omitted. The doll wears a dotted swiss dress and hat from a set of clothes.

5 years requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; the set for dolls 12 to 26 inches high.

5659—Doll **10296**—Rosettes picoted with silver or contrasting color and a ribbon girdle are a French trimming to this taffeta or crêpe de Chine slip-over dress. The draped basque and full straight skirt join an underbody and the dress closes on the left shoulder. She carries a smart French doll.

12 years requires 2½ yards 36-inch taffeta

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5679—Doll **10296**—This slip-over dress has a two-piece skirt of wool crêpe, plaited in clusters, joined in a decorative way to a long body of plain silk crêpe. The bindings and tie ends are of silk crêpe to match color of skirt. It closes on the left shoulder. A French doll is a delightful gift for a girl.

12 years requires 1¼ yard 35-inch silk crêpe and 1¼ yard 39-inch wool crêpe for skirt.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5673—Animals **10302**—Tab trimmings and a Chinese collar are smart on the slip-over blouse of this two-piece dress. The plaited straight skirt joins an underbody. Use wool crêpe, light-weight flannel, soft twills, serge, etc. The toy animals are easy to make.

13 years requires 2 yards 54-inch wool crêpe.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

5627—10243—Velveteen or corduroy make a smart slip-over dress with separate bloomers, collar and cuffs of pongee. The collar may be detachable and the motif is easily done.

4 years requires 1½ yard 35-inch velvet and 1 yard 32-inch material for bloomers, collar and cuffs.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years.

5603—5683—4038—It is smart to dress children in a coat, hat and leggings the same color. This coat has a round yoke, a tucked collar in wool materials and a plain lining. Her hat may have bias folds or a plain facing. The leggings are warm.

4 years and 19¾ inches head measure require 2½ yards 35-inch velvet (including hat) and ½ yard 40 or more inch material for leggings.

The coat is for little girls ½ to 6; hat for girls 2 to 12; leggings for children 2 to 14.

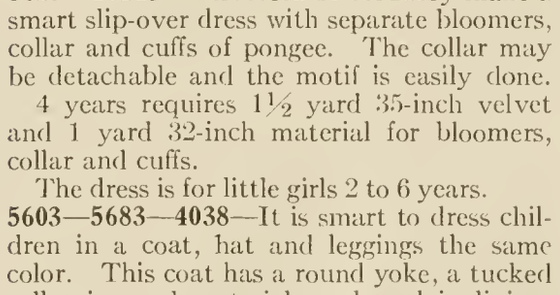
5633—10592—Doll **425**—Smocking may trim this dress with a straight lower edge and separate bloomers. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, cotton crêpe, etc. Her doll is dressed in organdy dress and hat.

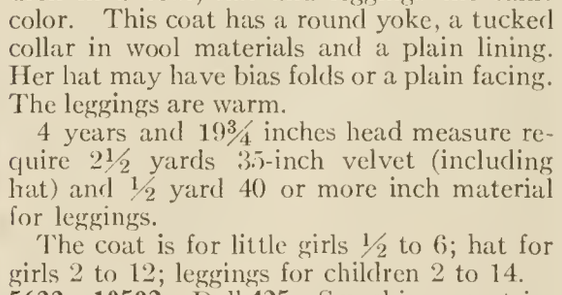
4 years requires 1½ yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ½ yard 32-inch contrasting material for dress.

The dress is for little girls 2 to 6 years; the set for dolls 12 to 26 inches high.

5675—10200—10271—You may make this suit of two colors of silk or cotton jersey or wool jersey, one color for the waist and a contrasting color for the straight trousers. The toy animal and the Deli Bear are easily made.

4 years requires ⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey for waist and ⅝ yard 54-inch wool jersey. The suit is for little boys 2 to 6 years.





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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29

5661—5667—The long tunic blouse is smart, although one may wear this slip-over blouse shorter. Use the dull side of crêpe satin for blouse and the shiny side for flounces, bands, etc. The costume slip of soft satin has an inverted plait below each side of the low waistline. Lower edge of slip 51 inches.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2¼ yards 39-inch crêpe satin (using dull and shiny sides) and 2⅜ yards 35-inch satin for slip.

The blouse is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies; the slip for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5642—A metallic ribbon rosette and girdle and ostrich is a French trimming for this velvet frock with a raised waistline and a two-piece circular skirt. The neck may be cut higher for a daytime frock and the armhole lower if desired. The dress closes under the arm. Lower edge 3 yards.

16 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch velvet.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5628—An adorable slip-over frock for holiday dances has a basque and a full straight skirt of chiffon, tulle, Georgette or lace over a camisole and a narrow drop skirt of silver or gold fabric, satin or taffeta. The armhole may be normal and the neck cut higher for day wear. The waistline is slightly low.

17 years requires 3½ yards 39-inch Georgette. Lower edge of drop skirt 47 inches; of outside skirt 3 yards.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20, also small women, and for ladies 38 bust.

5546—10189—Doll **10296**—Velvet or satin makes a smart one-piece dress on the narrow lines the young girl can wear so well. It slips on over the head and fits closely at the hipline. Work the embroidery in color. A French doll makes a welcome gift for a young girl.

17 years or 34 bust requires 2⅞ yards 35-inch velvet. Lower edge 42 inches.

The dress is for misses 16 to 18 years or 33 to 35 bust, also ladies.

5660—Satin crêpe or taffeta with moire ribbon, crêpe faille or moire taffeta with satin ribbon in a slip-over dress made with a full straight skirt joined to a basque at a slightly low waistline is a quaint style. It closes under the left arm. Lower edge 2 yards.

16 years requires 3 yards 36-inch taffeta.

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5674—A yoke and sleeve in one and inserted bands at the lower part of this slip-over dress give one an opportunity to use the shiny side of crêpe-back satin when the dress is made of the dull side. The center of the scarf is of Georgette or crêpe de Chine in contrasting color. Lower edge 51 inches.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch crêpe-back satin (using dull and shiny sides).

The dress is for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

5634—Lace for the kimono yoke and short sleeves and satin crêpe, silk crêpe, Georgette or crêpe de Chine make a smart combination for the one-piece slip-over dress. The clusters of plaits may be pressed to a plain lower edge or fall free below the hips with a pointed lower edge. Lower edge, plaits out, 61 inches.

17 years requires 2¾ yards 39-inch silk crêpe and ⅝ yard 35-inch lace.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.

5678—Two very new features distinguish this one-piece slip-over dress—loose plaited panels on the front of the body and a plaited apron. Use crêpe faille, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine with contrasting bands and buttons to match the dress sewed on with the same color used for bands. Lower edge 45½ inches.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch material for bands.

It is for misses 15 to 20, also small women.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 30

5662—10138—A godet inserted at each side seam gives the smart new silhouette to this one-piece dress which fits closely at the hipline and slips on over the head. Work the embroidery in harmonizing colors. Use velvet with godets, etc., of satin, the dull side of crêpe satin with godets and bindings of the shiny side and crystal buttons, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards 36-inch velvet and 7/8 yard 35-inch satin. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

5664—Women who do not want to wear dresses which are too close fitting at any point will like the dress with a vestee and drapery. It closes at the left side of the vestee and has a belt set in at a low waistline and a skirt with a straight lower edge. Use plain crêpe de Chine, light-weight silk crêpe, soft satin crêpe or soft crêpe faille with lace vestee and collar; printed light-weight silk crêpe with crêpe de Chine vestee, etc.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 53½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5663—5638—10155—Georgette, satin, Canton crêpe and crêpe de Chine are smart for this slip-over tunic blouse with tucks or shirrings across the sides at the hipline. It may be a shorter length. The embroidery is very easily done. The costume slip has a long upper part joined to a plain lower part or plaited flounce. Lower edge slip 44 inches.

36 bust requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch Georgette for blouse in shorter length and 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch crêpe satin.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, also misses.

5670—5561—A plaited apron front gives the tunic line to this smart one-piece slip-over dress. The guimpe is separate and the cuffs may be detachable. Use crêpe satin, crêpe faille, Canton or marocain crêpe, crêpe de Chine or silk alpaca. Her wrap-around hat is smart.

36 bust requires 4⅜ yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting material for dress. Lower edge 44 inches.

The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust; hat for ladies and misses.

5615—5631—10191—One may have a very elegant costume with a slip-over tunic blouse of velvet and a costume slip of soft satin, etc. The tunic blouse has a straight lower edge and may be a shorter length. The costume slip has an inverted plait at each side below a low waistline. The embroidery is effective trimming.

36 bust requires 2⅝ yards 35-inch velvet and 2⅝ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip, plaits drawn out, 54½ inches.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, also misses; slip for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

5665—5638—The slip-over tunic blouse which ties at the sides is smart and perhaps easier to wear than very narrow types. It has a yoke and sleeves in one, a choice of band at the bottom, and a straight lower edge. Use crêpe-back satin with yoke and sleeves, bands and ties of reverse side, etc. The costume slip is described at the left.

36 bust requires 3 yards 39-inch crêpe-back satin (using dull and shiny sides) and 2⅝ yards 35 or 39 inch material for slip. Lower edge of slip 44 inches.

The blouse is for ladies 33 to 44 bust, slip for ladies 33 to 46 bust, each also for misses.



5662 5670 5664 5615 5631 5663 5665 5638

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 31

5692—This one-piece dress has the seams at the side in front, which make it easy to fit a woman with a full figure. The side body is cut in one with the sleeve, and the collar may be detachable. The dress has a straight lower edge, closes at the left side in front and slips on over the head. Use satin crêpe, etc.

40 bust requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5688—10233—Loose plaited panels at each side help straighten the lines of the stout figure. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and may have a body lining. The embroidery is smart. Work it in outline and satin-stitch. Make the dress of crêpe faille, crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

40 bust requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5516—This is a very becoming coat for stout women, one which can be worn wrapped closely around the hips or in straight-line style. The pockets may be placed in the coat or in the lining. Use cashmere coatings, suède-finished coatings, soft pile fabrics, plaids, stripes, chinchilla, double-faced coatings, fleece coatings, homespun, Teddy bear, camel's-hair, fabric fur or velvet for this coat.

40 bust requires 3 yards 54-inch soft pile fabric. Lower edge 55 inches.

The coat is for ladies 33 to 48 bust, also misses.

5690—A slight fulness in front and a new collar distinguish this one-piece slip-over dress. Both the ornament on one hip and the tassels are very easily made. The dress has a straight lower edge and a choice of body lining. Make it of crêpe faille, crêpe satin, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine.

40 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch crêpe faille. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5684—10155—A panel front does a great deal to lengthen the lines of a stout figure. This one-piece dress also has plaits at the lower part of the front and closes on the left side. The embroidered banding is smart. Work it in colors. Use cashmere dress materials, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool rep, broadcloth, silk-and-wool crêpe, satin, etc

40 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cashmere. Lower edge, plaits drawn out, 1½ yard.

The dress is for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

5681—5685—10272—This type of tunic-blouse costume is especially becoming to stout or mature figures. The slip-over tunic blouse may be a shorter length. The costume slip has an inverted plait at each side below the waistline. Use crêpe satin, crêpe faille, Canton crêpe or crêpe de Chine for the blouse, and soft satin, etc., for slip. Work the embroidery in harmonizing colors.

40 bust requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch crêpe satin for blouse in longer length and 2⅝ yards 35-inch satin. Lower edge of slip, with plaits drawn out, 1⅝ yard.

Blouse and slip are for ladies 36 to 52 bust.



5692 5690 5688 5684 5516 5681

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Night comes again. . . . and bed time. And in "three golden minutes" I wipe away the blur of the day just ended. Then my skin is ready for real beauty-giving rest.

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The Story of a Bad Mother . One of those rare, anonymous, self-revealing stories of a mature woman's innermost thoughts on a subject of interest to all mothers will appear in next month's issue. It is called "Why I Am Not a Good Mother" and was written by a woman who resolved on the day her daughter was born that she would not be a good mother—good, that is, in the sense of utter devotion, self-sacrifice and exacting attention to the traditional conception of a parent's responsibility. Through the years she stuck to her resolution, and now that the daughter has graduated from college and is old enough to begin an independent life of her own, a review of the methods by which her upbringing was "neglected" makes a story of absorbing interest, rich in suggestion for mothers and daughters alike. The author is a successful woman professionally and socially, one who has had a generous share of public life, made her mark in a difficult and highly competitive field despite forbidding handicaps in her youth and who has been and still is a home-maker of exceptional talents. The publication of her name would instantly attract thousands of readers. Instead the author wisely prefers the anonymous rôle that enables her to set down the whole truth with candor that would otherwise be impossible without revealing identities and betraying family confidences.

We Become a Sinister Influence Among the communications that we often recall with justifiable pride when thinking of the measure of a magazine's influence was one, not so long ago, from an actress who wrote that she had been deterred from committing suicide by an editorial in these pages. Evidently our pride was of the kind that precedes a fall, for we have just been listening to a story from a perfectly trustworthy source about the unenviable rôle played by THE DELINEATOR in breaking up a home. Our informants have been in the habit of spending their Summers on a little-visited island off the Maine Coast where the native population preserves the independent and original characteristics that set them off unmistakably from the standardized brands of humanity found where tourists have ceased to be the wonder of the curious. One of these sturdy native sons, an acquaintance of other Summers, greeted our friends on their arrival. When inquiry was made after the health of his wife, he professed profoundly disinterested ignorance, simply remarking that he had been obliged to put her out and hadn't seen her for nigh on to a year. Eventually he explained that the missus wasn't such a bad sort, taking her all in all; in fact, he seldom had been obliged to lift a hand to her, but in late years she had indulged a weakness for reading a magazine with a colored fashion section called THE DELINEATOR or something of the sort. The situation became more trying as the woman grew bolder and made dresses for their little girl from patterns advertised in the magazine. But the last straw was added to the burden of his woes—and here the strong man was visibly affected by the force of his emotions—when the mother insisted on dressing up the child in these fancy city clothes—*even when there was no company expected!* It seems that at this point the paternal foot came down with a determined thump and the lady's banishment followed forthwith.

A Story for the New Year Picture an elderly couple, childless and alone, sitting together in the firelight on a Winter night and discussing the inevitable prospect of losing the modest home that represents fifty years of toil and saving. Such is the situation in "Happy New Year," a complete short story by Zona Gale which will be a feature of THE DELINEATOR for January. With a theme so much to her liking and with these lovable elderly Ohio farm folk as her principal characters, Miss Gale is at her best. But the appeal of "Happy New Year" is not limited to the realistic picture of a crisis in the lives of a few unimportant mortals in an obscure rural community. The problem of the proud and self-respecting but physically weak and financially inadequate elders whose day is done is one that is always with us, and the gay, wholesome, generous spirit of two young lovers in the story provokes admiration wherever we encounter it. Although "Happy New Year" stresses no moral, it is a good kind of story to read at a time when moral stock-taking is under way and good resolutions are in the making.

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

Fresh as the daisy fields of her own Prince Edward's Island

"EMILY"

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L. M. MONTGOMERY,
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"As good as 'Little Women'"—you will think so when you read these enchanting tales about Emily of New Moon Farm. Girls can not fail to adore Emily. And their mothers will love her, too, for beneath all her laughter and charm there lies a keen study of childhood that no parent can afford to miss.

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MIX *and* SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by a Mere Man

NOW we know where the fuss-budget type of woman gets her start—the kind that is always running about like a little red ant and constantly doing something whether the task is worth doing or not ◈◈◈ As a little girl, she must resemble the child a *Vancouver, B. C.*, correspondent writes us about. "Mamma," exclaimed this little angel, "I want some water to christen my doll." "No, dear," replied mother, "you should not make fun of such things." "Well, then, I want some wax to waxinate her; she's old enough to have something done" ◈◈◈ Speaking, as we often are, of that myth known as *sex equality*, a *New York* court has ruled that a silk dress purchased by a wife should be considered a necessity of housekeeping. It appears that, in the eyes of the law, when man and wife are living together and the wife manages the household affairs, she has "prima facie ostensible authority" to bind her husband by the purchase of ordinary household supplies, food, clothing, medical attendance and the like. The husband is deemed to have vested her with the appearance of authority. But—and this is what interests us—the rule does not work both ways ◈◈◈ From *Baltimore* comes the story of a resourceful young man who had an engagement to meet a young woman at a certain street-corner but found it impossible to keep the appointment ◈◈◈ He was unable to communicate with her by telephone, so with a piece of chalk he wrote conspicuously on the wall of the corner building, "Mabel, don't wait," and Mabel didn't, after she appeared on the scene and saw the crowd of curious loungers who were on hand for her arrival ◈◈◈ In *Tokio*, recently, three hundred Japanese hair-dressers repaired to a famous shrine to pray their gods to prevent Japanese women from bobbing their hair or otherwise dressing in American fashion. They complained that the invasion of such a barbarous custom would "cause deterioration of the national spirit" and incidentally knock their business for a row of loops ◈◈◈ In the same wide-awake city the municipal telephone bureau issued some statistics in support of its explanation of alleged inefficient service ◈◈◈ The statistics, which we have copied down so our fair pew-holders can enter them in their little red books for ready reference, reveal that when a woman is talking to a woman, 26.4 per cent. of the talk is idle and unnecessary. When a woman calls a man, the waste is 13.8 per cent.; when a man calls a woman, it is only 9.7 per cent.; when two men talk, 10.6 per cent. ◈◈◈ Thus does scientific inquiry support tradition in the matter of the garrulity of the never-sufficiently-praised sex ◈◈◈ A *Salt Lake City, Utah*, woman who has the "Charge it, please" habit recently completed a trip around the world. During her brief sojourn in China, instead of paying her native driver in cash, she asked for a bill. At the end of her stay he submitted the following: "10 goes, 10 comes at 50 cents a went, $5" ◈◈◈ Later on, in an English village, she rented a horse and was presented with a bill reading '(1) Osvorado (2) Avordeos (3) Vechinovinome, 10 shillings" ◈◈◈ Properly translated, this means "Horse for a day," "Hay for the horse," and "Fetching of him home" ◈◈◈ The veteran he-editor who occasionally contributes a bright bit to these notes sends us a newspaper clipping to the effect that it is a current fad among women in *London, England*, to have tiny pictures of their husbands on their finger-nails. He comments that American women will probably continue to keep theirs under their thumbs ◈◈◈ In the hamlet of *Winkel, Germany*, is a home known to have been built more than twelve hundred years ago ◈◈◈ Famous women came in for some rough treatment at the hands of *Baton Rouge, Louisiana*, school children who perpetrated the following "howlers" in examination papers: "Jane Addams was a heroine of the Revolutionary War." "Jane Addams was the mother of Maude Adams." "Jane Addams made the first American flag." "Jane Addams was the wife of George Adams who was our President." "Helen Keller is the famous blind pianist." "Helen Keller is a moving-picture actress" ◈◈◈ From these answers it will be seen that it takes constant repetition to drive home an idea into the minds of the never-sufficiently-praised sex—hence our oft-repeated admonition to mention THE DELINEATOR when writing to advertisers.



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